

New Direction

by Lady Strange

After failing to do away with the infant Harry Potter, Voldemort is feeling very low and seeks a new direction in life. One-shot, Completely OOC, Completely AU, and completely complete.

where Voldemort considers his options

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Written because I got bored of editing a book project. A humorous take on Voldemort, Lucius and Narcissa. Not meant to be taken seriously. Completely irreverent, completely OOC, completely AU. A one-shot. Just for laughs. References to other fantasy books purely for fun. No offence intended. Virtual cookies awarded to readers who guess what is what and who is whom.

For Zafania, Chin up, love

New Direction

A week had passed after the ill-fated attempt to terminate the existence of the infant Harry Potter, and Voldemort – contrary to popular belief – did not disappear. Oh no, he simply went into hiding like most villainous characters with at least half a brain. Despite his general loathing of anything smacking of Gryffindor courage, Voldemort strongly adhered to the maxim 'discretion is the better part of valour'. He would make a tactical withdrawal now, nursing his wounds, his bruised ego, and when he had recovered himself and his good looks, he would once again rise to take over the Wizarding World. As it was, the rest of Wizarding Britain was popping bottles of bubbly celebrating his so-called demise, and he was in Malfoy Manor, deeply resentful that Lucius Malfoy and not him – Lord Voldemort – was once again voted the Handsomest Wizard in the Britain Isles in *Witches Weekly* magazine.

As I was saying, it had been a week since the failed attempt to dispose of the infant Potter, and Voldemort was at Malfoy Manor (home to his trusty right hand man) studying the 'Vacancies' section in the *Evile Wizards Gazette*. No, let me rephrase that – Narcissa was scanning the relevant section in the newspaper, Voldemort was brooding sulkily, and Lucius was brooding debonairly.

"What's the point?" angsted Voldemort, breaking the silence. "There goes my one chance at taking over the world and that baby – a baby – held up a mirror and deflected the spell at me. Look at me, I'm hideous. Even if I do make a comeback, it wouldn't be the same."

Long inured to his histrionics, Lucius and Narcissa exchanged speaking glances.

"How about this one?" Narcissa suggested, looking up briefly. She had learnt the hard way, as most Death Eater wives had, that her husband's lord and master was also her lord and master; and that arguing with the Lord and Master Voldemort would be a dismal failure where he would angstily launch into his 'we should have jumped in and killed everyone in the Order of the Phoenix and secreted Baby Potter away to raise as the next Dark Lord in training' monologue, punctuated with laments as to the loss of his good looks. She snorted quietly to herself. As if anyone could be handsomer and more stylish than Lucius Malfoy? However, she governed herself well and proceeded to read the entry, "Wanted – powerful, all seeing being skilled in the arts of war and wizardry to act as lieutenant and heir to Lord Morgoth for purposes of taking over the

world. Maiar and wizards preferred. Contact Morgoth, P. O. Box Angband, Middle-earth."

Voldemort shook his head dolefully. "It will come to nothing; I doubt this Morgoth fellow will even let me usurp his position, let alone be his heir. I know how these people calling themselves 'Lord Such-and-Such' think."

"Hmm...How about this?" Narcissa intoned thoughtfully as she ran her wand further down the page of the newspaper. "Freelance Agents and Mercenaries wanted by Immortals for taking over the world. Salary negotiable. Interested parties contact Xavier St. Cloud, Seacouver."

Voldemort harrumphed and stared out into space contemplating his loss of adoring fangirls and groupies. "Small-scale stuff, unworthy of my power, puissance and majesty."

"Indeed." Lucius nodded vigorously. "Once hired as a mercenary on that level, you are stuck with the role of Minion for the rest of your life. It does nothing for your ego or ambitions – or your wife's."

Narcissa's eyes flashed at her husband in an eloquent expression of *doubtlessly, you would know*. Lucius felt abashed enough to look away, whistling a Christmas carol, and so she held her tongue. Whatever Narcissa's failings, she was very house-proud. She did not believe in violence within her home as the cleaning up would be ghastly. So, in the greater interest of avoiding bloodshed and cleaning, she turned the page to find a more suitable position for the Dark Lord. "How about this one? It sounds like it has potential."

Voldemort cupped his face in his hands and sighed in despair of ever finding a situation for himself.

"Think you know better than your betters? Do you have an unjustifiable swagger, a fine notion of your abilities and a desire to take over the world? Do you know that you and you alone have what it takes to rise to occupy the space above ordinary mortals and play God? If so, apply here!" Narcissa read aloud with as much fanfare as she dared. "We have all manner of positions at all possible levels from sacrificial minions to would-be-world-vanquishers desirous of using us and eventually betraying us. Must be handy with magic and have no morals."

Voldemort's eyes flickered with interest. "Read that again if you please."

"Must be handy with magic and have no morals," Narcissa obliged him patiently.

"Sounds too good to be true," remarked Lucius, rising and reading over his wife's shoulder.

"Transformation of body, and removal of soul or parts of soul optional," Narcissa continued to read aloud. "However, should you desire to rise in our International Corporation to the rank of Nazgûl, this may be required. Currently in the process of developing dynamically upon structured and decisive breakaway from parent Company. At Sauron's All-Seeing Eye private limited, we offer you an environment where your inner demons will flourish, enabling you to claim the position you so richly deserve, and remake the world in the way you know it should be. Contact Sauron, Master of Treachery, the Dark Lord, the Dark Power, Lord of Barad-dûr, the Red Eye, the Ring-maker, the Sorcerer &ca for an on-the-job interview and evaluation. Bring you wand/staff, your magical prowess, and what pieces you have left of your soul, and minions (if any) to Mordor, Middle-earth."

"You know what?" Voldemort broke into a smile. "I like the cut of his jib. Honest, Straightforward, and doesn't patronise the applicant."

Narcissa and Lucius exchanged another speaking glance that was full of unvoiced opinions as to the insanity of this course of action.

"Is there anything else?" asked Voldemort eagerly.

"The usual – terms and contract of the job and whatnot," responded Lucius, now settled beside his wife and reading the column with her. "Expected salary, death benefits – the usual."

"Contact this *Sauron* chap," instructed Voldemort as he drew himself up to his full height. "I may be able to become more powerful *and* handsomer *and* take over the world after all." However, as he swept out of the drawing room to the kitchen (where there was a ready supply of apple strudel and he was inordinately fond of apple strudel), he muttered, "That will show Albus Dumbledore who's the better the wizard!"