To end the war, Harry agrees to marry Voldemort, taking Hermione with him to live in the Dark Lord's castle. But Hermione's soon screwing Snape, and why is Voldemort burning things in his favourite tearoom? Somewhat of a silly, crack!fic
Chapter 1

“No. Fuck you. Fuck all of you. I’m not doing it.” Harry sat back in his seat, dragging a hand through his rumpled hair, wondering whose idea this insane, foolproof ‘plan-to-beat-the-dark-lord’ was. “Come on, this is classic Fred and George! Where are they hiding anyway? Under the table, or something?”

The rest of the Order of the Phoenix shifted uncomfortably in their seats, looking at each other nervously. It was never a good sign when their saviour started to blame things on the twins.

“Harry, this is not a joke, no matter how it may seem. This is a valid proposal, from all that we can tell. If you do this, we will have a genuine peace treaty.” Dumbledore paused, eyes meeting Harry’s. “Don’t you want to go outside again, Harry? Don’t you want to be just a normal boy?”

“Oh right, ‘cause this would make me normal, wouldn’t it?” Harry shook his head in disgust. “Would it fuck. Yeah, I want to go outside, but I’m seventeen. I can deal with not getting what I want. What I don’t want is to marry fucking snake-face! Whose fucking mental idea was this then?”

“Harry, my boy, I can’t just tell you-” Dumbledore began, only to be interrupted by Snape, sitting in the corner.

“I passed on the contract from the Dark Lord himself.” The greasy git hissed. “A contract that I would strongly suggest you take. Have you even read it yet?”

“He sent something to read? Great. Cause all I got was Twinkletoes here telling me it would be for the ‘greater good’ to marry Voldyshorts. Rest of you read it? Know about it?” Harry glared at each Order member in turn, rolling his eyes when the first eight ducked their heads guiltily. “Oh Harry, we’re so glad to have you in the Order!” He mimicked the voice of Nymphadora Tonks as he stared, her hair turning dark red showing her embarrassment. “It’ll be so good not to have to keep secrets from you, Harry!” He pasted a simpering smile onto his face as he spoke. “Fucking hypocrites.”

“Harry, we thought that you had read it, I mean-” Remus Lupin, stepping in to save the day and failing, yet again.

“Liar, liar, pants on fire.” Harry sung, smile still plastered on.
“Harry, stop that right now!” Hermione’s voice, and a sharp elbow, came from his left. “Behave like an adult, please, and consider this rationally.” She turned away from him as he huffed in agreement, steely glare landing on the Headmaster. “Professor Dumbledore, you know that you should have given the full proposal to Harry, seeing as it is his life, and his decision, but he is willing to forgive that-”

“Forgive it fuck,” Harry muttered insolently, groaning as the elbow hit his side again.

“He is willing to forgive that,” Hermione continued. “If you give him the full proposal now. A proposal that Professor Snape will be reading over again to make sure that it is the full proposal.”

With a sigh, the Headmaster produced a roll of parchment from his sleeve, passing it over to Hermione, who handed it to Harry without looking at it.

“Thank you, Headmaster. Now, Harry, Professor Snape and I will be in the library. We will return to the meeting when Harry has considered the proposal.” Hermione’s hand under his elbow pulled Harry to his feet, and a sharp glare and raised eyebrow convinced Snape to follow.

Harry sat where Hermione had placed him, on the loveseat in the library, Hermione tucked in next to him, as she had done since Ron’s death. Snape stood awkwardly in the doorway.

“For God’s sake, Professor, close that damn door and put up some privacy charms, will you?” Hermione snapped, gesturing to him to sit in a chair once he’d finished. “Go on, Harry, have a read, then we’ll talk it over afterwards.

Harry obeyed, unrolling the parchment easily.

**MARRIAGE CONTRACT**

*I, Lord Voldemort, also known as Tom Marvolo Riddle, hereby state my intention to marry and to bond with Harry James Potter. If this contract is enacted, I shall give my promise;*

1. To cease all hostile and violent actions performed by myself, and by my forces against the Wizarding and Muggle worlds.*
2. To protect, with all of my being, said bride.

3. To ensure that said bride comes to no harm whilst within my jurisdiction.

4. To teach, and to train said bride to the best of my abilities in any and all subjects that should interest him, or to provide tutors for any subjects in which I cannot teach.

5. To allow one friend of said bride to reside within my jurisdiction and to have prolonged contact with said bride.

If this contract is enacted, I shall expect;

1. The cessation of all hostile and violent actions performed against myself, and my forces by the Order of the Phoenix and the Ministry of Magic.

2. The right to deal with those who have broken the laws of my jurisdiction within my jurisdiction, however is seen fit by our courts of law.

3. Said bride to reside within my jurisdiction, and to share a bedchamber with myself.

4. Said bride to refrain from any destructive action against myself, my forces, and himself.

If any conditions of this contract are broken, all terms of this contract is to be considered null and void excepting those specifically regarding said bride.

“You weren’t always such a harpy.” Snape’s voice observed from across the room.

“My fiancé wasn’t always dead.” Hermione’s stone cold rejoinder. Pause. “What will you do, if Harry accepts? Where will you go?”

“I will go to my Lord. And yourself?”
“I will go with Harry, if he wants me.” Harry cleared his throat then, looking up, pretending that he hadn’t heard their conversation.

“So, it’s a case of my happiness for everyone else’s survival?” He asked Snape pointedly, surprised when the older man shook his head.

“The Dark Lord wishes for you to be happy. He believes that you will grow to be happy with him.”

“And if he is wrong?”

“Then, yes. Your happiness for the survival of the rest of the world. Is it really such a bad deal?”

“It is for me.”

“Let me read it, Harry?” Hermione asked, nudging his shoulder with her head. “We can talk our way through it. I’m sure Voldemort will negotiate if there are things that you don’t like, or desperately want, isn’t that right, Professor?”

“I’m not your damn Professor, Granger!” Snape spat angrily. “Hogwarts is dead, girl. It’s been dead ever since that damn mutt died!” He paused, voice uncertain. “I’m sorry, Potter, that was uncalled for. There is room for negotiation.”

“Thank you, Professor.” Hermione smiled softly. “Hogwarts isn’t dead, sir, it’s just hibernating. Once this war is over, it will be back. It hasn’t been that long, not really. Only two years.”

“Two years of war is long enough.” Harry interjected, voice hollow. “If I accept this as it is, how long will it be until the wedding?”

“Three days, with an end to hostilities beginning as soon as you sign the bottom of the contract. The bonding to be held that night.”

“Harry! You need to think about this!” Hermione demanded. “This is your life, you can’t base it on a spur-of-the-moment decision!”
“Hermione, how many Order Members are out in the field right now? How many people that we know?” Harry asked slowly. “Forty three are in that meeting room right now. If I sign this now, that’s forty three people who get to go home. Forty three people who get to live the rest of their lives. I’d be a fool to keep this war going. I know that we’re not winning. We’re not losing either, but in a war like this, a draw will end with all of us dead.” His eyes met hers, a wry smile on his face. “Got a quill, Hermione?”
"That's a dress." Harry stated flatly. "I'm not wearing a fucking dress, Hermione."

"But Harry, this is the traditional, ceremonial garb of contract brides! You have to wear it!" Harry twitched at the painful screech.

"Just run it by me one more time why the fuck I'm the woman in this? Why can't fucking Mouldy-Shorts wear the fucking dress?"

"Because, Harry, the groom is the most powerful wizard!"

"I'm powerful!" Harry sulked. "Why not just have two grooms?"

"Because the groom position also signifies who takes whose name!" Hermione frowned as she sat next to Harry again. "Harry, we've already been through this. You're going to be Harry James Riddle by the end of today, and you're going to wear that goddamn dress, capeesh?"

"Eh, I think you might have just watched too many mobster films." Harry joked.

"Put. That. Dress. On. NOW!" Hermione directed. Harry was sure that had she been standing, she would have stamped her foot.

"Er, no, Hermione, I don't." He sighed, sitting down on the bed behind him. "Look, Voldemort knows that I'm not a traditional bride. In fact, I'm pretty sure that that's the only reason this is gonna work. I mean, how many contract grooms look like their mum screwed a snake?" He lay back on the bed. "Come on, I'll just go in my 'sexy leather armour', it'll be great!"

"Aw, no, Harry. Not the leather!" Hermione groaned. "Why the hell Ginny had to tell you that I really don't know!"

"Just because I'm gay, girls can't tell me I'm pretty?" Harry rolled over, batting his eyelashes at his best friend.
"Ha! That's all you think it is, Potter?" Hermione snorted. "Sweet, little innocent Ginny wanted to be Mrs Potter!"

"Ew, Hermione, that's so gross!" Harry wrinkled his nose in distaste. "Yuck, girls!"

"Harry, you sound like a four year old with cooties."

"Yeah, a four year old whose getting married." Harry sighed heavily. "Fuck. I'm getting married today!" He looked at the dress once more and grimaced. "Go on, go put on your Maid-Of-Honour gear. I'll wear the fucking dress."

Minister for Magic Rufus Scrimgeour walked Harry down the aisle, as the highest ranked and most powerful of the light side. Well, theoretically, at least.

Hermione grimaced and shook her head at the sight of Harry in his leather body armour. Some things would never work, no matter how much effort she put into them.

Standing at the altar was Snakeguts himself. Harry made an effort to twist his face into his most intimidating sneer, steeling himself as Scrimgeour placed his hand into Voldemort’s scaly grip. Oddly, he wasn’t as slimy as he first looked, much like real snakes, Harry realised.

“Potter, are you alright?” Voldemort lent forwards so that only Harry could hear what was being said. “You look as if you’re terribly constipated.”

“Fuck you, Snakeshit.” Harry grumbled. “That was intimidating.”

“Ah, yes, of course. Consider me intimidated.”

“Good.” Harry paused, looking his groom up and down carefully. “You should know, you’re not getting laid unless you’re human. I’m not Aberforth Dumbledore, I don’t like animals the same way
“Glad to know you don’t screw Muggles, Potter.” Voldemort nodded serenely. “Because if you have, you’re not getting laid until we Scourgify your equipment, and your arse.”

As the elderly wizard started the ceremony, the official photographer caught several stunning shots of Harry’s horror and pain within the twenty minutes following said comment. Of course, The Daily Prophet would report that the expression had been their saviour’s distaste at marrying the darkest of Dark Lords, although the comparison to the expression seen in the damning photographs of Aberforth Dumbledore with his ‘prize’ goat did cause said saviour to repeat the arrangement of his facial features once more.

“You were supposed to be wearing a dress.” Voldemort mumbled, as the room sung a chorus of ‘God Save The Bride’, to the tune of ‘God Save The Queen’.

“You were supposed to be a beautiful prince ready to sweep me off my feet.” Harry replied, sarcasm evident in his harsh tone. “But fuck life ever going right for me!”

“The leather is quite sexy.” Voldemort mused.

Harry’s horrified expression remained until well after their first kiss, up to the best man’s speech, in fact.

“In the early days of marriage, a best man was called a best man as he helped to kidnap the bride before the wedding. While I have not, in fact, kidnapped the bride, I have tried to poison him on more than one occasion. Here’s to my succeeding!”

“To success!” Offered the rest of the crowd, chinking glasses of strong rum.

“Why the hell would you have Snape as your best man, knowing that he hates your husband?” Harry asked during the first dance.

“Technically, you’re my wife, Mr Riddle.” Harry scowled at the reminder of his newly married status, accidentally-on-purpose grinding his heel into the front of Voldemort’s foot.
“Oops.” Harry smirked unrepentantly at the grimace on his husband’s face.

“Brat.” Voldemort returned, and Harry was once more forced back into his unnerved state at the fondness in the elder - man? beast? snake/human hybrid? - snake/human hybrid’s tone.

On the other side of the dance floor, the maid of honour and best man danced smoothly together.

“You’d know, I suppose, that it’s a Muggle tradition for the best man to seduce the maid of honour?” Severus observed as he spun Hermione in his arms.

“Head bridesmaid, actually.” Hermione corrected, nimbly following the intricate series of steps that he’d initiated. “Which would be Ginny Weasley here - feel free to make the attempt, Professor.”

“Unfortunately, my - ah duties as best man also include showing the friend who is to accompany Pot- Rid- Harry to their quarters in my Lord’s castle.” Severus smirked down at her from the promenade position. “Which would be…”

“Myself, of course. It wouldn’t do for you to abandon your duties in favour of seducing nubile young women, would it?”

“No, I daresay that I couldn’t abandon my duties, Miss Granger.” They advanced a few steps, before retreating into another turn. “Speaking of duties, the supply of Polyjuice potion that I had been brewing for my Lord is no longer needed. I don’t suppose that you would have any suggestions as to what to do with it?”

“Well, there’s always the possibility of investigating the veracity of the claims of the last journal article by Professor Jirshiem - you remember, Professor? That Polyjuice can be used with any hairs, even those taken from the deceased.”

“Why yes, I do remember that Miss Granger. Perhaps you would care to involve yourself in my experiments? I am sure that we could come to a… mutually beneficial arrangement.”
“Uh, hey, speaking of Snape, where’s he gone? I’m sure he was dancing with Hermione a minute ago…?” Harry scanned the room suspiciously. “You haven’t done anything to her, have you?”

Voldemort snorted and sneered in one fluid motion.

“As if I would.” He paused as if in thought. “Although I wouldn’t put it past Severus to do something. We should take our portkey to my castle, just in case.”

Harry nodded, absently taking hold of the teacup that his husband held out to him, stumbling into the snakeface as they landed in an opulent bedroom.

“Granger’s room is just across the hall,” Voldemort offered, sweeping out of the room, not noticing Harry’s speculative gaze which rested on the silken bedspread. He’d planned to conjure a bed in the corner to get around the requirements of the contract, but silk sheets? It was going to be a difficult decision.

Harry hurried out of the room, only to see the snake-man stood stock still in a doorway.

“Oh god, what is it? He’s killed her, hasn’t he? There’s blood everywhere, right?” Harry made to push past, but was stopped by the palest face he’d ever seen on a Dark Lord.

“Harry, I wouldn’t if I were you, this isn’t something that you need to see.” He began shepherding Harry away, but Harry ducked around him, proving to be as nimble on his feet as he was renowned for on a broom.

“I have to see this, she was my best fri- Oh dear MERLIN!” Harry screamed as he turned to look into the room.

“Oh-oh, ah, Harry!” Lily Potter moaned from the bed.

“Go… fuck… your… self… Potter!” Ron called from on top of her. One of them, Harry couldn’t work out which, waved a hand and the door slammed shut in his face.
“Was that-?” Harry gaped. “That can’t have been Ron? And my Mum? Aw, shit! I think I’m gonna be sick.”

“Me too.” Voldemort agreed sombrely. “I’m confiscating Severus’s Polyjuice.”
They didn’t do the bonding ritual that night, both being too distracted by the horrific scene they had witnessed, deciding to wait for the bile to recede.

“You know, we need to have sex for the bonding.” Harry said conversationally from the bed - the silken sheets had proven to be irresistible.

“Oh no, did we really? When the books said that the husband must insert his snake into the wife’s chamber of secrets, I thought it meant that I should breed another basilisk for Hogwarts.”

“There’s no need for sarcasm.” Harry sniffed haughtily.

“There’s no need for you to state the obvious.”

“I’m not screwing a monster!”

“I thought you had recognised the sarcasm when I mentioned the basilisk.”

“Oh darling husband of mine, take a look in the mirror - if I screw you I’ll be traumatized.”

“That’s not what Little Harry said when he was snuggled up close to me this morning.”

“If ‘Little Harry’ was snuggled up to you, you’d know that he’s anything but little.” Harry smirked triumphantly at the leer his husband was giving him - wait, he hadn’t meant for that to happen, had he?

Voldemort stalked over to the bed, taking Harry’s wrists in his hands, and pinning them to the bed above Harry’s head. His lips descended, and Harry could barely think, until he bucked upwards, and his eyes opened, and -

“I think I’m gonna be sick!”
By the time that Harry had pulled his head up from the side of the bed, Voldemort didn’t really look like he was in ‘the mood’ anymore.

“I need a drink.” Voldemort sighed, pulling himself up from the press up position. “Look, Potter, I performed the ritual that will transform me back into a human, it just requires me to completely deplete my magical core first, which is very difficult for me as I have a lot of excess power. Duel with me, tomorrow, and we'll see how much I can get rid of.”

“Where are you going?” Harry asked curiously. Voldemort had been his only company for the few days that he’d been at the castle, as currently the only other residents of the castle had been caught shagging – whilst polyjuiced into his dead mother and best friend. Not an image that Harry wanted to remember.

“I'm going to the tea room on the next floor down, I need some time to reconcile myself to the fact that my wife is sick when he sees me.”

“Voldemort, I- I'm sorry. If it helps, I don't think it was all you... I mean, I wasn't feeling well this morning either and I've been really tired as well, and-”

“You weren't feeling well and you let me kiss you? If I get diseased now, Potter, you're the one who gets to look after me seeing as it'll be all your fault!”

“Mmmkay,” Harry mumbled, relaxing back into the silk sheets. “I'ma take a nap then...”

- HBP – HBP – HBP – HBP – HBP -

“Harry! Harry! Wake up! We need to go burn the furniture!” Voldemort shook the teen awake roughly.

“Whuzzup?” He grumbled, still half asleep. “Where's the fire?”

“There's no fire yet, silly, we're going to make the fire!”
“Why do we need fire again?”

“Your friend has corrupted Severus. They were in my tea room. My beautiful tea room, and now we need to burn it all, it’s ruined! All ruined!”

“You have a tea room?” Harry frowned in confusion.

“Of course – where else would I drink tea?”

“Aaand why does the tea room need to be burnt?”

“There are bodily fluids. On. Every. Surface.”

“Awww, fuck. You didn't get all of the Polyjuice?”

“They used glamours. I’ve confiscated their wands.”

“D'ya think we should burn those too?”

“Maybe later. Come on, we're going to burn!”

- HBP – HBP – HBP – HBP – HBP -

Three hours later Harry retired, alone to the bed in their shared room; the silken sheets having made it his favourite place in the manor. Voldemort had shown him fiendfyre whilst they were burning the furnishings in the tea room, and Harry was still shaking in shock that the bast- his husband had had the tongue of his fiendfyre snake trace his neck. He was even more shook up by the fact that not only had it not hurt, it had actually felt quite... nice. If you substituted erotic for nice, that is.

Ironically, the one time that Harry thought he might have been able to stomach kissing the snake-man, he’d left to perform his ritual to change him back into a man. Harry smiled sappily at the canopy covering their bed, it wouldn't be long before he’d be with his husband, and, if Harry's memory served him correctly, Tom Riddle cut quite the figure. Harry had, once or twice (or every night for
three months), had very... interesting dreams about what young Tom might do to him in the Chamber of Secrets. Harry snickered at the thought... Perhaps he could convince Voldemort that they really needed to pop into Hogwarts...

He awoke an unknown time later, to snores and a heavy weight on his chest. Peering downwards Harry could just about make out a head of dark hair. He'd had a particularly delightful dream involving that head of hair perched between his legs using his wicked tongue down in the Chamber of Secrets. Harry smiled lecherously, lazily reaching out with the arm his husband hadn't pinned down for his glasses. Harry wriggled slightly to his left, if he could just get another inch or two further then he'd be able to finally see that gorgeous face...

“You're moving.” Grumbled the dark head of hair on his chest. “S'too early. Stop moving.”

Tom shifted on top of him, obviously intent on finding a more comfortable position, and Harry froze as Tom's upper thigh rubbed deliciously against a rather awake portion of Harry's own anatomy. Harry hissed in pleasure, pressing himself further into Tom, and was rewarded by a much more deliberate rubbing by Tom's pale fingers.

“Mmm, you like me like this,” Tom mumbled, his head having yet to move from Harry's chest. His nimble fingers slid up and under Harry's boxer shorts, and Harry let out a choked gasp as the soft, uncalloused fingers wrapped around him, thumb playing over his head.

“I like you doing this,” Harry retorted snappily, the effect somewhat lessened by the groan that punctuated his words. “Merlin, Tom, harder,”

Tom chuckled, a deep, rich, mellefluous sound that, if possible, aroused Harry even further. He moaned aloud once more as Tom did something – Harry wasn't quite sure what – that completely obliterated all of his higher thought processes.

“Again!” He managed to gasp out, grateful when his husband complied. “Fuck!”

Harry began to pant furiously, arching his back up as far as he could. Tom chuckled and a tongue began to trace its way across his chest.

“Tom – fuck, I'm close, Tom, so- so close!” He let out a high pitched whine as Tom's strokes slowed right down. “Please, Tom, pl.”
Tom was upright, blanket artfully covering his nether regions and wand in a defensive position before the door to their bedroom hit the wall. Harry, on the other hand, was red faced, still panting with his boxers somewhere near his knees. On reflection, he wasn't entirely sure when his boxers had migrated, but the chilly air wasn't doing anything for his already flagging erection.

“You! You bloody snakey prick, I want my wand back!” Harry’s head dropped back to the pillow with an audible thump as he watched his best friend stomp into the room, bushy hair appearing to move at an entirely different pace to her head. If he knew Hermione, she was going to rant, and it wasn't going to be short. Or pretty. Really, he shouldn't be thinking about ways to cut the length of her rant down so that he and Tom could get back to more pleasurable things...

“So you can ruin another of my favourite rooms with your debauchery?” Tom made a disgusted face. “I think not. You and Severus will just have to learn to do your business in your rooms, just like the rest of us do.”

“Well you obviously haven’t taken care of Harry the way you should, I think you need me and Severus to give you a demonstration.” Hermione snarked right back.

“I think you’ll find that I had the Potter situation well in hand before you entered.” Harry could already hear the superior smirk in Tom's voice.

“If you’d done it right, Harry wouldn't be so clean, he'd be covered in-”

“HERMIONE!” Harry shouted out, jerking upright. “Can you please not... you know? Please?”

“You know what husband of mine?” Tom spat out, spinning around to face Harry, who shook his head in disbelief and reached out for his glasses. “We are married, there should be no secrets between us!”

“Oh shut the hell up the pair of you and give me mine and Severus’ wands. I do have things to do today.”

“The only thing you've got to do today is Snape!” Tom whirled back to face Hermione before Harry could get his glasses on to take a look at his non-reptillian face.

“And I'll do him better than you're doing Harry!”
“Piss off you harpy and take your bloody wands with you!” Tom snapped, pulling the two sticks from a bedside table and throwing them at Hermione.

“I'll gladly piss off you bloody arsehole.” Hermione glared at Tom, before rolling her eyes at Harry. “Harry, dear, put your cock away for Pete's sake, you'll catch a cold.” And with that, the brightest witch of her age flounced away, no doubt for another liason with the greasiest haired wizard of all time.

Tom turned to Harry, who had only a moment to gaze on the beauty that was his husband's face; porcelain skin pulled taut across distinguished high cheekbones tinged with red, full, pink lips and deep brown eyes. And then it all twisted into an expression somewhere between a scowl and a pout.

“Who the hell is Pete, and why does he care about your cock?”

Harry sighed, pulling his boxers back up. This was going to be a long day.

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