

# **You Have Failed Me, My Love**

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*What Voldemort said after he took Bellatrix from the Ministry of Magic. OotP spoilers. One-Shot.*

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# 1 - You Have Failed Me, My Love

A/N-Okay, Voldemort may be a little OOC, but I feel that he had to be. If that doesn't bother you, carry on.

Disclaimer-I do not own Voldemort or Bellatrix. They belong to J.K. Rowling.

## **“You Have Failed Me, My Love”**

A gaunt and skull-like faced woman with thick, dark hair and heavy lidded eyes knelt before her master, sobbing. The man standing before her was tall, thin, and skeletally pale. He had red, gleaming eyes and a snake-like face. He tutted down at the woman. She shivered, even though the fire in the hearth was warming the room they were in. It was her master's bedroom. She was humbled.

“Master, forgive me. I could not kill the Potter boy for you!” she sobbed.

“Bella, do quiet yourself for a moment. I would like to be able to hear myself,”

“Yes, My Lord,” she said, doing her best to stop her crying.

“Lord Voldemort is most displeased,” he said, referring to himself in third person. “Once again, you and the other Death Eaters have allowed Harry Potter to live.”

Bella began to sob once more.

“Master, forgive me! I am sorry!” she said.

“Bellatrix! Be silent!” Voldemort yelled.

This time, because of the deadliness in her master's voice, Bellatrix was able to stop her sobbing completely.

“You will be punished, Bella,” the Dark Lord said.

“You're going to kill me, My Lord,” she said despairingly.

Voldemort chuckled softly, and Bellatrix let loose a dry sob. She stifled it quickly, though, with a glare from Voldemort.

“It is no less than what I deserve, My Lord,” Bellatrix said softly.

She was crying silently now. Voldemort took a seat on the edge of his enormous bed. Bellatrix had bowed her head to him, as though expecting to die of a beheading rather than the Avada Kedavra curse. Voldemort cupped Bellatrix's chin in his hand and lifted her face so that she would look at him.

"Bella, did I not take you under my wing and teach you all there is to know of the Dark Arts?"

Bellatrix nodded.

"Were you not my one, my only, my powerful protégé?"

Bellatrix nodded again.

"Out of all my female Death Eaters who clamored before me, was it not you I took to this very bed?"

Bellatrix was now forming a soft smile on her face.

"Now, why would I kill something that I've put so much time and effort into?"

"Forgive my presumption, My Master," Bellatrix muttered.

"Of course. Only for you, my Love. But now," Voldemort said as he got to his feet, "I must punish you. *Crucio!*"

Bellatrix fell back onto the floor. She writhed and screamed. The pain was unbearable. Suddenly, just as her eyes rolled back into her head, the pain stopped. Bellatrix gave a painful sigh and looked up at her master. Voldemort chuckled at the bewildered look on her face. He usually tortured her for much longer than that.

"After all, I did not send you there to kill Harry Potter," Voldemort said with another chuckle.

Bellatrix smiled. "Is there anything else you would require of me, Master?"

He smiled and nodded, sitting back down on the bed. He reached down and pulled her up beside him. Hesitating only slightly, Bellatrix leaned in and kissed Voldemort. Lightly at first, then when Voldemort did not hex her or push her back, she kissed him harder. This had been-back in the days before his fall-their nightly ritual. Voldemort would lead her up to his rooms, which had silencing charms on it, and the two would make love into the wee hours of the morning. This night, when they were finished, he turned to her and said, "I need you to work harder than ever now to kill the Potter boy."

"Yes, Master," Bellatrix whispered.

"The older he grows the more powers he discovers," Voldemort continued.

"I shall kill him for you, My Lord," Bellatrix said, kissing Voldemort's bare chest.

Voldemort chuckled, "Very well, then. Shall we resume the former course?"

Bellatrix giggled and allowed herself to once more be pulled into the act of making love.