

Making Nice

by rosewood

A lazy afternoon at the Riddle Manor is anything but quiet.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: *Placed third in the LJ DeathEater Drab Voldemort!Crack! Challenge.*

"You are the most hedonistic scoundrel to ever walk the face of the Earth," Bellatrix snarled.

"Thank you," Lucius replied smoothly.

"I don't believe she meant that as a compliment," Severus countered.

"Don't get me started, you overgrown excuse for a bat," she snapped. "Why don't you fly away to your dank cave?"

"Settle down, my little hellcat," he testily replied. "No need to work yourself into a snit."

As the bickering from down the hall became increasingly louder, Voldemort closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath before stalking into the drawing room.

"What is the meaning of this racket?"

"'Tis nothing more than a little friendly rivalry, my Lord," Lucius replied.

"Well, knock it off," Voldemort said. "All of you are giving me a headache."

"Bellatrix, my dear, allow me to offer you my most sincere apology," Severus calmly replied, as he splayed a graceful hand in mock reverence across his chest. "I wasn't aware it was your *special time* of the month. Shall I brew you a potion?"

"Why you..." she sputtered unattractively while reaching for her wand.

Severus merely arched his brow, wand in hand and ready for battle.

"Enough!"

All eyes turned to Voldemort who was clearly put off by his Inner Circle's childish behavior.

"Can't an evil overlord get a little peace and quiet around here?"

"Personally, I think they need to get a room," Lucius said, as he motioned towards his two companions. "You can practically cut the sexual tension with a knife."

"Be that as it may, I want both of you to make nice," Voldemort stated, as he pinched the bridge of his nearly non-existent nose.

"*Make nice?* – Next you'll be asking for the secret to immortality," Severus muttered under his breath.

"Severus..." Voldemort warned.

"As you wish, my Lord," Severus replied. He pressed his lips together, shot a dark glare towards Bellatrix who was gloating and quickly swished his wand towards her with a quiet murmur. She hitched her breath as the spell washed over her and stared at him wide-eyed.

"What. Did. You. Do?" Voldemort quietly demanded.

"I *made nice*," Severus stiffly replied, causing Bellatrix to giggle. "Or, rather I made her nice."

Voldemort rolled his eyes in exasperation, turned on his heel and strode from the room as the muffled laughter of his followers travelled through the corridor.

Later that evening, as Voldemort was preparing for bed, Bellatrix quietly entered his room and placed a loaded tea tray upon his nightstand. She then proceeded to pour him a cup prepared with a spoonful of sugar and a touch of milk. He accepted the proffered cup with a murmur of thanks. She smiled warmly at him, fluffed his pillows by hand and bid him sweet dreams.

He leaned back against his headboard with a copy of Dumbledore's unauthorized biography in hand and sipped his tea. He could easily get used to this *nice* Bella. He should have thought of it earlier, as it made life at the manor so much more pleasant. He made a mental note to thank Severus in the morning.

Yes, life is good.