

Speak of the Devil

Chapter 5

Harry stepped out of the shadows and into his new home causing a squeak of fright from the only other inhabitant. Harry smiled at the shrill screech. He loved the sound of fear. "Master!" Narcissa cried out in surprise, and he turned to her. She was standing in front of the fireplace, and the flames behind her were dancing merrily while the wood occasionally popped. "I have done what you asked, My Lord," she stated proudly, standing tall and straight-backed. "I have cast out the unworthy."

He blessed the woman with a small smile. He could see her body shiver as soon as his lips stretched. The longer she was in his presence, the more she became corrupted. "And your idiot son? What of him?" Harry asked, studying her form.

Narcissa was standing on a fur rug with bare feet. Her long, blonde hair fell over her shoulders and down her back. The only thing covering her body was a red, silk nightgown that would have barely covered the front of her panties ... if she had been wearing any. Her body was trembling under his steady gaze, and Harry spotted a fat drop of arousal appear from underneath the hem of her nightgown and roll down the inside of her pale, smooth thigh. Her nipples were rock-hard and plainly visible through the thin fabric. The fire dancing behind her lit up the trail of pussy juice leading from her cunt, all the way down to her knee. "Draco is staying at a friend's house. He too has been banished and will not be allowed to return," she shakily told him, her arms flat against her sides.

"Excellent, my dear," Harry praised her. Narcissa let out a breath that she had been holding while looking relieved. Then a smile broke out across her beautiful face. With shaking hands, she reached up and slid the thin straps of her nightgown off of her dainty shoulders. The red silk cascaded down her womanly form until it pooled around her bare feet. Her arms then went back to her sides, and she stood there, allowing him to visually feast on her naked body. Narcissa arched her back slightly, making her perky tits stick out even more. Her nipples were as hard as they had ever been, dark pink and crinkled from the overabundance of blood flow. Her stomach was smooth and toned for a woman of her age. At that moment, Narcissa was very glad that she took such good care of her body. The thought of disappointing her Master was borderline crippling. She could tell that he liked what he saw. He liked the way her hips flared wide. He liked the smooth mound of her pussy and the way her lips were taut and pressed together tightly. Narcissa's face burned. Not with embarrassment though. Her face burned with pride and joy over the fact that she had pleased her Master. She hoped to continue pleasing him that night and every night beyond.

"My body is yours, My Lord," she said with a shuddering breath. She witnessed a look of lust pass over him. As he stood there, his clothing faded into odorless, black smoke, which he walked out of. Her eyes lowered, and Narcissa licked her lips. His thick, massive cock bounced around as he came closer, and she was desperate to have it in her.

“Of course it is,” he said with amusement. He was right in front of her, and she could feel the incredible heat radiating from his nude body. His confident hand reached out and tickled her swollen clit. Pure pleasure raced up her spine, and Narcissa’s knees buckled. As her butt hit the white, bearskin rug, Narcissa gasped as the waves of pleasure continued to crash over her. She looked up at her lord with a worshipful gaze and closed her eyes when he gently caressed her cheek. As she opened them back up, she got a full view of his throbbing cock. He didn’t have to ask or even hint at what he wanted. The pleasure was hers, and she would happily worship him in every way. Wrapping her small hand around his magnificence, her pussy shuddered when the tips of her fingers refused to touch. His thick sack hung low, and she couldn’t stop herself from placing her lips against it while her hand began stroking his significant length. Opening her mouth, her tongue snaked out and started slithering all around his bloated balls. Suddenly, she found her hair pulled into a ponytail by his strong hand. He pulled her mouth away from his sack and rubbed his hard cock all over her face. Narcissa breathed him in while he moved her head so that the tip was pressed against her sealed lips. He then pushed, parting her lips, and thrusting himself until the domed head hit the back of her throat.

Harry looked down at Narcissa while tightly holding her bunched-up hair in his hand. Her eyes were watering as she gagged over and over on his cock. Pulling her head in, he shoved it completely down her throat and kept it there until he felt her begin to panic. He then pulled out and let her inhale violently. He pulled her to her feet while she tried to catch her breath. Sitting on the couch near the roaring fire, Harry sat down with his legs somewhat open. Lifting his arms, he rested them on the back of the couch while staring directly at his new follower. Harry didn’t say a word. He just watched as Narcissa climbed on him and straddled his lap. She reached back and grabbed his cock, directing it until the head was pressed against her warm, damp lips. As soon as the head touched her opening, she sank down until her cheeks were pressed against his balls.

Harry had long forgotten about the many earthly delights that humanity had to offer. It had been so long since he last took a human form that he forgot how it felt to fuck a sexy woman. Narcissa’s cunt was satisfying, Harry thought as her wet tunnel fluttered around him. Her slim arms encircled the back of his neck, and she began grinding herself against him. Her lovely eyes rolled into the back of her head when he held her at the perfect angle so that her g-spot was constantly rubbing on his cock. The room was suddenly filled with the sounds of their flesh slapping together and her whorish moans of pleasure as she bounced up and down on his lap. Harry could feel her hard nipples grazing his chest as her tits flopped around while she vigorously fucked herself on his cock.

While he enjoyed what she was doing, it just wasn’t good enough for him. Rolling her over, Harry placed his hand on her neck while she was underneath him. Narcissa’s eyes widened considerably as Harry jackhammered into her drenched pussy. By then, it wasn’t only the slapping of flesh that could be heard. Narcissa’s pussy was absolutely soaked, and the loud squelching of a wet cunt being fucked nearly drowned out her cries of passion. Her hands were on his broad, muscled shoulders, and she squeezed them tightly as her body was jerked this

way and that. Her perky breasts bounced right along with her, batting into each other and adding to the sexual cacophony. When his hands groped her breasts, Narcissa moaned and arched her back, presenting them to him. His fingers pinched and pulled at the little nubs, making her insides clutch his cock harder.

“Harder, Master ... Please,” she begged with a wild look in her eyes. Harry was already fucking her so hard that she would be very sore in the morning. Still, he decided to give her what she wanted. He folded her body nearly in half so that her feet were pinned by her ears. His hips slammed down so hard that the flesh on the backs of her thighs rippled, and Narcissa cried out in sexual bliss. Again and again, his hips slammed down, driving his cock directly into her cervix. Her toes were curling and her mouth was open in a never-ending warble as she came hard on his cock. Immediately, her pussy became slicker, and it was easy to figure out why. He could feel the wetness spraying from her slutty cunt. It only took a few more seconds of furious fucking before she was bucking like a wild woman. Her body was thrashing every which way, so Harry pulled out and stood over her. He gave his cock a few tugs and began pumping his cum all over her face and chest. Narcissa opened her mouth and did her best to guzzle down what she could. When he was done, her face and tits were completely glazed, and her legs were spread wide open with little spurts of girl cum squirting from her convulsing pussy. Her eyes were open, though she appeared to be staring off into space. Harry chuckled happily and snapped his fingers, taking them both upstairs to her marital bed. He would enjoy fucking Lucius’s wife in his own bed. He would make sure to do the same with Draco’s.

Speak of the Devil

The following day found Harry happily strolling down Diagon Alley without a care in the world. ‘I may have to become human more often in the future,’ he told himself. Pranking, killing, fucking ... He enjoyed it all, and there was still so much more to experience.

The crowds hadn’t yet come back to the alley. The citizens of Britain were still too scared of Voldemort and his band of incompetents to come out and play. This suited Harry just fine. That meant that he would get spotted more easily. Voldemort had basically put a bounty on his head, and Harry was eager to be discovered. But even as he slowly walked down the main street of Diagon Alley, there were still no Death Eaters to be seen. Harry huffed and began whistling loudly, hoping to be heard. Nothing. With nothing left to do, he expanded his senses and found a lone Death Eater toward the back of the alley collecting his monthly tributes. That pretty much meant that he was forcing businesses to hand over a portion of their hard-earned gold through intimidation and threats of violence. Harry approved of his behavior, but that wouldn’t stop him from killing the man. Dumbledore had bartered for his life, and Harry intended to collect. He appeared behind the man, roughly thirty or so feet away. He was practically strutting down the street with his full pockets jingling. Harry smiled and pulled his wand.

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Marcus Flint was just thinking of all the fun he would be having with this month's collection when someone called him out from behind.

"Hey!" the voice called out. Marcus stopped and turned. His eyes went wide. Harry Potter was here! He quickly fumbled for his pocket and was just able to pull out his wand when a curse whizzed by his head.

"AHA!" Marcus cried out, holding his wand triumphantly instead of firing back. He was reminded of that when another curse zoomed toward him. He arched his body to the side, and it safely passed him by.

"Crucio!" he yelled, firing the Unforgivable. The curse tore through the air but was easily dodged by his Master's nemesis. Suddenly, a whip of flame came cracking down right for the top of his head. Marcus jumped to the side and combat rolled just as the whip scorched the cobbled street. As he rolled, he heard a loud crack and hoped that it wasn't his arm again. He had broken it several times while playing Quidditch at Hogwarts, and the bones had become brittle from too much Skele-Gro. He didn't feel any pain so he quickly put it from his mind. "Stupefy!" he shouted, brandishing his wand like Merlin. As the spell erupted from the tip of his wand, the shaft cracked down the middle and hung limply at a ninety-degree angle. The two pieces were only held together by a few thin grains of wood. Marcus's mouth fell open in horror at the sight of his treasured wand. He had done so many terrible things with it. 'So many memories,' he sadly thought. But then, out of nowhere, the Stunner struck true, and Harry Potter was launched into the air and landed hard on his back. He didn't move a muscle.

Marcus was shocked, to say the least. His heart was thumping madly in his chest as he tried to control his breathing. He couldn't recount how long it took for him to gain his bearings, but eventually, he slowly made his way over to his downed opponent. He looked down and saw that Potter's eyes were closed, and his breathing was shallow and steady. Marcus nudged him with the toe of his dragonhide boot. He still didn't move. He then kicked him a little harder. Still nothing.

"WOOOO! YEAH HA!" he shouted gleefully, punching the air just as he had done back at school when he scored a goal during a Quidditch match. He had stars in his eyes as he thought of all the ways that his master would reward him. The fact that he was delivering Potter still alive was even better. He could probably ask for anything he wanted and it would likely be granted. "He might even make me a member of his Inner Circle," he said in a hushed whisper. That was his greatest goal. The Inner Circle got to go on all the best raids, and they kept most of the rewards. Marcus had often grumbled over the fact that he barely got the scraps after doing most of the dangerous work. He didn't grumble out loud, but still.

He was trembling with excitement when he rolled up his sleeve and touched the skull tattoo on his forearm. He hissed as the tattoo burned his skin. He waited one second ... two seconds ... three seconds. After ten seconds, he was starting to believe that his master might not show up. Then, a loud crack echoed throughout the narrow alley. Marcus nearly tripped over his robes as

he spun around so quickly. Standing there was none other than his master ... Lord Voldemort. Marcus whimpered and dropped to his knees as he walked up to him. He bent even lower and kissed the hem of his master's robes like a good, little sycophant.

"You better have a good reason for calling me here, Flint," his master growled. He obviously was still not in a very good mood.

"H-Harry Potter! Right over there!" he quickly stuttered, hoping to avoid Voldemort's ire. Marcus pointed to a spot about twenty feet away. Voldemort looked and saw a crumpled figure on the ground near the wall of a shop. "He's alive, Master! I stunned him," he proudly boasted.

Voldemort was skeptical, but he went over and checked nonetheless. As he stood beside the unconscious man and looked down, he could see that it truly was Harry Potter. A sense of excitement and glee rocketed through his body. If he could quickly get the man into a dungeon, then he could begin torturing the much-needed information from his cursed lips. Just as he started waving his wand, the unconscious man suddenly came to life and swept his legs from underneath him. Voldemort cried out as he tumbled backward. The back of his head slammed onto the hard street, and a bright light flashed behind his eyes. As he tried to blink the stars from his eyes, his ribs and back exploded in pain as Harry Potter viciously kicked him over and over, laughing gleefully like a raving lunatic. "S-Sto..." he cried out but was silenced by a boot. Voldemort rolled over and was rewarded by a kick in the chest.

"ENOUGH!" Voldemort choked out with some semblance of authority. The kicks suddenly stopped. The Dark Lord tilted his head to see the face of Harry Potter smirking as he stared down at him. Oh, how he hated that face.

"You did well, Marcus!" Potter said as he tossed his apparently treacherous follower a bag of gold. Flint caught the bag with one hand, looking completely stunned. "Your part of the plan was executed perfectly. You will have a place by my side when I take over. However, first, I still need one more thing," Potter hissed in a silky smooth voice that sent terrified shivers down Voldemort's spine.

Potter was suddenly back by his side. He reached down and grabbed him by the wrist. Try as he might, Voldemort couldn't yank his hand from the man's grip. He was simply too strong. As he struggled, screamed, and cursed, he received another kick to the gut which immediately quieted him down. With wide eyes, he watched horrified as Potter placed his pinky finger between the blades of a wire cutter. One side of the handle plunged down and pain erupted in his hand. Sadly, it wasn't a clean cut, and the finger was still hanging on by several pieces of torn meat. The pain was terrible, and he kicked and screamed, trying to pull his hand away from the wretched beast.

"Stop moving, fucker!" Potter hissed and punched him on the top of his head. He once again became too dizzy to fight back.

Potter then repositioned the wire cutters and squeezed the handles again. His pinky finger was lopped off and fell gracelessly to the floor. Potter snatched it up and examined it closely, spinning it around so that he could see every side. "Yes ... I believe this will do just fine," he said before laughing raucously like a man who didn't have a care in the world.

"See you around, Marcus Flint," Potter said before disappearing.

Voldemort lay there like an invalid for several minutes until he was able to push himself to his knees. He looked directly at Flint who was trembling badly.

"M-M-My L-Lord?" he pathetically said in a shaky voice.

"You treacherous piece of filth!" the Dark Lord hissed with pure hatred. "I will kill you, your mother, your father ..." he hissed, stumbling to his feet.

Marcus didn't know what had just happened. All he knew was that he needed to get as far away from the Dark Lord as humanly possible. He screamed like a girl and ran as fast as he could. He didn't stop running until he was able to apparate to the only hideout of his that was protected by a Fidelius Charm. It had cost him a fortune to have the Charm placed on the small cottage. He tossed the bag of gold onto the table and sat down, his hands shaking badly as he ran his fingers through his greasy hair.

"Potter!" he screeched in disbelief. He should have known that it was all a trick, but alas, it was too late now. His only option was to keep running and never stop. The tattoo was burning on his forearm, and he knew that his chances weren't good. At least he had two sacks of gold to keep him going. He stood up and patted his pocket. The sack wasn't there. He checked his other pockets in a panic and didn't find the money bag in them either. He cursed and slammed his fist on the table. He then snatched the sack that Potter gave him, and he immediately recognized it.

"This is my bag!" he yelled out in disbelief. "Potter stole my bag and gave it right back to me!"

Growling in anger, he turned the bag over to count the coins that he had collected from the good shop owners of Diagon Alley. He needed to buy a replacement wand as soon as possible. As he turned the bag over, slimy, sickly-pale lumps fell out and wetly plopped onto the table. "Ugg!" Marcus cried out, recoiling from the horrible stench.

He didn't know what they were, but they looked disgusting, he thought as he grabbed a quill that was sitting on the surface of the table and poked the puss-covered sack. As soon as he did, the lumps began pulsating, and the smell got even worse. Marcus covered his nose, trying to avoid the acrid smell of rotting bodies. Suddenly, one of the lumps cracked open with a wet pop, sending the pale fluid spraying in every direction. Some got on his face, and he cried out while taking several steps back and furiously wiping his face with his sleeve. The others quickly broke open as well, and thousands of fully grown cockroaches began scuttling out and spreading throughout the room. Some even took flight.

“EEEEK!” he squealed as dozens flew into his hair and crawled under and into his clothing. He felt their sharp, jagged pincers biting and pulling at his skin. Marcus danced around wildly, pulling at his clothes with one hand while swiping at his hair with his other hand, but it was of no use. More and more were landing on him, biting his arms, hands, and face. Even as he stomped and crushed them, thousands more continued to crawl out of the pulsating sacks every second. The only thing he could do was separate away from his protected hideout and hope that the Dark Lord wouldn’t find him.

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Harry smiled evilly as he tossed Voldemort’s severed finger onto Lucius Malfoy’s former desk. Harry sat in his new chair and kicked his feet up onto his new desk. He then magically summoned a bottle of sixty-year-old Single Malt Firewhiskey from his new bar and drank straight from the bottle. “AHHH!” he sighed as the smooth alcohol warmed his belly. He was beginning to enjoy his new home.