Descent to Madness

by Emriel

Summary

When Harry failed to stop Tom Riddle from killing Ginny, he failed to stop the Dark Lord from taking over the wizarding world.

Cursed to sleep for years, he wakes up to see a world so different from what he knew. He wakes up as the Dark Lord's beloved prisoner and becomes a plaything for his horcruxes.

With nowhere else to turn to, Harry begins his slow descent to the madness of love.

Notes

Oops. I started another story. I've been writing this for the past few months, just adding bits and pieces and finally decided to tie it all together because of coffee. It's a two-shot with the second chapter already half written <3.

Vietnamese translation by Liberty_Party
See the end of the work for more notes.
The Beginning

How does one know the difference between a dream and reality?

In a dream that can easily turn into a nightmare, he was but a butterfly caught in the sticky web of a spider who merely wanted to play with him.

He dreams endlessly of Hogwarts. His second year, before the tragedy… before Ginny Weasley died, and before he fell to the ground unmoving from the bite of a blind basilisk.

He dreams of nothingness. He dreams of nightmares.

Harry’s real body was elsewhere. Safe and zealously protected.

Harry dreamed of wonderful things, and suffered terrible nightmares for years.

Not that he would remember.

It was a dark room where the only source of light was moonlight.


The chant continued.

Lashes fluttered. Emerald green eyes turned to look at the strange place he found himself in.

He could hardly move, and he could hardly speak. Everything was numb. The child wracked his mind of memories that just seemed so far away and out of reach.

Torches lit all around him and he was blinded.

Masked women and men surrounded him. They wore white. Harry did not have a voice. He was terrified.

They cast a myriad of spells on him, one after another, and then, he was put to sleep.

There was a gathering of a thousand men and women, dressed lavishly and wearing masks.

It was a masquerade. The chandeliers hung from the ceiling, burning green fire. Hung across the walls were symbols of a snake and a skull, one that Harry never saw before but instinctively feared.

A lady was singing, her voice high and cold, as if weeping in melancholy. Around her winged beings were dancing. In her highest aria, violins began strumming, as if to herald the beginning of war.

The drum beat began.

His attention was riveted with the performance until he heard the sound of metal rubbing against metal.

Harry tried to look for the source of that garrish sound and soon saw a man sitting on a throne. His countenance was divine, and majestic. Looking at him, Harry could not breathe, as if he was just an
ant waiting to be crushed.

...Like he was looking at the face of God— or the Devil.

Molten red eyes with a ring of gold. He sang of power. He wore a crown. His robes were the darkest of ebony. Laced upon his shoulders was a large snake.

Beneath the throne were chains... The snake began slithering, hissing.

“He’s awake, master.”

“I know, Nagini.”

Harry soon came to know those chains connected to the shackle on his neck, and wrist. And that he was wearing a white robe that did little to hide his body, and that he was lying down at the foot of the said throne.

Nagini, the snake seemed delighted and left the man’s throne, crawling over him, and began opening her wide mouth. Her tongue peaked out, scenting him.

Harry could hardly breathe.

“You smell of fear, little one.”

Harry gulped, and Nagini's mouth flexed, stretching out her fangs.

Then, there was an applause, the music ended.

The man on the throne stood up, and at this point to Harry, he did not now who he was, but there was a sudden chorus of, “LONG LIVE LORD VOLDEMORT!”

Harry began screaming inside his head, but he was frozen, fangs were gliding across his shoulder. Not a drop of blood spilled.

Lord Voldemort raised a hand, and a hush began as the entire room fell into stillness.

Their lord’s voice echoed the large halls, “Four long years has it been, since we’ve taken over the corrupt ministry and rebuilt the Society of Magic. We started a revolution,” the man said with relish, and he raised his hand, bringing forth the dark mark in the middle of the room, it was glowing in sickly green, and the crowd was in awe. “We are left with an empire that stands strong, stronger than all those before them. Stand proud, for we have conquered all those in our way. We now rule the wizarding society of not just Britain, but the world.”

He let the words sink in.

Silence where not even a pin drop could be heard pervaded the hall.

They waited, hearts aflutter and stilted breathing just to hear Voldemort’s voice.

“You children will live as rulers and together, we made this happen. Rejoice.”

The crowd went wild cheering loudly, thunderously with wild raucous voices, a cacophony against the din of clapping and stomping.
“...and yet, there are those of you who still believe we can be defeated... That I, Lord Voldemort can be felled. The scum of our empire, who still fight to this day and use children as soldiers... Who think there exists a boy who can one day destroy everything that we have worked so hard to build. I bring them before you.”

Then, the crowd parted as men, women and children were brought before the gathering. Their clothes were ragged and barely there. They walked with their bare feet, wearing black sacks over their faces.

They were brought inches away from the throne.

Each prisoner had two guards pointing wands behind their backs, ready to strike at a moment’s notice.

Voldemort gave a signal, and one by one, they removed the sacks that covered the prisoner’s heads. Matted hair, bruised and bleeding, covered in pus, necrosis, some badly disfigured from abuse and torture. They wore the face of suffering and yet Harry could still recognize some of them.

As if seeing familiar faces jolted his memory, he remembered Ginny's death. Tom Riddle, gloating, and telling him he was Lord Voldemort... The basilisk. The Sword. Hogwarts, on fire and then nothing. He then realized that this was the direct result of his failure to contain the monster when he had the chance.

Those before him were not just mere strangers but were professors and classmates. Neville, Ron, Hermione, the Weasleys...

It was all happening too fast. He struggled to move, to say something, to prevent what was to come. And yet the only thing he could do was blink his eyes and open his mouth, croaking. His hands began reaching out, through sheer force of will.

“Traitors, I give you one last act of mercy.”

Harry suddenly found a hand pulling his hair, until the tips of his toes were dangling on the ground. It hurt, and it immediately brought tears to his eyes, for he could hardly move, he could not speak, or protest to the way his body was being handled but he wanted to scream, plead. Anything.

“I give you The Boy Who Lived.”

The cacophony was back. Gasps of surprise, marvel from one end. It was chaos.

The prisoners began struggling, shouting, terror filled with accusations, calling out for Harry’s name. And there were those shouting “Kill them. Kill them! Blood traitors! Mudbloods!”

Harry was in shock and in so much pain. He was suspended in mid air. When Voldemort began caressing his face, the pain grew tenfold. His scar was aching in waves and it spread around his head, like needles, white hot pressing repeatedly.

“Here is your precious Harry Potter... your missing saviour. I hid him for seven years, in a place none of you could ever find. See what has become of him... He will not save you! He was never a savior. He is simply just my prisoner. A sweet little child.”

"MONSTER!" Came a harsh cry.
"I want you to know, that I will hunt your children down until they suffer like you suffer now. You have all betrayed me even when I gave you the chance to live. It is a pity that now, you must all... die."

Spells were fired to slit all the prisoner’s throats.

Blood sprayed everywhere. They struggled to stop the bleeding but eventually collapsed to the floor, convulsing.

Everyone else was cheering. Clapping.

Harry found his voice then, screaming himself hoarse. White hot pain melded with his pounding headache.

“No... no... You killed them... You killed...”

He was boneless when the Dark Lord let go of him. He could feel tears come down and utter horror. He was trembling, unable to process what just happened.

Everyone was praising Voldemort and wizards and witches with silver masks came forward, chanting until the blood on the floor converged into a chalice that formed in the center of the ballroom. The bodies shrivelled up into husks of bone and skin.

“We drink from the blood of our enemies! May their magic grant us power.”

Harry trembled as he tried to push himself up... tried to crawl away. The world was spinning. He could not stomach what was happening. The chorus of mad laughter.

Then everything went black.

They broke his wand in front of him.

They told him his familiar was dead.

His family was dead. His friends were dead. All those he knew have either pledged loyalty to the Dark Lord, worshipping him as their God or they were dead...

There was no escape.

Harry felt cold. He cried so hard he didn't know when it'd stop...

He was a prisoner

A Death Eater explained to him he was asleep for seven years. His body has not aged and will never age and if he behaves, he might never have to sleep again.

Now that the war was over and the rebellion has been squashed, the Dark Lord intended to use him as a political tool to further demoralize his enemies and eliminate any opposition to the dark.

Harry just felt helpless inside.

Harry was left alone. He had a room with one window that let light in. He had a large white bed situated in the middle of the room. Around it were circular runes etched on the floor. His floor was opal, and the curtains around his bed were made with real gold. He had a bath filled with glittering
diamond.

He was dressed with white silk, the softest he’s ever had… A ring adorned his finger, a locket around his neck, and curiously enough, there was a diadem upon his head. He was told never to remove it.

He drank from a cup, overflowing with red, every morning. He was fed like a king.

On the walls hung items of unimaginable value. He was the central piece to a trove of treasures.

Isolation drove him crazy.

He was trapped inside a room whose master’s presence was etched in its every corner, from the things he could touch to the air with which he breathed.

Sometimes, he heard voices. Pleased voices telling him to do things, things he would never ever consider.

And perhaps it was a matter of days, weeks, or months… he could not tell, but Harry was starved for company. The child in him could not handle the emptiness, and that was perhaps the start of his descent…

To Madness.
“Tell your lord, I want to talk.”

All he got was a polite nod of the head.

Harry was left with an urge to smash the plate from which he was eating from.

His servants were black robed masked death eaters, all female. They were mute, and only existed to mock him, he thought.

He would talk about the weather, about the treasures, about the room... but no one would reply to him, no one would look at him.

He sighed.

The locket upon his neck was warm and Harry began caressing it, for comfort.

He knew he shouldn’t be tempting danger but what else was left for him to do? Meeting Voldemort was the only course of action he hasn’t tried.

When he looked at himself in the mirror, he was still the same twelve year old that tried to fight the Basilisk and failed. His failure was the reason why Lord Voldemort was back and in power.

He blamed himself endlessly but that only served to make him miserable.

It still felt like a fresh wound, and like salt onto injury, he was unable to do anything when his friends were massacred. Like animals. He just watched.

Sometimes Harry wished Voldemort just killed him too because his mind was coming up with terrible ways his life could go.
What would he say though, if Voldemort came? He did not want to anger the Dark Lord. He saw what happened to those people, how badly disfigured their bodies were... and he didn’t know if he could take it if he was tortured the same way.

He promised he wouldn't cry. And if he did, it would soon stop, because no one cared if he cried. No one was there to see it, and it would do nothing to help him.

All it did was make his eyes red. And puffy. And ugly. It made it hard to speak.

He slapped both his cheeks, telling himself to do better, and heard a whisper in the air, that almost felt like approval.

From the plate, he could see his reflection. A pretty white robed doll, adorned with gold and silver trinkets. A bizarre thought entered him, ‘Is that what I’m supposed to be? His doll...? Is that why he’s dressing me up like this?’

Harry stood up from his table, appetite suddenly gone, and began stretching. “I’m done.”

At this, the servants bowed, vanished the food, plates, utensils, and he was left alone, just as he thought he would be.

The cup was left there. Just in case he was thirsty for water.

Harry yawned. He’d done all that he could and was running out of things to keep the boredom at bay. He played with the various trinkets within the room. By now he knew their place on the wall by memory.

The ancient sword of Gryffindor was the centerpiece. Rowena Ravenclaw’s missing nightgown was in one corner. Merlin’s broken staff was on the top left. etc.

His feet led him towards the bed, the sheets looking rather inviting.

Lethargy was his constant companion. That, and a sickness that was so sudden... it left his body with no energy to spare. Often he found himself crumpled on the floor with no inkling of what just happened, only that he succumbed to it.

His scar would sometimes bleed.

It was during those moments that he’d hear voices and a pleasant feeling of being held.

As if... he could want for nothing else in the world and was simply content. It scared him but it was also the reason why he could not help but let it be. He knew he should be alarmed that he was randomly losing his consciousness.

But that feeling...

Harry found himself closing his eyes at the remembrance. To him it felt like love. Acceptance.

A feeling that left him even lonelier when it passed. Because once he woke, he’d realize what was missing, and almost fell into the trap of willing the illness to take him repeatedly, if it meant keeping the monsters at bay.

It’s not like someone would do anything if he screamed for help.

He screamed. During the first few days, he was uncooperative. His knuckles had gone red, his throat was raw his eyes red from tears. He struggled and struggled but it did nothing.
Harry pushed his head against the pillows, letting the bed swallow his form as he wormed himself around it, forming a cocoon. He lay there, playing with the ring on his finger.

When he was about to sleep, he would always take the trinkets off, even if they expressly told him not to. A part of him was revelling in the fact that he didn’t have to follow instructions and still get away with it.

But upon taking it off, he was dizzy and he thought, ‘Oh, it’s happening again.’

The ring came off, followed by the diadem.

He kept it on the table by the bed.

He kept the locket though, because he found it hard to remove and he didn’t mind the pleasant weight of it, on his chest.

But then there was pain.

As if a part of his body was lobbed off.

The water was warm. The kind of warm that made you comfortably sleepy. It was all around him.

He tried to recall what happened before he got here.

There was a soothing hand, massaging his scalp. A white robe… potion vials beside him.

A healer?

The sun was orange outside of the stained glass window, and it colored the floor in different ways depending on what appeared on it. Now it was a plain autumn tree whose leaves were falling.

The cloud of steam was gushing through the walls. Everything felt hazy and at the same time, relaxing.

Harry’s eyes fluttered at the sudden light that was reflected off a piece of jewelry.

He jerked when he saw a necklace lying far away with him, together with the diadem, and the ring.

It was upon an ivory table, by the wall next to where they kept the towels.

He was about to rise until he found that he couldn’t. A hiss of displeasure was heard. There was a snake coiled around his body.

It was Nagini.

Harry winced when he felt her constrict around him, squeezing his sore muscles.

“Nagini, be nice.”

Nagini’s hold on him relaxed and the snake unwound around him slowly. Soft scales wrapping around his legs and arms before slithering the rest of the way over the ledge of the warm pool.

Harry looked around to the source of the voice and saw Voldemort against the waterfall of warm water, which directly flowed into his bath. The man was lying on the chaise lounge, reading from what appeared to be a floating book.
A woman was currently massaging his shoulders.

“What do you wish to talk about, child?”

Harry opened his mouth but found his throat was dry, cracked, and altogether too painful. He must have been screaming again.

“If you do not speak, then I will leave and you will never see me again. My time is precious, Harry.”

Harry hissed the words in parseltongue instead, “Let me out of here.”

“And why should I do that?”

“I’m losing my mind.” Harry confessed.

Voldemort considered his words. “Is that so?” The man turned his body sideways and combed a hand through his wet hair, pulling it back and leaving only scattered locks at the sides of his forehead. The bath robes the Dark Lord wore slid to the side, showing the smoothness of his chest because a loosely tied sash barely kept it together.

“Why should I care?” Voldemort asked, red eyes glinting against the dying sunlight.

At this, Harry could not help the tears.

“It feels so lonely here. There is no one to talk to. I can’t stand it.”

“What is it that you want from me? Pity? Would you rather I torture you and have you imprisoned in the dungeons?”

Harry felt a tiny no claw out of his throat.

“Then why are you complaining? I ensure you are safe and protected. Fed. Cared for. This is more than what you deserve.”

Harry couldn’t breathe then.

The anxiety built up too much. He felt like a fish out of water, gasping for air.

“Please...”

Voldemort was seemingly amused at his tears and continued watching Harry until the boy started sobbing. He turned to his masseuse, “That’s enough. You may go.”

Harry soon found himself being dragged out of water. Voldemort’s touch caused him to wince in pain, and they kept walking until they were before a full body mirror.

He was naked. His scar was bleeding. But the pain was a welcome distraction from the earlier panic.

“And to think the rebels think of you as their saviour. Look at how weak you are, Harry. You won’t save anyone, not when you cannot even save yourself.”

He hated Voldemort, hated the room, hated how he was just a kid with no say.

The door to the bathing room opened. Several servants came and began attending to them.

Voldemort took off his bathing robe and it dropped to the floor. They were dressed together and an
awkward silence permeated.

Harry kept his eyes away. He just felt too overwhelmed with everything.

The impersonal sort of touch of Voldemort’s servants left him feeling like he was not at all human. That he was just part of a collection.

When he was back into wearing the white silk garment, Harry just wanted to hide, feeling small and he couldn’t even lift his head from the ground.

He stopped himself from breathing, and furiously wiped his tears off.

Harry thought that if he was important enough to be cared for, then Voldemort might listen to him. To be proven wrong was embarrassing and even worse, the knowledge that Voldemort could just leave him to rot until he turned insane was haunting his mind.

And yet some part in him prayed that he won’t.

Be forgotten.

The familiar weight of the diadem was upon his head. And Harry grasped the hand that put it, staring intently upon the red eyes of Lord Voldemort.

“What do you want, from me?” Harry whispered.

The Dark Lord knelt down to his level, and hissed unto his ear, “If you learn obedience, I will tell you.”

Voldemort then broke Harry’s hold and put the necklace around the boy’s delicate neck. The ring was slipped onto his ring finger, with the same amount of care.

Then, Harry was left there, looking at the mirror. Past the reflection across the doorway, Harry saw Voldemort sharing a soft conversation with his familiar.

A part of him almost wanted to run after the man and beg him not to leave him alone. But. He still had his pride, so he stubbornly held everything in.

What was obedience?

He was told that he could not escape but he’d been stubborn. The moment they left him alone, he tried all that he could but there was no way out of the room but that one door which was warded to keep him inside.

He was also told never to remove the trinkets. But he did it many times.

He felt silly wearing them… but sometimes it felt like it belonged on his person, like finding a long lost friend.

Harry thought he could start with not removing it... even if it meant that he had to find a way to keep them with him while he slept.

He couldn’t think of any other way to survive.

It was to “obey” for the promise of a conversation or lose his sanity.
It’s been weeks, and he’d been dutifully obeying that one command of not taking off the trinkets, or at the very least, keeping them with him. The Diadem was rather tricky because he couldn’t figure out how to sleep with it on. So… he kept it around his arm and wore it like a dangling bracelet at night.

He could swear they were sentient. He had a hunch that they were similar to the diary.

They grew warm to his touch whenever he acknowledged their presence.

Maybe they’ll suck his soul out like Ginny. The thought horrified him less than the continuous ringing in his ears.

The silence brought that incessant ringing. To combat this, he would open the door to the bathing room, and sit on the same chaise lounge the dark lord occupied. Next to waterfall shower, there was a constant sound of ‘SHH’, as countless droplets pitter pattered to the floor in an unending stream.

And then he would talk to himself, to the trinkets, to the walls.

His voice echoed.

By the bedside, several potions were stacked. A neat loopy message was written on a white card with black ink.

*Drink.*

‘What would this do to me?’

How far was he supposed to obey?

A finger traced the multicoloured potions, and Harry noticed it was trembling.

He paced.

Buried his head on the bed and stared at the red, violet, and black.

They weren’t even inviting colors. He smelled them. One reminded him vaguely of blood. The other was this strange, almost fruity scent mixed with something… rotting. And the other made his eyes water.

The card was still there, mocking him.

Morning came and went and he spent it hugging a pillow, trying to summon the courage to drink what could possibly be poison.

It was like a test.

“Fine. I’ll drink it.”

Harry took them one by one.

Nothing happened at first.

Until he collapsed.

And soon, the ceiling, the curtains, the floor, and the window merged together into colors… and he
felt as if he was spinning onto the bed even though he was not moving.

… into a dream.

To reward him, there was a book by his bedside. He began reading it right away.

He ignored breakfast, in favour of the book. They left the tray to collect it later.

He lost himself reading the fairy tale, almost halfway done. Hermione would be proud. If she wasn’t already dead.

The potions appeared.

He was very wary of them, but somehow he was still alive. So Harry thought it should be okay.

He drank them one by one, and suffered the dizzying phenomenon... but this time, he did not faint.

He soon found himself crawling to the window. His window had a small bed where one could lie down on, and he did just that. He lied down and pressed his cheek against cool glass staring at the endless blue sky.

The forest stretched on for miles and miles. The sky was dotted with clouds, fluffy and white. How he longed to fly.

His hands traced an image of himself in the horizon, imagining for a moment, the rush of wind in his ears, as he took the plunge to a descent so steep, many would start screaming for their lives... but it would make him feel alive, and restless laughter would escape his throat.

Then soaring, up, up in the sky until he was so high up everything looked so small. Floating.

He knew it would do nothing but make him feel sad.

The twelve year old fogged up the glass and began talking to thin air, “I’m Harry Potter.”

He traced the very same words on the glass.

Harry thought there was something on his lips then, a ghost touch, and he found himself smiling when something carded through his hair.

Like a hello.

A shadow wanted to swallow him whole.

When Harry looked at the mirror, for a moment, he thought he saw mud coloured eyes stare back at him.

But it was gone in the blink of an eye.

A large snake appeared at the doorway.

“Nagini, What are you doing here?” Harry hissed at her.

“Little human, did you see a fat rat? I thought it hid in this room. If you did, you must show me where it is.”
Harry knew no such thing came inside the room.

“If you wait here, it might appear.”

Nagini followed him to his bed.

Harry found himself with lapful of snake. Somehow a part of him felt comforted. He relaxed against her scales, randomly tracing patterns.

“Child, scratch me.”

Harry began doing so, “Like this?”

“Yess… Yess. like that.”

Harry watched as her relax slowly, before coiling around him.

“Do you know why I’m here, Nagini?”

Nagini raised her head a little. “Master likes to keep his treasures safe.”

Harry frowned, “I’m not… his treasure.”

Nagini ignores him and continues, “Master takes very good care of his treasures. He feeds me mice, and humans he hates…”

“Does he hate me?” Harry wondered if Voldemort did.

“I don’t know. You are not in my stomach… If master didn’t like you, he would let me eat you. I wanted to eat you for a very long time… and yet master would not let me even taste you. I only wanted a small bite. You smell like him. He is away now… always away.”

Harry stopped scratching and Nagini hissed in annoyance.

“Keep scratching, child.”

“Sorry.”

Her presence was welcome and they conversed about little things. How there was an endless forest outside of the castle filled with animals and other snakes.

She told him of the many people she ate. Harry didn’t quite like that story.

She said there was a man that can transform into a rat. Nagini liked how he is scared of her, and how the other humans run away at the sight of her.

“That’s because you’re very big and scary.”

Harry felt her squeeze him and then she asked, “Are you scared of me, child?”

He thought about the first time he saw her, “At first, I was. I thought you were going to eat me.”

Nagini gave a hissy laugh, “If master tells me to, I will eat you. But… it is rare to find another who speaks… I have grown used to the ways of being a snake, and it is only with you and master that I can once again talk as I used to…”

Harry was left with even more questions but before he could ask them, she said, “I need to hunt,
child. The rat won’t be coming. I lied.”

She left him, just when Harry thought he had been the one deceiving her. It was her all along.

“Will you come visit me again?”

“That depends on my master.”

Harry felt at a loss then, not knowing what to say.

It never occurred to Harry that Nagini was never introduced to him. And yet he knew her name.

In the hours of twilight, when almost all were asleep, Voldemort could sometimes be found tracing Harry’s prone body with lingering touches.

One night, Harry woke up and saw the shadow by his bedside which was soon illuminated by moonlight. In the quiet of the night where sleep hasn’t quite left him, a stray thought occurred.

‘Beautiful.’

How can a monster be blessed with such angelic looks? He would have an easier time hating Voldemort if he looked like a monster.

But as he is right now, he was a living breathing human… and Harry wanted his company.

Just for tonight, he told himself.

He’d deal with the guilt later.

Voldemort touched his hand and traced it upwards until it landed on an arm.

“I want to thank you,” came Harry’s sleepy voice. He resisted yawning in favor of trying to blink open his green eyes.

Voldemort stopped the slow trail of dancing fingers.

“For what?”

“For the book, this room and Nagini. She visits me from time to time and tells me about you, and your followers. You should pay attention to her more. She complains to me a lot… that you’re always away.”

“I have an empire to run. There are places I go to where she cannot follow.” Voldemort admitted quietly.

“So you send her to me.”

“She will terrorize my followers, otherwise. You enjoy her company.”

“I do.”

Harry laughed at the admission… and thought it was surreal that the Dark Lord was talking to him. ‘It must be a dream.’

Harry continued, “I remember… my relatives used to keep me in my cupboard. It’s really small… I
grew up there. Whenever they locked me up, I never knew when they’d let me out. They called me a freak. And yet… you…”

Harry opened his mouth but no words came out. His thoughts were of how the room was even better than his cupboard, and how… Voldemort treated him even better than his relatives.

Voldemort stood. “Your muggle relatives were horrid creatures.”

“No… don’t say that. They were kind and loving to each other. They just didn’t want me… I was never part of their family.”

“Now you defend them?” Voldemort put a hand on his chest.

Harry recalled his time with them. “I’m not… defending them. But just because they were horrible to me doesn’t mean they’re… bad people.”

Harry closed his eyes when he felt Voldemort’s hand upon his face and winced with discomfort when it reached his scar. A dull throb.

“It hurts…”

Voldemort removed his finger and Harry stared at the blood that was at the dark lord’s fingertips.

“You shouldn’t worry about your relatives, Harry. They’re dead. I killed them.”

Harry looked away then.

Voldemort lingered for awhile and vanished soon after.

Harry found himself missing the empty warmth beside him.

Harry dreamt of an orphanage. Of how it felt to starve when there was nothing left to eat. Of children dying from an epidemic. Of adults who only cared to save themselves.

He dreamt of a war torn country, where everything was reduced to rubble, where fire fell from the sky.

Ashes, dust, bodies, mud, debris and rain that mixed to form a heavy sludge. It buried people alive.

He dreamt of a mask that they had to wear, and the panic, of not being fast enough when the gas released poison.

And how loud. And deafening was. To hear planes fly overhead. And guns rattle off in the distance. And bombs. And sirens. And people screaming.

Stay alive. Don’t die.

“Let me stay Professor. I don’t want to die.”

Of hate.

Of a cave where he kept his treasures.

He killed someone and the first time was an accident that left him with guilt and then a broken acceptance of the reality of the path he’d chosen.
The second one, he relished.

The third one was perverse. And he kept at it until it became desire. A sport.

He saw bodies drown in that lake to rise as one of his many puppets…

He sought power, so he would never again feel weak. So he could take control of his own destiny. So he could live forever.

He saw a baby.

He saw death.

Harry woke up and found himself sick. It felt horrible. It was one nasty dream.

He ran to the bathroom and began puking, because he could still taste the blood on his tongue.

And it felt good.

But now that he was awake, it felt disturbing. Even though it was a dream.

Days later, they took away the diadem, and then the ring. That left him with the locket and a cup.

“Our master is pleased with you, child. You no longer need to wear these.”

“But they’re mine.” Harry stole the Diadem and the Ring back… but they felt cold and empty. He let them go and they cluttered to the floor.

They picked them up, and on to the wall they went.

He was given a quill, and Harry thought for a moment that he should use it to stab himself.

But instead he wrote thoughts and feelings. He tried to remember things he’s forgotten.

He wrote about Ron, Hermione, the cupboard, the diary, Albus, Snape, Hedwig.

He wrote about what magic felt like, and the joy of learning about it for the first time as an eleven year old.

He wrote about the room.

But sometimes he couldn’t write.

He felt weak, and his skin was paper white. He truly looked like a ghost now. Red, blue, green veins dotted his translucent skin.

Wishing for death was the easy way out, but Harry was not prepared to die.

But the card on the bedside said drink.

And the voices in his head were happy.

“Such a good boy, Harry. Won’t you let us in?”
Harry wondered if his eyes were once blue instead of green. His skin was still pale but now it had colour.

He felt… a little taller, like he’d grown a little.

Was his mother named Lily?

Was it Merope?

Was it both…?

The cup was taken from him, and they left him with a locket.

The locket, was his. He told Voldemort, “you gave it to me… Please let me keep it. I really like it.”

Harry didn’t know why, but he wanted to keep it. Because it was warm on his chest.

He was back to his normal color now, no longer a pale thing that looked as if death touched him.

Harry saw that his eyes were back to green. He liked the color green. Better than red.

There was a lady, and her hands were warm against his.

“The Dark Lord wants to see you.”

Harry followed her out of his room, thinking that it was simply a dream.

“Take my hand, Harry.”

Harry did and they apparated on the lower castle floors.

There were many death eaters, and they all wore masks.

There were others, just like this pretty lady with wild hair, or the scary looking man who had white hair and fangs. They had no masks on and they were dueling each other in an arena on the lower floor.

Harry flexed his hand and wondered if he’ll ever do magic again.

She stopped before a door and opened it for him. “Please, be careful, Harry. Whatever you do, do not anger him.”

“Why do you care?” Harry asked.

And she turned away, “It’s the least I can do to protect you.”

Voldemort was sitting upon the throne with a bored look on his face.

Kneeling on the floor, was a man with platinum blonde hair.

“Crucio.”

The man was screaming, but maintained his position, kneeling on the floor.

“Do you think I would reward incompetence and be considerate just like your father, Draco?”
“I just… need more time… my lord.” Draco grit through his teeth.

Voldemort lowered his bone white wand and began stroking it, as if itching to cast another spell. “I do not understand how difficult it is to find one man. You know he is in Austria, and that country is filled with rebels. Set it on fire and bring me his body.”

Draco bowed his head, lower before raising his head up again, “I will not disappoint you again, my lord.”

“Leave. Do not show yourself to me until you have him.”

The five other death eaters kneeling behind Draco stood up and bowed. They followed Draco who was still shaking from the after effects of the Cruciatus curse.

When Draco Malfoy reached the large double doors, he stared at Harry as if he’d seen a ghost. Harry’s eyes lingered on Draco’s ghostly white face.

“Harry,” The Dark Lord’s voice was impatient. Harry looked away and began walking.

Green eyes met Voldemort’s red ones. Voldemort gestured for him with his hand.

He eventually reached the dais where the Dark Lord was waiting and stopped a step away from him.

Harry flinched when a hand touched his forehead.

“Are you in pain?”

Harry said, “No.”

Voldemort seemed to be pleased, “Good. The potions seem to be working.”

Harry tilted his head, “What does it do?”

Voldemort smirked, “One mixes your blood with mine… I imagine your physiology would soon change from this as well. The other is simply a nutrient potion. The third, is almost like poison.”

“Are you going to kill me?”

Voldemort laughed, tilting his head back. “Death will never touch you Harry. If I wanted to kill you, I would not have gone through the effort of keeping you alive for seven years.”

“Why? Why would you do that? You wanted to kill me, even back then, as a baby.”

Voldemort stood up, and held out his hand.

“Come closer, child.”

Harry didn’t want to, but then his feet moved for him, and he was pressed against the Dark Lord’s form.

Harry suddenly felt boneless and a part of him wanted to move even closer…

“Do you feel that? The resonance between our souls?”

Harry felt his eyes flutter shut and he knew this was strange. He had to push back. He was being embraced by the murderer of his parents, his friends—
“Stop thinking Harry. Just feel.”

“No.”

Harry looked up and saw red eyes looking at him so intently and felt a flare of magic that made him want to curl up and hide.

In fear.

This broke the trance and Harry pushed himself away, clutching at his chest and gasping.

“What was that? What did you do… to me?” Harry asked and almost stumbled backwards, his feet almost slipping from the steps of the dais.

“I merely removed the pain from your side of the connection. We share a soul Harry.”

“No… No.. That can’t be true.”

“Have you ever wondered why you can speak Parseltongue when you do not have a drop of Slytherin blood in your veins? It is an inherited trait… after all. I can enter your mind with ease and see through your eyes. You dream of my memories. I dream of yours.”

Voldemort continued as if he could not see the boy in him shaking his head in denial.

“When I discovered our connection in the chamber, I decided to spare you. I kept your body in stasis and healed you from the bite of the basilisk. When I merged with my older self, I learned that there was no way to sever our connection.”

Harry almost wanted to put his hands on his ears, “You’re lying.”

“Albus Dumbledore once told you the same thing. On the night I tried to kill you, I transferred some of my powers to you. He knew that you held part of my soul. He knew you had to die if in order for me to be defeated. He kept you with those despicable muggle relatives of yours so you could grow up unloved. So once he showed you kindness, you could place your trust in him.”

Harry stepped backwards then and almost wanted to run away but Tom pulled his hand forward and he stumbled back into his arms. Harry struggled until a hand was on his head, pushing aside his hair to caress his scar.

“When I gave you this scar, I gave a part of my soul to you.”

“When I had your precious headmaster, I tortured him, and I saw in his mind his intention to raise you like a lamb to slaughter. You were meant to die by my hands and in doing so, weaken me… But his plan never came to fruition because I knew what you were. You were my horcrux.”

Harry listened to the staccato beat of the Dark Lord’s heart.

“For a time I thought of keeping you asleep for all eternity, an anchor to this world just like the other pieces of my soul.”

Harry made a noise of discomfort at the thought. “Why did you wake me up?”

“I saw your memories, as they flowed into my dreams. We are similar in ways you cannot imagine, Harry. I thought, I should give you the chance to live by my side…”

Voldemort began combing through his hair.
“Am I not merciful? I could have made an example of you. I could have tortured you in public until you broke like all the others… and yet I did not.”

“You killed my parents… everyone I ever loved.”

“I did, and I will kill many more. Such is the consequence of war.”

Harry could hear the beating of Voldemort’s heart go faster, as the man caressed him.

Harry looked up through his lashes. "What do you want from me?"

“I want you to own you.” Voldemort smiled as he traced the boy’s back.

Harry shivered involuntarily.

“But I’m already your prisoner.”

“There are many ways of owning someone. But what I want from you is… something more insidious than just keeping you as a prisoner. I want your complete obedience. Your loyalty. Your love.”

Harry shook his head. “That’s impossible.”

“Then you will lose your mind. I will leave you in that room and you will be forgotten. Can you imagine living in isolation for the rest of your life?”

Harry didn’t want that.

“How do I know… if I’m better off losing my mind than being yours?” Harry asked.

“You don’t. I’m not forcing you. The choice is yours.”

Harry closed his eyes and admitted, “I’m scared.”

“You have every right to be. I promise to take care of you, Harry. I take very good care of my possessions.”

“I…”

Harry knew it was wrong, but he knew he wouldn’t last in that room for so long.

“What will it be, little one? Will you be mine?”

Harry felt a deep sadness and relief.

“Yes.”

There was a brand on his chest and vows of servitude.

“From now on, I will be your master. I will take care of your needs and your wants. You will obey
every word I say. If you do this for me, I will reward you and perhaps if you please me, I’ll grant you the freedom to use your magic again… If you disobey me, or do something that causes me displeasure, I will punish you. Do you understand, Harry?”

The brand on his chest was painful. And the Dark Lord’s touch was soothing on his chest.

“Yes, Master.”

It started innocently enough.

Harry was granted access to Voldemort’s quarters which was incidentally the room just across of Harry’s room.

He was given freedom to move around the upper floor of the castle but he was told to avoid the lower floor which was intended for Death Eaters and dignitaries that wanted to visit the Dark Lord.

He liked the library.

It was more freedom than he was used to. Slowly, he began exploring his own, with Nagini in tow.

“This is why the statute of secrecy is flawed. Why must wizards hide from muggles? It’s as if we have accepted that we are weaker than these mortals.” Voldemort sat from across his chair, drinking wine.

“It was originally made to protect those who cannot protect themselves. There are those among us who cannot fight… like the children. It says that many were slain during the witch hunts. The muggles were strong due to their number and their weapons are devastating… rather than go to war and risk more deaths, our ancestors chose the easy route.”

Harry closed the book when Tom motioned for him to come.

Harry left the chair and followed the dark lord to the hearth.

He sat next to the Dark Lord and the Dark Lord pulled him closer, so Harry’s back was to his chest.

“I have kept you innocent and away from the war… so you see things out of perspective. With my campaign, I've ensured that no witch or wizard will have to suffer the abuse of muggles. I have always found it strange that a superior species such as ours would choose to relinquish their hold on this vast earth and only occupy a piteous amount of land. It would have been easy to enslave muggles, to conquer instead of settle for a stalemate. What you do not see, Harry… is that history rarely writes the full truth.”

Voldemort conjured the image of the world, showing him where the tiny magical communities were each located.

“Once the law was implemented, the wizarding world became trapped in its own time, with citizens completely ignorant of the muggle world. This was partly to dissuade them from ever mingling with muggle kind. While it stopped conflict, and the massacre of some of our kind, it brought a deficit on jobs, for life before heavily relied on muggles. You have the likes of Merlin serving King Arthur as an example. Healers, and seers were left purposeless.”

Harry listened, with complete interest. He found himself nodding along.
“Our economy was centered on gold, which was reliant on the service of Goblins and muggles. Magic has made it impossible to create gold, when before it could be easily conjured. This is all for the sake of control and stability. Pureblood families who managed to hide their relations with muggles didn’t suffer, however. This allowed them easy access to technology that is already available from the other side. Have you not wondered at all why the wizarding world is still so similar, despite having been separate for years? We still use trains and carriages for transport, when in fact, we could develop technologies for mass apparition, and employ the use of portals.”

Harry wasn’t sure about it, “But… you said you hated muggles?”

“I do. Because they are the reason the Earth is hurting. They fight their foolish wars and care not about the destruction they leave behind. I do believe that some of them have their uses but they are better off serving our kind.”

“Why can’t we co-exist peacefully?” Harry asked, envisioning a world where they were both fine.

“Because, Harry, humans are rarely content when they know there are others who are better than them. Why does poverty exist in the wizarding world, if there is magic? Why is there no law that exists to protect the young? Why does one need to die when there are many ways to achieve immortality? Why do muggles continue to fight wars amongst each other when they are all the same? Race, religion, color, belief… We all disagree, and at one point, we all think we are better than the other.”

“The system is broken. Somehow, because we have decided to shut our doors, to be selfish with our knowledge, and to be selective with what spells we learn and practice, categorizing magic as two different spectrums of dark and light… magic itself became stagnant. When you introduce muggleborns into the mix, most cannot integrate with the society because they’ve had no knowledge of it, while Purebloods who are heavy on tradition treat them with disdain for not knowing anything and forcing their own way of doing things. Our kind should not be barking at each other, they should be fixing this broken system.”

Harry thought it resonated with him but one thing did not make sense, “Why do you have to kill so many?”

Voldemort finished his glass of wine and vanished it in thin air.

“It is the fastest way to get things done, Harry. When there is no one left to tell the tale, whose words will they believe?”

Harry listened as Tom shared the systematic purge of the ministry, and how many died for his conquest.

Muggles were falling from incurable diseases and it was nothing that their weapons of mass destruction could fight.

Harry trembled and felt so small.

Tom noticed this and asked, “What’s wrong, Harry?”

“You take away their lives… like it really means nothing.”

Harry looked up and saw the dark lord’s eyes flash red.

Harry flinched when a hand landed on top of his head.
“In my eyes, it was a necessary sacrifice. I do not expect you to understand. There is no need to show fear. I’m not upset with you for thinking this way.”

Obedience generally meant, to not escape. To attend lessons. To study.

He was given back his wand, only during lessons. They repaired it, using the best of wandmakers and reforged it into a better fitting one.

Harry told Voldemort in complete happiness, that they held brother wands.

And Voldemort rewarded him a book on wandlore.

Harry was also required to eat on time, and eat the food Voldemort wanted him to eat.

To exercise, which he didn’t mind. He wanted to stay healthy too.

Sometimes, he had to do things he’d rather not do, like accompany his master while blindfolded or not to speak unless he was spoken to.

To not ask questions.

To sit by his master’s feet when he was holding large gatherings, not saying a word, and not complaining if anyone got hurt.

Because he did so once and Voldemort hung him up in the throne room and lashed him sixty times, with a threat, “The next time you disobey me, you will not leave with just a shredded back. I will sever your tongue, so you can never speak again.”

So he learned to obey. Early on.

And life was okay.

They told him he would remain a twelve year old, but Harry noticed his body was growing. Instead of the twelve year old body, he looked thirteen now. His clothes needed to be replaced again, to accommodate the growth spurt. Harry knew it had to do with the nutrient potions.

He was technically supposed to be a nineteen year old now… but he still had the mentality of a twelve year old which sucked. Voldemort said eventually, his body would stop aging, until they reached a desired physical form.

He was given a cake, to celebrate all the birthdays he missed and Nagini ate with him, though she was swallowing a completely different thing.

Harry pet the snake who seemed to grow even heavier. Voldemort noticed this and whispered in parseltongue, “You spoil her too much.”

Harry smiled at this and murmured, “She's been nice to me. I enjoy her company… and I don’t want her to leave me, master.”

Harry was currently lying down in bed, with the snake over him. It’s not as if he could move out from under her when she was so heavy.

Voldemort was looking at him, “Let’s cut your hair. It’s gone past your shoulders.”
Harry’s wavy hair fell around him like a small halo on the bed. He nodded, sleepily.

Obedience had its price.

Because at the end of the day, Voldemort was not a benevolent leader.

“Do you know what it feels, to cut someone’s skin with a knife, Harry? Our Lord said you’ve done a bit of cooking when you were young. This shouldn’t be any different. Just pretend she’s some sort of… meat.”

Bellatrix Black was smiling as she handed him a dagger, and sitting on the table was a small child, who was crying through her gag.

“I can’t.”

Bellatrix knelt and hugged him, “Will you tell me why, Harry…? tell your aunty Bella, I will understand.”

Harry hesitated at first, before saying, “I’ve never… really done it before. And she looks… terrified.”

“Oh my. Is this your first kill, Harry? Then shall we take it slow?”

She went behind him in an instant and wrapped both of his hands around his.

“You do it like this… You simply need to press. Hard.”

The kid’s chest was soft and the knife pressed on as the little girl screamed.

“You know they’re dead when they stop breathing. You can twist the knife a little…to get a little more blood out. You’ll need to poke her quite a bit more, here, here… everywhere except the stomach… and the table will collect the blood.”

Harry was frozen stiff in her hands and Bellatrix continued on, kissing the top of his head.

“You should avoid the stomach because it has other fluids… if you make a mistake on this one, we’ll need to get you another one.” Bellatrix cooed and Harry’s hands trembled when she let go of his hand and the dagger.

“You can do it, Harry. Just stab it through just like… oh... Marvelous!”

Harry was breathing so harshly and his pupils were dilated. His hands were trembling and all he could think of was that it was so red, and warm. The blood was so warm and she was screaming and crying but she had a gag so she couldn’t speak.

Eventually her eyes closed as he stabbed her six more times.

“Gather the potion materials, you’re to meet with Severus next. He’ll teach you how to brew the potions you’ve been drinking.”

Harry let go of the knife in shock.

“What? You mean to tell me… this… is where-”

“Silly child, you think the Dark Lord would bleed himself dry from you? There’s a ritual that makes muggleborn blood as potent as his… when mixed into it. Collect the blood and store it in that pitcher.
Then take out her heart. We’ll have use for that too.”

Harry didn’t want to do it.

But his Master would punish him otherwise.

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Harry was crying after the potion lessons. He wanted to hide, and he wanted to puke his guts out. He just felt so guilty.

Dirty. And evil.

But his master insists there is no good or evil in the world, only power.

He was in the courtyard, underneath a tree, staring at a small pink bud that was growing beside a rock. He was hoping it would grow into a nice little flower and watched as it began… blossoming a little with the help of his magic when someone with a golden mask approached him.

“How?”

Harry composed himself and furiously tried to wipe the tears.

“Master?”

But Voldemort would never wear a mask.

When the man touched him, Harry suddenly felt light headed.

“You look so sad… This isn’t how I imagined meeting you. Don’t worry, I’ll make you feel better, Harry. Trust me.”

He did not know how he ended up in a dark room full of broken things. His head lolled to the side as he was pushed onto a dusty table, with his robes dangling on one leg, the locket around his wrist, and someone’s mouth between his legs.

But Harry was so out of it, and boneless.

“It’s… dirty. Don’t…”

Harry whispered and the man swallowed him whole. Harry twisted against the restraints, but the locket wound tighter around his wrist and the haze in his head grew.

When he blinked, it seemed that there were two more… in the room, “Let me have a taste…”

Harry groaned as one finger entered him, and there were lips on his, coaxing him to open his mouth.

Harry moaned and soon, it was muffled by a very insistent tongue.

There was a loud bang of the door and a very loud voice, “What is the meaning of this?”

Harry could hardly keep his eyes open “Master?”

That was his first introduction to Voldemort’s other horcruxes. The Locket, and the Diadem.

“Pleased to finally meet you, Harry.”
There was a kiss to his knuckles, followed by another and Harry darted away, hiding behind Voldemort.

“I don’t like… them, master.” Harry didn’t understand what just happened earlier, only… they were looking at him as if they wanted to eat him.

“I want my reward. The campaign in Serbia and Russia left my muscles feeling sore. Harry belongs to us as much as he belongs to you.”

“We deserve this much for being imprisoned for more than forty years.”

Voldemort considered this, and combed a hand through his head in apparent frustration. “Fine. Just bring him back to me in one piece.”

Harry never felt so betrayed as he was dragged out of the Dark Lord’s rooms.

“We should figure out what to call ourselves. I should be Marvolo… and you should be Tom?”

“I hate that muggle name but fine. At least it’s familiar.”

“What would you have the others call themselves then?”

“They can figure it out or Harry can choose for them.”

“Sounds fair.”

Tom, the locket rolled his eyes and stretched the boy’s legs a little wider. They were lying down on a bed with the boy on top of him, naked and being stretched by Marvolo’s three fingers.

“That should do it.”

Harry grit his teeth when something much bigger replaced the three fingers and finally pushed in.

“Fuck. He’s so tight,” Marvolo inhaled sharply and leaned over. “How can you still be so innocent, Harry?” Came the voice from above him. “What did Voldemort do with his time with you? I would have thought he’d enjoy breaking you… but you’re crying from killing a mere child. And from this… If he broke you in, we wouldn’t have to be this fucking gentle. That bastard.”

Harry tried to kick him, but all that did was make Marvolo groan as he pressed in his full length inside him and Harry winced at the dryness. He felt something tear. He ground his teeth and tried not to scream.

“He’s too busy with the war. I always thought he’d do it sooner or later, but our Harry was being such a good little boy that he didn’t want to hurt him. But we’re not like your beloved master, Harry.” The locket around Harry’s throat tightened.

“You wore me around your throat when I was filling your head with nightmares. We’ve done this before you know, in your head. Now let me see you cry.”

“Can’t… breathe.” And all this time, Marvolo was pushing back and forth, groaning. “Fuck.”

Harry felt his eyes tear up when the locket constricted even harder, and his hair was grabbed harshly, pulling him in for a kiss, and soon there was a tongue lapping up his tears.

“I imagine they feel the same, you’re technically our mother after all. You breathed life into us with
your magic… and you have our soul. But god, you’re so tight…”

Harry couldn’t move his legs when Tom took him out of the bedroom, carrying him naked with cum and blood leaking out of his ass, and proceeded to apparate into the throne room.

Marvolo followed behind him, stretching his arms.

“Here?”

“I always wanted to try doing it here. It’s the echo.”

Tom grinned. “You can have his mouth, if you want.”

Marvolo grinned and sat on the throne where Voldemort usually sat.

“Later. I just want to watch this time.”

Marvolo raised his hands, and the dark room flared to light, with red flames burning on every corner.

“That’s better.”

Tom pushed Harry down, so he was kneeling on the floor. He then pushed Harry’s face flat on the floor and raised his ass. Squeezed the cheeks and pulled a little higher, grinding his crotch against it. He began stretching out the hole, by pulling apart the cheeks, putting three fingers in and watching it gape in front of him… “That’s so pretty… such a pretty hole, Harry. I’ll fill it up, real good.”

He knelt behind the smaller boy, and opened his fly before pushing in with one swift thrust.

Harry cried out, and it reverberated against the walls.

“That’s right. No one else is here… let your voice out.”

He began palming the small dick. Harry tried to cover his mouth and bit his hands, to prevent himself from moaning and screaming.

Marvolo laughed and began palming himself.

“Let me tell you a secret, Harry… do you know what Voldemort did to you when your body was asleep? He used your body the same way I’m doing now. Isn’t that fucked up?”

Tom hissed when Harry tried to close his legs, making it even tighter.

“But don’t worry. We’ll take care of you. You’ll grow to like this too.”

“Ah… hnh.. Stop.”

Harry tried to twist his head to look at Tom, “please…” and at Marvolo on the throne.

But Tom dug his fingernails around his hips, leaving bruises, and manhandled him in away that rocked him back and forth. His knees scraped the uneven floor of the throne room. Rocks that dug on to his knees.

Even through the pain, Harry could feel something else… something good. Something that made him moan because Tom was hitting something inside him that made his toes curl in pleasure. Tom pushed harder, when he saw how red Harry’s cheeks had gone. He squeezed Harry’s ass and
slammed hard.

Again. And again. And again.

“Nhhh Tomm.. Stop…AHh”

Tom pulled out, and rolled Harry over so he was flat on his back. He spread the boy’s tired legs and lifted him up easily, slotting his cock back into that tight little hole and watching with delight how Harry cried out with little gasps of “AHhh .. .AHhhhh. Nggah… No… Aahh.”

The door to the throne room opened and soon they were joined by another. His face was younger than the two of them, and there was an excited glint on his eyes.

His entire body was half splattered with blood, and he removed his cloak which formed a wet splat on the ground next to Harry. “Scourgify,” He said, unto himself. He then prowled towards the throne, straddling Marvolo’s leg, and kissed his cheek.

“I just came back from Austria… Had to help Malfoy fix up his mess. I swear if he didn’t have such a pretty ass, I would have killed him with the number of times he messed up.”

Marvolo took the other boy’s hands and guided it towards his cock, saying, “You’re up next. Let’s fill him up with cum tonight… I think it’d be nice to see him bloat up like he’s pregnant.. With our child..”

“What’s my name going to be this time?”

Marvolo grinned, “How about Thomas?”

Tom began choking Harry.

Harry felt his eyes roll towards the back of his head.

Rest came in short bursts of sleep.

Harry never felt so tired and sore… from the inside.

It hurt and he begged for them to stop but they never did. They took turns, passing him around.

Sometimes all four of them were on the bed.

And Harry learned how difficult it was to force a guy’s dick in his throat and he gagged and choked around it while someone was busy fucking him from behind.

They managed to conjure a plug that would keep the cum inside, and gave him potions to stay awake through it all.

Tom was the sadist, preferring to tie him up in many different ways, slotting instruments in his cock, and making him beg for release.

Harry thought it would never end. They forced him to drink their cum for breakfast, and was obsessed with who got to make Harry cry the hardest.

What Harry couldn’t forgive was when they fucked him out in the open, over a balcony where the other Death Eaters could see.

“Don’t worry, we’ll slit the throats of anyone who talks.”
Marvolo enjoyed teaching him the pleasures of the cruciatus, and the only reason Harry succeeded was because he currently harbored a grudge and was plotting to kill the three of them.

It did not help that he had to share his large bed to three possessive jerks, who hardly gave him enough rest. And Voldemort was just content to disappear in the war room to talk with the rest of his generals saying that he’s beyond such childish urges. He was often away in meetings across other countries, gearing up their nations for what he liked to call as the final war.

Harry hated his master too.

Tom tried to convince him that sex meant love.

Marvolo was quick to agree. “Thomas”, the horcrux of Helga’s Cup hardly cared, and told Harry that, “Sex is a tool. You obviously harbour feelings for Voldemort, why not try to seduce him…? I can teach you.”

Harry was annoyed, “I’m not like you. You have sex with everything you find pretty.”

He proceeded to sulk but Tom and Marvolo were just amused and holding hands, kissing. Harry looked away from this madness and tried to do a bit of introspection.

He wasn’t sure where his feelings lied. It just so happened that Voldemort rescued him from the insanity that was about to conquer his mind.

But it didn’t help that Voldemort was the reason for that too.

He was honestly, confused…

So much changed from waking up from that seven year long sleep.

Nagini was with Voldemort too, which was quite upsetting. To the library then, to clear his thoughts.

When he got there, he saw another one of them.

“You must be the ring. Are you here to fuck me too?” Harry asked quite bluntly, already wondering if his back could handle being pushed back against the library shelves.

This version of Tom turned to look at him and shook his head quietly, “I’m in the library to read. Unless it’s you who wants it?”

Harry felt shocked, the other three were so forceful, this Tom was a pleasant change. “No. I don’t. Not at all.”

Tom continued reading. “Um… what should I call you?”

“Call me whatever you like.” The older boy ignored him in favor of reading through the book.

“What about Riddle?”

“Riddle it is.”

Harry ignored him after that. He then found his favorite corner, and saw the alcove was unoccupied. Some of Voldemort’s inner circle would frequent the library, and he didn’t want to run into any of them.

He saw Snape leafing through books there, once and avoided the library for days.
The time he spent with Voldemort was.

Nice.

For the lack of a better word.

Nagini was right. Voldemort did take care of his treasures.

He didn’t think he loved him, but he also couldn’t think of anywhere else he could be.

All his friends, his family… everyone was dead… and he’d grown used to the dynamics of being Voldemort’s possession? Pet? Slave? Treasure?

Many people envied him, but were afraid of him because Voldemort listened to him. Voldemort listened to his pleas because he hardly ever asked for anything.

Harry didn’t know what he wanted. He knew he wanted freedom, but he didn’t know what to do with it.

He was definitely… attracted to Voldemort. He found himself blushing when his master was staring at him.

It was like he couldn’t meet him in the eye, especially now when his thoughts were filled with. Sex.

Because his lookalikes kept at it. Kept forcing themselves on him until Harry got used to it, like it was part of his life.

Harry took a deep breath and sighed. He wished he just stayed ignorant of his attraction. It hurt to pine after a man who would never bat an eyelash at his direction.

For the next few days, Harry had four dangerous men either teaching him the finer points of torture, fucking him, or spoiling him in their own sick twisted way. Except for Riddle. He was the weird one who wanted his consent, and Harry was never going to give him that.

He was allowed on the lower floors now, if one of them or all of them were with him. Sometimes Nagini followed for a quick petting session.

There was one incident when a slur from a drunk death eater was sent to Harry’s way, and four wands were suddenly at the man’s throat.

“What did you say?”

“I said why are you following this slut? We all know what our Lord uses him for. He’s a fucking sex toy… Why not let us tap some of that ass eh?”

Harry just gave a small glance at the uniform and understood this was a new recruit.

“I don’t want trouble, Tom.”

“He disrespected you, Harry. You should punish him.”

Harry was given his wand, the reformed phoenix wand that Voldemort repaired just to celebrate his loyalty to him.
Did he really want to? This man was drunk… but if he didn’t, Tom and the rest would probably torture him to death.

So, Harry smiled, and cast with frosty green eyes, “Crucio.”

Harry felt the rush of power like a heady drug as the man all but crumpled on the floor.

The others lowered their wand as Harry came closer, observing the effects of his favorite curse. Twitching limbs, frothing mouth.

He took off the man’s mask, and with a mere wave of his hand, it cracked.

“I may belong to the Dark Lord… but I am not a slut. Don’t call me that again.”

Harry cancelled the spell and the gathering of death eaters around them were silent. But Harry was not finished.

He took out his wand and pointed at the man’s crotch. “Eviro.”

“AHHHHHGHH! You bloody-fucker!”

Harry cast scourgify on himself because the castration spell always tended to be messy. He then ignored the wailing castrated new recruit and looked at the fascinated and terrified onlookers, “Someone take him away.”

Harry felt feverish after, as if he was itching to do something. Like he was thirsty but anything he drank was just not enough.

He was curled up in Tom’s arms, and Tom kept him there, just kissing the top of his forehead, his scar, and holding his trembling hands.

“You cast too much dark magic, Harry.”

“Why not just leave him be. It’s an experience.”

“Let me take care of him,” Riddle volunteered. He put down the book he was reading, about the Hallows.

“Have fun,” Tom winked, with a cruel smile.

Riddle sighed and pulled Harry out of Tom’s arms. They apparated with a silent crack.

They landed in Harry’s bathroom and Riddle wasted no time, taking off Harry’s clothes.

He dragged the boy under the waterfall and willed the water to turn icy cold.

Harry struggled, like a three year old, waving his body from side to side, but too dizzy to get away.

“Hey. It’s alright, Harry.”

“Too cold… Let me go.”

“Shut up—” “No.”

”Harry, listen to me.”
Riddle held Harry’s hands above his head and forced the boy to stay under the shower. Harry was trying to look at him but couldn’t stand still. Tom tightened his hold.

“We need to cool your body down… or else you’ll do something stupid.”

Harry couldn’t focus on what’s in front of him. The droplets of water were obscuring his vision, and it was making it difficult to breathe. It was so cold but his body felt like it was still burning. He wanted something.

Badly.

He could only inhale short bursts of air, and his back was digging against the cold marble tile. Pressing forward, backwards.

Harry gasped when he felt something brush against his cock, and he rubbed his body up against it. Riddle groaned. “Don’t make this harder for me.”

Harry whined.

Riddle stepped under the water then, and bit the boy’s neck. Harry rutted up against him, rubbing himself, utterly lost to the sensation of wanting release and he started asking with a small voice, “Where?.. Where’s my wand… I wanna… try… something please. Please let meee.”

The boy was probably relieving the feeling of casting the Cruciatus.

Harry moaned piteously, “Please I need it… Please, master”

It was Voldemort now.

The boy’s pupils were blown wide, almost covering the green and totally unseeing.

And he was smiling, “aHhhmnn cumming…” spilling his cum all over the tiles and still shaking from the after effects of dark magic overuse, but he was quieter now, just twitching, and drowsy.

Riddle looked at the bite marks his teeth made, and carried the boy out of the shower and into his bed, where the boy proceeded to roll all over and then, sleep.

Harry saw his master for the first time in days.

Voldemort was so beautiful to him, Harry didn’t know why, but he really wanted to kiss him then and there.

Before he could, there were hands pushing down on his shoulders and he was laughing.

“I told them to be careful.”

Harry was pawing at him, but eventually he couldn’t and licked his lips, whispering in parseltongue, “Master… you’re so pretty… will you fuck me too? Please? I want you… want you in me… please?”

“Not like this, Harry.”

“That’s not fair… don’t you want me?”

Harry ground his body upwards, and gasped when Voldemort pressed a hand on his forehead.
And then nothing.

Harry had a bludgeoning headache the day after. And he could not get up from bed.

By his pillow, there were about a six vials of potions.

One cleared out his headache.

The other three was the usual ones Voldemort made him drink.

The fifth cleared out his mind.

And the sixth made him want to hide under the pillows when memories came rushing back. He was blushing so hard and he didn’t want to leave the bed.

“At least you don’t feel guilt over killing that girl, now.” They dragged him out of his bed, and he was wailing, “No.. leave me alone. I don’t want to! I can’t face him… I want to die.”

“Shut up, Harry. Or I’ll put something else in your mouth.”

Harry whimpered piteously.

“Resistance to the effects of this type of magic takes some time to build up… You’re either a natural… or you’re just… bad at it. It’s similar to drinking alcohol. Let’s do something fun, Harry. Come on.”

Harry was dragged outside of the castle.

“Where are we going?”

There were five brooms inside a carriage with skeletal horses.

“You love flying don’t you?”

Harry nodded slowly not… quite liking the identical scheming looks on their faces.

“We’re going flying.”

Harry looked down, “Master said we shouldn’t leave the castle.”

“Oh you gotta live a little, Harry. If he asks, just tell him we kidnapped you.”

“And for the record, if you resist, we’ll force you. So, you either come willingly, or not.” Thomas wiggled his eyebrows.

Hours later...

A howler was sent after them when Voldemort found out the five of them went missing.

Given how restless they were being trapped in a castle, they decided it would be amazing if they built an impenetrable ward over a fidelus around the whole town of Amfissa, in Greece.

Apparently he was the only one flying, but Harry was fine with it, doing little twirls in the air.
While Harry was busy flying in the air, Tom, Thomas and Marvolo decided to go wild and participate on a game.

The game was muggle hunting and the objective was to kill as many as they could over the course of an hour. Harry just watched them on top of his broom as the three began mindless slaughter releasing pent up frustration.

Riddle was just reading a book on top of the highest building, keeping a watch on Harry. Harry steadfastly tried not to look at him too, blushing every time.

Harry flew around and around and eventually tired. Below, he saw the carnage, fire, screams of terror, and people dying by the hundreds. He wondered if this is what he wanted… people willing to kill for him just to get him to smile.

He knew that he had to be the voice of reason, Voldemort gave him a brand that functioned as an emergency portkey. The Dark Lord would immediately descend and stop them from killing even more.

He touched his chest. The hour was almost up, anyway.

When Voldemort summoned his legion and saw the destruction of the muggle town, it was hell on earth.

Harry never thought he could see someone who often looked so angelic look so much like a devil.

Harry was isolated for a week.

Voldemort sent the four away on different assignments.

When Harry was let out of the room, Voldemort was still livid.

“This war is not a game. You do not disappear from the castle without my permission even when you have the protection of those four. Those idiots… how dare they. Do you understand, Harry!?”

Harry was kneeling. Around him was Voldemort’s inner circle. He was crying. “No master… I thought-”

“Silence. I gave you too much liberty and you abused it. I am very. Disappointed.”

Harry looked up and protested, “I summoned you, master.”

“Crucio.”

Harry collapsed on the floor.

“You forget your place, slave.”

The boy was kept under the curse for seven long minutes. The word slave hurt Harry the most.

“I'm sending you on a mission to prove your worth and your loyalty. I want you to hunt down Sirius Black, your godfather. He is a member of the Order of the Phoenix. Bring him back to me, dead or alive and I will consider you forgiven.”

Harry was dropped in the fortress of Albania. It was in the ruins of the castle.
The premise was that, Harry would be using his body for a ritual for Samhain. He had twenty seven Death Eaters guarding him on this secret mission, but Voldemort knew there was one spy.

There, they guarded him, but Voldemort was certain these twenty seven loyal soldiers will be casualties.

When the rebels attacked, the castle walls groaned and crumbled, sending shards of the windows crashing into the floor.

One moment, he was sipping soup from breakfast, when the said explosion occurred.

The next moment, he was sitting on a chair, unable to move. His right arm hurt like hell and he felt something inside the skin of his arm, whenever he moved… it felt cold.

“He’s awake… Call him now…”

Harry couldn’t see. Was he blind?

Harry started gasping for breath. He was struggling. And soon enough panicking.

It was so dark. Where was he. He craned his neck and struggled. Nothing. It only hurt his arm more.

They told them this might happen. That they’ll capture him. They’ll try to convince him that they were going to save him.

But Harry didn’t need saving.

Will they torture him? He was tempted to call for his master. He felt scared.

Harry couldn’t breathe. Will Voldemort rescue him? But this was a lesson. He was getting punished. But it hurt. It hurt. He was going mad. How long had he been sitting there. Days? Months?

He was just a slave to him after all and the Dark Lord just discarded him like an expendable card. He was sorry. Harry recalled begging. So many times. In his mind. In front of the legion of his Death Eaters. His knees raw from kneeling again and again.

The Dark Lord didn’t listen. “I cannot tolerate disobedience, Harry. You know this.”

He wished he did.

Someone touched him and Harry screamed. “No... don’t. Let me go. Please.”

They opened his mouth and poured something down his throat. A familiar tasting potion that eased the panic.

“My arm hurts.”

“Please bear with it.”

Harry heard footsteps. Shuffling. Scratching of paper and muffled conversations. How many of them were in the room watching him?

A long moment passed. There were more than fifteen people from the sound of their voices alone. Maybe even more.
His bladder was about to burst. He felt embarrassed.

Harry wasn’t sure if he could ask of it… but he had to, “Can I pee?”

“I’m afraid… you’ll have to do it there. We can’t let you out of our sight.”

“Please... I can’t... not when all of you are watching me...”

"I’m sorry, child."

“Don’t… look.”

“We can’t do that, too. You just have to pretend we’re not here, Harry.”

Harry wasn’t joking when he said he had to pee, so while he was bound and sitting, he peed on himself.

It was mortifying, and it made him want to cry. His arm still hurt.

The sound of his pee was so very loud in the quiet stillness of the room. Harry sagged on the chair, disgusted with himself.

“Can… you clean it up?”

“Not yet...”

"Please. It’s disgusting. It’s smelly...”

"Just do a quick scourgify.”

Harry heard the spell and eventually, the relief of the cleaning charm.

“Thank you,” Harry said out of habit.

There was only silence from the other end.

“What do you want from me?” Harry asked.

“There is a prophecy. All we know is that you have the power to defeat the Dark Lord… but we want to know that you’re not loyal to him.”

Harry felt something else being poured in his mouth.

“What… what was that?”

“Veritaserum.”

Harry gasped and tried to gag, “You can’t… make me talk.”

“You’ll tell us, what you know of the dark lord’s plans.”

Harry felt the words spilling out, “A Muggle purge.”

“Can you tell us in detail what you know of this.”

Harry relayed whatever information he had, of the multiple countries involved in the war. He heard a quill furiously scratching against paper.
“What are you to the dark lord?”

Harry resisted this, “I don’t know.”

“Let’s try this again…. Are you loyal to the dark lord’s cause?”

Harry shook his head, “No…”

“Do you approve of the killing the muggles?”

“No.”

“But you were there when Amfissa burned.”

“Yes”

Harry wanted the questioning to end.

“Are you loyal to the Dark Lord?”

“Yes.”

Harry struggled against the binding, and felt something scrape his bone. He groaned in pain. There was silence.

“Harry, why the fuck are you loyal to him?”

“I made a vow. He made me promise… my loyalty.”

“Do you know anything about the Dark Lord’s clones?”

“I know them.”

“You’ve met them?”

“Yes.”

“What are they?”

“They’re pieces of himself. Like the Diary…”

“How do you kill them?”

Harry shook his head, “I don’t know.”

“How did you meet them?”

“They raped me.”

There was a deafening silence as the quill stopped scratching.

“Sirius. We should just stop.”

“No… I need to know what happened. If we’re going to save Harry, we have to know everything.”

The questioning continued. The focus was between what he knew about the war, to how Voldemort
treated him.

By the end, Harry was sobbing.

“You have to eat, Harry.”

“I don’t want… to eat.”

Harry couldn’t see them, and wondered if he was just having a nightmare.

He felt disgusted.

He’d never been treated in such an animalistic way before. He could not stretch his legs, or arms. The only thing he could move was his head. His entire body hurt. His back hurt. He thought his arm had gone numb from the pain and he told him it hurt but they did noting.

“I need to pee.”

“Again, you’ll have to do it here. I’ll clean you afterwards.”

Harry wished he didn’t ask for water.

It was veritaserum again. And he was dizzy from its effects, feeling weak in a matter of seconds.

He could not keep track of the questions.

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Somehow, after all the questioning, there was one thing Harry realized… that he could not remember what the brand on his chest was for.

They eventually let him out of his prison, and Harry had to get himself treated by the healers.

He was left on the bed, and felt vials touch his lips and Harry just continued spitting them out until they force fed him.

They said he was suffering from starvation, and that the wound on his arm had a small infection but it would soon heal. They kept him blindfolded, and he was not allowed out of anyone else’s sight.

Even without his sight, he knew that they were in a small cramped house, where the floor was carpet and wood. He often hit other people’s feet.

Many people were injured and sick, and yet they still came to steal him away.

Sirius told him fanatically, “You look just like your parents, Harry.”

“My parents?” Harry couldn’t recall.

“James and Lily Potter…”

Harry felt something enter his mind, a forgotten image that he used to treasure when he was but a first year student…

Sirius Black, and he was rattling off things from the very distant past. How Harry would have grown up without the Dark Lord.

How nice it would have been.
From the information they gleaned from Harry, they managed to prevent several of the Dark Lord’s attacks on muggles, but only just barely.

He kept telling Sirius, “Can’t you take it off, Sirius? I want to see you.”

Sirius held his hands, “I can’t, Harry. They won’t let me.”

Harry frowned, “Is there something wrong with me?”

“No… nothing’s wrong. You’re perfectly normal. We just have to fix you.”

“Fix me? But you said there’s nothing wrong with me.”

“I meant… the damage that the dark lord did to your body. He changed it…we don’t know how, but at the very least, we should prevent you from using your eyes.”

Sirius sighed and directed him towards a chair.

Harry felt dizzy at the sensation, at being led and forced to sit down, “Nothing’s wrong with me, Sirius. Something’s wrong with you… my master never hurt me… but everyone here wants to hurt me… the potions, they’re poison right? Are you going to kill me?… Am I blind?”

Harry could feel the panic, and he felt his magic, twisting out of the confines of body. “No, Harry… it’s for your safety. Calm down.”

“No.”

Harry rocked back and forth.

“I want to see.”

Harry touched the blindfolds. And began burning it, burning the skin of his face in the process.

“Harry, stop!… Stop it… I’ll ask them to consider. Just please, don’t hurt yourself…”

Harry heard them arguing outside, and he just tried to recall the reason for all this… for the mission, for his master.

He started crying.

They called him evil, for no one should imprison a child and enslave them. But he wanted to be with his master, was that wrong?

Voldemort called him a slave… probably because he did something very stupid. He regretted his actions that day, and wished Voldemort would just take him back… He hated this place, more than being trapped in that fancy room of his once upon a time.

Owning someone, and making them swear their loyalty… was the equivalent of turning them into a slave. He knew that.

But he never felt like a slave.

He didn’t think Voldemort treated him like a slave… if anything he was like a prince, with his own servants.

Here, he felt like a real prisoner. Only able to eat rations, disgusting mush they call food. And
tortured for information.

Harry started begging, and resorted to hysterically asking Sirius, “I’ll let you fuck me… please… you can use me just… take these off.”

Sirius knelt, and hugged him. “I promised your parents, Harry… that I’ll protect you… I’m sorry I failed… I’m sorry it took this long to save you… I’m sorry. Oh God… James… forgive me. Stop saying these things… I would never force myself on you… Please Harry. I’m not a monster.”

The man began sobbing, and Harry could only feel disgust at being so close to the stench.

They took it off.

“Something’s in my eye.”

“You burned your pupils. They say it’ll recover in a few days, Harry.”

Harry looked at the shabby man, with shaggy hair. He smelled like a dog, and was smiling at him, rather kindly.

“Sirius?”

“Hey, kiddo.”

Harry felt a sudden migraine hit him, “I don’t feel so good.” His body collapsed, and Sirius held him, “Let’s get the healers to take one last look.”

Harry went out of the cramped space they called his room. Which was filled with stacks of paper.

“Where are we?”


Harry wished he was above ground, back in his room, in the Dark Lord’s castle. He even missed Riddle, Thomas,Tom and Marvolo, the four jerks... He missed Nagini and his master.

“When will you take me back to my my master?”

“Stop calling that monster your master, Harry.”

Harry just tilted his head, and fought the sudden pain on his chest.

“If he finds you, he’ll kill all of you. Why don’t you just… surrender? Master… can be merciful.”

Harry asked, and he looked at everyone. Children, teenagers, old people, women… There were several injured ones, suffering from curses… a motley crew of fighters if they could be called that, but they all looked happy.

They had hope shining in their eyes.

It was strange to him.

When Sirius Black stared at him, he was looking at him with so much love and concern.

The boy groaned as the migraine grew, and when his hands touched his forehead, it was red.
“Sirius… help… come closer,” Harry could feel his mouth move on his own. The room was spinning.

And then. A question.

“Is this everyone?” Harry held out hand and silently cast a sleeping charm that wafted through the building, watching everyone around them fall asleep.

Sirius was looking at him in the eye, “There are thirty one… more, in Wiltshire. Underground…”

“Thank you, you’ve made my life easier.”

And Harry touched the brand on his chest. Light shone from his body like a beacon, and panic spread overhead.

“We have to escape! We’re being attacked”

“Avada Kedavra!” Harry cast the green spell an saw life leave Sirius Black’s body.

Harry cast a shield in time to protect himself from the rubble that fell overhead. He watched as countless bodies were buried alive.

He then felt a pull from his navel, and found himself in the arms of Lord Voldemort, “You did well, Harry.”

Harry looked down from the crater that was beneath them and tried to recall what happened, but his memory was failing him, there was only a glaring blank spot before fainting.

“Bella, lead the army and kill all the adults. Spare the children and see if they are willing to take the mark, if not, kill them too.”

“With pleasure, my Lord.”

She leaped down from her saddle, a Therestral and put on her mask. She was laughing when she began casting spell after spell after spell. Her prowess with dueling was something to behold, and it did not even seem she needed a battalion when she was enough to slaughter the enemy.

Back in the Dark Lord’s castle, Voldemort looked at the state of his horcrux and frowned at how much the scar was bleeding, and how dark it was against the boy’s skin. He saw the boy’s eyes, and instead of the usual green, it was blood red, just like theirs.

“The experiment, was a success then… you’ve broken down his soul to a point where our soul is taking over.” The ring Horcrux suggested.

“Isn’t this what you’ve wanted all along? You don’t look happy.” The cup asked.

Voldemort traced the boy’s face and said to all the others, “Leave us… I wish to speak with it.”

He released the spell holding the boy in prison in the air.

“Hello, older self.” It began, with a smile eerily similar to his. He’d grown used to Harry’s gentle smile and it looked so wrong, Voldemort had his wand out.

“Where is Harry?”
The horcrux pointed at his head, “He’s here.”

“Harry won’t remember any of this… you see. His mind is just tired from all the trauma those rebels put him. Veritaserum is only meant to be taken in small amounts, but they fed him large doses in order to foresee your plans. I had to do something… or else, you precious pet would be gone.”

Voldemort’s smile was thin, “I suppose you want me to thank you, now?”

Harry shook his head, and wrapped his arms around himself, “No. Not at all… It was a nice opportunity to finally get a hold of this body, after being an unwilling bystander for the past nineteen years. If anything, I’m thankful, for your own carelessness. Even after all this time, you still can’t think things through.”

Voldemort frowned, “I had it under control. I heard all that he heard, felt all that he felt. Saw what he saw. I could have easily pulled him back to me, if things got too dangerous.”

The horcrux frowned, “Didn’t you hear him begging to just take him back, and forgive him? What is the point in all this?”

“I needed to eliminate Sirius Black. I was prepared to use any means.”

“And now, look at what he did to Harry. The man is insane… you know that and Harry is a child. He is not a soldier. He is not you or any form of you.”

Harry began pacing, “He tried so hard to fit that imaginary role in your head, but at the end of the day, Harry is not cut out for this. He is a gentle soul, and abhors violence. You’ll break him, and he’ll never be the same…”

Harry, the horcrux sighed, frustrated, and hissed in parseltongue, “You know what, I’ll let you have what’s left of him. You deal with it. I’m sleeping.”

Veritaserum damaged part of Harry’s memories, and Voldemort tasked his mind healers and potion masters with finding a way to repair the damage.

Severus Snape was one of the unlucky few. He reviewed the remainder of the boy’s memory during his time with the rebels and noted that not only did they give him veritaserum, they dosed him with compliance drugs directly in the bloodstream right after capturing him.

The puncture wounds on the boy’s arms were made crudely, and there was an infection in the bloodstream that left the boy weak.

“I always knew cousin dearest was little insane…” Bellatrix whispered wistfully.

To Severus Snape, it was pot calling kettle black. Oh the pun in his head.

“Our lord said it was Harry who killed him… who knew my little boy was such a good killer, growing up exactly like aunty Bella” She started prodding his cheeks in apparent delight.

“Stop it, Bellatrix. If you are going to interfere with my work, I’ll kick you out.”

Bellatrix threw him a sultry smile, “Do you want Bella to behave like a good girl, Sev-eh-rus?”

“All right!”

Snape then began to stare at the large snake that curled around the boy’s lap like a cat. It hissed at
him. He pinched the bridge of his nose and wished for *small mercies*.

He did not speak snake and he knew the Dark Lord’s familiar would not take kindly to being dragged out.

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*Epilogue*

War left losses on all sides but Voldemort's side was victorious.

Muggles were taken cared of, their campaign slaughtered the population to a less than a million.

With less human kind to worry about, the magical societies under Voldemort’s rule began expanding their territories and flourished.

The repair to nature was also conducted. The earth, sea, and air slowly began heal itself. The process was hastened by activists who obliterated tons of human trash.

There were still rebellions of the muggle and wizard kind, but there were many who began to support Voldemort’s rule, for he gave wizards what they wanted, prosperity, dominion and peace.

Severus Snape left the service of the Dark Lord after it was discovered that he was a traitor.

It was through him that the remaining members of the rebellion gathered intel.

Voldemort spared him for the work he’s done in restoring Harry Potter’s life, his beloved fiance.

It did not mean that he was spared by the inner circle. The man was in hiding ever since.

Harry’s memories suffered, so much so that Harry forgot an integral part of why he wanted to return to his master’s side so badly.

*Love.*

The boy forgot how much he loved Voldemort.

The resistance tried to erase Voldemort’s influence in his mind, and almost succeeded. Memories of his life, already damaged by the poison ingested to ruin his soul, disappeared and could not be restored.

Harry watched snippets of his life from the Dark Lord’s point of view, and the few that knew him.

But the boy only thought of Lord Voldemort as his *God* and it was worlds away from the desire that was once there.

From among the Dark Lord’s four horcruxes, one turned traitor. The cup planned a coup, trying to steal away Voldemort's influence when he found out that muggles were to be protected like cattle.
He began a propaganda that sought to eliminate the race entirely. He was defeated and turned once more into a trinket.

The ring horcrux, influenced largely by the hallows, gathered the two other pieces, the wand and the cloak and gave it to its destined master.

And instead of Voldemort, Harry grew close to the Ring who was his ever present companion.

Harry sometimes stares at his God, and thinks of him as beautiful. He would kill for his God… He would die for him. He would… lay everything down for him.

On the day of their marriage, when Voldemort promised the world and removed the brand and vows of servitude, Harry felt something then.

His knees were weak when he was kissed and all he could do was say yes.

Nagini began asking for babies.

"All in due time," Lord Voldemort said.

Harry felt blush on his cheeks and his heart skipped a beat.

*Because some things are meant to be.*

Behind closed doors, Harry engaged in a polyamorous relationship with his husband and his horcruxes. Harry had a big enough heart for all of them.

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All was good until the boy became the Master of Death.

*But that’s another story to tell.*

Chapter End Notes

:D Would love some honest feedback <3

End Notes

I just updated the tags to be more accurate considering the direction the story is headed. Thanks for all the feedback so far. <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!