

# An Incestuous Affair

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**Pairings:** Harry/Voldemort  
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**Spoilers:** n/a  
**Warnings:** Slashy, crack-ish, OOC-ness

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**Summary:** A meeting for the betterment of the wizarding world goes somewhat awry.

**Notes:** Another one of those ideas that popped into my head as I was attempting that new thing people keep raving about: sleep. Even so, the way it came out was a bit of a surprise to me, but it was done all in one sitting, mostly extemporaneously.

It was just the two of them, facing each other across a table empty of anything but their wands, and those were each placed on the surface, tips pointing off to the side. Should something go wrong they were within easy reach, and because Potter had somewhat shorter arms, he was seated a bit closer to the table than Voldemort was.

And they started their discussion. Perhaps one means argument, but that is only a minor consideration. They had been at it for some time, heated words tossed back and forth as they both expressed their views on how things ought to be. Potter cut off mid-sentence and stared at the table, causing Voldemort to look down warily.

“They were not like that to begin with,” Harry stated bemusedly.

Voldemort arched a brow. The two wands had each rotated ninety degrees and their tips were touching. “No, they were not,” he agreed. He looked back up and said, “I am going to move mine back to how it was.”

“And I shall do the same,” Harry said.

And they did, keeping an eye on each other. Things were slightly awkward for a few heartbeats, then Potter passionately launched back into what he had been saying.

Fifteen minutes later Harry broke off again, glaring at the table. The wands had shifted back together, and this time they appeared to be almost . . . vibrating. “If I did not know better,” Harry said stiltedly, “I would say they were kissing.”

Voldemort nearly chuckled at the absurdity, but quickly became thoughtful. “They are brother wands,” he said slowly, tossing out a reminder of dubious value.

Harry’s gaze snapped up to meet his. “A rather incestuous thought, don’t you think? I mean, I know the wand chooses the wizard, so there’s got to be something weird going on there, but this. . . .”

Another glance down revealed that the wands had shifted again, so quickly that neither of them had caught the movement. They were resting aside each other, still . . . vibrating.

“Okay, this is freaking me out,” Harry said a bit shrilly, then reached out and snatched his wand back. “Sheaths?”

Voldemort nodded and reclaimed his own wand. “Agreed.”

So they were tucked away, though it did not matter. Another fifteen or twenty minutes went by before Voldemort realized with a frown that he was feeling tremors in his arm. And Potter’s expression made him think he was not the only one to suffer so. He sighed, something he would normally never do around others, then casually inquired, “Do you think they’re trying to tell us something?”

Harry stared at him for a good minute before his expression cleared. “All right, I’ll bite. Like what?”

“You bite?” Voldemort was quite amused when Potter pinked faintly.

“That isn’t what I meant and you know it,” Harry said primly.

Voldemort shrugged a shoulder and smirked. “You, Potter, would have far better knowledge of current muggle phrases than I would. What was I supposed to think?” When Potter failed to respond he added, “Maybe they’re delighted to be sheathed in dark, tight places?”

Harry huffed. “We’re getting off track,” he said firmly. “We’re supposed to be negotiating here, not discussing the deviant behavior of our wands.”

“The wooden ones, or. . . ?”

Potter stood up quickly, obviously outraged, then sat down just as quickly. But not before Voldemort noticed something quite interesting. It seemed that Potter was not immune to being teased, and was certainly not missing the innuendo. He licked his lips, noting that Potter definitely paid attention. “Perhaps they simply want us to be in harmony. After all, we’ve been less than understanding of each other prior to this.”

“But that’s why we’re here. To hash things out. For some stupid reason I’m considered the leader of the Light, though I must have been napping when they held that particular election. Then again, given that the collective British wizarding world’s intelligence level equals that of a sheep. . . .”

Voldemort did chuckle at that. “Individuals are intelligent. Groups can be a bit mindless.”

“Yes!” Harry said passionately, rolling his eyes. Then he looked intently at Voldemort. “Rather like people thinking pure blood is paramount. I can agree that breeding with muggles is a very bad idea, but that some believe people like muggle-borns ought to be killed when some force out there gifted them with magic is just revolting. Look at you. Look at me. We’re neither of us pure, but we’re powerful and talented. And you even admitted you saw me as more of a threat than the pure-blood possibility.”

Potter would have to bring up his hypocrisy, wouldn’t he. “So you think there’s some force out there, perhaps magic itself, that decides to gift outsiders?”

Harry leaned forward. “Think on it. Pure-bloods are inbreeding themselves out of existence, and by virtue of frequently never having more than one child. You can’t expand the population by zero growth, or backward growth. Maybe, just maybe, magic itself has gifted others to increase our population, to give us new magical blood to breed with, to help prevent us from causing our own extinction.” He snorted. “Well, if we don’t kill ourselves off with these little spats over philosophical differences.”

And he supposed that Potter had a good point. Or, at least, one that had some thought behind it, rather than blind adherence to an ethos. Voldemort was, after all, incredibly powerful, though he had attributed much of that to his bloodline. However, he was not blind to the mental state of his predecessors. Thus, he was willing to concede that Potter might have something.

Twenty minutes later it was he who happened to notice that their wands were mysteriously on the table, which made him smirk. “They’re at it again,” he said archly. “Quite cozily.”

Harry’s lips compressed into a thin line. “What are you doing?” he hissed at his wand.

They moved, if that was possible, even closer to each other.

“Incestuous though it might be, I think they’re quite fond of each other,” Voldemort commented. “Perhaps they persist in this behavior because they remain . . . unsatisfied.” He paused, and was rewarded by Potter pinking again. “By our progress.”

Harry glared at him. “Oh? Really. And what do you think they expect us to do? We were doing well!”

Voldemort licked his lips. “Maybe they expect us to do likewise?”

“You have got to be kidding.”

Voldemort glanced at the wands again, then at Potter. “You explain it, then. You’re an intelligent man.”

For some reason Potter blinked at that.

“Hm?” he prompted.

“You—” Harry shook his head. “I have no idea. Besides, you killed my parents.”

Voldemort nodded. “Yes. Why did I kill them?”

Harry’s eyes went momentarily wide. After a minute he said, “I expect it wasn’t personal. They were enemies, whether I existed or not. They did things, as members of the opposition, to make them targets, to mark them for death.”

“True. Rather like . . . Bella? Peter? Lucius?”

“They were personal,” Harry insisted.

Voldemort shook his head. “Not exactly, but in a way, yes. Peter betrayed more than just your parents. Bella wasn’t personal for you until she affected you directly, as until then if anyone

had a claim it would have been Longbottom. And Lucius, he affected you indirectly through your friends. But they all did things to mark them for death by the opposition.”

Potter was silent again for a bit.

“I don’t necessarily expect you to view things the same way, as those three were hardly family to me, but despite any feelings I may have had for them, I knew they could be killed at any time, should they be so unlucky. I hold no ill will toward you as their killer. A bloodless war is managed by diplomats, not soldiers.”

Harry cleared his throat. “Which is what we’re supposed to be doing.”

“I thought we were,” Voldemort said innocently.

“Well then why do you keep making double entendres?” Harry demanded.

“Why, because of our wands. Forgive a fellow for having those thoughts, especially watching them go at it. That, along with what I’ve witnessed of you today, makes me realize just . . . how . . . desirable you are. I confess, it is all rather distracting. Them, and you.”

Harry stared at him blankly before saying, “Right. You’re saying you’d shag me?”

Voldemort let his gaze wander over Potter slowly, ending at his face, and licked his lips again. “Oh yes. And really, I’m becoming a bit peeved that my wand is seeing more action today than I am.”

Harry stared again, then sort of laughed. “I’ll tell you what. You and I get through these bloody negotiations, for real. And when we’re done, and it’s all decided and written down and signed off on and tied up with a pretty little ribbon, we’ll seal it with a kiss.”

“And a shag?”

Harry nodded. “And a shag. And if you make me scream in sheer, unadulterated pleasure, maybe I’ll let you do it again.”

“A screamer, eh? You have a deal, Potter.”