

Twue Wuv

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Pairing: Harry/Voldemort

Warnings: AU, crack, deaths

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Notes: Aside from being evidence that I'm in a right strange mood, some of the "ideas" in this little masterpiece come from snide comments I've made in the past. In any case, this will help cut back on the length of my ideas file, which seems to contain 90 percent crack these days.

Summary: Once upon a time, something went 'splodie and the universe banged into existence. And then we fast-forwarded to James and Lily at Hogwarts. (Rock skipping in story form.)

Updated: 27 October 2008 — Included attributions and fixed section headers.

Once upon a time...

...there was a man and a woman. The man was a jerk and the woman was fairly sensible, but that quickly changed when she had more than the recommended dose that day of pumpkin juice (muggleborns had issues, you see) and ended up agreeing to marry James Potter.

They finished school and got married, and did the usual sorts of things that married folk did. Yes, that means sex, and lots of it. And, as generally happens when people aren't being careful (or they actually *want* children), Lily got knocked up.

The Ethereal Plane, Moirae Manor

"Next up, Harry James Potter," said the fairy with a squeal of delight.

Clotho nodded and gained a thoughtful look, then reached over and spun the first wheel. When it stopped she frowned. "Forty-two? It's never stopped on that before."

"That's the answer to life, the universe, and everything, dear, remember?" Lachesis said.

Clotho snorted as Atropos stepped up and gestured at the next wheel.

Lachesis fiddled with it for a moment and then gave it a spin. With a mournful sigh she said, "And we have to do this forty-two times."

"Well, what's it say?" the fairy asked excitedly.

"Good looks," Atropos said, jotting it down on a piece of parchment. "Spin it again."

Clotho did so. "Subject to a prophecy." She blinked and looked at her counterparts. "Have we done one of those recently?"

Atropos jotted it down before saying, "No. We'll have to come up with something appropriately vague and open to gross misinterpretation (especially if it's given in an obscure language), and then see who gets to deliver it and witness it. Next?"

"Beloved of Tyche," Lachesis said with a grin. "Should come in handy."

And so it went, many abilities being designated for the as yet unborn soul of Harry James Potter to receive.

Godric's Hollow, A Not-So-Secret Location

"No! Not Harry! Take me, take me instead!"

"Stand aside, you silly girl! Stand aside!"

Lily opened her mouth to plead again and hesitated. "Hang on. Are you wearing Prada?"

Voldemort gave her an assessing look, but only briefly, long enough to notice the unwilling admiration in her eyes. Sure, he could appreciate her fashion sense and all that, but now just wasn't the time for a discussion on the subject. He had a schedule to keep, after all. "Avada Kedavra!"

Nº 4, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey, England, UK, Earth, Milky Way...

Petunia Dursley's life was hosed.

Whenever she 'forgot' about that little freak Harry, such as when he needed changing, the toilet would back up. When she didn't feed him, food would begin to spoil, which had a detrimental effect on their food bill. When Vernon would try to abandon him in an alley, a helpful policeman would bring him back, complete with condescending jokes about Vernon's forgetfulness.

Should they scold him when he did that freakish stuff, their hair would fall out. Petunia had built up a small collection of wigs, and Vernon had a few toupees. That was also detrimental to their finances.

When the boy came home with excellent marks on his school work and Vernon threatened him, all printed media in the house switched languages to Chinese and the telly would only broadcast in Swahili.

If Dudley and his little friends tried to play too roughly with the freak, they would all inexplicably develop doxophobia. If Petunia should attempt to overload the boy with chores she would come down with a sick headache and have to take a nap, which severely impacted the amount of time she could spend spying on Mrs Next-Door.

Marge. . . . Well, Marge didn't visit anymore.

Petunia almost wept with joy when the freak's letter came. True, he would be going to a 'school' that would teach him how to be even more freakish, but he would be out of their house for the majority of the year. She immediately grabbed her purse and hustled the child out to the car, and drove to London, stopping by a bank long enough to get a princely sum of money, then ushered the boy to that Leaky Cauldron place she remembered (it was burned into her memory) from when Lily got her letter.

She wore sunglasses during the entire trip, halfheartedly believing it would help block out the unnaturalness, and did her best to sabotage her hearing as well. Once home she pretended none of it had happened, taking a two hour bath with copious use of a sloughing scrub.

Unknown Secret Location (Denny's)

"Hi," he said a bit nervously. "I'm Colin, and I'm a stalker."

The group of people were all smiles for the admission, and many of them clapped.

Colin nodded and took his seat, then looked to the side.

"Hi, my name is Ginny, and I'm a stalker."

She gained the same welcoming reception.

The leader of the group stood up and waved for everyone to settle down, then said, "Wonderful, wonderful. Welcome, everyone, to the eleventy-billionth meeting of the Harry Potter Fan Club. Just a reminder that dues are to be paid by next Saturday. Keep up the good work with photos for the shrine, okay? Great! Now. . . ."

Diagon Alley, Mysteriously Unable to be Viewed by Muggle Satellite Technology

A scream rent the air.

'Excellent,' Lucius thought. 'We've barely arrived and already someone is terrified.' He lifted his wand in order to curse an innocent bystander when he heard something that made him hesitate and glance over his shoulder. A mob of people was thundering toward them, screaming and waving little black books in their hands. He barely had time to process what he was seeing when he and his fellow Death Eaters were trampled.

He found out later, from the aurors, that wretched Harry Potter had been spotted in Diagon Alley. It was to his great shame that he had been bested by the brat's bloody fan club. But, ha! Potter had realized what was going on and had escaped mere seconds before the bastards would have caught up to him and begun begging for autographs. On the other hand, he was not looking forward to what would happen should their lord break them out of Azkaban. Again.

The Big Blowout Battle at the End

Voldemort scoffed. "Love? This secret power is love?"

Harry nodded and smiled cheerfully. "Yup, that's what the old fart told me before he kicked off."

"You fool," he said scathingly. "Love is weak!"

"It's time for the Kumquat Defense!" shouted a random person.

"He also said that my blood has given you the ability to feel remorse. Isn't that great!?" Harry ignored the fighting going on around them. He knew that by custom they would be left alone until such time as it was time for the grand finale.

A different random person yelled, "Is that anything like the Calamondin Offensive?"

Voldemort slashed his wand through the air in negation. "I don't know the meaning of that word."

Harry blinked slowly and made an O-shape with his mouth. "Well, you do know that printed dictionaries are available for sale in many countries. . . ? In a number of languages, even!"

The Dark Lord snarled and picked off a few 'good' guys who got too close. To keep things even, Harry AK'd a handful of Death Eaters, one of whom wasn't wearing Death Eater regalia.

"You do realize," Voldemort said snidely, "that you just offed Minister Fudge."

"Oh, yes," Harry said with a nod. "I could have sworn he was on your payroll. And besides, why else would a coward like that show up for the big battle if you hadn't terrified him into doing so?"

Voldemort looked like he was having trouble refuting that line of reasoning, then shook his head and whacked a couple of Order members.

By the time the grand finale came up on the schedule they were surrounded by piles and piles of dead bodies, and Voldemort was explaining all about his horrible childhood.

Harry nodded sympathetically. "So do you think I should have arranged for horrific yet seemingly accidental deaths for those relatives of mine? I mean, they really were the worst sort of muggles. Thank heavens for accidental magic that wasn't so accidental."

"They . . . harmed you?" Voldemort asked with frightening intensity.

"They tried," Harry allowed. "I'd like to think I taught them to reconsider, even if it never seems to stick. I think they lack intelligence."

Voldemort heaved a sigh, looking a skosh remorseful for a split second, then let loose with an evil smile. "Why don't we go take care of that now? You're seventeen, an adult, it's not like you need them any longer."

"You'd help?" Harry raised his left hand to briefly cover his heart. "See, I knew you weren't such a bad guy. Those silly Gryffindors kept trying to tell me all Slytherins are evil. No matter how many times I tried to educate them about psychology, they'd just smile and torch another Slytherin banner or hastily transfigured snake plushie." He looked around contemplatively. "Er, do you ever

get the idea that between the two of us we killed a good portion of the British wizarding population?"

Voldemort smirked and nodded. "Well, yes," he said with admirable modesty—false, of course. "We'll have to sit down and figure out how a real government should run. But for now, why don't we seal our truce with a bit of death and destruction. Then we can go back to my house for some tea and a chat."

Harry rearranged his expression to 'waif' and nodded. "With Bakewell tarts?"

"Anything you like," Voldemort said indulgently.

Thus did our 'heroes' skip off into the sunset to kill some muggles. They did eventually bash out a new government structure, possession of sherbet lemons became a punishable offense, Voldemort learned that love isn't a weakness, and Harry talked his way out of having to play the girly part in their bonding ceremony. (He rather thought that wearing a dress should be reserved for kinky sex nights.) The fact that their only guests were snakes and owls, and that Nagini and Hedwig were their best 'beings', was beside the point.

And they lived happily ever after.

Attributions:

1. **The man was a jerk:** [Nimby Says, The Rising Tide of Irrationality](#)
2. **Pumpkin juice:** [Nimby Says, item 5 \(The New Panacea\)](#)
3. **Are you wearing Prada?:** [Nimby says, item 9 \(Maths, The Forgotten Subject\)](#)
4. **Printed dictionaries for sale:** [Nimby Says, item 4, Comment](#)
5. **Hastily transfigured snake plushie:** Basically a reference to the virtual snake plushies I toss about in S.S. Sssssss.
6. **White wedding dress:** [Persistence of Memory - V.E.N.O.M. \(item 6\)](#) & [S.S. Sssssss \(Voyage XXI\)](#), in reference to a thread in [V.E.N.O.M.](#)
7. **Snakes and owls references:** [Persistence of Memory - V.E.N.O.M. \(items 7 & 18\)](#) & [S.S. Sssssss \(Voyage XXI\)](#), in reference to a thread in [V.E.N.O.M.](#)
8. **Kumquat Defense/Calamondin Offensive:**

Well, the fruit thing was more a reference to being fruity than anything else.

But basically, I was wondering the other day what a kumquat would taste like, never having had one. And I asked Rick, and he didn't know, so I hit Mr Dictionary. Which didn't really help aside from letting me know it was citrus.

While I was there I noticed a link or bit of text about calamondins, which are another fruity thing.

Thus, a ridiculous two lines tossed in, because the Kumquat Defense popped into my head a short time after and it was in my Ideas.txt file. Besides, it also fit in perfectly around the dictionary reference.