

Speak of the Devil

Chapter 3

THE DARK LORD FLEES IN FEAR!

Written By Luna Lovegood

The world's most powerful and feared wizard was dealt a devastating blow yesterday afternoon outside of the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade. The blow wasn't physical but mental as Voldemort's ego took a serious beating.

From what information that I was able to gather, some of the Dark Lord's followers were enjoying themselves in the pub when they decided to get rowdy. Unfortunately for them, one patron of the pub wasn't feeling very festive. After being sent running with their tails tucked firmly between their legs, they did the most sensible thing that they could ... They tattled to their beloved Dark Lord.

When the Dark Lord arrived to teach the man the error of his ways, well, that's when things truly became rowdy. As the picture above shows, somehow the Dark Lord ended up head-over-heels with his bare buttocks swinging wildly in the air. If that wasn't bad enough, his penis was put on full display to everyone watching. If you pull out the magnifying glass that was provided with today's edition, you will see that his penis is both the size and consistency of a rotten flobberworm. As hilarious as this may be, Voldemort lost more than his self-respect. If you look at the photo below, you will see a picture of the Dark Lord's conqueror holding a very special wand. Yes, my friends, that is indeed the Dark Lord's wand being spun between our hero's fingers. Not only that, but the Dark Lord apparated away leaving only a urine stain in his wake. His cowardly Death Eaters quickly followed, obviously unable to avenge their master's failures.

Voldemort getting his bony butt kicked is all well and good, but that fails to answer the real question. Who is this dashing handsome and courageous young man? From his own lips, he said that his name was Harry Potter. The Potter bloodline was believed to have gone extinct when Voldemort murdered James Potter, his wife, and their infant child ... whose name just happened to be Harry Potter. Now, the wrackspurts told me that ...

Fleur burst into a giggle fit when she grabbed the included magnifying glass and used it to zoom in on Voldemort's tiny, flopping penis as he kicked his legs uselessly in the picture. It was indeed, very small and pathetic looking. Not wanting to look at it any longer than necessary, she placed the magnifying glass down and looked at the second picture. 'Arry Potter,' she thought as she studied his picture. Just as Luna Lovegood wrote, he very much cut the dashing, rogue-like figure, but as attractive as he was, she promised that she would remain cautious around him.

'The devil?' she thought. 'Nonsense,' Fleur sniffed in an aristocratic fashion. He was probably just as Dumbledore had said ... some demon hoping to take advantage of their situation. Fleur

was used to men trying to take advantage of her, and she had sent them all running scared. ‘ ‘Arry Potter will be no different,’ she promised herself. He might not be afraid of her, given that he sent the Dark Lord running scared, but Fleur was an expert at getting what she wanted out of clueless men. Before she had to quit her job, she had already gotten two promotions that she hadn’t earned. A few sweet words and a soft touch on the arm are all it would take.

‘If ‘Arry Potter ‘as a working cock, ‘e will be puddy in my ‘ands,’ Fleur smiled to herself as she studied his picture further. She didn’t notice as his picture turned in her direction and began to smirk.

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“Thank you for agreeing to come see me,” Dumbledore said, sitting at his desk in the Headmaster’s Office in Hogwarts.

“Not a problem,” Harry sitting in the cushioned chair opposite Dumbledore. He crossed his legs and waited for the old man to begin. Harry, of course, already knew what he wanted.

“It seems ...” Dumbledore began as he steepled his fingers. “... that you were busy yesterday,” he finished.

“Ah! You’ve seen Miss Lovegood’s article?” Harry smiled.

“I did,” Dumbledore said, watching his words to not give out too much information.

“I found it quite amusing ... especially the picture. I’ve already had a copy framed ...” Harry chuckled happily, smacking his knee. As soon as he started laughing, the portraits around the room all darted outside of their frames, not wanting to be anywhere near him. Dumbledore cleared his throat. Knowing that Harry could just brush Voldemort off like an annoying fly had him on edge. He was walking a fine line, and he didn’t want to offend him.

“Hmm ... Yes, well ...” Dumbledore cleared his throat uncomfortably again. “In the picture in Miss Lovegood’s article, I couldn’t help but notice that you had a certain wand in your possession. Do you perchance still have it?”

Harry smiled and with both hands, he put his fingertips together. When he pulled both hands away from each other, the wand slowly appeared between them like a muggle magician. Before it could fall to the ground, Harry’s hand quickly snatched it out of the air. He expertly twirled it between his fingers just as he had done in Luna’s picture. “Thirteen and a half inches long, yew and phoenix feather, unwieldy ...” Harry amusedly said as he flexed the wand between both hands. Dumbledore winced as the wand bowed slightly.

“Could I perhaps, see it?” Dumbledore asked carefully, holding out his hand.

“Ah, ah, ahhh! See with your eyes and not with your hands,” Harry sang, giving it a wave and pointing it directly at Dumbledore’s chest. The old man flinched as a long, thin rod ejected from the tip and stopped before shooting off. A white flag rolled down with big, bold letters printed on spelling out the word, BANG!

Fawkes squawked angrily while Harry laughed. “Sorry, Dumbledore, but nowhere in the contract does it state that I must hand over my ill-gotten booty. Besides, I’m not done teasing old Tommy-Boy just yet.”

Hearing him say the name Tom had the old man’s heart beating fast. “You know the Dark Lord’s given name?”

“But of course!” Harry said airily. “I know quite a bit about Mr. Riddle. I know things that have him shaking in his boots. Heavens to Betsy, it’s been a long time since I felt so alive!” Harry hissed happily. The sound made the Headmaster’s skin crawl.

“So I take it that you were once human and had some run-ins with the man who calls himself Voldemort?” he asked him. “How else would you know so much about him?”

Harry smiled wickedly, and his pupils flashed scarlet for a second. “Yes, I was once human, and yes, I knew Tom Riddle ... So go ahead and ask what you really want to know.”

“Were you the Boy Who Lived?” Dumbledore asked, his hands slightly shaking.

“Yes ... A very long time ago.”

“And you defeated Voldemort and fulfilled the prophecy?”

“Indeed I did. It was difficult at the time. Voldemort was quite sneaky after all,” Harry said, brushing his locket with his fingertip. “Neville Longbottom should be up to the task if he has the courage and willpower to persist. The Neville Longbottom of my time would have been capable. I cannot speak for yours.”

“Tell me, Mr. Potter ... Would you be open to amending our contract?” Dumbledore asked, testing the waters.

“The price for that would be steep ... perhaps too steep for your liking,” he said with a wickedly devious smile. Dumbledore, at least for the moment, decided to take a step back and think about it some more. He didn’t like the look in Harry Potter’s eyes, and something told him that adding to the contract wouldn’t be the best idea. For the time being, he would wait and see how things progressed and take it from there.

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Just as Harry Potter brushed the locket with his finger in Dumbledore's office, Voldemort hissed furiously in pain. He was hunkered down in one of his many private hideouts with Nagini next to him. He clutched his chest as though having a massive heart attack. It felt like someone was stretching his soul to almost the breaking point before plucking it like a stretched-out rubber band. Whatever was causing it sent a shockwave of pain throughout his entire being. The pain was beyond physical. Unfortunately, Voldemort had a fairly good hunch about the source of his misery.

"How did he know?!" Voldemort squealed and slammed his fist down onto the bed on which he was lying. The pain had been particularly terrible that morning, and he was in no shape to be up and about. Suddenly, he heard tapping at the window, and his hand flashed to grab his wand. His stomach dropped when he remembered that he no longer possessed it. Looking to the window, he saw a Tawney owl drop something off on the ledge before flying off. For some strange reason, owls didn't like being anywhere near him ... go figure. Voldemort hissed, wishing he had his wand so he could shoot that damn bird out of the sky. Instead, he pushed himself to his feet unsteadily, wiping the sweat from his forehead. His entire body ached as he slowly shuffled his feet to the window before lifting it open. He grabbed the package and slammed the window shut so hard that it would have shattered if not for the fact that he had magically reinforced it. Sitting down on the edge of his bed, he tore the brown paper away revealing a second edition of the Quibbler for the day. He had no idea how he was getting these. No one knew the whereabouts of his hideout, and he certainly didn't subscribe to that trash rag of a magazine.

The first magazine was torn into shreds and tossed into the corner of his room. He knew that the Lovegoods were brazen for posting unflattering things about him in the past, but he would never have believed that they would have the guts to post a picture of his "unfortunate indiscretion". The fact that they added a magnifying glass was like rubbing salt on an open wound. The things he would do to the Lovegoods once he got his hands on them ...

Voldemort snarled at the memory, taking a quick glance at the tattered magazine in the corner before looking at the new one.

EXTRA! EXTRA! BREAKING NEWS!!!

GRINGOTTS BANK ROBBED!

We at the Quibbler have just learned of a break-in that happened at Gringotts Bank only an hour ago. Details are sparse at the moment, but please bear with us as the story breaks. We have, of course, immediately reached out to the Goblin Nation for confirmation.

"I don't know nothing about no break-in! Now leave me be, woman! I'm on the toilet!" one Goblin stated, clearly irritated by his brethren's lack of security. We were unable to get anything else out of him except for a few strained grunts.

Thankfully, we found an anonymous source that was more than happy to spill the beans.

“Yes, the break-in happened, and yes, the thieves got away scot-free. The Goblins have no clue of who exactly the assailant is, only that he is tall with dashing good looks and black hair that is wild and untamed. The only other description of him is that his green eyes glitter like an expertly cut emerald in the sunlight.”

Tall ... good-looking ... messy black hair ... beautiful, green eyes ... Personally, this sounds like the description of the subject of our last edition, a certain Mr. Harry Potter! If you are unfamiliar with Harry Potter’s work, we have re-released the article in this Extra edition. You will find it posted directly after this article. Our anonymous source had more to say.

“The unknown thief didn’t steal much. In fact, he only targeted one particular vault ... the vault belonging to the Lestrage family. From that vault, I know that only one item was taken. I overheard a Goblin talking about a little, golden cup that was missing.”

Voldemort froze as dread filled him. Somehow his tormentor had gotten his hands on Slytherin’s locket and Hufflepuff’s cup. Two pieces of himself were now directly in the hands of his enemy. It was obvious that he knew the significance of the items, and it was also clear that he knew enough about Soul Magic that he was able to weaponize them. What if this Harry Potter fellow informs Dumbledore? That would be catastrophic. He only hoped that the remaining pieces were safe. He couldn’t just hope though. He needed to be sure. He groaned in pain as he dressed and grabbed the spare wand that he kept in the small house before apparating away.

He appeared just outside of the village of Little Hangleton, next to a run-down shack. No one was around, not that he would have cared if there were. He simply would have killed them and carried on. Ignoring everything else, he painfully strolled into the dilapidated shack and walked over to a specific floorboard. Waving his spare wand, he temporarily removed the dangerous wards that were protecting the spot. With the wards down, he flicked his wand causing the floorboard to flip over. The hollowed space underneath was completely empty. There was no ring to be found. Rage instantly filled him but terror replaced that emotion soon after. Cursing loudly, he moved on to the next.

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Voldemort waved his wand and screamed in rage as the emerald potion in the stone basin turned crystal clear. Even after seeing the locket in his possession, Voldemort still wanted to check. Instead of the locket at the bottom of the basin where it belonged, a long, veiny dildo sat submerged beneath his Potion of Despair. Little did he know that the locket hadn’t been there in years and was taken by Regulus Black. Harry had snuck in and retrieved the R.A.B. locket and put the dildo in its place. As soon as Voldemort saw the dildo, it began vibrating merrily.

Voldemort closed his eyes and calmed his breathing. The diary, ring, locket, and cup were gone. Nagini was safe, he knew. He would make sure to keep her far away from anyone who wasn’t

him. The diadem was a bit tricky. He knew that it *should* be safe, but now he just didn't know for sure. To top it off, he couldn't just walk into Hogwarts and check. He was not in a good position. Leaving the cave, he headed directly to Malfoy Manor and gathered all of his Death Eaters. They all gathered around him, each one hiding a nervous look behind their silver masks.

"This man ... Harry Potter ... bring him to me! If you must, then kill him, but I would prefer him alive! NOW GO!" he violently yelled which caused his magic to lash out. The floor underneath them trembled from the magical, rage-induced earthquake. His followers were gone almost as soon as he finished his orders. They didn't want to be anywhere near him.

The Dark Lord snarled and headed straight for the bank. He needed to deal with the Goblins.

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Harry smiled as he watched Voldemort stroll up to and through the thick doors of the bank. Gringotts was closed off to everyone else, but the Goblins were making an exception for him, it seemed. Harry remembered back to when he was a human and was dealing with Voldemort once he came back to power. The Goblins, who acted so tough to the Ministry, quickly bent the knee to Voldemort. To Harry, they were nothing more than a bunch of scab-faced bootlickers, and he would like nothing more than to drag them all back to hell with him.

Harry hated the Goblins ever since Griphook betrayed him and his friends when they were breaking into the Lestrangle vault at Gringotts. Funnily enough, it was Voldemort who slaughtered the little bastard soon after. Since then, he and the Goblins were sworn enemies, and Harry would take every opportunity to ruin their day.

Invisible, Harry watched as the Goblins parted as he walked in angrily. Harry followed him in and smirked as he saw Griphook sitting at the teller's desk. Taking control of the little shit was as easy as 1-2-3.

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Voldemort was seething as he entered the bank. At least the little animals were smart enough to keep out of his way. He walked up to the teller and stated, "Bring out the Head of ..."

"Key," the little bastard said while weighing some jewels. Voldemort blinked.

"Did you hear me? I said ..."

"Key," he said again, flinging a fake jewel over his shoulder. "Can't get into your vault without a key ... So hand it over."

"I don't want to get into my vault, you little ..."

“Then step aside for the next customer.”

Voldemort took a deep breath. ‘It’s not always productive to fly into a murderous rage,’ he told himself, trying desperately to calm down. Even so, his hand was trembling as he held his wand tightly.

“Now listen here ...”

“NEXT!” Griphook shouted out while turning to Voldemort. “Move aside, human.”

“Do you know who I am?” Voldemort asked. He had moved beyond rage and was now just confused. Every other Goblin in the bank was trembling with fear ... all except this one. Griphook reached underneath the counter and pulled out a copy of the Quibbler. He opened it up and tossed it on the countertop.

“Is this you?” the Goblin asked, pointing his clawed finger at the picture of Voldemort’s bare ass. Voldemort was beyond speechless. The ugly, little Goblin looked at his naked ass which was shaking back and forth in the picture, and then it looked up at his face. “You look way better in your pictures,” he stated in a deadpan voice.

“Griphook?! What are you doing?!” another Goblin shouted in fright. At that moment, Harry released his control of Griphook and watched as the Goblin’s eyes grew wide.

“M-M-My Lord? I ...” he stuttered as Voldemort screamed in fury.

“AVADA KEDAVRA! ... AVADA KEDAVRA! ... AVADA KEDAVRA! ... AVADA KEDAVRA! ...” Harry heard him yell over and over. He chuckled merrily as he left the bank, hearing the continuous thumps of dead Goblin bodies hitting the marble floor.