

# For the Love of Bellatrix: In Comfort of a God

*by White Eyebrow*

There was another....

Episode four of The D.A. Chronicles and the kick-off to a four-part story arc: For the Love of Bellatrix.

## In Comfort of a God

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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In Comfort of a God

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It was an uneventful repast at the banquet hall of Malfoy manner.

Dessert had been served, and the guests...most of whom were Death-Eaters...dispersed with their confections to the drawing room. The hostess, Narcissa Black, and her sister Bellatrix Lestrange opted to linger at the table.

The house-elves removed Bellatrix's used dish and refilled her wine glass. She swirled the Cabernet in her hand, annoyed at her sister's reticence. "Why so sullen, Cissy? Especially when the Dark Lord has graced us with his presence these two evenings past?"

"Graced?" Narcissa snorted. "They drink my wine and eat my food while my husband rots in a cell.... I hear their whispers, and I am fearful."

Bellatrix regarded her sister lazily. "What do you have to be fearful for? Haven't I always looked out for you, Cissy? And even Andy, before her betrayal?"

"It is not myself that I have fear for," Narcissa replied. "You heard him at dinner: he has designs on Draco yet to be announced."

"That is a good thing. He is showing favour by giving the Malfoys a second chance."

"Maybe I should take Draco and run," she thought aloud. "We should be able to disappear on the continent..."

"Lower your voice," Bellatrix warned. She drew her wand and cast the Muffliato Charm.

"Snape..." Narcissa uttered in epiphany. "Draco has always spoken favourably of Snape; perhaps he would be willing to help us for his sake?"

"I think you've had too much to drink, Cissy," Bellatrix said. "If I had a son, I would gladly offer him up in service to the Dark Lord."

"That's just it: you don't have children, Bella." Her hand trembled as she emptied her wine glass. "And considering that you won't let Rudolphus touch you, you'll *never* understand."

"Oh, Cissy." Bellatrix rose from her chair and approached Narcissa, seated at the head of the table. She began to gently stroke her sister's troubled brow. "Yes, the Dark Lord is restless, but he would not bring about undue harm to Draco... for *my* sake."

"The Dark Lord cares for no one... do you know something that I don't?"

"Only that the Dark Lord is still a man," Bellatrix persisted. "I will go to him tonight and bandy words."

Narcissa's eyes perked. "Would you, Bella?"

"That's what are sisters for, sweet Cissy."

"But... what if your parley does not bear fruit?"

Bellatrix sighed loudly. "Then we must do everything we can to ensure that Draco succeeds in whatever task the Dark Lord assigns him."

Her sister placated, Bellatrix finished her wine, and retired to her room. She changed into her silk night gown, sat herself at the vanity and brushed her thick, shining dark hair, waiting patiently for all the guests to settle in for the night.

At the appointed hour she readied herself, applying a bold shade of royal violet lipstick; her fingernails and toes got a similar treatment, lending themselves to a black colour in the dim evening light.

To underscore the effort, she prepared her special perfume: a scent of her own making.

Her hand slid slowly inside of her knickers. She closed her eyes and smiled in reverie of how the Dark Lord had recently showed her special favour. Her busy fingers made her body shudder, and she withdrew her affected hand, dabbing her dewy fingertips at two distinct spots below either ear, where the curve of her delicate jaw met her swan neck.

She rose and retrieved the candelabrum at her desk. Using her wand, she ignited the wicks of all the candles thereon, and she exited the room, mindful to leave her wand behind.

It was a long walk to the guest suites at the far end of the Manor, and Voldemort, as the guest of honour was given the largest room on the top floor of the west corner. Relying on candlelight to illuminate her path, she walked slowly which gave the appearance that she floated down the hallway.

Bellatrix knocked on the door, and it magically opened without ceremony. She crossed the threshold, but was stilled by the red eyes of Nagini that peered at her suspiciously from the shadows. The snake hissed, and the witch's instinct was to retreat a couple of paces.

A familiar voice, speaking in Parseltongue, quieted the creature, and it returned to its corner, curled and dormant.

Grateful, Bellatrix regarded her lord who commanded the creature; he stood at the open windowsill looking out into the night sky. The moon's rays, cast upon his pallid skin, gave him a silvery complexion.

*Beautiful...*

Though the Dark Lord did not return her doting gaze, his voice was delicate and dreamy. "Forgive Nagini. At times she can be overprotective."

Bellatrix released the candelabrum, and it magically floated, following her as she approached from a position of weakness, being without her wand. "I'm sorry for the intrusion, my lord. I meant no offence."

"And yet you risk such. What troubles you so, Bellatrix?"

"It troubles me how we have failed you.... It shames me, knowing the weight of everything that you bear."

"That is the fate of those that achieve greatness. As such, it is mine to bear...*alone*. What of it?"

She dared to venture ever closer, only so that he may hear her whisper, "I wish... to lie with you."

"For what purpose?"

"To bring you comfort."

"You think me weak, that I require comfort?"

"No, my lord." Her finger grazed his upper arm. "I was merely too ashamed to admit that I am the one that needs comforting."

The Dark Lord did not rebuke her, yet neither was he moved to acknowledge her overtures. "Rudolphus' incarceration is but a temporary setback. You must be patient."

"My husband has never *known* me, my lord." Her careful touch travelled lower, toward his hand. "I wish to return the favour that you have shown me."

His eyes narrowed into slits. "*Favour?*"

"Was it not your right to forsake me along with the others at the Department of Mysteries?" she persisted. "And, yet, you delivered me, sparing me from Azkaban."

"You are already prized above all other Death Eaters as my most loyal. However, do not seek that which is above your station." For the first time he regarded her. "A great leader is also a servant. How can I call myself Lord if I show special favour to one at the expense of the many... even for 'one' such as you?"

Voldemort's steely gaze penetrated Bellatrix to her innermost depths. She looked pleadingly into his eyes, in search of his soul.

...oOo...

*Please see me, my lord*

*For, my heart you have so warmed*

*Pray, perceive my thoughts*

*And the feelings b'which they're inform'd*

*Only then will you know: readily convincing*

*That a woman by your side will make you invincible*

*Dare she be me?*

*If a god and a mortal are allowed to intermix*

*As Zeus took Hera, so Tom will take Bellatrix*

*Peel away my layers: you'll see 'tis no lie*

*Thy will be done: for you I would die*

*Expose my core: I'll make you cry....*

*My lord... please... see me*

...oOo...

Lord Voldemort's serpentine eyes blinked, and he frowned. "You dare to pry into my thoughts, child?"

Her heart racing, Bellatrix retreated at the Dark Lord's advance until she was stopped by the bedpost. "F-forgive..."

He grabbed her wrist, and she yelped. "I find it amazing that you women can function given the addlement of your emotions." He released her. "It is only because I need your distractible female brain focused on more important matters that I will indulge you... this one time."

She smiled nervously with renewed resolve. "Why is Pettigrew in your thoughts, Lord?"

When he sighed, it sounded like a hiss. "Although Pettigrew has proven his worth, the recollection of something an old friend said to me, coupled with recent events, has underscored the need for one who would serve me out of *loyalty*, rather than fear."

"To what end, if I am permitted to ask?"

"As a fallback contingency, I plan to share the method of my resurrection with *one* special person." He sighed again. "I thought to approach Lucius, but he has become a... disappointment to me."

Bellatrix smiled in earnest; her eyes welled with hope. "There is no one more loyal than I, my lord. I can be that person."

The Dark Lord reached out, and his fingertip captured a single tear that ran down her cheek. "This affectation that leaks from your eyes is proof that you cannot, child."

The woman took his hand, saying, "Give me another chance.... Let me prove myself to you." And she directed his extended finger to trace the outline of her pouting lips.

"There is a cost," Voldemort said at last. "If you are willing when the time comes, you will be at my right hand; If not, then that would likewise be... disappointing."

"I will pay whatever cost is required."

There was no mirth in his amused expression. "We will see." The Dark Lord spake Parseltongue, and Nagini slithered out of the room via an unhinged cast iron floor register.

He spun the witch around and grabbed her from behind. His hand clasped around her throat; the vestigial remains of his human nose were drawn to the scent that imbued her neck. A forked tongue flicked the pungent spot below her ear and retracted, allowing his brain to further analyse the nature of this unfamiliar but arousing contaminant.

Satisfied, his body became as mist and swaddled Bellatrix in darkness. Her body became taught, and she was lifted off of the ground. Her back arched as the mist disappeared, absorbed via the pores in her skin.

Her eyes, now black as onyx, rolled up into their orbs. "May I call you Tom when we're alone?"

"You may call me *Lord*."

Bellatrix's screams were heard throughout the manor and continued even after the candles had dimmed.

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Nine Months Later...

Narcissa Malfoy's hurried footfalls clacked loudly against the marble tiles that lined the flooring of the grand entrance. A blue purse string in hand, she approached the old squat witch who waited patiently by the staircase.

"The sum as agreed, Euphemia."

Euphemia took the proffered bag and examined the gold sovereigns inside. She grinned in satisfaction. "This is more than what we agreed on, Madam Malfoy."

"I added extra for your expenses in case I need your services on a more ~~per~~permanent basis."

She raised an eyebrow. "So, where is the bundle of joy, then?"

Narcissa bid her to follow up the stairs. "Come, we must make haste. The Dark Lord is already aware of the birth."

Euphemia, with her shorter legs, struggled to keep up, but that was not the reason why she gasped: "He-who-must-not-be-named is coming here?"

"It'll be fine. I'll have you leave through the servant's entrance." They soon arrived at the threshold of Bellatrix's room. "Wait here."

Narcissa entered. Bellatrix was as she left her: resting comfortably in bed attended to by a team of house-elves. "Wake her," she commanded.

Bellatrix's personal house-elf obeyed, and when his magic finger graced her forehead, the witch's eyes fluttered open.

With care Narcissa sat at her side. Her hand rested on her sister's pale cheek. "Bella."

Bellatrix regarded her. "Cissy?" And she instinctively placed her hands on her now empty belly. "What of my child?"

Narcissa continued to reassure her. "There was another: twins...a son and a daughter. They are strong."

Bellatrix smiled. "The Dark Lord will be pleased."

As the seconds continued to tick, Narcissa failed to hide the trepidation in her voice. "I pray, Bella, let me tell the Dark Lord that they were still born. I fear what he may ask of you."

"You will do no such thing," Bellatrix scolded. "Bring them to me so that I may see them: once the Dark Lord set's eyes on them, we'll be a family. You'll see."

"At least let me take *one*... just in case." Narcissa consciously steadied her tone. "I've already made the arrangements."

At her command two of the attending house-elves approached, each carrying an infant: a girl and a boy. A smile involuntarily etched into her face at the sight of her newly born babies, only to slowly fade as her sister's words continued to prick her ears:

"All he expects is *one*," Narcissa whispered. "Let us secure the spare... please."

Bellatrix's silent gaze switched between her two babies. Her lip trembling, she took her son in her arms and held him at her breast.

"Take the girl," she said coolly. "Surely, he would not harm his only male heir."

Narcissa took possession of the girl. "Name your daughter."

She averted her eyes. "Delphini."

Bellatrix would never see her again.