

Everything Unconditional Belongs in Pathology

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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At times one remains faithful to a cause only because its opponents do not cease to be insipid.

Lucius Malfoy. I have been watching him all evening, our haughty, charming, and disarmingly attractive host. This evening, like so many others, is full of preening, pretense, and no small amount of very, very fine wine.

I have never minded the wine.

It's another initiation evening: no, no dark revel, no Dark Marks given, and no oaths taken. No, this event isn't about the Dark Lord – it's about Lucius and his favor. It's about initiation into Lucius' inner circle – those he has groomed, those in whom he sees promise, those boys, and they have *all* been boys, those in whom Lucius has taken an interest.

A *personal* interest.

I am one. Was one. I know what will happen tonight because last year it was *who* was a gangly fourteen; it was *I* who received Lucius' *tutelage*; it was I who basked in his pale and shining attention; it was I who lived for his approval and was willing to do anything to keep it. *Anything* – not that *anything* consisted of activities I was not already rather inclined towards. Others could not make the same claim. They did, however, have two most important traits – they showed an aptitude for and interest in the Dark Arts, and they were the right age. Lucius fancies himself an explorer of sorts – he likes to be first on shore.

Now *I* am, of course, old news. Comfortable, like a well-used club chair that molds itself to the warm shape of the man sitting in it *Well-used*.

Not that I minded.

Nor have I minded Lucius singing my praises (not that my skills with potions and hexes need an extensive and operatic accompaniment).

Nor will I mind him personally introducing me to the Dark Lord.

If you gaze long enough into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you.

As soon as I notice Lucius approach young Regulus Black with a feral smile I quickly, but unobtrusively, make my way from the parlor to the library, suppressing the snort that usually accompanies any thoughts I have of Lucius, his library, and his *generous* education of select, future followers of the Dark Lord. As a half-blood, and possessor of not even a fraction of the charm of the Malfoy scion, I must admit that I used his *tutelage* and example to a far greater extent than the spoiled and simpering purebloods who usually graced the fine leather chaise in his library. However appreciative I may be, and however much I need Malfoy to contribute to my future success, neither my loyalty nor my 'love' are unconditional.

I am, after all, a Slytherin. Even Slytherins seem to sometimes forget this salient fact, and it is a lapse in memory I feel no compulsion to correct.

I barely manage to slip into the shadowy corner nearest the door and Disillusion myself before Lucius, Regulus, and a bottle of port make their way into the room. Lucius shuts the door behind him and turns to my corner with a smirk and a wink before crossing the floor in three quick steps and stopping inches away from the startled boy.

He knows!

He knows. How very interesting.

It can't be said that I don't like to watch Lucius work. No, my eyes greedily soak up every elegant gesture: the way his sleeves move as he motions Regulus onto the chaise, the way he shifts his weight from foot to foot (dancing to the internal music at his own bacchanalia) as he pours the wine, the way his long locks catch the yellows and oranges of the fire as he tosses his head before leaning down and sharing a sip of wine with the boy lounging beneath him.

There is but one glass between them, shared mouth to mouth, tongue on tongue, sip by sip until Regulus is tipsy from more than the sweet port.

When he begins to undress Lucius with agonizing slowness, I feel myself stiffening. Lucius straddles the chaise and leans back, whispering instructions to a nervous (but highly aroused) Regulus. I can't hear the words, but I know what is said, and I fight to stifle a groan as I watch those luscious, kiss-swollen lips envelop Lucius' cock. His face is drawn tightly as Regulus licks tentatively around the weeping head before taking as much into his hot, wet mouth as he can. I surreptitiously stroke the front of my trousers in time with the bobbing head before me. *Delicious.*

When Lucius stops Regulus and stands, I take the chance to quietly release my buttons until my heavy hardness fills my hand. I know what comes next.

When I finally look up, Regulus is draped, face down, over the back of the chaise. I watch as Lucius flicks his wand and delicate (but strong, I can attest to that) leather cording winds its way around Regulus' wrists and ankles and secures him to the conveniently ornate ebony carving that sits just under the overstuffed, tufted leather surface.

Lucius grins widely at Regulus' panicked protestations and mutters the appropriate charms before seating himself to the hilt in Regulus' young, tight hole in one smooth, yet savage, thrust. "Yesssss," Lucius hisses as Regulus cries out. I lean into the corner as my eyes roll into my head. *Yesss.* Each thrust is mirrored by my own strokes, and I hope Lucius has less control than usual as the sight of his tight, firelit arse and the idea of Regulus' trapped cock rubbing against the leather as he's roughly jerked forward is almost more than I can bear.

Ah, mercy. The sight of that young, beautiful body below him must affect Lucius as much as it affects me, because it isn't long before his deep, even thrusts grow hard and fast as he clutches Regulus' hipbones firmly enough to leave bruises. Face contorting and no longer able to stifle his grunts and moans, Lucius speeds to his finish, taking Regulus with him. "Oh gods, oh gods," Regulus pants, his breath coming in an irregular staccato that, like siren song, calls forth my own release. As it calls Lucius'.

Lost to sensations overtaking his body and mind, Regulus' final exclamation, breathy though it is, is unmistakable. "Sev!"

Thoughts are the shadows of our feelings – always darker, emptier, and simpler.

I can't hide my smile as I leave the library and return to the pretense and the wine.

Reg is *mine*. I had him first.

And a fine vintage he was, indeed.