Harry Potter was seated at his desk, ensnared by boredom. His fingers drummed a monotonous rhythm on the desktop as he leafed through the daily prophet, attempting to find something, anything, that would offer a respite from his persistent ennui. Of course, he was supposed to be working, but hours spent behind a desk poring over random manuscripts had only bred a sense of futility - the same stories, with the same plotlines. Harry heaved a sigh, his gaze falling on the pile of manuscripts.

A desperate yearning for something, anything, to break the monotony of his dull situation had taken hold of him.

Eventually, Harry found himself navigating to the advertisement section. As he scanned the page, his eyes landed on an ad titled "Items Confiscated by Muggles." Trivial trinkets were being auctioned off, although the items he was currently examining could perhaps be more accurately described as mundane junk. The items claimed to be haunted by Muggles: a doll with an eerie countenance, allegedly possessed by the spirit of a witch that nobody had ever seen, a pendant said to contain a nymph, and so forth. A seemingly endless list of various items unfolded before him as he inspected the space in front of him. Most of them seemed typical, people trying to hawk their wares and make a profit, even if they had to do so by claiming the items were cursed or haunted.

It was all utter nonsense, but far more intriguing than the heap of rubbish on his desk penned by inept writers. Harry quickly turned the page, releasing another sigh. He decided that after all this, he would go out for lunch, perhaps a burger, then return to work and start tackling the backlog on his desk. He hoped to find something worth bragging about. Harry glanced at the advertisement card and saw that a new ad had appeared.

"What's this?" Harry mused aloud, eyeing the new advertisement.

Succubus for sale.

This caught Harry's attention, his curiosity piqued as he muttered.

"A succubus? That's something new." He drew his wand and tapped the title twice, opening the full advertisement, and it was clear it was trying to attract attention.

For sale; a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, a resident succubus in this ring. Never before has such a thing been made public. Don't think it's all smoke and mirrors, this is very real, complex, and not for the faint of heart. This ring once belonged to a real flesh and blood man. He was a Vatican inquisitor for over fifty years. He passed away two years ago. While going through his belongings, I found a small box containing the ring. In his own handwriting, he described how he trapped the creature in the ring and kept it away from the world.

So now I'm allowing you to buy this ring for yourself and a chance to experience pleasures beyond your wildest dreams.

Buy now for 1000 Galleons. Starting price 10 Sickles.

This caused Harry to arch an eyebrow as he peered at the page, his curiosity piqued as he looked at the picture of the ring.

It depicted a rather old ring with several carved figures. From the perspective of the photos, it appeared to have a Star of David scratched on the outer edge, and inside was etched a cross.

Compared to the rings he had seen before, which supposedly contained ancient spirits, this one was different; it seemed older and in need of a good polish. It stood out with its roughness. They always looked garish and cheap. Harry had to cover his mouth to stifle a laugh.

"Alright, this one looks like they've put more effort into it, but who would be foolish enough to fall for such a trick?" He reached for his wand, preparing to close the advertisement and go for lunch. The tip of the wand was nearly touching the newspaper when he paused and took another look at the advertisement.

"Should I really bid? Is it even worth it? After all, it's my money and this could be a dreadful scam..." He sighed heavily. "Screw it. What's the worst that could happen?". Moving his wand, he made a single bid of twenty Sickles. Besides, what harm would come from making such a gamble? If he lost, he kept his money, and if he won, he could always publish an article in the newspaper, claiming he had been linked to a troll.

"Well, to me, it sounds like a win-win," he chuckled to himself as he finished processing the bid. Once everything was ready, he turned around and reached for the Daily Prophet. He grabbed one of the random manuscripts to read during lunch. Standing up, Harry took several uneasy steps, a combination of an old injury and a leg that had gone to sHarryp from sitting. Harry's stomach grumbled as he passed several cubicles, seeing Cho around the corner. She was hovering over giant stacks of manuscripts, visibly smaller than his.
"Hey, Cho. I'm heading to lunch. Do you want anything?" Cho smiled as he looked at her.

Cho was a pretty, petite woman with a tied-up ponytail and a number 2 pencil in her black-framed glasses. Cho's eyes were glued to the paper, analyzing every sentence. She was mesmerized by the prose. She was flipping through the pages of a particular manuscript. Her interest remained in the book as she moved to the next page.
Harry saw one of the pages titled The Webs of Desires.

"What's it about?" Harry asked, watching Cho for a moment as she turned to him.

"Typical erotica, though this one has a twist. The love interest is a woman who is half spider."
"Sounds like the 'writer' must be a leg-man."

"Indeed. They keep mentioning her legs. A serious boner for them, but they make such a cute couple when she tries not to eat him."

"A better love story than Muggle 50 Shades of Grey."
"I mean, it has slow moments, but the characters seem to genuinely like each other. Did you say you're heading to lunch?" Cho looked at him with bags under her eyes and twisted her neck. The crack was loud, causing Harry to grimace and her hair fell over her face. She lightly rubbed her right eye. She groaned.

"Yeah, do you want anything?"

"Coffee with lots of sugar. I need it!" She struck a pose, clenching her fists and making a mock-crazy face at him. "I
NEED a lot of sugar!" Her voice held determination as she looked at Harry, who yawned and nodded.

"Sure, one cup of sugar with a splash of coffee it is."

She yawned as loudly as she could, probably trying to emphasize her need for a caffeinated beverage, but not before flipping him off for such a terrible joke.

Harry just laughed, returning the gesture. They joked around like this all the time; sure, maybe they didn't have a relationship outside of work, but in a sense, they were still pals. They would joke and goof off when not busy, mainly just chatting or messing around a bit. Cho and her particular knowledge about anime and other Muggle things. Harry's love for science fiction. It was a source of entertainment during those long, dull days. Today was an exceptionally slow one.
Exiting the elevator, Harry no longer thought about the auction as he made his way towards the entrance of the publishing house. Some days could be monotonous and tedious, but it was a great job and paid well, especially considering the publishing house catered to both the magical and Muggle world.

He dashed across the street. Traffic was light, and he didn't want to waste time waiting for a pedestrian crossing. At this point, he surely wasn't worried about getting hit by a car. Hunger roared in his stomach as he went to order his usual roast beef sandwich and a soft drink.

For most people, this would be nothing out of the ordinary.

For Harry, however, this was something that allowed him to survive the rest of the day. He was already on the brink of exiting when he remembered to dart back to order coffee for Cho. He had to remember that. If not, he was certain Cho would nag him for the rest of the day. Hurrying to pay for it all, Harry would finally give the deli manager, Mr. Kinder, a small favor before running the older man's store.

Exiting the deli, Harry navigated through the bustling street, dodging the traffic. Reentering the building, Harry suddenly bumped straight into someone. Someone he did not want to bump into. His boss, Mrs. Malfoy. It was a miracle the coffee did not spill on her suit. Mrs. Malfoy looked at him with irritation and contempt, adjusting her glasses.

"Is there something you require from me, Mr. Potter?" Mrs. Malfoy asked in a serious tone with a hint of coldness. She glanced at him, realizing he was holding a hot cup of coffee.

"Just getting some coffee, you know how it is when you're trying not to fall asleep during a long day," Harry attempted
to joke, but it was clear she was not amused. The way her eyes moved reminded him of a predator hunting its prey. She was just waiting for the right moment to strike.

"Well, it appears you are in a hurry, get going," she said, walking past Harry, taking a few steps before halting and glancing over her shoulder.
"Oh, and Mr. Potter, I will be needing you to work late tonight."

"What do you need, boss?" Harry asked, watching the older woman as she turned to face him. Those stern chestnut eyes and her blank facial expression, displaying little emotion, resting on him, casting him an impatient glance. She was clearly busy and did not have time for such dilly-dallying, finally, she gave him her response.

"You have to send out a few rejection letters for some of the manuscripts you forwarded to me directly for review. Also, send Hermione Granger a letter informing her that if she does not send me those chapters I have been nagging her about, we will break her contract."

"Wh-" Harry choked out, looking at Malfoy in total horror. "But Granger is one of our biggest names! She's been with us since the company started!" Harry was stunned. It was clear, however, that Mrs. Malfoy was not moved.

"I am aware. I was the one who picked her as a client, but she has not sent me the latest chapter of her new book. I had warned her before when she was late, but this is her last chance. If she does not send me something, anything, we will have to end things with her."

She turned around, not giving Harry time to respond and headed towards her office. Harry sighed, tuning out and mainly replying to himself.

"Guess I should get to work then," he tuned out, cricking his neck and walking away from Mrs. Malfoy. Harry made his way back up the elevator, dropping off the coffee to Cho in the process.

"Thanks, Harry. I hope it wasn't too much trouble?"

"No, it's fine, I just bumped into Mrs. Malfoy; she asked me to work a little later."

"Damn, that sucks. I swear that woman needs to get out, go on a date, get laid; something besides being a pain in the ass." Cho snorted as she took a sip of her coffee, practically moaning at how sweet it was for her taste buds.

"Yeah, but then I wouldn't earn as much money. Besides, I'm sure she's more interested in women."

"No, she doesn't seem the type. I imagine she's all into that leather play." Cho giggled, returning to her work.

"Perhaps, but hey, as long as she doesn't take that whip out on me, I'll be fine," Harry chuckled, turning his attention back to his work. He had a gut feeling that it was going to be a long, tedious night for him. He carried on with his writing, proceeding to draft the rejection letters. As he did so, he glanced at the pile of manuscripts and pondered.

I swear, it's like we just keep rejecting them. There must be something worth looking at here.

Harry resumed his writing, but after a moment, Lucy raised her head, looking at him with a grin on her face, as though she had a plan to up her sHarryve. Harry could practically feel her gaze on him.

"Yes?" Harry asked, as he stopped typing on his computer.

"Harry, you've been single for about six or seven months now?"

"It's been a year," Harry responded, continuing his work as Cho looked at him curiously. Harry then looked up,

"What?"

"You should get out more, I mean, I can introduce you to Tracey. She seems to be your type," Cho suggested, studying him.

"Really? Remember what happened the last time you tried to set me up with a colleague?"

"How was I to know you'd end up being sent to HR?"

"She worked in HR!" Harry retorted, laughing even more as Cho slid her middle finger towards him.

"Give me a break. I didn't know she was married. She never wore a ring, and I think she's having an affair with the accountant." She leaned against the wall for a moment,

"Well, good for them - but honestly, I don't think I'm in the mood to date anyone at the moment." She sighed, and he returned to his computer, working away.

"That's true, but you could still give dating a try; you're a great guy that any woman would want to be with - even if you're a jerk at times." She laughed, and Harry reciprocated with his middle finger.

"Yeah, yeah, alright, I'll think about it, ok? I need to get back to work."

That was about four days ago, and Harry got up from his bed and cracked his neck. It was Saturday, and in many ways, he had managed to secure a free weekend; such a thing was a rarity, as it seemed like every other day, there was more work dumped on him. He barely thought about many things as he sat in his small two-bedroom apartment.

He had lived there for a year, six months alone after his roommate left and went his own way. It was a miracle that he managed to survive on his own. Jason had moved out a few months ago when he got engaged. Since then, they had barely talked to Harry, leaving him here to do his own thing.

"Let's have breakfast." He turned around, heading towards the comically small kitchen. That's when he heard the doorbell ring.

He wasn't expecting anyone. He imagined it would be a relatively quiet weekend, maybe check in on the Weasleys. But he believed he would simply sit back and watch Netflix. However, the doorbell rang for the second time, and he just called out.

"I'm coming, hold on." He ran to the living room and opened the front door. There was nobody there, not a single living person, so Harry stuck his head out the window and looked around. He twisted his head, looking in every direction. No one was there; with a quiet sigh, he was about to close the door when he looked down. It was half a second when he glanced down and noticed the plain brown box that was hanging there.

"That's strange, I wasn't expecting anything." Harry reached down, picked up the box, and pulled it inside. As far as he knew, it might have been left on his doorstep by accident. He looked around and finally found the address.

"Well, it has my name on it. So, somebody sent this to me," he stated, noticing the absence of a return address which he found peculiar. Regardless, he dismissed this as a trivial oversight. He proceeded to the table, busying himself with the preparation of some toast and pouring himself a glass of refreshing orange juice. While comfortably seated at the table, he turned his attention back to the box and began to unveil its contents, tearing off the top. It took him a moment, but eventually, he successfully managed to open it.

What spilled out was nothing but a smaller box. More precisely, a ring box, a light blue one, soft to the touch. As he opened it, what lay inside was a ring from an auction.

"Huh, I won. Well, there go twenty galleons," he shrugged and pulled out the ring. The ring was cool against his finger. It felt like real gold. Symbols were etched into it. Plenty of them. Even though the symbols were something, he didn't recognize them. He merely smiled and decided to slip it onto his ring finger. The ring fit him perfectly. Almost as if it had been custom-made just for him.

"That's odd…" murmured Harry, examining it. It felt comfortable, perhaps a bit snug. But it was just right for him. He then looked back at the brown box and discovered something - a piece of paper, evidently old and yellowed. Small burn marks bordered the sides and the middle, eliminating some of the words.

A warning for those who hold this ring, what this ring contains. An entity older than most will ever comprehend, uncovered in a small Italian town, exorcised, and locked within this ring?

If someone wishes to summon this creature, this Succubus, they must be cautious, as the Succubus cannot be released, for it may wreak havoc and devour your soul. The poor soul before lived in squalor, forced to cope with her lustful desire, away from God's light itself.

I fear those who do so will be bound before the creature until the end of their lives. Although, with a bit of luck, it may protect others as long as the ring's owner possesses it, and they will remain bound to the succubus until the day either they or the creature is killed.

If anyone wishes to summon this demon, they merely need to place the ring on their finger, and soon the creature will be wandering your mind, forming an image of what you deem an ideal partner and will evoke your desire. Drop a smidgen of blood on the tip of the ring and utter this sentence, speaking to it as to a lover.

O a fornicationis daemone
ego liberabo te de tuo carcerem, Venite Circulum curabit nosmet. invenire spes nostra, Share libidine nostra, Ut nos quidem sunt idem.
Non ei placebit Deo nostro desiderio. Harry glanced at it for a second and read it with a light chuckle, looking ahead and shaking his head.

"This must be a joke. I mean, a good one, really credible," he laughed, taking off the ring and placing it on the table. He was close to leaving. Perhaps he would take a walk around the neighborhood. But as he was close to leaving, he glanced in the direction of the room. He glanced at the ring and felt something calling him. It was hard to explain to Harry, but as he looked at it, he felt the need to try it out.

Why not give it a shot? It's not like it will harm anyone. As he looked around, a small voice sounded at the back of his head. The sound wasn't his; it was more feminine, a sweet seduction that seemed to entice him. Perhaps Harry should ignore this voice. Leave and never look back. But as he walked away, it seemed to push him even more.

"Damn it." He dashed towards the room, snatching up the ring and sliding it back onto his finger, its chill persisting. He headed for the cupboard, from which he dug out an elixir preparation knife, a purchase made post-Hogwarts when he thought his life would be more magical than it turned out. He reached for it, jabbing the tip into his thumb, pushing it downward until finally blood seeped from him. He hissed in pain, watching as the crimson liquid flowed down, dropping onto the golden band. He looked on as the gold hues disappeared, transforming into completely red as he smeared it.

Without a second thought, he dashed back, glancing at the paper. It took him aback when he saw they were in English. He wanted to say something, but he thought perhaps he'd just imagined it all. And soon he was propelled to read what they'd written, whispering to it softly. Those sweet, sweet words he spoke to the ring as if it were his lover, or at least he pretended to. He spoke in a calm, soothing voice. His eyes shut as he recited the words.

"O, demon of lust,
I release you from your prison,
Let this ring bind us.
Find our hopes and share this flame
For in essence, we are the same."

He put emphasis on his voice, trying to convey passion and excitement. In a way, he didn't believe what he was saying, when he opened his eyes. He expected nothing. Soon he looked around him. What he saw... Complete nothingness - pure silence as he surveyed the vacant room.

"Yeah, just as I thought. Well, I better get going." He reached for the ring, intending to remove it, but as he grabbed it, he was suddenly jerked back. The object was hot. It scalded his fingers as he touched it. Yet, he felt nothing on his finger; it was coiled around him.

"Damn it!" He murmured, imagining he was going insane as he reached down, trying to pull it off, but hissed in pain. The object began to glow red. His heart pounded as he began to fear. Suddenly, he heard a lustful groan coming from within his head. A certain sound called, whispering.

"You have released me and as these words say, I will be bound to you eternally. We are one, I am you, and you are me."

"Ah!" Harry cried out, clutching his head; it felt as if his skull was about to crack, pushing everything around as the room began to spin. His body felt like it was on fire. He walked

to the sofa and grabbed onto it, taking a deep breath. It was worse than after Snape's mind magic classes.

"Help! Help!" he cried out. Harry was scared. Whatever he'd done. Whatever was happening, it wasn't good when he fell to his knees. The ring shone brighter. His fingers were aflame. It was as if he were in hellfire. He tried to hold on until finally. He was no more, he toppled over, Harry fainted at the edge of the sofa.

Silence engulfed the room as Harry lay there. He slowly started to envision a woman, a woman beyond description. With such passion. A woman that could be mistaken for an angel.