

A lone, dark figure strode along the cobblestone path up to a family cottage that until that very night, he would've been entirely unable to see regardless of his knowledge or power. The Dark Lord Voldemort didn't make personal visits for the good health of the residence. Where he went death went with him. Which was exactly the reason, while even if he didn't know it, he wasn't truly alone.

Hidden beneath a shroud of ancient magics, impenetrable even by the most learned, Death strode through the village of Godric's Hollow. Not one of her servants, but the original. It was a rare thing for the eternal embodiment of the end to take even a fleeting interest in the lives of mortals. She was **the** reaper, the hand that guided the dead from the land of the living, and she took to that task, even cared to soothe the passing of those that died, but she rarely ever got invested. This was one of those rare exceptions.

*Abomination.* Her bright eyes were fixated on the self-styled lord. To her, he was nothing more than Tom Riddle, a scared little boy who'd spent his life fleeing from her shadow and done truly horrible things to manage it. His success in that regard infuriated her to no end. It'd only been managed a few times in the course of her unfathomable existence... and only once before by such nefarious means.

Death watched as he reached the door and removed his bone white wand from his cloak. He raised barriers around the house that ensured the people inside couldn't escape. With that done, the door exploded open with a flick of his wand. Before the shards of wood had even fallen to the ground, there were screams from inside, screams of brave people who didn't succumb to his darkness or falter in the face of it, "Lily, it's him!"

There was a commotion, she could hear hurried footsteps pounding up the stairs. A mother and father trying, in vain, to protect their child. James surely knew that he was outmatched, skilled as he might've been. She'd seen him thrice before in defiance of Tom, he and Lily both, but this time there was no escape.

Spells exploded toward the door, but Tom batted them aside. It was like child's play to him. And then it happened, the flash of bright green light so bright it lit up the entire lower floor. *Thud.* James Potter's body fell to the ground lifeless. Tom just stepped over the body and made his way up the stairs. Death watched it all, unable to interfere. *Rules... horrible... stupid rules!*

Left standing there was the soul, caught between for the moment at least. He could see her then, his eyes bulged slightly in recognition. He didn't say anything before he was bounding up the stairs. James ran right past Tom in his hurry, and she wasn't sure if she'd ever seen anyone accept their death quite so gracefully. He bounded through and past Tom without even stopping and then went straight through the door without a second thought.

There were soft voices coming from the nursery as the door was opened, just loud enough that she could make them. Lily didn't even acknowledge his arrival, she just kept comforting her son. If he weren't so eager to secure his immortality, Tom might've noticed the blood dripping from her hand, "We love you, Harry. Always remember that mummy and daddy love you." James stood between his wife and Tom, but it was no use. Death was quite sure that he knew that, but it wasn't going to stop him from trying.

"Step aside." His voice was sibilant, high, almost inhuman. *Considering what he's done to himself... he barely is.*

It was only then that Lily stood and turned to face him, "You can kill but please, just let him live. He's just a baby... a sweet, beautiful baby."

But Tom wasn't the sort of man moved by such sentiment, he forfeited his humanity many times over, "Step aside foolish girl, there's no need for you to die." He actually seemed to think that she would do it. He couldn't fathom the love she and her husband had for their boy. There was no part of him that would ever consider sacrificing himself for another.

Defiant, Lily just shook her head and stood in front of her son. She didn't even take up her wand. *Sacrifice. Genuine, heartfelt sacrifice.* Tom didn't think twice. He wasn't the sort to offer mercy a third time. Another flash of green that passed right through James' incorporeal form. *Thud.* A second Potter lay lifeless on the floor of their quaint cottage. But to Death, Lily Potter stood there all the same. Her eyes flitted in Death's direction, but she didn't bear her any mind.

Placing a hand on James' shoulder, she pulled him away and they stepped aside as Tom made his way to the crib. Her words were for them alone, but Death heard them all the same, "All we can do is hope that it's enough." Together, they'd spent countless hours researching into ancient and esoteric magics for anything that would keep him safe should the worst come to pass.

"It will be." Her voice caught them by surprise. It was soft and gentle, calming more than anything, although there was a certain otherworldly quality to it as well. They turned to look at her then, so very eager to hear what she would say, "Don't worry, he'll be fine." She didn't know that for sure, people like Harry, people touched by Destiny, it was a rare thing for them to live simple lives, but now wasn't the time to tell them that.

"You don't know that... not really." It wasn't an accusation, not really, but James was clearly confident he was right. *How perceptive.*

"After today, no." She'd never made a habit of lying to the people under her care, "But wait and watch, and you'll see that for today at least, you protected him."

For some time, Tom simply looked at the baby in the crib. It was the first time that Death took a proper look at Harry. He was standing, staring down at the body of his mother confused, almost concerned. He had his mother's bright green eyes, and a mop coal black hair on his head. He cried softly and even that didn't seem to stir Tom.

What exactly he was thinking, none of them could say. But as he raised his wand yet again, there was only one spell on his lips, "Avada Kedavra." The spell hit Harry in the forehead, but instead of falling over in his crib there was an almighty explosion of magic. The only thing that could be made out above it was the torture screeching of Tom as his body was torn apart in the backlash. The roof caved in from the force, and yet somehow none of it touched Harry. Well, not somehow. Of all the little things she could do, keeping a child safe from falling debris seemed fairly worthwhile.

Blood dripped down from a freshly made lightning bolt scar on his forehead, and she knew that embedded within was a little piece of the vile bastard that had already fled in fear and agony. *Far less than he deserves.*

Lily and James knelt down in front of the crib, tried to comfort him as he cried but it was no use. It was... heart-wrenching, but it was the reality of their situation, "I'm afraid there's nothing to be done. It's time for you two to go."

"No," The young mother said, the very thought causing her to break down, "we could stay."

"You could." Death agreed, "You could remain here in this plane of existence for all eternity as shades of yourselves. But what happens when Harry lives the full and beautiful life you've just worked so very hard to ensure he could have... and inevitably passes. What then? Wouldn't you want to be waiting for him when the time comes?" The young mother had no response to that, she could see the torment in her eyes as it became clear.

"It's alright, Lily. He'll have Sirius and Remus, and by the time he gets to Hogwarts, Dumbledore and Minerva, too." His attempt at comfort didn't seem to work the way he intended because the redhead only looked to Death with those piercing emerald eyes.

"Watch him for us." It didn't sound like a request, and she had to admire the woman's courage.

"Excuse me?" She was eternal, the caretaker of the dead, she didn't babysit children.

"At least until someone comes for him." James tried to hedge his wife's outlandish demand.

But they all knew that wasn't really what she meant. This mother, who'd done everything to keep him safe, wasn't prepared to stop even in the face of Death. She truly couldn't remember anyone asking something like that of her before. Most found peace in their passing, some struggled with the idea of leaving their loved ones behind, but none thought to ask Death to be their caretaker.

*Besides, I'm curious to know just what Destiny has in store for him.* That it was tied directly to the abomination, Tom Riddle, only made it that much easier to reach a decision. It was almost surprising how easily it came to her, "Very well... I'll watch over your son, at least until someone comes for him."

James gave her a grateful smile while Lily only scowled. It didn't bother Death one bit, instead she just offered her hand, "Now, if you're ready." They both turned toward their son and took one last moment for themselves. When they turned back, each took her hand in turn. When it was done, Death stood in the nursery with only young Harry for company. True to her word, she remained with him.

And despite what she'd told his parents, she found herself going back.

The hopes his parents had for him were sadly unrealized. His godfather couldn't see past his own grief and anger, winding up in prison for his trouble. Dumbledore had his own machinations. While Remus and Minerva were happy to go along with his plans, regardless of their own misgivings.

So, the little boy ended up with his maternal aunt... a miserable woman with a whale of a husband. Theirs was a mundane sort of evil, abuse and neglect rather than murder and mayhem, but she disliked them all the same.

He was one of many millions of children the world over who went to bed with empty bellies, beaten and bruised. There were times, if it weren't for his magic, it would've sent him to meet his parents much too early. There were nights where he cried himself to sleep, in his mind begging for the relief of her

embrace. It was in those moments that she stepped in. It was a small, miniscule fraction of her power that she used to take away the pain, to fill the emptiness of his belly, and to let his head rest easy.

More and more often, and surely to James and Lily's joy, she found herself watching him. Inexplicably, he grew into a kind boy. He faced a childhood worse in nature than Tom's had ever been, and yet had none of his apathy and hate. She watched him grow and was right there when his letter from Hogwarts came. It was an odd feeling, something quite foreign to her then, excitement.

Death resolved then and there that she would spend less time with him. Such a human response was wholly unacceptable... It lasted for a grand total of two months before she was right there again. *Horrid trolls*. Of course, she knew the moment she stepped into Hogwarts that night that Tom was there, too, and she was quite certain that Dumbledore did as well. Incredible power and yet she was compelled not to interfere with either of the two misguided mortals. And much as she loathed Tom, she knew it wasn't the time. Instead, she went to Harry's dorm, unseen as ever, and sat beside his bed and soothed him.

It was... infuriating just how many times she would find herself doing just that over the course of his school years. Quidditch alone was a nightmare, but then there was the Stone. She took a great deal of pleasure in scaring the ever-living hell out of Quirinus Quirrell upon his death. Then came the Chamber and the first chance to reap one of Tom's horrid little soul shards. And just kept right along going with Sirius, that gods forsaken tournament, and to top it all off that horrid little toad. Death was quite sure she looked forward to reaping that miserable bitch more than even Tom by the end of her tenure. And every trial and hardship, she watched Harry grow into a handsome, thoughtful, painfully selfless young man.

Then his sixth year, Death was confronted by another annoyingly human emotion... jealousy. Because while she saw his interest in Cho Chang the years prior, it wasn't truly real. Ginny was entirely different. And while she reasoned with herself that then more than ever, she'd grown far too close... she couldn't stop herself. When his scar pained him, when his friends wouldn't believe his perfectly justified suspicions, through any of his troubles, she found herself there to comfort him.

For the first time in her existence, she found that she had genuine attachment to a living thing. *Curse Lily Potter for ever asking me to look after him*. While she thought it, occasionally, when he put himself in a particularly dangerous position that genuinely made her panic, she didn't mean it in the slightest.

The year finished with Dumbledore's murder, and Death met him with frosty disregard. All his machinations weren't necessary. Harry didn't need to be a lamb for slaughter, fate didn't need help with those sorts of things. She didn't meet him in anger, terrifying him as she had with others, but there was fury in her voice when she asked, "Albus, I wonder if you've ever heard that the road to hell is paved with good intentions?"

The wizened wizard was stubborn, confident even in the face of Death that he'd done the right thing, "I only did what was necessary."

"I suppose you'll find out for yourself soon enough." With that she touched his shoulder and sent him on his way.

Traveling England over the course of the next year seemed like a foregone conclusion. She was with Harry every step of the way, even when the conviction of his friends wavered. Restraining herself from

helping became increasingly more difficult with every day that passed. *Damn the rules a dozen times over.* And every time he destroyed another of Tom's vile creations, she took great joy in reaping the whimpering, scarred, cowardly soul.

Death nearly jumped for joy when he became master of the Elder Wand. It wasn't Dumbledore's intention, far from it, but fate had other ideas. She knew at that moment that he would be fine. Through a stroke of fate, he'd become Master of Death. Become the first person to gather all three of her relics together. And that knowledge sent a shiver through her that she thought it best not to fixate on.

In the end, she found herself walking beside him through the forest. She watched as he spoke with those he loved and lost. There was a brief moment, as Harry looked to his godfather, that Lily Potter looked her dead in the eye and mouthed a very simple, "Thank you."

Then with his head held high, and her stone still in his pocket, he walked to what he assumed was his death. When he reached the clearing, the Death Eaters jeered, Hagrid cried out, but Tom just silenced them all, "The Boy-Who-Lived, come to die." If there's one thing entirely consistent about the snake-faced bastard, it was his overconfidence. He didn't think for a second that, perhaps, there was some magic at work that he didn't understand. When he raised his wand, and said the spell, the entire clearing flashed green. And they both fell.

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There was no pain when he woke, and for a long time he wasn't even fully aware of his surroundings. It was... terribly odd. He really didn't know what to expect from dying, but this certainly hadn't been it. He was vaguely aware of the fact that he was nude, but it didn't really matter to him as he walked through the amorphous grey haze that surrounded him.

Slowly, it took shape around him until he could swear that he was standing at King's Cross station. *Am I supposed to wait for a train?* Time had no meaning to him, so it was no trouble and he took a seat on one of the benches. It could have been a day or a minute before he heard the soft footsteps from down the platform. He hoped to see his mum or dad there but the woman walking toward him certainly wasn't either of them.

Tall and pale as freshly fallen snow, the woman was beautiful in an almost inhuman sort of way. Her eyes were big and incredibly bright, like freshly polished silver. And as she looked at him, he couldn't help but feel there was some affection there. Her hair was dark as the dress she wore. Pure, black, like the depths of the night sky, it fell all the way down to her ankles and hugged her gentle curves. *Why does she seem familiar?* He couldn't place it but there was just something about the woman.

Gliding over to him, she stopped close enough to touch. His voice caught in his throat as she smiled down at him, "Hello, Harry." Her voice was as otherworldly as everything else about her, but more importantly than that it wasn't the first time he'd heard it.

"I know you." He said and it only made her smile grow, "Or at least, I know your voice. I'd hear you in my dreams, during my greatest struggles, when I doubted myself... You always brought me peace." There was a time when that voice was his dearest friend. That look of genuine affection in her eye made more sense to him then.

"I'm happy to hear it." She told him moving close enough that he felt her dress brush against his leg. Her eyes roamed his body, and he became acutely aware of his state of dress, or lack thereof. Something made him decide not to cover himself though. *If I'm dead anyway, what difference does it make?*

"There were times where I thought I was a bit mad." He chuckled and she did right along with him, "Who are you?"

"Death." It was such a simple answer, but he found it hard to believe. She certainly wasn't what he would've imagined. *But then I did just die so...*

"I suppose that makes sense. What with me being dead and all."

Her hand came to his cheek, and he found himself leaning into her touch. It was incredibly intimate, and blood rushed to a part of his body that would normally embarrass him. *Do I even have blood here? Wherever here is?* She enjoyed the simple act of touching him, and the response if the quick flick of her eyes downward was anything to go by, "You brave man... no, you're not going to die today."

"I'm not?"

"No, you've collected my Hallows, have you not heard the legend?"

He felt hope in his chest that fell away with a frown, "But I haven't. Tom has the wand."

"Yet, it calls you master..." she hesitated, and blushed before continuing, "Just as I do." Her fingers scratched along his jaw, and he felt a shiver go down his spine.

*Surely, I didn't just hear that right?* It sounded utterly preposterous, he assumed that idea was nothing more than the dreaming of foolish Hallows seekers, "You do?"

"Yes..." She bent down at the hip so that her lips were right beside his ear, "Master." His breath caught in his throat as her fingers found the dripping, purple crown of his raging erection, "And it appears there's something I should help you with as a good and faithful servant."

Words failed him for a moment as she took him in her fist and gave him a solid pump. But that was all she did, she was looking down at him, fire in her eyes, and waiting. *Waiting for me to be her Master... to tell her what she needs to do.*

"Get down on your knees," he didn't know where the words came from, but they did, "and make love to my cock with your mouth." He watched as the physical embodiment of Death, a being whose age and experiences he truly couldn't even fathom dropped down to her knees and stared at his shaft like it was the most incredible thing she'd seen in her exceptionally long life. And then she opened her mouth and did exactly what he commanded.

Her mouth felt heavenly, which was at least a little ironic. Her sucking was languid, and sensual, and she made a show of hollowing her cheeks every time she pulled up. In his wildest dreams, he could never have imagined something so fantastic as her efforts. But there was just one thing wrong, "I want to see all of you. Now!"

The command left her moaning around his shaft but a second later her dress disappeared like smoke, leaving her entire body on display. Her body was completely bare, her skin smooth as porcelain, her

breasts just bigger than a handful with ghostly pale nipples almost the same shade as her skin. He didn't think he'd ever seen anything quite so captivating in his entire life.

"Faster." The demand made her whimper low in her throat. One thing was becoming increasingly obvious, Death adored being dominated. Being told exactly what to do. And given how many times she'd comforted him, without his knowledge, he was going to return the favor by giving her exactly what she wanted.

Death bobbed back and forth with a new urgency. Her lips sealed tight as she glided her mouth up and down along his shaft, "Oh fuck... that's so good."

Harry was increasingly starting to think that she'd lied to him. *Because this damn sure feels like heaven to me.* Every grunt and groan she pulled from him resulted in even greater effort on her part. His hands found their way to either side of her head as he helped her fuck her face on his cock. He could feel his peak coming, and considering her skill, there was no holding back, "Don't spill a single drop, understood. And don't swallow until you show it to me. If you do, I'll have to punish you." He felt her throat ripple around him as she shuddered at the thought.

As she wiggled her bum in anticipation, he felt that sweet release. Hot, white spunk pulsed from his cockhead into her eager mouth. Her tongue lashed the underside of his length as he pulsed over and over. Her cheeks bulged, but she was a very obedient servant. Not one drip of his jizz escaped her lips.

When she was certain that he had nothing left to give her, she pulled off his cock and kept her lips tightly sealed so she wouldn't lose anything. Then she tilted her head back slightly, opened wide, and showed him the gooey treat he'd given her. Her obvious devotion was enough to keep him rock hard, but the lewd display certainly didn't hurt either. Running a hand through her hair, almost petting her, he smiled, "Good girl, go ahead and swallow." She made a show of it before opening back up to show him it was all gone.

For a second, they just stared at each other, but then her gaze fell to his persistent protrusion, "Master... please... I need you." Her eyes were wild, her cheeks flushed. He was quite sure she'd cum just from servicing him.

"Come here." With that she climbed into this lap.

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*Clap. Clap. Clap.* Bliss, consuming bliss, that's all Death felt. For the first time in her long life, she truly understood mortals' fascination with rutting... with pure animalistic fucking. Her entire world was focused on the exquisite stretching. Here in this limbo, time was immaterial. They could go for ages, and he would simply wake up where he left the world of the living. And she intended to take full advantage.

After trying a whole host of other positions, Harry sat beneath her again with his hands on either side of her hips and his thumbs digging into the dimples of her back. He let go just long enough to deliver a swift swat to her tight bum, "Thank you, Master!" She came again... her pussy squeezing down with all its might to try and make him reach his peak. It'd been quite a while since she'd lost track of the actual number and every time it happened, he somehow persevered. *Of course, it would take somebody truly worthy to unite my Hallows.*

In her lust-addled mind, she forgot just how much of that was pure circumstance and she didn't care. Because as far as she was concerned, Harry was the only one who ever possibly could've done it.

“Harder... faster...I need to see how badly you want it.” Every command he gave her left her feeling euphoria. It was a side of herself she didn’t understand, but she was loving every second of it.

Her hips became a blur as she desperately tried to coax that wonderful warmth from his balls again. She could still feel it in her body, and she wanted more. She came again and forgot to follow a command.

*Smack!* That one actually hurt, “Don’t you have something to say to me!”

It felt so good she could almost cry, “Thank you, Master!” There was a ring of her creamy cum on the base of his cock that she hoped to get the chance to clean ].

“That’s what I thought.” There was a confidence in his voice that made her gush around him, “Forget again, and this all stops!”

That was the most frightening thing he could’ve said to her then, and he seemed to sense it. He reached up to caress her breast, almost as a way of assuring her. *He’s telling me not to worry.* He let her bounce away with reckless abandon. Her toes curled, she let out a guttural moan that reverberated with the rawness of her power and screamed out her thanks.

His hands stilled her hips as he kissed against her back. Softly, lovingly, he gave her another command, “Turn around.... I want... I want to see your face.” Without letting him leave her, she turned. Those emerald eyes were looking at her with so much care, “Slowly now. Nice and deep.”

He did everything perfectly from the moment he realized the way he affected her. And now was no different. He was still her Master, and she was still the Servant, but they moved together as what they’d become now... lovers.

With every bounce, she traveled the full length of his cock. Again and again, the spongy dome of his shaft poked so very deep within her. She could see him losing control as he stared into her eyes, could see the moment when he lost that battle. It sent a rush of excitement through her body as she felt him twitch. His last command was breathy, and entirely unnecessary, “Cum... cum with me.”

The moment she felt that intense warmth in her depths, she came, “Thank you... thank you, Master!” Her voice broke as she struggled with that rapturous moment. He looked at her with such love as he pulled her down into a kiss. They remained that way as she felt him pulse inside of her sooo many times.

It felt... natural as they kissed and caressed each other as they recovered. He was rubbing her back when she felt his chest rumble with laughter, “What is it?”

“Just remembering what it said on my parents’ gravestone.” She knew it well as she’d been right by his side in Godric Hollow that day. *The last enemy to be destroyed is death.* It caused her no offense because she understood the spirit in which it was meant.

That didn’t mean she understood why he was bringing it up, “What about it?”

“I don’t think I destroyed you necessarily...”

“Ruined me more like... or certainly ravaged me, Master.”

He chuckled again, “That’s exactly what I was thinking.” They went once more, and then again after she assured him that time was of no consequence.

When he returned to the land of the living, she walked beside him. And when he finally ended Tom, she took great pleasure in sending him on his way. *Though far from the greatest pleasure I've had today.*