And in the Darkness Bind Them.

by Jessiikaa15

Summary

One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,  
One Ring to bring them all, and in the darkness bind them.

The appearance of the One Ring has caused many changes within Middle Earth, darkness  
and evil are growing and those who answered Elrond's call need decisions made. The One  
Ring cannot be destroyed by any known substance or weapon available to them, but to  
remove its power it needs to be completely unmade.

Now doesn't that sound familiar?

Notes

Ok, so go easy on me guys - this is my first crossover and my first break in to Tolkein.

So people will love this and some will hate it.

I'm not actually sure where this has come from if I am honest.

I will eventually get around to writing the backstory to this, which will roughly follow the  
Hobbit.
A low hiss drew the attention of the gathered group and all eyes snapped towards the Kings Consort of the Woodland realm. He had been silent throughout the entire meeting so far, sitting in eerie stillness with his eyes closed, and any questions that may have arisen at his behaviour in such a serious setting were belayed by a cold glare from the Elvenking himself; not someone many chose to cross freely.

The black haired elf was now sat rigidly in his seat, his piercing green eyes glaring at the innocent looking ring laid on the central stand. His face resembled marble as his eyes remained resolutely fixed upon the gold band, and many around him tensed fearing the worst. Thranduil looked over his beloved, remaining relaxed in his chair fully believing that whatever had caused Harildir such a reaction had nothing to do with him succumbing to the rings powers.

“Meleth nin?” He murmured and saw Harildir’s head tilt towards him just slightly, though his eyes never moved.

“Such evil resides here.” Harildir whispered, his voice carrying across them all as if he was stood next to them. “Its filthy aura poisons the very air it is in. Powerful, and gaining strength by the day.”

He rose to his feet in one fluid motion, graceful for even elvish standards and suddenly all but the woodland elves were gripping their weapons ready to pounce. Thranduil shifted slightly, his fingers brushing along his own blade in case he needed to intercept. Harildir moved soundlessly, his steps precise and measured, his focus unwavering from the ring.

“Vile and cruel: it waits, seeking, searching for the one to which it is bound. Its will is growing, the need for a true form once again is overpowering; it hungers for it.”

The low harshness of his voice was chilling and the silence that followed his words was crushing, even the air seemed to still. Harildir reached out and ran his hand over the ring, causing Gimli, Gandalf, Aragorn and Elrond to shoot to their feet, weapons at the ready but paused their motions as Harildir held up his other hand.

“Fear not, Lord of Rivendell.” He said quietly, his voice losing its previous harshness and becoming smooth once again. “For this evil could not take me even if it tried.”

“I do not believe you understand the gravity and power of the ring, Lord Consort.” Gandalf spoke gravely, his voice a touch patronizing and Harildir’s attention finally moved from the ring to pin Gandalf with a look of barely concealed disdain.

“You will find, Mithrandir, I understand the power and corruption this ring holds to a greater degree than even you do.” He said coldly.

“The Ring of Power does not hold any known power of this world.” Elrond said slowly, “It’s tarnish is unstoppable,” his voice was not mocking merely informing and Harildir offered him a
nod of acceptance.

“Unstoppable to those who are untouched by such wicked bindings.” Harildir agreed softly, his eyes turning back to the ring and he ran his hand over it again, taking a deep breath and his eyes slid shut. They snapped open again, darker this time, and he turned away in disgust, shocking many of the council. “But it cannot befoul one who has already been tainted.”

The air seemed to shift and murmurs broke out, Harildir saw Gandalf raise his staff slightly and few hands drifted towards weapons unsurely; he nearly rolled his eyes.

“Of what do you speak?” Elrond asked.

“In my old world there was a Dark Lord, said to be the most powerful, the most terrifying in our history. His name was Voldemort. He rose quickly and powerfully, gaining strong followers, those who held power and influence in our world. He reeked destruction and fear across the entire land and the resistance was crumbling rapidly. His success was imminent until he was suddenly vanquished, his body destroyed and thought to be killed.” Harildir’s voice was quiet, but enthralling and everyone was listening intently.

“He was not dead. His absence stretched but thirteen years before he rose to power, greater and more terrible than before. But there were many questions surrounding his resurrection; how he did so when he was struck with a curse that causes instant death?”

“Did you find out how he did it?” Aragorn asked and Harildir nodded once.

“Voldemort only held on true fear, and that was the fear of death. His paranoia grew to such lengths that he did not even trust the immortality of elves, for while they did not die they could be killed. And to protect himself, to make sure that should he ever be struck down he would be able to return, he delved in to the blackest of magics. Magics so vile, so foul that it was not even whispered about in the darkest corners of our earth.” Harildir’s expression twisted in to a truly dangerous look, glaring at the ring as if it had personally wronged him. “He created a Horcrux.”

“What is a Horcrux?” Gandalf questioned.

“A Horcrux is a soul container. It can be any item, but usually is something of significant value or meaning to the creator and it grants the creator full immortality by binding the maker’s soul to the living plane. Even if they were to be killed they would remain, they could be resurrected. For the creation of a Horcrux requires the maker to physically split their soul.”

Horrified gasps spread around the group, and furious whispers broke out at the revelation. Harry couldn’t blame them, he still couldn’t believe someone would go to such measures just to live; he would rather die.

“As truly horrific as these Horcruxes are, they do not explain your words.” Gandalf pointed out and Harildir smiled without warmth.

“By tearing the soul and removing it he removed part of himself, sealing it off. If he would have stopped there it might have changed many things. However, his fear was great and still it wasn’t enough. He decided that, as the most powerful magical number, he would create seven Horcruxes to secure his permanent existence.” Harry paused and more gasps sounded, and disgusted horror was the most prominent expression, even on Thranduil who had heard the tale before.

“But Voldemort was arrogant. He did not fully understand the consequences of his actions. He believed that he was tearing shreds from his soul and sealing it away, but that was not the case. Each time he split his soul, he tore it in half.”
“Can any living thing survive on such little soul?” Elrond breathed.

“Magic is both blessing and curse.” Harry said in response. “But he was not without consequence of his actions. His remaining soul was unstable, unable to fully retain what was left, but desperately holding on to its container. I spoke my words because the night Voldemort was first vanquished, he attacked my home and my family. He killed my parents before turning his wand upon me. My mother had used an ancient ritual, using herself as a willing sacrifice she called upon deeper entities and created a barrier that reflected the killing curse back on its caster. The lethal blow caused Voldemort’s remaining soul to shatter, and with my mother’s barrier weakened, the shard latched on to the only living thing within the room; me.”

He was met with another crushing silence and he allowed them to digest that before continuing, hoping to answer most of the questions he could see growing within many of their eyes.

“I grew and lived with his soul shard embedded within me for over a hundred years, always fighting back it’s control over me, my magic, my mother’s protection and my will keeping it bound to a single location, until it was removed and destroyed.” He wasn’t about to forget the pain of that ritual, but he would do it again in heart beat to remove the leach. “I know its taint, I’ve felt the aura of evilness and I know its presence.”

“You believe this ring is akin if not identical to these Horcruxes?” Elrond surmised and Harry nodded once.

“You have said that it cannot be destroyed by any craft amongst you, ordinary flames will not touch it, nor will the most vicious of poisons. Those findings plus the slick, defiling taint that leaches from it makes it a certainty.”

“This does not get us any closer to destroying it though, does it?” Gimli demanded, “Just made it even more certain that it needs to be removed.”

“What were the purpose of your words?” Glorfindel questioned, “Why raise such harrowing subjects?”

“I raise it because if this is, as I suspect, a Horcrux, then destroying it may be a simpler task than first thought.” Harry told him.

“How so? It needs to be completely unmade, completely obliterated.” Elrond stated.

“There are only a few known substances that can destroy a Horcrux. One is Feindfyre, a fire so great it destroys everything in its path, be it wood, stone, metal or earth. They are said to be called up from the depths of Hades realm. The second is basilisk venom, a toxin so strong a single drop can kill a man in minutes and there is only one known cure that has to be administered directly on to the infected area. The cure is rarer than the venom itself.” Harry explained, “While I would not dare to cast Feindfyre here for fear of its peril, I do happen to have access to a permanent supply of basilisk venom.”

The whispers that broke out this time held a touch of excited hope and they fell in to a discussion of the benefits over the fall backs. Harry watched them calmly, noting the general consensus was what have we got to lose?

“Would you be willing to try?” Elrond asked, “Should it fail we have tried and we continue as before. Should you succeed…” he let the sentence fall, not wanted to even think of the possibility of it working; it was just too much to hope for.

“I am.” Harry agreed, “I will have to put up a barrier between everyone and the ring. If it is a
Horcrux it will try to fight, and should it enter any of you the aftermath could be catastrophic. Though, should you still hold concern over my falling to the rings power, Gandalf may stay within the barrier as he has the full means to protect himself.”

“Very well, let us at least try.” Elrond decided. Everyone sat up straighter, poised and waiting as Harry waved his hand and raised a thick ward. It would encase the evil within the circle, not allowing it to escape, but the only problem was he could only hold it for a small amount of time. Harildir held up his hand making lightning crackle up his arm and form a gleaming silver sword with egg sized rubies forged in to the hilt. He looked at Gandalf, silently asking if he was ready and the old wizard nodded. Harry took a deep breath, swishing the sword to find a comfortable position before bringing it down with deadly accuracy on the centre of the ring. As soon as the blade connected a terrible scream rang throughout the clearing, mindless, agonising, furious screaming that seemed to bounce around the inside of his skull and as they grew in proportion a thick, black tar-like smoke rose from the ring. It was writhing and twisting as they shrieks continues, stretching and contorting as it tried to fight the poison killing it. A flaming eye flared and tried to overpower him but Harildir flared his aura, pushing down with all of his will, all of his power and emotion in an effort to crush the blackness.

“Go back to the void from whence you came.” He hissed, twisting the swords and giving one last push of his magic making the eye fizzle and the failing black mass to wither and finally die. The screams vanished with the mass, leaving the clearing in an echoing silence except for Harildir’s ragged breathing. His barrier fell and Thranduil was next to him in a second, catching him as he stumbles backward completely exhausted. Elrond and Gandalf were next, rushing to the central podium to examine the ring.

“I do not believe, but yet my eyes do not deceive me.” Elrond whispered stunned.

“It is destroyed.” Gandalf muttered in disbelief, “It is gone.”

There was a rush of movement as they rest of the council hurried to see proof of the ring’s destruction, and each of their eyes going wide with disbelief and delight at the sight. On the podium, what used to be a burnished golden ring now lay two pieces of blackened, mangled metal that was beginning to crumble at the edges.

The Ring of Power was no more.

“How was this blade able to destroy it?” Glorfindel questioned, reaching to lift the sword from where Harry had dropped it next to the ruined ring.

“Don’t.” Harry called sharply, summoning the sword back to him. He flashed a grateful smile at Thranduil as he straightened himself out and turned back to the council members.

“I do not mean to cause you offence.” He said honestly, “But you were about to touch the blade, and you would have been dead within the next five minutes.”

Glorfindel’s hard expression of indignation smoothed out and his eyes were questioning as he spoke.

“Why is that?”

“I told you all that I had a permanent supply of basilisk venom,” Harry reminded them, “This blade is imbued with it.”

“It does not look poisoned.” Elrond noted somewhat amazed.

“No, it is a quality unique to the craftsmanship of our goblins.” Harry said, “Goblin made blades
never blunt, they never rust and they only take in that what makes them stronger. When this blade slew a basilisk, it absorbed the venom from the beast, and so as it is permanently sharp, the risk of poisoning is too much.”

“It never rusts or blunts? How long does that last, for surely it cannot be forever?” Glorfindel wondered and Harry’s lips quirked.

“This blade is one of the oldest relics of our world, given to High King Godric of Gryffindor by Ragnok the First to commemorate their alliance when the original lines ascended to royalty over ten thousand years ago.” Harry said to him, a slight smile coming to his face at their varying looks of surprise, “Until it came in to my possession around three thousand years ago, and I have never cleaned nor sharpened it.”

“Incredible,” He whispered, “May I?”

Harry offered the hilt of the blade to the warier elf, who admired it with keen eyes.

“You do not worry over the venom.” Elrond noted and Harry shook his head.

“I am immune,” He answered.

“How?”

“Basilisk venom is of such strength that its presence cannot ever been fully removed, even if the ‘cure’ is administered. The cure remains in the blood until all traces of venom is gone, but as the venom never goes neither does the cure. I was bitten many years ago and cured, so I am immune.”

“Is that how the blade became imbued?” Glorfindel wondered, though it was asked as a question his tone suggested a statement. Harry bowed his head in acknowledgement and spotted the next question in his eyes before it was asked.

“It isn’t the grandest of tales, I shall admit freely, but if you desire to hear it I would tell it another time.” Harry told him, “But now I fear taking up even more of your time with my tales with our current happenings.”

The council, who had all fallen silent to listen to Harildir speak jolted as if remembering that they had been on the brink of desperation and now they had things to organise with the sudden destruction of the ring.

“Messages must be sent to all kingdoms and realms.” Elrond announced, “The armies of Mordor still live, they will scatter without a leader and must be destroyed.”

“We also must remember that Saruman has betrayed us.” Gandalf added, “Sauron’s sudden destruction will not go unnoticed by him.”

“I suggest,” Thranduil cut in smoothly, his voice as expressionless as his face, “That we retire and deal with our respective messages immediately. As you say, though the ring is destroyed the war is not yet over and so our purpose for being here has now changed. We all need to adjust accordingly.”

“Yes. I must agree.” Glorfinel said with a nod.

“Very well. Let us seek a peaceful eve.” Elrond decided. “We shall speak on the morrow.” He nodded to them all and swept out with Gandalf and the hobbit on his heels. Thranduil artfully moved them over to where Legolas and Luna were waiting for them, and though it looked as if Harildir was walking easily it was only Thranduil keeping him upright. Luna gave him a one
armed hug and allowed her magic to wash over him.

“Just until you reach your rooms,” She murmured, smiling softly at Harry’s look of relief as his strength temporary returned.

“Thank you,”

Legolas offered them a silent nod of understanding and a slight smile, gently escorting his wife away as they moved to their rooms. As soon as the door shut, Harildir sagged and Thranduil was there to catch him and move him over to the bed. He undressed him with swift movements, batting away Harildir’s hands when he tried to help.

“Harry, will you stop.” He demanded, eyeing him warningly to which Harry quirked his lips and gave up, allowing Thranduil to have him tucked under the covers of their rather comfortable bed within minutes.

“Rest, Meleth nin,” Thranduil ordered softly, a warm smile on his face as he gently traced his beloved’s face. “You have done a great deed.”

“Lay with me?”

“Of course,”

As soon as Thranduil slid in to the bed Harildir rolled over, which took more effort than he cared to admit, and had hugged his husband close and breathed in the scent that was just simply Thranduil.

“You know.” Harry murmured, breaking the peaceful silence they had settled in to, “If I somehow get involved with another Dark Lord then I’m going to start to believe that it is not a coincidence.”

“What is it you have previously said to me? Three is a charm?” Thranduil replied lightly and then laughed softly as he didn’t need to be looking at Harildir to know he was glaring.

“I’m retiring,” He decided firmly, which only saw fit to further Thranduil’s amusement but in the end he smiled to himself. He couldn’t hold back his yawn even when he tried and Thranduil tutted, pulling the covers more securely around them.

“Go to sleep. We shall deal with the aftermath tomorrow.” Thranduil instructed, and Harry sighed, letting his body go completely boneless.

“Te amo,” He muttered.

End Notes

Feel free to let me know what you think!

Thanks for reading!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!