The Man Who Sold The World (On Temporary Hiatus Until March)

by AutumnalStardust

Summary

In a world where Ron never came back to the Horcrux hunt, Harry walks into the forest to negotiate the war's end with Voldemort, but is he prepared to give the dark lord what he craves? How far is Harry willing to go to save the world?

Notes

Disclaimer: All rights to the Harry Potter series go to J. K. Rowling and such.

Warnings: Explicit sex scenes, some graphic depictions of war injuries, PTSD, Panic attacks, Unhealthy relationships

Title Credit: Nirvana - The Man Who Sold The World.

This story was going to be a one-shot, but I decided to chapter it instead. It's not a work in progress, unlike everything else, but I shall post one chapter per week.

Happy reading!

Affectionately, Crowley♡
Harry walked into the forest with a determined grimace. His hands shook, his palms were sweaty, and his heartbeat was fast as a frantic hummingbird in his throat. They couldn't find all of the Horcruxes, nor had they discovered a way to destroy them. Nearly nine months in the woods and all they had to show for it was Slytherin's Locket and Ravenclaw's diadem, both whole and unharmed, though not for lack of effort. Basilisk venom was not easy to procure, and this battle had come far too quickly for Hermione and him to get their hands on it. Harry knew that if his plan failed he would most assuredly die; though with any luck he'd take the Horcruxes to the afterlife with himself.

The trees thinned out and the forest clearing came to his sight far too soon. Harry stopped at the edge, hidden in the shadows of tall evergreens, shaking and terrified. He did not want to die. He did not want to be here at all to be perfectly honest, but the world was not fair. If the world had been fair the prophecy would never have existed in the first place. Maybe his parents would have died in the war, and if Voldemort had not existed there would have been another in his place, but maybe Harry would have grown up with loving parents and family. Harry had long come to terms with the fact that there was always meant to be a war, but without the prophecy, he'd have had a choice about how much he was involved with the war. Still, it was best not to speculate, for the past was not something he could ever change. The future though... Harry was putting everything on the line for one chance to change that. This was his one chance to end the war, to save the world, or to die trying, and it was now or never.

He stepped out into the clearing, hands up in an unthreatening gesture. The locket Horcrux hung loosely in one hand and glinted in the fading golden light of the sun. "Voldemort," Harry grinned with a confident bravado that covered his inner terror, "I've come to bargain."

The declaration was met with silence, a dead quiet tense standstill in which no one dared move, dared to look away, and not even the forest dared to break it. The death eaters were too shocked by his daring to speak, unaware of the treasure in Harry Potter's hand, waiting for Voldemort to break the silence, but the dark lord had been effectively silenced by the threat to his very life. He stood there, staring across the clearing at the boy who lived, a battle raging silently between a desperate boy who refused to back down and a man who stood to lose everything. Sanguine eyes bore into peridot, a silent war waging across the clearing, neither daring to blink or look away. Only the wind howled, rustling the trees with a soft bitter chill. No one dared to move, afraid to break the spell, afraid to break the ominous silence that had drifted over them. There was only the wind and the sound of Harry's heart beating so loud he wondered if they could hear it as clearly as he could.

Then, at last, without breaking eye contact, his voice a soft deadly calm hiss, Voldemort spoke. "What is your bargain, Harry Potter?"

Harry's answering grin was vicious in triumph, venomous as a snake, and his voice was no less deadly in its unwavering seriousness, "A simple negotiation regarding the war in return for the Horcruxes I posses."

The death eaters shifted and whispered in the background like a hoard of angry bees, a rage-filled hissing of disbelief behind Voldemort, but the dark lord showed no fear, no anger as he cocked his head curiously. "Which ones?" Voldemort inquired, ignoring the whispering behind him.

"The locket, the diadem, and me," Harry answered, unwavering under the intensity of Voldemort's
Now, the whispers became a roar, a thunder of incoherent irrate shouting that rose up as fast as a wildfire, but just as quickly the voices were silenced as Voldemort rose his hand up in an almost placating manner. "A curious proposal," the dark lord allowed, "but what proof have you of such an intriguing claim?"

Harry pulled the diadem from his robes, then moved it to the same hand as the locket. Calmly, he lifted his bangs to show the red scar on his forehead. Voldemort took several steps forward, and Harry did the same so that they were nearly in arm's length of each other. "You're the one who marked me," he revealed as Voldemort scrutinized both the jewelry and him, then he dropped his bangs and hid both pieces of jewelry in his robes as Voldemort attempted to touch the locket. There was a flash of shock, then anger, that crosses his face, but Harry stood his ground and Voldemort backed away ever so slightly.

"My proposal is this," Harry stated, "We will negotiate, here and now, the end of the war until both parties agree on the starting points of a treaty that benefits both the light and dark. Once we are both satisfied, we will swear an oath not to harm each other, and the death eaters will withdraw. You will be given a room in the castle, provided it still stands, or you will allow me a room in your headquarters. We will meet at least three times per week to discuss the treaty, and each party may bring three others. During this time the war will be placed on hold, no attacks from either side will be allowed. Once the treaty is finished, you and I will sign it using blood quills. In return, I will give you the Horcruxes, unharmed and whole, myself included, and I will not resist you unless you break the finished treaty."

The whispering rose up in the background again but Harry only had eyes for Voldemort. The dark lord was calm, eerily so, and he stepped closer to Harry with a contemplative curious glint in his sanguine eyes. He looked, for lack of a better description, hungry. Harry felt like a rabbit before a fox, prey before a predator, and he fought not to shiver as Voldemort started to circle him. Voldemort dismissed his death eaters with a wave of his hand, and they stood stiffly for only a fraction of a moment until he glared lividly and told them to go in a deadly voice, then they reluctantly shuffled out of the clearing. No one dared to deny their lord. No one dared to outwardly question him either.

"I'm curious what you mean when you say you will give yourself to me," Voldemort commented as if remarking on the weather and Harry noted at once exactly what it sounded like he'd been implying, and the exact tone of Voldemort's voice.

Harry wondered if the shouting had less to do with Harry claiming to be a horcrux, and more to do with the death eaters all thinking he had been seducing Voldemort. He realized then that the hunger in Voldemort's gaze was lustful, as well as challenging. He was not sure if he could do as was being implied, but the fate of everyone else was at stake, and if this was what Voldemort desired to seal the deal then Harry could oblige, there were worse things he could request. Anyway, it wasn't like he had to deliver on the unspoken request immediately, they still had the treaty to negotiate and sign.

He wet his lips with his tongue and met Voldemort's gaze with unflinching determination. "I mean it however you wish me to." He answered softly. "Imprison me, enslave me, torture me, kill me," he paused, leaning in so he was nearly kissing the man who'd murdered his parents in cold blood, and in the most sultry voice he could manage, he whispered, "Fuck me."

Voldemort made a soft rasp of a sound, an indistinguishable noise he didn't know how to interpret. He leaned in as if to close the distance, but before Harry could panic or do anything to embarrass
himself, he stopped. Harry stood still, waiting, wide eyed, his face a scarce few inches from Voldemort's. He just stood there, so close his breath was warm on Harry's lips, and Harry's eyes started to hurt from the strain of keeping up with the unflinching direct eye contact. Minutes passed, until finally Harry could no longer take it, and he stepped back blinking. He expected some form of anger or triumph, but Voldemort only chuckled softly. Harry tried not to show his surprise at the sound.

"One hundred forty seven seconds," Voldemort said causally. At the confused sound Harry made, he continued, "That's how long it took for you to look away. You lasted eighty-seven seconds longer than I thought you would."

"What?" Harry asked, bewildered.

Voldemort offered no explanation, just hummed and then walked away and sat down on a fallen tree and crossed his legs. He stared at Harry patiently. "Well," He gestured to the log beside him, "are we discussing this treaty or not?"

Harry hesitantly came to sit beside him, wondering what the hell he'd actually gotten himself into, and if he was even capable of handling what was in store.

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