

To a Far-Off Place

by snapesbeatrice

The Dark Lord makes an acquaintance.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I am indebted to Mia Madwyn for betaing and critique, and on short notice, at that. Written for OWL's October 2009 Dark fics challenge. Disclaimer: Not mine—I'm only playing.

Keeping the masses cowed but satisfied was a smart move, so Voldemort occasionally staged lavish parties—funded by his leaders and hopefuls, of course—for Death Eater families. They enjoyed the opportunities to show off their designer clothing and fine manners while ebbing and flowing from room to room within the current host's mansion. He seldom made a personal appearance, preferring to relax in a sumptuous chair to watch the interactions through a magic mirror. The lucky few were granted audiences and sometimes special favors.

It was during one such soiree that he spotted her. Elisabeth Gibbon had been a timid and motherless child who excelled at Charms. Her grandparents and father had decided she would benefit from charm school and an extended tour, so after graduating from Hogwarts she left for Switzerland. She returned in mid-1996, a confident, bright-eyed, ripe 21-year-old.

He sent for her.

The young woman's normally rosy complexion paled, but after a deep breath, she pulled herself tall and followed Severus Snape to the Dark Lord's room. She entered alone, the door clicking shut behind her, and stood stock-still on the middle of the fairy-loomed carpet. He'd risen, turned slowly to face her, and she'd gasped. Only a few of his current followers had actually seen him, and others claimed that not only were his eyes red and his nose slitted but that his tongue was forked and he ate rodents. Such indignities he suffered from the mouths of fools.

Handsome Tom Riddle grasped her hand, calmed her with his social graces, made her laugh. Soon they were sitting on a settee, where he listened as she gushed until she quieted with embarrassment, and he kissed her.

After she left and the Polyjuice wore off, he gave Snape an order. Elisabeth's sniveling, social-climbing father was presented. Stricken at the "request" and the esteem it would bring his family, Gibbon backed from the room with a multitude of bows and effusive thanks until a disgusted but consummately composed Snape closed the door in his face.

Together, leader and right-hand wizard watched as the lesser Death Eater, managing to conceal his delight, pulled aside his daughter to take her home.

Newly outfitted at Twilfit & Tattings, the svelte blonde was delivered a fortnight later to Malfoy Manor, where the Dark Lord had a wing to himself. Greeted like royalty by Bellatrix, Elisabeth was ushered to Voldemort's private receiving room where "Tom" greeted her. Minutes later, she was in his bedroom, on her back, receiving the very personal attentions of one of the handsomest and definitely the most powerful wizard she'd ever met.

Thrice daily for several days, the sex was intense. He found her amusing and pliable; she was willing to do anything he desired. Between sessions, she luxuriated in her lover's bath, enjoyed the Malfoy gardens, draped herself on a divan with a book or magazine, and ate gourmet meals while he tended to business. It was a singular honor to be hand-picked by the Dark Lord to be his mistress, to feel his love literally pouring into her. Fingering the diamond necklace he'd given her, she curled onto the satin-covered bed, sighing contentedly in remembrance of what they'd last done.

The pattern was repeated the two subsequent months and the arrangement kept carefully concealed. At last, she became pregnant, and she received the finest care while kept hidden away in Malfoy Manor, this time in her own suite, near Bellatrix's and away from his. He visited her for an hour a few times per week, taking care to preserve the valuable supply of hair from his early post-Hogwarts years. Coached by Voldemort, Bellatrix stroked the girl's ego, and with Narcissa's help ensured that she ate only the most nutritious foods, exercised, was happy and entertained.

Though magical means were available to ease childbirth, they also carried dangers, so the delivery was natural and extended. Tom made one early visit to kiss and encourage Elisabeth before leaving her with the mute midwife and Bellatrix. Early the next morning, Narcissa knocked on the library door and whispered. Snape returned to his master's side, Voldemort swallowed a black liquid, and the two walked to the specially prepared delivery room.

Snape dismissed the midwife, and Tom himself took her place between his lover's splayed legs. Her lover's return gave Elisabeth the necessary strength to push out the baby's head. In two more pushes, Tom held the slick, tiny child in his hands as his lover fell back into the pillows, exhausted. Snape wiped her brow with a natural linen towel and offered her a sip of water.

Together, Tom and Bellatrix used the necessary spells and charms to slap and clean the child and to magically cut the umbilical cord. Tom placed a hand atop the squirming, crying child's head and murmured a blessing. He wrapped the infant in an Acromantula-silk blanket and proudly stepped to Elisabeth's side.

"Meet our son, my heir," he announced, extending the bundle to her.

She took it carefully, cradling the precious package in her arms before peeling back the blanket corner covering the little boy's head. Her fingers brushed against the face beneath. The unexpectedness made her jerk away the cloth.

Elisabeth gaped in horror at the solid coating of yellowish-green scales, the bumps for ears, and the slit nose. A tiny forked tongue slipping from the mouth sent her into hysterical screams. The thought that she had produced... *that* made her want to retch, and her heart withered at the thought that she had happily allowed Tom—truly a monster—to be inside her.

The Dark Lord watched Elisabeth's reactions calmly while Bellatrix beamed at the spawn with evil glee and Snape stood expectantly. Voldemort retrieved the blanketed child and handed it to Snape.

"Take him to a far-off place," Voldemort said to his lieutenant, who already had donned his traveling cloak. "My heir must remain safe until he is ready to rule with me."