

## Speak of the Devil

### Chapter 2

“Harry Potter,” Dumbledore said quietly as he sat in his chair. The Headmaster’s office was warm from the crackling fire. By then, it was well beyond midnight, but he couldn’t stop his brain from working. Thoughts swirled through his mind like an unstoppable maelstrom. Harry Potter was the thought that was revisited over and over. Harry Potter was the devil? How?

It wasn’t that much of a shock to find out that in some distant reality, Harry Potter had survived his first meeting with Riddle. Though it was left unsaid, Dumbledore correctly deduced that this Harry Potter had been the Boy Who Lived in his reality. It also wasn’t much of a stretch to say that he won his second encounter with Voldemort. Just the idea of it made him buzz with energy. This changed things so much. Dumbledore took his tea cup in hand and took a sip. As he sat it back down on its matching saucer, the repeated clinking of cup on saucer filled the room. He looked down and steadied his shaky hands as he set it in place.

*‘The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies...’*

Trelawney’s prophecy was obviously talking about either Neville Longbottom or Harry Potter. Unfortunately, neither young Harry Potter, nor his parents survived the encounter with the Dark Lord. Neville, however, did survive. But the arrival of a competing Boy Who Lived certainly tossed a wrench into his plans. The prophecy wasn’t specific, so that meant that this Harry Potter could theoretically kill Voldemort and satisfy its wording. This would obviously be the best, easiest, and quickest way forward. There were, however, a couple of problems with that.

For one, Neville still had a piece of Voldemort’s soul stuck in his scar. That piece, however small, was enough to tether the Dark Lord to the world. At first, Dumbledore wasn’t sure if his Horcrux theory was correct, but when Potter began teasing, it basically confirmed it for him. Potter was right, he hadn’t told Neville about it. How could he even begin? Would Neville freak out and run away from his duties? Would he do something else unthinkable? He couldn’t be sure, and if he couldn’t be sure, then he couldn’t tell him until there was no other choice. The obvious answer would be to get Potter to take the soul from his scar while sparring the boy’s life. How much would that cost him? That led to the second problem.

The contract had already been signed, and in the contract, Potter was specifically forbidden from killing Voldemort. Dumbledore was doubtful that he would easily be willing to change the parameters of the contract. Perhaps he could negotiate? Anything was possible, Dumbledore thought. He just wasn’t very eager to hear what it would cost him ... or them.

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“... and ‘e was like, ‘Please, sir! Spare me family!’ And I said I’d spare the little buggers if ‘e did a nice, little dance for me. So when the bastard started dancing, I set fire to the ‘ole lot of ‘em!”

The drunken group laughed raucously as they leaned against the outer wall of a sweet shop that had closed down the previous year. It was a dark night, and only the street lamps provided any light. Diagon Alley was completely empty except for the various groups of drunken louts. This particular group was wearing black robes and silver masks in the shape of skulls. The storyteller slapped his knees in hilarity before snatching a bottle of whiskey from his cohort. “Give me that!” he happily cried out and took a deep drink.

“Ha, ha, ha!” the group heard deep laughter coming from the alley right next to the building. “That’s quite the story, Alard. Quite the story indeed.”

Alard Rosier wiped his mouth on his sleeve and gave the bottle back to his friend.

“ ‘Oo the fuck is that?” he called out as he and his friends walked to the mouth of the dark alley and fanned out.

“An admirer,” the voice simply stated.

“Admirer?” Rosier asked, confused. He scratched the side of his head with the tip of his wand. “What do you admire, huh?”

“The fashion in which you chose to dispense terror.”

The group looked at each other. Everyone was confused. “What the fuck is he talking about?” one of them asked. They weren’t the brightest bunch.

“Fire, my friend. I’m a very big fan of fire.”

“Why dunchu c’mon out so I can ‘ave a look at you, eh?” Alard called out.

“Are you sure?” the voice sounded amused.

“Sure, we are! Ain’t that right, fellas?” he laughed, and all his friends chuckled as well.

“If you’re sure ...”

Tendrils of putrid, black smoke crawled along the ground, blindly feeling their way toward the group. Out of instinct, the group took a step back. A foul stench filled the air. It smelled like rotten eggs mixed with week-old roadkill. Several gagged as the greasy smoke inched its way closer. Soft voices seemed to call out from the smoke, though they were hard to make out.

'Please ... Help ...' one of his friends thought he heard. The voice was disturbing and oddly familiar. It was like he had heard it before. As the smoke barely clipped a small tuft of weeds sticking up from between the cobbles, he watched as the plant became limp and lost its color. Less than a second later, the small weed turned to ash and floated away on the breeze. That was all he needed to see. The smoke was only a few feet away when he decided to get the fuck out of there. He was glad to see that his buddies felt the same way. As they ran off, Alard stood there transfixed.

'Alard! Alard!' the voice of his brother cried out through the smoke. Every second, the voice was becoming clearer.

"Evan? Is that you?" Alard leaned in closer, but not close enough to actually touch the cursed smoke. His brother had been killed by that bastard Moody back in 1980. Alard had only been a small lad at the time, but he never forgot his favorite brother.

'You must fl...' the voice was becoming garbled.

"Wha...? I can't understand ..." Alard called out.

'..un ... r ... n ...'

"Wha?" he asked as the smoke surrounded him.

"He's telling you to run," the amused voice rang out in his ears. Alard jumped in fright. He had completely forgotten about the other voice. When he looked up, he was met with a living shadow. Sickly, yellow eyes with slits like a snake shined back at him, and when its mouth opened, it revealed a row of needle-sharp teeth. Its mouth opened wide, and its teeth dripped black saliva. Crying out in panic, he turned and ran.

The smoke that surrounded them had turned into a solid, black wall. When Alard's body slammed into it, the only bare skin to touch it was on his hands. Agony immediately erupted in both palms. He lifted his hands up and saw the skin turning necrotic. The flesh turned gray, then black before falling off of the bone altogether. Screaming in pain, he turned around and stopped short. The shadow creature smiled wickedly and tapped him on the forehead with his finger.

The metal mask that he was wearing went from silver to red as it seared his skin. Then going from red to white hot, his face sizzled, and his eyes burst. Alard screamed and inhaled a lungful of superheated air. He wheezed out painfully as his lungs collapsed, and as much as he wanted to rip the mask from his face, by then his hands were gone. They had turned to ash. The skin of his face melted to the metal mask, filling the air with the smell of charred meat, and before he could fall, Harry grabbed him, laughing as raucously as Alard and his friends had done only moments before.

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Hermione dressed after doing her morning routine and went to find Ginny and Neville. It didn't take her long to find them in Neville and Ron's room. Ron was sitting on his bed while Ginny was sitting next to Neville. Their expressions weren't exactly pleasant.

"What's wrong?" she asked, sitting next to Ron. Neville tossed her that day's edition of the Quibbler. After the Daily Prophet was destroyed and all of their reporters were brutally murdered, they understandably shut down. The Quibbler was the only reliable news source they had left, and that was only because the Lovegoods were hiding underneath a Fidelius Charm, just as they were doing there at Grimmauld Place.

Hermione looked at the tabloid, and on the front cover was the decapitated head of a Death Eater. The mask was still on his face, but it looked discolored and warped. His head was mounted on a spike and displayed right in the middle of the main street in Diagon Alley. The long, wooden spike was stained red halfway down, likely from the dripping blood. There was a pool of semi-dried blood on the cobbles that surrounded the base of the spike. The head and spike gently swayed back and forth in the morning breeze while unknown figures walked quickly across the background. Hermione looked up at her friends.

"Lovegood says that a note that read, 'Alard Rosier' was attached to the head. He also says that the Death Eater mask was melted onto his face, and they were unable to get it off with his skin intact," Neville stated. Hermione looked slightly green.

"We were just trying to decide whether it's good or bad," Ron said. "Personally, I think it's good. We found a way to get rid of these assholes without having to risk ourselves. There's nothing wrong with that as far as I can see."

Hermione could certainly understand his point of view. "Still ... Don't you think it was kind of ... brutal?" she asked. Neville nodded.

"That's what I was saying. I know what we all agreed to, but is anyone else worried about exactly what we've let loose?" he asked, looking from one to another. "I mean ... Who is this Harry Potter guy?"

"I asked Mum last night. She said the Potters were killed the night You-Know-Who came after Neville. She said he killed the parents before coming after their baby," Ginny told them.

"And the baby was Harry Potter?" Hermione asked. Ginny nodded.

"Then how is Harry Potter here now?" Ron asked, confused. "Not only that, but he looked quite a bit older than us when he should be about the same age."

"Well ... " Hermione began, not sure if she should even bring this up. "We actually summoned him. From where ... I don't know. It's highly suspected that there are parallel universes out there."

“You mean there are other Ginnys and Nevilles out there on different Earths?” Ginny asked, and Hermione nodded.

“Supposedly,” she added.

“So it really could be the same Harry Potter, just from a different universe?” Neville asked for clarification.

“Yeah. I know it sounds strange, and it might not even be true, but ...” Hermione finished by shrugging her shoulders.

“What about this whole Satan bit?” Ron asked. “Do you believe that rubbish?”

“I don’t know,” Neville answered. “It does sound far-fetched.”

“Even so, I don’t recommend breaking the contract,” Hermione told them. They all looked at her. “We signed a magical contract with our blood. I don’t think anything good will come from us breaking our word.” Everyone silently thought about it.

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Harry whistled a merry tune as he walked through Hogsmeade. It had been a very long time since he last strolled these streets. In fact, he was still human the last time he did. ‘So long ago,’ he thought as he watched the few shoppers quickly go from store to store. No one wanted to loiter, it seemed.

Sadly, there wasn’t much shopping that could be done. Most of the shops were closed with their doors and windows boarded up. Harry should feel a pang of sadness over this. After all, he was once a student who stared at these shops in wonder. Now the street was practically barren. However, he didn’t feel this way. He didn’t feel anything about it. Such things didn’t deserve an emotion from him. He was beyond that, though he did find it amusing how scared the people looked as they quickly ran to and from the shops. Insignificant terrors were always amusing to him. These fools couldn’t even begin to comprehend the true horrors that the Omniverse contained.

Harry then saw that the Three Broomsticks was still open and operational. Memories of butterbeer and firewhiskey filled his mind, and Harry became a bit nostalgic. With some pep in his step, he strolled over to the inn and let himself in. The building had seen better days, he thought as he looked around. The inside of the wooden walls was pockmarked with burns and chunks of wood missing in several different places. The feeling of warmth and excitement was completely missing, as were the customers. Only a group of men were present, all of them sharing a table. They were talking loudly and cursing without the fear of reprisal. Harry ignored them and sat down at the bar. A harassed-looking Madam Rosmerta came up to him.

Memories of her filled his mind as well. During his days at Hogwarts, she was around middle-aged but still sexy enough for the young boys to drool over. She would wear a barmaid outfit that showed off a decent amount of cleavage and emphasized her slim waist and wide hips. Looking at her now, most of her body was covered up as though she was trying to avoid being the center of attention. Her hair was a bit disheveled, and her face was without makeup.

"Firewhiskey," Harry smiled as she walked up. "Make it a double," he said, tossing some coins on the counter. Seeing the money, she turned and grabbed a glass and bottle. Filling the cup to nearly the rim, she gave him a quick smile before going back to cleaning the glasses. Harry sipped the whiskey and sighed happily. He had forgotten how intriguing that earthly delights could be.

"Another round!" one of the loud men behind him shouted out over the other loud voices of his companions. "And make *him* pay for it," he added. Being the only other man in the bar, he knew that the man was talking about him. A small smile played across Harry's handsome face. Rosmerta stuttered something out, clearly afraid of these men. Harry calmed her.

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Antonin Dolohov chuckled at his friend, Jugson. He was always up to something silly like forcing the halfbloods to buy his drinks. Goyle beside him found the whole thing hilarious as he wiped the whiskey from his chin. The new guy, who was a distant relative of McNair, found it less funny. He was still new to the Death Eater's ranks and didn't yet understand that they could do whatever they wanted and take whatever they wanted. Dolohov caught a glimpse of the busty barmaid. He could indeed take what he wanted, and he planned to do so once they were finished with their drinks.

Rosmerta began jabbering away, obviously afraid to say no to Jugson's reasonable request. The man at the bar was a little more sensible. He simply smiled at the barmaid and calmed her down.

"Now, now ... None of that. I'd be happy to buy these gentlemen a drink. A fresh bottle, please," he said, tossing a few galleons on the counter. Rosmerta quickly gave him a new bottle of firewhiskey. The man snatched it and stood up. Dolohov saw that the man was tall and handsome. He reminded him of someone, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. With a pleasant smile on his face, he brought the bottle over to their table.

"It's good to see that Mudblood scum are starting to learn their place," Jugson said with amusement. The group laughed, but McNair's cousin looked a little nervous. There was something about the man's calm demeanor that was off-putting.

"Of course," the man said easily and dipped his head. "I tip my cap to you."

Jugson smirked and dipped his own head. The loud pop of a bottle breaking startled him, and it was a moment later that he realized what had happened. Jugson slumped over unconscious, his hair matted and wet. All three pushed their chairs back to stand, but McNair's cousin wasn't so lucky. The man jammed the jagged neck of the bottle that was still in his hand right into Wally McNair's face. There was a short cry of pain before he too slumped over. Dolohov and Goyle reached for their wands, but instead, they were wrenched from their hands. Their wands gracefully floated into the waiting hand of the man. Dolohov was about to pull out his cursed dagger when an invisible hand wrapped around his neck. A quick glance told him that Goyle was in the exact same predicament. Their bodies were lifted off the floor until their feet were dangling uselessly. Goyle, not being the brightest, was clawing at the invisible hand, trying to pull it from his neck. Dolohov, on the other hand, looked at the man.

"You're going to pay for that," he wheezed out, and suddenly, he could breathe normally again. Dolohov sucked in a deep breath.

"You were saying?" the man's smooth voice asked.

"I said you're going to fucking pay for that! Don't you know who we are?"

"Why don't you tell me," his amused voice answered. Dolohov looked at him as though he couldn't believe his cheek. His finger bent backward, and the bone snapped loudly. Dolohov screamed. "I'm waiting."

"Followers of the Dark Lord!" he cried out, his finger throbbing madly.

"Are you now? Do you think he will come to avenge an insignificant servant such as yourself?" the man chuckled. Dolohov's hackles were raised.

"I'm in the Inner Circle! The Dark Lord will gut you like a worm," he called out.

"Will he? That is intriguing," the man said, tapping his chin thoughtfully. "Very well. You may go call him."

Dolohov saw the slightest flick of his finger before he went sailing through the air. Next, he heard the loud shattering of glass before he hit the ground hard. As his body rolled to a stop, with shaky hands he pushed himself to his knees. He was about fifty feet from the Three Broomsticks, and the front window was smashed. Beside him, he heard a pained groan. Looking down, he saw Goyle with slices all over his arms and face. Scanning his arms, he saw that he was also shredded. The bastard had tossed them through the front window, he realized. Growling, he pushed himself to his feet. "Get up, Goyle!" he harshly commanded and kicked him in the thigh. Goyle grunted and got to his feet. A second later, they apparated away.

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Harry laughed happily as Rosmerta cried out in terror. Her eyes were wide and filled with fear. Her hands were shaking so much that Harry would have been surprised if she could pick anything up.

“Do you realize what you’ve done?” she shrieked at him. “He’s going to murder us both!”

“The Dark Lord?” Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. Rosmerta shakily nodded.

“Then I suggest you leave,” he simply said. This seemed to snap her out of it. She was gone in the blink of an eye.

Harry sat down on one of the chairs and waited. In the meantime, Harry snapped his fingers with a devious smile on his face. Wally McNair’s dead body fell off the chair and onto the hard, wooden floor, facedown. Jugson’s unconscious body bucked and fell over as well, landing facedown on McNair’s back. All of their clothing disappeared from their bodies. Both bodies began shaking, and Harry watched as skin tore apart and reformed. Some became fluid and connected the two. The pain must have brought Jugson back to consciousness, because his eyes opened wide, and he began screaming in agony. The bones in their arms and legs broke and reshaped, and the skin stretched painfully. On the inside, organs fused and bones twisted together. Jugson turned his head and looked at him with fear in his eyes. “What ... AHHH ...” he screamed again as his arms and legs involuntarily began moving. “W-What have you d-done?” he pleaded manically.

A mirror appeared in Harry’s hand, and he gleefully showed Jugson what he had become.

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Voldemort appeared outside the Three Broomsticks with a group of two dozen of his Death Eaters. He wanted them to witness his greatness after all. Besides that, he couldn’t allow them to think that someone could disrespect him and get away with it. He would make this mystery man pay ... and he would pay severely, the Dark Lord thought with excitement.

As stated by Dolohov, the front window to the inn was broken with glass scattered across the road. Voldemort touched his throat with the tip of his wand.

“IF YOU COME OUT NOW AND SURRENDER YOUR WAND, I WILL MAKE YOUR DEATH QUICK AND PAINLESS,” his voice boomed throughout Hogsmeade. Everyone stood waiting with bated breath until they saw something move within the inn. They all took several steps backward as something horrible came crawling out of the broken window.

All of them instantly recognized the two faces. It was young Wally McNair and Jugson. Their torsos were fused together, and their heads were side by side. Four arms and four legs jutted out of the sides of the torso like the legs of an Acromantula. The limbs were long and thin, and when the creature moved forward, it moved just like a spider. Halfway to reaching them, the



creature stopped, and then Jugson's head lifted up. He looked directly at Voldemort. "Master!" he cried out with a ragged voice. "Please ... Help ... Master!" he begged.

The sight of this twisted creature made Voldemort's stomach turn, and that was saying something. He had never seen such a foul creation before. Then he heard whistling coming from inside the inn. Someone was whistling as though calling a dog. Out stepped a tall man with a handsome face and jet-black hair. As he whistled, the creature scurried over to him and stopped in front of him.

"Stay in the forest. If any Death Eater strays into the forest ... kill them," he commanded. The dead head of the creature clicked in approval. The thing then began scuttling across the ground in the direction of the Forbidden Forest.

"Maaaaaaster!" was the last thing Voldemort heard before the thing was out of range. Then the man turned his attention to him. Voldemort suddenly became unnerved.

"Impressive," Voldemort hissed in his raspy speaking voice.

"It's a nifty trick I use on those that offend me ... Tom Riddle," he replied with a cheeky smile. Voldemort flinched hard enough for all of his followers to notice.

"And now you've offended me," Voldemort hissed, his eyes burning with hatred.

"So it would seem," the man replied, standing in front of them without an ounce of fear.

"What is your name?" Voldemort asked, his hand clutching his yew wand tightly.

"Does it matter?" the man asked him. Voldemort would make his death especially painful.

"No, but I would have it all the same. I'd like to know who I'm about to kill." He could tell that his Death Eaters were getting nervous. Not even Dumbledore was this brazen.

"Harry Potter."

Memories flashed through his mind. He killed James Potter and Sirius Black before going upstairs and killing the redheaded Mudblood. Then he stared at the boy for a moment. Emerald-green eyes stared back at him as he took the boy's life. Now the same emerald-green eyes were staring at him once again.

"Impossible," he whispered, his eyes wide. If this was true, then that would mean ...

"AVADA KEDAVRA!" Voldemort lashed out, taking him by surprise. The sickly green curse twisted through the air and ... At the last second, Potter was replaced by one of his hooded, masked Death Eaters. The Killing Curse slammed into his chest, sending the body falling back.

“What the ...” Voldemort said, looking to his right. He saw Potter’s smirking face right before the lights flashed behind his eyes. Potter’s elbow struck him right where his nose was supposed to be. “ARRRGGGH!” Voldemort cried out, his eyes watering. “AVADA KEDAVRA!” he shouted again to his right. He heard another body drop and looked down. Another dead Death Eater.

“Over here you dumbass!” Potter called out, now standing by the first dead Death Eater. Voldemort screamed in rage and fired another Killing Curse. The green curse cracked through the air directly toward his head. Potter simply tilted his head to the side to evade the curse. It slammed into the side of the inn, breaking a chunk of stone off of the wall.

“AVADA KEDAVRA! AVADA KEDAVRA! AVADA KEDAVRA!” he shouted, and Potter barely had to move to evade them. “Stop moving, you bastard!” he screamed in rage. By then, his Death Eaters were taking several steps back. They didn’t want to be anywhere near their Master when he got like this. “AVADA KEDAVRAAAAAAH!” he cried out as the bottom of his robe flipped over his head. His body lifted up and hung in the air. If anyone had been looking, they would have seen his bony, naked ass and pinky-finger-sized penis wiggling in the air as he kicked his feet wildly. Unfortunately for him, he didn’t hear the snap of a wizarding camera going off.

“LET ME DOWN! I COMMAND IT!” he shouted out. He was then flung through the air and didn’t stop until he hit the wall of Death Eaters that had been standing back. With several bones broken, Voldemort groaned and untangled himself from his robe. He vaguely wondered who he was lying on. He could feel someone’s warm breath tickling his naked ass. He pushed himself to his feet, intent on not looking weak. “My wand ... Where is my ...” Potter cleared his voice.

Voldemort didn’t want to look up. He already knew what he would see. Sure enough, Potter was spinning his wand between his fingers. That wasn’t the only thing. ‘NO!’ Voldemort internally shouted. Around his neck was a familiar locket.

“There’s a reason why Horcruxes went out of style, Tom Riddle,” Potter hissed in Parseltongue. Voldemort was obviously the only one who could understand him. “A little bit of Soul Magic can do so much damage to the owner ... if one knows how to use it.”

Potter then gently stroked the locket, and Voldemort momentarily felt the same pain that he had when he lost his body to Longbottom. He felt what was left of his soul being stretched and seared. Voldemort crumbled to the ground as his body went into convulsions. He began pissing on himself just as the pain quieted to a dull throb. As soon as he got his wits together, he disappeared from view, leaving his followers behind.

“I would run along. Your master might need you,” Potter said and burst out laughing at the sight of the piss puddle. The Death Eaters were quick to follow their master.