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Dragon's Paradise

(HPxMarvelUniverse) [Dropped]

Book&Literature

24 Chapters

1.4M Views

Author: LordRhyolith

4.79

(109 ratings)

Synopsis

Johnny Vegaz, a guy reborn in a strange mix of the Harry Potter and the Marvel World. Before entering this world, he was greeted by Fake Gandalf who offered him three wishes.

Now armed with the powers of his three wishes, his ambition is a grand adventure in a world of Might & Magic. See him bully the bad boys & girls into tears, collect himself a harem of pretty heroines and female villains, and create fancy Latin-named spells, magical artifacts, and much more!

Read this!

->This story contains a harem and smut.

->Chapters will come out every 2nd or 3rd day. They are usually around +/- 3k words long.

Disclaimer: I don't own HP, Marvel.

Also, the artwork isn't mine.

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One 17 and Under Admitted

Chapter 1: Chapter One: Meeting

the Fake Gandalf

'Huh?!'

Regaining my consciousness, I lazily opened my eyes to find myself in the middle of... nowhere. Below me was what appeared to be a white marble floor and an invisible light-source illuminated the area around me, while the rest was drowned in almost total darkness.

"What the hell?" I muttered with a frown.

It didn't take long for me to recall that I actually just died a few moments, being hit by the biggest motherfucker of a truck I have ever seen. Some drunk guy accused me of stealing his girlfriend, and before I could say anything, the fucker suddenly charged at me and rammed me into the street.

...what followed was instant death!

"Or maybe not," I muttered unsure, looking around to see if I can figure out what place this is.

[Indeed, you are not dead]

'What?!'

I shuddered in fright and slowly looked up to where the mysterious voice seemed to come from. The voice sounded like belonging to someone old, very old... and very powerful. My subconscious mind advised me to be careful.

[Don't worry, young man, I am not here to harm you, but to correct a big injustice that was done to you]

The voice paused for a moment, and an old man wearing a white robe suddenly appeared in front of me. He had long white hair, a large white beard, bushy eyebrows, and a warm smile that promised no harm. The guy looked ancient, his eyes radiated wisdom, and the white staff in his right hand made him look like a wizard.

'Gandalf?!'

"Indeed, Gandalf," the old man confirmed with a cheeky smile. "I picked this form to appear before you to appear as something you find familiar. I need you to be calm, my boy. The next few moments will be very important so you can begin your next great adventure."

'Is he now imitating Dumbledore?!'

The old man in front of me chuckled in amusement.

"You will be granted three wishes as compensation for your premature death," the old man explained. "Furthermore, since you are conscious, I will allow you to decide in which world you wish to reincarnate in."

What followed was an explanation about what he is talking about exactly, and I found myself wondering if I was really dead or if I just lost my mind. The old man in front of me was in essence saying that I could be reborn into the normal again, or I could decide to join an alternate reality like the Harry Potter world, for example.

Well, long story short, I eventually ended up picking a mix between the Harry Potter and the Marvel Universe. The old man simply nodded, and we carried on to the next step: my three wishes!

He explained to me what was possible and what was not. Some stuff that would break the balance of the universe was forbidden. But I didn't want that anyway. I wanted to enjoy my new life with powers that I found cool and awesome. Going for the overpowered stuff would make my life more comfortable, but boring. It's like having a super beautiful wife that was just that... beautiful.

No, I started brainstorming and quickly decided on two powers that were my favorites ones in the Marvel Universe.

"Hmm... for my first wish," I started, sporting a big grin. "I desire an enhancement similar to the perfected Extremis Virus!"

"Wish granted," the old man replied with a calm nod and hit the ground with the end of his staff. "Your body will be enhanced during the time of your rebirth."

"Sounds alright," I nodded in understanding, grinning like a fool.

The Super-Soldier Serum was nice, but the Extremis Virus was much better. The former enhanced your body to the peak of what was possible for a human, but the latter was supernatural. The perfected version of the Extremis Virus would essentially make me neigh-immortal since it could heal most injuries in a matter of seconds or minutes.

"Ehm... is there a way to see the exact benefits of my wish?" I inquired, looking at the old Gandalf guy in hope.

He nodded and waved his hand to the side, and a large screen appeared that listed the benefits of my enhancement.

Superhuman Healing Factor: Superficial wounds heal completely in a matter of seconds - and severed limbs, damaged organs, and even damage to the brain can take only minutes to regenerate. The host also enjoys immunity to toxins and diseases.

Exothermic Manipulation: The host is able to consciously raise the temperature of his body, or parts of it. The effect can be controlled to the extent that it might only scorch skin, or increased to the point where it can cause steel to turn into a molten state. At the host's command, his lungs fill with plasma which he can use to exhale fire through his mouth.

Superhuman Strength: The virus enhances the muscular power of the host considerably, enabling the host to lift up to 3 tons.

Enhanced Agility: The host's agility is superior to Olympic-level athletes and other highly trained professionals in the field of gymnastics and acrobatics.

Enhanced Durability: Bones, muscles, skin, tissues all become denser and tougher than normal, which makes them very durable compared to a normal human.

Enhanced Stamina: The musculature produces fewer fatigue toxins during physical activity in comparison to the musculature of an ordinary human.

Enhanced Reflexes: Reflexes are enhanced to the very peak of human potential.

Enhanced Senses: The senses are also greatly enhanced, which makes the host's ability to see, hear, smell, feel and taste things superior to that of a normal human.

Sleeplessness: The host does not need to sleep anymore, allowing him to continue living without suffering health decline from sleep deprivation.

Enhanced Brain Function: The host's brain gains a greatly enhanced storage, analysis, and processing capacity.

My jaw-muscles started hurting from all the grinning, and I even began to drool as I read more and more of my future enhancements. The superhuman healing factor and the enhanced brain function thingy were absolutely marvelous.

Seeing the old man giving me an impatient look, I calmed myself and pondered about the choice of my next wish.

"Well..." I started slowly. "As for my second wish, I want the same powers as the character Azazel of Earth-616. Is that manageable?"

"Yes, but remember that this will put you at odds with zealous members of the angelic-looking mutants known as the Cheyarafim," the old man cautioned. "You should be perfectly safe as long you keep your 'demonic' form a secret, however. The addition of Extremis will also make you immune against their blood."

"Ah, these winged simp-lords," I nodded in understanding.

Gandalf gave me a strange look but stayed silent. He then waved his hand towards me this time around and an influx of information entered my mind, giving me knowledge on my new power.

I cheered inwardly - 'This is freaking awesome!'

My main target was the powerful teleportation ability, which would allow me to teleport around without much of a limit. As far as I know, Azazel was one of the most powerful teleporters that could actually weaponize this ability, using it actively in his fights.

Next, Azazel had an affinity for mind-magics as well. The ability was called Will Bending, a mild form of the Imperius Charm. This stuff was always handy to have and could be a great help in all kinds of situations. Another ability was some kind of wandless magic that would enable me to fire Paralyzing Bolts with my hands or with the tail of my 'demonic' form.

Well, then came my 'demonic' form. Nothing special aside from the fact that it made me look quite... exotic. I would have ram-like horns growing on my head and a tail.

And lastly, Azazel had a powerful regenerative ability as well. He was one of the oldest mutants alive. His mutation could easily rival the regenerative effects of the perfected Extremis Virus.

"Your new powers will naturally fuse and may produce a new form of mutation in your body," the old man explained all of a sudden. "But let's wait for your last wish before we go into detail."

"Of course," I replied with a shrug. "And I already know what I want, but I am not sure how to put it into worlds."

The old man snorted. "Ah, I see... you want the ability to devour magic to amplify your growth and strengthen your body?"

"Ehm..." I hummed, trying to look humble while ignoring the fact that the old geezer was casually reading my mind as he pleases. "Nothing special, just something that allows me to become strong enough in order to defend myself. After all, there are a lot of crazy people in the world that I am going to be reborn very soon."

"That is true," the old man nodded, sighing in defeat. He looked thoughtfully for a moment. "There is a special power that might fit your two previous abilities just nicely, and it will also turn you into a magical being, and allow you to practice the magic of the Wizarding World."

His expression grew serious. "However, while powerful, I want to mention that it will be challenging for you to reproduce and have children if you choose this ability."

"And how is that a problem?" I asked the old man, not really understanding what he was trying to tell me.

The old said nothing in response, but I could recognize amusement appearing in his eyes. He waved his hand at me and a new flood of information washed over me.

'Lord of the Devouring Flame?' - I muttered inwardly.

To make it short, the power the old man talked about was actually some kind of title that gave me access to a special dimension that contained something that was called the Star of Extinction, and the surface of the star was covered by the Devouring Flame, which would allow me to basically devour anything - even magic.

The title would turn me into a pseudo-elemental being by fusing the essence of the Devouring Flame into my body. The exact benefits were unknown since it depended on the material I devoured, but I would become a magical being with a ridiculously high affinity for fire-based magic.

"Alright," I said with a firm nod. "Give me that power!"

The old man rolled his eyes at my uncouth behavior before muttering something under his breath. He lifted his staff and pointed its tip at the space above me. I looked up and felt my blood freeze when I saw a gargantuan flaming eye staring down at me.

'Sauron's Eye?!

"Enjoy you're your new life," the old man said with clear amusement in his tone while a torrent of vivid, golden fire rained down on my body.

"Oh, and make sure you don't interrupt the slumber of the being to which the Star of Extinction belongs to," he added mysteriously while I slowly lost my consciousness when more and more golden fire cascaded over my body.

[The being is a gargantuan golden dragon, known as Exterminatus - The Voice of Hunger, Fourth Pillar of Destruction, Overlord of the Ceaseless Void]

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CREATORS' THOUGHTS

LordRhyolith

Welcome to my story, I hope you will enjoy your journey!

Chapter 2: Chapter Two:

Marauding Hogwarts

[12 years later....]

I finally managed to plunder the Marauder's Map from Caretaker Filch's office without enjoying detention with that creepy guy, and was now finally able to enter the Room of Hidden Things safely.

My skill with the Disillusionment Charm was good enough after letting my fire devour a copy of the Invisible Book of Invisibility. But I still needed to know if someone was about to walk around the corner and

spot the door to the legendary room. The Marauder's Map would prevent that from happening.

And depending on what I would find, I also needed to visit the dwarves of Switzerland to get myself a safe bank account - since I didn't trust the goblins. They looked like larger versions of gremlins in business suits and were just annoying, unreasonably rude, and greedy as hell.

One Galleon was worth 50 pounds, but if you wanted to trade a Galleon back into muggle cash, you would only get 15 to 20 pounds, depending on the mood of the teller.

And I had to keep up my profile as a poor orphan anyway. The Ministry was paying for my education, and they would probably stop and ask questions if I ended up shoving all the galleons I hoped to find in the Room of Hidden Things into my vault.

Having said that, I moved up towards the seventh floor. It was the last week of this school year, and the students were mostly chilling around outside, talking about their summer holiday plans.

'Fuck!'

My mood sank when I got spotted by my personal Draco Malfoy. Her name was Dysnomia Travers, and she was an arrogant and spoiled little beast that liked to bark nonsense at every opportunity.

"Vegaz!" she screeched, and I watched the little blonde girl with chubby cheeks approach me with Cassius Warrington and Miles Bletchley following at her sides, just one step behind her to symbolize their position as followers.

"What do you want, Mia?" I replied with evident annoyance in my tone.

"Shouldn't you have your beauty sleep at this time?"

"Stop butchering my name, you stupid muggleborn," she hissed, stomping her a foot hard on the ground to show me how angry she was. "And it's

Heiress Travers for you. Show some respect to your betters."

"Of course," I replied with a shrug. "But do you have something of importance to say, or can I go now?"

Dysnomia waited a moment before she kicked Warrington, causing the unreasonably brutish-looking eleven-year-old to blink at her in confusion for a few seconds before his eyes lit up in realization. His chubby face turned towards me.

"Vegaz!" he grunted, trying to look intimidating. "Enough is enough. You don't show us the proper respect we purebloods deserve, so I am here to challenge you to a duel!"

The pesky trio acted more annoying than usual in the last time, so I expected them to do something to finally get back on me for ignoring them. It was ridiculous, but Dysnomia seriously believed that muggleborn should stop what they were doing and bow to her in respect whenever she walked past them.

"Alright, but no seconds and the duel will be tomorrow after dinner," I replied in a bored tone, yawning. "I will tell Flitwick about it so he can act as a referee. He is a former champion, after all."

Warrington appeared unsure for a moment before narrowing his beady eyes before inhaling a deep breath to make his chest and himself appear larger. Some prey animals do that in the hope that predators would lose interest.

"Fine," he spat and pointed a meaty finger at me. "You wish you were dead after I am finished with you, Vegaz!"

I scoffed. "U-13 duels are heavily regulated. Do you plan to kill me with a cheering charm or what?"

Warrington and Bletchley grunted and stepped forwards with their fists lifted and ready to be swung around aimlessly. However, Dysnomia

stopped her minions from doing anything foolish by putting a hand on their shoulder.

"Enough," she ordered as if she was talking to dogs. "We wasted enough time already. Let us join our fellow Slytherins in the dungeons. The air around here stinks."

The two goons nodded dumbly. Bletchley couldn't resist and hissed like some awkward snake. He always did that when he wanted to threaten somebody. It only made him look absolutely moronic because his long and pointy ears and pointy nose made his face faintly resemble that of a goblin. The greedy warrior-banker creatures loved to hiss at people, too. Anyway, their blonde boss gave me a sneer before the trio turned on their heels and strutted away. I summoned my wand into my hand and pointed the tip towards the fat arse of Warrington.

'Flatuladfremo!'

My self-made prank spell hit the backside of the boy and summoned a roaring fart from his arse the echoed into the hallways. Students that were close turned around and wrinkled their noses in disgust. Some laughed loudly.

Warrington started running all of a sudden, appearing panicked.

"Ah, yes..." I muttered in realization. "There is a chance that the fart will pull some solid material along with it."

Heiress Travers and Bletchley rushed after their fellow Slytherin, and I turned around to continue my journey towards the seventh floor.

The Hogwarts castle was enormous, and one could easily waste ten minutes or more just by climbing all these stairs towards the top. Some magical elevator would be a nice addition to the ancient castle indeed.

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There were no students in the area when I finally reached the seventh

floor. I put the Marauder's map away into my pockets and approached the wall across the tapestry of some crackpot that wanted to teach trolls how to dance.

Walking back and forth past the hidden entrance of the legendary room and focused my mind on the Room of Hidden Things. Eventually, an archway with a large and highly decorated wooden door appeared in the wall.

"Jackpot!" I whispered with a pleased smile, quickly stepping through the door.

My first thought was that the Room of Hidden Things was simply enormous. I felt like inside a large basilica-like room. Pillars were shooting up towards a ceiling that was far away. There was so much space available that I felt like entering some small pocket-dimension. Extension charms had their limits, and the more you stretch them, the more unstable these spells would become.

And there were even three giant windows with colored glass to my right, left, and across the entry into the room, portraying what must be the Forbidden Forest, the Black Lake, and the one across me showed the Hogwarts castle itself. They let sunlight pass through, illuminating the area to a comfortable level.

I let my eyes wander around and spotted two dozen mountains of random stuff piled on top of each other. There were numerous pyramids of books and even more towers of haphazardly stacked seats. I also noticed some luxurious-looking chandeliers, old iron armor and weaponry, old and dusty furniture, and so on, and so on.

"Hmm, I should have brought a Niffler with me," I muttered as I began to enter the narrow valleys between the mountain of trash and hidden treasures.

There was most likely a fortune hiding here somewhere because I already found two galleons by accident in abandoned classrooms during my times when I explored the castle. It was easy to lose such large and heavy gold coins, actually. The school uniform had crappy pockets, and jumping or running would easily empty them if you weren't careful.

Mokeskin Pouches were also rather expensive, starting around 40G for the cheapest model!

The Mokeskin Pouch would prevent people from stealing my stuff since only the owner could access its content. Additionally to that, the skin of the Moke lizard would make the pouches shrink to the point that it was impossible for a stranger to physically interact with them. Quite a useful item to have.

That's why I hoped that I could find a free one or more around here - the extras would be traded for some extra money.

"Ah, and the diadem is hiding somewhere around here as well," I mused as I stepped over some old brooms.

I was slightly hesitant to do that, but the thought of Voldemort's soul shard made my Devouring Flame react with excitement. My magical fire wasn't really sentient, but it reacted to potential food, and the thought of munching the soul of a Dark Lord made the gluttonous fire that filled my body react slightly euphoric.

There weren't many opportunities to make use of my magical fire as yet, but the seven Lay Lines directly below the ancient castle nourished me with small portions of delicious magic, making me feel energized in body and mind. Because of that, I actually required no sleep at all and used my nights to read or to finish my assignments. The Extremis Virus allowed my body to function perfectly without sleep, but it didn't support my mental 'stamina' just as well. Doing serious studying day and night would

eventually exhaust my spirit, mind, and brain to some degree, and only sleep helped me recover in that case. However, the potent magic of the Ley Lines helped against mental fatigue, turning Hogwarts into a perfect place for learning.

And when I wasn't studying all kinds of magic, I would travel wherever I wish with the help of my awesome and super-lovely teleporting ability. The enhancements from the perfected Extremis Virus were also doing their duty, granting me an outrageous amount of physical power for a boy of my age.

Reaching my full potential would take a while since my body was still developing, but I was quite confident that no human that wasn't a mutant or enchanted had a chance against me in hand-to-hand combat.

Even less so when I started to heat up my body, turning my hands hot enough to melt and liquidize stones. Additionally to that, I could even fill my lungs with hot plasma and breathe a stream of intense fire that cut through trees like a hot knife through butter.

Freaking hell, I felt like as if I could rival a fire-breathing dragon in a few years.

My physical appearance also enjoyed a beauty-enhancement since the Extremis Virus perfected my biological makeup. For a boy of my age, I looked a bit older, quite athletic, and fit. My blonde hair was swept back, which my face look less boyish and more mature. Along with my deep-blue eyes, I was a serious little ladykiller!

Though, my interest in women at this time was rather lacking due to the physical age of my body.

Magical humans matured faster than normal ones, but I was still too far away from the point where I would feel comfortable. I felt too much like a child right now, and my past life felt more like a movie I saw once in a

distant past. Right now, I felt more like a little brat that was simply smarter and more mature than the rest.

And speaking of magical people and their biology. It was true that they matured faster since most fourteen-year-olds around here looked at least two years older than they really were. Veela would mature with around fifteen directly into young women, and then stay young and beautiful for the rest of their average lifespans of approximately 200 years.

Magical humans were generally also rarely fat or obese, and a few levels prettier than normal humans. The books I read on this mentioned that the magic of our bodies would react to our personal wishes, and if you kept wanting to look beautiful every day for several months, your magic had a chance to react and help you out a little bit.

This explains why people like Severus Snape looked like some kind of Nosferatu creature with long and greasy hair, yellow teeth, bushy mono-eyebrows, and a big crooked nose that was pointy and sprouting thick and long hair out of its large sniffing holes. The legendary character of the Harry Potter world was such a piece of shit that his appearance changed to adapt to his personality.

Long story short, Severus Snape was a crappy human and professor.

The rest of the Harry Potter world was also quite different from the original. Well, obviously, since it was fused with some version of the Marvel Universe. Captain America existed, but he was still frozen in ice somewhere. Rumors about mutants existed even in the wizarding world, but some people assumed that Magneto was some crazy dark wizard that broke the statute of secrecy.

The wizarding world around here was actually its own 'world' and hidden behind something called The Veil. There were books on it in the library. I found out that ancient magicals cast the Veil over important magical

communities to separate the wizarding world from the mundane one - mostly areas with three or more ley lines.

Non-magical beings couldn't enter the wizarding world on their own. The Veil was some kind of pocket-dimension - as far as I understand. And only those with magical blood could pass through it, and non-magicals had to be in the company of magicals if they wished to enter.

This stuff about the Veil was an open secret, and while nobody really talked about it for some reason, everyone knew about it.

The best example of the wondrous powers of the Veil was the Forbidden Forest.

It didn't look like it, but that place ten minutes away from Hogwarts could compete with the Russian tundra when it came to size. One could walk for days and weeks in a straight line and still not reach the end of the forest. Also, the deeper you went, the more magical the flora and fauna would become. Stuff like giants, trolls, werewolves, unicorns, dragons, and so on would eventually appear.

Its original name was the Enchanted Forest, but the name was changed to Forbidden Forest after more and more dark creatures made it their home.

The muggle world claimed more land nowadays, and magical creatures had to flee and concentrate in places protected by the Veil.

Anyway, another surprise of this world was the fact that James and Lily Potter survived Voldemort's attack. They tricked the Dark Lord somehow, and Charles Potter managed to vanquish the Noseless One.

However, there was also Harry Potter, now officially known as Hydrus Potter. He was adopted by Sirius Black - his old godfather and new father. That was all I could get on this topic from the Daily Prophet.

Everything else was mostly just empty air and rumors. But I could guess that Harry ended up with Petunia, and Sirius wasn't pleased with it, so he

adopted Harry as his son.

Peter Pettigrew was captured and ended up in Azkaban - even after ratting out many of his Death Eater buddies.

The Lucious Malfoy of this world escaped punishment just like in the one in the original story, but this one also ended up blaming Sirius as the one that put him under the Imperius Curse, forcing him to commit all these horrible crimes. Walburga Black supported the claim because she was hateful and twisted, but they both stepped back when Sirius took the mantle of Lord Black.

Ever since then, no reports were made about Sirius or Harry/Hydrus. The Daily Prophet instead focused the majority of its attention on Charles Potter, the supposed Boy-Who-Lived. He was a little spoiled brat that dared to claim to have defeated Voldemort in a duel.

Yeah, he probably used breast-milk-powered wandless magic to kill one of the most powerful Dark Lords in history.

The Potters basked in the bountiful attention they got from the media and the wizarding population. It showed every time I saw Lily Potter in the Great Hall. She was the Muggle Studies teacher but acted as if she was the light of guidance for all muggleborn students. Luckily, she only focused her attention on the Hufflepuffies and Gryffindor. Ravenclaw had few muggleborns, and most of them were academic elitists that only cared for their books, studies, and grades.

I wasn't impressed with Lily Potter. She was arrogant, had an overinflated ego, and overestimated her importance. She sometimes invited James and Charles to join her in the Great Hall, using the opportunity to promote Charles' popularity.

James Potter would sometimes go around and flirt with the older female students at the Gryffindor table, and Lily would then cause a scene and

scream at him in the middle of the Great Hall, berating him about his behavior. The guy always reacted like some little toddler and would look down at his feet until his wife finished her rant. After that, Dumbledore would step in and make some joke about the situation.

I sometimes felt like being part of some crazy sitcom.

"Dammit, this place is way to large!" I cursed in frustration.

Half an hour passed already, and I found nothing I was looking for, no mokeskin bag and no diadem.

Because of that, I decided to make my search more fun and comfortable...

bampf!

I burst into vivid golden flames and disappeared before reappearing right below the ceiling of this place. My body started dropping, and I used the next few seconds to scan the area before disappearing and reappearing high up at the ceiling again.

Time passed, and I mentally marked some places that looked promising. Finally, I found myself a hidden pile of Mokeskin Pouches after a few more minutes of teleporting around. The majority of them were still functional since the enchantment was based on the magical skin of the creature, which would preserve its magical properties as long there was enough magic in the area.

And because they were unused for so long, I could easily claim the small magical bags as their new owner by infusing a bit of my magic into them, binding them to my unique signature.

"Alright, now I will hunt for the gold, hidden treasures, books, and whatever else that might be useful," I muttered with a grin.

The Shrinking Charm was already mastered long ago, and I could cram all the stuff I would hopefully find in the trunks that are randomly lying

around here. Next, I would shrink the stuff and store them in my Mokeskin Pouch.

When all that was done, I would teleport and visit the Iron Bank of Switzerland. The dwarves had the best reputation when it came to vaults, and all I needed was someplace where I could store my stuff until I was older.

So, with all that said, I started my wild search for treasure with a greedy light burning in my eyes.

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Chapter 3: Chapter Three: Tears

of a Soul

One hour turned into multiple hours until I could tell that I was way past midnight. But we Ravenclaws had their own private room, luckily.

Because of that, I didn't bother to return to my room for the night and decided to continue my activity until morning.

My biggest find so far was the dark magic-infested diadem and a collection of rare books stuffed in several large shelves. Most of these books looked super forbidden with titles like *Magick Moste Vile*, *The Black Serpent*, *Ritualis Sacrificium*, *Curses and Maledictions*, *The Secrets of the Dark Arts*, and so on. Some were nameless, but the content made it clear what kind of books they were - forbidden stuff!

The good stuff!

But the most interesting kind of books had the title such as *Magia Sexualis*.

My first thought was that I found some ancient collection of porn, but the stuff in these books ended up surprising me. It was full of arcane rituals, techniques, potions, oils, and wondrous elixirs that would allow one to do all kinds of crazy stuff with the help of sex as the main driving force

and ingredient. Just reading the content made me slightly horny.

For example, the book showed me how to perform a ritual that would allow me to receive a magical ability from my sexual partner. This particular book was even marked as a property of House Black, with the sigil showing three ravens.

Along with that book came a journal that explained in crappy English that House Black got their Metamorphmagus ability by forcing lesser members to breed with magical creatures that were known as Shapeshifters. The following offspring of the union was given to other lesser members, usually squibs, and after decades of continuous selective breeding, the first Metamorphmagus Pureblood was born - everyone else was killed to keep the practice a secret.

It baffled me that a journal with such dirty secrets of one of the most powerful magical families was casually lying around here, waiting to be found and abused by someone. The book on sex-magic was also full of questionable content, but not all of it was bad. Some rituals would ensure that the offspring would be strong and healthy, and that the child inherits the family magic. Other rituals would make the sexual act more pleasurable to both partners. That was the really fascinating stuff because none of these rituals required any ingredients or runic circles at all; it was enough to fuel them with lots of sex.

Aside from that, there were around two dozen potions and oils with pleasure-enhancing effects for both men and women. Some potions would come with additional benefits such as beautification, but these would steal a small portion of the life-force of your partner, so the book simply advised you to find a muggle that you can fuck to death so you can look young and beautiful.

I realized that this must be the reason why most females of House Black

were so beautiful. Narcissa Malfoy could almost rival a Veela in beauty. Well, all nice and fine, but aside from the sex-magic books, I also found tomes with knowledge on basically all matters. And when I looked through some of these books, the first page showed me that they were actually the property of Hogwarts and that they belonged to the restricted section.

I eventually concluded that someone must have stored all these books in the Room of Hidden Things in order to prevent students from reading them. My first guess was that this was Dumbledore's doing, but that didn't explain the sex-magic books that were marked as property of House Black.

"Hmm, maybe the Headmaster isn't that innocent after all," I joked with a stupid grin, imagining Jude Law and a young Minerva McGonagall practicing wild sexy magic.

Dumbledore didn't stand out much ever since I started school. He seemed quite nice, actually. But I would wait and see since the old man was holding his positions of power for several decades already. Nobody that stood at the apex of political power for so long could be a mere innocent old grandpa.

Also, Grindelwald was only captured by Dumbledore in this world. That Dark Lord almost managed to take over the magical world but was eventually betrayed by his secret allies - Hydra.

Not much was known about that secretive Nazi organization, but Hydra attacked the magical world from time to time. Just two years ago, they actually abducted ten magicals from the Knockturn Alley. Amongst the victims were two well-known purebloods, but still weaklings of no importance and members of some of the darker families - nobody really missed them.

The existence of Hydra made me feel uneasy, but I already accepted that the Marvel Universe would be a dangerous adventure. Mutants were a thing, too. But nothing much happened yet, and the news were also mostly silent on that matter.

The world was still peaceful, one could say.

Voldemort would eventually return, and that was my first aim: Taking care of Voldy...

...by devouring his soul-shards.

With that said, I found myself several large chests and then stored all the precious books I found in them. When I finished that, I shrunk the chests and placed them in my makeskin pouch.

"Guess I should pay the diadem a visit now," I mumbled after casting a Tempus Charm to check the time.

Its morning again in two hours, and I wanted to be sure that I could 'devour' the diadem before breakfast. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I preferred to have some extra time available in case I passed out from having a full stomach.

"Why do I feel so excited about eating Voldemort's Horcrux?" I asked myself with a wry grin.

bampf

My body burst into flames, and I disappeared before reappearing right in front of the small shelf that was holding my target.

Ravenclaw's Diadem looked quite awful in appearance, to be honest.

Sure, it had a blue gemstone of the size of a mandarin as the main attraction, but the thingy was shaped like an awkward eagle that was stretching its wings in the wrong direction. The gemstone was the main body of the eagle with wings at each side and a head that was looking to the side. The words 'wit beyond measure is man's greatest treasure' were

engraved on the base below the eagle.

"Who the hell would want to wear this thing in public?" I scoffed in disbelief.

My hand shot forward, and I grabbed the diadem without much protest or reaction from its part. The Horcrux was definitely there. I could smell its rotten, twisted magic - literally. But I assumed that one had to put it on in order to trigger the mechanism that would allow the Horcrux to possess someone.

There was of course a strong Compulsion Charm on the diadem, suggesting to me that I should put the piece of jewelry on my head. But that was it, and my special nature disabled its ability to influence me in any way. My fire was nullifying or devouring the magic that wanted to enter and influence my mind.

"Okay, it's time to witness the full power of my magic fire," I muttered and then started to heat up my hands until they were glowing like red-hot metal.

Suddenly, black smoke started to escape from the diadem.

SKREEEEEE!!!

But tongues of fire shot up from my hand and quickly coiled around the whisp of smoke like ravenous pythons, dragging it back. I could feel the diadem vibrating in my hands as the Horcrux struggled to break free from its fiery prison, but it jerked back and screamed in agony every time it touched my golden fire.

Eventually, I filled my lungs with super-hot plasma and opened my mouth before exhaling a torrent of fiery breath at the diadem, melting it down into nothingness. At the same time, I sensed raw, pure magical energy being absorbed into my body, where it fused with my brain.

And now, only a small black whisp of black smoke was left.

The Horcrux formed the face of Tom Riddle between my palms. He screamed and roared, begging for his life. "Please..."

"Shut up and die already," I scowled when the pathetic begging started to get on my nerves.

"No!" Horcrux Voldy wailed, his face twisted with pain and terror.

"Oh, yes!" I shot back.

The wails and moans of suffering ended abruptly when a glowing crack split Tom Riddle's face in two. His eyes widened with vivid shock as intense fear and dread flooded them, and a silent scream erupted out of his mouth as he slowly faded out of existence.

Following the destruction of Voldemort's piece of soul, I felt how my fire empowered my body by a little bit, boosting my physical qualities on all levels. In addition to that, I also sensed how an influx of memories entered my mind. However, they were all fractured and couldn't be actively used or accessed. But I sensed that they would still benefit me sooner or later.

And when I closed my eyes to look inside me, I noticed a bunch of golden drops floating inside me, emitting a powerful kind of magic with an aura similar to Voldemort's soul, but without the absurd amount of corruption.

"Soul... essence?" I muttered, not fully understanding what these drops were.

Understanding eventually appeared in my mind as an instinctive sort of knowledge originating from my special fire. I started to see the soul drops as a mysterious resource available to be used. These drops could be infused into my magic or even objects.

These drops were basically drops of purified Soul Essence with powerful and wondrous effects. As I explained already, I could somehow fuse these drops into an actual spell to improve that spell to a certain level - or fuse

them into an object to upgrade and enhance the quality of the object.

My eyes went wide when a crazy idea popped up in my head.

"Could I... strengthen my wand with this stuff?" I began to mumble in an unsure but hopeful tone.

My wand was truly precious to me. I summoned it in my hand and started inspecting it with a fond look. 14 inches, elder wood, and with a dragon heartstring core taken from a seriously rare melanistic Chinese Fireball.

It appears as if made out of ink-black ivory with a smooth and matt surface. The shaft brags with fine golden veins that give it an imposing and deadly beautiful appearance. And as for the handle, it is covered in fine etchings portraying overlapping scales like those of a viper, outlined in a deep crimson-red. The end-cap forms a small, draconic head that bites on a pearl-shaped gemstone of the color of freshly spilled blood.

Ollivander actually looked quite hesitant when he gave me the wand, and he was almost unwilling to part with it when it reacted to my touch with bright, golden light. The eccentric old man explained that the wand was gifted to his family centuries ago by a friend of the Asian magical community. He didn't say more about the history of the wand, but he acted as if he lost the love of his life to me after he accepted my seven Galleons.

That said, I took a deep breath and started pushing a drop of Soul Essence towards my right hand that was holding my hand.

"No risk, no rewards," I told myself with a determined expression.

As the drop of soul essence wandered closer, my wand began to emit a faint warmth in response. The gemstone at the endcap that was chewed by the draconic head started to glow and attract the drop of soul essence towards it.

I let it happen and watched the golden drop of Soul Essence race up into my arm, into my hand, then into my wand, and from there into the gemstone.

ROOOAAARR!!!

My expression morphed to shock and awe when the draconic head erupted with the thunderous roar of a real dragon.

"Holy shit!"

As for the ruby gemstone, it radiated waves of intense heat that made the air blur around it.

"Ah, so you want more?" I asked my wand, getting a pulse in response that must have meant yes.

Chuckling like an old eccentric bastard, I pushed the six remaining drops of Soul Essence towards the wand and allowed it to absorb them all.

Every drop made the draconic head roar as if it appreciated its meal.

When the feast was over, my wand returned to look normal, but I could feel a deeper and more personal connection to it now, like a third arm. It would probably benefit my spellcasting greatly and enhance the quality, stability, and power of my spells.

"Hehehe... thank you, Lord Voldemort," I snickered with a wide grin that went from ear to ear. "You sss-stupid sss-shit."

I stopped grinning and blinked in bafflement. "Huh?"

"Stupid shit..." I repeated the words that I just hissed in a strange, hissing way that made my tongue vibrate, but nothing happened.

"Stupid..." I hissed, but not in the right way.

"What the hell?" I muttered in confusion and pondered for a moment before realization hit me.

Grinning from ear to ear, I started speaking again. "Sss-stupid sss-shit..."

"Sss-salami..."

"Sss-sexy sss-senorita..."

Nodding in understanding, I realized that I had to grin like a fool in order to be able to speak Parseltongue. The fact that I absorbed the ability was a welcomed surprise, but I wasn't that surprised about it since I somewhat expected it to happen. Harry got it as well in the books, after all. There was a high chance I would enjoy the same benefit.

"Such an awesome day," I hummed before mumbling cheerfully. "Oh, and I guess that I will hunt down and devour ever Horcrux possible... another adventure!"

The benefits of doing so were evident, but I couldn't do that any time soon since most were out of my reach. My magical skills and talent are above average, but I still had to learn a lot of magic to be able to hunt for the Horcruxes. safely

Well, the diary would be delivered to me for free if Malfoy Senior acted like in the original storyline.

The next easiest to acquire would be the ring that also has the Resurrection Stone.

Indeed, all I needed to do was to use Parseltongue and neutralize the dangerous Ineri snakes that protected the place with the phrase:

"Lord Voldemort has-sss come to take back what is his-sss!"

"Huh?"

My brows rose in surprise when I simply remembered that phrase without ever knowing it beforehand. Quite a lot of fragmented memories I gained from devouring Voldemort's Horcrux vanished all of a sudden.

"How very interesting," I mused in wonder, my lips curved in a smile.

"Unexpected.. but welcomed."

Since I was an avid Harry Potter fan in my past life, I didn't need Voldy's memories to recall that the Gaunt Shack was somewhere outside Little

Hangleton. Though, I had no idea where the small town or village was located exactly. But that shouldn't be a big challenge to find out.

I added visiting the Gaunt Shak to my to-do list of things I would do during the summer. Another easily obtainable magic snack was waiting for me, and the earlier I got it, the better it would influence my future achievements.

More power now meant that I operate easier and more efficiently in the future, and who knows what benefits I could get from devouring another Horcrux. I personally hoped for knowledge so I can finally start to explore places like New York where all the Marvel heroes and villains usually gathered - for some unknown reason.

"But I should try to find myself a nice wand holster now," I advised myself after staring down at my sexy wand again.

I would have a duel in the evening, and I wanted to make an impression.

My only friend so far was another muggleborn, Paulina. She ended up following me around after I protected her from Dysnomia's lecture about proper muggleborn conduct around a pureblood once. Paulina was also a quite pretty girl, but the main reason I ended up 'keeping' her was because of her unusual last name - Barbossa. I really enjoyed teasing her with pirate jokes.

As for the rest of my year... well, Roger Davies was an arrogant, snotty elitist that introduced himself by telling me how important his family is.

After that, he offered me that I can be one of his friends if I accept him as the leader of our year.

I just gave him an incredulous look and turned around before walking away.

Roger was more successful in recruiting the other two boys of our year: Samuel Humberston and Phillip Montgomery. Both were half-bloods, not

really interesting characters, and followed Roger around like Warrington and Bletchley would follow Dysnomia around all day long, acting like lost puppies. But Roger and his boys pretty much ignored me since we rarely interacted with each other.

Well, back to the main topic.

The duel in the evening would be my chance to make myself look good in front of the students and the teachers - especially Flitwick. He was my ticket to the Restricted Section since above-average students were allowed to study there if they showed promise.

Of course, he wouldn't let a firstie enter that place, but I could start to build up a healthy mentor-student relationship and ask for permission in my third year or so.

"Yeah, but first I need to find a decent wand holster in this giant pile of trash," I huffed as I teleported to another spot.

My search continued, and I eventually found a nice wand holster made from almost black leather that came with a nice-looking black belt that could be attached around my hip. The holster itself would protect my wand from harm, and was charmed in a way that it would react to my intent should I desire to reach for my wand, automatically opening itself when my hand came close.

Having succeeded in that little endeavor, I continued to lazily explore the Room of Hidden Things for a bit more until it was time for me to leave and inform Flitwick of my duel.

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CREATORS' THOUGHTS

LordRhyolith

One of my crazy ideas: Soul Essence!

This stuff will do some nice things in the future ;P

Also, thanks for reading so far. I hope my first three chapters are enjoyable enough! :)

Chapter 4: Chapter Four: Duel

It was too risky to go to the Room of Hidden Things in case Flitwick wanted to talk with me about my incoming duel, so I spend most of my time in my room, looking through the three small books on Occlumency that I found amongst the collection of books I plundered during the night. The evening arrived quite quickly this way.

I entered the Great Hall half an hour before dinner time would end and found it packed with students of all ages and houses. People were muttering around louder than usual. Even my table looked somewhat more lively. Paulina gave me a questioning gaze when I took a seat next to her.

In response, I looked around with raised brows. "Don't tell me that everyone around here is so excited because of a little dispute between two firsties?"

"Dumbledore told us about it earlier," Paulina muttered before sipping from her tea, looking excited. "He said that the victor of the duel wins 100 points for their respective house!"

One of the older students leaned forward to get my attention and grinned.

"You can secure us the House Cup if you win!" he exclaimed with sparkling eyes.

"Vegaz." Another student from the older years called for my attention, the seventh-year prefect. "Wipe the floor with the Slytherin and secure us the House Cup, then you can have a copy of my notes of each subject and year. How does that sound for you?"

'Oh?'

I nodded with a smile. "See it as done. And don't stress yourself too much.

You can give me your notes on the train back to London if you wish."

"I like you, Vegaz," The older student stated with an amused laugh. "Don't disappoint me, and you got yourself a new friend."

"Are you sure that you can fight Warrington?" Roger Davies asked, sitting opposite of me a few seats away. He and his two boys were eyeing me with skepticism. "You are a muggleborn and he is a pureblood. He will know more spells than you do."

My face was suddenly the focus of a lot of gazes. Roger's words caused a few students amongst my table to doubt my chances of victory.

"Knowing many spells means nothing if you haven't mastered them," I explained as if I was a professor talking down to a student.

"And you say that you mastered a spell?" Roger snorted back. "Can you cast it silently? Or maybe with no wand?"

"Wandlessly," Paulina muttered beside me, gaining herself a glare from Roger.

I shrugged my shoulders and reached forward to touch the flame of a candle. Students around me gasped in shock and disbelief when I took the little flame into my hand, shaping it into a fiery ballerina before making her dance across my palm.

"Oh, I can do many things," I replied in a deeper tone, staring down at the dancing flame with a mysterious smile. "Magic is such a wonderful thing, Roger. All you need is a healthy mind and the necessary focus. Your blood is irrelevant."

I looked up and saw the boy gulping hard, appearing a little pale. The rest of my table grew silent, their eyes shining in amazement as they were glued on my dancing ballerina flame. I blew the animated fire out and watched the whisp of smoke it left behind to perform its last

pirouette before vanishing into thin air.

Paulina looked at me as if she was in the presence of Merlin made flesh, her eyes shining with admiration. The seventh-year prefect slapped the table and burst into laughter.

"Vegaz, that was absolutely brilliant!" he roared with laughter, making more than a few heads from the close-by Hufflepuff table turn. "Where did you learn such a thing?"

"Practice," I replied with a shrug. "And listening to music will help, too."

It was true, I loved to listen to classical music when practicing magic. In my previous life, my mother was a ballet dancer and instructor. She took me with her to work sometimes and I would do my homework while she was torturing her students. Classical music would play in the background, and I still liked to listen to it while doing something that required concentration.

"Music?" Roger inquired with a crooked brow.

"Chopin, Wagner, Tchaikovsky," I replied, munching a piece of bacon.

"The best of the best."

"My mother likes to Chopin when she is brewing potions for St Mungo's,"

an older girl cut in. "His music is great."

"What should I hear if I want to do better in DADA?" a younger boy asked hopefully.

"It doesn't work like that," Penelope Clearwater lectured, chuckling slightly. "You have to find that out for yourself since you might like a different kind of music."

"Still pretty impressive for a firstie to learn such a trick," the seventh-year prefect stated, giving me a nod of respect. "You will do well if you continue like this, Vegaz. Make sure you don't slack off."

It took me quite a bit, but I finally recalled his name: Louis Bolton. He

was one of the few students who had almost as much power as a Professor in the castle, but not because he was a prefect. Few dared to get on his bad side, even from House Slytherin. I didn't know why since I spent little time interacting with people, but he was tall, well-built, slightly buff, with black hair and icy-blue eyes, and radiated the charisma of a leader.

"Eh, don't worry about that," I replied with a confident smirk.

My attention was drawn to my side when I faintly sensed the magical presence of an adult approach. I turned towards it and saw Lily Potter getting closer. She gave me a warm smile when our eyes met.

"Excuse me the interruption, Mister Vegaz," she said as she stopped at my side. "But Professor Flitwick and I would like to speak with you for a moment before your duel with Mister Warrington starts. Is that alright with you?"

I emptied my glass of orange juice and nodded. "Sure, no problem, Professor."

She made me follow her out of the Great Hall, and I couldn't help but look at her shapely backside hidden below a pencil skirt as I followed her. Nobody could say that Lily Potter wasn't a hot milf. Her curvy body was easily an eight out of ten. Her long, lustrous red hair, emerald eyes, and the full lips of her beautiful face made her quite the seductive eye candy. And she wasn't even thirty, I think.

That said, she led me into the Entrance Hall where Professor Flitwick was already waiting for us. The Flitwick in this world looked like a miniature version of a classic wizard, wearing a classic blue and bronze robe with wide shelves, a pointy hat, and pointy shoes that were curling up slightly at the front. The lower half of his aged face was covered by a pure white and fluffy beard, just below his slightly pointy nose. Actually, he looked

quite adorable.

He gave Lily a nod before turning towards me with an excited smile.

"Your performance at the table didn't go unnoticed, Mister Vegaz.

Fantastic, excellent, marvelous! Your control was superb!"

Lily chuckled in amusement beside me, shaking her head as Professor Flitwick continued to praise my little trick with bubbling excitement. I couldn't help but grin; his cheery nature was quite contagious.

"It's just a little trick I like to play with while I am brainstorming on a topic," I told the little Professor, making him shake his head with a smile.

"Mister Vegaz," he chuckled with a squeaky voice. "What you call a little trick makes scholars that attempt their mastery in the Elemental Arts lose their hair in frustration. Your performance makes me believe that you might have a high affinity for the element of fire. Such a talent has to be nurtured. I will make sure of that!"

He gestured towards Lily Potter and gestured. "Unfortunately, I have little time because of my duties for the school, but Professor Lily is my most trusted friend. She will help you in my place."

"You can count on me, Filius," Lily nodded at that, smiling brightly when she turned to see my baffled expression. She then proceeded and told me that I could visit her whenever I had faced both academic and other forms of trouble. Furthermore, I was offered private lessons with her, starting from next year.

Snape and Warrington appeared as Lily and Flitwick chatted with me about my fiery trick. The greasy-haired professor leered at Lily's body with hidden lust lingering in his murky eyes. It was extremely creepy, and I couldn't help but shudder, especially since Snape could easily go by as a convicted sex-offender due to his unkempt appearance.

"Headmaster Dumbledore is currently adjusting the Great Hall for today's

duel between Mister Warrington and Mister Vegaz," Snape reported with a deep, monotone, and slightly nasal voice.

"Thank you, Severus," Lily said with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

An awkward silence spread through the area. Snape seemed to take personal insult in the way Lily reacted to his presence. Lily was looking in the other direction and was stubbornly ignoring the man. Flitwick was unsure what to do. And Warrington was poking his nose as he stood behind his Head of the House.

"Is that much attention for a duel between two first years really necessary?" I said to break the unpleasant silence. "I am sure that Warrington and I will have lots of fun, but I doubt that our small arsenal of basic spells will impress the older students."

Flitwick chuckled at that while Snape actually nodded in agreement. Lily said nothing but seemed amused.

"Are you afraid, Vegaz?" Warrington said with a smirk. Because of his nose-picking, he was sporting an eye-catching booger on his upper lip.

"Just a little nervous," I told him, faking worry. "After all, the entire school will be watching us. Imagine what people will think of you if you somehow manage to humiliate yourself. They won't let go of it until you graduate."

Warrington lost his confident smirk, and an uneasy expression spread across his chubby face. His beady gaze wandered to Snape, who just hissed in annoyance, ignoring his young snake.

Suddenly, loud applause and cheers echoed from the Great Hall. Snape gestured at Warrington to follow him.

My own turn came soon after that, and I followed after Professor Flitwick and Potter as they walked with me into the Great Hall. The entire place

was readjusted into a small arena with the students sitting on rows of seats to the left and right. Cheers and applause filled my ears, and also some booing from where the Slytherins gathered.

In the middle was the dueling platform, a large piece of rectangular stone that rose a meter above the ground. Warrington was already waiting for me at the other side, standing in the middle of a small circle. I climbed a couple of stairs and stood on the marked area of my side. There was about ten meters of empty space between us.

"Now that both participants are ready..." Dumbledore started, speaking in a loud and authoritative tone that silenced the area. "Let us begin the first duel of tonight!"

'The first?'

It almost sounded as if there is at least one duel more happening tonight.

"The challenger, Cassius Warrington of House Slytherin, against Johnny Vegaz of House Ravenclaw," Dumbledore announced merrily. "The rules will be in accordance with the guidelines of the U-13 league. No spells with the potential to cause serious injuries. No physical contact between the combatants. Before the duel officially begins, both combatants bow to each other as a sign of respect."

Warrington and I nodded and bowed to each other. Next, Dumbledore pointed the Elder Wand up and summoned a large, slightly translucent '3' above his head. The projection started to count down, and when the number '1' vanished, a loud gong declared the start of the duel.

"Stupefy!" Warrington initiated the fight with a stunner, summoning a spark of light that raced at me with moderate speed, easily evadable.

"Tarantallegra!" I hit back with a Dancing Feet Charm that traveled a lot faster than Warrington's spell.

Instead of dodging, the boy across me was frozen on the spot. He lifted

his free hand to protect his face and squeezed his eyes shut as my spell was about to hit him. Because of that, my spell hit him directly in the chest and swiftly made him jump up and down, forcing him to dance like a crazy techno music fanatic.

"What did you do to me?!" Warrington complained as he crouched down and began to swing his feet forward, performing the Russian Kalinka dance.

Some of the younger students began to laugh, especially the Gryffindors.

"It's called the dancing feet charm," I explained with a grin. "You seem to have some talent for it."

"Stupefy!" Warrington roared, but his spell missed completely since he couldn't stop his feet from swinging wildly around.

I was tempted to cast my Roaring Fart spell on him, but I didn't want to risk him shitting his pants in front of everyone. I didn't like him, but he didn't do anything to deserve such cruelty, so I decided to end the match with a Disarming Charm.

"Expelliarmus!"

My spell manifested as a golden beam of light that shot towards Warrington, hitting his chest. His wand was ripped out of his grasp and tossed towards me. I caught it in my free hand and put my own wand away in my newly gained wand holster, drawing some oohs and ahhs from the crowd.

"Victor through disarming his opponent..." Dumbledore boomed. "Johnny Vegaz!"

Applause and cheers erupted around me. Snape cast a Finite on Warrington and dragged the boy over to me to claim his wand back. The grim professor sneered grimly but didn't say anything.

"As promised, the victor of this duel will earn his house a prize of one

hundred house points!" Dumbledore announced, causing the Ravenclaw students to scream like mad.

Eventually, I gave the Headmaster a nod of thanks and found my way from the arena when Flitwick called me over. Another duel was announced between Charlie Weasley and Crowley Mulciber.

"That was an excellent use of the Dancing Feet Charm, Mister Vegaz," Flitwick praised with a cheerful grin. "It's rarely used, but when it hits the mark, the duel is over for most opponents. Those that have a strong mind and focus can resist it, however."

"Does Occlumency help, too?" I inquired as we walked over to where the Ravenclaws were gathered.

Flitwick gave me a surprised expression. "Yes, it does. It is a practice of the Mind Arts, after all. Everything connected to this school of magic requires a strong mind and focus from the practitioner."

We went silent as the duel between Charlie Weasley and Crowley Mulciber was about to begin. The first was a tall and athletic redhead with a wild and long mane, looking like a wise old brother type. The latter was a beefy guy with a thug-like appearance, oily and short hair, dark eyes with bushy eyebrows, and with really hairy hands, almost like an ape.

"The challenger, Charlie Weasley of House Gryffindor, against Crowley Mulciber of House Slytherin," Dumbledore announced before listing the rules.

They were both quidditch players, and rumors say that the two hated each other to the guts. Mulciber was a beater and would cheat by 'accidentally' hitting people of the other team when they got close enough. In the last game between the snakes and the lions, Mulciber smacked a female member of the Gryffindor team so hard on the head

that she was lying in a coma for a week or so.

When the duel finally started, Charlie dodged the first spell and retaliated with a spell that turned the hair of his opponent into a red afro. He then carried on and showered Mulciber in prank spells until the thuggish boy was turned into a silly clown. It wasn't a fight but total humiliation for the Slytherin.

But that wasn't really surprising. Charlie was one of the best students. He was the captain of the Quidditch team, a prefect, and well-known for being a strong wand.

Everything Mulciber could brag with was his... well, I wasn't sure. All I know about this guy was that he was a bully and a rather unpleasant character. He was one of the few older students that lowered themselves to the level where they would go after first and second years. I managed to avoid such individuals so far.

That said, Charlie dodged all the spells that came for him while using the Stinging Hex to torture his opponent a bit. All the prank spells seriously handicapped Mulciber from concentrating properly. He was so angry that he threw more verbal curses than spells at Charlie, allowing the redhead to effortlessly dodge and attack without breaking into a sweat.

The fight eventually ended when the swellings on Mulciber's face disabled him from seeing properly.

"Victor through overwhelming force..." Dumbledore hollered with visible pride in his eyes. "Charlie Weasley!"

As expected, the Gryffindors ended up making a scene, roaring and screaming like a mob of hooligans on crack as they chanted Charlie's name.

Another duel followed with a Gryffindor facing a Slytherin again. Both were in the fourth year, and the fight was pretty basic. However, the

Slytherin won this time around because the lion allowed himself to be affected by the insults of the snake. His housemates reacted with outrage, targeted against the smug-looking snakes.

When everything was over, Dumbledore used an impressive piece of magic to return the Great Hall to its natural state. Flitwick invited me to his office for another chat with Lily Potter tagging along.

The new development between the professors and me looked profitable. Maybe not now, but definitely in the future. One could get more and better resources such as rare books with the help of a Professor, and Flitwick was the Head of Ravenclaw. He most likely had his own private library full of arcane tomes.

Lily Potter wasn't bad either to have as an ally amongst the teachers. She was a Charms Mistress and not stupid. Private lessons with her would be valuable. There was also the fact that she was an attractive woman. Well, I still disliked the attention-seeking nature of her family, the annoying charade around her son, but if she could prove herself as beneficial... why not?

...

Chapter 5: Chapter Five: Dancing

Flame

Contrary to what I expected, Flitwick's office wasn't a chaotic and overflowing library, but actually a fairly tasteful decorated office. There was a lot of blue and bronze, the House Ravenclaw colors, and lots of stylish wooden furniture engraved with artistic patterns and runes. His office table was a massive piece even for normal-sized people standards, completely dwarfing him. It looked funny when he took a seat behind it because it made him look like a little toddler that was using the office of his father as a playroom.

Lily Potter occupied the comfy armchair next to me. Her red lips curved up with a smile when she caught me checking out the size of her impressive chest. I may not be my old, adult self anymore, but I died in the prime of my youth. And I was a student again, and she's my hot teacher, so it was natural that I began fantasizing.

"Thank you for joining us, Mister Vegaz," Flitwick began cheerfully after he made himself comfortable. "Again, that was an excellent use of the Dancing Feet Charm. The speed of your spell could rival that of a fifth year. Very impressive. To be blunt, it shows that you are naturally more powerful than your peers."

"But that doesn't mean anything if you cannot harvest that power properly," he added in a lecturing voice. "That is why I have to insist that you study the books I will prepare for you. They will be a good source for you to enrich your understanding about the element of fire."

"And I will examine your knowledge and abilities when you return from your summer holidays, Mister Vegaz," Lily Potter threatened, smirking when I looked over to her.

The sudden 'friendliness' of the two Professors confused me, to be honest, so I decided to simply ask them what is going on.

"Is there a good reason I deserve all this attention?" I questioned, looking back and forth in confusion between Flitwick and Lily Potter. "Not that I don't appreciate your support, Professors, but all this is a bit overwhelming for me. I just finished my first year, and I didn't do anything besides reading all year long. I don't know what I did to deserve all this. Surely, my trick at the dinner table isn't the only reason I am sitting here with you."

My humble words made the two professors regard me silently with raised brows for several seconds. Flitwick was the first to act, chuckling loudly.

"Mister Vegaz, you are the best student in your entire year," he explained with pride all over his face. "In fact, you are one of the best students I have had the pleasure to teach so far. You are the fastest to learn how to cast a new spell, and your answers to my questions are generally your own. You don't recite from the books. It shows that you truly understand the nature behind each spell. Each of my colleagues has similar stories to report, even Professor Snape, to my surprise."

Well, Potions wasn't that hard at all if one bothered to read about the exact nature of the ingredients and how to handle them properly.

Knowing some basic chemistry also helped. Everything else wasn't so different from cooking.

"Ehm... well, I admit that I am doing quite well so far," I muttered humbly.

The perfected Extremis Virus enhanced my brain, after all. Memorizing material wasn't a chore for me. There was also the fact that I wasn't exactly your average twelve-year-old boy. Long story short, it would be surprising if I didn't do well.

"Yes, Mister Vegaz, you do very well," Flitwick chortled merrily.

"Oh, how I wish that my son Charles were so humble," Lily muttered, shaking her head with a sigh.

"He is still a child, Lily," Flitwick said with a soothing squeak. "He will humble down when he comes to Hogwarts and gets away from all the attention. Charles is also the son of James, and we both know that James needed some time to grow up."

Lily Potter just nodded but didn't look convinced. Flitwick shook his head and turned his attention back to me.

"Very well, Mister Vegaz," he said with a growing smile, appearing excited. "Before you go, would you do me a favor and show me your little

trick again?"

"No problem at all," I nodded nonchalantly and then lifted my hand before summoning a small flame on my palm. Slowly but surely, the flame took the shape of a dancing ballerina.

Smirking to myself, I made the hair extra red and her body a bit curvier. Lily Potter blushed slightly when she noticed the little detail, and even Flitwick chuckled at my obvious flirting attempt.

Still, both professors were completely amazed and bewitched by the alluring charm of the dancing flame. Gentle warmth spread in the room.

The atmosphere became calm and soothing. Magic hummed in delight.

"It's beautiful," Lily Potter gasped, still entranced by the flame.

"She is," I smirked, giving her a roguish smile.

Her cheeks reddened in response, but an amused glint appeared in her emerald eyes. Flirting with the mother of Harry Potter was quite the experience. Fleur Delacour, Hermione Granger, and Daphne Greengrass were my favorite female fanfiction characters in my past life, and while they were still too young, they wouldn't stay like that forever.

But until then, I might as well flirt with Lily Potter. She was the perfect candidate for lewd fantasies since she was a professor here at Hogwarts.

Well, I probably wouldn't pick Muggle Studies as my elective, but we would have private lessons together next year, and I planned to show her the really hot stuff if she asked for it.

But I was also patient and had to be careful. Lily was the wife of James Potter. He was a man-child, but one with a lot of power around here.

Fucking his wife would probably come with a lot of trouble - if someone were to catch me.

Anyway, I continued my little show for a while more until both professors were fully seduced by my flaming ballerina.

It was noteworthy to mention that by wishing me Azazel's powers, I got the ability to manipulate minds, giving me influence over them. Staring at the dancing flame wouldn't make them my slaves or anything but just amplify the favorable impression they had of me greatly.

That's why I called it a trick - because I was tricking the minds of my audience.

However, I wasn't sure if it could affect the mind of a trained Occlumens. But since the spell wasn't anything malicious since it only made me look a bit better, it might work. My magic trick also mostly strengthened what was already here. It didn't make people that hate or dislike me become friendly all of a sudden.

When the show was eventually over, Flitwick and Lily Potter appeared as if they woke up from a pleasant dream. They looked at me with increased respect and admiration.

"Marvelous, beautiful, excellent!" Flitwick squeaked in joy. "I am not embarrassed to admit that I envy you, Mister Vegaz. Such an artful piece of magic is not something one can learn from a book. This is the result of talent, inspiration, and a great mind!"

"Take 50 points for Ravenclaw, Mister Vegaz!" Flitwick squealed, vibrating with vivid delight.

"Thank you, Professor," I said, flashing a toothy smile.

"Can you teach it?" Lily inquired, her emerald eyes burning with curiosity.

"Well, I am not sure, but we can try to discover it together when I return from my summer holidays," I teased with a flirty wink.

"You are very flirtatious, aren't you, Mister Vegaz?" Lily accused with a huff.

"Only when I see something that I like," I replied with a shameless grin.

Flitwick's reaction was gold. He simply started to erupt with mirthful laughter while Lily was hiding her embarrassment by turning her head to the other side. She took my blatant flirting with amusement, however. I was a twelve-year-old brat, and I knew that Lily wasn't the type of woman that would sleep with a kid.

What I aimed for was to build up a good relationship between us for the time when I was older. She wasn't even thirty, and magicals had a long lifespan - at least 110 even for the weakest of our kind. Magicals kept their youth for far longer if they took care of themselves. Lily would remain pretty much the same in appearance even after ten years.

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Flitwick and Lily Potter continued to chat with me for a while, mostly about how I liked my time at Hogwarts so far. There wasn't much to say, but I ended up telling them that Dysnomia was really annoying, and that she tried to educate muggleborns with ridiculous rules on how they have to conduct themselves around purebloods.

Lily was aware of the problem but told me that Dysnomia wasn't breaking any rules with her rude behavior. She was annoying, yes, but that was hardly a crime, and she didn't really harm anyone with her unnecessary lectures.

Flitwick even mentioned that her father was in Azkaban for being a known Death Eater, and her mother, while not marked, was of a similar mindset. He advised that I should simply try to dodge Dysnomia if possible and endure her stuff until she grew up and calmed down. Most children with her background acted that way, and punishment would only make them believe that the world was against them, which made them more rebellious.

We eventually ended up talking about my own background as well.

Well, I was an orphan that appeared out of nowhere since no mortal woman could give birth to a frikking half-elemental. Because of that, I would stay at an orphanage during my summer holidays - at least on the paper. Flitwick wanted to know if everything was okay, and I told him really humbly that it wasn't the best life, but it was fine.

Naturally, I wasn't going to tell him that I would spend my time traveling around with my teleportation ability. The caretakers at the orphanage didn't care much, and they cared even less after I used my mind-bending tricks on them.

When I was eight, I started to amass myself a small fortune by teleporting into people's homes, stealing their stuff. When I had enough money, I went to the Diagon Alley and traded my cash for Galleons. Then I got myself some books on basic magics.

Due to my high magical nature, I quickly learned some useful wandless magic tricks like the Summoning Charm, the Door-Unlocking Charm, and the Stinging Hex. And because of my Azazel powers, I picked up the Confundus Charm really fast and could utilize it wandlessly already. I could also use my mind-powers with my eyes to some degree, and by infusing them into my voice.

Just like that, I had a pretty easy life and stole what I needed to survive while traveling around Europe as carefree as one could be.

That said, Lily Potter was shocked when she heard that I was an orphan. She jumped out of her seat and pulled me into a tight hug. I hugged her back and enjoyed the warm softness of her curvy body for a minute or two. Her ample chest felt really nice against my face.

Flitwick didn't hug me but offered me his ear whenever I needed his help.

Our meeting slowly came to an end after that, and I wished them a good night before leaving the office.

"He reminds me of Sirius." I heard Lily mutter somewhat sadly just before I closed the door.

Hearing that, I recalled again that the relationship between Sirius Black and the Potters soured into a mild enmity. The Harry Potter of this world also took the name Hydrus Black as his new one, and he didn't show his face to the world ever since he was adopted.

'Hmm, I wonder what happened to Lupin' - I mused while moving towards my room in the Ravenclaw Towers.

There was nothing in the media about Remus Lupin, and he didn't appear in any articles about Charles Potter's birthdays. But he was also a werewolf with the sense of self-worth of an edgy emo kid, so he is maybe just avoiding the public.

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When I returned to my room, I locked the door behind me and grabbed the Marauder's Map out of my Mokeskin Pouch.

"Hmm, everything clear," I muttered as I scanned the seventh floor.

My eyes moved to other places, and I spotted a few couples inside broom cupboards or dusty, abandoned classrooms. One of these couples were Nymphadora Tonks and Charlie Weasley. The former was in her fifth year, and the latter in his sixth. They were a couple for months already and enjoyed the company of the other quite a lot, it seems.

Well, Nymphadora was one of my targets due to her Metamorphmagus ability. My hope was that her blood would allow me to gain her special ability, and so I planned to soon ambush her with a syringe and some Blood-Replenisher-Potions. It would have to happen in the next two years before she graduated, or she would be gone, and getting access to her blood would be a lot harder.

However, she spent most of her nights with Charlie Weasley and was

surrounded by Hufflepuffies during the day. It was hard to catch her alone in a suitable area where I can ambush her unseen.

That said, her blood was the key to a new awesome ability. My fire devoured magic, but also magical abilities and so on. I was able to cast the Disillusionment Charm almost perfectly with eleven because I devoured a copy of the Invisible Book of Invisibility. It greatly boosted my progress with the spell, allowing me to get a good grasp on it in a short period of time.

So, that's why I was confident in my chance to gain Nymphadora's ability by letting my fire devour some of her blood, and some hair, maybe.

"So many plans..." I muttered, recalling the fact that I wanted to hunt some magical creatures as well, hoping to get their magical abilities by letting my fire devour their bodies.

There wasn't an opportunity for that so far. I had to become stronger if I wished to travel the Forbidden Forest safely, and buying parts of magical creatures didn't help much. Devouring a Mokeskin Pouch didn't grant me the special ability of the Moke lizard to shrink myself, so I concluded I had to go and hunt one myself and devour the subject while it was still fresh and rich with magic.

There were some wands in the Room of Hidden things as well, with cores made of parts of magical beasts, but they were all 'dead' with barely or any magic left.

'Hmm?'

My attention was drawn to the map again when I saw the name Lucious Malfoy appear in Snape's office. Nothing happened for a while until both disappeared through what I assume might be the fireplace. The Marauder's Map didn't show many details, unfortunately.

"Maybe they are going on a date," I muttered to myself with a chuckle

before putting the map away.

It was time to explore and plunder the Room of Hidden things again. I also had a nice storage area for my stuff now - the Chamber of Secrets. My newly gained ability to speak Parseltongue would allow me to enter and claim that place for myself. I also planned to change the codeword of the access point, to prevent Harry or other parselmouths from entering, and then rely purely on my teleportation ability to access that place. Just like that, the Chambers of Secrets would become solely mine.

Wards and so on couldn't stop me at all. When I teleported, I opened a door into another dimension. It wasn't the Brimstone Dimension like for Azazel, but the same that had that big Sauron Eye floating around.

That said, I would enter the Star of Extinction Dimension and traveled through it towards the location I intended to visit. The entire process happened automatically, operated by my subconscious mind. Next, I reappeared by opening another door into the 'real' dimension, land perfectly on my feet, and wouldn't feel any discomfort at all.

This ability wasn't even magical, but of a physical nature. Teleporting would exhaust me physically, but my enhanced stamina is great enough, so it never really became a problem that I had to deal with.

"Focus, Johnny." I shook my head when I noticed that I was drifting off again.

bampf!

Disappearing in a muffled implosion of golden fire, I reappeared right in front of where the entry into the Room of Hidden Things was. The area had no portraits that could spy on me, and the floor was empty as well.

After summoning the magic door, I entered it and restarted my wild search for treasure.

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Chapter 6: Chapter Six: Chamber

of Johnny

When morning arrived, I checked the Marauder's Map to make sure it's safe and teleported into a broom closet on the second floor. Then I cast a Disillusionment Charm on myself and wandered into Moaning Myrtle's Bathroom. The annoying ghost was luckily not around, and I easily entered the Chamber of Secrets after commanding the hidden entrance to reveal itself to me. Before I descended into the dark hole, I also changed the access word to 'Wakanda Forever.'

The air was damp but odorless as I descended into the darkness. The entrance behind me closed after I gave the command - to make sure that nobody accidentally stumbled on it while I was exploring Slytherin's secret basement.

"This place requires a serious cleanup," I complained as I dodged a bunch of dusty spiderwebs.

Exiting the tunnel, I stepped into a large corridor that was filled with shed snakeskin, and if I didn't know better, I would say it belonged to Titanoboa. The basilisk was more or less around fifteen meters long by the look of it, a true monster in size and everything else.

"Don't tell me that the basilisk is awake," I cursed under my breath. As I walked deeper into the dimly-lit corridor, I spotted a few rotten remains of dead animals that didn't look that old.

There was a high chance that it woke up from time to time to hunt, but I was fortunately sensible enough to magic to be able to sense its aura should it approach. Something like a thousand-year-old basilisk was definitely highly magical, but so far, I didn't sense anything in my close vicinity.

Such a large snake would also make a lot of noise, and I could simply

teleport away should it be awake and hunting.

So, I continued my travel and soon stopped in front of a large, round door made from massive iron that was open, revealing the famous Chamber of Secrets. Magic felt a lot stronger around here, raw and potent, and saturated the air like an invisible mist. My body greedily absorbed the ambient magical energy surrounded me.

"Hmm, I wonder what Salazar used this place for," I mumbled to myself as I walked into the legendary Chamber of Secrets.

The corridor leading to this place was rather bland and unimpressive, but the secret basement around me was something else entirely. It didn't resemble the one shown in the movies. This version was grander and more mysterious, and was also a bunch of times larger in size.

Scanning the area with amazement shining in my eyes, I estimated that it was at least something like fifty meters long and thirty wide. The ceiling was fairly high and made of glass that showed the floor of the Black Lake. Weak rays of sunlight managed to find their way into the chamber, tinted green by the waters of the massive lake above me.

Aside from that, the fairly dark, almost black walls were covered in runes that glowed with violet and purple shades, arranged to portrait artful designs. There were also countless animated metallic snakes that were slithering across the walls, ignoring my presence as they carried on to do whatever they did.

The floor below me appeared to be perfectly flat and polished black marble. Strangely enough, each of my steps left a white footprint on the dark floor that would vanish after a few seconds. It made walking around on it a fairly curious experience.

At the very end of the large hall, across from the entrance I came from, waited the giant face portraying a bearded old man. The beard seemed to

be made out of tentacles, which made the old man look like the grandfather of Cthulhu. The mouth of the creepy old guy was obviously the place where the basilisk would be crawling out when it was hungry again.

Aside from all that, there was nothing else of interest. The large room, while impressive, was totally empty and offered no treasure or anything. "Oh-well... at least its fee real estate," I comforted myself with a weak smile.

I never expected much since I wasn't the first visitor. Voldy came here before me and many more before that. If there was any treasure left behind by Salazar Slytherin, it was probably long gone.

But on the other hand, I found an awesome place with an absurd high amount of magic soaking the air. Hogwarts was sitting on seven so-called Ley Lines, and this place must be really close to where the ley lines crossed their paths. That focus point was where most of the environmental magic was bleeding into reality, and the closer you are to that magical place, the better.

Using magic would come easier around here, and potions produced in this area would also brag with a higher potency. Generally, the more magic you have available to you, the higher the chances that your magical endeavors succeed.

"But I still have to get rid of that bloody snake," I reminded myself, giving the old grandpa face an annoyed look.

Before doing anything else, I teleported myself away to a forest outside of Paris to grab myself a massive boulder. Then I returned with that boulder and appeared right in front of the mouth of the old grandpa. That procedure was repeated a few more times until half of the face of the old grandpa was hidden behind by a large pile of heavy boulders.

"That should keep the basilisk from getting out," I exhaled with a satisfied nod, feeling just slightly exhausted.

My ability allowed me to teleport other people and even stuff as well. It was more exhausting, but my special physical enhancement was a real cheat in this regard. Actually, I couldn't remember if I ever physically exhausted myself so far.

Well, anyway, I definitely planned to kill the basilisk and feed it to my flames. But there was no need to rush things. I wanted to kill it with a rooster since it was the safest way with the lowest amount of risk. Doing that would allow me to harvest its precious venom and sell it for outrageous amounts of cash.

Everything else of the basilisk would end up as a sacrifice to my flames. Its skin was too heavy and bulky to make armor out of it since its scales alone were almost as large as my palm.

No, I would devour the snake with my flames and hope for its magical abilities. The basilisk was known for its deadly stare, its highly corrosive venom, but also for its magic-resistant skin.

Yeah, and there was also that Serpent King aura that would make all spiders flee in utter terror. I would really love that ability just to mess with Spiderman later.

Besides that, the basilisk was around a thousand years old and its entire body was a powerful source of concentrated magic. Devouring it would, beyond doubt, boost my physical quality by a significant amount.

"Fuck, I am going to be overpowered soon!" I exclaimed gleefully.

This was the world of Harry Potter and Marvel mixed together. Thanos, Apocalypse, Hydra, and who knows who else was running around here.

Voldemort wasn't even worth mentioning when it came to these guys.

The noseless bastard could be seen as a sassy child compared to the likes

of Thanos, who wants to kill half of the universe because he wants to impress some Death Goddess.

Of course, I could only speculate at this point, but I was sure beyond doubt that the top villains of the Marvel Universe were in an entirely different kind of league.

That's why I also wanted to collect the Deadly Hallows. Being the master of death would essentially make me Death's father in some way, and I could simply say no to her relationship with Thanos.

"But first, I need to unload my stuff and appear for breakfast before someone starts to ask questions," I reminded myself.

That said, I grabbed the shrunken chests out of my Mokeskin Bag and placed them in the middle of the large room. It was unfortunate that I could teleport out of the Room of Hidden Things but not back into it in order to get one of the many shelves. Hence, I started to pile the books I plundered on the black floor, which made it turn milky-white on the places where my stuff touched it.

I didn't take anything else with me from the Room of Hidden Things.

Most of my time this night was spend with the books I found. A few of them were on how to create spells, about elemental magics, fire-based magic, and one book I found was on how to enchant stuff with the help of rituals and the blood of magical creatures.

It was hard to stop once you start reading something so delicious, and time flowed rapidly this way.

bampf!

I teleported myself back into my room to change into a new set of clothes. There were no classes anymore since everyone would return back home in three days, but I still had to appear for breakfast, especially since Flitwick and Lily Potter started to take an interest in me.

The latter surprised me a bit yesterday. Lily Potter acted differently from what I expected from her. She didn't behave snobbish or arrogant at all, and she didn't praise her child as if he the next Merlin. It felt as if I talked to a secret twin sister.

Be it as it may, I stepped out of my room and wandered into the Ravenclaw Common Room, a very spacious place decorated with blue and bronze colors. The large room was circular and had graceful, arched windows that offered a spectacular view of the school grounds, including the Great Lake and the Forbidden Forest. Aside from the tasteful wooden furniture, we had portraits of famous Ravenclaws that would answer academic questions if students requested their help.

We even had our own library, a small place with a statue of Rowena Ravenclaw in the middle of it. The older lady looked like some kind of queen with that diadem of hers that I munched two days ago.

The Ravenclaw Common Room was the best, and not because I was a member of the House, but that was simply a fact.

I mean, the Slytherins had to lurk around in the dark and unwelcoming dungeons. The path to their common room looked like the hunting grounds of a serial killer.

Gryffindor was full of loud-mouthed brats with the compulsive behavioral disorder to 'party' every night for the smallest reason. I swear that the house of the lions had a lot of brats that must be suffering from ADHD. They were always loud, talked too much, couldn't stay still, acted before thinking, and were unable to concentrate on a single task for too long.

And based on the rumors I heard, the Hufflepuff Common Room was basically designed like a big kitchen. It was strange because they were right next to the actual kitchen where the house elves prepared the food

for the school's population.

"Johnny!"

I turned around to see Paulina approach me, easily one of the prettiest girls in the younger years. She had long, wavy blond hair that was darker at the roots, sky-blue eyes, and faint aristocratic features mixed with an exotic South-European charm. The way she moved around at times told me that she grew up with many dancing lessons.

"We are going to win the House Cup!" Paulina squealed happily, jumping up and down while shaking my shoulders.

"Because of me," I pointed out with a smug smile.

Paulina stuck out her pink tongue at me. "Don't think that you are the best now, Johnny. I will surpass you next year and maybe help you with your assignments. But only if you are nice."

"Aye-aye, Captain Barbossa!" I exclaimed with a mock salute, earning myself two stomps on my foot.

We still traveled towards the Great Hall together. Paulina acted as if she hated it to be teased with pirate jokes, but she secretly enjoyed it because it allowed her to exercise violence against me. She really liked to slap, stomp, and punch me. I found it cute, and it was a great way to improve her self-defense abilities. Her punching skills improved by quite a bit.

On the way to the Great Hall, I also told her about my meeting with Flitwick and Lily Potter, making her stare at me with big eyes.

"You will receive extra tutoring with Professor Potter?" Paulina inquired with a bit of envy in her tone.

"Starting from next year," I confirmed with a nod. "My little display yesterday was more special than I imagined. They want to help me develop my fire-bending abilities."

"Can I read these books, too?" Paulina begged, giving me the puppy eyes.

"After I get them, yes," I nodded, causing her eyes to shine brightly. "We can look through them together on our ride back home."

I also planned to give her one of the books on Occlumency. There was no reason not to let others have the benefit. It would boost her focus and ability to memorize information. Paulina was a motivated girl, and I was confident that she would probably only need a year or two to become a beginner Occlumens.

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Paulina and I entered the Great Hall together and took a seat at the edge of the Ravenclaw table with the wall behind our backs. The next table was the Hufflepuff one, then came the Gryffindors, and lastly the Slytherins. Each table with a few meters of space between each other.

To my right was the High Table where the professors ate. Between myself and the High Table was a large corridor that led into the Grand Staircase Tower with the Grand Staircase. The main entrance/exit was at the other end of the hall to my left, leading into a corridor connected with the Entrance Hall and the Grand Staircase Tower.

More and more students with sleepy eyes rushed in, all hungry for some bacon and that stuff called pumpkin juice - it was a big mystery for me how anyone could enjoy something so sickly-sweet.

"Professor Potter is coming," Paulina warned in a whisper.

I nodded in thanks, but I actually already noticed that because I remembered the general feeling and strength of her magical aura.

"Good morning, everyone," Lily greeted with a perfect smile, showing us her perfect white teeth. Half of the students yawned as they greeted her back drowsily.

"Why does everyone seem so tired today?" I wondered.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. There was a party in the common room

yesterday," Paulina informed quickly. "I knocked at your door, but you didn't respond."

"That must be our fault," Lily said, placing two heavy books next to me on the table. "Professor Flitwick and I were quite fascinated by Mister Vegaz's artful use of fire-based magic."

Paulina nodded in understanding, giving the books beside me a hungry gaze. One was coal-black and titled with red letters Mastering the Inferno, while the second exemplar was covered in what must be dragon-skin, its title said: Maesters of Fyre by Ikarus Sonnenkind.

"These are the books that Professor Flitwick promised," Lily informed and waved her wand at them to cast some spell that made them glow for a second. "What I did just now was to charm them so that only you and Miss Barbossa can read them," she added with a knowing smile.

"These two are also copies of the originals and will cease to exist after about one year worth of time, so make sure you carefully study their contents," Lily advised in a stern tone that reminded me of McGonagall. "I know the content well enough to be able to test your knowledge next year, Mister Vegaz. Don't disappoint me."

Lily Potter returned to her seat besides Professor Flitwick after I thanked her. The little professor nodded back with a cheerful smile after I sent him a nod of appreciation. Paulina slid over closer to me and was basically glued into my side, eyeballing the two books with a predatory gaze.

"Stop acting like a living Ravenclaw cliché, Paulina," I scolded her in amusement.

She gulped down her saliva and hissed. "These are books from Professor Flitwick's private collection! They must be very rare. So precious..."

The other Ravenclaws at my table had a similar predatory glint lingering

in their eyes for a moment, but they lost their interest when they heard that only Paulina and I would be able to read the content of the books. And nobody dared to disrespect Flitwick by trying to steal or take them away from me.

There was an unwritten rule amongst the members of my House, saying that a true Ravenclaw should never steal or harm the book/s of a fellow eagle. Breaking this rule was one of the highest levels of crime amongst our kind. It was social suicide. You would end up scorned by everyone wearing blue and bronze. People that committed such an atrocity were condemned as Fallen Eagles.

"Lina, my dear, people will think that we are a serious couple if you continue to stay clued into my side for much longer," I whispered into Paulina's ear, causing her to yelp in shock before retreating from my side with a blush.

"And you can have the books today and can keep them until we return back home," I informed her with a grin. "I have a... ehm, other projects that required a lot of my time and won't be able to split my attention much."

Paulina's eyes started to sparkle. "Thank you, Johnny!" She snatched the two books from my side with a swiftness that would put even the quickest viper to shame. Just as quickly, they disappeared into her bag. Suddenly, seven heavy folders filled to the brim with notes dropped on the spot where the two books just rested. The collection towered almost half a meter high. I looked up and saw Louis Bolton grinning at me.

"There are my notes from all my years," he explained. "We are leading the race by a hundred and twenty points. It's safe to say that the House Cup is ours."

I thanked him and nodded with a smile. Dumbledore had no good reason

to cheat Gryffindor more than a hundred points, and the house of lions wasn't even second on the list.

"No big deal," Louis replied, slapping my back. "You are quite smart, Johnny. And if you make it to something, I can say that my notes helped you on your way."

"Ah, so you want to enter politics?" I asked with a raised brow.

He snorted and appeared as if he smelled something bad. "Only losers without talent for a proper profession become politicians..."

"My father mentioned that the current undersecretary barely managed to get her three OWLs!" he continued in contempt. "My kneazle can do better than that!"

Paulina giggled, and I couldn't stop myself from laughing either. Louis slapped my back and thanked me again for winning the House Cup for the House.

Students believed that winning the House Cup would bless them with luck for next year, and finishing your magical education as a part of the House that claimed the House Cup would bless you with good fortune for your future path in life. The same goes with the Quidditch Cup, only that it was more about getting blessed with material wealth. And to be more precise, the House Cup was about academic success, or success in your future profession if you won it during your last year.

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After eating my fill and drowning a few glasses of orange juice, Paulina and I returned to the Ravenclaw Common Room. We ultimately ended up spending the next hours together until lunchtime arrived, studying the experiences of Master Elementalists with the element of fire.

I gifted her one of my newly gained Mokeskin Pouches during lunch, making her hug me in gratitude. She didn't ask how I got them when I

told her that I found a room filled to the brim with treasure, believing that I was making a pirate joke again.

When lunchtime was over, we parted ways since I had a date with a room full of treasure, and Paulina desired to study the two books on fire-magic more intensively.

Nobody bothered me on my way to the seventh floor, not even Dysnomia, who limited her interactions with me to upset glaring during breakfast and lunch. Warrington took his defeat rather nonchalant, enjoying his food without paying any attention to me.

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Chapter 7: Chapter Seven: Get

Rich or Die Tryin'

Time passed quickly. Tomorrow was the last day at Hogwarts and the end of a fairly successful first year, I must say.

Especially after I found myself a fortune of more galleons that I could count in such a short time, appearing to be at least 20000 coin big. I discovered the mountain of gold stashed away in a bunch of magical trunks hidden below a wonky mountain of old furniture. And around the area, I noticed tiny footprints on the ground belonging most likely to house-elves. Baffled to no end, I assumed that the house-elves were simply not aware or didn't care that they are hiding away a vast fortune. Because I doubted they were hoarding all that gold like some wannabe dragons.

Of course, I also discovered even more trunks bursting with silver Sickles and bronze Knuts.

But this wasn't the end of it. For some reason, I found an enormous fortune in the form of sparkling, flawless gemstones in a small section that housed all sorts of potion ingredients, from creepy stuff like eyeballs

to weeds with exotic colors, some rotten, and some still pristine and fresh. These gemstones were at least walnut-sized, perfectly cut, and polished professionally.

I transported everything into the Chamber of Secrets, and after yelling a mocking...

"Be sss-silent, you ruddy sss-snake!"

...towards the giant and furious Basilisk that bashed its head against the mountain of heavy boulders that blocked its way out, I teleported on top of the Statue of Liberty to scream from atop of my lungs for an entire minute, unleashing my joy, before returning back to school for the traditional Leaving Feast.

Every top student of each year was congratulated during the leaving feast. We got an enchanted box with a ton of sweets as a reward, sponsored by Honeydukes. The most successful students of the seventh year received sweets and the honor to have their name immortalized on the so-called 'Wall of Fame' located in the trophy room.

Tom Marvolo Riddle had his name on that wall engraved too, right below Augusta Francisca Longbottom.

That said, the fact that a muggleborn ended up being the best in the first year caused some discontent amongst certain students. One must remember that muggleborns started with barely any knowledge about magic. Purebloods had the advantage in the beginning, and still losing to a muggleborn was a big slap in the face for the children of the more traditional families.

However, they all shut up when Dumbledore requested if I could show him my flaming ballerina. The other students that were rewarded for the academic performances returned to their seats, and I ended up being the center of attention.

"Everyone, be silent so I can focus," I rebuked the murmuring mass of students, causing Dumbledore to chuckle softly.

When silence finally descended across the Great Hall, I held both my hands in front of my chest and closed my eyes, inhaled a deep breath, and then exhaled towards my palms, giving birth to a little flame...

...that grew larger and larger, from a little girl into a large, vivid golden flame that shaped a beautiful young woman with flaming-red hair, appearing like a graceful ballet dancer. She started jumping and spinning around, dancing to silent music as everyone observed the spectacle with an awestruck expression.

This version of my flaming ballerina was much larger. She was about my own size and danced midair above my head, emitting bright, warm light that drowned the area around me in a brilliant aura of mystery.

And it wasn't a mere illusion that was overwhelming my audience, but real fire shaped into form and animated to move and dance with smooth, gracious moves, mimicking a living being.

When I thought that it couldn't get more impressive, Fawkes appeared in the Great Hall with a burst of fire. He swung his feathery wings and began to trill his legendary phoenix song as he soared in wide circles above the dancing flame.

I pumped more fiery energy into her and allowed the ballerina to grow in size a bit as she performed her last act. And when she bowed forward to her audience, I let a pair of beautiful gold and red wings sprout from her back.

Then I made her look up and jump into a bright future as she beat her fiery wings to ascend like a glorious angel, slowly fading out of existence when she approached the ceiling that portrayed a starry night sky.

McGonagall started sobbing for some reason. And after a moment of

wonderstruck silence, the Great Hall thundered with booming applause.

Even the Slytherins were clapping along and forgot for a moment that I was a muggleborn. Everyone stood up and praised the stunning display of magic that they just witnessed.

I gave each table a humble bow and patiently waited for the mass of excited students to calm down again.

Around five minutes later, Dumbledore offered his arm for Fawkes to take a seat. He stepped forward to stand next to me. The Headmaster gave me a respectful nod as if he acknowledged me as an equal before turning his attention to his students.

"In my many years, I have seen plenty of world-famous masters, mages, and sorcerers perform magic beyond the capabilities of an average person," he stated jovially with twinkling eyes. His tone was that of an old but powerful man. "Thanks to this, it takes a truly exceptional event to inspire a man of my age..."

He let the words sink in and continued, smiling widely. "And it amazes me to find myself inspired today. Not by a master, not by a mage or sorcerer, but by a student that just started his first year of magical education."

Dumbledore turned back to me and offered me his free hand. I accepted it with a wry grin while thunderous applause flooded the Great Hall again. Fawkes flattered his wings and hopped over to me. I lifted my free hand and allowed him to land on my forearm. The legendary bird sniffed at my hair before nodding his head in approval.

"Does that mean that I can I keep him now?" I asked shamelessly, causing Professor Sprout to choke on her drink. Hagrid panicked and slapped her hard on the back, causing her to headbutt the table.

Dumbledore laughed in reply. "Nobody can truly own a phoenix, Mister

Vegaz. They are very free-spirited birds. But you might be able to win the friendship of one and gain a loyal friendship that lasts for life."

Fawkes trilled a small tune and used his golden beak to pluck a vibrant crimson feather from his plumage. The phoenix pushed it into my free arm, completely catching me off guard with that rather generous move. He then squeaked something at Dumbledore and vanished in a ball of fire.

The old headmaster examined me with raised eyebrows, his eyes twinkling with unmasked surprise. "It is a rare honor to have a phoenix gift you a feather from its plumage, Mister Vegaz. Phoenixes are beings of fire, and the feather you are holding is formed from pure, elemental energy. It will serve you well in your future endeavors."

"Yeah," I replied dumbly, staring down at the feather-shaped piece of treasure resting on my palm in complete astonishment.

The feather was pure and raw, concentrated magical energy that was extremely hot without actually harming or burning my skin. It felt as if I was staring down at a gentle burning miniature sun.

"Mister Vegaz, I think it is time for us both to return to our seats and enjoy the rest of the evening with our friends," Dumbledore chuckled softly. "And thank you for your sensational performance today. It was a splendid way to conclude another great year at Hogwarts."

Regaining my wits, I nodded with a grin and returned to the Ravenclaw table to sit next to Paulina, who looked at me as if I was some kind of supernatural being.

"That was..." she stammered, blushing heavily. "You were..."

"Johnny, my young and amazing friend, that was bloody brilliant!" Louis interrupted with boisterous laughter. "It is an honor to have you as a part of our House!"

His words made the entire table nod in approval. My fellow eagles started to bombard me with a volley of questions about how I got such an awesome skill, and what book they needed to open if they wanted to learn how to do it, too. The intense questioning continued for a while until the Quidditch and House Cup was awarded to the respective winners.

Ravenclaw took the House Cup this year around. Slytherin always won it ever since Snape started teaching, but the greasy-haired ghoul couldn't deduct any points from my house since there weren't any lessons anymore in the last week, and my housemates were smart enough to completely avoid him. And Snape couldn't just pump up his house by 120 points for no good reason without causing a massive outrage - only Dumbledore had such power.

However, Slytherin won the Quidditch Cup, and so they didn't complain much in the end. They had the best and most expensive brooms since their players were all offspring of important and wealthy families. And Quidditch wasn't all that hard either if you didn't care about whether you are going to survive the match or not. So, if you got the money, you could literally buy yourself a genuine advantage over your opponent team. In some way, that sport was a pay-to-win scheme.

Skill and talent were naturally still important, but none of the more accomplished individuals in the other Houses were amazing enough to solo their team into victory.

That said, the Leaving Feast continued in a fairly jovial manner. Almost everyone except the Gryffindors was happy. The Weasley Twins were in their first year too and slowly started to take on their mantle as pranksters - and were currently bombarding the Slytherins with peas. I enjoyed my evening too, and spend most of the time teasing Paulina,

tickling her with my phoenix feather. That made some students gasp in disbelief when they saw how casually I handled such a precious magical item.

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Sitting in the Hogwarts Express back to London, I couldn't help but feel happy as I gently stroked my Mokeskin Bag that contained a small fortune composed of Galleons and even more Sickles. That money would come in handy because I planned to use it to buy myself lots of dragon meat.

Expensive, but bloody delicious dragon meat.

That said, Paulina and I had a compartment just for us and were currently discussing the benefits of Occlumency. She was completely dumbstruck after I offered her a book on it and informed her of the benefits.

"Keep the book a secret and maybe change the cover to fool curious eyes," I advised with a serious tone. "Books such as this one are very rare and even more expensive. Some unpleasant individuals will try to take it from you if they become aware that you own an exemplar."

"But how did you get it?" Paulina muttered, lifting her head to narrow her blue eyes at me. "Did you rob Professor Flitwick's office?"

I snorted. "Robbing the office of a Charm's Master and former Dueling Champion is probably a lot harder than to obtain a book on Occlumency."

"So, where did you get it then?" Paulina pressed, eyeing her new books with some hesitation. "You are a muggleborn, like me. And if what you say is true, then you can't simply buy it at Flourish and Blotts."

"Captain Barbossa, have you already forgotten about the room full of

treasure that I found?" I reminded her with a smirk. "That's where I got it."

Paulina huffed and kicked my shin. "Be honest with me!"

I shrugged my shoulders and grabbed my mokeskin pouch before picking my favorite gemstone out of it, an absolutely stunning sapphire or the size of a mandarin.

"WHHAAAAT?! Paulina gaped with bulging eyes, closing and opening her mouth a few times before practicing breathing exercises to calm herself.

"Do you believe me now?" I said with a smug grin, and then continued to fish a handful of galleons out of my mokeskin pouch while placing the gemstone back.

"Y-you-...you really found a room full of treasure?!" she stammered, blinking at me in utter disbelief.

"Hey, I am not just totally awesome, but also extremely lucky!" I bragged in a not so modest way.

Next, I grabbed her own Mokeskin Bag and tossed the Galleons into hers. Paulina froze in shock and wanted to fish them out to return them, but I stopped her.

"I got them for free, so don't worry about owning me anything," I explained with the grin of a greedy pirate. "You are Captain Barbosa, after all. See it as a tribute from your underling."

"Johnny, but it sooooo much money!" Paulina exclaimed with an expression of shock, gesturing wildly at her mokeskin pouch.

"Oh, so you want more?" She punched and kicked me when I threw several fistfuls of Galleons into her pouch. "Stop being stubborn. Accept my gift, or I will throw even more money at you!"

"You can't do that!" Paulina screeched, scandalized.

"Why not?" I argued, pushing another handful of Galleons into her

Mokeskin bag.

"Stop it!"

"No!"

"Please, stop it!"

"Don't you want to be rich?!"

"You stupid boy!"

Paulina eventually grew exhausted from punching and kicking me. She calmed down and accepted my 'little' gifts when she saw that I would stubbornly continue to throw more gold at her no matter what she did or say.

"Use it to buy yourself an owl, some nice books, and these overpriced potion kits you talked about," I suggested with a smirk and watched Paulina pouting at me in silence while hugging her Mokeskin Pouch.

"You didn't have to do that," she muttered, biting her lower lip. "We are friends, but we are not that close!"

"So vicious," I breathed, gripping my chest as if I was in pain.

"Be serious!" Paulina huffed cutely.

I stopped fooling around and schooled my expression. "Well, I decided to share a part of my newly acquired fortune with you since you are my only friend."

Paulina's eyes began to slowly water after hearing my words. She knew that I was an orphan, and she really was my first friend in this new life.

"Oh-Johnny!" she sobbed and leaped at me before pulling me into a tight hug, promising me that she was my friend and that she would never leave me. I patted her on the back and blew her long, wavy blond hair out of my face.

After sharing our hug, we started talking about the treasure I found, and so I told her that it was mostly books, gold, and a bunch of precious

stones. She didn't receive any important details, only that I discovered some money, books, and gemstones. Even if someone were to ask her about it, she couldn't give any vital information. Without proper evidence, it would mostly sound like the blabbering of a delusional child. It felt good to open myself a bit, to share a small secret with someone I could call a friend. I was basically a lone wolf for twelve years, but I began to really dislike the loneliness that accompanied me during that time.

When I was done with the story behind my newly acquired fortune, Paulina put her book on Occlumency away, thanking me again, and we began discussing the content of the books on fire magic once more. I also gave her the phoenix feather during the ride so she could draw inspiration from it.

Naturally, I would devour the feather and hope for the best. Phoenixes were one of the most magical creatures, forged from pure elemental energies, and they had wondrous legendary abilities, too. At the very least, one feather from such a legendary creature, freely given, would definitely improve my affinity, skill, and natural ability to handle the element of fire.

Speaking of freely given, I hadn't the opportunity to test that theory out, but it was common knowledge that freely given ingredients from magical creatures - such as unicorn blood, phoenix tears or feathers, and so on - were more potent. Forcibly taken unicorn blood even cursed the one that stole it, causing one to suffer from some kind of bodily rot that turned you into a living zombie, slowly but surely. Your life would be prolonged greatly, but you would feel the agonizing pain of slowly rotting away. It was actually possible to get freely given unicorn blood, but these magical horses only donated it very rarely under special circumstances.

Paulina and I ended up discussing that topic as well, about magical beings that offered ingredients for potions and crafting possessions.

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The Hogwarts Express approached London in the evening.

Paulina gave me a last hug before she was picked up by her aunt -

Sheila, a sunkissed woman with short black hair, icy blue eyes, and an athletic physique. Before leaving, the older woman made my female friend blush heavily when she made a comment about how fit I looked for a boy of my age, and that her niece has a good eye for quality.

Before I had the chance to say anything embarrassing, Paulina shoved me away, wishing me a nice summer, and then pushed her aunt into their car while the older girl was laughing merrily at the behavior of her young niece.

My feet then carried me away from the station into a secluded alley from where I teleported back to Hogwarts, into the Chamber of Johnny.

It was too late to start searching the country for Little Hangleton because I planned to visit a post-station or whatever and ask for the location of the small town. There was no internet yet, and no Google Maps. My best shot was to simply ask around in places that could provide me the information I required.

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When I arrived at my hideout, I planted my ass on one of the ancient leather armchairs that I plundered from the Room of Hidden Things.

"Alright, let's see what kind of magic you can offer me," I mumbled while inspecting the feather that Fawkes gifted me.

Without further ado, I simply heated up my hand until a bright, golden fire began to dance on my skin. It reacted to the phoenix feather like a

starving dog to a chunky piece of meat and swiftly coiled itself around it like a fiery snake, devouring the feather whole.

Moaning, I shuddered in bliss and delight when an intense surge of euphoria rushed through my body, filling every inch of me before slowly fading away.

"Fuck, this is the good stuff!" I exclaimed with a toothy grin.

An influx of instinctive knowledge popped up my mind the next second, and I was suddenly aware of the fact that my saliva of all things received a powerful healing ability. Not as potent as phoenix tears, but still. It wasn't what I hoped for, but a welcomed gift nevertheless.

"Excellent, now I have the ability to make people feel offended and grateful towards me at the same time," I concluded with a satisfied smile, chuckling mischievously.

Aside from the healing ability, I also received a small boost for my affinity to fire. The feather was a different kind of fire from my own, one that heals, and adding it to my collection would increase my general understanding of that element. Not in a direct way, but as a supportive factor when I tried to develop new fire-based spells, for example.

I already had some ideas for a few spells and already created my Roaring Fart Jinx, which the incantation being: Flatuladfremo.

Creating such simple spells was fairly easy. You needed to have the right amount of inspiration and motivation, work on the idea in your mind until you had a clear picture in your mind, and then bind that idea to a magical incantation. This was the most basic technique that existed since people began to practice magic.

There existed other techniques, too. Some people preferred the complicated but safe way and used Arithmancy to 'divine' the success of their endeavor. Creating new spells was dangerous since they could

backfire and seriously harm, or even kill you.

Speaking of the dangers of spellcrafting...

When I was eight, I sent an anonymous letter to Luna's mother, Pandora Lovegood, warning her that she should be extremely careful when meddling with magic, and avoid potentially dangerous experiments, or her daughter would grow up motherless. Ever since then, Luna's parents started working with the Scamenders and turned their Newspaper into a magazine for magical creatures enthusiasts.

Changing the original timeline didn't bother me at all since this version of Harry Potter wasn't like the one that I knew of anyway.

That said, I decided to take a power nap just because I felt like it, and teleported into a luxury hotel that I once sneaked into and secured myself an empty room.

bampf

My Extremis Virus enhanced body didn't require any sleep at all to function. Even so, I still enjoyed lazing in a comfy bed in a half-dormant state and daydream or ponder about future plans and aims.

It was also noteworthy to mention that my mental capabilities increased greatly after I devoured Ravenclaw's Diadem. It didn't magically make me smarter or anything like that but increased my focus to a level that enabled me to daydream with super-realistic clarity.

That was a great boon for my creative spirit and allowed me to play around with ideas for magics that I planned to develop in the future.

Anyway, I jumped out of my clothes and made myself comfortable in the oversized bed of my luxury apartment.

Tomorrow I would go hunting for my next Horcrux snack!

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CREATORS' THOUGHTS

LordRhyolith

Hello, guys!

Here are my thoughts on the future of the story, and answers to questions a few readers had for me.

Well, my plan is to simply write a story about an isekai protagonist doing his own thing. He won't go around to fix problems and he won't chase the plot, or try to keep the already wobbly timeline intact. He will do whatever he wants.

To make it short, it's some kind of crazy adventure. I will write about stuff that keeps me interested in continuing the story.

For example, I added the X-Men to the story for a reason. Not to let the prota chase after Jean Grey, but because I like their opponents (Magneto, Hellfire Club, etc). It will also allow the prota to experiment with the powers of these people, and maybe benefit from his research in some way or another.

And as for the plans of the prota, he will want to become a major player amongst the world's population. That doesn't mean now that he aims for world domination or ridiculous stuff like that. He is a 'normal' guy with 'not so normal' ambitions, but still nothing too absurd.

What about the harem?

Well, I already have [4] girls planned. More may come if they serve a purpose.

Will there be lemons?

Most likely when the scene/situation permits it. But it won't be a major focus of the story.

With all that being said, I hope my story is going well so far.

Have a nice day!

Chapter 8: Chapter Eight: Corrupt

Magic

Two weeks into the summer holidays and I finally found Little Hangleton, casually arriving there by taxi.

It took me so long because I was a German in my past life and not really familiar with the UK, and the birthplace of Voldy was almost completely abandoned, with few people knowing about that place. Only a handful of stubborn old people still lived around here.

But I didn't bother to hurry much anyway since the Horcrux wasn't going to run away. I prioritized my personal improvement and was invested most of my time in honing my magical abilities, learning some new tricks from the books that Flitwick gave me.

One of my favorite spells from the 'easy' category, and the one I invested most of my practice time into, was called Flammarys. However, the version that I used was a modified version of the original because I cast the spell infused with my special fire, giving it additional properties of a very destructive nature.

Flammarys manifested as a scorching beam of super-hot fire that appeared somewhat liquid to the eye, and after hitting the target, it would engulf the victim with blazing, ravenous flames. These flames would sustain themselves by feeding off the victim's magic or by absorbing the ambient magic from the environment. The only way to put them out was to counter them with the natural enemy of fire, which was water.

It sounded like an easy thing to do, but tell that the guy that was burning alive.

In addition to its viciousness, Flammarys could be utilized to severely weaken magic constructs such as wards, or enchantments that protected doors, etc. The applications were only limited by my own imagination.

Still, any of my spells had the potential to become a so-called 'magic eater.' The nature of my fire made that possible without much of an effort from my side. I only had to cast my spells with some of my special fiery energy mixed along.

That said, I was currently traveling aimlessly around in the outskirts of Little Hangleton, searching for the Gaunt Shack. It took me about two hours to eventually find it, and only because the place reeked of the vilest sort of dark magic. The corruption in the air was so intense that I had the impression that the devil in the flesh squeezed out a big pile of shit around here.

There was also a dark voice whispering in the wind, attempting to lure me into the high grass surrounding the Gaunt Shack. But my fire luckily granted me a natural immunity to such tricks. The enchantments aimed to draw me close to the snakes that were hidden in the area. These foul beasts created through the darkest arts would bite and inject cursed venom into my body, and then I would suffer a most horrible death and slowly die in agony before turning into an undead monster.

However, the moment the foreign and very malicious magic invaded my body, my fire mercilessly devoured it like everything else.

"What a bloody shithole," I commented with a scoff when I saw the Gaunt Shack in its full splendor.

Magical enchantments kept it 'pristine,' which actually meant it kept the ramshackle house from getting blown away by the wind. Even the poorest, most fucked up slum could easily offer a more comfortable housing than the Gaunt Shack - the ancestral home of a supposed Most Noble and Ancient Family. How ridiculous that exactly these people believed themselves to be above the muggles who lived in the area while literally living in a pile of dirt. Their extensive practices of incest must

have seriously damaged their already rotting brains, and Voldemort was the apex creation after countless generations of abnormality.

Ignoring the pile of wooden planks, I closed my eyes and recalled the exact phrase I had to speak in order to deactivate the protections around this place.

hiss

"Open the path for Lord Voldemort, the greatest of all wizarding kind!"

After the last word was hissed, the tall grass that surrounded the house slowly transformed into an oily mass of black snakes. Below the pile of slithering snakes was a mass grave that was at least twenty human corpses big, containing everything from children to elderly people that sported expressions of pure horror and pain. Their gaunt bodies were dehydrated to look like mummies and were rotten to the point that they took an unnatural black color, while their wide-open eyes were glowing with an abnormal hateful glaring red light. They had wide gaping mouths filled with black spiky teeth, and hands that ended in long, sickly-shaped claws.

Such an absolutely inhumane practice of the dark arts was worthy of instant execution by Demento's Kiss. Killing Voldy wasn't like killing a human, but getting rid of some twisted demon-like thing. While born human, he totally lost himself in the madness that would corrupt everyone that played with magic fuelled by negative emotions. The more depraved and monstrous your mind, the stronger you were with the 'Dark Side.' That's why people like Bellatrix, who was notorious for her insanity, were so 'skilled' with dark curses.

Focusing my mind again, I sneered at the manifestation of second-class magic before me. It was truly a sad thing that innocent people and

children had to die and suffer because some raving-mad fucker decided to go fully crazy.

"Alright, this place needs to be burned down," I stated in a matter-of-fact tone.

There was no way that I would simply ignore such a vile death trap. One of the corpses was that of a little child. The magic would lure more people into walking in here to be bitten by the snakes, and amass a cheap army for Voldy that he can use to terrorize more innocent people. I would get rid of this place and burn it down until nothing was left.

"Fucking psychopathic piece of shit," I cursed with a shake of my head, thinking of the monster in human shape that created this trap, and then started walking on the S-shaped stone path that was revealed before me.

Obliterating the wooden door of the Gaunt Shack with a low-powered Bombarda, I entered a sparsely furnished room covered in a thick layer of dust and some kind of bright-green mold that thrived in the presence of necrotic magic.

I didn't waste much time and stomped my feet hard on the floor until I hit the right plank, breaking the half-rotten piece of wood into tiny bits. My eyes caught sight of a metal box sitting comfortably in a small hole in the ground.

Next, I crouched down to pick it up and opened it to reveal a crudely made gold ring with a large pyramid-shaped black gemstone - the Resurrection Stone!

It even showed the symbol of the Deadly Hallows, with the ring glowing the brightest.

However, I didn't touch the ring yet. My fire made me resistant against lots of stuff, especially the Mind Arts, but I decided to pick the safe route and use Flammarys to destroy all the dark curses applied on the ring.

Better be safe than sorry, recalling what happened to Dumbledore's arm in the original story.

I stood up and drew my wand from my holster before pointing it at the ring.

"Flammarys!"

Golden fire shot at the ring, engulfing it before beginning to feast on the magics applied to it. That made the Horcrux come to life and scream in pain. Voldemort's freakish face appeared over the ring, looking furious and terrified at the same time.

I cheekily stuck my tongue out at him and continued my fiery assault, ignoring the blabbering of the nose-less face.

"Cursed boy, I will hunt you down, kill your family, rape your loved ones, and turn your body into a vessel of agonizing pain!"

"Keep dreaming, old fart," I scoffed, giving him a look of contempt. "You will lose each of your beloved Horcruxes to me, and there is nothing you can do against it."

Voldemort's face twisted with murderous rage and hatred for a second or two before he began to fully comprehend the exact meaning of my words. His previous expression dropped, and I recognized fear and dread shrouding his inhumane features, but my fire did too much damage to the Horcrux at this point. He wasn't able to beg or plea with me anymore. Not that he would ever have a chance to change my mind. Devouring his soul piece was simply too beneficial.

"Enjoy your time in hell, your freaking asshole," I mocked with a wide grin.

Focusing my mind, I pumped more power into my spell and continued to down the ring in vivid golden flames. It soon began melting completely and then slowly vanished into nothingness until only the Resurrection

Stone was left.

I stopped my spellcasting when I saw that the stubborn Resurrection Stone refused to melt fast enough. So, I crouched down and picked the black gemstone off the ground and popped it into my mouth like a piece of candy.

"This should do the trick," I muttered to myself with a confident nod.

While sucking at my legendary bonbon, I felt a new influx of fragmented memories appear in my mind. They fused with those I gained from devouring the diadem Horcrux, and I felt somewhat smarter, but not in a direct way. The fragmented memories suddenly gave me a general understanding of how to cast a Bombarda Maxima properly. Half of the spells that I wanted to learn in the next few years became much clearer in my mind. I sensed that, if I wished, I could learn and master them with little effort.

"Bloody awesome!" I exclaimed with a big, fat grin.

Besides that, I also gained a small boost for both my magical and physical qualities. Consuming concentrated magic like that nourished my pseudo-elemental body greatly.

And lastly, I gained seven drops of Souls Essence from Voldemort's Horcrux once again. My wand reacted to that by vibrating with excitement. I shook my head with a fond smile before pushing the seven drops up into my arm and then into my hand. The draconic head at the endcap of my wand wolfed everything down, roaring with great satisfaction after munching each drop.

In the meantime, the Resurrection Stone was almost gone by this point. I swallowed what remained of it and waited patiently for something awesome to happen.

"Oh?"

My brows rose in wonder when I felt one drop of Soul Essence after another appear in my body. That procedure continued until the drops eventually became fifty and still carried on to grow in numbers.

Furthermore, I instinctively became aware of the fact that I just gained a significant boost in my previously non-existent affinity for soul magic. It was a nice bonus, but knowledge about soul magics was probably as rare as a phoenix. The only pieces of soul magics I was aware of were the Horcruxes, the Fidelius Charm, and the stuff that I read in the books on sex-magic. But I wouldn't look a gifted horse in the mouth and accepted the unexpected gift without complaining.

'Hmm?'

My attention was drawn to my chest when I felt my skin tingle all of a sudden. I pulled my shirt up to see that the symbol of the Deathly Hallows appeared on the spot where my heart was. The ring was rich ink-black, while the triangle and the vertical line that ran through the middle were light-grey in color.

"Fucking hell!" I complained loudly, unwilling to have such a simple and stupid-looking tattoo defiling my beautiful, chiseled chest.

However, the symbol of the Deathly Hallows disappeared a second after I expressed my displeasure. I sensed that I could make the symbol reappear again if I wished it, but decided against it. Tattoos were nice and all that, but I preferred my skin to keep its natural appearance.

Anyway, my focus traveled to the whopping one-hundred drops of Soul Essence that were stored inside my body.

I felt my wand vibrate again in excitement, so I fed it until the draconic head munched 35 drops. Nothing much happened after that, but my connection to my wand told me that it was undergoing a qualitative change.

The words 'Dredragon, The Black Wyrn' appeared in my head. It was basically a message that my wand wished to be called like that from now on.

'What the fuck?'

Whatever just happened, my gut feeling explained to me that my wand must have developed a pseudo-sentience.

"Quite the cocky name, don't you think?" I scoffed in amusement, hiding my confusion and amazement as I inspected my wand.

To be honest, I somewhat expected that feeding Soul Essence to my wand would do some strange things to it. But still seeing it actually happened made me feel as if I just witnessed something legendary. I couldn't help but grin like a little child that just got gifted a new, awesome toy.

Sentient magical objects existed, but they were extremely rare. They were so damn rare that I actually didn't know of any. At least, nobody in the magical UK owned one. The cloak of Dr. Strange could pass off as a sentient artifact, but I only knew of that cloak because of my special knowledge.

"Dredragon," I mumbled, waiting for a reaction of my wand.

Instead of answering back, its tip farted a stream of golden fire before the wand lazily a dormant state. My expression sunk, but I could understand that it needed some rest after devouring so many drops of Soul Essence.

My wand was still awesome!

Well, I still had 65 drops of Soul Essence inside me left to experiment around, but now was not the time. Before that, I had to burn down the Gaunt Shack and the cursed area around it.

"Time to get to work, Johnny," I told myself before pushing a furious Incendio through my wand, filling the room with raging fire before I left the ramshackle house.

When I exited the proximity of the cursed soil, I cast an overpowered Flammarys to flood the area with golden fire. The black snakes and the Inferi started to disintegrate into black smoke that was devoured by my ravenous fire. Everything was consumed by the small inferno. Nothing was left after nearly twenty minutes of intense burning.

The area where the shabby Gaunt Shak once stood appeared as if hit by an incendiary bomb. The dark magic was completely gone, and the highly unnatural, unwelcoming, and unclean aura that infected the air along with it. The area was safe again.

Now that I finished my business here, I teleported to the local graveyard before pulling a shovel out of my mokeskin pouch.

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My expression was that of fiendish delight when I returned to the Chamber of Secrets a few hours later. Switching the bones of Voldy's father with those of his grandfather wouldn't fuck up the ritual, but they were a less potent ingredient.

This would subtly weaken Voldemort without letting him know about it - just as I liked. Because nobody wanted a Dark Lord that was aware of his weakness. That would only fuel his twisted ambitions and make Voldemort seek out even more horrible ways to get stronger. And who knows what such a raving-mad individual would do to get his desired level of strength.

No, I preferred Voldy to continue thinking that he was the ultimate apex predator of the wizarding world. Such a mindset would make him overconfident and careless, and vulnerable to opportunistic ambush hunters like me that would wait until the perfect opportunity arrived.

SKREEEEEE!

My thoughts were interrupted by the furious basilisk.

"Silence, you stupid snake!" I cursed loud enough for the serpentine monster to understand me, causing it to erupt with a roaring hiss.

It was time to kill the basilisk since it refused to calm down, and I didn't want the beast to mutilate itself and bash its head to mush before I had the chance to feed it to my fire, so I decided to get me a rooster tomorrow and end its miserable existence. Nice and easy. Devouring a basilisk would be a big milestone on my path to power. Just thinking about it made my voracious fire heat up in arousal.

But first, I planted my arse on a comfy, throne-like armchair before I emptied the content of my mokeskin pouch on the black marble floor.

This was necessary because I didn't want to lose all my stuff if my little experiment went wrong - since I planned to use a drop of Soul Essence to see what happened if I infused it into the mokeskin pouch.

I already realized that Soul Essence was a pure form of magic, and its main attribute was that it enhanced the quality of the stuff enriched with it. And based on my instinctive knowledge about Soul Essence, I could even infuse that stuff into a spell to permanently increase the overall potency of said spell. Not sure how such a thing was even possible, but magic made many things possible that shouldn't be possible at all - like splitting one's soul.

Having said that, I grabbed my dark-grey mokeskin pouch and started my experiment by feeding it one drop of Soul Essence. In response, the storage capacity of the pouch swiftly increased by about a half, gaining enough space to fit a car inside it. Furthermore, the exterior morphed from dark-grey silk to manifest overlapping blackish scales, and the opening of the coconut-sized bag grew small, sharp teeth that formed a zipper.

After the transformation was over, I let my hand approach the 'zipper' of my mag and saw it open for me without any resistance. Then I stuffed my hand into the mouth of my bag and breathed in relief when it didn't try to bite my hand off.

"Hmm, how very interesting," I muttered with intrigue. "Even a single drop of Soul Essence has the ability to do some seriously weird shit with stuff."

Just a single drop of the stuff had such a wondrous effect on my mokeskin pouch. That made me start to imagine what would happen if I infused a broom with Soul Essence - or any other magical device.

However, I wouldn't start to carelessly waste this wondrous recourse since it could be used to empower my spells, too. That was my top priority since it would make me more efficient in dealing with the dangers that lurk in the shadows of this world.

And because of that, I decided to grab the two books that I got from Flitwick.

The first one, *Mastering the Inferno*, was less useful for me since it assumed that the reader was a normal human. I didn't need to master fire since I was the Fire. But I still memorized all the techniques, theories, and philosophies since they had the potential to be applied to other elements as well if one was creative enough.

As for the second book, *Maesters of Fyre*, that one was written by a Fire-Elementalist that traveled the world to interview others of his kind. It was mostly a collection of stories and experiences. But it also offered some of the favorite spells of all the people mentioned in the book. And since we are talking about old pyromaniacs, most of these spells mentioned were of a highly destructive nature.

That made me wonder why Flitwick trusted me with such a book.

Well, most of these spells were highly advanced. And fire-magic was one of the most volatile kinds of elemental magic, right after the top spot - lightning.

Flitwick was probably just trying to motivate me and assumed that my success would be limited to the not so dangerous 'rookie spells offered in the book. At least, I seriously doubt he would have given me the book if he was aware of the fact that learning fire-magic came to me as easy as breathing.

"Very well, guess I study and practice until morning before I go to get myself a nice and big cock that I will use to fuck the basilisk to death," I announced myself with a stupid grin, ignoring the enraged hissing that echoed in the area.

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Chapter 9: Chapter Nine:

Improvements & Ambitions

Things went quite well for me in the last time. I got several power-ups, and the noisy basilisk was finally dead. It only took me a Confundus Charm and a rooster that was suddenly felt like crowing until the poor bird exhausted itself from it. Then I returned it back to the small family farm from where I took it and left a complete medieval suit of armor as a small compensation for stealing the farmer's cock. It might be worth a small fortune, but selling the armor was too much of a hassle, and I had better things to do right now.

Indeed, I just finished teleporting all the boulders a few meters away from the mouth of the creepy old grandpa, allowing me to access the dead basilisk. As for the fourteen boulders, I decided to keep them in case I needed them again in the future.

Anyway, I had a few large crystal-glass jars prepared to harvest the

highly corrosive basilisk venom.

The oversized eyes of the giant basilisk greeted me with their sickly-yellow coloring and large, black slits. Its head was surprisingly less snake-like and resembled that of a dragon with a slightly elongated mouth that ended in a sharp beak, filled with large and dagger-like teeth. Above its yellow eyes were two massive horns that grew backward with a slight wave.

And as for the body, the basilisk has a massive physique and appeared like a 'short' snake that was slightly fat but packed with muscles. Its dark-green scales were large with sharp edges and dangerously spiky to the touch.

Its entire physique looked similar to that of a so-called Lindwurm, a limbless, wingless dragon species that once existed in Germany and France before it was hunted into extinction. It was the weakest of all dragon kind, and brave muggle knights used its death as a means to gain fame and glory.

That said, there was no way that Harry Potter could have realistically killed a basilisk like the one before me with just a sword alone. The impressive monstrosity looked like a ferocious Titanoboa on steroids, with the head of a horned T-Rex, and eyes that could deliver instant death. It was a massive creature and could simply steamroll Harry to death without much of an effort.

"It's nice to be the protagonist of a story," I muttered to myself while milking the basilisk teeth of all their precious venom.

To do that, I used an iron pole and poked one of the many teeth in order to trigger its injection-reflex. In the meantime, I would hold my crystal-glass jar below the tooth and collect the bright, neon-green venom that the pointy end of the tooth squirted out.

It took me about an hour to harvest every drop of venom possible. The nine jars that I filled with the venomous green liquid were more than enough for several lifetimes. It was mainly used as a potion ingredient, and a drop was usually enough. And now, I had what appeared to at least a thousand drops in each jar.

After finishing milking the monster snake, I sealed the jars and stored them away, placing them in the corner with the important and valuable stuff.

And when I returned to the massive basilisk, I gave it a last look before I drew my wand to cast an overpowered Flammarys at it. Vivid golden fire started to engulf the serpentine monster with ravenous hunger.

The size of my 'manapool' was fairly impressive and didn't exhaust easily. The bountiful ambient magic in the Chamber of Secrets also made my spell even stronger, so I was basically continuously casting Flammarys without pausing once. My wand was like an erupting volcano, spewing fire and even more fire at the melting basilisk.

All the while, a rush of power filled my body. Both my magic and body were improved and received a significant boost, and I even felt myself growing a few centimeters in height. My eyes started to feel like two pieces of scorching-hot coal, too. It was a painful experience, but the bubbling excitement I felt from the possibility of obtaining an awesome upgrade and new magical skill allowed me to casually ignore the pain with a wide smile on my face.

My skin started to tingle after a while, which was an indicator for me that it obtained a qualitative improvement, too.

One hour easily passed this way, and I still kept showering the dead basilisk with my voracious fire that devoured the large body bit by bit, slowly but surely.

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Several hours later and Slytherin's basilisk joined his master in the afterlife, and the benefits I reaped were absolutely bloody awesome.

First, I got a 'Serpent King' aura that would make spiders flee in terror and snakes worship me as their supreme emperor.

"Oh, I really want to see how Spiderman reacts to this ability," I chuckled devilishly.

The second gain was a major improvement of my skin, making my birthday suit more resistant against foreign and malicious magics and energies, and also physical damage to some degree. The effect would be a great deal more powerful in my true form.

And as for the last and most awesome gain... well, my eyes received a magical enhancement, and I would be able to cast certain spells with my eyes from now on! Stuff like the Confundus Charm, for example.

Furthermore, I could focus my fiery energy and summon two powerful and highly destructive laser beams from my eyes, similar to Superman's ability in many ways. However, there was a downside. Weaponizing my eyes in such a manner would physically exhaust me a great deal. This ability wasn't of a magical nature, but a newly gained natural ability for my eyes and each second would drain my body's energy reserves.

Nevertheless, I was a very happy Johnny Vegaz. I planned to use my 'Fiery Vision' as a hidden dagger to catch enemies off-guard.

"Maybe I should hunt down that Fenrir Greyback fellow," I muttered thoughtfully while scratching the back of my head.

Greyback was a sick fuck that didn't only infect children with the werewolf curse out of perverted amusement, but he raped most girls he came across before eating them. He was a homicidal psychopath, rapist, cannibal, and much more. Killing him was a must, and I really wanted to

see what happens if I fed a human to my fire - or a werewolf.

Killing Greyback was quite easy for me since I was physically more powerful, and Greyback, while dangerous, was known to be a shitty wizard. He preferred to get close to his prey and rip you apart with his claws. He was more beast than human and fought just like one.

"Yeah, but I need to find that guy first," I reminded myself as I walked out of the mouth of the creepy old grandpa.

Finding Greyback would be a real chore. He was still in the UK since he saw himself as an alpha, and the werewolves of mainland Europe were under the leadership of an alpha from Transylvania. An alpha would never tolerate the presence of another, and that guy from the mainland was a so-called Sholomenar, which was a title given to people that graduated from Sholomance.

And Sholomance was the same school where the legendary Count Dracula graduated from - the prime ancestor of all vampires. He was the official ruler of Transylvania, one of the oldest and largest magical communities.

Sholomance was also the school that Lilith visited - the first succubae and the reason for the downfall of the ancient city of Babylon, the first magical community. She was also known as the Mother of Discord.

Not to mention Baba Yaga, she was a crazy Dark Lady from Russia that had the habit of turning beautiful people into horrifying, twisted monsters.

All these people lived for hundreds of years already. Voldemort was a small country pumpkin compared to these guys. I mean, it wasn't a secret that Count Dracula was the champion of Sholomance, serving a literal demon that was the headmaster of the school. And because of his position, Count Dracula commanded a colossal, undead black dragon that

acted as the mascot of the school.

There must be a good reason why Greyback avoided the alpha werewolf that ruled over mainland Europe.

Anyways, back to the main topic.

Fenrir Greyback was really good at hiding. My guess was that he was using the Forbidden Forest as his hideout since it was the only place around here large enough to hide him. It was a gargantuan forest, and Greyback was a wolf, in some way. It was only natural that he would want to hide in a place where his animalistic side felt homey.

But simply wandering into the Forbidden Forest felt too risky for me at the moment, even with the ability to teleport away in the face of danger.

It was probably wiser to wait at least a year or two until I learned enough magic tricks to deal with more types of situations. Until then, I might even be able to increase my strength once again in some way.

With all that said, I moved to the corner with the precious stuff and grabbed myself a few dusty tomes from the bookshelf I had standing there. The books I found in the Room of Hidden Things weren't useless at all, and memorizing their contents was a must. More knowledge means a stronger foundation, and a strong foundation means an easier path when it comes to developing my own spells and style.

Well, I wasn't personally interested in the content shown in books such as *Magick Moste Vile* or *The Black Serpent*. That stuff seemed to have been written by a member of a satanic cult, especially the latter. But it was still knowledge, and I valued all knowledge.

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Days turned into a week and one week turned into two. Most of my time was invested in studying and practicing all kinds of new magics.

My progress was surprisingly impressive due to the support of Voldemort's fragmented memories. They made it quite easy for me to learn the more advanced spells of the Hogwarts curriculum, such as the shield charm *Protego*, the blasting curse *Confringo*, and so on.

There was still a lot of practice necessary, however. I wanted to master all these spells to be able to cast them silently. That was a significant advantage in battle. It shortened the 'casting-time' since I didn't have to utter the incantation verbally anymore, and it would add a surprise factor to the game.

I also started to feel slightly 'overpowered' for a boy of my age. I was picking up one spell after another, and some were mastered after just a few hours of practice.

Well, I was mostly talking about the basic stuff, but even so... my progress was almost ridiculous. Only two weeks and I learned everything one could learn in the first four years of Charms, DADA, and Transfiguration, and was able to cast the majority of the stuff silently. The more advanced magics took a little bit more time, but at this rate... I was confident that I could complete my entire magical education before my fourth year.

What was left was Potions and Runes, but I wasn't really interested in magical cooking, and Runes had to wait because of its time-consuming nature. You first had to carefully carve the rune, then fill it up with special ink, and then utter the proper 'words of power' to activate the rune - and you had to do that for every single rune that followed. And when you finished, you sometimes had to connect all the runes you have drawn with so-called 'runic knots' - depending on what effect you were aiming for.

That's why I decided to focus on 'simple' spellcasting. There were spells

available for almost everything runes and potions could do. However, spells were more demanding from the caster. You had to be practiced and skillful, required a lot of mental focus, and some spells requested a certain amount of power.

Runesmithing and Potioneering only required skill and patience - and high focus if you want to be really good at them. These two magical schools were sometimes more efficient than spells, but you had to invest a lot of time to make it work.

For example, the luck potion Felix Felicis was a real chore to brew, and one mistake in the process had the chance of killing you in a violent explosion. Also, the potion would need at least six months until it was finished and ready for consumption. And while the effect was certainly nice, the potion itself would also make you overconfident and prone to reckless behavior. Basically, you would turn into a Gryffindor with plot-armor.

With all that being said, I decided to focus all my attention on spellcasting for now since it profited me the most.

One of my future ambitions was to hunt down magical creatures with special abilities to devour them and assimilate their magical abilities. So, I wanted to be prepared for that with a large arsenal of spells.

Fenrir Greyback would also be the first person that I would kill. The more magic I knew, the better my chances to succeed in that endeavor.

Because of that, I was training and practicing for the majority of my days and only stopped in order to get myself some orange juice and lots of delicious stripes of smoked dragon meat from the Diagon Alley. The latter was quite expensive with five Galleons for a pound, but I didn't care much about how much money I spent if it served my personal progress.

Devouring the smoked dragon meat seemed to nourish my body for a little bit. The amount of dragon meat I consumed so far made me feel stronger, more vigorous and energetic, and manlier, too. It was a nice effect, and so I ended up buying all the dragon meat that I could get my hands on.

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Chapter 10: Chapter Ten: Diagon

Alley

August arrived quickly with me doing nothing but practicing magic and eating dragon meat. However, I soon consumed all the meat and was forced to visit the Diagon Alley in order to resupply again.

Teleporting to London, I appeared in a small, secluded alley that was relatively close to the leaky cauldron. Then I made my way to the said location and entered the Diagon Alley without much of a hassle.

I traveled down the cobblestone street and only halted at a shop called Magical Menagerie that sold pets. Getting myself a pet wasn't really a plan of mine since I was an irresponsible brat and would probably starve the poor thing to death, but I still stopped by from time to time to see if there was Niffler for sale.

Sure, it sounded cruel, but I planned to feed one to my flames to see if I could gain the magical ability to detect precious metals and gemstones. Nifflers also had a belly pouch that could store a freaking lot of stuff. I didn't desire to have a belly pouch myself like some freakish kangaroo-human hybrid, but devouring the creature will give me an insight to the nature of its magic. It may help me create a new kind of Expansion Charm, or whatever.

Anyway, seeing that I was unlucky today, I left the menagerie and continued walking for a few minutes until I came across a small side

street. It was a special area where numerous grocery stores and other shops that sold food and drinks were gathered at one spot. My target was a small shop that went by the name of The Falcon's Nest.

Entering the humble shop, I was greeted by a man in his forties, wearing black pants and a red shirt. He was tall and muscular with dirty-blond hair that was swept back, and with some of it being styled into a ponytail in the back. His face sported a bearded chin-strap and green-colored eyes, one of which was covered by a black eye-patch and with a triple set of parallel, linear scars passing vertically, at an angle over said eye.

"You again," the older man noted, giving me an odd look.

"Yeah, it's me," I replied casually and approached his counter. "And I am here for some delicious dragon meat. Can you provide with some?"

"What happened to the 100 pounds that I just sold you?!" he demanded, shaking his head in bafflement.

I rubbed my belly and grinned. "Who knows, but that doesn't matter anyway. I have the coin, and you have the meet. Do we have a deal?"

Before the shop owner could say anything, the door opened, and another customer stepped in. This one was a young girl that appeared around two or three years younger than me. She was quite pretty with the charms of a young princess, but there was an unnatural emotionless expression clouding her angelic face. Her steel-grey eyes that barely contained any sign of life halted on me for a few seconds before turning to the shop owner.

She greeted the owner in a monotone and very formal tone, requesting a few pounds of dragon meat from him.

"Unfortunately, there is nothing left, Miss Greengrass," the shop owner explained with a weak smile.

My brows rose at that. The only Miss Greengrass with blonde hair was

Daphne. Her family was well-known due to their history, status, and so on, and since her father was a big player in the Wizengamot. There was also a report in the Daily Prophet some time ago mentioning that her younger sister Astoria Greengrass took the title of the heir - for some unexplained reason.

"Well, I have some dragon meat left if you really want some," I offered, giving Daphne a roguish smile that made her expression warm up a little. The shop owner muttered something under his breath, accusing me of being a glutton.

Suddenly, the door to the shop opened again, and an even younger girl with bushy brown hair that was wearing a pink dress rushed into it. She was followed by a tall, black-haired, and good-looking woman with really pale skin. The older lady was clad in luxurious robes that showed off wealth.

"Duffy, Duffy, Duffy!" the little girl sang mockingly. "Where is daddy's dragon meat?"

The expression of the older woman turned grim for a second when her eyes stopped on Daphne, but only for a moment before turning 'friendly' again. She scanned the room and snorted towards me for no reason before asking Daphne why she hasn't bought the dragon meat yet.

"Good lady," I interrupted rudely, making every eye turn towards me, especially the pair of the older lady. "Please wait in line because the next delivery of dragon meat is going to be all mine. Do you understand?"

My tone became threatening towards the end, and I used my newly gained magical abilities to assault her with my mind-bending ability through my eyes. Azazel's ability wasn't as powerful as the Imperius, but its effect was definitely superior to the Confundus Charm. I was already able to use it with my eyes before devouring the basilisk, but the potency

of the ability only grew with the enhancement of my eyes.

That said, I didn't have a good impression of Lady Greengrass. And nobody snorts at me like she did and gets away unpunished.

"Hey!" screeched the bushy-haired girl. "You can't talk to my mommy like that!"

Rolling my eyes, I turned to the little girl. "Sorry, little Miss, but your mommy needs to respect the fact that I am first in line, don't you agree?"

The bushy-haired girl looked unsure for a moment, but her eyes eventually lit up in realization. She began to nod wildly. "Yes, mommy needs to wait until it's her turn!"

"And all the future dragon meat in this shop is mine!" I declared with an authoritative tone, giving the older woman a hard glare that made her flinch slightly.

"Mommy, I want a new dress!" the bushy-haired girl demanded, jumping up and down impatiently. "Buy me a new dress, Mommy. I want a new dress!"

The older lady blinked in confusion before nodding with a gentle smile. She and the little girl left the shop and left me, the owner, and Daphne alone.

"Was that your mother?" I asked bluntly.

Daphne hesitated a moment before shaking her head sadly. "No, my mother died some time ago."

"Sorry to hear that," I said before grabbing a few stripes of smoked dragon meat out of my makeskin pouch. "Have some. It's delicious."

"Thank you," Daphne replied shyly, accepting my gift with a faint smile.

She then turned away and started nibbling on the smoked dragon meat, looking as if she had no idea what she is doing.

"Your step-mother seems to be quite annoying," I commented with a

snort, making Daphne swirl around to stare at me with wide eyes.

The shop owner said nothing, but he didn't seem to disagree with me.

"Hey, you should be coming to Hogwarts in about a year, isn't that right?"

I asked Daphne, making her nod in silence. "Then make sure you enter Ravenclaw. Everyone other House is full of irritating baboons. Trust me, you don't want to share your living space with them for the next seven years."

Just like that, I ended up telling her about Hogwarts and my personal opinion on Slytherin, Gryffindor, and Hufflepuff. Then I listed all the benefits and advantages of being a member of House Ravenclaw. Daphne listened attentively to my blatant Ravenclaw propaganda, munching smoked dragon meat all the while.

"My mother was in Ravenclaw," Daphne muttered with sadness clouding her features.

She and I were currently sitting in a corner of the shop. The owner was even so helpful to conjure us two seats since it didn't look like we would leave anytime soon.

"Well, your mother must have been fiercely intelligent," I praised, making the blonde girl beam with pride.

"What about your mother?" Daphne asked curiously. "What house did she visit?"

"Ehm... well, I am an orphan," I admitted, shocking the young girl. "And I have no idea about my parents. Not even the people of the orphanage. All I know is that they found me as a baby in front of their door in the middle of the night."

"Are you... a muggleborn?" Daphne inquired with a whisper.

"Maybe, maybe not..." I replied with a shrug. "But I don't really care."

"Me neither," Daphne whispered silently, smiling mischievously while

looking absolutely adorable.

We continued to chat for quite a while, mostly about Hogwarts and what she can expect in the first year. Daphne also told me a bit about herself and her family, explaining that Astoria was the new heiress because her father married Violetta after the death of her mother. She even confessed that she wants to run away from home because her father plans to marry her off to an older boy that she doesn't like.

In response to that, I asked for his name and almost choked on my food when I heard that she was to be married off to Boraxius Parkinson.

The Daily Prophet didn't report much negative news about members of old pureblood families, but I recently heard two older boys from my house talking about that Boraxius guy. He was caught operating several brothels filled with muggle girls of all ages that he abducted and turned into pleasure-slaves by drugging them with various mind-altering potions.

Stuff like that was absolutely and highly illegal. It still happened in secret, but some magical communities punished such actions with death. Not because they cared for justice or for the muggles that were harmed, but because these girls all have parents, friends, and so on. Their disappearance would be noticed for sure.

About two hundred years ago, in the USA, some guys did something similar and ended up abducting the daughter a powerful mutant with the ability to turn into freaking air and control the winds. What followed was one of the biggest losses of magical blood in history. Half of the US-American wizarding community was exterminated in under a year, ruthlessly cut to pieces by an invisible reaper that used the wind as a deadly scythe.

That said, I noted the name Boraxius Parkinson in the back of my head.

Daphne and I carried on and chatted comfortably for several hours until she was forced to call for a house-elf in order to get back home. Before leaving, she shyly told me to not forget about her until she was old enough to join me at Hogwarts.

The shop owner shook his head at me after Daphne was gone.

"You might be too young to understand that, but her father is a dangerous man that will kill you if you touch his daughter in the wrong way," he warned gravely. "Her mother might have been a kind and gentle soul, but Damien Greengrass is a heartless asshole."

"He might be dangerous, but I am deadly," I stated with a carefree grin, causing the shop owner to slap his face.

"You must have been dropped on the head when you were a babe," he scoffed with a shake of his head. "Do what you want, but make sure you don't make others suffer for your recklessness. If you want to hunt a beast so badly, you have to do it alone."

I nodded. "By the way... what's your name?"

"Rollo Skandrberg," the shop owner replied with a small snort.

"My name is Johnny Vegaz," I said, offering my hand to the guy. "Nice to meet you!"

Rollo accepted my handshake with a smirk, and I left his shop after reminding him to make sure he had enough dragon meat the next time.

In response, he fired a salvo of wandless stinging hexes after me.

"Alright, this guy is dangerous," I muttered to myself as I traveled towards the Leaky Cauldron.

Well, I already knew that Rollo wasn't an average shop owner. The aura he radiated was one of the strongest I sensed so far, only second to Dumbledore. But he didn't feel like a dangerous fighter and more like a silent observer. The eye that was hidden behind the patch was also highly

suspicious. It radiated a strange kind of magic that felt harmless but also deadly dangerous at the same time.

Whoever he was, the dragon meat he was selling was delicious...

...and that's all that matters.

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August passed quickly with me studying and practicing magic day and night with little rest in between. I only stopped to get more orange juice and dragon meat.

Rollo was so 'nice' to sell me his entire delivery of delicious smoked Chinese Fireball meat, marinated and cut into small stripes. It 'only' cost me 4500 galleons, almost a quarter of my fortune, but it was totally worth it. The meat of the Chinese Fireball was even more nourishing and tasted freaking bloody wonderful with a nice, spicy flavor.

All this tasty food gave me a lot of motivation and energy.

I added a bunch of new spells to my arsenal and even came up with a bunch of my own - mostly pranking spells.

But the most noteworthy achievement was my success to develop my own kind of Fiendfyre. The idea behind it was to animate fire and give it the shape of an animal. Well, and since I was a Parselmouth, I ended up creating a big, fiery snake in the shape of a king cobra, for the extra intimidation effect. Then I casually fed the snake 25 drops of Soul Essence, which caused the snake to mutate, to become significantly larger and somewhat solid, more detailed, and very lifelike.

The effect of Soul Essence on spells was simply put, bloody awesome. The monstrous king cobra wasn't just a spell anymore, but a magical pseudo-entity bound to my very being. I could summon it whenever I wished through muttering the original Incantation while having the right intent

in mind.

Also, I didn't care about the whining of ignorant people. Snakes were awesome and large and fiery snakes were even more awesome. Using Parseltongue had an additional effect on serpents. It seems that the legendary magical tongue improved the smarts of serpentine creatures. I was really proud of my new pet.

"Hmm, I think that I am going to call you Dremoria," I told the fiery snake, looking up to see it hiss in approval. Its eyes were blazing with unquestionable intelligence, making me feel as if I was looking at a genuine living being.

That said, I still unsummoned the snake and watched her slowly fade away, becoming one with magic.

Then I muttered the incantation again and watched a large river of scorching-hot fire pour out of the tip of my wand, slowly forming a massive king cobra before me that nearly rivaled Slytherin's basilisk in size. It took seven seconds for Dremoria to fully manifest with all her deadly beauty, which made the spell a rather poor choice for in combat where quickness mattered.

But once she was ready, her intimidating presence alone would swiftly make me the superior force in most combat situations.

Also noteworthy: the incantation of the spell was Serpenticendium, and would generally summon a 'normal' fiery snake to my command.

Thinking of Dremoria would summon her instead.

"Alright, you deadly beautiful girl," I started with a proud grin. "It's time to sleep for now, but I will do my best to find you a worthy opponent very soon."

Dremoria's fiery being became one with magic again after unsummoning her, and I sensed how her essence moved to enter my body, fusing with

my Devouring Flame.

It was an awkward experience to have a pseudo-sentient being fuse with you to rest in your body. But at the same time, I also had 39 drops of Soul Essence floating around inside me. And I was partly a fire-elemental made from a fire that was both sentient and not. My Devouring Flame only ever showed its 'sentience' when it sniffed something delicious to eat.

...

Chapter 11: Chapter Eleven: Being

a Hero

Since school was about to start again, I decided to stop my crazy training and relax for the last few days of my summer holidays, trying to have some fun. Because of that, I jumped into a ninja-costume that I stole once and teleported over to New York.

It was late in the evening when I appeared in the middle of the Central Park, hidden between some bushes to avoid curious eyes.

"Okay, what should I do now?" I asked myself thoughtfully, letting my eyes scan the area around me on the lookout for some criminal activity.

What does that mean, that I want to be a hero?

No.

But I still liked to mess with people, to beat the bad boys up, and being a 'SuPaHErO' gave me the perfect excuse to do just that.

That said, I had no real idea how to navigate through New York, so I burst into a mad sprint and started racing in a random direction without a real purpose in mind. The enhancements of the perfected Extremis Virus allowed me to run like a freaking human cheetah. It felt damn good to use one of my body's physical abilities at near full capacity.

My crazy sprint attracted a lot of local attention.

"Damn punk!"

"What the hell wrong with this kid?!"

"Slow down, boy!"

But I didn't pay these people any attention and was simply grinning like a fool while I was traveling around with an unreasonably high amount of speed.

It didn't take long before I entered a darker part of the city. The light was dimmer around here, and people stayed inconspicuous to avoid attracting any unwanted attention. There were some guys that looked like your typical gang members, but they had a white vanilla boy as a part of their group, so I couldn't really be sure if they were the real deal.

But after ten minutes of disorderly conduct, I finally spotted a group of five thuggish guys standing in a circle around an old grandma. They certainly weren't her grandchildren, and one of them was even threatening her with a small fruit knife.

"Granny, you better-..." the speaker stopped his sentence midway when he noticed my arrival.

Due to my speed, I was forced to crash into one of the guys in order to slow down. That caused the other four to jump back and draw several bladed weapons at me.

"It's alright, old lady, you can go home now. I take care of these criminals for you. Have a pleasant night," I told the granny while patting her head. She nodded in hesitation before rushing away with surprising swiftness.

"What the hell ya think ya are doing?!" growled the obvious leader of the group.

He was a tall, beefy, and sickly-pale dude with oily skin and a balding head. His broad nose was bright red, and one of his eyes was constantly twitching. The rest of the crew didn't look better. Their teeth were rotten,

their skin sickly-pale, and they were shivering as if freezing.

"Hey, are you guys drug-addicts?" I questioned curiously, tilting my head to the side.

That question made the leader leap at me with a snarling roar, stabbing his small fruit knife forward at my shoulder. I stopped his attack by grabbing his hand and squeezing it hard. That made the guy drop on his knees with a groan of pain.

"You son of a bitch!" he whined, almost sobbing. "Kill him! Kill him!"

The other four thugs jumped at me but utterly failed at catching me because I vanished in a burst of flames before reappearing behind them.

They gasped in shock while their eyes bulged comically. Their grimy sweatshirts allowed me to see their chests vibrating with frantic heartbeats. The smell of fear and urine started to fill the air.

"Fuck, he is one of these freaks!" one of the thugs, a tall and gaunt guy, exclaimed in fright before attempting to sprint away.

"Yo, wait just a moment," I scoffed and then wandlessly assaulted him with one of my new prank-spells.

'Exurego!'

That word was a Latin term for 'squeeze' and would focus on the testicles of a victim. It wasn't a harmful spell but vicious enough. For good measure, I repeated the spell on the others as well. All five thugs were now on the floor, squirming in pain with their hands on their crotch area.

"What did you just say?" I asked the gaunt guy, approaching him before crouching down to look him deeply in the eye.

"Please..." the man gasped with tears running down his cheeks. "Don't kill me."

"Alright, here is the deal... you tell me about these 'freaks' and I promise that you will survive until the next time you fuck up," I explained in a

threatening manner with my teenage boy's voice, assaulting him with my 'mind trick' through my eyes.

The guy nodded quickly. "Killgrave," he muttered fearfully. "He can make people do things, control their minds. My buddies and I escaped his freakish powers after taking some hard drugs. You can recognize that freak by his purple skin and expensive clothes."

"Is that Killgrave guy living around here?" I pressed.

The guy nodded. "I don't know where he hides, but he drives a purple Rolls Royce. He loves that car like a mother would her child."

"Hmm, your information pleases me," I said with a grin before standing up, gazing down on the five men. "Make sure you guys get some help for your drug addiction. And maybe you want to leave the city and start something fresh and honest somewhere else."

They all nodded wildly and then returned to whimper in pain again, squeezing their hands on their crotch-area to protect their family jewels from further harm.

I walked away and grinned. 'That Killgrave, I remember that guy. He is someone that controls the minds of people with his sweat or something.' Such a guy sounded like easy prey to me since his powers shouldn't be able to affect me at all. And killing him was a must. He was a mass murderer, a sick serial rapist that would enslave women before turning them into whores. He generally used his powers only to humiliate people and destroy their lives, and to make himself rich, of course.

It would also be interesting to see if I can obtain his superpower by feeding him to my flames. But he and his ability weren't of a magical nature, so I wasn't really sure about it.

"Hmm, I guess I keep an eye out for a purple Rolls Royce from now on," I muttered while strolling down the sidewalk. "I grab that Killgrave guy,

teleport him into the middle of nowhere, beat him up, and then feed him to my flames. Sounds like a nice plan."

Doing harm to sick fucks didn't make me feel bad at all. On the contrary, I felt excited and couldn't wait to have my first confrontation with one of the famous characters that roamed this world.

...

Running around like an Olympic sprinter on crack again, I was quickly becoming an annoyance to the local population. The police started to chase after me, and I was forced to use my teleportation powers a few times to escape them.

"Stupid cop!" I screamed, running away from an officer that was racing after me on a motorcycle. "Why are you guys chasing a bloody kid?!"

The officer grunted something and increased his speed. He lifted his baton and attempted to smack that thing on the back of my head. Seeing that he was willing to harm a child, I whirled around and jumped at him to brutally ram the cop from his ride.

Next, I moved to grab the police motorcycle that crashed into a nearby car and then threw it into a large iron trash container that stood in a side alley. The police guy was surprisingly unharmed, but he pissed his pants when he saw me returning for him.

"You fucking moron would use your fucking police baton against a kid?!"

I roared at the guy, ignoring the mass of people that gathered around us.

"Sadist piece of shit, I will teach you a lesson that you will never forget!"

I grabbed a small vial with pink liquid out of my mokeskin pouch and forced it down the throat of the distressed police officer. When the deed was done, his skin changed to match the color of the liquid I forced him to drink.

This was one of the potions I purchased from Zonko's Joke Shop for my little trip here. My visit to New York wasn't completely spontaneous. I wanted to play 'hero' for a bit and train my abilities with real action.

"From now on, you will be remembered as Captain Pink!" I scoffed at the police officer, who was about to faint from shock. He looked absolutely ridiculous. The small audience around me thought so as well and started laughing.

"No, you mutant shit can't do this to me!" the police officer snarled angrily. His hand moved after the gun attached to his belt.

Snorting, I stopped his movements with an overpowered wandless stinging hex that made him squeal in pain and his hand swell to twice of its size.

"You asked for it by trying to exercise police brutality on an innocent child," I spat back, kicked the guy in the guts, and then quickly raced away because I heard multiple police sirens approaching.

The potion I gave him was easy to counter with a simple Finite, but since the police guy couldn't do that, he would stay pink and ridiculous forever.

My heroic adventure continued, and I kept solving a few more crimes by bullying the thugs I encountered into submission, using prank spells on them. After stopping to ask a random pedestrian, I also realized that I was touring through Harlem.

...

The next day arrived quickly in New York, and I was still patrolling the streets and dodged several police officers and a bunch of men in black that tried to capture me. There wasn't much that they could do, however.

But the chase eventually became a bit more interesting when a group of people clad in black shirts with a large white cross appeared. They

popped up from nowhere and behaved like religious fanatics and called themselves 'The Purifiers.'

After proclaiming how I was a child of Satan, they attacked me with pistols that fired tranquilizer darts. Not really dangerous to me, but it was a great exercise to increase my dodging abilities. Just like this, I ended up playing a cat-and-mouse game with these fools, sneakily attacking them with pranking spells all the while.

"How come you guys don't accuse Jesus of being evil!?" I shouted back, dodging another dart. "Everyone knows that he had the ability to turn water into wine. He might have abused that power to perform wild, hedonistic parties!"

"Your lies won't corrupt us!" screeched several members.

"How is that all lie when the bible itself admits it?!" I argued.

"Your heretic opinions won't work on us, Devil's Child!" argued a fanatic nobody.

That particular guy looked over to the young woman next to him to see if his retort against me impressed her. But she ignored him in favor of the leader of the group, an athletic guy that looked like an ex-military.

Seeing, that he grew angry and started accusing me of corrupting the souls of innocent people.

Rolling my eyes, I pointed my finger at them and assaulted the bunch with a vicious bombardment of overpowered Flatuladremo, causing them to fart loudly and shit their pants. But that didn't stop them from their Holy Crusade, and they continued to run after me with heavy breaths and loud panting.

"Reverend Stryker!" one of the pursuing fanatics hallowed with a loud, zealous tone. "Help us, Reverend Stryker! Bestow us your strength to vanquish all evil! Bless us, Reverend Stryker!"

Suddenly, the fanatics pulled at their necklaces and revealed that there was a small vial connected to it. They opened the vial and drowned the silvery liquid it contained down their throats.

What followed next was a significant boost in their physical abilities. I could see their muscles swell a bit, and an aura of potent and raw physical strength engulfed them. They were running a lot faster now, and I had to seriously swing my legs a bit faster if I wanted to stay ahead of them.

I stopped my trash-talking and assaulted them with my Paralyzing Bolts power that I got from Azazel skill-set - basically overpowered stunners. That took out the majority of my pursuers but the military guy proved to be a problem.

Okay, not really, but I wanted to limit myself on my non-magical powers. "You must be Reverend Stryker's personal toyboy," I mocked and swiftly incapacitated two more pursuers, leaving the ex-military alone.

"Keep mocking me, but I will make sure that you will suffer for your sins," the military guy hissed through gritted teeth.

"Don't be so sure about that," I replied and summoned a kebab into my hand from a stand that I passed, using a wandless Accio. Seeing me casually eating a kebab made the fanatic scream in frustration. His bald head sprouted thick, root-like veins while his eyes became bloodshot with fury.

After finishing my snack, I decided to stop and confront the fanatic in hand-to-hand combat to measure my exact power.

I leaped high up into the air and landed on the roof of a car, causing the roof to bend inwards slightly. "Enough running, let us fight."

"Mutant scum!" the fanatic roared, mad with anger as he leaped after me. He initiated the fight with a straight punch towards my face. My superior

reflexes and enhanced sight allowed me to see it coming easily. I dodged everything he threw at me without punching back. Slowly but surely, curious people gathered around us because it appeared as if we were dancing or something.

'Huh?!'

I suddenly spotted a purple car in the distance.

The distraction almost allowed the fanatic to land a hit, but I was 'multitasking' in some way and paid attention to everything that happened around me. Occlumency was quite useful in that regard. It helped me to effectively split my focus and concentrate on multiple matters more easily.

I didn't just pay attention to the punches of the guy that was attacking me, but also observed the audience to spot any kind of hidden dagger waiting to ambush me. Just because I was fooling around, it doesn't have to mean that I was getting careless here. This was all part of my self-imposed special training.

The simultaneous execution of multiple tasks!

Having said that, the purple car that I just spotted appeared to be the one that I am looking for. Nobody but a psychopathic villain would drive a purple Rolls Royce.

Because of that, I started to fill my lungs with plasma...

That action made my eyes start to glow with an ominous light. The fanatic, who looked much older somehow with wrinkled skin and all that, noticed the dangerous glow of my eyes and jumped back with a wary expression.

"Dragon's Breath!" I roared, exhaling a torrent of golden flames at the deranged fanatic that wanted to beat a kid to death.

I didn't expect my first kill to be like that. The fanatic was eventually

consumed by my fire in mere seconds, leaving nothing behind at all.

People started screaming in panic and fear, calling me a monster.

bampf

Teleporting to where I saw the purple car, I turned my head to the direction it took and teleported to the next intersection before scanning the area. And to my great delight, my awesome eyes spotted the car to my left, waiting for green light.

"Hahaha... gotcha, motherfucker!" I laughed loudly and then teleported directly next to the car.

It was indeed a purple Rolls Royce, so I opened the backdoor and found a man with deep purple skin sitting inside it. He was tall, looked fairly strong, and was wearing an expensive suit. He also had a silver cane rest on his lap - your typical villain.

Across from him sat a young woman with pinkish hair, wearing a white bodysuit that was hugging her toned, athletic, and yet shapely body that bragged with seductive curves. She looked like a professional fitness model. Her face was fairly pretty, offering full lips that looked quite kissable.

"Oh-la-la, what a beauty," I said with a stupid grin, shooting the older girl a flirtatious wink. She just stared at me with barely any spirit in her eyes. The purple-faced guy irritated my casual dismissal of his existence. His chiseled face twisted in anger.

"How dare you!" Mr. Purple-Face snarled with vivid fury. His voice was deep and very masculine. "Take off your mask and tell me who you are." Grinning inwardly, I gave him a blank look. "Yes, master."

That seemed to have convinced him that I was under his control. He seemed annoyed but didn't stop me from stepping into his car next to the pink-haired woman.

But instead of taking off my ninja mask, I slammed my fist hard on Killgrave's knee, shattering it. My other hand coiled around the shoulder of the woman, and I instantly teleported us to the Sahara Desert before anyone could react to what was going on.

bampf

Killgrave started screaming like a little girl when we reappeared in the middle of a vast ocean of golden sand. The hot sun was glaring down from the sky as if she tried to set something on fire.

"Alright, this place is excellent for our private meeting," I said and dodged a punch from the pink-haired girl. She spun around and tried to kick me but collapsed on the sand after I hit her with a paralyzing bolt.

"You motherfucking little piece of shit, I will fucking kill you!" Killgrave snarled after screaming his throat hoarse, still hugging his shattered knee.

"No, I don't think so," I chuckled in amusement.

Pulling my wand out my mokeskin, I summoned Dremoria out of a violent river of fire. She quickly grew in size until she was towering next to me, staring down at Killgrave who paled drastically in response. He tried to crawl away, but the pain from his ruined knee made him spasm in pain when he tried to move too much.

"Do you still think that you can kill me?" I questioned the terrified man, grinning widely.

Killgrave tried to respond but choked on his fear when Dremoria hissed at him. The scent piss filled my nose a second later. What happened next was unexpected, but the face of my panic-stricken victim started to contort with pain. His eyes split wide open before he clutched his chest before dropping to the side.

'Huh?!'

"Dremoria, did we just scared him to death?" I asked my giant snake, my voice completely nonchalant and carefree.

She hissed something that sounded like 'weak prey dies easy' and then moved to swallow Killgrave whole. After that was done, I let her explore the sandy area and have some fun.

My attention switched over to the pink-haired girl behind me. "Don't do anything stupid."

I crouched down next to her and canceled the effect of my Paralyzing Bolt ability by drawing its energy out from her body. Her previously stiff body relaxed and I jumped back to dodge another punch.

"Ehm, are you maybe Jessica Jones?" I asked her, ignoring her assault.

She didn't respond but blinked at me in confusion. The light in her eyes changed to surprise and I recognized genuine happiness on her face.

Her lips curved into a smile. "Finally, fucking freedom..."

It took her some time to fully comprehend the situation. Her head snapped up to stare at me with a mix of panic and wariness. She also searched the area for Dremoria and gave the giant, fiery snake a frightful stare.

"Ah, you don't have to worry. I am a hero," I clarified with a smug grin.

"Killgrave is history, and we can return back to New York in a moment.

But first, I would like to know your name. You must be a superhuman too, right?"

"Jessica Jones," the pink-haired girl muttered. She then narrowed her eyes at me with her face forming a fierce expression. "My name is Jessica Jones, and I thank you for saving me, but I will kick your ass if you think that I will spread my legs for you! That asshole Killgrave..."

Jessica continued to rant about Killgrave, about how he wanted to turn her into his sex-slave and henchman. He just took control over her

because he ambushed her while she was solving a robbery. But the robbery was staged by Killgrave who used it as a means to get close to Jessica in order to touch her, which made the influence of his ability a lot more potent.

It wasn't her first time she encountered him, but she always managed to keep herself at a distance and break the effect of his powers with the sheer strength of her will. But the physical contact was a lot stronger and she lost herself to his superpower before she could even fight against it.

"This means that I just saved you from a terrible future," I pointed out.

"You don't have to spread your legs for me, but I would like some of your blood."

"You want my blood? What for?!" Jessica demanded rudely.

"For a vampire friend of mine," I lied without shame. "And freely given blood is more nourishing than forcefully taken. Just a small bottle, nothing serious."

"You know real vampire?" Jessica muttered in disbelief while I pulled a syringe with an oversized barrel out of my mokeskin pouch.

"Yeah, but most of them are poor sods," I replied with a nod. "Some are evil, but there vampires that just want to live in peace. But they face heavy discrimination because of the nature of their race."

Just to be sure, I cast a charm on the needle to make it unbreakable.

Jessica gave me a nod when I approached her but allowed me to poke her forearm without complaint. She gave me an odd look while I was filling the syringe with her blood, but said nothing. I was quite surprised by her unconcerned nature. Freely donating your blood to a wizard or witch can be quite dangerous since it can be used in all kinds of nasty rituals.

"You have my thanks," I told her with a grin. "We are even now."

"Can you take me back now?" Jessica huffed while rubbing the spot where the needle poked her.

"You don't like the desert?" I joked, turning to look after Dremoria, who was slithering around on the hot sand.

"No, I just want to go home now," she muttered with a sigh. Her shoulders dropped with frustration clouding her features.

"Before I forget to ask," I started. "Are you actually a hero too, or is that how you dress unusually?"

Jessica looked up in annoyance. "Says the boy with the ninja costume. You look like a little idiot."

I pulled off my mask and grinned at her. "Only to protect my identity. I don't want people to bother me when I am off-duty."

"At least you look better than I expected," Jessica pointed out bluntly.

"Well, most heroes are good-looking for some reason," I said with a shrug.

"Just look at yourself. Your physique is a 10, your face is an 8, and your- ..."

She interrupted me before I could rate her personality.

"Did you just say that my face is only an eight?!" Jessica exclaimed, nostrils flaring in anger. She jumped up and moved to stop right in front of me, looking down with vivid displeasure.

"What, do you want a little boy to tell you how beautiful you are?" I huffed with a snort and hugged her tightly before she could say anything, shocking her silly. "My hugging experience is only an eight. Hug me back if you want to get a ten."

She protested at first but eventually hugged me back. Hugs were medicine for the soul. My plan was to help her recover from her bad experience with that psycho Killgrave. She told me that nothing happened, but getting mind-controlled and told that you were about to

be turned into a sex-slave would still leave marks.

"We can return to New York, or we can visit the Caribbean beach if you like," I proposed with a smirk after we broke our hug. "I think that we both deserve a little rest after getting rid of that purple-faced pervert. Don't you think?"

"So you can really teleport wherever you want?" Jessica inquired, her tone curious.

"Maybe," I replied with a wink. "But all I know is that we could use the rest of the day to enjoy the sunny beach of a little paradise island."

Her gaze turned thoughtful for a while before she eventually nodded, her lips curved upwards. "Good, but I still want to visit my apartment before that. I need a swimsuit and all that..."

"Yeah, and I get us some snacks and drinks," I added with a happy grin.

"Good thinking," Jessica muttered, grinning herself.

My pink-haired companion moved to hide behind me when I called Dremoria back to unsummon her. After that was done, I offered my hand to Jessica and we teleported back to New York.

We visited her apartment in Hell's Kitchen, a fairly humble place that didn't reflect her identity as a hero. Jessica told me that she didn't care about how her apartment looked like. She only cared about the comfort of her bed. And indeed, her bed was a rather comfortable piece, very bouncy.

While she was packing her stuff, I teleported to London and raced to a high-class grocery shop that sold expensive but really good stuff. Next, I teleported to Japan and got myself a big plate of sushi. My last stop was a luxury Hotel in Sharm El-Sheikh, Egypt, where I stole some luxurious beach equipment.

The island that Jessica and I would visit wasn't populated yet. I visited it

in my former life where it was turned into a holiday paradise, but right now, it was completely untouched and devoid of any human presence. I planned to claim it for myself in the future as soon as I had the power and knowledge to do that.

That said, I returned to Jessica's apartment with everything properly stored in my mokeskin pouch. She was already waiting for me, wearing sandals and a short white summer dress over her bikini.

"Ready to go?" I asked her with a grin, offering her my hand.

"Make sure you don't drop us into the sea," Jessica scoffed with a huff, barely able to hide her excitement.

She accepted my hand, and we both vanished in the same second, reappearing on a beautiful paradise island with a pristine beach, platinum sand, and azure water. Behind us was a small and pointy mountain covered in a lush jungle, populated by swarms of multicolored birds.

Jessica couldn't believe her eyes and kept examining every inch of the island while I was packing out two cushioned sun loungers. I used an animating charm to erect the sunshade before pulling out a table that I covered with all the snacks that I obtained.

"You know, I won't say no if you want to be my sidekick," Jessica mocked with a wide smile, approaching the table to pick up a piece of sushi.

"Nobody can make me, Johnny Vegaz... a dragon amongst men, the Supreme Awesome One... a mere sidekick!" I announced, filling my lungs with plasma before breathing fire like a dragon.

"All I see is a supreme annoyance," Jessica mumbled with a roll of her eyes, moving to make herself comfortable on her sun lounger.

I mimicked that and pulled some dragon meat out of my inventory, offering some of it to Jessica. She accepted and almost dropped into the

sand from shock when I told her she was eating dragon meat.

What followed was a super-relaxing day at the beach until late in the evening.

...

After bringing Jessica back to her apartment, I reminded her to be more careful from now on and to not let herself get caught by perverted villains, and that I would come visiting from time to time so we can play hero.

Before she could say anything, I pulled her half-naked body that was only wearing a strapless bikini into a tight hug, wishing her nice dreams.

When I felt that she was about to explode, I leaped backward to put a safe distance between Jessica and me before disappearing with a flirty wink.

...

CREATORS' THOUGHTS

LordRhyolith

What do you guys think of my first chapter into the Marvel Universe?

The prota is going to finish his seven years at Hogwarts and will fool around in the rest of the world in the meantime.

In my story, Thanos will arrive around 2020 anyway. So, the prota will have enough time ^^

(there will be time skips, I won't have every year as detailed as others)

Chapter 12: Chapter Twelve: Fiery

Mysteries

My second year at Hogwarts began peacefully. Paulina and I shared a compartment and talked about our summer. She bragged with minor success in her Occlumency studies, stating that her focus was much better now - which increased her reading speed and ability to memorize

information.

As for me, I told Paulina about my awesome pranking spells and spent the majority of the journey teaching her how to cast them. She was still not interested in my Roaring Fart Jinx - to my great disappointment.

Aside from that, nothing really worth mentioning happened besides that Hufflepuff got a firstie with the name Poppy Woodpecker. I barely stopped myself from breaking with laughter when Professor McGonagall called out for the girl to step forward and put the Sorting Hat on.

Well, there was also the fact that Charlie Wesley became the Head Boy while Gemma Watson from Slytherin was nominated Head Girl.

My increased height and the overall improvement of my physique were also noticed by the female population. Paulina had a hard time glaring at all the girls that giggled and whispered to each other while checking me out.

In response, I just smiled roguishly and basked in the feminine attention.

...

The second day of my second year was a bit more eventful.

Lily Potter, wearing a sexy office outfit consisting of a long-sleeved white blouse tucked in a black knee-length pencil skirt completed with black tights and black pumps, invited me to her office after dinner. When Paulina heard that, she openly glared at the Professor, which caused the older woman to smirk in amusement.

"Don't worry, Captain Barbossa," I assured my pouting female friend.

"Your loyal subordinate won't let himself be fooled by her womanly charms."

"Why would I even care?" Paulina shot back with a hiss. "You can do whatever you want with Professor Potter!"

"Then why are you insisting on accompanying me to her office?" I

questioned with a raised brow.

"To make sure you don't get lost," Paulina explained as if that was obvious. I just smirked and shook my head in response.

Paulina developed a bit during her summer holidays, and my best guess was that she and most of the girls in my years fully entered their puberty by now. That explained their heightened interest in boys.

"Maybe I can even try and convince her to let you join us," I offered with a grin.

Paulina stopped to at me in surprise. "Would you really do that?"

"Yeah, most men dream of being together with two women at once," I replied with a cheeky wink. "If you understand what I am meaning."

"Johnny, you prat!" she slapped me on the back of my head, blushing slightly. "You are too young to think about something like that!"

"About what exactly, Paulina?" I pressed with a wide grin.

She huffed and stomped ahead. "Walk faster, Johnny. We are going to be late!"

...

Professor Potter wasn't surprised to see Paulina entering her surprisingly homey office along with me. She gave me a questioning look, and I just shrugged my shoulder, silently saying that there was nothing I can do.

"Before we start, I suggest we address each other by the first name," Lily suggested as she casually took a seat on the edge of her office table, crossing her long, shapely legs. Paulina and I nodded in reply and made ourselves comfortable in two armchairs before the professor.

"Very well," Lily started, smiling brightly. "My plan for our time together is to help and support. I won't demand anything exhausting from you, Johnny. But I will nevertheless expect certain progress from you. Our first activity will be to discuss the two books that I gave before your

summer holidays."

My face split with a grin when I heard that. There was no reason to waste time with stuff I already know, so I decided to show off a bit.

"Lily, about that... ehm, I already memorized everything from the books and even created a new spell," I informed with a smirk. "Do you wish to see it?"

Lily and Paulina's eyes both took a skeptical look, but their gaze changed to genuine surprise and shock when they comprehended the meaning of my last words. I wiggled my eyebrows at them, looking utterly smug.

"Well, the incantation is Flammarys," I explained. "It's basically a stream of fire that will cover the target and continue burning similar to napalm, nourishing itself from the magic of the victim or the environment."

"That's..." Lily started but fell silent again, at a loss for words.

"Dangerous!" Paulina exclaimed, leaning over to punch my shoulder.

"Johnny, what were you thinking?!"

"Tell that the pyromaniacs in the book," I pouted with a huff. "One of them wanted to create a spell that summons meteorites. He didn't manage that, but his spell still summons a giant fireball that could obliterate an entire building."

"Really?" Paulina inquired with big eyes, looking intrigued.

I snorted in amusement. "Yeah, but the spell is crap. It takes way too long to produce the fireball, and a single slip in your concentration will break the spell, and you are forced to restart... well, that is if you survive the backlash."

"Lily, what is your opinion on that giant fireball spell?" I questioned, my tone as if I was the professor in the room.

"Giant fireballs?!" Lily repeated, her features darkened with disapproval. She hopped from the table and started walking back and forth, looking

stressed.

Paulina and I observed her in silence.

"Johnny Vegaz," Lily started, exhaling a frustrated breath. She then turned to look at me with a stern gaze. "Professor Flitwick didn't give you these books to study weapons of mass destruction!"

"He didn't?" I replied in surprise written all over my face. "But Maesters of Fyre is full of potential weapons of mass destruction. And Mastering the Inferno even talks about theories on how to control Fiendfyre in order to maximize the damage done by the spell."

"Fienfyre!?" Lily exclaimed in horror.

"Yeah," I nodded and pulled said book out of my pocket before showing her the pages I was talking about.

Lily narrowed her eyes at these pages and frowned. "All I can see are moving images of fiery creatures."

"Me too," Paulina added. "Is that how Fiendfyre is supposed to look like?"

Confused, I looked at the pages before me that explained how to dominate the malicious 'spirits' of Fiendfyre. There were no pictures at all, only some artful lines here and there.

"Could it be that these pages are enchanted or something?" I suggested.

Lily nodded with another frown. "That's very likely."

She grabbed her wand and cast a few spells on the pages to scan the nature of the moving pictures. Her facial expression told me that her results weren't helpful at all.

"Your exemplar is a copy of the original," Lily mumbled in confusion.

"Moving images shouldn't work at all because of that, and the magic that protects the text on Fienfyre is..."

She took a deep breath and scanned the pages again. "Magic is strictly neutral. Even the negative energy of the dark arts only latches itself to

magic. But my scans tell me that these pages are completely made from the element of fire. This shouldn't be possible!"

"So, nobody but me can read these pages?" I wondered loudly.

"Try to read them for us," Paulina suggested, moving to stand behind me so she could look over my shoulder.

Lily looked expectant as well, and so I started reading the first few lines of text. I didn't notice anything strange happening, but I still stopped for a moment and saw that Lily and Paulina got all sweaty all of a sudden.

Their eyes were unfocused as if they were captured in a trance.

"Ehm, did something happen?" I inquired curiously.

Lily broke out of her daze. "What?"

"Why am I all sweaty?!" Paulina complained loudly after breaking from her stupor.

"Alright, there is obviously a protection against reading the stuff out loud," I concluded while the girls were pulling at their sweaty clothes.

Lily's white top turned slightly transparent due to all the sweat, allowing me to see that she was wearing a red bra. I winked at her flirtatiously with a small grin when she noticed that I was checking her out. She huffed in response, appearing slightly amused. It almost seemed that she was actually taking pleasure in my attention.

'Fuck, I really need to grow up faster!' - I whined inwardly, cursing the fact that I still had to wait one or two years.

That's why I devoured so much dragon meat. It didn't only make me feel manly, but I realized that the stuff actually accelerated the maturity of my body. I even found out that dragon meat was so popular with men because it contained stuff that would make them 'manlier.' Like, it would make your voice sound deeper and more masculine.

The downside was that it would promote behavior typical for a dragon.

Devouring the basilisk also seemed to have improved my fondness for snakes. Sometimes I found myself imagining Lily Potter wearing sexy, tight-fitting snake-skin pants.

'Huh?'

My ponderings were interrupted when I felt someone shaking my shoulder.

"Johnny!" Paulina yelled in annoyance. "Are you still here with us?"

"Yeah," I replied. "Did something happened?"

"No, but we need to change our sweaty clothes," she explained, pulling at her sweater with visible discomfort on her face.

"Paulina is right," Lily nodded with a faint smile. "And I need to tell Professor Flitwick about the dangerous content that is hidden in his books. So I think we finish our lessons for today and meet the coming Friday again after dinner if that is okay with both of you?"

"Can I show off my Flammarys spell the next time?" I asked with puppy eyes. "It's really awesome, and I need some awed feedback so I can feel better about myself."

Paulina rolled her eyes at me, muttering something under her breath.

"Professor Flitwick will probably join us the next time we meet," Lily replied with a nod. "He can examine your performance, and if you really managed to develop a new and functional spell, you might want to register it as your creation. Professor Flitwick can help you with that."

Having discussed everything, Lily wished us a good night, and Paulina and I left her office towards our common room.

Arriving there, my female friend wished me a good night, too. She wanted to shower her sweat off and do some Occlumency training before going to bed.

"I can help you if you want," I offered cheekily. "And I wouldn't mind

sharing a bed with you after we are done."

"Prat!" Paulina huffed with a blush, punching my shoulder before racing off to the girl's dorm.

"Paulina and Jessica would make great friends," I muttered to myself, shaking my head with a grin.

I returned to my own room for more privacy, closed the door, and then teleported to the Chamber of Johnny to see if feeding Jessica Jones' blood to my fire showed any effects already.

Feeding her blood to my fire didn't give me any direct benefits, but I felt a very slow developed happening inside me. My benefits were small, but an improvement was an improvement, nevertheless. I could sense that I got stronger by a few percentages ever since I let my fire consume the blood. That didn't sound like much, but one must keep in mind that I could lift a two tons heavy boulder without much of an effort. If I were to guess, I would say that I was five and a half tons strong right now.

Devouring the basilisk improved my physical qualities the most. The potent magical essence that dwelled in the body of the millennium-old snake was the best material I could hope for when it comes to improving my own body. It was similar to these Chinese fantasy stories where the protagonist finds the blood of some ancient beast, and then drinks the stuff to temper his body with it or something.

But physical strength wasn't worth much if one could do magic!

Even the mighty Superman was vulnerable to magic!

Well, back to the main topic...

Absorbing her blood also gave me a relatively good understanding of Jessica's power. I was now aware of the fact that she was under the influence of some kind of cosmic energy that turns your hair and eyes pink for some strange reason. Oh, and she also possessed superhuman

strength, superhuman durability, and healed a lot faster than normal humans - this also gave her superhuman longevity. Her brain and mind enjoyed a resistance telepathic influence and stuff like mind-magic, and she could fly at will.

She had the classic hero skillset.

However, Jessica's flying ability was 'locked' and she couldn't use it to its full potential. She only used it to jump really high so far. She told me that she tried to fly several times but always ended up losing control and then crashed into stuff, or once even dropped into the ocean.

Due to my understanding, I could tell that she needed to get a mental push that would force her to use her flying abilities at full power. The best idea I had regarding this was to throw her out of a plane and hope that she would survive it on her own. I could definitely save her with my teleportation ability, but I wouldn't tell her that.

Since Dremoria was a part of me, somehow, I also gained some understanding of Killgrave's powers. No benefits in terms of special powers, but I was now strangely aware of the full nature of his ability. That information would prove itself useful if I ever planned to create a powerful mind-control drug. With the help of the stuff that was already available in the Harry Potter world, I could basically cook a liquid Imperius and enslave someone to my will totally.

Even so, I would only ever use such stuff if it was absolutely necessary.

Introducing such a tool to the game would only attract all kinds of trouble. People often forgot that while power makes you powerful, it also attracts the greedy, the ambitious, and all kinds of nasty opportunists.

The more power you have, the more freedom you have to sacrifice because you have to watch your back all the time.

I was a firm believer of Murphy's Law, that everything that can go wrong,

will go wrong. Just the thought about creating the mind-control drug made me feel uneasy, as if I was playing with fire.

Having said all that, my current ambition was to prepare for my first... hunt!

My target was the so-called Tebo, a magical warthog that could turn invisible. I already had the Disillusionment Charm, but turning invisible 'wandlessly' was without question the superior technique. With one single mental command, I could enter a full ninja assassin mode.

However, in preparation for the hunt, I had to come up with a 'Thermal Vision' spell first. It was the best way to hunt such a beast, and it baffled me that there wasn't such a spell already available for me to learn and master. The stuff I read on the Tebo mentioned that the magical folk of Africa used special traps to capture the beast.

It couldn't only turn itself invisible, but it was obviously a lot larger and fast than your average warthog. Its leathery hide was very thick, plated with bony plates, and magic-resistant to the point that most spells would simply bounce off. The pictures I saw showed a car-sized, bulky beast with a slightly elongated head that looked like a white skull covered in spikes. Its main weapons were four large canines and a set of sharp front teeth that can cut off a limb with a single bite.

The beast was also highly aggressive and attacked intruders that entered its territory on sight and unprovoked. If it saw you, the Tebo would go invisible and charge at you with murderous speed, mauling you to death.

But I was confident in my ability to handle the beast with the help of my teleportation skill and a thermal vision spell.

"Maybe I should try to get myself a shotgun for good measure," I muttered while lazing around my favorite chair, munching on dragon

meat.

Obtaining a gun was easy. New York was probably full of supervillains and thugs, and I only had to find the hideout of some bad boys and girls and steal their toys.

Killgrave and Jessica Jones' existence made me curious to see if there were more people like them running around - since most of the Marvel stuff happened after the turn of the millennium. I would probably visit New York very soon and-...

"Fuck," I cursed, my eyes widening. "Wasn't Black Cat raped in her youth?!"

Black Cat, also known as Felicia Hardy, was my wet dream when it comes to the Marvel Universe. Then came Susan Storm from the Fantastic Four and Emma Frost. They were my personal goddesses of beauty. I wouldn't be sad if I can't have a relationship with them, but nobody harms the divine trio of beauty!

"Fucking bloody hell, I need to protect her!" I exclaimed with my heart beating wildly.

With that said, I jumped into my ninja costume and teleported to New York. My aim was to find and break into the Empire State University and see if Felicia Hardy was already a student there.

Naturally, I knew quite a lot about Black Cat since she was one of my favorites. The guy that was going to assault her was called Ryan. He actually saved her from another rape attempt during a party. They became a thing after that, and later, Ryan demanded to push their relationship to a new level and make it more physical. Felicia protested, but yeah... it didn't help.

Instead of accepting her status as a victim, Felicia trained hard so she could beat up Ryan to hell and back. But that guy died in some accident

before she could do that, and then she became the Black Cat, following in her father's footsteps.

My aim was to prevent her tragic past from happening and maybe try to motivate her into becoming Black Cat earlier.

...

Hours later and I existed the Empire State University with a sigh of relief.

Using the unlocking charm Alohomora allowed me easy access. I turned some offices into a chaotic mess until I found files on former students, students that were attending the university, and those who would join next year. There were some files on younger people that were classified as high potential candidates; one of them was Peter Parker, who would enter his first year in high school the coming year.

The future Mister Spiderman would visit the Midtown High School, located in Forrest Hill, Queens. Another lead to follow since there was a high chance that Felicia might go to that school - recalling that there was an alternate reality where she and Spiderman went to the same school. And since the night was also young, I made use of a Reparo to vanish the huge disorder I created, and then started to teleport around towards Queens until I eventually found my desired target location.

Breaking into a high school was easier than into a university, stupidly easy. And it didn't take long before I finally found the information I was looking for the entire night.

"Jackpot," I whispered with a victorious grin.

Felicia Hardy was a senior in her last year and would finish her high school education this year. My next action made me feel uncomfortable, like a creepy stalker, but I also memorized Felicia's private address and whatever I could find on her.

"Hmm, I should introduce her to Jessica and befriend these two," I

muttered to myself, deep in thought.

The latter could act as her big sis and maybe motivate Felicia into taking martial arts lessons. I would naturally present myself to the young future Black Cat as well and impress her with my super awesome everything. If that didn't ignite her spark, then nothing will.

With the first step of my little project being successful, I cleaned up the mess I created and returned to Hogwarts to continue my studies.

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Chapter 13: Chapter Thirteen:

Black Kitty

The next day, as soon as I was free from classes, I visited the Midtown High School and managed to effortlessly scout Felicia Hardy amongst the many students. It was hard to miss her with that platinum-blond hair, stunning beauty, and well-developed body. She looked pretty much like a Veela.

But despite her pretty appearance, she seemed to be an outsider in school. I used my mind trick to make a few random guys report what they know about her. As expected, they couldn't tell much besides that she was popular with the boys. She joined Midtown High only this year and didn't make any friends so far.

So, I casually strolled into the cafeteria and took a seat at her table, waiting for the guy that just approached her to finish his little speech.

"... so we think that you would make a nice addition to our football team," the guy explained with a wide grin, puffing up his chest to look more impressive.

"Sorry, but I am not interested at the moment, maybe later," Felicia replied in a bored tone.

"You can still join us at our table if you like," the guy offered, gesturing towards a table where apparently all the cool kids were sitting. Mostly football guys and cheerleader girls in short skirts.

"Hey, can I join you guys instead of her?" I inquired curiously, drawing the attention of two pairs of shocked eyes. "I never played football, but it can't be that hard."

The effect of my Notice-Me-Not Charm lost its effect the moment I opened my mouth to ask my question. But entering this school was still stupidly easy.

"Where the hell did you come from?!" asked the buff football guy in a demanding tone.

"From over there," I said and pointed at the door into the cafeteria. The football player guy found that insulting for some reason and moved around the table to stop right beside me.

"So you think that you are funny, kid?" he growled, squeezing his hands into fists.

Felicia appeared worried about me and wanted to say something, but stopped after seeing me flashing her a confident smile. An intrigued expression spread across her pretty face.

"Do you really have to threaten me like some common street thug?" I sighed with a shake of my head, looking disappointed.

Before the guy could say or do anything, I sneakily cast a wandless Roaring Fart Charm at him. That made his backside erupt with the loudest fart ever in the history of the Midtown Highschool. The eyes of the thuggish boy eyes widened in horror when his arse continued embarrassing him for about half a minute before the farting finally stopped.

"Dude, what the hell is your mother feeding you?!" I exclaimed loudly

with a gag in disgust. The echo of my voice traveled into every corner of the cafeteria.

Laughter roaring erupted the next second, and I quickly stood up to move away from the big bully. His face reddened with anger and embarrassment. He looked around to see the vast majority of the students laughing at him, even the ones that looked like his typical victims. Our eyes eventually met, and I just grinned cheekily.

"As you can see, I am very funny," I replied mysteriously.

Something in the football player guy snapped. He suddenly pulled a knife from the inside of his jacket before racing at me, screaming madly that he wants to kill me. I jumped from my seat and calmly watched him come for me, and then effortlessly evaded his attack while tripping him at the same time, causing him to leap headfirst into a container for leftovers.

Another wandless Flatuladremo made the backside of the guy resonate with a loud and quite wet fart that sounded pretty gross. I was pretty sure that he just shat himself.

"Stinking psychopath," I sniffed in disgust before turning to the now silent cafeteria. "It might be a good idea to call a teacher or something. That guy just pulled a knife at me."

"Dude, who are you?!" asked a random student curiously.

"The new kid," I replied casually and moved to sit down next to Felicia.

She didn't say anything but stared at me with blinking eyes, overwhelmed by what just happened.

"Alright, Felicia Hardy," I started, my expression serious. "You don't know me, but I know you. And I am going to change your destiny. You are going to be the best thief in history. You are going to be the ultimate Black Cat!"

Her confusion only grew now, but the mention of Black Cat made her panic a little. For some reason, I knew that she was thinking about her father and not herself. Her expression changed suddenly.

"You know my father?" she muttered silently, her eyes shining with a mix of sadness and anger. Though, she seemed to have cursed herself inwardly the next moment, angry because of her slip.

"Not directly, but I know of him," I replied with a shrug. "He likes to steal stuff. I like to steal stuff. You like to steal stuff, too. My plan is to help you train and surpass your father. You are going to be the Black Cat. I can even help you obtain a superhuman physical condition if your skill as a thief reaches a high enough level."

She let her eyes wander around in the cafeteria. Nobody approached us so far, but people were searching for a teacher to take care of the guy that was still buried in the container with the leftovers. He was packed with muscles but too heavy to pull himself out on his own.

"Why do you think that I want to be a thief?" Felicia asked with a faint, mischievous smirk.

Smirking back, I grabbed my favorite gemstone from my mokeskin pouch, stealthily showing her a beautiful, deep-blue sapphire of the size of a mandarin without letting the other students see it. Her wide eyes began to radiate with greed and ...lust?

Seeing that she was about to drool, I closed my palm and put the sapphire back into my mokeskin pouch. Felicia's eyes followed each of my movements, a confident smile spread across her face.

"Do you have a name?" she breathed seductively, her voice slow and soft.

"Mike Rotchburns," I replied with a flirty wink, distracting her.

"Mike Rotchburns, that's an interesting-..." Felicia stopped midway. She gaped at me in outrage when she saw my stupid grin. "You jerk!"

"Sorry, couldn't resist it," I chuckled cheekily. "But my name will stay a secret for now. At least until I know that I can trust you."

"You don't find me trustworthy?" she pouted, looking offended.

I nodded. "No, but you are pretty."

Felicia huffed, crossing her arms below her well-developed chest. "Fine.

But I will call you Dragon until you tell me your name."

I blinked at her in surprise. "Can I ask you why you picked that particular name?"

"My instincts tell me that you like to hoard treasure like a dragon,"

Felicia replied while playing with a lock of her long, wavy, and platinum-blond hair. "And I guess that you want me to become a thief because you want me to steal for you. That's what greedy dragons do, isn't that so?"

"That wasn't my plan, but I find myself liking this idea," I responded with a series of slow nods.

"You know what, my little Dragon?" Felicia said and stood up from her seat, gesturing for me to follow her. "I like you. There is something special about you, and I am going to find out what it is. But I am hungry right now, and you are going to pay."

I followed after her and noticed that there was still no teacher coming to solve the situation. The bully that I just humiliated was still stuck in the leftovers container. None of the students seemed willing enough to help him out either.

As for Felicia, she wanted us to visit a coffee shop around the corner. I luckily had enough dollars in my mokeskin pouch, involuntarily gifted to me by the various bandits I beat up during last week.

After we entered the coffee shop, my companion got herself a crispy chicken strips salad and a coffee. I was satisfied with a cold and freshly pressed orange juice.

"Alright, so I know this girl, Jessica Jones. She is a rookie superhero but pretty strong with some serious skill in martial arts," I said while Felicia was casually munching her salad. Her bright bottle-green eyes studied my face.

"You will still need to seek out a professional trainer and learn something suitable for you, but I think you and Jessica will be good friends," I continued. "She is beautiful like you and strong-willed, but also rude, sarcastic, and gets annoyed easily. But she will be a great friend and will be able to help you when I am not able to."

"Hmm, Jessica Jones..." Felicia mumbled thoughtfully, her green eyes searching for something. "She has pink hair, right?"

I nodded. "Pink hair and eyes."

"Oh, then I know her already," Felicia announced with a smile. "She saved me not so long ago from a group of perverts that was following me after I left the gym. Jessica beat them up and threw them into a passing garbage truck. But she had to leave before I could talk to her. I didn't see her again ever since."

"Yeah, she had some problems with a perverted purple-skinned villain that could mind-control people," I explained with a shrug. "I saved Jessica, and I think that she and I are friends now after we spent a day at the Caribbean beach."

"Caribbean beach?" Felicia repeated curiously.

"Since I am a hero, I possess some nice superpowers, and one of them is teleportation," I explained with a smug smile.

"And you can go wherever you want?" Felicia asked with awe covering her features.

"Mostly only places I have visited before, but I can visit foreign places too if I have enough visual information available," I replied and leaned back

in my chair to look all proud of myself. "So, how awesome do you think am I?"

Felicia snorted in amusement. "You need to do more if you wish to impress me."

"Oh, you will eventually see that I am a pretty impressive dragon," I said with a toothy smile. "And since I take your words as a challenge, I will make sure to prove my awesomeness to you. But I can't show you the good stuff because I have to stay low for now. At least until I finish my education."

"Yeah, I want to finish mine too before I focus on anything else," Felicia agreed with a nod.

"Mine lasts for at least five more years... maybe less, but I don't want to pressure you anyway. I just want to push you a little bit so you can at least learn how to properly defend yourself in a few months," I said while sipping from my orange juice.

"Call it magic, but I have a small power for divination, and I saw something bad happen to you," I continued in a more serious tone, shocking Felicia. "It's nothing that you can't resolve on your own. You only need to learn how to kick a guy or two in the nuts really, really hard... if you understand what I mean."

It was a little lie, but I wanted her to understand that I wasn't just fooling around. She needed to be able to handle the situation herself. I would support her to my best ability, but I could hardly go around and get rid of every Ryan I came across.

"Y-Yes... I think I do," Felicia replied, a little bit green. "My father has a good friend that is an expert in martial arts. She was my babysitter when I was young, and I think that she will teach me if I ask."

"Sounds good, but do not worry too much Felicia," I said in a reassuring

tone. "It's not like something bad WILL happen. The future is always flowing, and I am pretty confident that you will turn super-awesome just like me soon enough. Remember that I have a way to give you superpowers, but it will take some time because I need to steal something well-guarded first."

Seeing her pleading expression, I chuckled to myself and continued. "It's the holy treasure or something of a secret country called Wakanda. The object we are looking for is a heart-shaped herb, and consuming it will enhance your body, giving you almost superhuman physical abilities."

"Keep that information a secret if you want us to ever succeed in getting it," I added in a warning tone. "If the Wakanda people know that someone is after their sacred herb, they will relocate it behind countless security measures and traps. They are at date the most advanced country in the world and have access to a near-indestructible metal called Vibranium."

"I understand," Felicia replied with a nod, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "You will help me surpass my father, and I will offer you my services at a discount price. Deal?"

"Deal," I chuckled.

Telling Felicia about all these secrets didn't felt like a bad idea at all. I was confident that this was the right move to make our relationship work - honesty. Sure, I can tell her that I know so much of her due to my past life and so on, but I would make sure to be as honest as possible with my allies and potential allies.

Because... well, if I can't be honest with my allies, they aren't worth being called allies.

And if someone betrays me, I would only become aware of the face of another enemy. But I don't think that I spilled any information so far that

could seriously harm me. Wakanda can hide their herb, but they can't hide their minds from me. Getting any kind of information would be a child's play as soon as I learn and master stuff like Legilimency or the Imperius Curse.

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We both agreed to visit Jessica after Felicia and I finished our small chat at the coffee bar. The pink-haired rookie heroine told me that she would take a short vacation from being a hero. Her plan for the next few weeks was to do nothing but relax with some wine and a good book.

So, when Felicia and I appeared in Jessica's kitchen, the pink-haired heroine started choking on her noodles due to the small shock she received. I was forced to give her back a good slap.

"Sorry for that," I apologized awkwardly while scratching the back of my head. Jessica just glared at me before turning to Felicia. Her gaze softened a bit when she saw the platinum-blond girl.

"Hey, you are that girl that I saved a few weeks ago," Jessica pointed out before turning back to me. "Johnny, what is she doing here?"

"You two are going to be best friends," I told Jessica as if I was a mother talking to a socially awkward kid. "You show her how to kick ass and will protect her from any perverts that lay their lecherous eyes on her."

Seeing that she was about to protest, I continued, "In exchange for your services, I am going to help you unlock your flying ability."

Jessica's eyes narrowed for a moment before widening in surprise. "You can do that?"

"Yep, I can give you the necessary push," I explained with an insidious grin. "You won't like it, but it will help you unlock your flying ability. I promise."

"Johnny, I will beat you into a cripple if you are going to tell me that I

need to have sex with you," Jessica warned, impaling a piece of noodle with her fork.

Felicia giggled, appearing to enjoy Jessica's blunt and uncouth ways.

"She thinks I want to sleep with her because I called her body a ten," I explained to Felicia, causing her to raise an expectant brow at me.

I nodded in understanding. "Well, your body is obviously an eleven out of ten, your face is a ten, and your personality is a... hmm, a nine and a half."

"Eleven?!" Jessica screeched with a mouth full of pasta.

"Yeah, I mean... look at her. She looks like an angel," I replied, gesturing up and down at a blushing Felicia.

Jessica nodded in reluctance. "Fine, I can see your point."

"Please, you are at least just as hot," Felicia grinned back with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "You must have seen the fires of passion in Dragon's eyes when he talked about you."

"Dragon?" Jessica questioned curiously.

Felicia gestured towards me. "My nickname for him until he tells me his full name."

Jessica scoffed. "Pah, you will only inflate his already enormous ego with that."

I rolled my eyes at that.

"Yes, that's why I am calling him my Little Dragon," Felicia nodded in agreement, smirking towards me. "At least until he is older and a real man."

"Just you wait, I show you girls what a real man is one day," I announced with an air of gory, focusing my magic to my eyes to make them glow with power. "That day, you will witness what the saying a dragon amongst men truly means!"

Jessica shuddered. "Please stop. You are making me cringe."

"That's what you get for tickling the dragon," I retorted before fishing some dragon meat out of my mokeskin pouch. Felica's face morphed with surprise.

"Johnny can do magic," Jessica explained when she noticed the expression of the younger girl. "He can teleport literally everywhere he wants, summon a massive fiery snake, and he has a magical pouch that can store a ridiculous amount of stuff."

Felicia gave me an odd look after hearing that. "So... you can use your magic to make people fart?"

"Yeah, it's one of my many prank spells," I replied with a grin. "But I can't openly use my true magic around non-magical folk. It's against the law of my people since we prefer to keep our existence a secret. I have to wait until I am powerful enough to be above the law."

"There are people with magic living amongst us?" Felica questioned in wonder.

I shook my head. "Not really. Maybe a few, but most of my kind live in some kind of separate pocket-dimension that warps reality, space, and so on. It exists and also not."

Ever since the Second World War, after Hydra betrayed Grindelwald, these Nazi guys kept abducting magicals from all over the world. Mostly purebloods or half-bloods that failed to properly blend in when they traveled into the mundane world. These abductions caused a lot of hysteria. People began to remember the times when wizards and witches were being burned at the stake. So, most individuals of a magical nature avoided the muggle world, or they lived in very secluded areas.

"Hmm, I see..." Felicia hummed, licking her lips before smirking at me.

"But you are still breaking these rules. Why?"

"Because I am a mighty dragon," I replied, filling my lungs with plasma to make my mouth exhale tongues of fire. My eyes also started to glow like hot embers, making Felicia gape at me with wide eyes.

"Fuck," she exclaimed loudly. "Are you really a dragon?! Can you transform into one?!"

I grinned. "No, but I am starting to really like that nickname you gave me."

Jessica groaned loudly. "Well done, Felicia. You have created a monster." Suddenly, without any warning, the pink-haired heroine rushed into her bedroom and leaped on her bed, covering herself with thick blankets before promptly falling asleep.

WTF?

"Ehm... well." I was just as dumbfounded as Felicia over the new situation.

"What now?" my new companion asked.

"Hmm... I don't know," I replied with a thoughtful look. My face split with a grin the next second. "We could teleport to the Sahara desert, and I can show you my big snake if you like."

"Is your snake really that big?" Felicia inquired with an amused expression.

I nodded, my grin growing larger. "The biggest and mightiest."

"Fine," she accepted with a nod. "How do you teleport us now?"

"You must hug me tightly," I explained, forcing my smile away. "It's the safest way."

"Little Dragon, I will bite you if you touch me somewhere inappropriate," Felicia warned before she pulled me into a tight hug.

"Felicia, I would never dare," I hummed in utter satisfaction, melting away on her sinfully curvy, pleasantly warm, and delightfully soft body.

bampf

We reappeared in the same area where I teleported Killgrave and Jessica about a week ago. Felicia continued to hug me for several seconds and only let go when she noticed my goofy expression.

After recovering from her marvel that we truly teleported, I pulled my wand from my pants and presented it to her with a proud expression.

Then I summoned Dremoria. Felicia was almost ready to run away screaming when she saw the massive king cobra in all her fiery glory. My platinum-blond companion only stopped from doing so because she realized that the monster before her was truly under my total command.

"Can you see it, Felicia?" I said with a smug smile. "Can you see how awesome I am?"

"Yes, Little Dragon, but does the giant, fiery snake mean that you are compensating for something?" she inquired cheekily.

"Not at all," I replied with a flirty wink.

After finishing our business in the desert, Felicia and I returned back to New York. She wanted to take me to her home so I can visit her directly. Felicia and her mother lived alone in a luxurious and spacious apartment that was part of a high-profile complex located in Queens. All her neighbors were rich folk of the pompous and annoying sort. The platinum-blond beauty explained that her mother was a financial advisor and an art expert, and that they lived here because it looked better for her mother's image to be part of the high society.

As for Felicia's father, she simply said that he was away. But when I told her that I know about her father being a famous thief, the Cat Burglar, or also known as Black Cat, she finally admitted that he disappeared not so long ago and that he was most likely in trouble again.

Her mother was just as frustrated over his disappearance and even

started to loath her father for disappearing once again. However, Anastasia Hardy still remained married to him because she took the holy bond of matrimony quite seriously. Felicia's mother was a burglar herself but started to rather enjoy living amongst the rich and wealthy. She stopped being a professional thief after amassing a fortune along with Felicia's father.

That said, Felicia took me to her room and continued to tell me that her mother started to meet with other men, despite claiming that she was still loyal to her father. Felicia skipped school a few times, and one day when she hid in her room to avoid getting caught by her mother, she saw her mother inviting one of her wealthy clients into their home. They had sex almost everywhere but in her room.

Because of that, Felicia started to hate both her parents. Her father, because the irresponsible guy, kept disappearing for long periods of time, leaving his family alone. They had enough money to live a carefree life, but her father couldn't stop himself from going after the next big treasure to steal. He was most likely addicted to stealing stuff.

As for her mother, Felicia was disgusted that her mother would actually sell her body in exchange for money. She wasn't sure if her mother wasn't just sexually frustrated, but knowing that she had sex with her arrogant, pompous, and stuck-up client left Felicia thinking that her mother was whoring herself for money.

I wasn't really sure what to say besides that she was soon old enough to start her own life, to walk her own path. She seemed to like that thought. And after I offered her my support, Felicia and I talked about the future. She wanted to surpass her father and become better than him. She was also interested in becoming a hero. She wanted to fight corrupt individuals that amassed their wealth through the suffering of others.

We eventually started talking about the wizarding world and my magical abilities.

"You're lucky because I want to be an enchanter and craftsman," I said while sitting on Felicia's bed, covered in her blanket with only my head sticking out. "That means you will have access to magical equipment."

Felicia hugged her pillow tightly, grinning with excitement. "Can you make something that allows me to turn invisible?"

"Well, we have Invisibility Cloaks..."

The next hours passed quickly as I told her about the various magical objects that already existed. I also showed her the Disillusionment Charm and pieces of magic that automatically turned me into a master burglar. I could cast the Disillusionment Charm on Felicia too, and we ended up playing some kind of ninja games where we snuck around and tried to ambush each other.

Before I left, Felicia pulled me into a tight hug and pressed a kiss on my cheek, saying that it was my reward for giving her an amazing day.

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Chapter 14: Chapter Fourteen:

Showing Off

Time blurred, and Friday evening arrived quickly, with me investing most of my time into practicing and studying magic.

I also spend some time with Paulina and discussed all kinds of magical topics and theories with her. It was one of our favorite activities when we were spending time together.

There was even some time to visit Jessica and Felicia. They were pretty different in their personalities, but they seemed to both hated the same kind of people, and so they both enjoyed the beginning of a flourishing friendship.

And as for the Hogwarts population? Well, I definitely got fairly popular with the girls, but also with some older Slytherin boys that wanted to beat me up in order to prove their superiority. But evading them was pretty easy with the help of the Marauder's Map and helpful tricks like the Disillusionment Charm.

Anyway...

I was currently with Paulina, Flitwick, and Lily Potter down in the dungeon and inside an old, unused dueling hall for the non-existent dueling clubs.

The little professor was really fascinated by the discovery of the hidden texts. He couldn't read them at all, and my own insights from these pages didn't make much sense to him, but he was still happy about it because it made his collection feel more precious. His best guess was that there was some very powerful magic protecting these texts, and only individuals lucky enough to be deemed worthy are able to read and fully comprehend them.

It wasn't a common thing, but such like that actually existed. It was assumed that there was still a shit-ton of powerful magic hidden in old ruins, but and likely to remain hidden and unclaimed until the day someone worthy enough appeared. It wasn't that rare that old and powerful individuals create such hidden legacies to let their teaching be continued by someone capable enough.

I mean, just look at Sirius Black. He is the heir of one of the most powerful magical families in the world, but he stubbornly refuses to learn their magic. It may be of a dark nature, but you don't have to actually use it to cause harm. Sirius could have become the finest curse-breaker of his age simply because of his vast knowledge in the Dark Arts. But I guess that he is too short-sighted to realize that.

It only made sense that some individuals decided to lock their lifework behind powerful spells. To find just one worthy successor that could continue and improve one's work was better than having ten blood-related but useless heirs ruining it.

For example, the Malfoys were once famous all over the world for their family magic that specialized in breeding magical creatures. That's what made them so filthy rich. But the new generations started to see that practice as beneath them. So they foolishly allowed their family magic to remain unused until it completely faded away from their bloodline.

It was a real shame because I would love such a magical bloodline. I would breed the largest and fattest dragons in existence...

smack

'Huh?'

My ponderings were violently interrupted by a smack on the head. I blinked in confusion until I realized that Flitwick already finished preparing the dummy I should test my spell on. Everyone was waiting for me to make my move.

"Focus, Jonny, you need to focus," Paulina scolded from my side.

"You can start whenever you feel ready to, Mister Vegaz," Flitwick encouraged with a cheerful smile.

"I was born ready," I said in an overly self-confident tone as I swaggered over to stand a couple of meters in front of the dummy.

Flitwick put some charms on it that would measure the power of my spell. Not in numbers, but he basically just made the dummy super-durable by applying several defensive charms on it. If my spell managed to destroy all these defenses, then it would be classified as a dangerous spell. Pretty simple.

Measuring the power of a spell with numbers and so on was useless. It

wouldn't give one any useful data since the power of a spell varies based on how much power the caster fueled into the spell. For example, there were weak and precise cutting charms for cutting leaves in herbology, and there were overpowered and very violent cutting charms that could slice a large boulder in two.

Everything other property of the spell needed to be examined by an experienced eye. It was a simple process of comparing the result of the spellcasting with the data the creator provided on the spell.

"One!" I started to count down, increasing the impatience of my little audience.

"Two!"

"Three!"

Flitwick rose on his tiptoes so he could get a better look. Lily appeared as if she wanted to scold me for doing something dangerous. And as for Paulina, she was pretty excited about seeing my new, dangerous spell.

"Flammarys!" I roared loudly, causing the tip of my wand to erupt with a golden stream of ravenous fire.

The voracious fire of my spell quickly engulfed the metal dummy, and it didn't take long before I noticed the first signs of melting. Another few seconds, and I could tell that all the protective charms that Flitwick placed on the dummy were eradicated. Eventually, the dummy began to liquidize and was then fully consumed by vivid golden fire.

Lily and Flitwick were gaping at the blazing spectacle with their eyes wide open and blinking in disbelief. Paulina was in the meantime awed by the golden color of my flames, mumbling how beautiful the flames I summoned were.

"Pretty impressive spell, isn't it?" I said with a nonchalant attitude.

Hearing my words, Flitwick clapped his hands merrily. "An outstanding,

skillful, and marvelous performance, Mister Vegaz!"

"Yeah, I am pretty awesome," I replied shamelessly, causing Paulina to giggle and Lily to huff in amusement.

"Is it true that you have created this spell over your summer holidays?"

Flitwick inquired curiously after he calmed down a bit.

"Maybe," I replied with a cheeky grin.

Flitwick nodded, grinning back. "Very well, Mister Vegaz, but please try to limit your future experiments during your time at Hogwarts," he advised before approaching what was left of the dummy, carefully inspecting the blackened material.

"Your spell is very powerful indeed," Flitwick mused with a glint of approval appearing in his eyes.

"And just as vicious," Lily added with a huff before turning her attention to me, inhaling a deep breath.

"I know, I know..." I interrupted just as Lily's lips parted. "Don't use your spell against fellow students. Don't use it on the hallways or any area where it can cause large property damage."

"Lily, please, Mister Vegaz isn't a simpleton," Flitwick chuckled. "He is one of my best eagles. Of course he knows the rules."

"Yes, but-..." she started before getting interrupted by Flitwick.

"Not all men are like James, Lily," Flitwick snorted, surprising me with the genuine annoyance that filled his tone. "Your husband is one the biggest cases of man-child I ever had the displeasure to teach."

Hearing that, Lily Potter became red with embarrassment.

"Yeah, that guy is seriously immature," I confirmed, supporting Flitwick's evaluation of Lily's husband. "What is wrong with him anyway? Every time he comes to Hogwarts, he fools around with the Gryffindor's, acting like he was of their age. He flirts with girls half of his age, and sometimes

he insults Professor Snape with silly nicknames until the two start throwing fists or food at each other."

Lily reddened even more, not with anger, but with shame. Paulina moved over to the red-haired professor to offer her some words of encouragement.

"Drunk on fame he is," Flitwick muttered wisely.

"Well, back to the main topic," I started before summoning a small ball of golden fire on my open palm. "My control over the element of fire is quite good, but I would love to learn about other elements, too. Is that possible?"

Flitwick smirked slyly. "Certainly, Mister Vegaz. But you owe me a favor in return."

"What kind of favor?" I asked with narrowed eyes, remembering that Flitwick was partly a goblin.

"I will request your assistance in the future should the chance appear to improve the reputation of our House," Flitwick explained in a more serious tone. My eyes rose in surprise when I heard his demand.

Improving the reputation of my house meant improving my own as well.

"Professor, I think we have a deal," I replied, nodding with a small grin.

Flitwick returned to his cheerful self. "Wonderful, fantastic, brilliant!" he squeaked with a small chortle.

In the meantime, Lily seemed to have recovered from her embarrassment.

She found my deal with Flitwick a good idea and offered me her support, saying that we could use our tutoring lessons for practical training. Not wanting to be left out, Paulina boldly appointed herself as Lily's assistant.

Following my demonstration of Flammarys, our small group left the dungeons towards Flitwick's office. There was still enough time until curfew left, and the little professor was in the mood for some chattering,

tea, and cookies.

And before the evening ended, I have got a little gift from Flitwick. He copied a thick tome with the comical title 'The Drowned Goose' from his private collection. It contained basic stuff about water-based elemental magic and even secrets on how to weaponize the water in your environment.

Flitwick also mentioned that he would permit me to visit the Restricted Section of the library. However, I had to be in the company of Lily every time I desired to visit that place. The professors wanted to make sure that I didn't get too curious about books with content that shouldn't be seen by young eyes.

Paulina was brimming with excitement when she heard all the material I would gain access to. She knew that I would share my knowledge with her. In fact, I already started to tutor her in fire-based magic and how to cast these kinds of spells properly. It was fun, and she was an enthusiastic learner, so I happily supported her wish to improve.

My Friday ended quite satisfactorily indeed.

I already had a few books on elemental magic from the large collection I discovered in the Room of Hidden Things, but more material to increase the productivity of my studies was always welcome. The more information I could collect and memorize, the better my ability to create spells.

Imagination was an important part when it comes to spell-creation, and it was very well possible to simply 'imagine' a spell into existence, but such stuff was like a low-quality sword with blunt edges.

Basically, more knowledge about other spells would improve my own technique of creating spells, using what already existed as inspiration.

After all, the first user of magic created their spells by studying the

abilities of magical creatures, drawing inspiration from nature.

That was another reason why I desired to hunt every magical creature in existence - or at least harvest some of their blood if they were willing to share. Devouring their 'essence' had a fairly good chance of gifting me their natural abilities. Furthermore, I would get and a good grasp of the exact nature of their magic. That was basically free knowledge directly downloaded into my mind and ready to be used and abused by my whims.

Devouring the Slytherin's basilisk gave me a lot of insight on how to use my eyes as a magical forci, to use them like I used my wand. But I had to modify spells first since the eyes were a rathe sensible organ. I don't want to end up blind or something.

For example, the Severing Charm Diffindo, one single fuck-up, and I can tell that I would end up slicing my own eyes open, causing a fountain of blood to erupt out of my eye-sockets.

So far, the most suitable magic that could be cast through one's eyes was stuff from the Mind Arts. The nature of mind-magic was usually subtle and soft.

With all that being said, my opinion was that the most powerful magical individuals got their power from their ability to memorize a large amount of knowledge and by being highly creative minds.

Knowledge was like colors, and the more colors you can collect, the grander and more beautiful your painting would turn out.

Every piece of magic was a work of art!

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After my display in front of Professor Flitwick and Potter, I spent most of my Saturday with Paulina. She asked me if we could study my new book,

The Drowned Goose, together. We searched an abandoned classroom to test out some spells if necessary, and then made ourselves comfortable before going through the material.

And since we had to share the book, Paulina was basically clued into my side, blushing heavily while I wrapped a hand around her shoulder. I knew that she liked me, and showing that I liked her back improved the mood of my female friend.

The situation made me recall that I was around twenty or something before I died to be reborn. I couldn't really remember my exact age anymore, and the birthday of my past life. It felt like a distant memory, and right now, I saw myself more like an overly 'smart' and 'mature' teenage boy that would have his thirteenth birthday in a few days.

After being reborn, I feared that I would feel like the wrong kind of pervert if I ended up liking a girl of my age, one like Paulina. But in the end, I concluded that it didn't make any sense to restrict myself just because I had unique circumstances of birth. I might as well be a normal boy with superpowers and a mind full of memories that belonged to some older guy from a world where my own world was part of his fiction literature.

So, I didn't hesitate and showed Paulina some affection, hugging her back and kissing her on the cheek.

Her Occlumency training progressed at a quite satisfactory pace too. It wouldn't take long until I could share more of my secrets with her.

Teaching Paulina some of the spells I knew was fun, and I ended up solidifying my own knowledge and grasp over these pieces of magic while I was tutoring her.

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Chapter 15: Chapter Fifteen:

Playtime [R-18!]

Since I promised Jessica to help her unlock her flying ability, I teleported over to her place shortly after the Sunday morning breakfast. Paulina had to finish her homework, study some stuff that interested her, and practice Occlumency. And if anybody wanted to look for me, I made it appear as if I was busy all day long, studying the new book that Professor Flitwick gave me.

That said, I appeared in Jessica's apartment from a ball of golden fire that fused back into my body after I exited the dimensional door.

"Holy Mother of Magic!" I gasped with my eyes wide open in amazement.

Jessica just left the bathroom, fully naked. Our eyes met, but I couldn't help but quickly scan her tall and toned body, swiftly memorizing her sensual shapes and curves. Her soft, flawless skin was still wet, glistening erotically in the dim light. She was completely devoid of any hair below her slender neck. I noticed that her hardened nipples were also pink. Seeing me shamelessly gawking at her body, her face was reddening with anger, ready to explode, so I quickly initiated a strategy that would hopefully cool off her violent spirit.

"Holy shit, Jessica, you must be one of the most beautiful heroines out there!" I praised while nodding in approval. "Your body is definitely a ten!"

It was true, her wet pink hair and sunkissed body made her look outrageously attractive and erotic right now, like a wet dream made flesh.

Hearing my compliment, Jessica's anger cooled off a bit. She huffed at me and nodded slowly, looking a bit too pleased. But I didn't expect her to simply continue walking all naked, passing me with a small smirk. She opened her fridge and bent down slightly to take a glass bottle of coke

out of it. My bewitched eyes were glued on her perfect, heart-shaped backside all the while.

"Ehm, you don't mind being naked in front of me?" I asked her bluntly, feeling my face redden a bit.

Jessica rotated and faced me, tilting her head thoughtfully. "Not really," she said in an almost casual tone. "Felicia and I talked about it. After an annoyingly long discussion about boys, we decided that since we are going to be a team in the future, we might as well be friends with special benefits."

My brows shoot up in surprise. "So, you want to have sex with me?"

"Johnny, it hurts me to admit it, but you aren't bad at all," Jessica replied with a small, cheeky smile. "I am eighteen, and you are what... fifteen, sixteen? I didn't fuck anything for months, and you are an enhanced human just like me. I really want to have sex with someone that can survive my punches."

Gulping hard, her last line made me feel somewhat nervous. I hoped that Jessica wasn't into BDSM.

"Actually, I am going to be thirteen in two days," I corrected her with a smirk. "But yeah, I look older because my kind matures faster. I mature even faster than the rest because I am so powerful."

Jessica looked baffled for a moment, looking up and down at me in disbelief. It wasn't completely normal that a magical would mature as fast as me, but I could only guess and assume that my magic reacted to my wishes. Consuming large amounts of dragon meat might also have helped me in this regard.

Just this morning, I checked myself in the window of the boy's bathroom and couldn't help but marvel. My body was around one meter seventy tall, lean and athletic with some mass of muscles, and started to radiate a

more masculine air. I didn't look boyish at all anymore. My jawline also became more pronounced, and my face chiseled. My beard growth already started at the beginning of my summer holidays.

All in all, along with my deep-blue eyes and swept-back blond hair, I looked quite handsome and fairly mature for my age. I still wanted to mature even more until I fully looked like an older teen. Nothing too ridiculous to attract unwanted attention.

Well, as for Jessica, she was eighteen but looked quite a bit more mature too, now that I had her full nakedness right in front of me. It might have been her superpower that enhanced her body to look like the property of a curvy bikini model.

Her alluring body and the idea that she and Felicia bred together also caused me to heat up in arousal right now. As a result of this, I startled Jessica when I suddenly began to undress in front of her. She didn't stop me and kept checking out my highly athletic physique. She even kept looking after I got rid of my boxers, showing her my rising hardness.

"Well, how do I compare to your past lovers?" I inquired her with a shameless grin.

Reading the books on sex-magic that I found made me eager to try out all these techniques. There were a dozen of spells that would turn me into a pleasure-machine, and I decided to make Jessica my first victim.

The pink-haired beauty regained her wits and huffed. "Definitely better, but I still wish that you were taller. I don't like men that are smaller than myself."

"Give me one more year for that," I replied with a shrug. "But I know sex-magic, and I am confident that I can still beat your past companions in everything they did."

"Sex-magic?" Jessica repeated, looking very intrigued.

I nodded with a wolfish grin. "Do you want me to show you what my tongue can do?"

Everything happened really fast the next minute. Jessica drowned her cola, grabbed my hand, and dragged me into her bedroom. She leaped into her bed and rested on her back before spreading her legs in invitation, panting loudly as her body heated up with growing arousal.

I followed after her and crawled on her large bed before kneeling between her legs, admiring her glistening, sexy pussy that was already wet and ready. Jessica growled at me in impatience when I kept her waiting for too long.

"Johnny, stop staring at my pussy like a little idiot," she snarled, panting with quick and eager breaths. "Hurry up, show me what your so-called sex-magic can do!"

Grinning like a ravenous wolf at a delicious snack, I summoned my wand into my hand and muttered a few incantations before I went to work, lowering my head between Jessica's legs. She moaned loudly when I gave her pinkish silken folds a long lick and was soon squealing in delight and utter bliss when I used Parseltongue to make my tongue vibrate.

"Oohhhh- fuck, yesssss!" Jessica hissed sharply while using her hands to press my face into her crotch. "Fuck you, Johnny, why are you so good at this?!"

In response, I penetrated her pussy with my tongue and used the tip to stimulate what I located as her erogenous zone, using pleasure-enhancing magic to completely break her mind and make her go crazy.

"That's it, right there!" Jessica screamed in ecstasy, wrapping her legs around me as her body began to shiver and tremble. "Yessss!—Yesss!—Yesss!"

While her orgasm ravaged her body, her pussy squirted a flood of sex-

juices into my mouth. I stubbornly continued to lick and suck Jessica's sopping wet cunt.

"Oh my god, Johnny!" Jessica moaned in high arousal. "You-...!"

She stopped when she felt my hands wandering up to grope her large, firm, and bouncy breasts. Soon, I let my greedy hands wander all over her sinful attractive body as I aimed for her second orgasm.

However, before she experienced her second climax, I stopped and lifted my head from between her legs, eyeing her like a dragon its prey.

"Jessica, I'm going to fuck you with my cock now," I told her and repositioned myself while she just stared at me in shock, her eyes fixated on the large baton that was about to enter her drenched cunt.

She just nodded in response, watching me with quick pants as I penetrated her pussy with my hard flesh. Deeper and deeper until I was fully sheathed inside her tight, wet tunnel.

The sound of sex soon filled the room as I began to thrust into Jessica. She spread her legs further and pulled my face between her tits while savoring the quick and deep penetration.

"Johnny!" Jessica panted into my ears. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me, Johnny!"

Grunting, I began to shove my surprisingly large dick into her even harder, fucking her silly for almost a minute before we shared an intense orgasm - mine came right after her body began to tremble below me.

Following this, we continued to have one more round in the missionary position before we switched positions to doggystyle. Jessica was starving for sex and allowed me to pound her like a wild beast in heat.

Before our almost two hours long session ended, Jessica rewarded me with a few lascivious blowjobs, making me shudder with intense sexual pleasure. I sat at the edge of her bed, and she kneeled before me, sucking

me off with muffled moans. She didn't stop after the first shot and drank all my hot cream before continuing to enthusiastically serve me with her mouth, lips, tongue.

After the sexy fun was over, we made ourselves comfortable in her large, bouncy bed and simply lazed around, talking about the experience.

There was actually a lot of talking necessary. My sperm wasn't normal at all. It looked like honey and tasted just like that - based on Jessica's comments. Furthermore, my stuff made Jessica experience some kind of invigorating sensation.

"Is that an effect of the magic you used?" Jessica asked me softly, sounding slightly embarrassed.

"To be honest, I am not sure," I muttered thoughtfully. "I cast a charm that will prevent me from impregnating you, but it shouldn't change my semen to this degree. But it also may be the product of my special nature. I am not a normal human, after all."

"How did my pussy juice taste?" Jessica inquired with a small amount of amusement in her voice.

"Quite good," I replied with an amused huff. "You have a really nice pussy. We should take care of it more often, don't you think?"

"Yes," Jessica hummed softly before narrowing her eyes at me. "But I decide when we have sex. Don't expect me to spread my legs for you every time you are in the mood for it."

"Why did you decide to have sex with me anyway?" I questioned her curiosity. "I had the impression was that you weren't interested."

"That's because I tested you," Jessica replied quickly, giving me a look of annoyance. "Most boys only want to have sex with me, and I wanted to see if you would still return to me after I deny you access to my pussy." That didn't sound like the full truth, but I didn't press further.

"Well, you are pretty hot," I muttered with a grin. "It's hard not to think of sex when you are a boy and in the presence of someone as attractive as you. But I am also interested in you personally. I like you, Jessica Jones, and I think your superpowers are really great. You have the classic hero skillset. We are going to be a great team."

Jessica rose and turned to rest on her elbow, eyeing me. "Felicia mentioned that you might be able to create magical armor in the future." "Since you are part of my team, you will naturally get one," I said while enjoying the warmth of her body. "But it will take some time until I am capable enough to create proper good armor. Until that point, I can enchant your stuff with more simple spells. Still useful, but not as much." "Fair enough." Jessica seemed satisfied with my answer because she crawled on top of me and pressed a kiss on my lips, invading my mouth with her tongue.

I felt my dick harden again, pressing against the puffy lips of her pussy. Jessica sensed that too and lifted her hip while she grabbed down to guide my tip into her wet entry. She then lowered herself on my hardness until I was fully inside her. She moaned into my mouth when she began to ride me, moving her lower body up and down with slow, sensual movements.

"Felicia will arrive soon," Jessica purred hotly into my ear while grinding her crotch into mine. Thrusting my cock up into her slit, I just grunted in reply and fucked her faster.

Today's plan was to visit the Caribbean island and unlock Jessica's flying ability, and Felicia wanted to come along as well. Besides, my two older female friends wanted to enjoy some quality time on the beach.

...

Felicia eventually arrived, wearing tight-fitting black pants, a white

sports top that exposed a large section of her midriff, and a black leather jacket. Her outfit hugged her lavish curves, leaving little to my imagination.

That said, she probably didn't expect to find Jessica and me naked, with my dick deep inside the pussy of the pink-haired seductress that was riding me. It was actually Jessica's idea to let Felicia catch us while having sex. The platinum-blond beauty suggested that the three of us would become friends with benefits, but she most certainly didn't expect that Jessica would act on it so soon.

The situation was a bit awkward because Jessica and I wanted to finish our round, so she continued to ride me until she began to tremble with loud moans. As for me, I came inside Jessica and pumped my honey into her until her tight cunt was overflowing with my essence.

Felicia saw all this and licked her red lips in response, meowing at me playfully when our eyes met. She walked into the bedroom and took a seat at the edge of the bed, watching Jessica and me as we enjoyed our shared climax.

"That was so hot," Felicia muttered, taking in a deep breath.

Jessica snorted, still impaled on my pole. "Felicia, didn't you tell me that you are still a virgin? Why are you not embarrassed after seeing us like that?"

Felicia shrugged nonchalantly. "It happened more than just once that I spied on my mother when she served her richer clients."

"Pervert," Jessica mocked with a huff before lifting her hip and rolling to my side, humming in satisfaction.

"Is Johnny that good?" Felicia asked while eyeing my still hard dick.

"He knows sex-magic," Jessica replied before she collected a drop of sperm from the tip of my cock before sucking at it. "And his jizz is

delicious. It tastes like honey."

Felicia watched with wide eyes as Jessica collected another drop of my love juices and offered it to her. The platinum-blond angel reddened heavily, looking scandalized. But she stiffly sniffed at the honey-like substance, hesitated for a moment, and then closed her eyes before sucking Jessica's finger.

"Fuck, you two are so sexy." My cock hardened again when I saw that, and I couldn't help but feel extremely horny.

Jessica rose on all her fours and crawled close to Felicia before whispering something into her ears. The slightly younger girl reddened again while licking her lips, staring at my large and fat cock. She then nodded to herself with a determined look in her bright green eyes.

I couldn't believe my luck when Felicia Hardy hopped on the bed to approach me on all her fours. She knelt between my legs and totally ignored me, focusing her entire attention on my cock as if she wanted to solve a riddle.

Suddenly, she lowered herself and kissed my tip. Then she began to suck at my peak with her sensual lips. Her tongue came afterward, licking my shaft. It didn't take long before she took me into her warm, wet mouth. I groaned when I felt my shaft sliding on her soft tongue.

Soon, Felicia's head bobbed up and down with quick motions as she slowly became bolder and more unrestrained. Her tongue swirled around my cock, licking my shaft up and down. Her lips sucked and kissed my hard flesh, moaning sultrily as she worked me towards a raging climax. Half a minute later, and I warned Felicia that I was about to cum. She quickly enveloped the tip of my cock with her mouth and began to suck hard when I exploded with a large amount of hot honey. Almost nothing was wasted. Felicia slurped everything I offered her and then proceeded

to zealously lick my hard pole clean.

In the meantime, Jessica was moaning softly while rubbing herself. She then casually squirted all over her bedsheets, climaxed from watching me cum into Felicia's mouth.

"Oh god, my orgasms never felt this good before," Jessica whimpered with bliss all over her face.

Felicia gave me an intense look, and then she suddenly started to undress. She got rid of her jacket and top, then her bra, and followed up with her sneakers and pants. I almost felt like climaxing just from looking at her criminally attractive body. She left her racy G-string on for me to see and admire and then moved on top of me before smashing a passionate kiss on my lips.

My hands roamed all over her alluring curves and eventually squeezed both of her shapely ass-cheeks while we continued kissing passionately. Felicia moaned into my mouth and began to grind her ravishing body against mine.

"Johnny, I want you inside me," she purred lewdly. "Claim my naughty pussy and make me your woman."

"It will be my pleasure, Felicia," I replied and pushed her to the side to roll on top of her sexy shape.

She squealed in surprise when I simply ripped her G-string off her body, giving me a small glare that promised revenge. I smirked back and positioned myself between her spread legs, poking the entrance of her cute little pussy with the tip of my hard cock.

"Be gentle," Felicia whispered softly.

"You can trust me," I replied with a smile and then inserted myself, slowly entering her incredibly tight cunt. I soon felt the resistance of her hymen and broke through with a small, forceful push. Felicia yelped and

whimpered weakly in response. Her face twisted with a little bit of pain as I buried myself deeper inside her.

After the first penetration, I was soon thrusting into Felicia Hardy with slow and gentle motions. Jessica was in the meantime lying next to us, shamelessly pleasuring herself with Felicia's hand.

Since my sex-magic spells were still active, Felicia was soon moaning loudly. Crazy with lust, she begged for me to fuck even her harder and faster.

"So good, I love it!" Felicia groaned out loud, with intense lust clouding her beautiful features. "Give me more of you, Johnny. Fuck me harder!"

With my mind delirious with sexual pleasure, I obeyed her orders and was soon fucking her without any restraint at all. The platinum-blond angel below me greatly enjoyed her time with me, spreading her legs as widely possible to take in more of my hard flesh. She also made me suck her nipples and say smutty things to her.

After I took Felicia Hardy's virginity, we slowly switched into a hot threesome. Jessica made me rest on my back so she could sit on my face and make me lick and suck her soaked pussy. Our platinum-blond angel was all the while clumsily riding my hardness. And in addition to that, the two girls shared heated kisses while emitting naughty moans.

Felicia seemed to like doggystyle too, and so the girls moved to rest next to each other on all their fours, allowing me to fuck them like a well-oiled machine. Feeling a bit courageous, I also tried something new with my pink-haired wildcat.

"Harder, deeper!" Jessica nearly screamed while I impaled her forbidden entrance with quick strokes. "Oohhhh, good, it feels so good.

Fuuuuccckkk!"

My horny partner was soon climaxing with her body spasming in joy. She

squeezed my dick with her tight anus and luscious ass-cheeks and panted loudly as she felt how I sprayed thick roped of cum inside her, filling her hot insides up.

Felicia could barely restrain herself and was rubbing her pussy impatiently as she waited for me to visit again. Her sweaty face brightened in vivid delight when she saw that her time finally came.

"Fuck, yesss!" The future Black Cat meowed with a hiss, relishing the penetration of her swollen pussy. "Please, Johnny, fuck me like slut.

Make me your whore!"

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed into the room as I used my enhanced physique to drill Felicia's tight pussy, quick and hard, with deep and long strokes. She totally lost herself in the fiery ecstasy of the many orgasms she experienced, lewdly demanding to be ravaged by my cock until she would lose her mind.

The sex-magic I learned really paid off. Felicia and Jessica continued to have totally unrestrained sex with me for several hours, acting as if they were starving for my dick. We experimented with all kinds of sinfully delicious positions, and I was rewarded with a dozen of blowjobs in between. The extremely lewd facial expressions they showed me all the while made me feel like the protagonist of a crazy hentai anime.

We only stopped because Jessica really wanted to unlock her flying ability.

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Chapter 16: Chapter Sixteen:

Ritual [R-18]

Finally arriving at the Caribbean island, all the stuff I stole before from luxury beach resorts was still here, just shrunken and stored in a small box. I used the growing charm Engorigo to return everything to its

normal size and then organized everything to serve the girls and me later. Then I prepared snacks and drinks and even teleported to an electronics store where I grabbed a portable music player.

Everything was ready for a nice day on the beach.

Turning around to see what the girls were up to, I saw Felicia and Jessica taking a swim in the beautiful azure water surrounding the dreamy island. They didn't even bother with bikinis anymore and were completely naked so that they could get a nice tan. As for myself, I was not particularly eager to allow my Don Juan to dangle around in the wind, so I was wearing a pair of black swimming shorts.

"Teach me how to fly, Johnny!" Jessica demanded loudly before shooting up into the air like a rocket. She managed to fly around ten meters up, but it was more like a really high jump than genuine flying.

"Alright, but promise me that you won't kill me for helping you," I said while watching her leap around like a crazy locust. "We won't do anything harmful or perverted, but you will experience a little fright. That's what will help you unlock your ability. I need to scare you a bit."

"Fine," Jessica shouted back as she landed from another one of her high jumps.

My face split with a predatory smirk, and I directly teleported at her to catch her midair before she could land. She yelped in shock, but we disappeared again before she had the chance to complain or defend herself.

bampf

Reappearing in the sky high above the island, I let go of Jessica and teleported back on the beach again.

"Fuck me! Johnny, did you just-...?!" Felicia gaped with wide eyes, looking up to see the small shape of a pink-haired woman dropping from

the sky.

I didn't reply since I had to concentrate on Jessica. She really needed to develop a fear for her life in order to unlock her ability. Her subconscious mind needed to believe that she was about to die for my plan to work.

Based on Jessica's screams, it seemed that throwing her from the sky did make her fear for her life. All I needed to do now was to wait and save her if she failed to unlock her ability.

Seeing her getting closer, I started to smirk when her dropping speed seemed to slow down drastically. She abruptly halted in the air like frozen a few times before continuing to fall. The fall continued like that, the stops became more, and she eventually began to erratically fly up and down like a drunk Supergirl.

Seeing that, I disappeared in a ball of golden flames.

bampf

Reappearing a few meters away from my target, I laughed mockingly and sent a low-powered stinging charm at her well-shaped backside.

"Why do you don't try to catch me, Jessica," I taunted her with a grin. "Or are you too stupid to do that?"

She growled and shot towards me, missing me by a meter. I appeared some distance above her and assaulted her with a stinging hex again.

"Fuck you, Johnny!" Jessica cursed and looked up to see me pointing my wand at her, using the water-making spell *Aguamenti* to spray a jet of water at her.

She blinked at me with wide eyes before snarling, shooting up at me with amazing speed. I quickly teleported away and reappeared even farther away. This time, I fired the color change charm '*Colovaria*' at her, turning her skin yellow.

"Hmm, your appearance just dropped from ten to a lousy six!" I mocked

merrily, causing my pink-haired pursuer to groan furiously and fly even faster.

In the meantime, I spotted that Felicia made herself comfortable on the cushioned sun loungers that I prepared, slurping orange juice while enjoying the show.

Jessica and I continued to play cat and mouse as I assaulted her with various mischievous pranking spells. She totally ignored the fact that she was actually flying after me the whole time. Her speed started to become more and more impressive, and I was almost caught a few times because I underestimated how fast she could fly.

Eventually, she did manage to capture me and swung me by the ankle of my foot down into the azure ocean. Jessica raced after me and proceeded to throw me around like a rag doll until I began to fight back.

slap

Jessica's eyes became red after I slapped her shapely arse. Her pretty face split with a sadistic grin. "So you have chosen death!"

Grinning back, I disappeared for a second before reappearing with a coconut in my hands. Jessica seems to have forgotten that I was superhuman too and didn't expect me to throw the coconut at her with a speed and force that made her grunt in pain.

She still caught and threw it back at me with just as much force, if not more. It crashed against my chest and cracked a bit. The impact hurt like a bitch, but I ignored the pain. My fighting spirit was lit aflame, and I wanted to show Jessica that I wasn't a pushover.

Jessica was already on her way, flying at me with impressive speed. I let her capture me and teleported us back on the beach not so far away from Felicia. Next, I used her short confusion to ram a strong punch into her stomach, causing her to gasp.

"Bastard." Jessica staggered a bit but retaliated quickly enough to surprise me with a swift kick into my side, causing my face to twist in pain. Her kick also sent me flying into the ocean.

I decided not to use my teleportation. Instead, I forced my way out of the water and heated my body until I was glowing with immense heat, causing the water around me to evaporate with sharp hissing sounds. My eyes were glowing as well, turning into two miniature suns.

Of course, I wasn't going to fight Jessica like this since it had the potential to seriously injure her, but it managed to intimidate her a bit.

After I cooled down, she growled when she saw my cocky smirk and looked to her side to grab a coconut.

"Eat this!" Jessica shouted before throwing the coconut at me with such a speed that I almost failed to dodge it.

She then followed up with a flying charge, bolting at me to tackle my chest with two fists. I slammed my first on her back and kept hammering her while she drove me down into the ocean, throwing me into the azure water before flying back to the beach.

Not in the mood to swim again, I teleported on the beach where Jessica greeted me with a coconut in each hand. She swiftly threw them after me but was caught off-guard by my wandless banishing charm, which made the coconuts fly back and crash into her face and chest.

She didn't receive any damage due to her powerful physique, but she still groaned in frustration.

"You need more weapons if you want to win against a foe like me," I stated with a wide grin. "Magic is might."

"Perhaps, but your kind of annoying isn't exactly common," Jessica huffed back. "The few 'superhumans' that I have met are easily taken care of with a single punch."

"True, but one of me can make your life really hard if you aren't prepared," I said as we walked over to Felicia. "But maybe I can craft you some superhero equipment in the future that may help you against magicals."

"Yes, make sure you do that," Jessica threatened with a small grin, hiding her excitement.

As we made our way to our blond companion, I took my wand out of my mokeskin pouch and cleaned Jessica and myself from all the sand on our bodies, and canceled the pranking charms that still affected her appearance. My astonished pink-haired friend thanked me with a small nod.

Arriving at our picking area, Felicia greeted us with an angry hiss, "Can't you two warm me before you do something like that?! I thought that you were killing each other!"

"For my defense, I didn't know that our mighty magician was going to drop me from the sky," Jessica argued with her arms crossed below her ample chest. "You know how I am. I felt like beating someone up."

"Sorry for that, but it was the best method I could think of to help Jessica unlock her flying ability," I defended myself against Felicia's accusing gaze.

"Can't you just use your magic to steal that magical plant you talked about?" Felicia sulked as we made ourselves comfortable on the sun loungers. "You two are having fun with your superpowers while I have to stay normal..."

"...and being normal is boring," she whined cutely.

I shook my head with a smile. "Felicia, I could, but I want you to become strong just by yourself before you turn into a superhuman. That will enhance the abilities you have gained until that point, and your

transformation will be more effective."

Felicia went thoughtful for a moment. Her eyes then lit up with a mischievous light. She hopped from her sun lounger and moved over to mine with swaying hips before climbing on top of me with her naked and criminally attractive body. Descending over me with a confident smile, I felt her perfectly sculpted breasts pressing against my chest as she whispered lewdly into my ears.

"Johnny." Felicia moaned my name while slowly rubbing her body against mine. "Give me what I want, and I return that favor a hundred times back. Deal?"

"Does that meant that you give up and don't want to be the best anymore?" I replied with disappointment in my tone.

She leaned back and hissed, her green eyes fixated at my deep-blue ones.

"It's not like that. But I can become stronger a lot faster with an enhanced body. I can train longer and endure harder training. Isn't that smarter?"

To be honest, her argument sounded pretty reasonable. But I feared that gaining so much power in one go would make her slack off and fail to reach her full potential. The Black Cat I knew of could compete with enhanced humans without having their superhuman advantages. She gained that ability through hard training and lots of exercising.

I put my hands on her shapely arse. "There is nothing wrong with your argument, but I don't think that I am ready to rob the most advanced country on the planet right now. They may vulnerable to my magic, but I seriously doubt that the magical community in Africa is unaware of Wakanda. They most likely keep an eye on that country..."

Pausing for a moment, I realized that Wakanda and the magical community might even work together. The culture in North Africa was pretty much like in Europe since people used wands and so on. However,

the magical population that lived further south concentrated most of their time on wandless magic, transfiguration, and their animagus form. African magicals were brutally lethal in close-quarter combat.

But what worried me the most was the fact that the most powerful clans of magical Africa I read about all focused on feline animagus forms. Their top members were notorious all over the wizarding world. But my information was little because Africa and the magical UK didn't have the best relationship.

"If they are protected by magic, how are we going to break into their vault and steal that magical herb?" Felicia inquired with a little frow. "No training in the world can prepare me for that."

"Well, I could simply mind-control one of their people, glue a tracker on his or her arse, make that individual get close to the vault, and then teleport," I explained. Hogwarts had one of the strongest wards worldwide. If that doesn't stop me, nothing can. "But we have enough time to plan and train because you are going to finish high school first anyway."

I earned myself a small glare from Felicia. "Fair enough. I will train like never before, and you will make sure to take us to Wakanda in the future. We are going to steal that plant so I can gain my superpowers, and then we are going enjoy our lives as we wish."

"Our very long lives," I added with a grin, squeezing her peachy ass-cheeks. "The sex-magic I know has a ritual that allows me to share one of my abilities with you. But it will essentially bind you to my person. You can't have anybody else besides me after you accept the ritual."

"Will it turn me into your slave?" Felicia asked with raised brows.

I shook my head. "No, but the magic of the ritual will make sure you stay faithful to the one that initiates the ritual."

"That doesn't sound too bad," Felicia purred with a grin, grinding her lower body against mine. "You could supply me with a superpower right now."

"That is true, but I must confess that I won't be the most faithful type of boyfriend," I admitted with an awkward smile. "For example, I plan to seduce a professor at my school and to have sex with a few more girls that I find interesting. My superpower makes me near-immortal, and I am not really interested in binding myself to a single person until I have enjoyed every aspect of life to the fullest."

"Immortality?!" Felicia gasped in shock. "Y-You are immortal?"

"Explain!" Jessica demanded, just as curious.

I nodded with a grin. "As long nobody cuts my head off or something like that, basically yes. You could cut my hand off and I will simply regenerate it in a few minutes."

Felicia flushed red with a horny expression. It was plainly obvious that she really considered accepting the ritual and gain a swift boost in her power. In the comics and stories where I read about her, I knew that Felicia really wanted to gain herself a superhuman enhancement. That is why I lured her with the Wakanda herb when we first met. I knew that this would spark her interest and initiate the beginning of our relationship.

The Extremis Virus didn't suit her as well as the enhancement from the Wakanda Herb, but to be honest, the former was still vastly superior. And the primary reason I informed Felicia about the Wakanda Herb was because I had no idea how to inform her about the sex-magic stuff without sounding super creepy. Yeah, she could gain a superpower, but she had to have sex with me for that and become my lover. Before today, it didn't seem like a good idea to offer her something like that without

appearing like a lecherous pervert. However, since we already had sex already...

Seeing her just stare at my face, I broke the silence between us. "Would you really make yourself mine forever in exchange for possible immortality?"

"Maybe," Felicia bit her lower lip, looking unsure. "I don't know what true love is because I really never met a boy that really interested me so far. But you can perform true magic, teleport wherever you want, and you're probably going to look like a Greek god when you are older. Oh, and I like the taste of your semen, and..."

I couldn't help but grin while Felicia continued to list more reasons about why she should accept the ritual, mostly to make herself feel better.

When she finished, I explained to her the exact benefits of the perfected Extremis Virus. Jessica reacted with horror when I said that sleeping would become unnecessary, but she rather liked the improvement her brain would get from the deal.

"Alright, Felicia, I am going to be selfish now and tell you to do it," I stated and hugged her tightly, pressing her curvaceous body against mine. "You are so damn sexy. I want you to be immortal and at my side forever. But keep in mind that I will most likely add more members to our relationship. You will have to share me. But I am sure that we will have a lot of fun. If things work well, I am going to get us a Veela.

Highly-sexual and angel-like females with supernatural beauty. They have an ability to make people attracted to them and horny and can turn into harpies when enraged."

"You are a really ambitious boy," Felicia hummed with a fierce smile.

"What you want is a harem, and you are going to find more girls in the future to join you. Isn't that right?"

I nodded with a shameless grin, making Jessica grunt in annoyance. "Are we two not enough for you?"

"More girl means more fun," I argued brazenly. "Currently, I am trying to seduce my hot professor. She is the mother of the national hero of my people. Her husband is a childish jerk. She also seems to be sexually frustrated, so I know that I have a chance with her. My dream is to fuck her against her office table, hearing her moan and scream my name."

"What about us? Can we fuck with other guys, too?" Jessica challenged with a grin.

"You can do that as long you haven't accepted the ritual," I replied easily.

"But I am a jealous guy and will probably stop having sex with you. Call me a hypocrite, but that's how I am."

"But I am really into black cocks," Jessica admitted jokingly. "Getting my pussy abused by the massive cock of a black stallion really turns me on. You know what I mean?"

Felicia raised from on top of me and turned around to look at Jessica with a scandalized expression. The pink-haired pervert just kept her wide grin up without any sense of embarrassment.

"Ehm, no, not really," I replied with an awkward smile while pressing my ass-cheeks together. "But I might soon gain an ability that allows me to literally shapeshift into different people. To put it simply, I can turn myself into a 'black stallion' and give you chocolate until you are a whimpering mess. But most importantly, we are going to have party craziest role-plays ever!"

Jessica seemed enthralled by that idea, and Felicia turns back to me to lick her lips with a hungry light burning in her eyes. Being a Metamorphamagus wouldn't only give me a tactical advantage, but also a sexual one since it allowed me to modify my body in almost every way I

wished. If Jessica wanted an African Warlord Johnny, I would give her that. She seemed to be willing to join my harem, so I had to make sure she wouldn't regret it.

"There are potions that allow you to turn into different people as well," I added with a grin. "They last about an hour, so you girls can experiment as well if you want."

"Fuck, you really need to tell us more about that crazy magical world of yours," Jessica exclaimed with a thoughtful look in her eyes.

"But... fine, I am in," she said just as Felicia wanted to say something.

"Add me to your magical harem, Johnny. But keep me happy and I will keep you happy. Capeesh?"

The platinum-blond beauty nodded with a determined look. "Me too, Johnny." Her face broke with a sultry smile. "Add us two willing sluts to your harem. We are going to serve you well..."

Felicia flushed red, turning her head away with a naughty smile. "... Master."

In response, I thrust my hip up to make Felicia drop forward into my arms. Then I pulled her into a searing kiss. Jessica seemed to believe that I already initiated the ritual and quickly raced over to us to join the party. I wasn't going to correct her and enjoyed the full attention of two super-sexy girls.

Everything seemed so crazy. I actually planned for such an eventuality ever since I discovered the books on sex-magic, but I never expected it to happen so soon. I wouldn't just get a lover but also a powerful ally.

...

I eventually admitted that I needed to do some preparations to initiate the ritual and that we were required to perform it in an environment saturated with enough ambient magic - like the Chamber of Secrets.

Basically, I pussy-blocked my girls. Not because I didn't want to continue having erotic fun with them, but I wanted them to save their sexual energy for later.

Our day at our private Caribbean island carried on in a more normal fashion after that. We enjoyed the snacks I brought and fantasized about the future. Well, it was mostly Felicia that gushed on about what she is going to do once she had her superpowers.

Jessica already had superpowers, but that didn't stop her from theorizing how mine would improve hers. I was pretty curious myself, to be honest. The info in the book *Magia Sexualis* mentioned that two similar abilities had the potential to merge into a new one. The more dominant ability would end up assimilating the lesser one and turn into something more potent.

The only disappointment in all this was that I was most likely unable to obtain Jessica's powers since they weren't of a magical nature. The ritual we would perform was a trade of abilities, but since there are only magical abilities in the wizarding world, I expected that the ritual only focused on those types. Still, a man can hope.

...

Evening arrived, and it was time to take the girls to the Chamber of Secrets in order to perform the ritual. They were pretty excited to visit a magical place. But I warned them that it would look a bit sinister because the creator had a fetish for everything that was scaly and slithering.

bampf

Appearing from a ball of fire, I stayed silent and waited for Felicia and Jessica to take in the eerie scenery around them. The dark walls covered in animated snakes and glowing violet and purple runes made quite the impression on them. There was so much magic soaking the air of this

place that even the most oblivious muggle could sense it.

"What the hell is that?!" Jessica screeched, pointing at the giant face of what was probably Salazar Slytherin. His tentacle beard made him look like a distant offspring of Cthulhu.

"Ah, yes, that's probably one of the founders of my school," I explained with an amused smile. "He really liked snakes, and that means you will see a lot of serpentine decorations around everything connected to this guy."

Felicia was in the meantime walking in circles, marveling at her white footprints that appeared on the ink-black floor. "This place is crazy!"

"Well, magic is the epitome of crazy," I chuckled. "There are barely any limits, so the majority of the really old and powerful wizards and witches are quite eccentric."

Jessica harrumphed at that. "Explains your cockiness."

"Better cocky than cockless," I harrumphed with a cheeky grin.

In the meantime, I noticed Felicia running towards the corner where I stored my important stuff. It seemed that she discovered the pile of sparkling gemstone resting on a small, luxurious table.

"What the actual fuck?!" Jessica spotted them too. Her eyes bulged in shock as she watched Felicia picking up a ruby of the size of a walnut.

The gemstone glowed with potent magic and a beautiful blood-red.

It was a wondrous effect of the seven ley lines that crossed below this place. Their raw, potent magic fused with the gemstones and made them glow, enhancing their already eye-catching charm.

"That's the corner with the precious stuff," I explained to Jessica while we approached said area.

"What is that green slime in the bottles?" she questioned curiously, pointing her finger at a large shelf.

"The venom of a thousand-year-old basilisk," I replied with a smile. "For my kind, one bottle of that stuff is more precious than that pile of gemstones."

Jessica walked around to inspect the collection of books displayed, stopping when she located the book with the title *Secrets of the Dark Arts*. She carelessly opened it and I couldn't help but snicker when a bunch of black, phantom-like tentacles sprouted out of the pages, coiling around her neck.

"What-...?!" Felicia jumped up in fright when she saw Jessica freaking out as she tried to tear the ghostly tentacles around her neck. It didn't work since they weren't physical. It was a malicious illusion that would work against muggles.

"Finite." Pointing my wand at the tentacles, I made them dissolve into thin air.

Jessica threw the book after my head, but I ended up effortlessly catching it with the support of a wandless summoning charm. Felicia let go of the gemstones and stepped away from the area.

"Sorry for not warning you," I apologized sheepishly. "I couldn't resist it."

Jessica scoffed but didn't react with any violence. "Freakish tentacle book. I knew it. I was so sure that something like this would happen.

Why do you even own such a book? I didn't see much, but the pictures looked satanic cult bullshit."

"The wizarding world has dark wizards and witches running around, and there is a Dark Lord hiding in the shadows, waiting to be reborn," I explained with a shrug. "The more I know about the magic they use, the better I can defend myself."

Felicia and Jessica nodded in understanding. The platinum-blond thieving cat gave the pile of gemstone one last look before we traveled

towards another corner. Felicia gave all the old furniture I had lying around curious looks and then inspected the medieval weapons and pieces of armor carefully. Her mother was an expert on this topic, and she learned a trick or two and knew how to evaluate objects, too.

"Johnny, where did you get all these things?" Felicia asked in astonishment. "Most of it can be auctioned for a small fortune."

"Found them in some old, dusty room," I replied casually. "You can sell them if you like and keep the money."

"Really?" Her angelic face split with a playful grin. "We can use it as an opportunity to introduce you to my mother. You could pretend that you are a rich heir that wants to get rid of his grandpa's old stuff. Knowing my mother, she will probably try to seduce you away from me, though."

"We can talk about it later," I replied with a smirk. "But we still have a ritual to perform, and I need to get us a nice, bouncy bed."

Felicia purred and nodded with a naughty wink. Jessica rolled her eyes and told me to hurry up and to find us some good wine, too.

That said, I started preparing for the night and teleported into the deluxe suite of a high-class hotel, stealing the bed, mattress, pillows, blanket, and everything else that I deemed necessary. Breaking into these establishments was ridiculously easy with the help of certain charms.

After finishing my first task, I teleported into a luxury grocery store that sold ridiculously overpriced stuff. Nobody was here to stop me since it was night. I grabbed a bunch of highly expensive wines, champagne, and whatnot. I also found some candles that I would make float around to create the right atmosphere.

When that was over, I reappeared in the Chamber of Secrets to see Felicia and Jessica spread on our new bed with their erotic nakedness, waiting for me to join them. I literally ripped my black swimming trunks from my

body. We started the night by drinking us slightly tipsy. Alcohol normally did not affect my body for as long I didn't wish for it.

After grinding our bodies against each other sharing heated kisses, I used my wand to charm us three with all kinds of pleasure-enhancing spells. I didn't prepare any potions, oils, or elixirs, but that could still be done in the future.

There was enough sexual energy in the three of us, so we started the ritual by simply having wild sex, fucking each other into a state of pure bliss.

About an hour later, I cut my palm and used my blood to cover Felicia and Jessica's bodies in runes. And for each rune, I also used one drop of Soul Essence to empower their magic. The moment I finished, I felt a strong connection between the girls and myself establishing.

Their bodies and mine began to radiate with a soft, golden glow, and a chain forged out of light formed between us. The moment that happened, I could feel their raging arousal while they felt mine. Something in my mind clicked because I suddenly knew that the ritual was going to be successful.

We resumed having wild and unrestrained sex again and fucked our perverted brains out like ruttish animals. The amount of essence my fleshy wand spewed could easily fill several large buckets. Every drop of my essence went inside my girls. We could sense how they slowly but surely transformed.

Since my sperm was the driving force of their transformation, Felicia and Jessica ended up sucking me off as if they were two starving kittens that thirsted for milk.

"Fuck you, Jonny," Jessica growled with a heated moan, licking her lips clean while Felicia was having her turn. "You turned me into a filthy slut.

God, I love it so much!"

Currently, they were kneeling before me on a patch of white fur while I was sitting with spread legs in an upholstered king's chair. It was an extremely erotic scene. My official lovers wanted to hone their cock-sucking abilities on my scepter, and I was absolutely willing to support their endeavor.

"Mmmmm!" Felicia began to move her head faster, filling the area with the sound of her muffled moans and slurping of my dick. Her eyes were drowned with lust as she swallowed every inch of me.

I could feel a raging orgasm bubbling on the surface, and a deep groan left my mouth as I gasped for air.

"Felicia, I am going to cum," I panted, shuddering with intense pleasure.

"Are you ready for your reward?"

"Mmmmm!" Felicia looked up and stared deeply into my eyes while swirling her tongue around my throbbing shaft. My body began to tremble violently. I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Fuck, yesss!" I groaned loudly with utter bliss as soon as I poured my hot seed inside her mouth like a river of lava. The sound of her delighted purring while swallowing every drop of my milk made my head spin even more. My climax lasted for about half a minute as Felicia enthusiastically licked every inch of my hard flesh with lust-clouded eyes, moaning lewdly as soon as I sprayed my last drops into her greedy mouth.

"Good girl," I praised with a satisfied smile, pulling my cock out of her mouth with a wet popping sound.

"Ooh, Johnny," Felicia purred lustfully, inhaling a deep breath. "Your sperm tastes sooo delicious. I want more."

"Fuck off, you greedy slut. It's my turn now!" Jessica hissed before

pushing Felicia away to take her place.

The platinum-blond beauty pouted but still smiled as she watched Jessica giving my shaft several long licks. I realized that Felicia was a serious voyeur. She really liked to observe other people having sex. The more sinful the act, the higher the stimulation she felt from it.

'What a truly wonderful day.' - I hummed inwardly, leaned back into the chair, and closed my eyes while Jessica depthroated my cock for several seconds.

The ritual was a full success, and both of my lovers started to show that. Felicia was more obvious because her already perfect body turned divine, simply put. The best way to describe her transformation is to say that she turned from a normal human into an angel of beauty. She could heat up her body just like me and also fill her lungs with plasma to breathe fire. That information appeared automatically in her mind.

As for Jessica, she told me that her superpower and my own were having super-sex inside her and that it would take a while for her new, enhanced ability to manifest.

With all that being said, we continued our sinful activities all night long until dawn.

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Chapter 17: Chapter Seventeen:

Farting Frogs

My life at Hogwarts continued fairly normal after I performed the sex-ritual with my two paramours. When the hot night was over, I teleported them to Jessica's apartment and we separated after sharing long, passionate kisses. Despite the short amount of time we spend together, our relationship was already crazy intimate.

We entered the next level after performing the ritual, primarily because

we suddenly could communicate telepathically with each other. That wasn't mentioned in *Magia Sexualis*, but adding my entire stockpile of Soul Essence to the mix seemed to have rewarded us with pleasant surprises. It was a risky move, and costly, but I wanted the ritual to be as powerful as possible.

Besides being able to communicate with my girls telepathically, we could also feel each other's emotions, state of mind, and presence - no matter how far away, it seems. That didn't just make our sex bloody awesome but was quite useful for a teleporter guy like me for obvious reasons.

Aside from that, the superpower that Jessica developed after we finished the ritual was quite impressive. She gained all the physical benefits that the perfected Extremis Virus offered, which raised her overall fighting potential to an entirely new level. Her physical strength increased to absurd dimensions. Hitting her also felt like punching a wall of solid steel.

However, Jessica didn't get the Exothermic Manipulation ability that allowed her to heat up her body, or breathe fire, but instead a new and pretty impressive set of skills.

To begin with her favorite, she gained an ability that she proudly named Violent Outburst. Activating it would make her body erupt with waves of super-hot pinkish fire, causing damage intense searing damage the closer you are to her.

Next, she could summon tiny pink fireballs that caused small, but extremely violent and highly destructive explosions when they hit something.

Furthermore, her feet could also burst with a fierce jet of fire that allowed her to increase her flying to supersonic speeds.

And lastly, she could make her hair burn like pink fire, and turn her eyes

into two glowing pink orbs to make herself look quite exotic.

Jessica's benefits were quite impressive, indeed. Her physical abilities, especially her strength, were now dwarfing mine and I definitely had to use my entire arsenal of abilities if I wanted to compete with her in a fight. The fact that she was my lover now made me quite smug. Having a powerful girlfriend like her that I can call at my side to bully my enemies was quite an awesome advantage.

And as for Felicia, my platinum-blond kitty enjoyed all the benefits that I gained from the perfected Extremism Virus. She was officially an enhanced human now, one with a criminally attractive body that made me salivate like a starving dog every time I saw her seductive nakedness. My mind was still delirious from all the bountiful sex I had on Sunday and the following evenings. Because we required no sleep, my girls and I would meet every evening and have some fun to celebrate our new lives. Since we could communicate through our telepathic link, meeting up was fairly easy.

But I made sure to don't neglect my studies during the day and basically continued to have a 'normal' school life as if nothing unusual happened during my nights.

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Time flew by in a blur and one week became two. My studies progressed fairly nicely and I finally managed to develop my 'thermo-vision' spell after researching various detection and revealing charms. I combined my amassed knowledge and eventually figured a spell out that enchanted my eyes and allowed me to detect the thermal signatures of living beings. During that time, I learned that some snakes had such an ability as part

of their natural skill-set, but it seems that the basilisk wasn't one of these snakes, unfortunately.

Anyway, the incantation of my new spell was Visignis - basically the Latin words vision and fire combined - the latter because the spell should concentrate on the 'fire of life' that filled the bodies of living beings.

It worked pretty well, and right now, I was wandering through the halls of Hogwarts while using said spell. Paulina was keeping me company, offering herself as my research partner so we can explore the uses of my new spell together.

"Captain Barbossa, let's hope we catch some couple doing forbidden things in a broom closet or abandoned classroom," I muttered, grinning like an idiot. "We could blackmail them into giving us their lunch money."

slap

"Prat," Paulina huffed after exercising violence on the back of my head. However, just I was about to open my mouth again, I spotted exactly that what I was looking for during the last hour. My thermo vision showed me two human shapes hugging each other tightly and had their faces basically glued together.

"Look!" I whispered with a grin, pointing towards the juicy scene. Paulina followed my finger and gasped with wide eyes. "They are having sex!"

"Nah, they are just snogging," I corrected her with a chuckle.

"Look again!" she pressed, blushing fiercely.

Frowning, I turned to the pair again and observed them more closely. My brows shot up when I noticed that the larger, bulkier shape was thrusting the hip area up. They were indeed having sex.

My face split with a devilish grin. "What do you say, Captain? Wouldn't it

be a real shame if someone were to report them to Filch? After all, what they are doing is against the school rules!"

"That's really mean, Johnny," Paulina argued before dragging me away to prevent me from stalking the pair. "Don't you boys have an honor code or something?"

I nodded with a shrug. "Yeah, but only between bros."

"Boys are so stupid." Paulina shook her head with a sigh and dragged me further away from the laboring couple.

We continued to explore the castle with my thermo-vision spell and eventually stumbled across a house elf that was cleaning the floor. The little creature was invisible but it noticed that it was observed by two students, so it turned visible to greet us.

"Why students see Zippy?" the confused house-elf asked us in a squeaky voice.

It looked fairly similar to Dobby from the movies. It was small, barely reaching my hip, and had long, spindly feet and arms, an oversized head with large eyes and bat-like ears. Its skin was slightly greenish, completely hairless, and a bit leathery. Covering it was a brown piece of rag shaped like a tunic.

"It's spell that allows us to see the thermal signature of living beings," I replied to the little creature.

The elf nodded back in understanding. "Zippy can continue work?"

"Yes, Zippy, don't let us bother you," Paulina replied with a smile. "We are just exploring the castle."

"Hoggywarts is greatest castle!" Zippy squeaked with big eyes and a crazy smile before popping away.

"Oh, how I wish I could teleport like the house-elves do," Paulina moaned with envy in her tone. "That must be so cool!"

"Yeah," I agreed with an amused chuckle. "Imagine all the places you can visit. People that can teleport must be really awesome."

While discussing the benefits of teleportation, we traveled into the Middle Courtyard and passed several students. It was a very spacious place with a large stone fountain in the middle, some trees here and there, some bushes, flowers, and several benches for students to sit on and enjoy the outside. It was one of the top areas where students of Hogwarts socialized.

Dysnomia was also present along with her two dogs Warrington and Bletchley. She was sharing two benches that were placed across from each other with a bunch of other Slytherins, mostly from the younger years. Naturally, her hawk-like eyes noticed my arrival.

"Muggle," she sneered in an insulting tone to get my attention. "You can't possibly be that smart if you still don't remember the customs you have to follow in the presence of your betters. What will it take for you to learn it, hmm?"

Bletchley hissed at me, looking like a fool. Warrington just grunted while inhaling as much air as possible to make himself bigger - his animagus transformation might be a pufferfish. All the other Slytherins snickered after hearing her words.

"Correct me if I am wrong, but did you all just challenge me to another duel?" I inquired with a predatory grin. "We can totally do that."

Several grins dropped before the faces belonging to them turned away a little too quickly. Warrington deflated like a balloon stung by a needle.

Dysnomia fumed silently.

"Enjoy your little victory, Vegaz," the blonde missy spat. "You will realize it very soon why everyone fears us Slytherins."

"Mudblood," Bletchley hissed, causing Paulina to gasp in horror.

"Just a word that the powerless use to feel better about themselves," I scoffed at the goblin-like boy. "You may call the tiger a stupid animal, but it will shred you into pieces regardless of what you think."

Yeah, my words were a bit over-the-top but they delivered the message. Bletchley paled a bit and turned to Dysnomia for support. She ignored the plight of her minion and forced herself to turn away before starting an awkward conversation with her perplexed neighbor, acting as if the chat between us never happened.

Seeing that our little chat was over, I walked away with Paulina next to me.

"Johnny, do you really have to 'establish your dominance' every time we come across these meanies?" my female friend asked with a frustrated frown. "Fighting with bullies only results into more fighting."

"To be honest, I do it because it amuses me," I replied with a carefree smile. "Messing with people is one of my big passions. What do you say, Paulina, are you willing to start a prankster career with me?"

"Pranks?" she repeated with narrowed eyes.

"Just from time to time," I explained with a shrug. "It's also a great way to improve our creative thinking. I heard that the Weasley Twins plan to be pranksters, but they act more like bullies and target specific individuals that they dislike for one reason or another. Their pranks are also quite malicious since they use dungbombs, which is a ball of literal shit enchanted to cover the entire body of the victim it hits."

"They used that last week on one of the first years from Slytherin," Paulina noted with a nod, wrinkling her nose in disgust. "It smelled horrible, and the boy even started to cry. I really felt sad for him."

"Well, we won't make any little boys cry," I chuckled with a shake of my head. "What I am thinking about is to animate your origami animals. You

could create a bunch of frogs. We can animate them and then put the Roaring Fart spell on them so that they fart every time they jump around. That's a nice prank! Nobody gets harmed and it's funny."

Paulina grinned actually. "We can do that."

My smile grew larger and we quickly made our way back to the Ravenclaw Common Room. There was always enough paper lying around, and coloring it green wasn't that hard with the right spell. Animation spells were also fairly simple. You only required the right image in your mind, the proper intent, and enough magical power depending on what you wanted to animate.

"But you are going to help me fold the origami frogs," Paulina demanded while we climbed the stairs of the Ravenclaw Tower.

"Sure," I replied with a nod. "But you need to teach me how to do it."

"Naturally," she replied with a little blush, looking excited.

Summoning large, fiery snakes was nice and awesome, but plotting a little prank made me vibrate with excitement for some reason. Truly, the small things in life are usually the most enjoyable.

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Creating a thousand members strong battalion of origami frogs wasn't easy. Paulina and I worked hard on our project for a few hours a day since my fellow prankster only accepted perfect elite frogs. Aside from that, nothing noteworthy happened and my days continued as usual.

My personal magical studies still continued in the meantime, and I started to get a fairly good grasp over Occlumency, boosting my quick-think and memorizing abilities. The complicated magic of Ravenclaw's Diadem was still a mystery to me despite owning large amounts of info on it. Devouring the essence of the diadem's magic didn't grant me an

ability, but a large pile of knowledge that was honestly too advanced for me to understand right now.

I mean, I couldn't even find the proper words to explain the stuff to myself.

Nevertheless, I did manage to comprehend some little bits of it. My grasp over the Mind Arts advanced by a satisfying level, and since my fire passively protected my mind from any unwanted intrusion, I focused solely on creating myself a powerful mindscape that allowed me to simulate spells in my mind.

To put it simply, I wanted to construct a super-realistic daydreaming technique that allowed me to cast spells inside my mind. Everything felt quite satisfying so far, and I was confident that I could soon experiment even with highly dangerous spells inside my head until I succeeded in shaping the perfect design. The practical tests would follow after that.

For someone like me with lots of magical power at my disposal, a mental simulator would be the perfect tool. Time flowed differently inside your mind and I would be able to perform multiple simulations at once, and combine, fuse, redesign, and improve several spells simultaneously until I found the perfect magical symphony.

To harness the full power of magic, one needed a strong, creative, and ambitious mind with a likewise ambitious idea. Unite the knowledge in your possession, use your experience, recall your practice, and then beat up the hell out of what people call 'reality' and the 'laws of nature' until you give birth to a reality-warping abomination commonly known as a spell.

That was my apex of ambition: Creation.

Using magic to create spells, magical objects, and maybe even life at some point in time when I was powerful enough. I wanted my own

magical empire solely filled with things and beings that were born from my mind and magic.

It was ironic because I was the so-called Lord of the Devouring Flame.

The true owner of my power was a being firmly aligned with the aspect of destruction. But that didn't discourage me at all. Destruction and Creation were two sides of one coin, after all.

Indeed, I would devour and create something new, using the essence of the stuff I devoured as material for my creations.

But first, I had to become powerful enough to be able to hunt that magical warthog and to be able to travel the Forbidden Forest safely.

Furthermore, Harvesting Nymphadora Tonks' blood became a top priority. I recently became aware of the fact that I needed a really good disguise if I wanted to poach protected magical creatures. Killing some especially rare specimen like the Re'em was worth a death sentence. The magical communities that all the beasts on my list belonged to were fiercely protected.

But I still had to finish my current project before I could go and stalk Miss Tonks, spying on her until she was in a vulnerable position.

"Johnny, I am going to slap you if you are going to space out again,"

Paulina warned me with an angry glare. She then grabbed another one of our origami frogs and cast a coloring charm on it that made the paper animal look a bit more lifelike.

Blinking my eyes in confusion, I nodded at her with a sheepish smile and then grabbed a bunch of white paper frogs before mimicking Paulina's actions. We still had at least a hundred frogs to paint. The animation charms would follow after that, and then some other charms to make them more resistant against general damage, humidity, and so on. We even found a charm that would make our frogs slimy to the touch, but

my Roaring Fast spell would cherry on the top.

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While visiting Jessica and Felicia during the night for some sexy time or to travel distant parts of the world and fool around, I invested the daytime of the last couple of days into the pranking project Paulina and I were enthusiastically working on.

After we finished enchanting all the frogs, I secretly took them down to the Chamber of Secrets to let them soak with the abundant magic of that place, increasing the strength of their enchantments.

The following day, Paulina and I initiated step two of our project and began to distribute and hide them in the surrounding area outside the school. At the same time, we also put a Freezing Charm on them that would wear off after 24 to 72 hours, timed to awaken a certain set of frogs every hour.

The moment the origami frogs awakened from their magical slumber, they would propel themselves with loud farting sounds into a small leap. To grant the frogs a sense of orientation, I cast a modified Protean Charm on them that was connected with Knut that I secretly hid below the High Table of the professors. That would ensure the frogs knew in which direction they had to fart towards.

In the span of three days, the Great Hall and the professor's table would become the target of a small army of farting frogs.

Paulina and I baptized our prank with the codename 'The Plague of Hogwarts.'

After we hid the last frog, we returned to Hogwarts with satisfied and slightly devilish grins covering our faces. Tomorrow would be the first day of our self-made plague.

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Chapter 18: Chapter Eighteen:

Flute

Another day at Hogwarts began, and after joining our table, Paulina and I couldn't help but grin widely with pride and expressions of schadenfreude. The first rumors about farting frogs appearing in the hallways were already making rounds between our fellow students.

"Yo, muchacho, did you just say... farting frogs?" I questioned Roger Davis as he told his two minions about it.

"What did you just call me?" Roger grunted with narrowed eyes.

"Farting frogs," I repeated with a carefree grin. "Tell me about them."

Jessica and I used our last night to demolish a nightclub owned by the Los Blancos, a Latino drug gang. I liked the way they talked, and so I assimilated some of their expressions into my own vocabulary.

Anyways, Roger growled and turned away with a huff, ignoring me. He never liked me, but he started to actually dislike me ever since the majority of the female population deemed me the most handsome boy of the younger years. Cedric Diggory seemed to be somewhat sour about it as well.

Penelope Clearwater cleared her throat to get my attention. "Some students found a group of farting frogs jumping around in the Entrance Hall this morning."

"Farting frogs?" I repeated slowly, faking an expression of utter confusion.

In the meantime, Paulina's eyes teared up, and her face reddened heavily as she forced back a burst of laughter.

"Perhaps a magical creature?" I continued, receiving a firm shake of her head from the dirty-blond. Her bookish nature and the large, round glasses she was wearing made her look like a nerdish girl, but of the cute sort - along with her unblemished pale skin and red lips.

"Nothing like that," Penelope clarified primly. "Professor McGonagall caught one of the frogs and undid the enchantments. It seems that someone put an animation charm on a piece of paper that was folded to look like a frog. That student also charmed them to fart with every jump they make."

"I tried to catch one, but they are too slimy," announced a young Cho Chang, turning to flash me a sweet smile.

Returning a smile to the pretty Asian, I let my eyes wander across the Great Hall and noticed that more students were already the strange frogs. More of the little green blighter would arrive at Hogwarts soon, and I expected that the school would be full of them by tomorrow.

"Johnny," Paulina muttered in a begging tone, still keeping herself from erupting with wild laughter. "Can we go somewhere else? I need to breathe!"

Paulina was certainly not the best actor in the room. She was currently wiping tears off her face and did her best to remain as unsuspecting as possible, failing miserably at that. Her actions attracted some attention, so I gave her a nod before we two went off into a more secluded area.

After my fellow partner in crime calmed down, we decided to wander around in the school and see if we can spot one of our little devils. Our first lesson for today was Transfiguration with McGonagall, a fairly good way to start the day. Her lessons were interesting and always passed very quickly because of that.

Paulina and I hoped that there would be more frogs farting around during lunch. At least forty exemplars should awaken from their slumber until that time.

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Lunch eventually arrived, and chaos broke out when around two dozen

small green paper frogs were brazenly jumping around in the Great Hall, farting every time they leaped into the air. Students that tried to catch them would exclaim loudly in disgust when they felt that the skin of the frogs was all slimy.

Dumbledore did nothing about the situation. He only put a barrier around the professor's table to keep the frogs away and continued his meal in peace, taking delight in the plight of his students. If I didn't know it better, his lax behavior and wide grin would certainly let me assume that he was the mastermind behind the situation.

Snape was the only one that was openly seething, furious that someone dared to make fun of Slytherin. He seriously believed that it must be an action against his House because the frogs were green. That was completely absurd since most frogs are green, after all. But you can't argue with someone that looked like a stereotype villain from a low-budget children's show.

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Nothing changed during dinner aside from the fact that more frogs started to arrive at Hogwarts. The majority of them were concentrated in the Great Hall, and their large numbers created loud echoes of farting sounds escape the large room.

It was almost impossible to enjoy your meal in peace, and most students were now loudly complaining about it. The professors tried to freeze or cancel the charm on the frogs, but I already prepared for that and put protections against such stuff on our little green devils.

To get rid of the frogs, you had to catch them manually or simply destroy them with the proper spells. But that proved to be a quite troublesome task since the frogs were rather quick to jump away in the face of danger. Caretaker Argus Filch was positively livid, cursing every student he came

across. His fuzzy lazy-ass of a cat ate one of the frogs and suffered from an upset tummy. The crazy guy reacted to that by demanding from Dumbledore to be allowed to flog the student that was behind the commotion.

"What the hell is that guy even doing at a school," I snorted while watching Filch rave and rage, hunting frogs by carelessly swinging an old broom around. So far, he hit more students than frogs with his makeshift weapon.

Paulina sipped from her tea and nodded in agreement. "He's a big meanie."

I chuckled in reply, and we continued to enjoy the chaos that we caused, enjoying a cup of tea with my partner in crime.

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It wasn't really unexpected when the second day of operation, 'The Plague of Hogwarts,' ended up disturbing everyone's school life. There was a small army of hundred frogs in the Great Hall hopping around, farting to their heart's content.

Students refused to have their breakfast in the Great Hall because the farting sounds of the frogs started to cause them a headache and nausea. For this reason, we were ordered by the professors to enjoy our morning meal in our respective common rooms.

The house-elves delivered us everything we needed, but I still ended up eating some of my smoked dragon meat. Paulina to roll her eyes at me, calling me a glutton. That didn't stop her from a few stripes of dragon meat herself, however.

More frogs arrived as the day continued. Their numbers rose until they eventually outnumbered the human population at Hogwarts, filling the Great Hall with revolting farting noises.

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With the arrival of the third day, the situation became worse, and some students even began to panic. There were crazy rumors making rounds as well, saying that the frogs laid eggs in the food of the students and that a few already ended up in the hospital wing because the frog babies hatched inside their bodies.

Classes were canceled because the professors were forced to solve the problem before the panic grew stronger, but Dumbledore ended up forbidding it. He wanted the students to resolve the issue instead and use creative thinking in order to get rid of the frogs. Purely destructive spells were forbidden, and the student that gets the most frogs would earn his House a whopping amount of two hundred points.

Hearing that, Paulina and I couldn't help but feel greedy. We shared a silent look and sneakily disappeared from the crowd that gathered in our common room, fleeing into an unused classroom that would offer us some privacy.

"Two hundred points!" Paulina explained in excitement.

"He must be luring us," I muttered, scratching my chin thoughtfully. "The protections on the frogs will defend against anyone but the person that cast them. We can't even try to catch them since it will give us away instantly. Dumbledore will notice it that the frogs won't try to evade our spells."

"Johnny, but we have to win these points!" Paulina whined with big puppy eyes. "I know that you can do it. You are the best."

My face split with a grin. "The very best?"

Paulina rolled her eyes. "If you can win us the points, yes."

"Will you reward me with a kiss?" I asked her bluntly, giving her a roguish grin. "On my cheek or the mouth, the choice is yours."

She flushed in reply and bit her lower lip. "Johnny, why do you want me to kiss you?"

"Who wouldn't want that?" I replied with an expression of confusion.

"You are smart, pretty, a nice girl to hang out with, and you have an awesome last name. Stealing your first kiss will be one of my greatest achievements in life."

The way I see it, my female friend would grow into a pretty and smart witch. Having her standing at my side in the future would be a benefit.

"Fine." Paulina reddened even further, looking away with a bashful expression while playing with a strand of her golden hair. "You can have my first kiss if you win us the two hundred points."

Grinning like a fool, I gave her a confident nod and started explaining to her what I had in mind. My words made Paulina blink at me in amazement before her face bloomed with an excited smile.

Indeed, I already planned for the occasion that I had to get rid of the frogs for whatever reason. They were all gathering in the Great Hall because of the Knut that I attacked under the professor's table. I had a second coin, the master coin, in my mokeskin pouch and could activate and use it to effortlessly direct the frogs away.

Thinking of the old German legend of the Rat-Catcher of Hamelin, I decided to create my own legend at Hogwarts and lead the army of frogs away with the help of a 'magical' flute. As ridiculous as that sounds, it actually wasn't. One must recall that I was a member of the wizarding world where the government employed soul-sucking demons to guard their prison, ignoring the countless times when said demons betrayed their master for every washed-up Dark Lord. So, me using a magical flute to get rid of the farting frog plague would be seen as good thinking.

Anyways, Paulina was all flustered at the moment because she knew that

her first kiss was mine now. It was only a matter of time until I would come and claim it. She excused herself and rushed up into the girl's dormitory, saying that she forgot to feed the new owl that she acquired over the summer.

Smirking to myself, I teleported away to Chinatown because I recalled having seen a shop there that sold flutes.

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Appearing in a dark alley, I stuffed my Hogwarts robes into my mokeskin pouch and then casually proceeded into the main street. I forgot that it was still night in New York and that most shops were most likely closed at this hour. Still, Chinese people were a hardworking bunch, and I was sure to find some 24x7 shop somewhere.

Quite a few shift-eyes individuals were running around, using the darkness to conduct their illicit business. Some of them didn't just look like but were actual members of the Golden Tiger group, which was part of the most feared underworld organizations, the Triads.

Two tigers were currently narrowing their eyes at me in suspicion. They stood in front of another dark alley across the street where I could hear loud smacking and labored panting echoing from. I simply ignored the warning gazes of the guards and moved to position myself, so I could see what was going on.

"What the hell?" I cursed loudly. My body began to vibrate with fury after taking in the picture before my eyes.

"Fuck off, kid!" cursed one of the guards, a bald and slightly obese Asian guy that was bare-chested below his black jacket, showing off a giant tiger face tattoo.

The taller and slimmer partner grunted something in Chinese, sounding

annoyed. He suddenly pulled out a riot baton from below his jacket before approaching me with a nasty grin.

"You're going to bleed today, white boy." The thuggish-looking guy smirked when he saw that I wasn't trying to run away, mistaking it for fear. He lifted his riot baton and attempted to strike me on the head.

I caught the baton midair and effortlessly ripped it from his grip and then repaid his kindness by giving his knee a swift stomp kick, shattering it.

That was one of my favorite moves because it made my opponents scream in pain as if they were on fire. The second guard ogled me with wide, disbelieving eyes and was soon joining the screaming too after I threw the riot baton at his face.

With that done, I turned my attention to the happening in the dark alley the two thugs were guarding. It housed two individuals, one old grandpa and a young thug that was wearing a stylish suit. The former had his face covered in blood and was lying on the cold and wet ground, groaning in pain. The second was staring at me with shock in his eyes, armed with golden brass-knuckled for both hands.

"Good Sir, would you like a free trip to the Sahara Desert?" I asked the suit-wearing thug before I simply teleported behind him, put a hand on his shoulder, and then took us across the world to kick his ass and deposit him in the middle of a sandy ocean.

When that was done, I reappeared before the old grandpa and spat a big blob of saliva on his surprised face.

The old grandpa, despite his wounds, gave me a furious expression but stopped when he felt how the horribly, bloody scarring on his face started to disappear. His look of loathing changed to bewilderment and then to gratitude when his body started to heal before his eyes.

"You're welcome," I chuckled in reply, watching him behave like a little

child on a sugar shock.

His joints made loud popping sounds when he forced himself to stand up.

He also didn't look pained or distressed at all but was grinning like mad.

It appeared that my spit healed more than just his exterior wounds.

"You heal me, Jian, how?" the old grandpa asked curiously. "Magic?"

"Sure, if you like to think that," I replied with a shrug. "But I really must be going now. I need to get myself a flute. Do you know where I can get one?"

After giving me a strange look, the old grandpa grabbed a pair of sunglasses out of his blue pants, put them on, and nodded. "Jian owns shop. Many flutes you will find. Come, young man, you help me, and I help you back."

My face split with a small smile, and I followed the old man out of the dark alley. He stopped and gave the obese thug a few hard kicks into his balls, causing the guy to throw up his last meal, and then gestured to me to follow him.

While we toured through the dimly-lit street, I gave old man Jian a second look. He was a small old man with a bald head and a thick, white mustache and beard. His body was tall and slightly hunched but surprisingly muscular. Aside from his blue pants, he was wearing an orange Hawaii shirt with a floral print, and sunglasses at night...

'What a curious guy.' - I muttered inwardly while following after Jian.

We eventually ended up traveling into another alley where we entered a small, unsuspecting shop filled to the brim with random stuff. There was a thick layer of dust covering everything, and a huge, ancient-looking turtle was sluggishly crawling around on the wooden floor.

Jian took me down into his basement and searched around in an old shelf before he found a wooden box with flutes. They were surprisingly

beautiful and appeared to be expensive high-quality works.

"Take one flute," Jian prompted, giving me a toothy smile.

"Ehm, thanks," I replied with a nod and grabbed a small flute that matched the color of my fire, gold.

"Good flute, it will make you happy," Jian cackled merrily. "Young man, you take good care of Tamino, yes?"

I rose a brow at him. "The flute?"

Jian nodded wild. "Yes, name of flute is Tamino. Jian found Tamino long, long time ago when Jian still strong and popular with women. Very happy times for Jian."

Nodding again with a wry smile, I thanked the funny old man and offered him my hand, sharing my name before informing him that I some frogs to tame. The old Chinese grandpa laughed at that and wished me good luck and health.

After leaving the shop, I turned around to see Jian jumping up and down, dancing with his ancient turtle. For some reason, I couldn't help but a strange familiarity with the old man, as if I have seen him somewhere before. But even after some hard brainstorming, I didn't get any wiser.

"What a strange old man," I chuckled in amusement before vanishing in a ball of golden flames.

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Chapter 19: Happy Funny People

Reappearing in my private room in the boy's dormitory of the Ravenclaw Tower, I put my school uniform back on first and then grabbed my new flute and the master coin out of my mokeskin pouch.

Next, I cast a shrinking charm 'Reducio' on the Knut, and then attached the bronze coin to the flute. That would allow me to subtly activate the

coin while acting as if the flute was doing the magic.

Finishing my preparations, I departed from my room for the Great Hall with a smug smile on my face, feeling super confident of my success.

Traveling down the Ravenclaw Tower, I played the flute a bit to see if I even had a skill for that instrument, and to my extreme surprise, the flute started whistling a rich, mellow, and graceful tune all by itself.

Everything I did was to blow into its mouth-piece. I didn't even use the five little holes of the flute.

"What kind of flute is this?!"

It was definitely not a magical one because I could focus and sense magic in an object no matter how small the amount, and there was definitely something strange was going on, but I got quickly distracted by the merry laughter of the students I passed. They showered me in high praises and lavish compliments, and the girls were squealing my name, blushing fiercely when I replied with a flirty wink.

Seeing that, I kept pumping air into the flute and carried on.

Every student that I encountered on my way showed the same odd behavior. I realized that it was the flute's doing, but I didn't do anything to stop it and continued playing with a carefree demeanor. I got quite curious about the situation and decided to carry on with what I was doing in an attempt to discover the full ability of my mysterious musical instrument.

I only stopped playing the flute when I finally arrived at the Great Hall. Dumbledore was sitting on his golden throne-like chair and was casually reading the Daily Prophet while the school around him was sinking in chaos.

With my golden flute in hand, I approached him while numerous frustrated students around me were chasing after the hundreds of farting

frogs.

"Ehm, Headmaster?" I mumbled to get his attention.

While waiting for his reaction, I realized that the old headmaster erected a barrier that would defend against frogs and the farting noises around his place.

"Ah, Mister Vegaz," Dumbledore greeted with a carefree smile. His sky-blue eyes were sparkling with amusement. "What brings you to me on this wonderful day?"

"Ehm, well, I am here to solve the school's frog problem," I replied with an air of confidence.

Dumbledore nodded, chuckling in amusement while he gave the chaos that was going on around him a small glance. "Yes, of course... our frog problem. It seems that I almost forgot about it. But don't let an old man like me stop you, Mister Vegaz. Carry on, and do what you think is best."

Giving the eccentric Headmaster a firm nod, I turned around and observed groups of students from all Houses struggling to catch the frogs that plagued the area. There weren't really successful in their attempts, and one might even dare to say that a bunch of animated paper frogs were outsmarting all these students.

That being said, I started the next step of my plan and inhaled a deep breath.

"Students of Hogwarts!" I bellowed loudly. "It is me, the magnificent Johnny Vegaz, the one that will get rid of The Plague of Hogwarts!"

My words were heard, but nobody paid much attention to me. So, I subtly activated the master coin attached to my new flute. The frogs wouldn't attack me or anything but would follow my lead after I left the room.

Lifting my golden flute to my lips, I began blowing my breath into the

mouthpiece and listened to the surprisingly beautiful tune that began to fill the Great Hall, suppressing the farting noises of the frogs.

Everyone present stopped what they were doing to turn around and look up to me. It didn't take long before I was confronted by the same behavioral pattern I already encountered on my way here. Students began to laugh and cheer. They clapped their hands with loud applause as I walked past them towards the main exit of the Great Hall. The frogs were slowly beginning to follow me like an army of loyal soldiers.

More cheering and jolly laughter erupted when I entered the Entrance Hall with the small legion of frog in tow.

I totally knew that my new flute was abnormal, but I couldn't care less at the moment. One can call me an attention whore, and I would proudly admit it without hesitation. Receiving so much positive attention felt overwhelmingly awesome. The music of the flute also didn't seem to harm anybody, so it was alright.

"Johnny, you are so cool!" roared a random Hufflepuff boy.

"You are so awesome, Johnny!" cheered an older girl from my own House.

"Johnny, can I be your friend? Please!" begged another Hufflepuff boy.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" a blonde lioness in gold and red asked. "Hey, answer me. Please! No, don't go away!"

Followed by an army of frogs, I began to journey all over the ancient school in order to collect the remaining ones, but mostly to see how the school's population would react to me. It was quite the experience, and even the Slytherins were assaulting me with countless praises and compliments.

"You are so cute, Johnny!" Dysnomia squealed with a heavy blush, getting several nods of approval from the female snakes around her.

'What?!'

That was the moment when I realized that the golden flute in my hands had mystical powers. It wasn't driven by magic, but it still possessed the miraculous ability to affect the minds of subjects that heard its tune.

Each and every student, and even the few professors I passed, reacted in the same manner. Hagrid erupted with a burst of roaring laughter, drumming his large belly while praising me for being such a good lad. I also met McGonagall, Sprout, and Flitwick on my way. They displayed similar reactions of praise and joy.

Paulina eventually appeared. She quickly caught sight of me and approached me with a confused expression. To my surprise, she didn't appear affected by the tune of the flute.

"Johnny, what is going on?" she inquired while her gaze scanned over the cheering students around us. "Why is everyone acting so weird?"

"They love my music," I replied quickly before blowing the flute again.

Paulina raised a curious eyebrow at me but must have decided to simply follow me and observe the situation. She joined me at my side and kept me company while we were collecting the last few frogs.

Some students decided to follow me, clapping their hands while singing happy songs to the tune of my flute. When they saw Paulina walking beside me, they started to comment on it.

"Aww, they are so cute together!"

"Such a lovely couple!"

Paulina's face flushed scarlet, but she stubbornly ignored the words and kept walking next to me, acting as she didn't hear anything.

Convinced that I collected the majority of the frogs, I guided them all towards Hagrid's Hut. The giant man sometimes enjoyed roasting his food above a bonfire and had a large circle of stones prepared for these

occasions.

It was the perfect place to get rid of the frogs. Arriving there, I pulled my wand out and set the wood that was piled up inside the circle on fire.

While the students who followed me so far were cheering loudly, I subtly took the shrunken coin attached to my flute, overpowered it, and then flung it into the growing flames.

In response to my actions, the small legion frogs began their suicidal march towards the small fiery inferno, leaping into their deaths after erupting with roaring farts. Their deaths caused small balls of fire to rise up and explode with farting sounds.

"The deed is done," I announced loudly after stopping playing the flute.

"Johnny Vegaz saved Hogwarts from the army of farting frogs!"

Rotating around on my feet, I watched the two dozen or so students waking up from their cheery stupor, blinking their eyes in confusion.

"W-Where am I?" muttered the first.

"Why are we gathered around a fire?" another confused student asked.

"Did something happen?"

"Wait, where are the frogs?" exclaimed some random boy. "What-...?"

"They jumped into the fire!" yelled some random boy.

"Yeah, I remember it now. Vegaz made them jump into the fire!" some older girl from my House confirmed.

"Blimey, you are right," a young Gryffindor gasped, his face an expression of shock and joy. "We can finally eat in peace!"

Paulina eyed me with an inquisitive gaze, silently telling me that I had to explain the situation to her later. I nodded before turning to my audience.

"That's right. I saved Hogwarts from the Farting Frogs Plague!" I loudly proclaimed with a heroic posture. "Johnny Vegaz saved your day!"

"That means Ravenclaw wins the 200 points," an excited student wearing bronze and blue pointed out.

More muttering broke out, and the students eventually thanked me for getting rid of the frogs before returning back to Hogwarts. After we were left alone, Paulina and I shared a silent moment.

My face split with a wide grin. "It seems that we just got our House a 200 points big advantage."

"But it's not fair," Paulina argued with a frown. "We were the ones that caused the problem in the first place."

"Paulina, that's how politics work," I chuckled in amusement. "You fuck something up, hide your ties to the problem, help to find a solution for the problem you caused, and then take credit for it in order to increase your popularity. That will make the population vote you into office again. Why do you think the word is such a mess?"

"Nobody will ever know the truth," I added with a grin. "But people will remember us as the ones that solved the problem, as heroes."

She nodded with some reluctance.

"What do you mean by - us - Johnny?" Paulina inquired curiously. "It was you that got rid of the frogs."

"Yeah, but since I am the master of the lie, I can twist and shape it how I wish," I replied with a shrug. "Nobody will question me if I tell everyone you helped. People like heroes, but two heroes are better than one."

"That's pretty Slytherin of you, Johnny," Paulina pointed out, her lips curving with a small smile.

"Yeah, the snakes would love to be as cunning as us eagles," I huffed in amusement.

"Fine," Paulina said with a nod, sighing in defeat. "I will play along, but only if you explain to me why everyone was acting so strangely. You are

not that popular, Johnny. You must have used magic. I want to know."

"Sure," I agreed easily, smirking at her. "But after you let me claim my kiss."

Paulina flushed red and turned her head away. "You still haven't officially won the 200 points yet."

"But very soon I will," I reminded her in a flirty tone. "And then I will come to claim my kiss from you, Paulina."

"Prat," she huffed cutely.

To reduce her embarrassment, I switched topics as we traveled back to Hogwarts, discussing our first and very successful prank. We didn't just cause chaos but would be soon rewarded for our actions, too. That was probably the ultimate prank in the history of all pranks.

It was quite the experience, and my skill with animation charms improved by quite a bit as a result. Paulina also learned a few tricks, and besides that, learned how to use the Oppugno Jinx, which a spell that would allow her to weaponize objects or conjured animals and cause them to attack an opponent.

I also learned that charming stuff in the Chamber of Secrets made the charms a lot more effective. The rich amount of magic of that place automatically overpowered the enchantments and increased the quality, making them very long-lived, potent, and tougher against counter-spells. Such stuff was common knowledge, but it was usually rare to have a place where you can actually practically test out the theory.

Locations like Hogwarts with seven Ley Lines crossing paths at a single point were extremely rare. There were only three such kinds of places in the world, and one of them was deep down in the cold waters of the North Atlantic Ocean, where some historians suspected the ruined remains of the ancient and legendary city of Atlantis.

Indeed, the Chamber of Secrets was bloody freaking useful.

The golden flute that I got from old grandpa Jian today also proved to be quite useful. Its mystical powers baffled me to no end, but then I recalled that the members of the wizarding world weren't the only ones with reality-shaping powers.

The Ancient One and her so-called 'Practitioners of the Mystic Arts' were, however, a different kind of breed. They could shape magical energies but not produce magic on their own. Their magical powers usually originated from powerful patrons. Individuals like Dormammu, for example, the ruler of the so-called Dark Dimension.

There wasn't much information available in the UK about these people, but another reason why I called them a different kind of breed of magic user was because of their inability to step through the Veil without the company of a 'true' magical being. The pureblood supremacists were actually somewhat right in this regard when they claimed that the mystic arts practitioners weren't true magicals, but muggles that learned how to 'steal' and manipulate magical energies. It just was another thing that made some purebloods paranoid and unreasonable.

At any rate, my thoughts on this topic were pure speculation at this point. While I was confident that my knowledge on this topic wasn't far off, the mystic arts guys weren't exactly public figures, and rumors clouded the waters, which prevented me from seeing the bottom.

Well, back to the main topic.

The golden flute I got from Jian was most likely an artifact made by some Master of the Mystic Arts. It didn't emit any magic because it wasn't created with the help of magic, but with the support of whatever mystical energy its creator harnessed. Depending on the strength of the patron or realm that the mystic arts guy made use of, the flute can be a lowly piece

of crap or something on par with the Philosopher's Stone in terms of quality.

So far, I concluded that the Flute must be something of a higher quality.

Its tune manipulated listeners into a state of cheerfulness and to act positively towards the one that was playing the flute. It even managed to influence Hagrid and McGonagall, and the former was a half-giant with a powerful resistance to all forms of magic, and the latter was most likely a trained and proficient Occlumens. I had no idea why Paulina wasn't affected, though. Maybe because she was recognized as my ally or something.

I could only speculate at this point, but I was sure that my estimation of the flute wasn't far off. Still, I would be careful and keep it hidden and observe how everyone that was under its influence would react in the following days. Manipulating people with such an artifact wasn't quite legal, and children with more 'conservative' parents would be able to cause me a lot of trouble, claiming that I was manipulating them into doing things.

Having said that, I made a note in the back of my mind to pay Jian a visit in the future. He was a curious old Chinese guy with a small shop full of random stuff, located in the middle of China Town. It was the biggest cliché ever. I was sure that I would find more stuff with magical powers in his shop.

But first, I had to collect my 200 points for Ravenclaw and make myself and Paulina more popular with the students of my house.

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Chapter 20: Deathmatch

With the farting-frogs-problem solved, everything slowly returned to the usual normality at Hogwarts. It was also Friday, which means that I had

another date with my hot red-haired professor Lily Potter. Paulina came along, still huffing and puffing with slight annoyance because I told her that I would claim my kiss when she least expected it.

Lily Potter was also curious about how I managed to get rid of the farting frogs so effortlessly, but I simply replied that a true magician reveals tell his tricks.

"Fair enough," Lily replied with a small huff before hopping on her table, crossing her long slender legs that ended in black heels, while wearing a tight red blouse tucked in a black high-waisted pencil skirt.

Her outfit, along with her long, wavy, and fiery-red hair, full red lips, and light-tanned and flawless skin made her look quite seductive right now - even more so because I was sitting in a chair that was right in front of her. I couldn't help but fantasize about Lily stepping down to plant her shapely arse on my lap.

"But I still wonder who might be behind the prank," Lily continued, giving me a small smile after Paulina turned away to inspect the door of her office.

"Yeah, these pranksters must be pretty smart and talented to pull something like this off. Don't you agree, Paulina?" I chuckled, watching the girl in question redden. She stayed silent but nodded fiercely while avoiding Lily's eyes.

Lily flashed me a smirk. "Not so smart as they believe themselves. But the charm-work on the frogs impressed Headmaster Dumbledore, so he decided to reward the culprits for their masterfully executed prank."

"Ehm, well..." I started but ended up at a loss for words. Paulina turned to give me a nervous look, and I just shrugged my shoulders in response, silently telling her that there is no need to fear any punishment.

"Since you two are so proficient with animation charms..." Lily began

before hopping from the table. She walked around it and used her wand to levitate a large cardboard box stuffed with various toys on her table, everything from stuffed animals and robots to superhero figurines and dinosaurs.

"We are going to duel today with the help of these toys," Lily explained before she fished a Captain America figure out of the box. "I want each of you to pick a toy and enchant it to your best ability. Everything that you think will improve the combat ability of your toys. And when everyone is ready, we are going to apply the animation charm on our champions and let them fight for us."

"To the death?" I asked with a fierce grin, taking delight in the idea.

Lily nodded slowly, giving me a devilish smile. "Why, yes?"

Paulina looked horrified, but she still rushed to the box to claim the T-Rex toy for herself, sticking her tongue out at me when she noticed my expression dropping.

In the end, I found myself a blonde barbie puppet that I equipped with the broadsword of a barbarian action figure.

After each of us got their champion, we started getting to work but still discussed what charms we wanted to use and why. Lily gave us a few tips and told us about a bunch of charms that even I didn't know about. It was a competition, but we still helped each other improve and find the best charms for our champion.

In the end, what mattered most was the quality and efficiency of your charms and spells, not the quantity or the rarity.

Esoteric, exotic, or simply put 'rare' spells weren't always the best. Rare pieces of magic were usually rare because they were too complicated and time-consuming for the masses to learn, or sometimes simply too impractical.

The same goes for books, I realized. Thick and ancient tomes, rare books, were often filled with stuff that only made sense for the author or those that wrote it. I actually had the problem with some of the books I found in the Room of Hidden Things.

For example, one book offered a curse that would turn the kidney of your opponent into a piece of hot coal. It was an okay spell but extremely restricted since it required you to hit the area where the kidney was located, and fucking it up would simply do nothing and allow your opponent to cut you down with something like the basic but effective severing charm, *Diffindo*.

Having said that, I stopped pondering on random things and concentrated back on my little barbie girl, slowly turning her into a proud warrior princess.

"Johnny, what are you doing?!" Paulina exclaimed in outrage when she saw me painting fierce tattoos on the body of my barbie puppet.

"Barbie is about to fight Captain America and a T-Rex. She needs the proper outfit and makeup for that," I explained in a serious tone while drawing a pentagram on the forehead of the blonde puppet.

"She looks like possessed by a demon!" Paulina argued, pointing at the gaping maw full of spiky teeth that split Barbie's toned tummy.

Aside from that, Barbies eyes were burning with a glaring red glow, her mouth had two fangs like an orc, and she sported two bat-like wings on her back. Her body was also packed with bulging muscles, and the gaping maw in her stomach was able to breathe a cone of fire at her opponent.

The broadsword she was holding was twice the size of her body, pitch-black as if made out of onyx and charmed to burn with an ominous, blue flame.

"Well, since she is about to fight Captain America, it means that my

Barbie will be the villain of the story," I explained as if it was obvious.

"But look at your own champion. Lily helped you to turn to the tail of your T-Rex into a chainsaw. How unfair is that?!"

"It's us girls against you," Lily huffed in amusement.

The only adjustment she made was to equip her Captain America figurine with two whips. But her champion would ride Paulina's T-Rex anyway, and the two would fight against my own. It was a fun challenge, and I invested all my creativity and available magic into my barbie puppet, turning her into the Lady of Pain.

When the actual duel was about to start, the three of us cast an animation charm on our champions. It was a fairly simple spell, and one would only require to fuel it with the right command. The more skilled the practitioner, the 'smarter' the animated object would turn out.

"For the first duel of the evening, it will be the terrifying Barbie, the Lady of Pain, against the heroic Captain America and his trusted companion, Mr. Rexxy," Lily announced with a fierce smile. "The duel begins the moment countdown reaches zero."

She cast a spell that made a sparkling '3' appear midair above the area where our puppets would fight to the death. The arena was the center of Lily's office. We simply pushed some of her furniture away before she casually painted a large, white ring on the floor.

And when the countdown eventually displayed the number '0,' we all lifted the Freezing Charm placed on our champions, causing the three puppets to rush forward and clash in the middle of the makeshift arena.

However, before reaching the center, Barbie flapped her wings and jumped up to fly above Captain America and Mr. Rexxy. The gaping maw in her tummy exhaled a jet of blue fire at the hero and his mount, causing them to melt a little.

Paulina stomped her feet, growling angrily. "Jump and bite her, Mr. Rexxy. Show her your teeth!"

In reply, the animated T-Rex leaped up and snapped after Barbie's legs. Captain America assaulted my champion with his two whips. But they both failed miserably to land an attack because my champion started to spin around with her large, burning broadsword creating a blazing hot ring of fire around her.

Before Captain America and Mr. Rexxy could prepare their next attack, the black sword my demonic Barbie champion was holding suddenly was flying towards them, viciously impaling the carnivorous dinosaur into the ground. That attack was followed by another jet of blue flames, showering Steve in intense heat that causes his head to melt and fall off.

With that, the duel was over, and Barbie won her first deathmatch!

"Johnny, did you engrave your Barbie with runes that were infused with the essence of your Flammaris spell?" Lily inquired in wonder, visibly impressed.

I nodded with a grin. "There are no rules when it comes to a fight to the death."

Paulina fumed, moving over to kneel before her dead champion. "Mr. Rexxy..."

"He died an honorable death," I muttered to Paulina, giving her a pat on the back. "But nobody can go against Barbie anyway. Acting against her is seeking death!"

"Very well," Lily said before snatching the Barbie puppet for herself. "We are going to take Barbie as our champion for the next duel."

Casting a *Reparo* on her Mr. Rexxy, Paulina looked up with a smirk. She joined Lily's tyrannic rule along with her champion. Both girls flashed me

challenging smiles that I could simply not ignore, so I decided to play along and grabbed myself a bunch of toys before shaping the ultimate harbinger of destruction.

Lily and Paulina's faces morphed to a look of horror when they saw me using my fire-magic to melt several toys to create a molten abomination. As the evening continued, I ended up winning two more duels before losing my last one. Lily stole each victorious champion of mine and then made me create a new one that would fight the old ones all at once - inclusive Paulina's Mr. Rexxy.

It was a totally awesome practice and a fun way to learn new magics, and use them in creative ways. The ambition to win the duels made me and Paulina put more effort into our charms and improve with each new turn. Lily seemed to enjoy her time just as much. She introduced us to a bunch of new charms, pointed out flaws in our spellwork, and offered ideas and suggestions on how to improve the performance of our champions.

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While I enjoyed my time at Hogwarts, Jessica and Felicia began to adjust their lives to their new powers.

Jessica became bolder and was hunting down thugs and shady individuals with her new 'Power Girl' persona en masse. My presence in this world caused an entirely new hero to be born, a more powerful Jessica Jones that was like a weaker version of Superman in some way. She wasn't the classical hero either. Power Girl would brutalize every villain she came across, thrashing them so hard that they required a few months of hospitalization to recover from her no so gentle care.

That behavior made her extremely popular with the population of New

York. The police didn't like that at all, but I already warded off Jessica's place with basic muggle-repelling charms to keep annoying individuals away - and it wouldn't influence her since she was immune to mind tricks of a telepathic or magical nature. Jessica paid her rent in cash and wasn't registered anywhere. She stayed under the radar and lived on her own ever since her family died in the accident that turned her superhuman.

All in all, Jessica started to really enjoy her new heroine life.

Well, as for Felicia, she didn't attract much attention to herself since she was still in school and living with her mother. Also, the cognitive enhancement she got from the perfected Extremis Virus evoked the desire in her to visit the Empire State University. She would continue to train and all that, but we discussed it and found it a good idea since I still had to absolve some years of education myself.

And since Felicia's newly gained enhancement made her quite the eye-candy - even more so than before - her mother Anastasia wanted her to accompany her to the lavish parties of her clients. But my lover refused and told her mother that she wanted to practice martial arts and parkour instead. Felicia knew that I would sooner or later gain the ability to simply make people spew all their secrets to me, and so she didn't bother to waste her time with lusty old men and their awkward heirs.

It was strangely satisfying to see my two lovers being satisfied with their lives.

Of course, I was quite pleased as well. The link we got through the sinfully erotic sex-ritual allowed me to feel what they feel and vice versa. Because of this, we would experience orgasms of epic proportions. That alone made Felicia and Jessica literally addicted to my manhood.

We also discovered that my seed had beneficial effects on their bodies. I

didn't know what was going on exactly, but it appeared that I was able to infuse them with some essence my fire harvested from me devouring dragon meat. Stuffing myself full with dragon meat before we had sex would cause my jizz to have drug-like effects on my two lovers.

It made them slightly magical, and I basically turned them into squibs. That discovery boggled my mind to no end. But I liked that very much, and my girls were now practicing Occlumency. The magic in their bodies reacted to the technique and was beginning to form the fundament of a mindscape inside their minds.

As interesting as the situation was, I couldn't split my mind that much and decided to investigate that new development later. My priority right now was to learn spells, master them, and then learn more spells.

I also wanted to develop a few more fancy fire-magic tricks!

Everything of the element of fire would have the potential to be cast fully wandlessly by me in the future. That was an enormous advantage.

Usually, the wand is superior because wandlessly cast spells required more magic to manifest, and not all spells could be cast through your fingertips. Stuff of a destructive nature, like the Blasting Curse - *Confringo*, would end up harming the caster too, if attempted to be cast wandlessly.

The wand didn't just min-max your magic-power output, which greatly improved your spellcasting efficiency, but also protected your body from the destructive energies of certain types of spells. I mean, only a fool would try to cast the *Cruciatus* Curse without a wand.

The truth behind wandless magic was that the vast majority, inexperienced individuals, are actually able to perform it, but they would always end up overpowering their spells and cause their subconscious mind to react and prevent the spell from manifesting. The body

instinctively knows what will happen if the magic used for the spell goes rampant, and to prevent any damage, a biological security system would save the individual from committing self-mutilation.

That's why wandless magic demanded such a high focus and skill from everyone that attempted to perform it. If focus and skill weren't available in enough quantities, your body would simply refuse to let you harm yourself.

But the wand was a double-edged sword in that regard. It made casting magic easier and efficient but also caused the vast population to become negligent. It seemed that nobody bothered with wandless magic these days because the wand still remained superior regardless.

Yet, everyone seemed to have forgotten that magic was part of our biology. It was like a muscle. Constant training and practice would cause your muscle mass to increase, which would make you stronger, obviously. The same theory applies to magic - and your mind, of course.

Wandless magic was a sign for a powerful individual because such people usually practiced quite a lot. Dumbledore was basically a fitness freak. He was most likely so powerful due to the simple fact that he practiced all kinds of magic to the point that it passively enhanced his own magical potential.

There were no complicated rituals required or secret techniques. All you had to do was to train, practice, exercise, improve, and whatever. Hard work pays off!

It was just speculation at this point, but I think that learning how to cast all my fiery spells wandlessly would help me understand my own power better.

Furthermore, I could already safely tell that I wouldn't harm myself by trying to wandlessly cast spells of the element of fire. I already had the

'natural' ability to breathe fire and guessed that I only needed to learn how to successfully control and manipulate the fiery energies of my body in order to be able to wandlessly manifest all these juicy spells that I had in mind.

But before I would even attempt to do that, I had to master all these spells with the wand. It may be possible to directly try them out without a wand, but that path was most definitely an awfully time-consuming one.

That's what makes the wand superior. That tool allowed every Tom, Dick, and Harry to practice magic and more easily learn difficult spells that would otherwise require too much focus, skill, and discipline.

With my motivation pumped-up to enormous levels, I plunged into another session of intensive studies, drowning myself in dusty books and ambitious ideas.

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Chapter 21: Childish Games

Annoyed to no end, I cursed the name Severus Snape because the greasy-haired bastard attempted to waste my precious time for childish reasons.

It was a random Wednesday morning. Nothing special was going on until I left the Potions classroom to spot two older Slytherin students standing at the end of the hallway, their faces twisted with malicious grins. The moment they caught sight of me, they fired a salvo of the pimple jinx *Furnunculus* at my face.

In response, I conjured a *Protego* that rebounded the spells back at their caster, causing the faces of two Slytherins to break out with horrific boils and large pimples that oozed with sickly-yellow pus. It was absolutely disgusting.

Snape came running out of his office at the same moment, looking livid.

He swiftly punished me with detention for harming fellow students. The entire class, made from Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffies, saw what actually happened and argued that I was only defending myself by using a surprisingly advanced shield charm.

Snape sneered at them in response, stating that I wasn't innocent because I shouldn't have 'maliciously' reflected the spells back to the attackers, the Slytherins. When the complaints became louder, he finally 'relented' and told the two older students that they had to serve detention along with me. We were ordered to serve it in the Potions classroom in the evening, cleaning cauldrons and whatnot.

I knew that something was off because the two Slytherins looked quite pleased despite their hideous facial disfiguration. In the end, they were sent to the infirmary while I was stomping my way out of the dungeons, plotting my revenge.

While aware of my high talent and unusual powerful level of magic, Paulina didn't know my full strength. It was only natural for her to worry about me.

"We should inform Lily," she suggested with a small hiss, upset about Snape's unfair punishment.

"Nah, it's alright, Paulina," I assured with a nonchalant shake of my head.

"That whole scenario was most likely planned by the bunch. I don't know what they want to achieve yet, but I am pretty sure that it will be some childish attempt to 'humble' me through humiliation. But they won't achieve anything. Just lay back and watch me destroy them instead."

"Fine, but what do you plan to do?" Paulina inquired with a mix of worry and curiosity. She was already aware of the fact that I wouldn't act confident if I weren't absolutely sure of my victory.

"There is no plan. I adjust myself to whatever situation I am confronted

with and exploit every weakness available," I replied with a predatory grin.

"Tamino?" Paulina whispered silently.

She was already aware of my magical flute and the effect its tune had on listeners. We also agreed to use the name of the flute Tamino when we are talking about it in order to make sure the secret stays a secret. It was my first attempt to see how Paulina handled a secret of mine and if I could trust her with more secrets in the future.

"Maybe, if the situation requires it," I chuckled in reply.

Whatever the snakes had in plan for me, they couldn't really harm me, but I could do so if they managed to piss me off. My guess was that they wanted to humiliate me in some way. I still remembered Dysnomia's not so subtle threats she made in the last few days, warning me that I would soon understand why people had to respect purebloods and Slytherin as their betters.

Anyways, Paulina and I traveled up into the Great Hall for lunch. My carefree attitude seemed to have calmed her down a bit, but just by a bit.

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Detention started from 7:00 pm and would last two hours. Snape awaited me in the Potion's classroom that was used by the sixth and seventh years. The two older Slytherins were already present, displaying nasty grins while they mockingly watched me approach the professor's table.

"Move to your table and start cleaning cauldrons, Vegaz!" Snape growled with a nasal voice, his bushy monobrow forming an angry 'V' above his eyes.

I gave him a short nod in reply and turned around before walking over to a table with a pile of oily, slimy cauldrons waiting on top of it. The two

older Slytherins boys were casually reading Quidditch magazines all the while, faking bored expressions in an attempt to mock me.

Not showing any reaction to that, I started cleaning the first cauldron with an old piece of rag that was soaked with some kind of magical cleaning solution.

In the meantime, I let my eyes roam the large potion classroom with curiosity since it was the room that was used by the older years. Well, the walls were basically shelves filled to the brim with all kinds of ingredients stored in large jars. Some dried-up plants were hanging from the ceiling and even the skeleton of some winged animal.

The room itself was dimly-lit, almost freezing-cold, and had an unpleasant sterile scent just like in a hospital lingering in the air. Snape's area was also the only one with enough illumination.

One corner of the room offered a large, dark pond into which an ugly gargoyle puked ice-cold water into. It was the so-called 'trashcan' of the classroom. Throwing stuff into it would simply make it disappear somewhere. Rumors say that the same goes for students.

Another corner had several large cupboards where I suspected Snape's old potions textbook to be hiding. My detention was a nice opportunity to claim it for myself and see if I could learn anything useful from it.

Potions wasn't one of my main interests, but I liked to collect knowledge.

...

Ten minutes into the detention, and Snape suddenly stood up from his table. He gave each of us a sneer before marching towards the exit of the room.

Opening the door, he swirled around and growled. "There won't be any foolishness while I am gone." His dark, murky eyes moved over the two Slytherins before arriving on my humble self. "Do you understand,

Vegaz?"

I nodded meekly, hiding a grin. "Yes, Sir!"

Dragging his billowing cloak behind him, Snape vanished out of the door before he shut it close hard. In response, I concentrated my senses and detected that Snape's magical aura was moving away from the area.

"You filthy Mudblood," snarled one of the older boys. An average-looking nobody with a brutish demeanor. He stood up from his table and pulled his wand out from the holster attached to his belt. The second boy mimicked the actions and both pointed their wands at me.

"We don't take kindly of your types around here," the second one growled.

The tips of their wand began to glow before two lightning-like beams of sickly-yellow light raced towards me. I casually dodged the spell and then grabbed one of the cauldrons next to me, throwing it at one of the boys.

"Ahhh!" Startled by the attack, my first victim screamed in pain when the piece of metal crashed against the hand that was holding his wand, breaking one of his fingers with an audible crack.

Another cauldron followed...

And another...

"Vegaz, stop!"

And another...

"P-Please, stop!"

And another...

"You bastard just broke my hand!"

And another few cauldrons until both boys were sobbing messes, begging me with tears in their eyes to make the pain stop. Scoffing at them, I pulled my wand from my holster and levitated the cauldrons back on my

table.

I cast two stunners at the two idiots and walked over to where I suspected Snape's old potion book was hiding. It was on an old wooden cupboard filled with old books and second-hand tools. Searching around for a bit, my face split with a grin when I found what I was looking for. Swiftly stuffing the copy of Advanced Potion-Making into my moleskin pouch, I moved over to the two Slytherins idiots to cast a Rennervate on their bodies, waking them up from their small slumber.

"Why did you two apes attack me?" I asked them with glowing eyes, utilizing my mind-mending ability at full capacity. Their vision blurred for a moment with a look of confusion.

"To teach you a lesson," the brutish-looking boy replied with a groan of pain.

"Yeah, we were paid to break some of your fingers," the second boy admitted weakly before sucking at his broken finger.

"Oh, and who did pay you?" I pressed curiously, infusing my voice with the Confundus Charm for good measure. "You two will tell me everything you know."

"It was Dysnomia Travers' mother," the brutish one blabbered between his sobs. "We meet with Lady Travers a week ago in Hogsmeade. She paid us and a few others to cause trouble for you and your girlfriend. But today was Snape's idea. He and Lady Traves met during the last weekend in his office."

Hearing that they targeted Paulina, I really wanted to permanently maim them beyond any hope of recovery. However, I forced myself to calm and exhaled a small breath of scorching-hot fire, scarring the two boys out of their minds.

"Listen well, you degenerate pieces of shit," I hissed sharply. My magical

power seeped through my skin, causing the two boys to tremble in fear.

"If I ever hear that you two or anyone of your ilk harm Paulina in any way, I will make your future days of your pathetic existence so excruciatingly painful that you two will begin to see life in hell as a paradise in comparison."

After getting all the names of the involved from the two idiots, I cast several basic healing charms on their bodies to get rid of the visible injuries. Next, I threatened them into silence and that they would visit the infirmary the next morning and claim that they slipped down the stairs.

Of course, just threatening them wasn't enough, so I utilized the mind-bending ability that I got from Azazel's skillset at the highest level possible. The weaker the mind, the better the effects, and it was a more permanent kind of manipulation if needed. The Confundus Charm was nice and all that, but its effect didn't last very long.

With all that done, I returned to my table and began to casually clean up cauldrons again. The Slytherin boys were in the meantime doing their best to ignore me, silently enduring the pain that the numbing charms couldn't suppress.

...

Snape eventually returned shortly before my detention was about to end. To my surprise, he was in the company of a fuming Lily and a furious Flitwick. The greasy-haired dungeon bat looked visibly confused to find me in a healthy and unharmed condition, standing next to a pyramid made of perfectly cleaned cauldrons. The damage done during the one-sided battle was also taken care of with a few useful household charms, and what couldn't be repaired with magic ended up in the pond-of-no-return.

Two Slytherin boys said and did nothing when the infuriated gaze of their Head of House landed on them. Their spiritless gaze sank to the ground while their mouths remained sealed.

"Mister Vegaz, the next time you receive a detention from Professor Snape, you will come and report that to me, am I clear?" Flitwick demanded. His usual cheerfulness was completely gone as he turned to narrow his eyes at the unwashed Potions Professor.

Snape looked beyond furious when he heard Flitwick's words, gritting his teeth while keeping his thoughts for himself. At the same time, he shamelessly snacked a few quick glances at Lily's ample chest, unconsciously licking his lips once or twice. The woman in question shuddered in disgust when she noticed that.

"Yes, I will keep that in mind," I replied smoothly, allowing a smile on my lips when I saw Flitwick rudely pushing Snape out of the way.

"Very well, Mister Vegaz, since your detention is over, you will follow me and Professor Potter to my office," Flitwick announced firmly, establishing his dominance by cheekily pushing Snape further away from the door so I could easily pass through it.

"Johnny, is everything alright?" Lily questioned as she stepped beside me, giving my back a few gentle rubs.

"Yeah, just a little bit bored," I replied nonchalantly. "Cleaning cauldrons isn't funny business, and the two lazy Slytherins didn't help me at all.

Stupid brats."

Hearing an angry hissing sound and rushed footsteps, I turned around to see said boys race out of the potions classroom. Flitwick appeared moments later and waved his little hand at the classroom's door, slamming it shut with a loud bang. The sound of a hateful roar of rage erupted from behind the wooden door.

"I hope Professor Snape isn't too upset," I said with a small grin, luring an amused chuckle from Lily's lips.

Not many words were shared while the professors and I ascended the Ravenclaw Tower into Flitwick's office. Arriving there, I made myself comfortable on the armchair I was offered with Lily taking a seat beside me. The Head of House Ravenclaw hopped on his own seat before summoning a house-elf to serve us with some tea.

"Mister Vegaz, I know that I have said it already, but I will mention it again. If Professor Snape punishes you with detention, I want you to immediately report that to me from now on," Flitwick explained with an air of seriousness. "You are one of my best, and I won't tolerate any funny business from Professor Snape against you. If he acts out of bounds, you will tell me."

"I will do that," I replied with a nod. "Thank you, Professor."

"Johnny, do you know why you received a detention?" Lily inquired curiously. "The true reason, not that silly spectacle Paulina told me about."

Nodding again, I decided to see how they would react to the truth.

"Dysnomia Travers and her mother think that breaking my fingers will allow me to learn my place in society. They paid some older students to do the dirty job, and Professor Snape seems to be part of the plan, too. Today's plot was his idea."

Flitwick and Lily's eyes opened in shock before narrowing down in anger. I didn't need to be a Legilimens to know what they were thinking. Telling them the truth would also allow me to see if they were true allies or not.

"Well, I can handle idiots like that," I continued with a low growl. "But they also target Paulina because they think she is my official girlfriend. And if they harm her in any way, I can promise that I won't let it go

without severe retribution."

"It's so typical for Severus to do lower himself to such a level of despicable," Lily cursed with a sigh of frustration. "Filius, can we do something?"

"My hands are tied, Lily. Dumbledore doesn't tolerate any kind of open conflict amongst his staff," Flitwick muttered with a shake of his head.

"Our best strategy is to stay alert," he said before turning his attention to me.

"Mister Vegaz, I know that you are above your years and that you can defend yourself against most students," Flitwick said with a proud smirk.

"But Miss Barbossa is not, and it will be your duty to help her learn how to defend herself. I am confident that you can do that, Mister Vegaz."

"It will be my priority from this day forth," I replied with a determined gaze. "But... ehm, can Paulina and I visit the restricted Section to find ourselves a few books that might be helpful for our situation?"

Mimicking my grin, Flitwick nodded in reply. "Professor Potter will assist you with that, Mister Vegaz."

I turned to Lily to see her smiling softly, shooting me a playful wink.

In the following moments, the professors and I chatted about more joyful matters. Flitwick wanted to know how far I am with my studies and jested if I learned any new spells already. He was quite amazed when I introduced him to my 'Thermo Vision' spell, Visignis.

Both Flitwick and Lily offered their desire to learn it from me and vowed that they wouldn't share my creation without my explicit permission. And since I started to see them as my allies anyway, I accepted and spent the rest of the evening until almost curfew teaching them how to properly cast the spell.

Sharing my spell with Flitwick would also make him more likely to agree

when the time came to ask him after the Fidelius Charm. He was one of the best Charms Master in Europe, if not in the world, and making him feel indebted to me was always a good thing. Magical folk took stuff like debts a lot more seriously. It was a small community, and oathbreaches, untrustworthy, and selfish individuals would often find themselves ostracised from the community. Basically, a man's word is his worth.

Leaving Flitwick's office, I used the Marauder's Map to see that Paulina was already in her room. She needed to know about the plot the Slytherin's planned, and I had to make sure she was prepared for whatever they might try in the future.

And that meant...

...brutal training in the Room of Requirement!

CREATORS' THOUGHTS

LordRhyolith

Didn't sleep well the last few days and was always too tired for the editing work.

I never upload a chapter without making sure to eliminate as many errors as possible :S ^^

Chapter 22: Two Girlfriends

Introducing Paulina to the Marauder's Map and the Room of Requirements was done in a fairly casual manner. She was an early bird, so I simply waited for her to exit the girl's dormitory before dragging her to the legendary room. On the way, I also openly used my Marauder's Map to see if the floor was empty of any curious eyes.

Seeing the map, Paulina quickly covered me in a barrage of questions until my answers left her wide-eyed and in complete disbelief.

"Captain Barbosa, that's our secret Treasure Map from now on," I told Paulina as I dragged her perplexed self after me. "Lily's husband and his

friends created it, but it's mine now because I stole it from Filch. Oh, and you don't want her husband to get it anyway. You saw what kind of guy he is. He will most likely use it for childish bullshit or to spy on girls like a perverted old geezer."

Paulina just nodded in silence and said nothing since I told her that the map was the smaller secret. She most likely wanted to see the whole picture before bombarding me with a flood of questions again.

Arriving on the seventh floor, I took her to the corridor with the tapestry that showed a guy being clubbed by eight trolls dressed like ballerinas. Walking back and forth three times while thinking of a classic fitness room that also offered a wide area with dueling dummies, it didn't take long before a massive wooden door answered my wish.

Kicking the door open, I pulled a blinking Paulina into the room and quickly closed the door behind me.

"Welcome to the so-called Room of Requirement," I explained with a grin.

"One of Ravana Ravenclaw's creations. The magic of the room reacts to most stuff you wish for, mostly some kind of space. What you see right now is the manifestation of the desire I stated in my mind while walking back and forth three times in front of the secret entrance of the legendary room. This place will be our secret training area in the future."

"Before you start with your questions," I interrupted swiftly when I saw that Paulina was drawing a deep breath. "You must know that yesterday was planned by Dysnomia and her mother, Lady Travers. They paid some older students, and maybe even Professor Snape, to cause trouble for us. Yesterday was an attempt to humble me by breaking my fingers during detention."

"Naturally, the plot backfired on the two Slytherin baboons and they ended up in the state they wanted to put me in," I added when I saw

Paulina worried expression.

Her features softened when she heard that. "What did you do, Johnny?

Will you get into trouble for that? Why is Professor Snape such a meanie?!"

"It's not worth mentioning what I did to them," I replied with a nonchalant shrug. "But the two baboons from yesterday are out of the game, and they aware now that it is unhealthy behavior to cause trouble for me. As for Snape... well, he is a moron with bad teeth, a bushy monobrow, and greasy hair, and he lacks self-respect. He never targeted me so far because I don't cause any mess during his lessons, but it seems that the words of a mother and a little girl are enough to let him degenerate to a common bully."

"I told Lily about your detention," Paulina said with an embarrassed blush. "Did she come to help you?"

"Yeah, she and Flitwick came along with Snape after the bastard left me alone for almost two hours to be beaten up by the members of his House," I confirmed with a nod.

While telling Paulina about yesterday, we slowly wandered around in the large room to inspect the stuff offered. I basically wished for a mixed area with two halves, one that was equipped with classic gym tools for physical training and one that provided a large space and a dueling dummy so that Paulina could go on a magical rampage.

The gym tools were actually completely useless since I could hardly improve my absurd strength through normal means, and I doubt that Paulina desires to work out. However, the environment would subtly manipulate the brain of my female friend to enter into a training modus.

At least that was what I hoped for.

"Johnny, can we visit the Restricted Section today?" Paulina asked with

sparkling eyes, almost on the verge of drooling.

That is your typical stereotype Ravenclaw. I just told her that a pack of Slytherins were after us, but all her worries turned secondary after she heard that I Flitwick gave me access to a treasure trove full of juicy books. The Restricted section was where the good stuff of the library was hiding. Almost every Ravenclaw had the habit to drool when looking in that direction.

"Sure, after classes are over," I replied with an amused smirk. "But I also want you to remember that we are going to do some intensive training from now on. Every day until dinner. If you slack off, I am going to take your books away!"

Paulina paled drastically, a silent 'No!' escaping her lips.

"Oh, yes," I said in a firm tone, pointing at the dueling dummy. "That will be your best friend for the rest of the year."

"Will you teach me your fire magic?" Paulina asked, blazing with excitement.

"If you prove yourself competent enough, sure," I replied with a grin. "We are going to make these slimy Slytherins will curse the day they decided to make us their enemies!"

"Do they really think that I am your girlfriend?" Paulina suddenly asked, flushing slightly.

In response, I leaned forward and boldly kissed her on her soft lips, causing her pretty face to turn deep red. "Your first kiss is mine now."

"Oh, well... and I actually have two girlfriends," I admitted awkwardly, dropping the bomb without warning. "You will need to share me with them if you want to have a piece of me."

It was only fair to mention it before Paulina ended up asking me to be her boyfriend. Jessica, Felicia, and I already talked about it. They agreed

with me that more girls could mean more fun. We were all basically immortal due to the effects of the Extremis Virus.

The boring cultural habits and norms of normal people didn't apply to us anymore!

Well, and Jessica didn't care much about love. She only liked to have sex from time to time. Her true love was to beat up criminals and to sleep and eat. And based on what she told me so far about her past, most guys felt inferior when faced with her overwhelming physical superiority, which made it hard for her to find something lasting.

But Jessica was quite satisfied with her new life now. Her increased power through the ritual, her ability to fly, and her 'Violent Outburst' ability made her job as a heroine a lot more pleasurable. Our relationship was also mostly only about sex, but that was perfectly fine since we both preferred it that way. We were friends with benefits and not a lovestruck couple.

And Felicia had her own ambitions. Becoming a mother wasn't one of them. She sees me as her ticket to a life where she can do whatever she wants and the chance to become a greater Black Cat than her father will ever be.

With all that said, my two lovers accepted the fact that I would add more members to my harem sooner or later - with the only rule being that I would keep an eye for quality instead of quantity. They even allowed me to have sex with the girls if that helped me scout new talents for our harem. It might have helped that I asked for that after I fucked their brains into a state of sexual delirium with the help of sex-magic.

Yes, it was a bit devious, but I never claimed to be a saint. Power always came at a cost, and my deal was simple: power and near-immortality, and the prospect to be able to stay young and vigorous forever, in

exchange for exclusive rights for their female bits. As perverted and wrong as that all might sound to some ears, I was only stating the truth.

Paulina shook herself from her stupor. "You have two girlfriends?"

"Jessica and Felicia," I replied with a nod, taking notice of the fact that she didn't seem upset or jealous at all. "Two lovely girls that I met in New York this summer."

"New York?" Paulina repeated. "But-..."

"There are still a lot of secrets that you don't know about me," I interrupted her with a cheeky wink. "I am an orphan, but I am not a helpless child. Magic makes many things possible. I harvested that power, and it served me well so far."

To illustrate my point, I used a wandless Accio to summon my wand from my holster directly into my grasp. Paulina's eyes widened in response to the little performance.

"Vesparma Morti," I muttered firmly while pointing my awesome wand at the dueling dummy at the end of the room.

In the same second, the tip of my wand erupted with thick ink-black smoke that promptly grew larger, hissing and buzzing angrily.

Suddenly one black wasp after another manifested in the dark cloud until thirteen specimens of the size of an adult's fist were racing towards the dueling dummy.

They relentlessly assaulted their unmoving target with countless waspish bites and vicious stingers. Focusing my mind, I sent a silent, invisible command to the monstrous insects that made them all explode into a bright-yellow liquid that began to corrode the surface of the dueling dummy.

"How do you like my new spell?" I asked Paulina with a smug smile.

"These devils were inspired after the Tarantula Hawk Wasp. One sting

delivers pain so agonizing vicious that the victim can do nothing but scream. At least, that's what the book said where I read about these wasps."

That spell was something I prepared for individuals like Fenrir Greyback. Werewolves had a strong resistance against magic, but they were vulnerable to stuff like fire, ice, and nature magic. My wasps were of the latter category.

"Johnny!" Paulina gasped in shock. "Why would you create such a mean spell?!"

"Because I can," I snickered with a stupid grin. "But also because I like to create a little bit of everything. This is my first 'Dark Curse' of some kind. It's mostly nature magic of a more vicious kind."

"Anyways, what I want to tell you is that I desire to grow beyond just the wizarding community," I began to mutter with a thoughtful look. "The world is vast. There are these so-called mutants running around, and people like Captain America, and who knows what else is still waiting in the shadows. There is so much I want to know... I want to see... to experience. Limiting myself to a boring normal life isn't going to happen. It's important you know all that."

Paulina watched me in silence for a moment before she sighed. "Daddy said that I am not allowed to have a boyfriend before I am at least fourteen anyway..."

"Well," I chuckled in amusement. "Then you better listen to your daddy and wait until you are older. Picking me as your boyfriend is a life full of crazy adventures. You must sure to want that, or your beautiful blond hair will definitely grey prematurely."

"Prat," Paulina huffed with a little grin, swinging a small fist after me that I evaded with relative ease. "Why do you even keep it a secret that you

have two girlfriends? I thought boys like to brag with silly stuff like that!"

"To be honest, I thought you might get jealous," I snickered and dodged a swift kick that was flying towards my shin.

Paulina scoffed, sticking her pink tongue out. "Because they have to bother themselves with a prat like you? Never!"

"Trust me. I am worth the trouble," I replied with a grin before aiming a stinging hex at her left foot.

Paulina jumped out of the way before drawing her own wand. The gold that I have her on the train before the start of our summer vacation allowed her to buy herself a holster as well - one made from red leather covered in colorful floral patterns, a real girly design.

"Facippa!" Paulina yelled with a slash of her wand, sending my own pranking hex at my face.

I let the spell hit me and felt a firm flap arrive on my left cheek. "You little minx!"

Since it was still early in the morning, we continued to play and duel each other for about an hour before forcing ourselves to stop. I wanted to see how two Slytherin boys from yesterday were doing, and Paulina appeared curious as well. She would never admit it, but she secretly enjoyed it when I messed with other people.

On the way to the infirmary, I showed Paulina the Marauder's Map again. Her biggest interest was in the charms that allowed the map to function. I offered that we study the map together and try to improve it so we could spy on people more efficiently.

Paulina agreed to that but made me promise to her that I wouldn't abuse the map for perverted ambitions.

...

It was unfortunate, but we couldn't spy on Robert Blythe and Broderick

Caldwell, the two Slytherin boys that attempted to cripple me. There was too much traffic at the infirmary, and I didn't want to risk exposing myself by acting like a criminal that comes to stalk his victims. Seeing that the Marauder's Map showed the two boys being under Poppy Pomfrey's draconian care was enough for me.

Eventually arriving at the Great Hall for breakfast, I quickly scanned the large rooms for my future targets and the person behind the attack on me: Dysnomia Travers.

Surprisingly, the spoilt blondie was sitting at a different place this time around, with her back towards me. Since the Slytherins sat at the other end of the Great Hall, the most popular seats were those that allowed one to look into the hall. The seats that exposed your back to the Gryffindor table were usually reserved for the 'follower' kind of snakes.

It didn't matter anyway, Dysnomia was only mediocre and not a threat to Paulina. What mattered most was to 'discipline' the older Slytherin students, so they realize that crossing me is a very foolish and painful endeavor.

When the boys in question noticed my hawk-like gaze, eyeing them like a predator its prey, they retorted in kind. However, their expressions became rather uneasy when I pumped some magic into my eyes to make them flicker with an intense glow for a short moment. They instinctively looked up to Snape, probably hoping for his support, but the greasy-haired professor ignored them in favor of some magazine.

"Bunch of pussies," I mocked silently, grinning from ear to ear.

Paulina rammed an elbow into my side, silently scolding me for using such crude language.

"But it's true," I argued with a huff.

"Boys are so stupid," Paulina mumbled before sipping at her morning tea.

Her words gained a nod of approval from Penelope Clearwater, who turned to narrow her eyes at Percy Weasley.

I chuckled when I saw that. Penelope was indeed a beauty, but due to her bookish nature quite inexperienced with boys. My guess is that Percy Weasley only had a chance with her because in the original story because he exploited Penelope's lacking experience when it came to boys. You only had to talk about interesting books that she didn't already partly memorized, and her attention would be all yours. Keep that flow of information up and you could eventually win her for yourself.

On the contrary to that, Cho Chang was still in her first year but already scouting for the boys with the highest social status - and best looks. At first, she was quite interested in me, but that interest waned after she learned that I was a muggleborn and an orphan at that. Her attention switched over to Roger Davis and Cedric Diggory now.

Well, my own attention was on girls like Gemma Watson. She was the Head Girl and a Slytherin. But still quite alright because she helped me find some book in the library last year. Gamma was most likely aware of my background but didn't seem to care about that. And I also knew that she really cared about her studies quite a lot, and that Louis Bolton rejected her when she asked for his notes.

It might be worth a try offering her Bolton's notes myself in exchange for something we both would enjoy quite a bit. But I had to wait until after the winter holidays when she needed the notes the most. That would increase the chances that she would say yes to my proposal.

My perverted ambitions might not be my story's focus, but the most badass protagonists were all ladykillers. Why shouldn't I be one, too?

I mean, my perfectly enhanced human body needed to be used for some physical labor after all. Furthermore, I also needed the practice to

increase my understanding of sex-magic and then eventually master it. It sounded a bit silly, maybe, but I really wanted to see what one could do with sex-magic if performed on a high level.

Would it bring me eternal happiness?

Maybe, who knows.

...

Chapter 23: Rewrite

Hello guys!

First, please excuse me for my sudden and long absence. Real-life stuff happened, which also caused me to lose my muse. I got frustrated, and well...

That said, I am currently working on a rewrite of the story. The fresh start will give me new energy, in a sense, and new motivation to write the story.

The changes won't be that big. The world will still stay Harry Potter X Marvel Verse, etc. with the X-Men and F4, etc. A mix of everything I think will be an interesting addition to the story. Just purely MCU is boring, from my point of view. We have Civil War, Hydra, and Thanos.

The protagonist won't join SHIELD (but only steal from them), so I don't see him getting overly involved with the first two.

The title of the story will also be 'The Game Master.' That's because the protagonist will be creating his own system, using magic and then also the Infinity Stones. He will then give some normal people the opportunity to become heroes as well.

it won't be the total focus of the story, but one of the bigger ambitions of the protagonist in his new life. Everyone needs some ambition, right?

You can't just be a powerful boi and laze around with your harem on the beach of a hidden island - kek.

Anyways, I think the first chapter will be uploaded at the end of July or early August.

Have a nice day!

Chapter 24: Update on the

Rewrite

Hey guys, I am still alive... ha!

(for those that wished me death for daring to rewrite my story, lol. Calm your tits)

First, the most important question: Will there be a harem? Yes!

Pokemon, gonna catch em all!

Anyways, I think I will only publish the first Chapter at the end of August/first half of September.

Sorry for that, but I got several writer's blocks because I didn't like the new starts of the story that I tried out. But eventually, I found one now that I feel happy about.

If I don't like the start, I can't continue writing no matter what :S

Good news, tho. Psylocke will attend Hogwarts ^^ (and a second mutant - Luna needs a friend)

My idea was that since it is a Harry PotterXMarvel world, so why not let some magical mutants attend Hogwarts? Creating some additional conflict by making the pureblood fanatics claim that mutants are supposedly muggles that stole magical powers, or so. depending on the type of mutant power - since people with abilities like Hank/Beast (the blue ape-like guy) are considered creatures, etc. Oh, and imagine the potential of a Death Eater mutant?! Wtf!

That said, Psylocke 616 is British, and she somewhat fits the age requirement if we think of Olivia Munn in the movie Apocalypse. I don't want to pick mutants that were never British citizens in any of their

many Comic versions. So, no Jean Grey or Emma Frost attending Hogwarts. Sorry, my fellow men of culture.

But I think that mutant stuff is a good idea, right? ^^

Also, I dropped the idea with the gaming system that I mentioned in the previous update of the story. It only adds a lot of work and I realized that it is simply not worth the time and effort - it can become quite frustrating easily to handle the stats so they make sense, etc.

Aside from that, I never wrote stories with a system and stats so far, so I don't have experience and may fuck up, which can lead to decreased motivation, etc. Let's avoid that.

Well, having said all that, the story will somewhat remain on its old course. Though, the protagonist starts in his third year this time - while Harry will join Hogwarts for his first. So, the protagonist is a year mate with Cedric Diggory, the Weasley Twins, etc.

Husbands will be cucked (I think you can guess one easily, and there might be a second one too, and maybe even a third, hehe (shameless laughter). Cucking is fun - only if you are the one doing it).

I also made some plans for years to come at Hogwarts. School intern dueling tournaments - that qualify the winner for regional tournaments and so on, some quidditch (with superhuman strength), hunting stuff to devour in the Forbidden Forest, playing funny and nasty pranks, etc.

Using the Chamber of Secrets as a sex dungeon, sexy magic, etc., etc.

^^(don't judge, but I always found sex magic an interesting topic)

Anyways, my favorite part of every Harry Potter fanfiction is the fourth year, so I developed quite a nice plot for that part (I hope). Small Spoiler: Fleur's background will be different with some family drama (no teenage angst and bullshit like that), but her mother is one of those 'ambitious' Veela and she wants Fleur to get herself a rich/influential boy. And

naturally, Fleur doesn't want to be a simple golddigger whose only talent is to be sexy and being good at eating carrots.

Yet, Fleur's mother Apolline already has a rich pureblood heir of proper breeding in mind, and Fleur's parents/Lord Delacour promised Fleur in exchange for an alliance.

During the Tri-Wi-Tournament, Fleur hopes that she can use that year to find a solution for her problem. Will the protagonist help her? Who knows?

After the tri-wizard tournament, the protagonist's seventh and last year at Hoggywarts arrives. He will mostly use that time to mess with Umbridge and to plan on how to combat Voldemort and his band of boot-licking idiots.

After Hogwarts is over, and our boy Voldy on his not-so-nice date with a pissed Lady Death, the protagonist will explore more of the Marvel Universe. Wakanda, for example, to get that sweet vibranium. The good stuff. Imagine what funny things could happen if the protagonist devours it? heh.

But until all the major events start to occur (Iron Man, Hulk, etc.), the protagonist will also find a way that enables him to venture into the Game of Thrones world (this is the only other world he visits).

Why? Mostly because I want him to eat some dragons (I never liked Daenerys), and because Valyrian steel can be a nice and more magical alternative to vibranium. I also plan to make the protagonist a crafter/enchanter, and the GoT world is full of resources, especially Valyria.

The Night King is most likely a highly magical being, so that frozen guy is a nice snack that shouldn't be wasted (Devouring Flame, etc). That guy really died a pitiful death in the show.

Eventually, the first major events will happen around 2004/2005. Tony

Stark becoming Iron Man, etc. That's when the protagonist starts messing more with the Marvel world. GoT was basically a little vacation since I don't like these time skips. Lokis invasion will happen around 2012.

The next bad boy to slap after Voldy will be that smurf-colored Apocalypse. That won't be just a project for the protagonist, but also for the X-Men & Co. (The protagonist won't be a global problem fixer). But hopefully, if my skills as a writer are adequate enough, that Apocalypse situation will be Psylocke's time to shine as an individual and character. After that, Thanos will eventually come knocking, introducing himself as the next bad boy to slap and kick in the nuts.

And after Thanos, the Phoenix Force is a sassy b* and wants the protagonist to take on an entire galactic empire ruled by bird people or so. (I keep it vague on purpose)

Alright, that was some kind of update. I didn't really fully plan all the events that will happen after Hogwarts, but I have a crude outline and some ideas that I hope will be entertaining enough.

CREATORS' THOUGHTS

LordRhyolith

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Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

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