

Insanity's Insights

by smurfgirlz

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lucius Malfoy, Death Eater and former Azkaban inmate, was insane. He was declared insane after spending ten years in prison swearing that the Dark Lord had won, Harry Potter was dead, and the guards (completely human these days, though Mr Malfoy couldn't seem to understand the significance of this fact) would pay for their treachery and deceitfulness when the Dark Lord found he was still alive and incarcerated.

Of course, the guards believed this to just be gibberish spewed from the mouth of someone who had been caught: meaning, of course, that just about all Death Eaters who had survived the final battle were talking the same nonsense. Yet, as the years went by, the other Death Eaters slowly admitted they knew the Dark Lord was dead. Mr Malfoy, however, went so far as to find charcoal and repeatedly re-draw the Dark Mark (to the best of his abilities, which wasn't very good at all) on his left forearm, declaring it to be his "master" calling him.

The Wizengamot finally declared him insane after he was visited by Harry Potter himself, and instead of recognizing the boy-who-lived, he repeatedly called him Severus Snape and demanded help in forcing the guards to release him so he could go to "our master" he then proceeded to show his left forearm to Mr Potter, where he had drawn a circle with two dots for eyes, one for a nose, and a half moon shaped line to indicate a mouth (which remarkably reminded Mr Potter of a smiley face drawn by his 3-year-old son), there were also squiggly lines around it to (it was believed) represent a snake. After seeing this, Mr Potter promptly began campaigning to have Mr Malfoy's mental stability questioned. Shortly thereafter the decision was made that Mr Potter was correct, and Mr Malfoy was definitely insane and therefore should be moved to St. Mungo's where the Healers were better equipped to deal with "this sort of thing" (after all, the guards of Azkaban had filed multiple complaints regarding death threats from Mr Malfoy within the past years).

This decision forced the Wizengamot to unfreeze the Malfoy fortune into the hands of Mrs Narcissa Malfoy in order to pay for Mr Malfoy's unfortunate incarceration in St. Mungo's Janus Thickey ward. Mrs Malfoy, who for the first time in ten years could afford to live in a house that didn't board twenty other witches, promptly went house shopping after hearing the sad (joyous!) news. So long as she continued to pay her husband's hospital bills she would have complete control of the Malfoy vault in Gringotts. Narcissa, having been desolate for a decade, decided she would not pay for her husband's (and she used the term husband very loosely) private room or extravagant desires, instead opting for the semi-private room and board package. After all, he had left her Sickle-less when he had been prosecuted and sent to Azkaban, so she was being very generous paying the hospital fees for even a semi-private room. It had been explained to her that the Muggles had made multiple breakthroughs with mental illness; she could have had him shipped out to a Muggle hospital, where he would have shared a room with multiple Muggles and have "group therapy" with even more Muggles. She praised her generosity and thoughtfulness many times while searching for the perfect house.

Thus, Mr Lucius Malfoy found himself with the undeniably arrogant and self-centred Gilderoy Lockhart as a roommate.

Lucius opened his eyes slowly; unsure where he was exactly, however knowing undoubtedly that he was no longer in Azkaban by the lack of the stench of mildew and rotting flesh. The room was darkened and sparse; however, the Dark Lord had always kept the most elaborate rooms for himself, preferring his followers live in sparse, desolate rooms. Surely, his lord had finally found him alive and rescued him from the nefarious hands of those prison guards! He grinned to himself, pondering what he would do first with his new found freedom should he go Muggle-baiting or help his lord finalise plans for taking over the Ministry?

A light shuffling from the corner of the room had him grasping for his wand on the bedside table and turning quickly. A figure with long blonde hair stood in the corner, gaping at him as he held his hands up in an offensive position, not able to find his wand anywhere nearby. "Oh dear, I see you're finally awake! How are you feeling? Does your head still hurt, they hit you a lot harder than normal I believe as you've been out since they brought you here yesterday! Do you know where we are?" The voice, while scratchy, was soft and had to belong to his wife. Though why Narcissa would voice any type of concerns about his wellbeing was confusing, to say the least. The Dark Lord had promised to make her a bit more... friendly... after the war was won however, and his lord would never lie to him! Maybe a love potion? Yes, Severus must have brewed one and slipped it to her on their lord's orders. Good chap, Severus is.

The figure drew closer to him and he realised his mistake. That... that could not be his wife! She he IT was male! It smelled like Narcissa, its hair was blonde like Narcissa's; it even had that dainty yet graceful walk like Narcissa. No, Severus was not a good chap! He must have... oh no, Severus must have given her him it a potion that not only made it love him but also changed it into a male.

Based on the fidelity clause his "master" had provided for the bonding ceremony, he was free to receive pleasure from any male (the Dark Lord had winked lasciviously at him when stating this), yet he was bound to only one woman the rest of his life, as she was bound to only receive pleasure from one man the rest of her life. He began gasping for air as the conclusion came to him unless he, Lucius Malfoy, went out and found other men (while he knew he would have no problems finding the most sexy males out there, the very thought repulsed him), he was bound to it. He gulped and began breathing faster as the realization came to him. It would probably be expecting sexual congress due to the love potion Severus had slipped it. Lucius began to hyperventilate as darkness spread out through his vision and the ground rushed up to meet him. The last sound he heard was a very girlish shriek from his "wife."

When Lucius woke next, his brow was being soothed by a cool cloth, and his head was being cushioned in his wife's lap. He was going to murder Severus, if it was the last thing he did!

"Oh good, you're awake again! Dear, don't faint like that again, you scared me. Now, you are a gorgeous specimen of maleness, aren't you? Almost as divine as I am myself!" When it paused for breath, Lucius jumped up and began searching for his wand.

"Your wand has been confiscated, Mr Malfoy," said an entirely different and definitely female voice. "It will be returned to you if you prove your sanity to a board of Healers at any time your case is reviewed. Until then, make yourself comfortable and get to know your roommate here better. I'm sure the two of you have just loads in common!" a bushy-haired woman wearing Healer robes finished in a dry, emotionless voice. She turned and began walking towards the door when he called out to her.

"Wait!" he screamed, running to grab her arm before she could leave the room. "Severus Snape, I demand to see Severus! If you know what's good for you, you bushy-haired menace, you will bring him to me preferably tied and gagged. Hurry now and I will make sure the Dark Lord knows of your assistance!" He winked at the girl, knowing that the promise of a good word in the Dark Lord's ear would bring quick results; indeed the girl wrenched her arm from his grip, then turned and practically ran from the room, slamming the door behind her.

"Isn't she just a doll? Such a sweet and helpful girl. Now, she called you Mr Malfoy... so formal isn't that? What would you like me to call you from now on, dearest?" it asked him, a huge smile on its face.

Lucius sighed, drawing a deep breath. "Well, Cissy, if you must call me anything other than Mr Malfoy, you may call me Lord." He drawled slowly, as if talking to a simpleton. Really, Narcissa has gotten a bit dimmer from what he remembered. The potion Severus slipped it must have added its brain a bit.

"Oh you silly man! I meant, what is your first name, or a pet name you enjoy?" The smile was still on its face.

He sighed again and moved to sit on the bed. He might as well get the sexual congress over with before it decided it wanted to call him something really derogatory, like schmukins. He patted the bed beside him, giving his best come hither smile and bedroom eyes. Narcissa had always enjoyed his bedroom eyes when she was in the mood.

It gave him a strange look, the smile on its face falling slightly. It began to back up very slowly, muttering about the evil look in his eyes. Lucius was beginning to get agitated; his wife dared try to refuse him, after practically throwing itself at him? Regardless of the fact that she was now a male, it had no right to refuse him sex! Maybe he was out of practice with the bedroom eyes; he would practise at the mirror tomorrow.

He stood, dusted his robes off lightly, and began to coo the nonsense words Narcissa had always loved to hear. Narcissa-as-a-man batted its eyelashes at him as he spewed forth rubbish about love and marriage and blah, blah, blah. He reached out with his hand and had just begun to caress its cheek, slowly bringing his mouth closer to kiss its lips, when the door opened and a man in black robes walked into the room followed by the bushy-haired girl from before.

"Oh Merlin, tell me I'm not seeing this!" the girl cried, covering her eyes and turning her back to the couple lightly embracing.

Lucius spun, shoving Narcissa behind him as if to protect it from the intruders. "Who are you? Girl, who is this man? I demanded Severus Snape, not this... this... who in the nine levels of hell are you anyway?" he growled.

The new man smirked, showing off uneven yellowed teeth. "I see you are... reacquainting yourselves. We shall leave you alone," the man said, still smirking. He rushed the girl out of the room by gently patting her butt.

Lucius turned after the door closed and pulled Narcissa to him. "Now, my love, where were we..." he said softly as he began to softly kiss it.

Thus, dear readers, I shall end our story here with a fast forward to present day situations of our characters.

Lucius Malfoy and Gilderoy Lockhart (who insists everyone call him "Cissy" now) are still happily rooming together in St. Mungo's. Lucius still believes the Dark Lord won the war, and still occasionally draws a cute face on his arm, but he usually only does this when "Cissy" and he are having a disagreement.

Mrs Narcissa Malfoy currently enjoys her freedom and has very openly lived with Ms Luna Lovegood since shortly after purchasing her own home. When asked why she never visits her husband, she explains that he is happy in his delusional life and it would only bring pain and suffering to him and his "Cissy." She also mutters something along the lines of "if he regains his sanity by seeing me and realizing Lockhart isn't his wife, then I'll be forced to give up control of the gold" and shivers slightly.

Hermione Granger is still a Healer on the Janus Thickey ward in St. Mungo's; she has become the agony aunt of "Cissy" every time Lucius goes off to his "master" (which is, in reality, a coat hook with several of the Healers' cloaks hanging on it in the closet across from their room). She also has developed an affection for Severus Snape (the real one, not Mr Potter), and they are purchasing a house together close to the one lived in by Mrs Narcissa Malfoy and her paramour.

Mr Harry Potter is currently living with his long-time best friend, Ron Weasley (the gossip mill went crazy when they moved in together, and though they swear it's only as friends, everyone knows they share not only a room but also a bed). He will be playing Seeker for England in this year's Celebrity Quidditch match and would appreciate any cheering you plan to do (especially as he's rather concerned that Ron just might cheer for Victor Krum again this year...!)

~fin~

A/N: I owe a world of gratitude to Chloe for her awesome beta talents. :D

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