

Black Widow

by Gelsey

She might not have a red hour glass on her back, but she now had one etched on her heart.

Black Widow

Chapter 1 of 1

She might not have a red hour glass on her back, but she now had one etched on her heart.

Lilith stood, back ramrod straight and eyes dry only by stint of sheer will-power, champagne glass held with an ease that belied her tension. Inside, grief clawed at her heart and soul, and all she wanted to do was sob. These functions were getting more and more difficult the more time that passed instead of easier like she had hoped they would.

If she heard the murmur of "traitor's wife" and "the Black widow" one more time, she was going to scream.

And she heard it, the half-pitying, half-mocking words coming out of Lucius' oh-so-suave mouth. "Look at her, so brave to continue coming ... The Black widow, I wonder why He does nothing to her."

Very stiffly she made her way outside and then started running, ducking into a small labyrinth of a maze that was on grounds and finally falling to the ground in sobs. Regulus ... the fool, the bloody fool. Whatever he'd done, he'd done it badly, and she was paying the price. Married only a few months and already a widow, her heart hollowed by the grief his death left.

She wiped her cheeks, struggling to get herself together. Her eyes caught some small movement in the bushes, and she looked more closely, seeing a spider. Even as she watched, the distinctively marked creature ate the other spider on its web.

Her breath hitched, and her eyes widened with sudden thought before hardening with resolve. "They want a Black Widow, yes? Well, then, they'll get a Black Widow," Lilith Black, nee Zabini, said, rising in one graceful movement and heading back to the party, filled with a new determination. She might not have a red hour glass on her back, but she now had one etched on her heart.

Those pureblood sycophants would never know what hit them.

A/N: A plot bunny I've wanted to do for a long time.