

An Angel and a Demon

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bellatrix lurked outside the dining room in Malfoy manor, dark eyes glittering a trifle madly in the shadows as she bided her time. As she waited, she watched, lip curling in disgust at the sentimental trappings the room was decorated in.

What utter idiocy ... and here I thought Cissy was supposed to be all grown up now she sneered to herself. And Lucius! Honestly, Lucius was acting like he *liked* pandering to his wife, the way he leaned over and talked to her in sweet, soft tones, uttering words of love and devotion that were complete and utter tripe.

She knew for a fact he didn't mean a word of it, too. No man could mean such hogwash when he had been with her only hours before, fucking her against the library wall and muttering the filthiest things in her ear. She hadn't imagined that encounter, no ... She could still feel the faint sting on her cheek where he had slapped her when she'd sunk her teeth into his neck, forgetting the no-biting rule.

Finally, just as her predatory patience had almost expired, Lucius got out of his chair and left through the side door, presumably to fetch a gift for her oh-so-beloved sister, but not before more mushy-gushy words were exchanged. It made Bella want to gag, it was so sentimentally loaded.

Lucius could do so much better than her sister, she couldn't help but think.

On that cheery note, Bella chose that moment to saunter into the room, face schooled to her normal, almost vague expression as she unceremoniously sat down across from her sister, seemingly ignorant of the red, pink, and white hearts that decorated the entire dining room. At least, where there was room amid the similarly coloured roses.

Narcissa's jaw all but dropped, Bella noted smugly. "So sorry I'm late for dinner, Cissy, I know how strict you are about that ... but I simply couldn't leave the lab until I had finished that potion, you know how important such things are, I'm sure, and the Dark Lord would be positively livid if I didn't have my work done," she said.

Narcissa's mouth snapped shut with an audible click, and her nostrils flared. This really was too easy. "Bella. Go away, please. The elves will bring you something to eat tonight." Her sister's voice was tight with displeasure.

"But why, Cissy? I said I'm sorry I was late. Really, that should be enough. And where's my place setting?" Bella made a show of looking around, trying to find it. When a place didn't appear, she simply filched a prettily wrapped sweet off the table and proceeded to unwrap it and popped it into her mouth.

"Bella, do you have any idea what today is?" Bellatrix looked at her blankly. "No, of course you don't. You don't even know what year you're in." The mutter was low and annoyed, but the dark haired witch pretended she hadn't heard it. "It's February, Bellatrix ... What happens in February?" she asked, as if talking to Crabbe or Goyle, either the Senior or Junior editions.

If she hadn't been having so much fun messing with Narcissa's head, she would have been highly offended. "Um ... oh, yes, Muggle Hunting Day is in February. Is that

today?" she asked, a hopeful, manic gleam lighting in her eyes.

Narcissa's lips, so rosy and full, pressed into a thin, tight line. *Not so attractive now, are you*, Bella thought scathingly. "No. Valentine's Day, Bellatrix, Valentine's Day. Today is Valentine's Day, and I'm having a romantic dinner with Lucius. Just Lucius."

"Ohhhh, I'm so sorry," Bellatrix said, putting a hand over her heart as if in great remorse. Any sarcasm was lost on Narcissa; poor thing had never been the brains of the Black family.

Lucius, of course, had impeccable timing and entered before Bellatrix had a chance to depart—her plan precisely. Her eyes were sly as they met his. "Oh, Lucius, I'm so sorry. It didn't even occur to me that today could be Valentine's Day. I've managed to interrupt your dinner," she said, as if repentant.

Lucius was smarter than Narcissa by far and knew that her insanity didn't make her stupid—far from it, in fact. From the way his eyes narrowed and he glared, she knew retribution would come her way.

Anticipation had desire pooling in her belly already.

"That is fine, Bellatrix," he said smoothly. His voice was pure sin, as silky as his long locks, whether he was talking business or talking dirty. "I will have an elf deliver some dinner to your quarters, if you would be so kind as to leave Narcissa and I to our dinner."

She made to rise, but her arm 'accidentally' knocked against the wine bottle, and it tottered, hesitated, and spilled. She smirked inwardly as her sister's beautiful white robes were suddenly stained as if with blood. Blood ... how pretty her sister would be, decorated in her own blood.

Narcissa's squeal of outrage kept Bella's thoughts from wandering too far into that particular fantasy. The blonde pushed back from the table, tears already brimming in her pale eyes. "You always ruin everything, Bella!" she yelled, storming towards the side door that Lucius had just entered the moment before.

Lucius' look before he stalked after his wife had her biting back a moan. He was so pissed ... Her lips curved up into a wicked smile. So pissed, just like she wanted him to be.

She ghosted behind the couple, unnoticed as Lucius put his arms around her sister, lips grazing her temples as he spoke in those sweet, smooth tones, calling Narcissa his angel, his darling, hypnotizing her into calmness.

He was so bloody wasted on her sister. He should have a witch that didn't have the obsessive need to be coddled as Cissy did. She glared at their backs. No, Narcissa didn't deserve him. After so many years in Azkaban, suffering for their cause, *she* was the one that deserved him.

She turned on her heel, hand reaching into the pocket of her robe. She fingered the potions vial for a long moment before withdrawing it. With a quick glance at the door, she tilted the contents into Narcissa's wine glass. She didn't dare kill her sister, but there were things worse than death.

Her deed done, she sauntered out of the room before they returned to finish the meal.

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When he didn't come within the hour, she knew her potion hadn't been drunk. No matter. He would still come this night. Lucius was nothing if not predictable at times.

The clock struck three a.m. before her room door opened, and she looked up from her lazy perusal of a Dark Arts book. Her eyes were dark and hooded, not quite sane. "You knew what today was," he said without preamble.

"Of course, I'm no idiot," she retorted sharply.

"You just had to have your fun," he sneered at her, striding closer to the bed to loom over her naked form.

"Of course," she said again, as if it were obvious, which it should have been.

"You're a demon, you know that," his voice was low, silky, dark. She shivered at the sound of it and again as the head of his cane touched her cheek and started to trail down her neck.

"You wouldn't have me any other way." Indeed, he wouldn't. Perhaps it was permissible that he have her sister too; some men required a proper balance. Lucius just needed an angel and a demon to feed his appetites.

He didn't respond to that. A moment later, he was distracted by a muffled sound coming from the region of her closet. "What was that?"

"Oh, just your Valentine's gift. I think you'll enjoy it," she said, waving open the closet door to reveal a Muggle, naked and tied up, eyes wide in fear. She watched the sinister smile creep over Lucius' face.

"You always give better gifts than my wife ..." he said, and she knew that tonight would be a night to remember.

A/N: Done for a challenge last year at [Romancing the Wizard](#) on LJ.