

Harry Potter and the White Wolf

Geralt of Rivia is a witcher. A cunning sorcerer. A merciless assassin. And a cold-blooded killer. His sole purpose: to destroy the monsters that plague the world, for profit. Harry Potter is a wizard. Not especially cunning. His sole purpose: to defend his castle-school against the forces of Voldemort yet again.

“Thank you for coming, Geralt and Ciri.”

“Let’s get down to business, Potter. How much can you pay us?”

“The Hogwarts treasury has 1 million golden Galleons.”

“We’ll take it all.”

“Can you really help us, though? The Dark Lord has an army of trolls and vampires—”

“And everything else we kill, we know. It’ll be done.”

But suddenly, Weasley burst through the door.

“OI ‘ARRY! I accidentally spent all of our money on magic beans!”

“What are you telling me, Ron?” gasped Harry.

“Down by the river! This fat bloke was sellin’ ‘em! The prices just kept doubling, and he ensured me it’d be a worthy purchase!”

“RON, you were supposed to deliver that munny safely here so we could pay the witchers to solve our problems for us! You’ve just doomed us!”

Geralt stood up.

“I guess this meeting is over,” he grunted, “thanks for wasting my time, nerds.”

The Hogwarts Defense Fund now only consisted of a bunch of magic beans. No gold, no witchers.

Once the witchers were in the hallway and out of earshot from the idiot wizards, they spoke.

“Geralt, we can’t let them just die!” protested Ciri, his young protegee.

“Ciri, what did I teach you about neutrality?”

“Always be neutral unless paid otherwise.”

“That’s right, Ciri. Voldemort is going to descend on this castle with werewolves and drug addicts and we’ll be long gone on to our next adventure.

But then Harry Potter ran after them.

“WAIT! I’ll give you RON!” he protested.

“The ginger?” snorted Geralt. “What good will he do us?”

“You can use him as a pack mule or, or give him the Mutations to become a witcher himself!”

“That’s dumb,” said Geralt. “We already have horses and this kid would die from our training. Also he’s an idiot.”

“I’LL SHOW YOU WHO’S AN IDIOT!” screamed Ron, and he started throwing magic beans at the two witchers.

But if Ron wasn’t an idiot, he’d know that magic beans are useless without soft patches of soil. The beans bounced off of the two witchers with no effect whatsoever.

“Big mistake, kid,” growled Geralt. He wouldn’t have minded the insult of having beans thrown at him, but the Weeze had also thrown a handful at his daughter-figure. With inhuman speed, Geralt showed them all why he was called the White Wolf as he jumped at Ron, carefully avoiding the beans on the floor. In an instance, Ron was in a headlock which he could never hope to escape from.

“LET HIM GO!” cried Harry, and he took out his wand, but Ciri did a pirouette and sliced his hand off.

Harry cried out and fell to his knees.

“WHATS ALL DA RUCKUS HERE?” roared a voice.

Geralt turned around, still with Ron in his arms.

“Ciri! A giant! You know what to do!”

Hagrid could only swipe at her as Ciri feinted left, and leaped on to Hagrid’s shoulder, slicing it through.

Hagrid fell like tree.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!” roared Harry, and he rushed to his fallen friend, still bleeding profusely from his stump.

“Geralt, there’s no reason to kill the ginger,” said Ciri.

“You’re right,” he grunted, knocking Ron out cold and gently laying him to the floor.

“Good job, Ciri.”

“YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HELP US!” roared Harry in a mixture of anger and agony.

“We taught you an invaluable lesson, Potter. Use your magic to regrow your hand and you’ll be stronger with the knowledge that you can’t just throw money at problems. Especially if you don’t actually have any money. Farewell.”

With that, the witchers began to take their leave. BUT THEN, the entrance door burst open, and Voldemort started tap dancing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONTINUED NOW.

Part 2:

Ciri moonwalks through dimensions, appearing behind Voldemort, and beheading him.

Geralt scolds her because they didnt get paid, so they decide to turn Hogwarts into a Witcher Academy, keeping whatever male students have potential, and expelling all of the girls and wimpy boys. Hogwarts is renamed something not disgusting: Kaer Bleidd (Keep of the Wolf)

Yennefer and her new coven take in all the expelled girls at the Ministry of Magic, which she took over when she moved to London because she missed Geralt’s dick. The wimpy boys just lose everything, though. They become nothing to nobody.

Harry and the Ministry of Losers are powerless to stop any of this because Ciri’s powers BTFO their stupid Time-Turners. Even Triss dabs on them.

All the old witches and wizards become second-class citizens before the new sorceresses who routinely employ the witchers for monster-hunting or sex.

Everyone lived happily ever except Ron who was miserable until the day he died. Because Hermione tried to lead a resistance and was immediately killed by Ciri.