Grace Potter and the Great Mistake

by RonChee

Summary

Grace Potter, the Girl-Who-Lived was naturally gifted at compulsion spells, but using them may become her greatest mistake to date as Voldemort takes a rather different if still sinister approach to dealing with her.

Notes

Another chapter is coming up right after this- only got two written but the next is a lemon. I'd say it's a complete as a two-shot but I think it's got more in it.
Grace Potter frantically thought over just how to escape the graveyard, foggy headed from the stunning spell and the sheer exhaustion she felt.

She had gotten lucky a time or two, or had help the other times, now she was alone completely and it was up to her to save her... Then again, that’s how it was always at the end.

She doubted she’d be able to get lucky this time tied to an angel statue as she was, her wand taken and feeling like she’d gone head to head with a hippogriff.

Thinking about it, she decided if there was an opportunity she’d use it. She had one power she’d kept hidden, it wasn’t all that useful anyway and people would surely freak out over it worse than second year when they discovered her ability to speak to snakes. As far as she could tell was the wandless equivalent to a confundus charm, one that came to existence as she’d wished desperately for her relatives to leave her alone when she finally realized that no, they wouldn’t come to see how useful she was being and start to love her.

It was far weaker and getting someone to do something they were against, and getting the Dursleys to treat her like a decent human being was beyond it’s power. Fortunately it could enhance what was already there, their desire not have to deal with her freakishness saw them leave her mostly alone. It’d backfired in the Summer before second year a bit as they’d locked her up after the cake incident which even her magic couldn’t push them to ignore, but worked just fine once she was locked away in ‘her’ room.

Still, despite it’s draw backs she wondered if there would be a chance to use it here, somehow, someway.

She saw the rat bastard Wormtail gently lower the, excuse her Dursley-ism, freak of a dark lord in it’s baby like body into the bubbling cauldron and couldn’t help but wish it’d drown.

Summoning something into his hand, Peter shouted “Bone of the Father unknowingly taken, you shall revive your Son!” He shouted and tossed in a handful of powdered bone, the potion turning an acidic green. Revive? No! She had to do something to screw it up.

Paying close attention she saw to her shock Peter drawing a knife nearly as long as his forearm out of seemingly no where setting it against his wrist and the edge of the cauldron, and as he talk figured it out casting her single wandless spell in a bout of vindictiveness.

“F-Flesh of the Servant, you will revive your Master!” At the last moment Peter wondered why he was cutting off his hand, he needed that. Shaking it off he pulled out from his robes things he used far less often, things that had never been appreciated by another and with a wimper and not daring to look cut through them with his knife.

Unnaturally strong the knife cut through them like butter and Peter was left desperately clutching his crotch with a hand whimpering. Why had he done that? Sure, his thoughts had all been true but, why!

“Couldn’t you just have used a pinky finger? It would have been bigger and more impressive!”Grace couldn’t help taunting the man even through her revulsion of what she’d done justified though
it may be, and felt satisfied as he glared.

Less so when he began stalking towards her with the knife.

Crap! What to do? Having used it once before on him with success she was tempted to try again but she hardly knew what he was planning and how much he wanted to do it, though she had a good idea.

Peter stumbled a bit, wincing as he’d thought of hurting the daughter of his friend worse for taunting him. In the end he restrained himself to a small nick on her already marred forehead.

Hand still clutched to his bleeding crotch he yelled “Blood of the enemy forcefully taken, you shall revive your foe!” and flicked his knife, drops of the girl’s blood flying into the cauldron which began bubbling immensely the concoction evaporating as a man slowly stood.

Grace’s scar felt like it was about to explode, and her stomach dropped, it hadn’t worked, none of it had worked. He was back.

She blinked as the smoke cleared revealing the Dark Lord who looked like a twenty year old Tom Riddle, long dark hair and a hint of boyish charm and a fit if thin physique. She couldn’t help the blush that bloomed on her face as he was just as nude as the day he’d been born.

“My wand and robe.” He said curtly, a look of fury on his face even as he got dressed himself rather than risk the Worm touching him with blood from there.

“You arm Worm.”

He whimpered as he realized the arm the Dark Lord wanted, and quickly switched hands grasping himself touching the dark mark upon his arm with the barest of wand tips. Peter screamed in agony.

“I suppose you did revive me.... Incendio!” Wormtail yelped as his hand was burned forcing him to move it away from himself in pain- then screamed in utter agony as his wound was cauterized.

“T-t-thank you, M-Master.”

“Think nothing of it, ever again. Don’t bring it up, don’t discuss it, or you will suffer.”

“Y-Yes Master!”

He drifted off into thought pondering aloud how many would come, then the pops started. Soon he was surrounded by his faithful... Or was he?

“Over a decade... Over a decade and not one of you made the barest attempt to find me... I am displeased.”

Grace snorted.

“Ah, and speaking of suffering, may I introduce you all to Grace Potter, my supposed downfall? I wonder...” He walked over even as the pain in her scar growing worse and worse. Then he reached down and pressed a finger on it and it felt like she was the one on fire screaming and struggling to get away from it.

He withdrew with a smirk.
“Yes, as I thought, any protection from your Mudblood Mother is long gone...”

“D-don’t talk about my Mother, bastard!”

He laughed at her, “Defiant even at your darkest hour. I think I like that, and will enjoy utterly destroying that defiance, breaking you and reshaping you to my whims...” He paused, briefly confused before shrugging it off as unimportant.

Grace swallowed, she... she made a mistake didn’t she? A swift death was looking mighty nice right now.

“Forgive us my Lord! But you’ve returned! That’s all that matters right? .” a Death Eater said finally, even as Voldemort looked off into the distance as if pondering some great mystery even as he crucioed the man who dared think all was forgiven.

“Ah, yes, that would be due to our ally Wormtail here. He’s not the strongest, or the brightest, or even the most loyal...” The Dark Lord said with a glare at the creature before allowing his features to blanken..

“It is of no matter, after all, unlike the rest of you he found me, revived me... The loyalty he’s shown me is more than can be said about the rest of you. Some have the excuse of Azkaban, you have none.”

“Please forgive us master!” A death eater yelled throwing himself on the ground before him.

“Crucio!” The man withered and screamed having held off a bare couple seconds, the spell suddenly broken as the Dark Lord looked down in confusion, having again felt something different in this body... Something not unpleasant, something he had regretted ritually sacrificing...

His retrospection was brought to an end as he heard the pathetic mewing from his servant.

“The plan, gentleman, and I use that term loosely in the case of some-” A glance at the still whimpering figures laying before him and he carried on, “-is simple. You are, if you wish to even begin to make up for the years you spent not searching me out is to do nothing. Dumbledore will know, but that does not mean the Ministry will. No attacks, not even politically. Breathe not a word of my revival, drop not a hint of my continued existence. You are to train up to your former and even greater strengths to serve me better as if this is what the cause has to work with it is better off without you. Additionally, The-Girl-Who-Lived is mine, none shall so much as look at her without my permit and if asked you know nothing about her, understood?”

Grace Potter looked oddly satisfied with that, and he looked within and felt the magic at work, helping with it that the idea wasn’t abhorrent. More... there as something familiar about her magic...

“But the filthy blood-traitor- Ahhh!”’ The crucio hit the man sending him immediately screaming.

“I did not give you permission to question my orders, I asked if it was understood, it is I trust?”

“Yes Master! Please, I’m sorry!”

He ignored the apology, not feeling all too forgiving.
“Wormtail, go with another for healing, I shall make due on my own for a time. You will be all be called when I am ready to act. Her wand first, hm, a good match... It shall be a satisfactory spare.... Until next time, you are dismissed.”

The one’s crucioed were the first gone, unsurprisingly. They made good examples of just how furious he was with the lot of them.

“Nagini, come.” He said in parseltongue, and with a point the snake was climbing up the wizard ending draped across his shoulders, a pleasant reassuring weight letting him no he was no longer a spirit.

Banishing the Tri-Wizard Cup at the spare champion’s corpse they vanished in a swirl, even as he turned his attention on the girl that had cost him time and time again.

A wave of his wand and the binds were vanished. The girl took her chance running as fast as she could and he suddenly had an unnatural feeling to let her go, to allow her the chance to grow stronger so he could show his prowess at her defeat...

“Crucio.” She stumbled and fell, taking a good few seconds before the pain grew too much and she screamed in agony. He held it only a few seconds longer as he stalked towards the girl, finally flicking his wand up releasing the connection.

“A fairly good attempt, but not good enough to work on any occlumencer of any decent skill.” He admitted, “I assume I have you to... thank for Wormtail’s improvisation? I shall have to do my utmost to repay you for that, oh yes...” He absolutely reveled in the look of terror on Grace Potter’s face, and as ‘his’ snake awakened for the first time in half a century. He knew then that though he had been revived the accursed girl had won a minor victory even in defeat.

Somehow though, he found himself not caring as he finished stalking towards the girl who struggled desperately to crawl away, grabbing the back of her robes, and twisting in place apparating away.

Snape appeared in the graveyard whirling about but found no one and nothing. His stomach sunk. Damn Dumbledore. Yes, we should make the Dark Lord wait, it’ll be fine! Damn him! Both Dumbledore and Voldemort and himself! Grace Potter is assuredly dead and his cover just as likely is broken beyond repair! The last bit of Lily in this world gone... It was just too much, he fell to his knees in despair.

He considered his wand grimly before tossing it away, he was a potioneer first and foremost. Breaking one of his molars the liquid was released from it and he died painlessly in seconds.
Grace ended up on a heap on a dusty wooden floor, her scar throbbing in agony even as the aftershocks of the cruciatus curse had her twitching painfully, hurting from her bones to her skin.

“Stand up.” The Dark Lord ordered, then considering hissed “Nagini, you may go.”

Grace considered disobeying even as the much too big snake slithered away to her relief, but her body was still awash in pain and didn’t relish the thought of more.

He seemed almost disappointment as she shakily got to her feet which meant she’d made the right choice even as he lowered his wand sitting on an ornate and freshly cleaned velvet and gold plated chair.

“Strip for me.”

Her eyes widened, he couldn’t be serious could he?

“Crucio.”

She screamed, her resistance to the curse vanishing as it was cast again seeming worse than before.

“Get up and strip.” He ordered again even as he noticed the bastard summon a bottle of wine and conjure a glass pouring himself a drink.

She reluctantly struggled to her feet the second time wishing she were anywhere but here. Why couldn’t he have just dueled her? Sure she would have died but it’d have been less painful, and she’d be with her parents.

Could, could she kill herself? She’d thought about it a time or two at the Dursleys but couldn’t bring herself to. She’d considered it again when most of the school turned on her in second year and yet again in forth year as even her best friends Ron and Hermione abandoned her to handle being an unwilling participant in the Tri-Wizard tournament and like then she could just imagine how much her parents would be disappointed in her throwing away the life they’d died to save.

She looked away in shame, both from what she’d been considering and at what she had to do, anything to survive.

No need to rush whatever horrors Voldemort intended though. She reluctantly pulled her robe over her head, revealing her school dress shirt, skirt, vermin’s old socks and tattered shoes feeling oddly embarrassed by them.

As they were the most revolting things they were wearing and she didn’t care if the creep could see her feet she took off her shoes, carefully untleying them and pulling them off one at a time, before doing the same to her socks stuffing them in the shoes just in case she got a chance to get away she hardly wanted itchy dusty socks. She bit back a laugh, she was forced to strip by a Dark Lord and worried about a little dust in the unlikely chance she’d find a way to escape.

Her dress blouse was next, slowly unbuttoned, even as she wished she had kept her damned tie despite Gryffindors mass betrayal of her if only to slow down the process even more. The shirt was dropped on top of the shoes, and joining it was the skirt. Thankfully even her relatives didn’t force her to wear Dudley’s used underthings, even if they only gave her the cheapest and plainest panties and bras they could find.
“Crucio.” It was only an instant but she found herself screaming on the floor again, her throat feeling nearly as bad as the rest of her.

“Up and finish, I do not wish any further delays, you have thirty seconds.” The man said taking a sip of wine relishing in the flavor, his eyes looking over her body with relish that sent a shiver disgust down her spine not moved by her glare in the least.

She took off her damned bra revealing her tiny a-cup breasts, before yanking down her damned panties nearly falling as she twitched again in the painful crucio aftershocks.

Grace desperately wanted to cover up but knew that he’d take any excuse to hurt her further, the psycho. Besides, he’d see her body then be revolted surely? She was very close to anorexic from a near lifetime of near starvation, with scars dotted about from punishments and dog bites, snake fangs and being thrown about.

He didn’t look away looking her up and down and she shuddered but still didn’t cover herself.

“Slowly turn.” She swallowed her revulsion and did as he asked revealing her worst scars, those on her back from switches and belts before she’d discovered her power over compulsion and a couple even after.

She did a full three revolutions before she dared look again at his face sure it’d be one of revulsion. It was.

“Who gave you those scars?”

“You gave me this one, don’t you remember?”

“Crucio.” She fell screaming for the forth time that night.

“Much more of this and you’ll be useless you realize? You are already toeing the line, another few seconds and your body will be too feeble to do what I wish, then... Well, I suppose Wormtail has earned a reward....”

She felt sick, she could be crippled by this? Wormtail?

“Now, get up, and tell me who gave you those scars on your back.”

She hated talking about them but... What’s the worst that could happen? Surely nothing worse to her than he’d already do anyway! Even if he didn’t believe her like her teachers and the policeman, so what? Besides, he was more likely to leave her relatives alone knowing how they treated his enemy, not that she wanted to care but it wasn’t as if they’d been given a choice of raising her.

“I asked you a question. Make me ask a third time and you will not like the results.”

“M-My Uncle mostly.” Grace said grimacing as her voice shook, from the pain surely, not from talking about this she told herself.

“I was not aware James Potter had a Brother.” He said slowly, his eyes alight with fury at she expected her.

“N-no, not- He married m-my Aunt, my M-Mother’s Sister.”

“Another Mudblood?” The flash of anger left quickly with another bout of shaking pain.

“A- N-no, she’s a M-Muggle.”
Her scar felt like it was bursting open with that, she felt his anger, overwhelming anger and hate. She wanted to rip, tear, to torture and kill until she realized they weren’t her emotions, and weren’t directed at her either to her confusion.

“What more did they do to you... You are a virgin are you not?”

“N-no! I m-mean yes I’m a v-irgin. I, they didn’t do anything l-like th-that and I h-haven’t.” She said firmly disgusted with the thought of her relatives in that context.

He looked on expecting more and she was forced while naked to tell the former man everything “- and... they d-didn’t feed me much.”

“And yet you oppose me, you foolish girl...”

“Y-You murdered m-my parents!”

“Cru- No, you shall not get off so easily.” The non verbal angry red hex hit her cheek and she felt an intense stinging pain that hurt but not so badly as the crucio.

“You do not shout at me, understood Girl?”

“Y-yes.”

The stinging pain hit her cheek again in the same place unerringly, she was too tired, too pained to even think about dodging. It hurt worse but still was nothing in comparrison but she found herself cowed confused wondering what she had done.

“I’ve tolerated your disrespect long enough. Yes what?”

She felt like she was going to be sick anew as she got her answer. “Y-Yes M-Master.” She spat it out.

“I shall forgive the tone this once so long as you remember the next time. I simply can not understand you. If any were to be so utterly foolish as to abuse me they would die, of course, but if for some comprehensible reason I could not do such myself I would jump at the mere chance of ridding myself of them... Yet you oppose my cause against the Muggle cretins that so routinely attack those with the gift for you are most certainly not the only one to suffer their hand... You girl are a fool.”

She felt her blood boiling even as she wondered over the things he said, she wasn’t the only one?

“You did not even think of the others, did you, little hero?” He tsked sadly.

Her hands were in fists, nails cutting into her palms and she controlled her anger finding it harder by the moment.

“I expect an answer when I ask a question...” He raised his wand in threat.

“N-no M-master, I- I didn’t, but that doesn’t mean you s-should kill all muggles, you’re just as bad as them! Worse!” They didn’t force her sexually or she would have poisoned them or maybe herself, giving her access to their food then treating her badly was a recipe for disaster.

He laughed, “Yes, because allowing them to kill whatever magic they find in fear or letting their scientists tear it apart in a futile struggle to steal it for themselves is so much better, even while their magical offspring force us to rid the world of more and more magic and traditions they deem dangerous is better... As to me? Perhaps I am a hypocrite, but you are not quite a child, no girl who
burns to death a man is.” She swallowed her objections, Dumbledore told her she hadn’t killed him, that he was already dead but... with the potion he’d have been fine and he may have survived days if not weeks or months longer...

He shook his head, “No matter, I tire of this. You speak to snakes do you not? It is time for you to speak to another... ”

After a moment he banished his robes to hang on a coat-rack revealing what he meant to the confused and horrified girl.

“It shall not bite you girl, and you shall not bite it, for if you do your suffering will be legendary.” He said softly.

"Now, Kneel before your Lord." He ordered.

She trembled and felt as if her brain had shattered at all the conflicting feelings within her bubbling up, anger and fear, disgust and the smallest bit of interest and hope that was crushed by all the loathsome man had done and all he planned to do. Was... was this her hill to die on? Was the pain finally going to be over?

He suddenly turned angry flashing red even as her scar burned. “Very well, if you shall not do so willingly I will help you! Imperio!”

Suddenly she felt almost like she was floating, suddenly numb yet happy about it.

‘You should just do it. It will be worse on you if you don’t. Walk forward’ The voice in her head told her and she found taking several steps forward feeling the same happiness and pleasurable floating sensation that eased the pain of her injuries and torture like they’d never happened. She could have fought it, should have fought it... but the thought of returning to the pain was too much to bare and really walking wasn’t so bad.

‘Kneel’ the voice in her head said and she soon was on the stone floor in front of the man grateful to be off her feet.

‘Grasp the penis gently with a hand and begin licking it, do not intentionally attempt to cause pain through biting or scratching.’ She... she’d been curious and a few tears rolled down her cheeks even as she found herself doing it, damn him.

It was warm in her hand and tasted like ...nearly nothing. It was like licking her finger, only ...only warmer and squishier.

‘Put the head in your mouth and sucking and licking it. Keep stroking it with that other hand, gently.’ She felt the bile rise and be defeated by her throat even as she did as ordered.

She considered biting it despite what he’d do to her for it. She could throw off the curse and make a run for it- but it was rejected immediately, she couldn’t run, she was only functioning as well as she was now for the spell she was under.

‘Remove your hand and go deep down as you can, swallow if you feel yourself begin to choke.”

She swallowed immediately once it was even an inch further in and couldn’t go further, nearly choking and swallowing with it at the very end of her mouth touching her tonsils.

“Pathetic.” The voice above muttered, ‘Grab it with your hand and start stroking it while bobbing up and down atop it, licking what you can and swallowing as needed.’ She felt ashamed and angered
before it was washed away in the spell’s wake.

‘Swallow every drop you can then lick up all the rest.’ What? Suddenly the cock in her mouth twitched and warmth flooded her mouth along with the salty thick liquid and she swallowed harshly, painfully again and again, choking and swallowing again, then started licking it up, the feeling of disgust, of nausea and horror faded even as they begun.

Through the spell propelling her after a few swallows it was deemed enough by some measure, and she found herself licking it, squeezing the last drops out before going down and swallowing her gagging licked the tasteless and hairless testicles even licking the bits that had dripped down her chip after collecting them with a finger.

With a suddenness the spell was gone, her finger in her mouth, the feelings of shame and disgust returning immediately and greater than before along with the pain even as her scar... felt... content, pleased even, and not pained in the least which disgusted her even more.

“Adequate. With some practice you shall get better, I am sure.” That thought did not cheer her up oddly enough.

A come hither gesture with his hand had his wand flying to his hand and he realized with a shudder that he could have done that any time if she had broken the imperious, bit him and ran... She never would have stood a chance.

Then with a wave of his wand a freezing cold weight was on her neck, and touching it found to her shock a collar, and from it short thick chain leading directly down into the floor into a metal plate that seemed melded into the very stone floor.

Another wave of his wand and a couple metal bowls grew out of the stone floor to a side, and a brief flick had one filling with water.

“Do behave yourself tonight. If by some miracle you mange to escape you shall not like the consequences.” He said standing up walking out without a care in the world.

As much as Grace wanted to get the taste of Dark Lord of her tongue and sooth her raw throat she almost didn’t even mind that the bowls were similarly attached to the floor forcing her to bend over and lick up the water adding to her humiliation.
A Bizzaro Shopping Spree

Chapter Summary

What it says on the tin, a surreal shopping trip.

Grace Potter woke up cold and hungry chained to a cold stone floor and expected to stay that way for even longer.

If she were an ordinary girl she'd probably be more upset about that, but she'd long since been used to such things with a threadbare blanket and relatives that fed her naught but scraps before locking her in a cupboard.

In fact she was simply glad that she was alone, her aching body and sore throat feeling a great deal better. Her condition even improved as she drank out of the damned dog bowl still half-full one lick at a time, as humiliating as it was being chained nude and forced to drink like this or go without... Well, she'd been without water longer and it was horrible.

Even as the need to urinate increased she was fine, relatively. It wouldn't be the first time she'd been forced to pee on the floor, and considering who had put her in this situation he'd undoubtedly be thrilled with an excuse to punish her for it. She knew she shouldn't hold it in, not after she'd been driven to the doctors for what turned out to be a urinary tract infection, her relatives most displeased with her even though it'd been their fault.

Still, her relatives had never hurt her nearly as much as the Dark Lord. Between a urinary tract infection and a crucio she knew which she'd pick.

She really shouldn't.

It got harder and harder and for something to do she tried tugging the chain binding her collared neck to the floor, making her incapable of even standing. There wasn't any give, none at all.

She glanced at the robes on the coat rack with a glare. Her wand was right there, she could only wish for it hard enough- but... he wouldn't have left her here without anything but a chain to keep her there, and what if she was caught in the act even if was that dumb? Besides, it wasn't like she was some wandless prodigy. She could mostly reliable make people to do what part of them already wanted to do and no more, not consciously.

The footsteps were a relief which was disturbing in it's implications.

"P-please, Vol- I mean Master, I've... I've got to go to the bathroom." She said as soon as she saw his surprisingly clothed form, dressed in ornate silver-trimmed black robes.

"Then go." The man said magnanimously, a wave of his hand dispelling the chain.

Warily she stood wincing at the added pressure to her bladder looking about. With a put-upon sigh he stated "Down that hall, first door on the left. Return immediately once finished- you may bathe, quickly however. You shall not like if I have to retrieve you."

She started walking wondering if she should make a run for her wand, sure she'd undoubtedly pee
but that was a small price to pay for a chance to flee, wasn't it?

"What do we say when someone does something for us?" He said threateningly.

She blushed, it... it was proper manners wasn't it, he was an enemy though and she didn't much care but he did and she should have done it anyway, she couldn't get away if she was twitching on the floor in pain.

"Thank you Master." Careful to control her tone she thought she'd managed it and breathed a sigh of relief as she left the room into a far more ornate hallway, with paintings watching her. Shuddering she quickly made her way in the bathroom.

Things got harder once inside, the sound of rushing water making the need to pee all the more desperate. Spotting her goal she immediately sat down on the toilet feeling worlds better for that then more as she allowed herself to let go of her harsh control of her bladder.

Looking around she found herself slightly dazzled. Sure it was dusty and a bit grimy but... but everything was far more ornate than any bathroom she'd been in save perhaps the prefects bathroom, the marble flooring wasn't just thin strips of marble but the real thing she thought, the bathtub an ornate thing entirely made of silver, paintings of landscapes dotting the walls.

No where was any toilet paper but she was about to shower so shook off the wish.

While a bath sounded divine on her sore still occasionally twitching muscles and freezing skin she instead went to the source of water she heard, a water fall seemingly coming from a statue of a snake. She hoped it wasn't animated as she hesitatingly touched the water falling down and sighed in relief at the warm immediately stepping into the stream that vanished at the floor. Looking about the soap she grabbed crumbled in her hands, ancient. Just where was she?

Still, just water was better than nothing as she rubbed the dried sweat, blood and dirt off herself with her bare hands.

She realized her next problem not long after. The towels she'd spotted looked like they'd disintegrate in her hands even if the dusty dirty things were worth using.

Instead she brushed off as much water from herself as she could, wringing her hair like a wet towel which helped, some.

It was a cold walk back to the room she'd been before, not liking her chances of the ever watchful portraits not getting to Voldemort in time or of getting to safety like this.

She blinked as she saw the most feared Dark Lord of all time lounging reading a book. It was... not something she expected to see. Ever.

"Prompt, perhaps you can be trained..." He chuckled darkly sending shivers down her spine.

It didn't help that he set the book down and pointed his wand at her.

To her shock she was suddenly dry, and not long after warm and dressed in a short skirt, blouse and platform heels that looked like something from over a decade ago in the muggle world.

Even as she looked at the clothes in shock she saw her black hair changing to curly blonde, the powerful and dark feeling of the Dark Lord's magic on her face indicating that wasn't all.

"Satisfactory. We are going shopping, follow and do not stray, for if you do... Well, I may not wish
to crucio you into insanity but any muggles that see you running from me or that you go to help are another story..."

'Shopping? Shopping!? Muggles!? What the bloody hell? We... We were going shopping in the muggle world? Could Dark Lords do that?' her thoughts went a mile a minute.

She looked at him, impatient and now immaculately dressed in diamond patterned black and silver open-chested suit and decided they could as he waited for him to lead the way to this insanity.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Come here, you daft girl."

She couldn't help the glare and was thankful it was met with no more than a stinging charm on the same cheek as before. Wincing, rubbing it she slowly walked up to him wondering just what this was about.

As soon as she got close enough tired of waiting he grabbed her arm sending a shock of pain to her scar of irritation and annoyance. They were then sent twisting and suddenly what she hadn't noticed while in agony in mere pain she realized was the most uncomfortable method of travel yet squeezed through a tube dozens of sizes too small, his power surrounding them feeling like a venomous thing ready to strike at the barest prompting.

The alley was less than ideal, the Dark Lord sneered at it, "Muggle filth..." He muttered before looking at Grace darkly as if awaiting some comment or for her to run away,

Momma didn't raise no idiots though, mostly because of the man in front of her killed her before she had a chance. Still, the Dursley's wouldn't tuck any back talk and as disturbing as it was she started falling upon the lessons learned from them to stay safe. That and by now she was sure the man had in his frenzy of spells cast at her included a tracking spell by the way he instantly zoned in on her location.

It helped that she was barely holding in the meager contents of her stomach.

He led her out into a bustling city, London, and from there into a cafe.

If someone had told Grace last week she'd be having a cuppa with the Dark Lord she would have named them insane.

Sure, in Voldemort's... defense maybe? He didn't exactly pay, waving his hand and confounding the woman working the till to pay for them, but... Tea in a muggle cafe with the man who hated muggles was just too strange for words!

"You may ask." He said with dark mirth.

"I thought you hated- erm, normal people?" At him drawing out his wand and realizing he obviously didn't care where they were added "Master." hastily, not wanting anyone else to suffer on her behalf, the curious looks making her blush- not that they weren't staring already, their clothes horribly out of fashion.

"I do, oh yes I do. Muggles not only do not cherish their children as you well know but that is but the the tip of the wand. They attack like animals any being different to them without pause, and it gets worse. Their wars threaten the world with their splitting the atom, their automobiles and factories are leading to not just their own extinction but that of all life on this planet so much so that it at times seems as they're trying to discover which method shall destroy the planet first! That is not to say they haven't made things without worth, and do keep in mind I shall deny it to my dying day that I
admitted that.” He said even as he spread preserves on a piece of toast to go with his porridge, a dish she hadn't really seen much of in the wizarding world.

"But surely it's not all that bad, and ... you could find a way to do it without killing everyone that disagrees with you-"

He laughed without mirth. "It's worse, do you realize how many of our kind have ended up in their asylums or worse, just how many children have ended up strapped to a cold metal table and dissected in an effort to steal magic?” Grace felt sick at the thought, that... that didn't really happen, did it?

"I could do it bloodlessly, take a seat on the Wizengamot and lead us to a revolution that would see us hidden better perhaps, order wards built that could protect us from anything Muggles could do to us aside from tainting our culture and even that could be taken care of eventually... We could even help with the pollution perhaps if it were not for the secrecy act, but wards to filter air and water are certainly plausible.” Grace blinked, he could? Somehow she believed her, which made what he said next so horrible.

"It's rather too bad I enjoy killing, and while other options may work it would be an uphill battle and without any degree of permanence. I rather prefer my enemies dead or subdued permanently you see."

Grace swallowed heavily being one of those enemies.

People stared. It was awkward and Grace would have cared for it more if she weren't sitting across from a man who just admitted he knew there were better ways but didn't do it because he fancied murder.

The rest of breakfast was silent while Grace thought about all she had learned. He... He had a point she admitted hating herself for it. She felt much safer after Quirrell had died, and doubted she could have slept once she learned a basilisk that could kill with a stare was living in the castle if she hadn't killed it. Still, there had to be a better way that subjection and death, wasn't there?

A wave of a hand and a woman was babbling about all the best shops within walking distance, and Lord Voldemort plucked images of them out of her mind, much the same way he'd discovered the Cafe. Another and she was handing him a stack of notes in the silly excuse for money muggles had that was rapidly duplicated numerous times, a set of counterfeits and the originals even handed to the girl for her trouble.

Grace watched on with displeasure to his amusement, as if it were some truly vile act, but while he could potentially stroll down Diagon Alley he dared not risk it, nor risk sending a Death Eater- all of them would surely be watched carefully after the disappearance of The-Girl-Who-Lived and Wormtail was meant to be dead, and Snape it seemed had betrayed him, the only one that was supposed to be above suspicion thanks to the old fool's protection.

Handing her the original purse full of conjured muggle money didn't seem to cheer her up either. It was rather difficult to please some people, he supposed.

As soon as they were out of sight he grabbed her arm again amused as she seemed ready to puke but some sense of pride kept her control over her body. As much as he loathed the thought of being
compared to a girl, he rather saw a lot of herself in him, just far more ignorant of magic and the world in general than he could ever remember being.

"A mall?" She asked incredulously, finally remembering herself adding "Master." For some reason she seemed fervently against calling him her Lord, but Master was satisfactory he found.

"Indeed, your skills of observation are in working order, shocking considering how you wish to coddle the muggles."

"Hey!" The wandless stinging hex hit her rear at her outburst, her yelp a delight to hear.

Her glare wasn't appreciated and the next hex hit her other cheek. "Ow!"

He chuckled rather enjoying himself. Merlin, Wormtail truly screwed the ritual up, Wormtail and this girl. He thought briefly about finding some way to restore himself, perhaps repeating the ritual that had sacrificed his libido but as she rubbed her bottom he found the thought vanishing. No, he rather enjoyed this, it reminded him of the good old days when he first broke in Bella. Of course, as a pureblood he had to be far harsher in punishment, but as the carrot for her had turned to be power he combined the two until she was like a mad dog to be pointed at his enemies.

"Buy what you wish but make certain you have clothing as what you're wearing will vanish eventually. You may purchase anything that catches your eye, I shall find you when I am ready to depart. Attempt to run or contact help and your pain will be extraordinary."

She swallowed to his amusement then realized he was waiting for an answer, finally. "Y-yes Master." She seemed rather unsure and hesitant but another stinging spell on her bottom sent the girl racing away.

Of course, he wasn't so foolish to leave things to chance, she could potentially wandlessly summon the Knightbus or spot a Witch or Wizard, so he followed her hoping this false show of trust as well as the evidence of the rewards of serving under him would help aid the transition, something he couldn't do with Bella as she'd grown up in wealth.

No, instead he followed nearly invisible- certainly to muggles and mere students, though he made sure not to get too close as this particular student had something in that scar of hers he was almost certain was a piece of him which made his course of soft integration he'd already began all the more important.

While hesitant at first she soon started buying an abundance of clothing even as he more sedately chose a handful of appealing mugglewear that he would later charm to his size rather than trying on things like a muggle or witch.

As her tastes went far more conservatively than he'd like he made sure to spell in some shrunken clothes of a more risque nature into her bags.

To his surprise she didn't so much as ask a muggle to pass on a message or pick up a phone. Was she broken this quickly? No, biding her time. She truly was rather like him in a way, still, that smile on her face appeared genuine, and a quick scan of her mind confirmed it as such. Progress.

He rather enjoyed just being out and about in a body even surrounded by filth, and not merely because he cast a spell to allow him to see through walls and into the changing rooms. He didn't even consider the muggles of course, to look at certainly but if it were discovered he'd soiled himself in such a way his cause would take a major hit and truly aside from aesthetics they held no appeal.

He was getting rather hungry when he decided he'd walked enough. Certainly his ritually enhanced
artificial body was preforming spectacularly he was mentally exhausted.

Grace Potter winced as she sat down, her sore bum protesting even as she watched in a small amount of shock as the Dark Lord ate a slice of pizza and sipped a coke.

She joined him after a second, lunch far more silent than breakfast until...

"A grocery store?" She said weakly, eating right before popping was vile!

She yelped as she felt the stinging pain on her rear and remembered just who this was, but still, a muggle grocery store?

"Buy what you wish though do keep in mind that you shall be cooking." Suddenly the Girl-Who-Lived-To-Shop wilted, wondering if she'd even get to eat. Still, he'd... He'd been mostly better than the Dursley's. Worse as well, the pain he could bring about extraordinary, but... also better. Hadn't he brought her shopping? Given her two meals already?

She yelped as she felt the stinging pain again and got to shopping trying to withhold a glare.

They returned to the mudroom of what she was beginning to suspect was Slytherin Castle or some such with another pop, and he cast some stasis spells on their groceries. It was beyond strange, and she simply didn't know what to think or what to do for that matter.

"Take the groceries into the kitchens- they shall not spoil nor change temperature lest you begin to cook them. Through there, and prepare us dinner. Leave your clothing for now, I shall find someplace to store them."

With a reluctant "Yes Master." Grace started despite her exhaustion. She'd never in her life bought so many things.

The kitchen was four or five times the size of the Dursley's and was clearly very different, with no microwave nor toaster, not a single muggle appliance in sight. She found she couldn't even light the stove at first, but going back into the mud room for the last bags of groceries she took a chance grabbing her wand. It was right in his robes where he had left them.

She... could she leave? Maybe? But... if she left would he find her with the tracking charm? Could she find help competent enough to remove it?

Would... Would she have to go back to the Dursley's? Thinking on it she pocketed the wand taking the last load of groceries to the kitchens, finding a single tap on the oven burner she wanted lit was enough thankfully.

She could just imagine the letter from the Improper Use Of Magic department, and the confused workers that showed up getting struck down effortlessly by Voldemort... No, best not cast a spell to alert people to her location. Maybe... Maybe she'd try as September first grew closer or it got too bad.

She didn't even bother poisoning the food doubting any of it would work, he waved his hand over everything he ate and drank and she was sure it was some kind of poison detection charm. Despite her fears she thought Voldemort was... better (if also worse in other ways) than the Muggles and wasn't too shocked that she raised no fuss that she prepared herself a full plate testing the waters. If anything he just seemed amused in that infuriating way of his and more by the muggle dish of cheeseburgers and chips.
"That was... satisfactory."

The... The Dark Lord complimented her cooking? Her relatives ate twice as much and three times as fast and had never said a word of thanks. Her mind felt it was breaking a little more even as she said softly "Thank you Master."
Grace Potter sighed content despite herself. She'd wanted to try a cheeseburger since she was five and first heard of them, and now she finally had and it was even better than she expected, even if the dining experience was rather nerve wracking.

The slices of pizza she tried for the first time for lunch had been fantastic as well, having before only been allowed the crusts Dudley refused to eat.

Washing the two ornate silver plates and the odd magical pan that despite being perfectly flat had kept in all the grease. She found to her delight it was effortless, some form of magic keeping them as easy to clean from grease and ketchup as they were from dust.

"Do you not know the dish cleaning spell?"

She nearly shrieked at the voice behind her, stiffening up. Someone should put a bell on that man, she thought.

"No, and I couldn't exactly cast it if I did." Grace said carefully.

He chuckled "As if the Ministry could sense even the barest iota of magic from within this dwelling. I shall teach you some cleaning spells tomorrow..." 'Wait, does he know I have my wand?' she thought in horror as she finished slowly turning about only to see him far too close. Her heart hammered in her chest in fear, and just that she told herself struggling to believe it.

"I do believe I revealed in your first year just how easily I can see into your mind, did I not?"

Her eyes widened, all her thoughts on him she'd had the past couple days and longer running frantically through her mind and he looked far less amused.

"Do calm yourself girl, if I punished for mere thoughts I'd not have a follower left." Somehow she found it hard to believe the Dark Lord, but struggled to keep the thoughts from springing forth with no success judging from the harsh look in his eyes.

"Now, it's time to continue your duties, follow." Duties? Did... did he mean like last night? She found herself sickened and... cautiously interested. It hadn't been all that bad and he was handsome even if the idea of being with the monster that had killed her parents and tried to kill her turned her stomach.

She sighed in relief as he was no longer inches from her, instead walking away at a quick gait sure that she'd follow. Damn him, she thought, even as she did.

He lead her to the end of the hallway opening the last door to an amazing sight, an absolutely massive bedroom decorated so richly that she felt more out of place than ever before, with paintings of landscapes so realistic she felt she could walk within one. She saw to her amazement a herd of unicorns racing along a plains and was about to touch one through the painting when she felt the
harsh stinging hex on her bottom yet again, yelping indignantly clutching her sore bottom.

Her glare at him into a frown as she noticed he had sat upon the bed before her. Her stomach dropped as he with one word confirmed what she was there for. "Disrobe."

Should she fight him? She had her wand... and he had his along with decades more experience and a body.

Untying her new sneakers and taking off her new socks she felt slightly better about the betrayal of her parents who she truly never knew.

The betrayal of doing this to her her friends was worse, but.. former friends would be more accurate. Sure they had apologized but she'd never forgiven Ron for abandoning her when her name came out of the goblet, nor Hermione for trying not to pick a side and in the end abandoning her nearly as much. Still, they'd fought together, bled together, lived together and staying here, choosing not to fight even if it meant her death would be unforgivable to them.

The betrayal of Sirius was washed away more easily than that, he offered her a home then left to some paradise island- sure she'd expected him to get away to safety but then to not contact her when he'd given her hope beyond a single letter on the train ride?

As to Remus he'd long since lost his chance to be more than casual acquaintances once she'd learned he'd been friends with his parents yet had never checked up on her just once, not even a postcard to let her know that someone, anyone cared about her while growing up.

Dumbledore didn't fit in the equation at all, a non-entity for forcing her back to the Dursley's, for risking their lives time and again keeping the school open, something that she appreciated less and less as the dangers and horrors added up, trolls and Dark Lords, giant snakes and Dementors and finally a tournament that seemed little safer than the ones held before they were banned for killing too many competitors.

The sound of a clearing throat snapped her out of her thoughts and she blushed brightly, how could she drift off in thought in the middle of undressing for a Dark Lord!

Her jeans went down next, her first pair of jeans that felt like they fit even if it was pointless to make her look better she thought, nothing times nothing is still nothing. Still, it felt nicer to have clothes of her own.

Her warm fuzzy sweater was next, and she didn't bother delaying the inevitable when her new blouse decided to go with it.

The sports bra, something far better than the bras from the Dursleys that oft had wires harshly pressed against her or worse, poking into her flesh painfully and had turned her off the contraptions. It wasn't like she had breasts worth speaking about, even if the apparently perverted Dark Lord didn't seem to agree. She wondered just how much dark magic addled the brain as a possible cause as he stared, even as she reluctantly finished with her panties, new and lacy and far more comfortable that she was sad to see drop to the floor.

She couldn't bring herself to look at him when finished, but he seemed in no rush as she waited for the spell sure he wouldn't trust her near him without it.

No spell came. "Mmm, it is a shame my potioneer appears to have left my surface. A few nutritional potions would do you good, but no matter. You may proceed the same as last night I believe."

She couldn't help but look after he'd said that, her mind still clear from spells even if it again felt
anything but she took in far more than she had last night. He was completely naked, his body that of a swimmers without a bit of hair anywhere but on the top of his head, eyebrows and eyelashes, everywhere else shaved or spelled boyishly smooth everywhere else.

It was again standing at attention and she briefly wondered if it hurt to have that swell up so much. It was big and thick, and well, honestly she didn't know enough to compare it to any but she thought it looked a little silly but the sight of it along with everything else was doing things to her that the spell had prevented the night before.

Somehow he'd disrobed without her having hearing it, a switching spell with empty air perhaps? It was supposed to be impossible of course but he was perhaps the greatest magical user no matter that she'd claimed Dumbledore had the spot, a load of tosh to buy time. It wasn't like he'd seen the man cast all that much magic honestly, how would she know? Books? Ha, books also said that she raised Nundus and rode dragons before she'd even known about magic.

The stinging hex hit her left breast hurting far worse than had it been on her bottom or face and she couldn't help but to yell out even as she clutched it.

"Enough of your delays. I do not like being kept waiting, but I'm delighted you think so well of me..." He laughed coldly as she eeped.

He sighed when she still hadn't moved, "Very well, I was prepared to be content with your mouth tonight but if you are going to be difficult-" No! She, she didn't want her first time to be like this!

She walked forward and he paused his monologue, her every step slow her legs feeling like lead. Finally she knelt before him and before she could hesitate any further reached out to grab it. 'Just think of it like a broom, a warm broom that is doing funny things to my insides.' She thought leaning forward and giving it a tentative lick. It was different from last night. Saltier in taste, muskier in scent.

Not... Not terrible, it was okay, she could handle this.

She gave it another lick, longer and was surprised to hear the Darkest Dark Lord to ever have Darked softly moan. Had she not heard him last night under the spell, or was he enjoying it now that she was doing it without a spell, just at the fear of the consequences for not?

She gave it another lick and another to test the theory before taking the head into her mouth and his moan was pronounced, and increased slightly as she remembered finally to stroke it with her hand as she suckled his cock head nearly gagging at the stronger taste within but kept at it fearful of disobeying.

Finally she could delay no more, she could practically feel the impatience rolling off Voldemort, and she slowly lowered her mouth gagging and remembering to swallow which seemed to help. Not as much as last night, and she didn't get as deep but with her hand pumping it he was soon cumming in her mouth which did make her choke. The taste was far stronger and some of it had gone in too deep too fast.

Breathing finally under control she realized he still hadn't moved and wondered why for an instant before with revulsion realizing. She started licking up the mess gagging but swallowing what she could. It was humiliating, degrading, worse than the act of making him cum had been.

Finally satisfied with her efforts on his flaccid member he said "Enough. You did well enough for now. I am retiring for the evening." She hoped that meant she could sleep as well, her body was
still recovering from the crucios and her bum was still smarting like hell. The only reason her knees weren't hurting she suspected was the thick carpets, even as she ached her throbbing jaw wishing she could as easily bring relief to her tongue.

He waved a hand, the bone white wand suddenly in his hand and he began casting. Suddenly her breath tasted minty fresh to her relief and she felt suddenly clean if a bit uncomfortable as it felt like a million ants working in concert all over her body vanishing everything not her skin or hair.

Then the accursed cold collar appeared around her neck chaining her to the floor, and worse still her wrists behind her back with two more bits of conjured metal. A bowl grew out of the floor filling itself with water. He flung his wand, it perfectly landed on top of the nightstand even as he covered himself, "Goodnight Pet."

She growled at the name stopping at his amused chuckle even as she realized what he found funny. As bad as last night had been if anything this was worse, she couldn't seem to get very comfortable with her arms kept shackled behind her. She was angry too, hadn't she proven herself trustworthy? Sure, she would have ran if she could but she knew not what surrounded the building nor what spells could or did keep her inside, to say nothing of the portraits that would undoubtedly alert him should she attempt an escape.

Worst of all was that she badly needed to pee, but before she could even think to request it he was softly snoring, as bizarre if not more so as hearing him moaning.

She woke up numb yet euphoric, as if her body were some distant thing, even as she obeyed seamlessly her inner voice telling her to 'Stand and get under the covers between his legs'. The chain had vanished and she was able to not that she'd been thinking about it, and it was rather awkward and difficult, her collar weighing her down but her arms bound behind her back making it tricky.

The man in the bed helped only in lifting the covers up briefly as she was forced to crawl and wiggle under them, and over the warm road blocks that were the man's legs. Sometime during the struggle her glasses fell off and she distantly hoped they were okay even as that was washed away in the sensation of all-encompassing pleasure.

'Take the penis in your mouth as deep as you can, swallow instead of gag, deeper- you can do it.' She found herself obeying almost robotically simply enjoying having not to think or worry.

A small part of her rose up telling her that she was under a spell, but what she was meant to do with that obvious bit of information was lost under it. Fight it? Why? She'd end up having to do the same thing but probably in pain from crucios or as was seeming more likely harsh stinging hexes. She'd be embarrassed and work slower, gag more and it'd simply take longer...

She allowed her line of thinking to vanish seamlessly until she was hard at work on it, and kept swallowing even it twitched in her mouth and the saltiness increased enough to taste it even through the spell, licking and swallowing it up, feeling like gagging propelling the spell to make her body do it near automatically so much so he hadn't bothered making it an order.

'Enough, go, prepare a bath, scentless water, through there.' The spell seemingly faded away as she stepped through to the bathroom along with the binds around her wrists allowing her to find her shoulders were beyond sore.

Her full bladder and the shame of what she'd once again done warred within her, both briefly tossed away at the sight of the room before her.
She made her way to the toilet next to the stranger bowl like a water fountain and looked around even as she went through blurry eyes. Much to her embarrassment she didn't merely have to pee—and she rather hoped he couldn't hear her. She was forced to awkwardly use the odd water fountain to wash herself up realizing dimly that it was what it was there for.

It wasn't all bad or awkward though. If she'd thought the bathroom she'd yesterday was ornate, it was absolutely nothing compared to the one she saw now, and not only because evidently Voldemort had cleaned it up, the idea ludicrous but it's spotlessly clean state indicated no less.

It was all gleaming marble, small tiles on the walls, larger ones on the floor both separated with what looked like gleaming flattened emeralds in place of corners.

Another couple of waterfalls existed, one long one on a wall that she suspected was used as a urinal that was no less beautiful for that with a row of statues producing the water. It seemed a female of every magical species that was the least palpable to look at had a representative there, a bare chested sphinx that looked discontent with her dripping book, a harpy that she looked away from that appeared peeing her part of the waterfall, along with a centaur with it's water bow and witch with her wand and more. She was sure Goblin females and dwarves looked nothing like that, but she couldn't help but to look.

A far larger waterfall if not as wide seemed to be the shower of sorts rushing forth from the hands of a Mermaid's hands.

Finished with her morning obligation to her body she went to the bath tub.

The bath was easiest to find, up a couple stairs ornate silver rails to aid in reaching the deep recessed tub big enough for four if not more with grooves for seats. She hesitated only an instant before walking up to it, the three walls made of glass allowing her to view her surroundings with her hands covering herself. They were in it appeared a forest that had long since overgrown any semblance of a yard but was no less spectacular for that.

She didn't see the barest signs of civilization in any direction allowing her hands to drop even as she worked out how to get the water to come out with as many knobs the thing had. Once she figured which one sent water and not bubbles, not scented water nor colored it filled up in an amazing speed despite it's size.

She turned to tell Voldemort his bath was ready only to find her sight obscured by his chest.

"Uh, your bath's ready Master."

"I have eyes, I can see that." He waved his hand, a cloth falling from it which she picked up in confusion even as he walked past her.

"Get in and bathe me."

Her eyes widened in surprise before she snorted. She'd just sucked the man, this wasn't... this wasn't any worse. Probably wouldn't make her jaw ache so much after, she thought rubbing it.

She slipped in after him, and he made no move to help her as she began with his arms if only because they were the least objectionable, and he at least did not resist her moving them washing them with the cloth. There was no soap to her confusion but he didn't seem to mind.

As if hearing her thoughts and perhaps he did he stated "The soap is scentless, tasteless in the water, perfectly safe to drink as well if you are so inclined."
Drink it? People would drink it? She was thirsty but not that thirsty, eager to wash the taste of Dark Lord cum out of her mouth but not *that* eager.

"Indeed, some people have the strangest desires... Of course, it is no longer tasteless after people have been bathing in it but it certainly starts out that way." Crap, she forgot briefly that he could hear her thoughts.

"Can.. Can you please just pretend you can't do that Master?" She shuddered hating how even her thoughts weren't sacred, and dreading how much her punishment for asking would hurt, or for thinking what he had.

He turned his head to her and instead of a harsh punishment after a few moments he simply said "No." to her frustration. She didn't dare voice it. At least he didn't crucio her or throw a stinging hex at her or worse, do that annoying thing where one pretended it mattered that she said can and not may.

From the bottom of his feet to his very face she was forced to bathe the man entirely then he leaned and moved so she could reach even more.

"Wash yourself then make breakfast. Hm... I shall transfigure an apron for you and place it in the kitchen, do not bother with more clothing. You shall need it when we go out or I have guests, but otherwise I do not wish to see it."

She swallowed, the taste it turned out having not left her but nodded and when he kept looking at her finished with "Yes Master."

After breakfast feeling incredibly awkward undressed while Voldemort wore a full robe he retrieved her wand with a spell from his own handing it to her unsurprised it came from his bedroom instead of the mudroom, and she flinched as he held it out for her before recalling they had that conversation that morning.

She took it like it were a snake not wanting the man to be angry she had it but the damnable man just seemed amused.

"The first spell I shall be so kind as to teach you is one you should have learned in first year, the breath freshening charm..."

"-and the polishing charm is *Poloniae*, a spiraled circle, the tighter your spiral the better job it does. You then vanish the debris much like the dust with a vanishing charm and give it a final cleaning-you must do it in those steps else you grind dirt within the stone, like so." He demonstrated then gestured her to try.

Her mind felt numb and her magic nearly ached as she cast the final spell finally after a good ten tries on block of marble Voldemort conjured before he deemed it acceptable.

"Adequate. You may rest then prepare lunch, I shall be in the study attached to the Master quarters. After lunch you are of course to start cleaning."

"Yes Master." It would at least be faster than at the Dursley's, as learning the spells was the hard part, though the first deep clean in what was likely decades if not longer would be a pain.

She didn't rest long, with little to do. She was still baffled that the man trusted his enemy with a wand, it didn't make sense to her, but she supposed he had proven himself immortal already, did anything she had done over the past years matter?
One Hell Of A First Time

Chapter Summary

The sinister reason why Grace has only had to give Dark Lord dark head is finally revealed. A gift, or a curse, only time will tell.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Grace only learned what the Dark Lord had been doing while she was cleaning that evening, handing her a bottle telling her to bathe in water with it added. It didn't seem to do all that much but tingle as if it were bottled electricity, dripping as she met up with the man who'd evidently done his own bathing this time, naked save a towel, a second handed to her even as he turned walking away with but a gesture for her to follow.

The atmosphere rather chilling, unsure what was going on and not daring to ask.

They descended a staircase that she was sure hadn't been there before and he dropped his towel before snatching hers. He deigned then to explain somewhat. "Say nothing. You may consider this a... reward of sorts for your efforts. It shall be immensely unpleasant but the payout is well worth it." She somehow didn't agree finding herself nervous. She didn't get a chance to disagree however as he began pushing her through an open door where she froze in horror.

Runes painted in red, what she hoped was paint but rather doubted from the iron smell in the air were spread out over the perfectly smoothed stone floors and walls.

He shut the door as soon as she was through and it too seamlessly blended into the wall.

He then guided her physically to lay down and with her bile rising she did far too close to the blood red runes. Then he got from a corner a bottle and brush and to her revulsion started painting runes on his skin before moving squatting down next to her and brushing her with the still warm substance swallowing down her urge to vomit. 'It's just paint, and we're just here to paint me but he does nothing normally. It's weird but even Dark Lords need hobbies.' She thought, almost convincing herself.

'They're only getting warmer because the room was warm, and heating them up as well, surely.' she hoped more than believed.

"I sacrifice the virginity of one who thrice has ingested my seed forcefully, willingly and a mixture of these." With each word the magic within grew thicker until she could hardly breathe, forcing apart her legs apart even as the room's magic pressure seemingly weighed them both down.

"I sacrifice the virginity of one who has thrice came and thrice had his seed swallowed." The pressure doubled and the Dark lord was forced to his knees unable to stay upright a clear look of hate flashing across his face. All the while the runes that had been getting hotter began to steam, a deep red smoke that felt like it was leaking out as much as it was going in, she began to weep soundlessly at the pain.
"With these virgin sacrifices I order-" at the word order the magic turned harsh and cold, and heavier still, his every word a struggle as if he were fighting the magic itself, controlling it else it turn on them both. The blood red steam by now obscured the room and swirled angrily.

"-magic's full might-" The pressure increased again the steam turning darker spinning faster, and Grace found she couldn't breathe, and began to panic internally.

"-empower, our, bodies!" The last three words clearly a struggle coming in the barest of grunts and the magic acted as if to lash out, the last of whatever Voldemort had been doing to ward the magic off gone and the bloody steam slowing until it was as if time was frozen for but a moment. Then he plunged within her and she soundlessly screamed in sheer agony as the scarlet steam rushed in them anywhere it could from runes to orifices.

Grace woke up unable to breathe from the remembered pain and the heavy snoring body laying heavily on her own. Tears began streaming down her cheeks. Something had been stolen from her, her first time was over in one thrust in the least romantic and most painful experience she could imagine, so much so that even thinking about it brought back the pain.

Worse still she realized what had woken her up, the member still inside her growing, his hips thrusting lightly even in his sleep, herself responding to it, growing wet and allowing him easier access to the point where it was feeling good in the wake of so much pain making her gorge rise.

It didn't get better as it shrank within her leaving her near painfully unfilled which reminded her of the pain of the ritual.

With the heavy body on top of her now that she was awake again she couldn't get back to sleep despite feeling like she'd barely got any.

She considered the ritual despite the pain- maybe it's strength could move his body off her but she didn't dare try which was the worst part, not knowing but easily imagining how furious he'd be for waking him. It couldn't be worse than the- gah, she had to stop thinking about the accursed ritual, the pain flaring within her.

Voldemort's penis grew within her again, a sickening twitching that increased and increased filling her up and then some before he adjusted in his sleep moving closer and even unconscious felt it was good apparently and kept moving a few times a minute until it faded again to her relief and increasingly frustration, wishing it'd fall out not daring to remove it herself, not that she positive she even could reach it or had strength enough to push him off her.

The third time it grew within her she couldn't help it, feeling sick with herself, what did it say of her that she moved her hips as much as she could with him sleeping atop her? It ... It wasn't really rape anymore was it? She knew that it would still be rape to nearly any cop or judge but her heart didn't, feeling as if it had justified him doing this to her, as if she were partly to blame. It didn't make sense but she moved and cursed herself for it.

Up and down, slowly lest he wake, biting her lip as if to keep any sounds within. His sleeping body seemed content with it, moving a bit in response and the feeling got better and better the longer it went on. She wanted badly to move faster but didn't dare, she felt so close then the worst happened.

The Dark Lord's breath hitched, his body stiffening even as his cock twitched shrinking inside her. Minutes passed and she was too frightened to even move, her pleasure fading to a deep ache inside her hitting her worse than ever before. She hoped he'd only briefly woken up the pain causing him to pass back out.
She felt his body relaxing minutely above her seemingly indicating such...

He moved then, still laying atop her began thrusting up into her and out, at first it could be mistaken as him asleep, almost too slow and small to be anything else and despite her fear she felt her reacting almost immediately- then it increased in speed and she would have flinched away had she room to do it proof positive of his waking status even as the pleasure within her reached a crescendo the pleasure beyond anything she had felt in her life that kept going and going, ebbing then rising until she felt his warmth flood into her sinking even heavier atop her.

Then he got up pulling out of her as he did so and the open air stung a bit on her opening and she didn't dare move fearing the worst all her body tensed- had she outlived her usefulness with the ritual? Was the crucio for waking him coming before or after?

"Not quite, now get up my Pet, you're embarrassing yourself."

Chapter End Notes

Do note that I do not endorse either the Dark Lord's nor Grace Potter's philosophies or opinions, eh?
The Power of Iron and Steel

Chapter Summary

It's been tame so far. No longer.

Grace Potter felt as if she were dying of mortification, disgust and worry.

Worry over what Voldemort would do to her for waking him. Disgust over just how she woke him up. Mortification when she realized what his words meant, her thoughts on display for him.

She couldn't help worrying about the future as well. When the magical world found out they'd turn on her again, she just knew it, it'd be just like second and fourth year all over again but worse.

Perhaps the worst part was that it had felt good, she had enjoyed it- had tried to make it feel good and it had.

That combined with Voldemort distracting her further from obeying his order to get up. He seemingly was testing his body's flexibility as best he could in the enclosed space that smelled of blood and sex and she couldn't help watch the handsome bastard. He was seemingly unbothered by the attention, but she saw the mounting frustration in his eyes, annoyance at being made to wait.

Knowing if she didn't get up now she'd be punished even worse she got up surprised just how little moving hurt. She'd heard first time hurt and last night- she flinched, but when she woke up she had felt almost fine aside from the hefty weight atop her crushing her, pinning her down.

As soon as he had gotten off her she had felt a strange tingling sort of warming all over the places that had hurt. She'd brushed it off as her imagination or the blood flowing again but it grew especially on her aching ribs and lungs and lower even as she stood it was growing warmer still. Finally it turned into a a bizarre pleasure that was almost as great as the pain had been condensed into a far smaller time frame her before ebbing away. When it was gone in addition the the still pleasurable haze she was under from her greatest orgasm of her life...She felt better than she had in her life physically which filled her with disgust at it's source but... she couldn't help but enjoy the sensation.

She dimly realized that not once while under him had her scar bothered her, not even once.

"I grow impatient Pet, hurry up and finish your musings while we walk. I wasn't planning on punishing you for waking me in such a manner but I have no compulsion toward doing so for keeping me from a well-deserved bath."

That was a small load off her mind but that she'd given the man that had taken from her even one iota of pleasure that he hadn't forced out of her turned her stomach.

The sharp cracking sound came before the pain, her bottom hurting worse than a stinging hex from it even as she dimly realized he'd used his hand instead of magic. She clutched her pained rear even as the pain turned into warmth and from warmth into pleasure causing her to shiver in a mixture of delight and disgust.

A bath sounded good suddenly, even shared with... her stomach turned just thinking about him, a
shame that she had no choice but to go up the stairs before him as he had started pushing her out with a put upon expression on his face.

The walk, something that wouldn't have tired her by any means she realized didn't feel like anything at all, it felt like she'd just started when they reached the bathroom, again a wash cloth was summoned after he'd retrieved his wand and dimly realized that the room probably wasn't able to have wanded magic used within it.

She also dimly realized just what last night had been. A ritual, and by the feel of it a dark one. She shuddered in the lessened but still present memory of sheer agony reared it's head like a ghost haunting her for daring trespass against magic. She very nearly wanted to apologize for it but.. For what? As far as she could tell she had as little in the way of choice as magic did.

The smack on her rear the second time felt much the same as the first, painful and shocking but compared to... somethings it was nothing. It didn't hurt any worse in anyway like repeated smacks tended to and... then healed and she struggled not to enjoy it too much even as she got the idea what the r-thing had done. She struggled, the pain lessened but still present, the blood red- the second smack hadn't had time to fully heal but even that did little to her.

She did get the idea and got into the tub suddenly disgusted for another reason as she tainted the water with the cum that had dried on her, itchy then warm and pleasurable then itchy again.

Still, getting in the tub helped ease it even as she washed the man who had caused it.

"I expect breakfast in no less than thirty minutes Pet." He said dismissively as he got out of the tub, a wave of his wand conjuring a towel for himself leaving without another word.

Sobbing in the tub may have alleviated Grace but she rarely cried and only during the horror only when her body forced her to, and trying just seemed like silly romance novel bullshit wasn't worth it's weight in manure much less in gold to her.

On the other hand she found great delight in washing and rewashing herself. She found herself wishing she could stay in the tub to feel even cleaner, despite knowing better that no amount of washing would make her feel completely clean, maybe time would if she managed to escape somehow but otherwise...

Of course as soon as she stopped the places she stopped warmed and the pain that had been something she knew and understood, the pain that meant she was somewhat clean physically at least vanished even as it started feeling good, and she found herself crying anyway.

Breakfast was late.

He was waiting in the dining room when she'd brought it looking utterly furious.

She shuddered as she sat down, he didn't say anything as he ate but the air of anger surrounded him.

The only good thing is any body-shyness she had around the man died that morning, she thought, but even that was tinged with disgust upon realizing it. She hated this, hated him. Why couldn't he just be a normal Dark Lord and kill her?

"You know-" The Dark Lord started once he'd finished breakfast, her own half eaten knowing that when you didn't want to eat was often when you needed it the most.

"I said I wasn't going to punish you for your thoughts, but you aren't even trying to moderate them..." She felt a shiver of fear run down her spine. "Luckily not only were you late with breakfast,
but I do not care about being seen as a hypocrite." No...

"Oh yesss..." He hissed, with a spell from his wand and the dishes flung themselves at the sink, sudding up and suddenly to soap vanished the dishes shining.

She shuddered at his tone, at him doing the menial work he seemingly abhorred as if not willing to wait to hurt her.

The spell that was flung at her wasn't the cruciatus curse, nor was it the nearly as expected imperio or the somewhat wished for avada kedavra.

Instead the spell didn't hit her at all.

The chair underneath her transformed, turning cold, it's legs expanding into two shackles surrounding her ankles, and two more just above her knees even as the back of the chair grew and wrapped around her neck in a collar.

She felt herself falling even as the back legs reached her arms, two more shackles growing out of them, and as she clattered to the ground more grew even as the chair seemed to narrow, vanishing in parts leaving a thin sheet of metal along her spine attached to her neck, another band of metal surrounding her waist before flowing up and meeting back to her collar, thin wiry bits of metal seemed to explode around her, her tits squeezed painfully through it.

From the shackles on her ankles and wrists blossomed, her hands cocooned in metal spheres even as the soles of her feet grew heels.

A spell hit the human sized and shaped cage and she found the metal moving in an animation charm awkwardly using the spheres surrounding her hands to stand, the heels nearly spikes digging painfully into her feet, that and a small metal plate barely allowing her to keep her balance.

She stared down at her hands in horror as much as she could, a wire cage surrounding even her head, thin wire that dug painfully into her skin.

She dimly realized there was no warmth, no healing and rejuvenation. She hated that ritual, even still the phantom pains stinging her, but now she missed it's results. Was it so short in duration? Or was the metal special in some way?

"Certain things impede magic, do they not teach this?" Oh Merlin, save her from monologuing villains Grace thought dimly through the pain in her feet and worry of the immediate future. They don't teach it but it hardly mattered, she'd figured it out on her own. Well, guessed it as a possibility.

"Standards truly have fallen at Hogwarts. They are few in number but important to know. Obsidian is notoriously difficult to effect directly with magic and nigh impossible to conjure. Silver you should be aware of is highly effective on Werewolves and decently so on all Magical creatures when driven into their bodies and also gold, which is why only mudbloods wear the things inside their ears. All can of course be safely handled by most and are nigh impossible to conjure." She was interested despite herself seeing as the man before her was in a magically conjured body.

"Iron, particularly iron as pure as you can get it however is different. Paradoxically easily conjured yet it inhibits magic to a degree. Nothing you'd normally notice- most iron isn't all too pure, and steel and the like tend be rather more useful. Besides, even if you surrounded a magical in it, why the normal witch or wizard wouldn't notice a thing save that their view is obscured! Those who have been ritually enhanced on the other hand...Well, you feel the results for yourself."

Her eyes widened, she could use this, a weakness of the Dark Lord was worth it's weight in gold or
in iron as the case may be.

"Oh, there are ways to counteract it of course, don't set your hopes so high Pet."

Her stomach sank.

"Now, I think it best you march, high and proud." He said with dark delight as she felt the metal around her forcing her to move, a leg rising high before stepping down hard, the spike driving itself into her foot making her scream even as the second followed.

She felt panic rising as she painfully marched propelled by the spell, the Dark Lord following.

Each step she found the heels easier to walk in but harder to bare until they hit small bits of metal ringing them, the spikes going no deeper but each step moving the spikes enough to hurt.

It wasn't as bad as a crucio in sheer pain, not as bad as last night's magic but.. that she was deforming her body was worse in a different way. Pain could be fought, a lost limb could not.

She'd half been expecting to be lead into a dungeon.

The Dark Lord isn't predictable as that it seemed.

The study was full of books, letters and old newspapers, one of the few rooms she'd been told not to enter lest ordered to, and she dimly wondered if she'd be punished for this too despite having no choice. She fought against the metal but if the ritual improved her strength she was still not stronger than the metal or Voldemort's magic. The mere thought of the ritual still made her ache she thought with a grimace even through the more present pains in her feet.

"I could of course simply send a spell at you but I'm sure you'll appreciate the muggle methods more. That I will enjoy it either way goes without saying but sometimes the hand on approach is enjoyable..."

Still in his monologue he got out a completely ordinary package of paperclips explaining all the while. "Steel of course, but the iron heels you wear oh so well shall impede their healing well enough... Transfiguration and conjuration aren't permanent but if one uses alternative means to shape objects such as charms..." A paper clip was plucked from the package and thrown in the air turning into molten metal before reshaping itself, flakes of impurities falling to the floor. He plucked it out of the air, a hollow pointed tube somewhat curved revealed itself.

Suddenly the metal surrounding her stood her up straight, legs spreading wide even as her metal encased hands were lifted above and behind her head melding into the metal already there.

With a finger and thumb he pinched her left nipple and she realized the lecture was over, realized what was about to happen and struggled within her cage finding she was barely able to move within it even as he painfully pulled her nipple taut poking the painful still hot piece of pointed metal into her nipple before it effortlessly slid through, she flinched and bit back a shout.

Another paperclip was turned into molten metal and turned into a mostly complete ring, an ornate snake, which was fed through the hollow metal tube in her nipple until it hit the side, and slowly he pulled out the tube while pushing the ring in further until the tube was out and the ring was in, feeling if anything less severe from the lessened weight.

"Bite your tail" he hissed in Parseltongue, the steel snake in her nipple moved forward biting it's tail firmly before seemingly naught more than steel again.
The second nipple had the same thing done to it, just as painful, just as frustrating that her body was being marred by the objects.

Then he pointed his wand between her legs, the oddest feeling overcoming her. She couldn't see but figured it out when he grabbed her now temporarily larger clit piercing it as well tearing a desperate scream out of her throat.

The ring that was put in moving it wasn't much better, she was rendered to a whimpering mess as this last snake bit itself.

His finger and thumb had some blood on them and disgustingly he licked them clean. Do magicals not get normal disease or was he just insa- no, don't insult the Dark Lord, that's what got you into this mess!

He stepped back to examine what he'd done and nodded as if satisfied, whether by his work or her refraining from calling him- of implying something that was obviously incorrect she couldn't say.

She hoped it was over but knew she wasn't that lucky.

Sure enough he grabbed a dagger hidden within his desk and waved his wand, the metal turning molten and even as he shaped it into chains and ornate padlocks the chains turned silver in color the padlocks gold

She didn't understand at first. Then one of the silver chains was then padlocked painfully to both her nipple piercings, the pain nearly as bad as when they were pierced dragged down by gravity and doubling as the chain was allowed to drop.

One silver chain longer than the rest was padlocked into the snake piercing on her clit drawing out a scream as he allowed the padlock and much of the chain to fall and she couldn't stop her bladder from releasing itself.

That particular chain ending in hand sized loop of chain was hung uncaringly on the chair though Grace thought without use of her hands it would be more than effective even as he vanished the mess she'd made uncaringly.

The Lord then pulled the chair out of the desk and sat down, turning evidently to a stack of parchments evidently absorbed in his task

Just when the pain was turning into a half numb-throbbing he hit her with a tickling charm. The simple spell made her move minutely within her cage in gales of laughter that she could only suppress for a second or two, making the padlocks and chains move painfully about causing her to scream.

Then he'd release the spell, waiting never longer than a few seconds and never simply forgetting about her, a painful twitch of the chain here, a tickling or stinging charm later each with the same results.

She just wanted it to end, even with her death if that's what it took.

Worst hit were her feet, never quite going numb, never having stopped hurting with the spikes driven through the bottom of her heels keeping her from healing.

At least until tiring of the game several iterations later his first transfiguration spell waved away and she collapsed forward chair clattering in a separate direction to her landing on the stone floor face first.
Grace was in a world of blinding white and when she woke. Someone was screaming. The world was on fire and she realized her everything hurt, it burned and felt amazing, the screaming taking on the a different tone before she ran out of breath. With mouth wide open still in a silent scream as the world of light slowly ebbed away into darkness.

A breath was sucked in and she breathed heavily and fast even as her body shook. She managed to roll over onto her back with a herculean effort, unable to move even a limb more as the warmth flooded her again.

"I see you enjoyed yourself." The deeply amused voice of the Dark Lord felt smooth and vile she thought, like a cobra about to strike but you could admire it before it did.

"Now, I realize it's not conventional... but I won't torture you unless you behave." He said sounding smug.

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