

All I Desire

by DawnEB

When the Dark Lord rules. A day in the life of Tom Marvolo Riddle, Lord Voldemort,
Autocrat of Britain.

Dark, but please stick with it to the end - you might be surprised.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Warning for very dark themes, although none are described too graphically. These include character death, dub/noncon, physical and mental abuse, torture, and other icky things. Unlike most of my other stories, there is no humour here. This is about the use and abuse of power and the objectification of people. I don't condone anything implied or described in the following. Having said that, please give it a chance and read through to the end - you might be surprised. Most of the ideas came to me when I started jotting down notes in an old leather bound journal I found in a bargain bin in Knockturn Alley...

Tom Marvolo Riddle, Lord Voldemort, Autocrat of the British Isles, stood on the balcony of his suite of rooms and looked out over his domain. His tongue, one of the reptilian features he'd elected to retain when he'd had most of his body restored to a more human appearance, flicked across his lips to taste the fragrant morning air.

A click brought his attention back inside, and he stepped into the room, his robes of silken tissue wrapping sensuously around his otherwise naked body as he moved. The female Muggle, dressed only in a shapeless garment reminiscent of the coverings house-elves wore, shuffled in nervously and placed the laden breakfast tray on the delicate table near the balcony doors. He could see her twisting her head around, listening to him as he moved around the room, trying to figure out where he was, how close, his mood, but afraid to look directly at him; keeping her on tenterhooks was a small diversion for him.

The woman leaned over the table to place the dishes, and the short shift rose up the back of her thighs and revealed the barest flash of the swell of a buttock as he watched her. She finished laying out the table and turned to leave, and Voldemort moved in such a way that, in trying to keep the distance between them, she found herself between him and the bed. This time she did look at him, hoping to gauge his intent. He grinned at her, his serpentine tongue darting out to taste her fear on the air and, as she looked up into his red eyes, shutting the translucent membrane across. As she gasped in fear, he moved back slightly, and she scuttled from the room.

Even as the door closed behind the enslaved Muggle, Voldemort felt a pulse of desire in his loins, but he wasn't inclined to go 'Paddling in the Mud', unlike many of the Death Eater elite who stayed here at The Bastion. He had his own amusement in the mutable form of a certain ex-Auror and Order member. She was very accommodating; even if he should wait for the full moon when the Order's pet werewolf was securely chained to the wall before taking her in front of the howling and straining beast, she would show herself very willing indeed. She was a quick study, and it had only needed the use of a silver-tipped scourge on her lover once for her to get the idea. In return for her co-operation, the unlikely pair were allowed to be together in relative comfort and security. No one could say that Lord Voldemort wasn't generous so long as he got

his way.

After a leisurely breakfast, Voldemort dressed himself in his formal robes and made his way to the Audience Chamber. Today was a day he would listen to petitions, settle disputes and grant boons. He made his way to the centrally placed throne. Before it, curled up like a dog, lay Harry Potter. One could almost feel the brat was still alive, although the Dark Lord's habit of using him as a footstool spoiled the illusion. The taxidermist had made an excellent job of preserving both skin and hair. The eyes were emeralds, perfectly matched.

With a flick of his wrist, the double doors opened and people started to stream through them, fanning out on either side of the room. Voldemort scanned the crowd until he saw a familiar flash of bright red hair. As the young man loitered near the centre of the hall, clearly undecided as to where he should stand, Voldemort caught his eye and indicated he should come forward. Of all his family, this Weasley had shown the good sense to turn his back on the Blood traitors and provided invaluable information and service to bring down Harry Potter and that blasted Order of the Phoenix. For this, Voldemort was going to grant him a rather exceptional boon, but not in quite the way Weasley was hoping for.

After the necessary opening formalities and favouring with a few words those of higher status, Voldemort could call the redhead forward. "As all here are aware, I'm sure, this young man was instrumental in furthering my campaign to gain power. While I have rewarded him in a manner befitting all those who actively supported me in this endeavour, he has yet to be granted any special favour for his exceptional service. I intend to correct this omission."

Voldemort rose to his feet and beckoned. "Ronald Bilius Weasley, whilst it was always clear that I would defeat my enemies, your actions were such that my campaign was shortened and my efforts to build a better future for Wizardkind brought about much sooner than even I could have hoped. You have asked for a boon, and I intend to grant it." Ron looked relieved and a little fidgety as Voldemort continued. "Your sister, Ginevra, is the only member of your family to have fallen into my hands so far. I agree with your argument that she has been lead astray by the influence of supposedly wiser heads. Why, her adventure with what was only a fraction of **my** younger self shows how easily she can be lead." Voldemort smiled indulgently across the crowd, who raised a dutiful noise of amusement. Suddenly, the Dark Lord's features hardened as he looked at Ron. "However, it is this character flaw I feel must be addressed if I am to release her, so instead of turning her over into *your* care, I have another plan in mind."

Voldemort watched the trepidation creep into Weasley's eyes before he continued, "Lucius Malfoy, it has come to my notice that you have been making enquiries regarding a suitable spouse for your heir, Draco. It seems to me that this would make an ideal compromise. I grant young Weasley here not only the life and freedom of his sister, but give her a position of status in a family that will ensure that she is shown the error of her previous thinking. In return, you will receive a pureblood bride from the family of one *in my favour*. What possible objections could there be?"

Later, back in his private chambers once again, Voldemort looked back on the day's events. Everything had turned out rather well. Not only had he been seen to grant Weasley his fondest wish, he had managed it in such a way as to still keep that dangerous filly out of action. What is more, giving the little shrew to the Malfoy scion would be just reward for his past failure, whilst effectively nipping the older Malfoy's attempts to use Draco's marriageable status as a bargaining chip in the power games he was playing. Yes, all very neatly done. Voldemort was sure his most trusted right hand man, Snape, would appreciate the whole thing when he returned.

For a moment the Dark Lord felt a touch of unease. Where was Snape? He hadn't seen him for a while now. Come to that, nor had he seen his familiar, Nagini. Just then the door was opened and a small figure slipped in, her hair becoming long and silky as she crossed the floor to kneel between his legs and loosen his robes, and all thoughts were swept aside in anticipation of the pleasure to come.

Snape opened the door and strode through with his customary billowing robes, although these were in a strong shade of blue rather than the expected black. A deeply hooded figure walked in behind him, his eyes flicking around as he clutched his wand and his stance betraying his readiness for trouble.

"Well, I take it that your presence here means you accept the conditions I set?" Snape drawled as he gave the impression of relaxing against the chimney breast. The hooded wizard knew better than to rely on appearances. Shutting the door after a final check and applying a series of wards, he moved across the room.

"I'm more than willing to arrange a fair trial, Snape. I'd do that for anyone, even you," he shrugged, "but don't expect me to do anything more."

Snape snapped to attention and clenched his fists. "Don't give me that. I know you have seen the evidence Dumbledore left behind, the reasons and compulsions I was under. We knew he was dying, how he needed to go as a martyr rather than a sick old man. He used me as his tool, and he promised he would see to it that all the evidence needed to protect and exonerate me was left securely." Snape drew a deep breath and visibly calmed, "Besides which, if you hadn't already found and accepted all that, there was no way you would have heeded my information regarding the horcruxes so readily." he finished with a knowing sneer.

Harry Potter drew back the hood of his cloak. "Okay, maybe there is more that I and my associates can do, but only if you can follow through on your latest offer. So, what's the deal, Snape? How do you intend to 'deliver the Dark Lord on a platter' like you said in your last message?"

"I have your assurance that you will do all you can to ensure my freedom and the return of my property?" The nodded response was apparently enough for him. "In that case, may I present Lord Voldemort?" Snape made a dramatic gesture towards the back of the room.

With these words Harry held his wand at the ready, but all he could see was what he had thought was some kind of screen. On closer inspection it proved to be a cloth draped wooden frame with some kind of inscription carved on it, and Potter felt a flash of recognition: *Erised*. Cautiously stepping around it he was confronted by the sight of the once Tom Riddle sitting on his heels while rocking gently. His skin was dry and looked scallier than ever, and his bald pate was scabby and scratched. His flat and slitted nose and red eyes were crusted, and his obscenely reptilian tongue kept flicking out through cracked lips drawn into a maniacal grin. "Voldemort!" exclaimed Potter, but the huddled creature gave no reaction, his eyes not even flickering from the glass before him.

Snape walked around and stood on the far side of his erstwhile master. "You see, not only have I been working diligently for the 'right' side all this time, I have delivered your enemy to you. Aren't you going to thank me?" When Potter didn't reply, Snape went on, "I had it all set up. When *my Master* here laid out his plans to make a personal appearance at a terror raid in Hogsmead, I fed the information back to the Order. I also arranged that at the crucial point Voldemort would be left vulnerable with only a few of the lesser Death Eaters around him and myself. As the inevitable happened and he chose to leave his loyal minions to be picked off in order to save his own skin, he called for that handful surrounding him to come along to guard his back. Once we Apparated, I got the Dark Lord to send the others away to seek help while I took him to a place of safety I had previously set up." Snape turned and picked up a candlestick, throwing light into the far corner.

"After a couple of days I left to 'gather information' and fetch Nagini for him. I warned him I might not be able to return immediately, and left him here to his own devices. The mirror I had left covered, but knew that after a couple of days locked in on his own he would discover it. Sure enough, when I returned five days later with the snake, he was fascinated with it, but still not lost. I told him it wasn't safe to move for a while. After two more weeks he hardly noticed what was going on around him. He didn't even realise when I killed the snake." Snape kicked the desiccated husk in the corner.

"It's been almost a month since he responded to outside stimuli. All he does is gulp down the water I press to his lips." he turned to Potter. "You know what you must do. It is time to end this."

Harry looked horrified. "But how can I kill ... that? He doesn't even know we are in the same room, let alone try and fight back." Snape snorted and turned away, muttering something about 'bloody Gryffindor mentality' before turning back. "This isn't a duel, this is an execution. Just get on with it!" he snarled.

Harry raised his wand and pointed it at the huddled figure. Snape held his breath, then expelled it in a derisive snort as Potter lowered his arm again. "It's no good, Snape, I just can't summon up the hatred to kill him. No matter what he might have done, who he once was, now he is this pathetic ... thing, and I can't ... I just *can't*!"

Snape looked at Potter. There was no hint of what he was thinking in his expression, and Harry spun away from that black gaze and covered his own eyes with his forearm. When Snape spoke, it was almost too quietly to hear. "What did you say?" Harry looked back at Snape questioningly.

"I said, didn't the Old Man explain it to you? Potter Harry, you don't need to feel hate to cast strong magic, even an Unforgivable. You just need to be able to summon up an appropriate depth of feeling. For the likes of Voldemort or Bellatrix Lestrange, that's hate and malice, but for others, for you and...there are other emotions."

Snape came up behind Harry, put his hands on his shoulders and turned him to face Voldemort. Snape's voice, stripped of its anger and sneers, was melodic and calming in his ear. "Love, Harry. That's what the Old Man meant. Feel the love you hold for your friends, your parents, the Weasleys, anyone and everyone you have ever cared for. This man in front of you, no matter what it might seem like now, would harm those that he has not done so already, and it is your love that will protect them, removing that menace. It is something that you must do, Harry. For love."

Harry looked towards Voldemort, but what he saw was the faces of all the people he knew. They drifted into focus, smiling, screaming, laughing, crying, and Harry raised his arm, knowing what he had to do. Finally, he saw the scene that had replayed in his dreams so many times, the confrontation of Dumbledore and Snape on the tower, but now he viewed the looks on their faces in a new light and saw something he never suspected before. His wand was held out steady as he finally spoke, "For love. *Avada Kedavra!*"

AN: Thanks to LucyS for casting a critical eye over this, giving me a couple of ideas to work with and child strangling wrangling