

# **Chapter One:**

## **Madame Esclave's**

Six months ago, Lord Voldemort had fallen in love with, and married, a copper-haired, twenty-six year old, American woman, named Christina. Now you might think that Christina would be terrified, being married to evil incarnate as she is, but in truth she enjoys it. According to a few Death Eaters, she's as fearsome as the Dark Lord himself.

Let us go now to Knockturn Alley, where Voldemort is having Christina outfitted in an eviler wardrobe.

"Here we are, Christina! Madame Etre Esclave's; perhaps we shall find something worthy of your approval, my love." Voldemort said eager to please the beautiful witch beside him.

"Perhaps," Christina darkly replied.

Before they could reach the door it was held open by Madame Esclave herself.

"My Lord, and Lady, welcome to my most humble shop. I am grateful to no end for the most undeserved honor you have bestowed upon me," she said, trembling.

Madame Esclave was a tall woman, with thick black curls that cascaded past her shoulders; a few of the spirals had turned silver, as had a few of her eyelashes, which framed glinting hazel eyes. Eyes which looked eager to please, and yet terrified at the same time. "How may I be of assistance, lord, and lady?" she continued.

"I wish to see your cloaks," Christina said in an expectant tone, and the Madame hurried quickly to where the items in want were; the Dark couple following swiftly, and gracefully.

"Here they are, my Lady," Madame Esclave said, and Voldemort whirled.

"Christina is a queen, and you shall refer to her as such!" he hissed, and the Madame's trembling became more pronounced.

"Y-yes, m-my Lord," she said, and then added to Christina, "I apologize, your Highness."

Christina took no notice, and looking to her husband said, "This one is adequate, is it not?"

Voldemort looked over the cloak in question; it was silver, with a green snake embroidered on the chest. "As well as this one," Christina said, and held out a rich black cloak.

"Your beauty would grace both of them, and if you deem them worthy of your liking, then we shall have them!" Voldemort said, and Christina took the cloaks off the rack, and handed them to Madame Esclave.

"Be sure to cleanse your filth from Christina's purchases before we leave with them!" Voldemort demanded.

"Your w-will shall be done, my lord." Madame Esclave replied, as she followed them to the robes portion of the store.

Christina was looking over a set of black robes, with red trim along the sleeves.

Voldemort smirked sinisterly; this had been a good move. Christina was happy, and when she was happy he, too, could be. He couldn't wait to see how much better their marriage would become after he killed Potter; of course could it really get any better?

He decided not to think about it; he didn't need any distractions from his, and Christina's day out.

Now she was looking at some black robes with emerald trim.

"Which ones do you like best?" she asked.

Voldemort answered, "The ones with the green work, my love, it is the color of my ancestor; Salazaar Slytherin."

Christina nodded, "True, and these would appear to be of better workmanship. I'll take two of these." she said, and handed them to Madam Esclave, who took them, thrilled that the wife of the Dark Lord was pleased with her shop.

At last, the Voldemorts were about to leave with their purchases. Christina had bought the two cloaks, the green trimmed robes, a pair of black jeans, a

green blouse, black boots, and a set of black dress robes; for the Death Eaters' Christmas, and Kill Potter parties.

Madame Esclave had finished scourging the items, and had packed them; she was now carefully placing them in Christina's handbag, which had a magically expanded interior.

Lady Voldemort looked at Madame Esclave waiting for the total.

"No, no cost, Lady Voldemort, I live to serve. The honor of your presence here is by far more payment than I deserve." Madame Esclave said.

Christina nodded curtly, "Of course it is; do not forget the gift you have received. If you continue to have items of this quality, I shall perhaps return." the Dark Lady informed her.

Madame Esclave was taken aback, "Thank you, Lady Voldemort; my failing words can not show my gratitude." she said, and the Voldemorts left the shop.

"Christina," Voldemort asked, once they were away from everyone. "Why waste words of praise on that fool?"

Christina raised an eyebrow, "The occasional praise will make them eager to improve their service; as they are so ready to please." she said, and Voldemort nodded.

"I see; ah my love, your brilliance never ceases to amaze!" he said, and Christina smirked; the closest either of them ever came to smiling.

"But, it could not be another way, could it? Why else would I be Lady Voldemort?" she questioned, and Voldemort smirked maliciously.

"Exactly; ah, together we shall rule all!" he cried.

"As soon as you destroy Potter," Christina said.

"That shan't be long; the boy's days are of very little number," Voldemort answered, scowling.

"Yes, I know, love; I'm merely trying to keep your goal in mind." Christina said, and then the two cackled together. "Shall we go to Burgin, and Bourke's? You like that shop still, don't you?" she asked.

“Yes, let us go; I wish to see what new artifacts they have in.” Voldemort replied, excitement tinged his voice, and red slitted eyes; and with a swirl of cloaks, they went.