

# Perfect II: Bliss

*by darklotus*

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## Perfect II: Bliss

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### **Author's Note:**

This is my second story written in the "Perfect" universe. This world is not a happy place... for most.

I can be a cheery little thing, can't I?

Once again, many thanks to laurielove for her much appreciated beta skills and constant encouragement. You're a star, my dear.

Disclaimer: The characters and canon situations in the following story belong solely to JK Rowling, Scholastic and WB. Everything else is mine. I am not making any money from the publishing or writing of this story.

I just play with Bellatrix like the pretty, evil, demented little toy she is.

### **Perfect II**

#### **Bliss**

Victory was theirs!

Bellatrix was ecstatic.

She danced and twirled across the battlefield, low lying mist swirling around her skirts in the pre-dawn chill, the hems caked with mud, blood and filth, weighing them down. She didn't notice.

She felt light as a feather as she frolicked amongst the dead, serenading the scene in a singsong, girlish voice. It was the most beautiful sight she'd ever seen, and her heart swelled with happiness at the thought of the enemy's defeat.

Her eyes glittered in anticipation of the cleansing to come.

She skipped around the ruins, revelling in the stench, the devastation, the broken bodies – the crackle of magical residue that still hung in the air prickling her skin – engulfed in a heady, hedonistic joy.

A cruel glee swelled in her breast, almost to the point of bursting, as she taunted the defeated prisoners, now shackled together by magical bonds as they were marched away, trudging to the place they would meet their fates.

Some were terrified, some crying, some hollow eyed – resignation already beginning to sink in, all still looking confused, in shock – unable to comprehend the situation as real yet – but they would... oh yes!

Their misery was like a sweet, sweet wine, intoxicating the tattered, twisted, dark, demented abomination that passed for her soul.

All who'd stood against her Lord, her Love, her Master – would now pay the price!

What a wonderful reckoning it would be!

She spun on the spot, spread her arms wide, threw back her head – and howled a wild, exultant victory cry to the sky where the Dark Mark writhed high above for all to see and rejoice in.

She finally came to the hill her master stood upon and gazed up at him – his face, his form slowly becoming clearer as the pale light grew stronger with the promise of the new day – so proud, so erect – like a god – Her God – her Saviour.

Her breath caught in her throat at the sight of such terrible beauty.

As she approached, she dropped to her hands and knees and happily crawled in the filth, kissing the mucky hem of his robes with a fervour most would reserve for a much desired lover.

His hand touched the top of her head lightly, bidding her to raise her face and turn to share the scene of devastation, carnage – and victory that stretched out below them.

Long, cold fingers tangled themselves in her hair and gently rested her head against his thigh.

Languorously, with a sigh of fulfillment, she leant into his caress as he absentmindedly petted her – she was almost purring – as he allowed her to share in this precious, silent, wondrous moment.

They were victorious.

Purity had prevailed, and the new order would be a beautiful sight to behold...

Dawn broke over the battlefield, bathing it all in a pale, eldritch glow, the birth of a glorious new world.

As Bellatrix stared up at her Beautiful, Dark, Terrible Lord, he bent his head, met her eyes... and smiled.

She was overwhelmed with the feeling of complete and utter bliss...

It was perfect.

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*Well, there you have it: my second in these "Perfect" stories. Bellatrix is such a wonderful nutter, isn't she? She was great fun to write. I hope you enjoyed it. I have a feeling there will be more coming... I'm not sure when, though.*