Speak of the Devil

Chapter 11

Life was not going well for Lucius Malfoy. His wife was unfaithful, his house and most of his gold were inaccessible, his secret safe house had burned down, his son had gone missing without a trace, and his Master was off his rocker. The Dark Lord's paranoia had reached new levels of ridiculousness. He was solely focused on ridding the world of Harry Potter.

Diagon Alley was fuller than Lucius could recently remember. The people still looked a little nervous, but they were out shopping nonetheless. Mothers walked along, keeping a close eye on their small children. Some looked over their shoulders, hyper-aware of any potential danger. Little did they know that there was a wolf hidden among the sheep. Lucius was hidden behind a Glamor Charm as he patrolled the alley. The Dark Lord had ordered him there to try and find Potter, which he felt was a losing task, but there was no way he would say that to his Master. His sanity was hanging on by a thread. Lucius's attention was captured by a large crowd surrounding what looked to be a traveling wagon of some kind. He made his way over and stood at the back of the crowd. Lucius got a good look at the colorful sign mounted across the side of the covered wagon. 'LORD FAUNTLEROY'S TRAVELING CIRCUS' the sign read. Just then, the crowd cheered, though Lucius couldn't see what had happened. Annoyed, he began rudely pushing himself through the crowd, bumping people out of the way and ignoring their angered Hey's and Watch It's.

In front of the crowd was a fairly young man wearing a magnificent top hat and monocle. His handlebar mustache curved downward and reached past his chin. He was in front of his wagon doing a waltz-like dance while juggling five knives. Lucius was actually impressed, as was the rest of the crowd. The juggling act ended when he caught four of the knives in his hands and the final one between his teeth. Holding his arms out wide, he accepted the crowd's acclaim through thundering applause.

Then he pulled out three Muggle chainsaws and started them up. He used his walking stick to tap each of them, and they burst into flames. The crowd gasped in shock and delight. Within seconds, the three flaming chainsaws were spinning through the air in a macabre dance. This lasted for a couple of minutes until all three chainsaws vanished in a puff of smoke. The crowd clapped while whispering in approval.

"And now, for my next death-defying stunt, I'll need a volunteer from the audience ... How about you, sir?" he asked, clicking the butt of his walking stick against the ground. A large, white wooden board with a red bullseye painted in the middle magically appeared behind him. The crowd all turned at the same time and looked directly at Lucius. Lucius looked around, confused, until he realized that the showman was talking directly to him. "Me?" Lucius asked, pointing at himself.

"Have no fear, for Lord Fauntleroy has never failed to hit his target!" he proudly proclaimed while tugging Lucius forward.

"Hey!" he cried out as he stumbled forward, spun around, and hit the large wooden board with his back. Lucius stepped forward to show the man the error of his ways but found himself unable to move. The back of his body was magically stuck to the board. He couldn't even reach for his wand to undo the Sticking Charm. "Now, see here ..." Lucius began to berate him while Lord Fauntleroy was busy sharpening his throwing knives by repeatedly dragging the sharp ends together and creating a menacing sound. Other than that, Lucius was completely ignored. The crowd looked very excited and cheered loudly when the showman stepped toward them, holding two throwing knives high in the air.

"I first learned the art of the blade on the dunes of Egypt, where I was forced to fight off a raging Nundu!" he proclaimed to the audience. They gasped loudly, and some of the children looked on, terrified, while covering their open mouths with their hands. "With a mighty throw, I clipped its whiskers off!" he shouted and spun faster than Lucius could see. The knife left his hand, and the next thing he knew, it was embedded right next to Lucius's cheek. The razor-sharp throwing knife vibrated from the impact, and it was so close to his skin that he could feel the coldness of the blade. The crowd gasped loudly before cheering raucously. The small children were clapping riotously while jumping up and down.

"Let me off of here!" Lucius cried out, struggling to get free. His demand went unheard over the crowd's cheering.

"But losing a set of whiskers didn't deter the beast! Instead, it growled like a deep, rolling thunder and pounced!"

The next knife embedded itself in the wood with a loud THUNK! Lucius whimpered pathetically as the knife vibrated between his legs. The edge of the blade was so close to his crotch that it actually split his trousers a little. "My blade sailed between his legs! I was doomed!" Lord Fauntleroy called out. The children in the crowd gasped.

"Whatever did you do, sir?!" one little boy called out, frightened by the prospect.

"That's a good question, lad. I could have given up, left it to fate, accepted the inevitable ... but no ... instead, the great Lord Fauntleroy chose to fight back!" The children cheered.

A volley of knives rocketed in his direction. Two embedded by each hip, two between his armpits, and one right above the top of his head. The last one was so close that he could feel the sharp edge of the blade lightly kissing his scalp. A lock of his hair dropped off his head. As it fell, the Glamor Charm faded from it, turning it from brown to his normal blonde. The crowd was eating it up, but none more so than the children. They were bouncing on their feet, clapping and cheering loudly.

"Please ... Let me go!" Lucius begged, rightly terrified now. He continued to struggle, but the Charm held strong.

"Did the Nundu of the Nakhla Pass let me go? Did he show mercy on me? No!" the showman proclaimed while spinning a blade between his fingers. "But the great Edwin Fauntleroy is a merciful Lord. In an attempt to spare the frightened Nundu's life, I clipped the very edge of its ear, drawing a single drop of blood from the rampaging beast!"

All Lucius saw was a flash of steel before burning pain erupted from the side of his head. The crowd winced and groaned, and at least one middle-aged woman fainted and collapsed. The Charm holding him to the board disappeared, and Lucius dropped to his knees. His hand went to the side of his head, and when he pulled it away, his palm was soaked in blood. Looking up at the board, the throwing knives were still deeply embedded within, but one was pinning a severed human ear to it.

"You cut my bloody ear off, you fucking prick!" Lucius shouted as he held his ear stump to quell the bleeding.

"You flinched!" Lord Fauntleroy accused him angrily, pointing a shaking finger at him.

"I bloody well DID NOT!" Lucius shouted through the pain. "How the hell could I flinch when you had me stuck to your bloody butcher's block, huh?"

"What's going on here?! What's happening?!" the Aurors called out as they pushed their way to the front of the crowd.

"He flinched!" the showman declared, pointing an accusing finger at Lucius and ignoring the ear still stuck to the board.

"I'll bloody make you flinch, you ..." Lucius exploded in anger and charged forward. One of the Aurors caught him around the middle and held him back.

"What's that? You're going to have to speak up. I've only got one good ear," the showman cried out, cupping one of his ears while trying to kick Lucius in the shin at the same time.

"I'VE ONLY GOT ONE GOOD EAR, THANKS TO YOU!" Lucius yelled back, clumsily swinging at the performer and accidentally punching an Auror in the side of the head.

"ENOUGH!" one of the Aurors shouted, finally having enough of their madness. "Both of you are coming down to the Ministry to get this sorted."

Lucius's eyes widened. He couldn't allow that to happen. They'd discover his identity for sure. He was about to do a runner when he remembered his ear. He couldn't just leave it behind. He was slowly reaching for his wand when bloody, Jack the Ripper started up again.

"Sorry, Ladies and Gents, but this bird's gotta fly!" he announced while reaching into his coat pocket. He smashed a glass vial at his feet and was engulfed in a cloud of thick, purple smoke. "No Refunds!" was the last thing they heard from him. Everyone took a step back, coughing and covering their noses and mouths. When the smoke cleared, Lord Fauntleroy was gone, as was his wagon and board. The crowd seemed to love it because they broke into furious applause while the children hooted and hollered.

"My ear!" Lucius cried out in shock over the loud noise. 'That bastard ran off with my ear!' he thought as an Auror gripped his bicep tightly. Then he remembered the pickle he was in. Shoving the Auror away from him, he high-tailed it through the crowd and booked it straight for Knockturn Alley, where he could easily disappear. The journey was treacherous, and he was constantly dodging hexes fired from the Aurors. He twisted and turned through back alleys, hoping to get away, but the trail of blood he was leaving behind kept them following close. Just before his last turn, his buttocks exploded in pain. "YEEEEEOOOOOOW!" he yelled in agony. Holding his ruined buttocks, Lucius slipped through a secret passage and appeared in Knockturn Alley. Not wasting any time, he went to a shop that was secretly a Death Eater escape point. He used the Floo to get the hell out of Dodge.

Speak of the Devil

Harry appeared behind Fleur's large family home, flipping Lucius's ear on his thumb like a coin. When he saw the sexy Veela lying out by the swimming pool, he tossed the ear into a nearby shrub and walked over to her. Fleur was lying facedown on a lounge chair with her head resting on her folded hands. From her shallow breathing, he could tell that she had fallen asleep while sunbathing. He took the time to look her over. The only thing covering her back was a thin string that held her baby blue bikini top on. Her lovely bottom was mostly on display as the back of her bikini bottom was creeping into the crack of her ass. Her long, silvery blonde hair was tied up in a messy bun on the top of her head. Harry's eyes roamed down her long, smooth legs and small, dainty feet. Fleur let out a tiny snore, which made him chuckle. Kneeling down beside her, he began playing with the little baby hairs on the back of her neck. She shuddered in her sleep and began squirming. It wasn't long before she was purring in pleasure. Her blue eyes then fluttered open sleepily, and she jolted awake in surprise when she saw his smiling face.

"Hey, Fleur," he greeted her kindly. Fleur sat up on the chair and rubbed her sleepy eyes with the butts of her palms.

"You startled me," she said before yawning. "Did I fall asleep?" she asked, confused. Harry nodded.

"I just arrived to check up on you, and I didn't want you getting sunburned," he told her. Fleur gave him a tired smile.

"Merci," she thanked him and stretched. Her arms rose above her head, which did incredible things to her breasts. Harry didn't even pretend that he wasn't looking. As she put her arms down, she winced a bit. Fleur turned her head to look at her shoulder. "I think I stayed out in the sun too long," she said.

"Do you have any burn paste inside the house?" Harry asked her. Fleur shook her head.

"I don't have many supplies in the house," she answered in French. She had just moved back in, after all.

"Why don't you go inside and get out of the sun? I'll go get some and bring it over," Harry suggested. Fleur smiled at him.

"I will, thank you," she said, and Harry disappeared. However, he only disappeared from view. He could conjure anything and didn't actually need to go anywhere to get it. Instead, he watched her stand up and reach down. She stuffed her fingers through the leg holes of her bikini bottom and peeled the wedged material from between her cheeks. After that, she walked toward the house in a sexy gait that seemed to come naturally to her. Her thick, full cheeks jiggled and bounced with every confident step.

The large chateau was back to its former glory after Harry had done an excellent job patching it up. The missing chunks of stone had been replaced, and the blackened pockmarks on the exterior were fixed. The house had a powerful set of wards that blocked anyone other than him and the Delacours from entering. Not even Voldemort would be able to break through. As such, Fleur felt confident staying there alone. After giving her enough time, Harry reappeared inside the house and went to her bedroom.

He softly knocked on her door and entered with permission. Fleur was still in her bikini while digging through her closet. Harry held up the bottle. "I got the paste," he told her.

"Merci," she thanked him and took it from him. "I don't recognize the brand," she stated, unable to read the strange text on the label.

"It's a special kind from overseas. It's much better than the stuff you can get around here," he promised. In reality, there was nothing special about it. It was just a common paste that he had conjured himself.

"Oh?" she asked with a raised eyebrow. "What's special about it?" she asked, examining the bottle closer.

"It hydrates the body and makes your skin feel extra soft. It's especially good for those with Veela blood," he lied easily. "Do you need some help putting it on your back? It looks a little red," Harry asked, feigning concern.

Fleur momentarily froze. Sure, she was still furious with her husband and had no current desire to see him any time soon, but she was still a married woman. She wasn't sure if it would be proper to let another man touch her in such a way, regardless of how innocent it might be. On the other hand, Harry had been there to help and support her when Bill had failed her. Harry was the one to save her when she was attacked. He was the one to fix her beloved family home and make it safe again. Bill could have done that if he had wanted. He was a Cursebreaker, after all, but he didn't. Besides that, this was a medical issue. Her skin tingled uncomfortably from the slight sunburn, and there was no way she could reach her back on her own. Her only other option would be to return to Grimmauld Place and ask someone there, and there was no way she was going to return to that raggedy, old house any time soon. Harry was also a gentleman, and he had done nothing to suggest he might take advantage of the situation.

There was one little problem, however. Fleur had found herself thinking about the handsome man more and more. Every time he came over to visit her, which was often, they would spend hours talking and taking pleasant walks, and he would even accompany her during her frequent shopping trips. Harry was doing everything her husband should have been doing. As such, it wasn't surprising that she had developed a little bit of a crush on him. Letting him touch her was just asking for trouble, but Fleur brushed this off. She was a strong-willed woman who wasn't ruled by her emotions and desires. It was just a silly little crush. She could easily resist his charms.

"Yes, that would be helpful. Merci," she smiled, handing him the bottle.

Harry took the bottle from her and said, "Facedown on the bed, please."

Hearing him ask her to get on the bed had her heart beating fast, and she didn't know why. It was a perfectly reasonable request. With no reason to deny him that, she crawled onto her large, comfy bed and sprawled out on her belly. She made sure to keep her legs tightly together. Just because she had a schoolgirl crush on him didn't mean she wanted to send the wrong message. Fleur Weasley was a married woman and wasn't open for business. She then felt the mattress shift, and she looked over her shoulder. Harry had climbed on and edged his way over to her side. She turned her head to hide her blushing cheeks but then gasped when he began applying the medication to her back.

Fleur had used burn paste before. This wasn't the first time she had fallen asleep while sunbathing. The one her family had always used was a thick paste that had to be scooped out of the jar with your fingers. However, the stuff he was using came pouring out like a syrup. When the thick liquid hit her lower back, it immediately made her skin tingle pleasantly. It was warm ... almost hot ... and when he began to rub it in, she found that it was incredibly slick. His hands easily glided across her soft, delicate skin, leaving a thin, oily layer of the medication. This stuff even smelled better than the one her family traditionally used. The other kind had a bit of a chemical smell that she found unpleasant. Harry's smelled faintly of lemongrass, a scent she absolutely adored. Fleur bit her lower lip as his strong hands encircled her slim, feminine waist. She couldn't stop herself from daydreaming and fantasizing about their current situation.

It didn't help when he slowly moved his hands up her sides, and his fingers gently tickled each of her ribs.

"You're a little more burned than I thought," Harry suddenly told her. "How does your skin feel?" he asked her. Fleur wasn't in the right state of mind.

"Wonderful," she sighed with a slight moan. Realizing what she had just said, Fleur blushed madly and buried her face in the pillow. Harry just chuckled good-naturedly.

"That's good to know," he teased. Fleur forgot about her slip-up when the tips of his fingers accidentally brushed the sides of her breasts. Unfortunately, they didn't linger, and his hands slid back down her ribcage.

Harry smirked to himself as he worked Fleur's body. She wasn't hiding her desire for him very well. He wasn't going to go as fast as he had with Hermione. Hermione was inexperienced and easy to manipulate. With Fleur, he wanted it to be her idea. All he had to do was continue teasing her and sit back and wait. Eventually, she would give in.

Fleur bit down on her pillow as his hands slid up her spine and moved over to her shoulders. She had the overwhelming urge to rub her thighs together, but she refrained. No doubt he would notice. "Have you talked to your parents about them moving back in?" Harry asked her.

"They said they will soon, but I'm not sure when," Fleur answered, trying to keep her voice from warbling. He poured more of the liquid on her upper back and rubbed it in. His fingers glided over her biceps and back down her triceps. His finger then accidentally tickled her smooth underarms, and Fleur quietly whimpered. Her pussy was damp and throbbing, and she worried he might be able to smell her arousal. She squeezed her thighs together tighter.

"Is your leg hurting?" he asked her in response to her squeezing her legs closed. He didn't wait for a response. Instead, he poured more of the liquid on the backs of her thighs and began massaging them.

"'Arry!" she gasped out. Her intention was to tell him that this was improper, but her voice came out sounding desperate and lustful. His hands slipped between her legs, and he rubbed her inner thighs, coating them with the slippery oil.

"Yes, Fleur?" he asked her, but she was short of breath.

His hands moved down her calves, and the pleasure was becoming intense. She whimpered into the pillow, and her fingers clawed at the bedsheets. When his hands gripped her ankles tightly, a naughty thought flooded her mind. She had flashes of him grabbing her ankles, pinning them by her ears, and folding her body in half while he mercilessly pounded her. His hands then slipped over her bare feet, and his thumbs massaged her delicate soles. Fleur couldn't take it anymore. Lights flashed behind her eyes, and she closed her mouth tightly to keep the squeaks

of pleasure from being heard. Her pussy flooded with her juices while her body trembled uncontrollably. Harry had given her an orgasm just from a few touches. It was so embarrassing.

"Alright ... You're all finished. I'll be out by the pool while you finish up your front," Harry told her as nonchalantly as possible. Her only saving grace was that it appeared he didn't even notice the state she was in.

"Okay!" she squeaked out. When she heard the door close behind her, Fleur squealed into the pillow while her hips bucked wildly. The orgasm didn't stop for several minutes.

Speak of the Devil

"AAAAAARGH!" Lucius Malfoy yelled as the incompetent Healer poured disinfectant on his open wound. The pain was searing and made his entire ass hurt. "Watch it!" he shouted in anger.

"Forgive me, but the wound is deep ... almost to the bone, in fact," the Healer told him as he examined the deep, circular-shaped hole in Lucius's right buttock. It was twice as wide as a Galleon. He then splashed some more disinfectant into the gaping wound.

"YEEEEEEEEEOOOOOW!" Lucius howled in agony. "What the hell are you using to clean the wound? Firewhiskey?!"

"Of course not," the Healer sounded affronted. "Just a simple solution of isopropyl alcohol and ... Oh, wait ... The bottle says Industrial Strength Paint Stripper..."

"You son of a ..." Lucius began but was cut off.

"Calm down, Lord Malfoy. It was an innocent mistake. Besides, the paint stripper seems to have done an excellent job. I can see the germs bubbling and melting away," the Healer said, looking closer at the wound. "Hear that sizzle?"

"That's my skin cooking, you fucking git!" Malfoy exploded. The Healer sighed loudly.

"Do you want my help or not?" he asked, annoyed by Lucius's constant uproars.

"Just hurry up and fix it!" Lucius snarled, looking over his shoulder. He had a bloody bandage wrapped around the side of his head where his ear used to be.

"It's not as simple as waving my wand, I'm afraid. There is a lot of damage. You're going to have to drink a few potions. It's going to be an all-nighter for you," the Healer concluded.

Lucius gritted his teeth angrily. He swore revenge on that bloody Lord Fauntleroy. It didn't matter how long it would take. One day, he would find him and make him pay for the pain and humiliation he was going through.

"Your ear is the real problem. The wound is cursed. Even if you had recovered it, reattaching it would be impossible. I'm afraid you're going to be grotesquely disfigured for the rest of your life."

Lucius fought every urge in his body to kill the quack for calling him disfigured. Once healed, he would find a real Healer and see what his options were. Maybe he could find a "donor" and have that ear attached to his head. Suddenly, his ass wound exploded in pain again. Lucius squeezed his watering eyes shut and gritted his teeth.

"Sorry ... I dropped my wand in the hole," the Healer apologized.

Neither of them saw the invisible Harry Potter next to them, giggling like a schoolgirl as he continued to torment poor Lucius Malfoy.