

Mermaid

by Aling

"It was time for a change in strategy." Voldemort will go to any lengths to get what he wants.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

"It was time for a change in strategy." Voldemort will go to any lengths to get what he wants.

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter. I'm just playing with Jo's world for my own amusement.

A/N: Many thanks to the lovely tonksinger for the beta. As of right now, this is only a one-shot, although *may* write a sequel sometime in the future.

The pool was deep, clear. *Pristine*. The water rippled as its sole occupant made lazy breaststrokes across its length. The cool liquid seeped into her pores, purifying and rejuvenating her magic. *A sacrilegious baptism, as welcome as it was forbidden*. Arousal blossomed in between her legs as the gentle lapping of the waves teased her sex, and she stilled, flipping over like an otter to float on her back as she reached her hand down to satisfy the burn demanding her undivided attention. Instead of smooth skin and coarse hairs, she encountered slick scales.

Scales? Panic set in until she realized it was just her flippers. The mermaid in the portrait above the bath tittered and winked saucily at her.

Her need spiked as the water around her started bubbling, a bouquet of scents—*sandalwood and bergamot and neroli*—rising with the steam. Whispers, soft and soothing at first, rose in volume as the droplets of condensation clouded her vision until the cacophony of voices was all she could hear and the vapor all she could see. The fog, suddenly a solid entity, slithered across her breasts in a mock caress, her pinkish-brown nipples peaking with the stimulation, and around her taut abdomen like a corset. She clawed at the scales on her tail, trying to scrape off the flakes and reach the treasures that lay beneath. Soon, slivers of rainbow flesh littered the bath, their iridescence reflecting the dim fairy lights overhead and pulsing with a life of their own. Blood pooled where she had scratched deep gorges and valleys near her pubic bone, her sharp fingernails and dexterous digits the only tools she needed to reach completion. Gutting herself like the fish she suddenly realized herself to be, she curled her hands, dripping with more than just her arousal, into small fists as her pleasure skyrocketed and the corset of mist tightened around her torso and *oh, Morgana, can't breathe, why can't I breathe*—

She woke to find herself trapped in a large aquarium tank covered by a heavy lid. She spluttered, trying to expel the surrounding water—murky and dark and *impure*—from her lungs, but it steadily rose to the top of the tank until no air remained. She swam desperately to what would have been the surface and tried in vain to push off the top of her cage. It hardly moved an inch. Not yet ready to admit defeat, she changed tactics, frantically ramming her shoulder against the side of the tank, but the glass would not yield, and all that resulted was a large purpling bruise. Her heart felt like it might explode with the pressure building in her chest. She scanned the area just beyond her prison—*Malfoy Manor? Why am I...?*—searching for someone, anyone, to help her.

And out there, oh, out there... menacing red eyes and a white reptilian face, created from death and dirt and bone, taunting her, watching her with cruel amusement—*he was earth perverted—entirely unnatural yet rooted in the muck and grime all the same*. What did that make her, then? Water polluted? *A mermaid without gills, without fins,*

unequivocally doomed to drown in her natural habitat. Hysterical laughter bubbled deep in the back of her throat.

More and more air pushed itself up and out of her failing lungs, the lack of oxygen causing her vision to blur and her extremities to tingle. She was sinking, sinking, sinking to the bottom of the ocean, her feet tethered to large boulders, her ankles straining and the brittle bones breaking from the weight, her hands grasping for the slowly fading light. As her eyelids drooped, she thought she saw the horrid monster before her flicker out of existence, replaced by a handsome youth with wavy black hair and a beatific smile. Her last thought before she sank into oblivion was how wonderful that smooth obsidian hair would feel in her hands.

Potter's Mudblood twisted in agony, soft whimpers escaping her cracked and bloodied lips as her whole body seized with the effort of rejecting the foreign presence clawing at her psyche. She twitched one last time as Lord Voldemort tore his way out of her mind, his cool palm resting deceptively gently against her forehead, and then quieted. Her breath came in shallow gasps, rattling like death itself; her broken ribs made breathing a difficult process even in unconsciousness.

Voldemort glowered in anger and irritation at the young woman lying on the table in front of him. Brown rags soiled with blood, sweat, and semen—all manner of bodily fluids—hung from her malnourished frame, and her limbs were marred with lacerations, sores, and freshly delivered curse scars. Layers of dirt and oil obscured her delicate features, which were even then fixed into a pained grimace. Her wrists and ankles were rubbed raw from the tight chains securing her to the table; they had been intended to dampen her magic, but, much to Voldemort's displeasure, they appeared to have no effect whatsoever on her ability to keep a secret. As a result, his mental invasion had triggered the girl's intricately layered defenses, a jumble of inconsequential memories, lewd dreams, and carefully crafted delirium.

She was more resilient—*more powerful*—than he ever would have given her credit for, though he wasn't about to admit that to anyone but himself.

He resolutely backed a few steps away from the prisoner. Clenching the Elder Wand in his fist, the powerful weapon acting as a balm to his nerves, he looked up at his servant with unveiled revulsion.

"Take her to my quarters and have the house elves heal and bathe her. Find something more... suitable for her to wear. One of your wife's robes will do for now."

"Yes, my Lord," Malfoy bowed in supplication, but not before raising his eyebrows in query, unable to hide his surprise. He motioned to several bulky Death Eaters to release the girl's bonds and levitate her upstairs. He lowered his head in deference once more to Voldemort before moving to follow the others, but his master's insidious voice stopped him cold.

"Lucius."

"My Lord?"

"If you touch what is mine, and have no doubt that *I will* know if you so much as misplace a single hair on the girl's head, your family will suffer the consequences."

"Of course, my Lord."

As Malfoy exited with a barely concealed shudder, Voldemort cast an elaborate glamour, and his reptilian features morphed into those of Tom Riddle.

It was time for a change in strategy.