

Brothers

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Lord Voldemort purchases a new wand - inspired by the 'New Wand' challenge at the LifeJournal community '30minutefics'

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine, unfortunately.

"Good morning! To which of you gentlemen may I be of service?" Mr. Ollivander rose from his workbench, his moon-like eyes shining in anticipation of the challenge of finding one of his clients a new, fitting wand, not caring the lateness of the hour. But the next moment found him bound, condemned to watch in silence and without any possibility of motion how his "customers" started to empty his shop, carrying away all wands. He tried to get a glimpse at the features of the intruders to be able to identify them, should he survive, but the hoods of their cloaks were drawn deep onto their faces, casting shadows.

Finally, when all shelves were emptied, when the whole shop looked abandoned, he was taken away as if he was nothing more than one of his wands himself. In his motionless state the forced Apparition was even more unpleasant; as soon as he recovered and had gained command over his senses again, he was able to distinguish a hissing voice giving instructions as to where and how the items – his wands, he presumed – should be stored.

The owner of that very characteristic voice finally moved into his view. "Welcome, Mr. Ollivander," Lord Voldemort greeted him, accompanied by a barely noticeable motion of his wand, which caused the Binding Spell to drop.

"Mr. Ollivander, you see me in a tight spot. I am anticipating a meeting with Mr. Potter anytime – and I think that I don't need to tell you of all people more about the distress one of our past meetings had caused me and which I'm not particularly keen on repeating."

"Yes, I remember mentioning the oddity of him being chosen by a twin of your wand ... you did experience the effects of the Priori Incantatem, I suppose." Excitement of hearing about such rare an occurrence first hand replaced the feeling of terror that had paralyzed Ollivander mere moments before.

Lord Voldemort simply nodded and as Mr. Ollivander only stared transfixed, awaiting further explanation of the events, he added: "I think you know why you are here, so do your job. You will find your wands filed in the same system you used in your shop, in the adjacent room."

It took Mr. Ollivander only three attempts to produce the fitting wand: yew, 14" with a core of the essence of dragon - heartstring. He couldn't help but smile – nobody is able to judge a wizard better than he, a master in the art of wand-making.

"Pray, Mr. Ollivander, has this wand a brother? And if so, to whom have you sold it." Noticing the reluctance to speak in the wand-maker, he dived into his mind and promptly was rewarded with a memory. "Floean Fortescue? Fortescue was chosen by a brother of my wand? Unbelievable, but still ... Thank you very much. You did a good job, and now you shall receive your payment."

A flash of green was the result of the first spell cast with Lord Voldemort's new wand.

Author's Notes: Many thanks to the adorable Larilee, who helped me to crank out my mistakes.