

# The Descent of Tom Riddle

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## Introduction

This story is based off of the Harry Potter series of novels by J.K. Rowling. The universe, and characters, belong to her. I created this story because I enjoy the series, and wanted to explore it in more depth. This story is the work of my imagination, based off the universe created by J.K. Rowling. Although parts of this story refer to events in the canon, this story should not be taken as canon in any way.

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## Part I

# The Beginning



## Chapter 1

# The Draught of Despair

### The Lake

The smooth blackness of the lake gave it the look of obsidian, the green light reflecting off its surface shone like inlaid emeralds glowing in the darkness. Even as the island rose from its center, not a ripple formed across the surface. In the darkness the flick of a wand gave only the slightest hint of movement as torches grew from the ground surrounding a stone basin on the island. Another flick and the orbs of green flame hovering eerily in the blackness of the cave descended into them.

Tom Riddle stepped onto the island he had created and walked purposefully to the stone basin, the lamps now casting a diffuse green light over his waxy skin. Reaching into his robes he stowed his wand and in its place removed a small silver locket. "Not yet" he thought to himself, glancing at the stone bottom of the basin. Replacing the locket he pulled again from the inner pocket of his robes a small glass vial filled with a potion as green as the fire in the torches. He tipped the bottle over the basin, and two, three, four times its volume poured forth, filling the basin, and leaving Voldemort to grasp a nearly empty bottle in his deathlike hand and leaving the cave filled with something like the sound of screams made silent, yet palpable. Voldemort walked over to the shore of the island and tipped the remaining liquid into the black lake. Another flick of the wand, and a small stream of water arced off the still surface of the water and into the now empty vile. "*The final step.*" Voldemort muttered to himself. Voldemort tipped the water into the basin turning the potion luminescent as the flames in the torches. Yes this will do. How appropriate that a part of himself would remain here, forever in this place where he had, so early on, proved his superiority to those filthy juggles, shown that he, Lord Voldemort, triumphed over all.

Standing over the stone basin, watching the stillness of the glowing potion, its green light mixing with the red of his eyes, Voldemort went over the second part of the plan to himself. He would need guardians, but how many? That

decrepit sack of bones he had taken the locket from wouldn't do, not now that he had used it on his path to immortality. There must be others though, surely, but who? His father and grandparents? No. They would be rotten in the ground now, how useless they were even in death. His Death Eaters had killed too, but somehow it seemed good, seemed right that those who would guard his soul should have been disposed of by his own hand. It wouldn't do to kill too many. Not yet. His numbers were too few, and his defenses too weak to withstand the assault from the ministry that would surely come if he were found collecting bodies for his magic. Just one then. To test the waters.

## Orders

*"More wine, my Lord? Dobby! Another bottle of the elf made wine!"*

Lucius Malfoy bowed his head and tilted the bottle over Voldemort's glass, waiting for a signal to indicate whether he should start to pour. Arriving at a decision, Voldemort nodded his head and watched the deep red wine fill his crystal glass.

*"Have one yourself Lucius, and sit."*

Voldemort flicked his wand and summoned a crystal glass from the air. Malfoy filled the glass and sat as though on eggshells. He had been one of the Dark Lords earliest devotees, it was true, but having him here in his house, sharing a glass of wine, it was unprecedented.

*"You have served me well in the past, Lucius. You have shown me both your loyalty and your ability. Now, Lucius, I have a job for you. We will see if your skill goes beyond a silver tongue, a sack of gold, and a history with the right people."*

Voldemort's was careful not to let the inflection of his voice betray the importance of his plan. He may be putting trust in Lucius to bring him a victim, but he mustn't let on that there should be anything more to know of the plan that what he was revealing.

*"Go now Lucius, and return tonight. Return with it here and go. Wait one hour then return."*

*"Yes, my Lord"*

Malfoy said, giving a slight bow, and then turning on his heel and walking out of the sitting room. The heavy sound of the closing door to the sitting room echoed off the wood paneling on the room. Voldemort sat still in the red leather arm chair twisting the stem of the wine glass in front of the fire and giving no indication that he felt the chill that entered the room at Malfoy's departure. There was still much to do. If this enchantment worked...if? of course it would work, he, Lord Voldemort, had created it. Still, prudent to ensure everything would work as expected. If it worked, there was still much to do. A single inferius would be useless, but an army of them, acting in concert with the draught... it was perfect. Voldemort finished the glass of wine in contemplative silence.

Lucius Malfoy stepped out of the compressing darkness and into the alley.

He drew his cloak around himself to shield not just against the cold, but from contamination by the muggle filth surrounding him. He was unfamiliar with muggle London, never the less he was sure that a pub was the best place to start. discretion, the Dark Lord said, was paramount. Bagnold had the magical law enforcement office keeping an eye on the muggle world, and it would not do to have too clear a hand in any disappearances until they had solidified their power base. Malfoy drew his wand and rapped himself over the head with its tip. Moments later he appeared to have melted into the background of the dark brick alley. Lucius watched the street from the darkness, a hunter waiting for its prey.

*"You okay to get home then?"* a young muggle man asked the woman with him as they stepped out of the pub, smoke wafting out behind them like steam.

*"Yeah, I'm just a few blocks this way"* she gestured down the road in Malfoys direction.

*"Ah, and you're sure you wouldn't rather come home with me?"* the man teased. The woman laughed and waved the man away, staggering a little as she made her way down the street. As she neared the alley the woman staggered again.

*"Bloody things"* she said, sitting her purse on the ground and leaning against a nearby car for support as she removed her shoe to examine the broken heel.

*"Petrificus Totalus"* Malfoy whispered, pointing his wand at the woman. She fell to the ground, stiff. *"Mobilicorpus"*. The woman floated a few inches above the ground, moving off the street and into the alley. Taking care to vanish the purse and single high heeled shoe, malfoy grabbed the woman and disappeared.