

# Initiation

by *BulletTimeScully*

A choice is made...

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Nothing recognizable is mine.

~\*~\*~\*~

The rain was cold, frigid and sharp like needles of ice as it beat down on his battered, torn skin. He knelt in the clearing, stripped bare, as each and every one of the Dark Lord's Inner Circle took their turn: Cruciatus, Slicing Hex, Stinging Hex, boot, fist...

The fresh Dark Mark on his forearm burned and writhed on his skin. Black rivulets mixed with red as the skull and serpent wept and bleed, a permanent reminder of his choice.

Let them do their worst; he didn't care. He had long ago locked away any emotion, any response to pain or humiliation. He was one *of them* now; a Death Eater. He would have power... glory... *respect*. His days as a ridiculed, exiled youth were done. Now he would be feared by those who once taunted him.

As another Slicing Hex tore through the skin of his back, his face contorted into a wicked smile, one of exquisite pleasure mixed with unbearable pain. It didn't matter. There was nothing of the Light left for him; his only true friend had turned from him, shunning him like all the rest.

Now there was no one.

No reason to stay on the path of righteousness...

No reason to care...

~Fin