

Bound Power

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Everyone thought Tom Riddle was well and truly gone, but everyone would be wrong. There were tendrils of him left in those he had played with, exacerbating their faults, heightening their darker emotions, and damaging them beyond repair.

Ginny Weasley was furious. She was thinking to herself, her mind full of hateful thoughts *My idiot brother got what I wanted. How could he be part of a Golden Triad? He's just a sidekick, a nobody.*

The power involved in a triad was tremendous; any well-educated pureblood knew that. And the fact that it was with Harry? That just made it so much more unimaginable.

I bet Hermione probably figured something out to make him fall for the two of them, the sneaky little Mudblood. But how did they work their way around the magic? A potion? Some Dark spell? Ginny just couldn't stop thinking.

A bond like the one they had was so powerful. She just had to find a way to show them up. She fell asleep in her little room in the Burrow, awash in feelings of anger and despair, half-formed ideas of retribution flitting through her mind.

Ginny woke up the next morning, still angry, but frighteningly cold in her anger; the famous Weasley temper was oddly under control. In her anger, Ginny had broken past the "helpful" barriers that Dumbledore had placed in her mind, unwittingly opening the places that Tom Riddle had made his own. There were wells of darkness in those places, Tom's desperate last effort to attain immortality.

Ginny used some of that darkness to weave a façade of happiness meant to keep those around her from delving too deeply into her motives, allowing her time to plot and plan.

Harry should pay. He betrayed me, binding himself to my traitorous brother and that know-it-all whore, she thought to herself.

Ginny certainly refused to acknowledge, even to herself, that she was the one who had behaved badly to begin with.

Ginny went down to breakfast and pretended to be the girl she knew her parents wished her to be, nodding and agreeable, even forcing a smile when Molly stated that it was such an honor to be part of a family that had such a powerful triad as part of it. Inwardly, she seethed, the dark, Riddle-infused recesses of her mind rebelling against the outward domesticity. She decided to go to the flat she had bought in secret and find a way to show the Trio-of-Idiots that she could find a power better than theirs. Love

was unnecessary. Influence, prosperity, fame, those were far more important.

Meanwhile, in a bar deep inside Knockturn Alley, Marcus Flint and Theodore Nott sat and contemplated the front page of the *Daily Prophet*.

Golden Trio becomes Golden Triad!

The article went on to describe the power inherent in a triad, extolling the virtues of the Gryffindors.

After he finished reading, Marcus turned to Theo and said, "Hey, Theo, didn't your father have some books on dark triads?"

"You know, Marcus, you're right. Why don't we go see what we can find?" replied Theo.

Not bothering to finish their drinks, they took themselves off to Theodore's ancestral home, to the library, to search through the books. After a long search through the rather haphazardly stacked books, they found an ancient book: *Dark Bindings, A Wizard's Guide to Power*. This book described how two wizards could bind a witch under the pretense of a triad and use her to boost their power by stealing hers. The two wizards decided that this was something they wanted to do. And they knew the perfect target. It was well known that Ginny Weasley was willing to do anything to upstage Harry Potter. Somewhere in her mind, she seemed to think this would draw him closer, by showing him he wasn't needed.

"Just think, Theo, if we convince Ginny to bind with us, we could have everything we wanted. She would provide us with some extra power; she's a Weasley, so we could both get heirs off her, and our fathers can't say a damn thing about us being together. They'd probably be proud of us," enthused Marcus.

"True, love. They don't like us being together because of the heir thing. This might work," replied Theo. "But how are we going to convince her to see both of us?"

"Don't worry, pet. It's just about time to see if she's in the mood for a rough shag, so the timing is perfect," answered Marcus.

Marcus headed over to the Floo. He threw down some powder and called, "Ginny's Hideaway!" Shortly thereafter, the flames in a posh apartment found at the top of a grungy building in Knockturn Alley turned green.

Ginny heard the Floo sound and headed toward the hearth.

"Oh, hey, Marcus, how are you doing? Do you want to come through?" she asked.

"Yeah, doll. I was wondering if you were up for a bit of fun. Hey, would it be all right for me to bring someone else along?" replied Marcus.

Ginny thought this was a great case of serendipity.

"That would be excellent! Please do," she responded.

"Don't you want to know who I'm bringing?" Marcus asked.

"I've let you chain me to a wall and fuck my ass. I've let you use a whip on me. You've caned me. I figure I can trust you," said Ginny.

Theo was listening in to the Floo conversation and was deeply pleased by what he heard. He thought to himself that however tough, and cunning, and sneaky Ginny was, she was still deeply Gryffindor. Just because Marcus didn't kill or maim her while he was fucking her didn't mean that he could be trusted. But this naiveté was, again, to their advantage, so he held his tongue.

Both men stepped through the Floo, smiling broadly at Ginny, who was standing in front of her sofa, contemplating the men with a sly grin on her face.

"Did you hear what my brother and his stupid friends managed to do?" she asked.

"It was all over the papers, doll," responded Theo.

"You've never taken me up on any offers before, Theo. Why did you come along now?" questioned Ginny.

This was quite true. Theo only slept with witches if he got something out of them. In his mind, sex just wasn't that great unless it involved another man.

"I wanted to see if Marcus was up for a shag, but he wanted to see you. He said you would be willing to play with both of us, so I decided to take a chance," he replied truthfully.

"All right, then. Shall we get to it?" interjected Marcus. He really did want a shag, and few witches were willing to let him be as rough as Ginny was. The added bonus of having Theo there was just getting him harder.

Theo and Ginny both agreed, and wasting no time, Marcus turned to the red-haired witch, grabbed her robes, and tore them off of her. He picked up the now naked witch and slammed her up against the wall. While he had her pinned there, he started to pinch her nipples hard. In the meantime, Theo had placed his hand between her legs and found she was sopping wet.

"Like it rough, do you?" he gasped out. Marcus had stuck the hand he had fondled Ginny with down Theo's pants and grabbed his cock.

By the time the three were finished, all of them were scratched and bruised. Ginny and Theo both had small trickles of blood coming out their asses; Marcus had held nothing back. They were all supremely satisfied, though. At this point, Ginny looked at the two men and started to speak.

"You know, we are fairly compatible, as we just proved. Do you want to try to see if we can manage a triad bonding?" asked Ginny slyly.

"What makes you think we want to be bound to you permanently?" blustered Theo. He figured he should sound reluctant, but in reality, this was playing right into his and Marcus's hands.

"Look, you want to be bound to a wizard more than a witch, but your parents won't allow it because they don't want an heir adopted into the family, and Marcus isn't high enough up the food chain anymore to get a meek little wife who will let him have a piece on the side for the rough stuff or allow it herself. You both need me," Ginny stated plainly. She had done her research and had always thought that Marcus would make a good spouse if Harry wasn't willing. In any case, she'd be a lot less likely to search out a more adventurous partner with him around, and his family would insist on a fidelity charm as part of the marriage.

"You've done your homework, haven't you?" Marcus was amused at Ginny's frank assessment. It seemed there was more than one game afoot.

"Of course I did. No matter what people think of me, I do like to research; I just need a good reason," declared Ginny.

"I found something, almost the opposite type of binding from what the moronic Trio did, which is also very powerful," whispered Marcus.

"What kind of binding?" asked Theo, pretending not to know what was going on.

"An Incommensurate Binding," replied Marcus, knowing that Ginny would not know the exact meaning, but just hear the Latin base for measure and assume that it would mean something good for her.

"What does it do?" asked Ginny excitedly.

"It binds us together and gives us a measure of power over one another," Marcus prevaricated. In truth, it only gave the power to the wizards.

True to her Gryffindor self and spurred on to negligence bordering on recklessness by the tendrils of darkness that Riddle had planted in her mind, Ginny squealed in excitement, then declared, "Let's do it!"

Marcus and Theo looked at each other in anticipation of what they were about to do.

All three of them arranged themselves in a circle in the living room of the hideaway, holding hands, and prepared themselves for what was about to happen.

"Here is the incantation, Ginny. You have to start it off," said Marcus.

Ginny looked at the book, which should have tipped her off that something was wrong. A true binding came from the magic within and certainly did not have to be recited out of a book.

She began to read her part, "I bind myself to thee, my power to yours, to support and succor both of you in all your endeavors. May this triad bring greatness to us all!"

Marcus followed with, "I bind myself to thee, accepting your power, witch. I choose to share it with you, Theodore Nott, wizard of my heart. May this triad bring greatness to us all!"

Ginny realized at that point that she may have miscalculated, but the tentacles of dark magic had already begun to bind them. She started to struggle, but the magic, as well as the men at her sides, held her firm.

Theo ended it, cementing the foolish girl's fate. "I bind myself to thee, accepting your power, witch. I choose to share it with you, Marcus Flint, wizard of my heart. Although the witch is necessary to continue our lines, she will never share in our power. May this triad bring greatness to us all!"

For truly, thought Theo, it would be great to supply two wizards with both children and power, would it not?

Ginny started to cry, attempting futilely to pull away from the two men who held her. She was still hoping that maybe she could get away from them before they completed the binding with the sex that was sure to follow. But she could not. They took her back to the bedroom and, in a macabre parody of the earlier games they had played, used the witch every way they could think of. Each penetration of her vagina, anus and mouth created an evil dark glow above them, creating on them what looked like a shiny silver bracelet on each of their wrists, but on her, it was a vine of thorns, covering most of her bare skin. It was an ugly reminder of what she had done.

When they were finished, Marcus and Theo were glowing with power.

And Ginny?

Ginny was a broken shell, her life shattered, her soul, her body and her magic bound to two men who wanted nothing more than to use her.

The small part of Tom Riddle deep in her mind laughed.

Many thanks to mw8 for the beta. She definitely made this better.