

One Riddle More, the Verboten One

by nagandsev

Ginny reflects on some diary entries that were made between her and Tom, leading Voldemort to find out that Ginny still has a bond with him. What's a Dark Lord to do? Written for the LJ community worshipdarklord 2013 fest, based on and combining two prompts that were given.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Written for the LJ community worshipdarklord 2013 fest, based on and combining two prompts that were given: Ginny rediscovers her diary and that her Tom is still 'alive', and Voldemort discovers he has a special connection with Ginny; it is an exploration of a predatory madman's mind and a young woman who was marked by him.

oOoOoOo

"Oh goodness me," Minerva exclaimed. "We must hurry...not a second to lose!" She warded off the door in Dumbledore's office with a graceful swish and then turned briskly to the figures standing in the middle of the room. "Neville, please, Albus' cabinets...especially the phials for the Pensive, take them and pack them for me. Ginevra, Albus' desk's drawers; all contents must be emptied and hidden away."

The soon-to-be-replaced Headmistress gave them a sad but sober look. "I trust you, my top Gryffindors...urgency and secrecy is of the utmost importance! We must work fast before *he* arrives..."

McGonagall choked up at the thought of Severus Snape. Albus' murderer. Voldemort's lackey. The bloody *traitor*... Albus trusted him! And now the newly assigned Headmaster of Hogwarts. Batting back her tears, she cleared her throat and reminded herself as well as her wide-eyed Gryffindors, saying, "Snape can arrive any second...Let's best get to it!"

Ginny watched as Neville, his face set in grim determination, no questions asked, strode over and quietly, methodically, picked up and carefully wrapped and placed phial upon delicate phial of Merlin-only-knew-whose memories Dumbledore had secretly hoarded away into a small trunk.

Ginny saw Professor McGonagall waving and shrinking objects here and there at a dizzying speed *Right! Let me get to it!* The Weasley witch waved her wand, opening the drawers to the former headmaster's desk. They were thrust open, and with careful itemization, she packed the first then the second left drawer before slowly collecting the

items of the lower right. As she whisked around placing *Reducio* spells as quickly as possible on the various contents, she suddenly froze, as if Petrified. One item stood out amongst the rest the diary... her diary... *No, Tom Riddle's diary!*

She collapsed down into the headmaster's chair with a heavy plop and stared at the taboo object. *After all these years!*

She was struck by an unnatural fascination of the unclean object; the object that had changed her young life forever marked her forever...

"No dawdling, let's get all of this to my quarters quickly; there we go!" cried out McGonagall, snapping Ginny out from her momentary malaise over the forbidden journal, as if spellbound.

"Cover your heads with your hoods. There we go... I'll throw an extra Charm on us for good measure. No one should be able to detect us; now, come along, then!"

As they quietly exited, carrying the rare and magical belongings left behind by the late Albus Dumbledore to be hidden and protected, neither Neville nor McGonagall saw that the Weasley witch had slipped the verboten diary into her inner cloak's pocket.

oOoOoOo

The cold moonlight fell upon Ginny as she made her way down into the boathouse's landing. Once safely snuggled inside a docked boat, she pulled out the tarnished, blood-stained diary and gently ran her fingers over the jagged hole where the Basilisk's fang had been stabbed and penetrated through it years ago. She held it with an odd affection, apparently oblivious to the true owner's identity, even after all this time, after all had been revealed over the years, and the overwhelming reality and threat of who Voldemort truly was in her present life. She stroked the object, irrespective of all that had happened, and as if being compelled, she was mesmerized, fixated on it, and felt drawn to an earlier time, an innocent time when the intimate diary caused no worries but had only given comfort... and peace... and confidence... and power...

Ginny's fingertips tingled as she uncontrollably caressed the stained patterns. *From the Basilisk?* She shivered at the thought of Voldemort. *His blood? Both?* Unexpectedly, a seizure of pain, something deep and obscure, shot through her, causing her to open the diary to a random page. An overbearing sense of nostalgia swept over her, consuming her thoughts. *So many secrets I shared with him, so many promises were made... Tom! Why was it all a lie? A ruse to use me...? I trusted... I needed you so much...* At the memory of her childhood vulnerability, a need unlike no other swept against and over her like a tidal bore; Ginny felt her cheeks wet from her tears gushing out.

Holding her breath, her hand trembled as she drew out her wand and placed its tip on a page and whispered. *Open to me! Reveal your secrets!*

Ginny gasped as her once invisible correspondence slowly appeared, her scribbles on leaf after leaf of the damaged diary. She stopped on one page towards the back and could not suppress a shiver that ran through her, head to toe, as she peered at it.

Perhaps it was the mixture of her teardrops having fallen onto and being absorbed by the bloodstained pages at the same moment the incantation was whispered, or perhaps because... unknown to her... this remnant of a sibling Horcrux was merely dormant, but still alive. Very alive. The current of its master's life force still flowed and connected through a transmutable force of the darkest of Dark magic: the diary breathed faintly once again, just enough to weakly, but tenaciously, ensnare its recognized once upon a time companion.

Feeble and faint, the fine wispy lines appeared around and on the jagged, punctured page:

Ginevra, I've missed you... Where have you been? Why did you forsake me?

oOoOoOo

Voldemort let forth another bolt of green energy, hitting Malfoy once again. "So disappointing, yet again... my slippery friend."

He raised his wand to throw another curse, to let the weak fool wallow in his own excrement, but froze as a voice and image flashed incongruently in his mind's eye.

He felt a burning sensation in his chest explode and course through his anemic veins, but it was the sound accompanying it which caused him to cock his head, attentive and curious.

Looking far into the distance, the Dark Lord heard a feminine voice whisper, "I never forsook you... you forsook me."

Then it wept.

He tsked. How he hated the sniveling dribble of anyone, in particular, females... *But who is it that disturbs me?*

The Dark Lord closed his eyes, only for them to roll back in his head as he searched his fragmented psyche and then suddenly hissed on discovering the culprit's identity.

Her!

Voldemort's eyes snapped open, and he stared slowly around at the pathetic gathering of followers before he roared, "Get out! All of you! Leave me!"

"My lord," panted Bellatrix, "Is there anything I..." She was slapped silent by an invisible force as the Dark Lord paced like a panther in heat, a painful leer stretched his mutated features into a lethal mask of hatred and curiosity.

He cocked his head again. He resented the witch he saw in his mind. Hated her. Hated everyone and everything. But he especially hated ~~her~~.

The Weasley child! Searing him deeply was an unwanted sensation... An emotion of... He hissed again, parrying the feeling away; its presence a reminder to him of remnant human feelings, weaknesses. *How dare she summon me!* The slightest glimpse of worry, not *fear*, he assured himself, flitted across his mind. *How has she done this?*

The maddening realization that she held him captive on some mercurial level, had claim to a part of him, from a time not too long ago when he wasn't as superhuman as he felt to be now... when he was *weak*... It infuriated him.

The searing sensation burned heavy and stiff in his groin, weighing him down with a sudden insatiable need...

Voldemort sneered as memories of himself, helpless in that bloody diary, flew through his mind, as well as other images and sensations of even further back... before he was bodiless... All those long years ago, the memories of all the tactics and esoteric spells he used to get what he wanted from Galatea Merrythought, Rowena Ravenclaw, Hepzibah Smith... such a long list of easy prey... came back to him... His eyes flashed a deeper red at the reminder of himself as a younger man... A wizard at times still prone to succumbing to a younger man's needs... He pondered for several fleeting seconds if he still had any needs to be filled; several ideas came to him in the dark resources of his fragmented mind.

A man on fire. Burning. Burning deep.

So be it, Ginevra Weasley... You have disturbed my peace... I am coming to you... and I will finish you and end what should have ended with both Harry Potter and you all those years ago...

oOoOoOo

The tears continued to flow sporadically down Ginny's face in stops and starts.

In between halting sobs and shaking frame, the red-headed witch wiped clumsily at her cheeks as she continued to flip slowly through painful memories so long ago.

Excerpts from Ginny's writings in Tom Riddle's Diary, Entries 1991-1992

Dear Tom,

My brothers are being particularly horrid to me today... They always try to embarrass me in the common room. They don't understand that I'm not their little sister at home anymore. I'm a Hogwarts student now like them, and I want to be treated equal!

I'm a witch; I know more magic than all six of them put together... Well, maybe not Charlie... He's *really* clever and lives with dragons... I don't know much about dragons... yet. And he lives in Romania now... He must be very clever to live away from home so independently... without Mum... Bill, too. He's very good with Goblins, which is very rare for a wizard to be allowed to work with them... But one day, I'll be just as good as all of them! And they won't be able to pick on me anymore...

Of course you're a powerful witch, Ginevra... If I were with you, I'd make them all respect you... I'd make them kneel down and kiss your toes if that's what you wished...

... I wish I was there to protect you, Ginny... may I call you Ginny? No one would ever dare to make fun of you again...

You're so kind, Tom. I wish you were here with me too... I could really use a true friend. Someone who doesn't judge me and tease me... Someone who accepts me for who I am.

Please call me Ginny. I just wish I could hear your voice... I imagine your voice is so lovely and nice, just like you are, Tom. My brothers are always talking to me with stupid funny voices or imitations of the professors... They're so silly and frustrating...

Would you like to hear my voice, Ginny? I can teach you a simple spell, then?

Oh, could you really?

Of course, if you like. If it's something you really want... I'd be happy to... I'd like to make you happy, Ginny. It upsets me when you're sad. Would sharing some spells with you make you happy?

It would! It would, Tom! Please?

The page remained blank for several seconds. The twelve-year-old Ginny's brow furrowed in worry.

Tom?

I'm here... Let's start with a few fun spells, Ginny, shall we? You're a brave Gryffindor, so I know you don't mind a little prick of pain... just a drop or two of your blood on the page, then place the tip of your wand on my name, and repeat...

"My blood?" whispered Ginny in fear aloud, her hand trembling as she wrote the question down.

That's what all real witches use if they're serious on being the best... and impressing others... You'd like to impress Harry Potter, wouldn't you, Ginny? I'm your friend; I want to help you impress him... Ginevra?

Yes, yes...

Then... do it...

I'll share some spells with you that will impress everyone, even your brothers, especially your brothers... especially Harry Potter... and you'll be able to hear my voice... If I can trust you, I'll teach you how to see me even... And later, I could teach you a spell for holding hands. We could hold hands if you'd like... as friends hold hands...

You... and I, Tom?

Yes...

There was a long silence.

Ginevra... Ginny?

Yes, Tom?

Your blood, Ginny... I require... The spell requires your blood... Stretch out your arm... over the page so that the drops shall fall on it... Take out your wand... and repeat after me...

Slowly, after several seconds of hesitation, she acquiesced and did the deed.

Good girl...

It would be the first of many acts of compliance she would do for her newfound clandestine friend.

oOoOoOo

The moonlight lit the Forbidden Forest in stops and starts as the clouds floated stormily in front of the mysterious orb.

Having left the enchanted boat on the shore, Ginny slowly sauntered deeper into the woods and eventually towards a dark figure. She felt half awake, almost floating, as she lightly waded through the shrubs of the fertile, dense growth. Only when the moon revealed the distorted features of the form beckoning her did she come to an abrupt halt. Then, she slowly proceeded, compelled onwards.

She felt no fear, only a dreamy flow of energy, ebbing her forward, guiding her *thim*.

There was serenity in the silence as she stopped and gazed upwards. She immediately lost sense of time and space as she locked eyes with his.

"You summoned me, Ginevra. Why have you summoned me?"

A part of her wanted to scream, *No, You summoned me!* But Ginny could only whisper, "It was an accident. A magical accident." Her voice sounded small and weak to her

ears, and yet her body felt alive, almost crackling with pent up energy.

Voldemort breathed slowly and deeply through his snake-like slits, watching the witch's trembling form. His fingers itched to hex her, to toy with his victim first, and then curse her silent, forever.

And yet, peering into her bright brown eyes, suddenly, he could not.

Instead, he asked quietly, so quietly she could barely hear him, "You cried for me, Ginny. Why did you cry for me?"

"You were my... confidant, my friend.... The only one... The only one who knew the true me..."

Voldemort cocked his head. He'd planned to rid himself of the little ginger swot, slowly and leisurely, but something snapped, even as his sneer morphed into a leer. "The only one?"

"The first one..."

"The first one, Ginevra?"

"I cried because of the past..." The truth set a part of her bewitched self free, and the Gryffindor lioness raised her head proudly. "Not because of the present." A wild spirit apparently surged up inside of her, freeing her enough of any lingering enchantments to spit out, "I hate you! I hated you then!"

"You're a liar, Ginevra Weasley."

It pleased Voldemort to see her shocked at this comment, as if he had slapped her hard. He slowly, seductively, smiled and reminded her, "That is the one thing that you did not feel for me, back then..."

The Dark Lord gave a knowing sneer as he noted her head to toe.

He began to slowly circle around her trembling form, almost touching her in his movement. "Such a strong emotion, isn't it, Ginevra? Hatred? And what have I done to you now; what am I to you, to deserve such a worthy emotion?"

"You know what...you're everything that is vile and evil, and you're...you're..." She was cut off by his touch.

Ginny felt a haptic, invisible energy caress her, and feather lightly outline her face. It lazily stroked downward, touching the sensitive, soft skin of her neck.

She closed her eyes tight as intense pleasure shot through her body. Waves and waves of tingling energy flowed through her and caused her most intimate muscles to clench and throb in expectation.

From behind her, she felt Voldemort's heated whispers in her ear. "You amuse me, witch... Tell me more. Tell me more of how you cried for me."

"I didn't cry for you, you...I cried about you, about me, about us..." As she felt his arm circle around her and his hand splay against her lower abdomen, she whimpered, "You were my friend..."

"I was and I am and I always shall be... but you wish to free yourself from the past, to free yourself of me, Ginevra?"

She began to tremble uncontrollably.

"We have an unconditional bond: my blood, your tears, Ginevra."

Any free will she had had by now was slipping away, evaporating.

"If you wish to rid yourself of me once and for all, there is only one way, witch."

She avoided his eyes, seeking escape in the leaves and grass. "What?"

"Come, come, don't play coy with me. You already know the answer to the question."

She thought she felt the earth underneath her, soft and strangely warm and pliable. No, it wasn't the earth...it was him, his body... He was pressing into her; she was melting into him.

"This bond must be consummated, Ginevra, and then you will be free."

She clenched her eyes as she felt his form molding inseparably into her, melding them together, and she whispered, "You...you called me Ginny..."

"Yesssss, but you were a young girl then, and now, you're a young woman.... A powerful slip of a witch. Ginevra suits you better."

Only if the witch gives herself to me willingly, wishes to be dominated by me fully... then the bond will be broken...

She began to whimper, half from distress, half from something unknown as she felt his touch, felt him place his hand on her curved hip.

"Ginny... Ginevra, it's me. You've waited so long for this. Open your eyes, you silly witch."

She gasped and opened her eyes to see dark ones calmly, amiably gazing into hers.

The dark eyes that appeared to gleam red when the moonlight caught them at just the right angle didn't belong to a deformed skeletal being, but *to him*. She saw him clearly. It was Tom. Her Tom. Just as he had been so many years ago. He had an angelically innocent face, placid and patient. His pale features were framed by his dark hair, accenting his handsomeness. But his expression was what made her forget where she was, what he was, who he truly was...

He gave her a knowing look. "Remember?"

"It's you... you..."

"How I've always been... as you first met me, always a part of me... Remember, Ginevra?"

I was always Voldemort, not Riddle, you stupid chit! Voldemort is my past, present, and future... Of course you don't remember me saying that... You were dying at my feet... just as you should be now, but I've changed my mind, momentarily... It amuses me... You amuse me...

"Yes, Ginevra, it's me..."

But his voice wasn't the same. It was strained and higher in tone from what she remembered, and his body was tense and oh so thin, brittle as if holding in a fragile but deep, diseased pain, and yet, she could not stop wanting him to continue to touch her.

"What are you waiting for?" she whispered fiercely. "What are you going to do?"

Voldemort cocked his head to the left. Then he smiled. A cruel smile, but a smile nonetheless.

"That depends on you, Ginevra."

"On me?"

"You summoned me, Ginevra. How does it feel to have a Dark Lord come to you? To have a Dark Lord touch you? I always told you that you were a powerful witch, that you would be a sorceress beyond all compare... beyond all comprehension... and how you have proven me true... Summoning me..."

"No... no, you're wrong! Why have you bewitched me...why have you brought me here?" She struggled to make sense of what was truly behind her being there, and something snapped inside her. "If you're going to kill me, kill me! Or I'll kill myself before I'll be used as bait for Harry!"

He laughed a high cruel laugh. Then abruptly he stopped.

"This is not about Harry Potter," he spat out. "Potter will come to me on his own accord."

"Never..."

"Enough!"

Ginevra was slapped to the ground by an invisible force. The thickness of the copse surrounded her, leaving little doubt that this was the true earth that had cushioned her fall. The rustling of a robe in the thicket was heard, and she felt his presence above her, on her.

"Look at me," he coldly commanded.

"You summoned me, in my past form; you called to me, Ginevra. I felt you, heard you calling to me across time and space... Do you deny it?"

"No," she whimpered. "I...it wasn't meant to happen..."

"But it did."

Under his merciless gaze, she felt compelled to confess all. "I missed...for a second I missed the boy who I thought was my friend... my true friend..." Panic set in as she felt his weight, heavy, press into her, and she whimpered softly, "Sentimental piffle, nothing more."

"The boy?" Voldemort leered darkly, whispering, "You wished so much for the boy... And so, I am here... for you..."

He held her in a grotesque hold, willing her energy to him, draining it as he burrowed into her mind.

Then she felt his caress, not the brutal contact she'd just experienced, but his fingertips, delicately, gently grazing over her cheeks, then upward, causing her eyelids to close. He slowly outlined her eyelashes and then stroked downwards, seemingly luxuriating in her softness. "I'm here, Ginny, after all these years... just the way you've wished me to be..."

She shivered as her lids fluttered open again to see not the serpentine visage of Voldemort, but Tom Riddle still, who'd haunted her dreams, who she still could not separate from being her first intimate confidant; she'd been so vulnerable, and he had wanted her, needed her then. The insatiable thrill of dark magic she had experienced with him, incomprehensible but all-consuming, leaving a dark mark deep within her psyche.

His whisperings were all that she knew. "I'm here because of you, for you, Ginny. To consummate our bond."

Her eyes deceived her, but her body could not. For even though she saw not Voldemort, but Tom Riddle of her diary, handsome and wholesome looking, his touch was anything other. She felt his snakelike tongue flicking and licking slowly down her neck. As he peeled away her blouse, his skeletal fingers were felt, pressing into her full curves.

Was it that she saw what she wanted to see? But still, she could not ignore his touch. The tactile reality of his form stripped away the visual façade, little by little, stroke by stroke; for the touch was not of a young man's, gentle and warm, but that of a dominator, sharp and digging, demanding. "You're lovely, Ginevra Weasley. Lovely and soft, may I kiss you? Yes. Yes, I believe I shall kiss you."

In the second his tongue was penetrating her; she felt herself pressed harder against the cool softness of the earth, but she hadn't time to think as the sensations of his mouth and fingers were all over her, inside of her. She was wet and he was sucking, lapping at the juices flowing from her uncontrollably, and then she felt a pain, a numbing pain from her waist down, and the pain was searing through her, and again he was lapping her wetness mixed with his semen, her come and blood. Then he continued his ministrations; she felt his individual thrusts, holding her hips in place in a vice grip as he impaled himself again and again until in a hard jerk he laid his full weight on her and whispered the child-like rhyme in her ear:

Soft and deep, thrice, thrice, thrice

Asundered, master

Free me, master,

Possess me, master!

"Repeat with me, Ginevra, as I come inside you."

As she softly repeated the verse in his ear, the little part of mortal need that was still tethered to his corporeal form, caused him to hiss in painful bliss as he came deep within her. Gathering his control shortly after, he mused, *Such a lovely vessel, pureblood... and pure virginal hymen.*

He convinced himself the bond was broken with this corrupt act, and smugly pondered whether to still *Avada Kedavra* the red-headed witch, to be rid of her once and for all... but a whim of a magical nature, unbeknownst to even him, a Dark Lord, intangible in its power, stopped him at the last second as his wand was raised to spell the Unforgivable. A desire sparked through him, and the finicky sorcerer changed his mind.

"When I have conquered Potter, I will call for you and you will come to me. We shall be intimate friends once more, Ginevra Weasley."

And with that, he spelled her unconscious.

A great power, mysterious and innate, encompassed him; it endowed his capricious inspiration. Amused and pleased with himself, the Dark Lord reflected on how he'd possessed her as a child and now as a woman. He smiled cruelly as the thought dawned on him, *In the future, she will carry my seed.*

With that, he levitated and left the unconscious witch in the boat and spelled it to return to the boathouse, where she would awake wondering if it had all been real or a dream.

He would make sure that she would know very soon that it all had ~~not~~ been a dream.

A worthy vessel. Another pureblood and noble Gryffindor subjected to my will and given my mercy...

Voldemort experienced a sense of perverse peace at this.

After he killed the Potter brat, he would toy with and explore further the levels and depths of subjugation and mercy on selected others. There would be many chosen ones to experiment with...

Yes, it was good to be the Dark Lord.

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