

Chapter Two:

A Dead Muggle

Christina Voldemort strode into the Death Eater's meeting; she wasn't finding their service up to par.

"How does this day find you, my Lady?" Lucius Malfoy asked.

"If you would do your job efficiently, my day would improve highly. That goes for you all!" Christina shouted.

"I apologize if my service has not sufficed, your Ladyship." Bellatrix Lestrange said; verbally throwing herself to her knees.

"Of course you do," Christina said; sighing. "And so you will continue; unless your performance dramatically improves."

"It shall, my Lady! I swear it upon the Dark Mark!" Bellatrix cried.

Christina nodded, "Good, see that your promise is fulfilled." She saw her husband's eyes flash, and then flicker back into darkness. He sometimes had trouble with sharing the power.

"Is there anything worth my time before we begin?" The Dark Lord demanded.

Snape stood up. "Potter is an unbearable nuisance, just like his father before him!" he snarled.

"I'm aware of the boy's idiocy!" Voldemort shouted. "Do you all possess nothing that I would wish to hear?"

"Nagini ate a Muggle yesterday, my Lord." Barty Crouch Jr. replied.

"Wonderful! At least Nagini does not fail me!" Voldemort sneered. "They're a pathetic and unworthy lot; aren't they my love?" he asked Christina.

"Worse than that," Christina said, "They are ungrateful of the opportunity that you have given them. They are a waste of your time."

Voldemort smirked, "Lucky for you lot, I am more merciful than my wife, or no doubt you would all be dead, or in extreme torment." he said.

"Yes Lord." all the Death Eaters said.

"What kind of filth did Nagini take?" Voldemort questioned.

"A Muggle correspondent between their government and the Ministry." Barty Jr. replied.

"We've taken his hair for a Polyjuice potion, Lord." Lucius said.

"Good; I would have had Bellatrix Cruciate you, if you had not." Voldemort replied.

"My piggy bank collection has not been dusted to my specifications." Christina said.

"I believe it was your turn Severus."

Snape blanched, "They haven't my Lady?" he asked.

"No, there is a coffin of dust on Mr. Oinky, and Ms. Squiggles is filthy; much like your hair." Christina said.

"I am sorry. How may I redeem myself of this failure, Lady?" Snape asked.

"You shall go clean them like a Muggle. No magic!" she said, and snatched his wand. "If one of them breaks or loses so much as a paint chip, I will take it out of you!"

"Yes Lady," Snape said.

"Why are you still sitting around then? Go! Now!" Christina shouted, and Snape left in a sprint; robes trailing behind him.

"Half-blood leech," Christina commented, and the rest of the followers were proud it

hadn't been their turn. Voldemort scowled, but the Death Eaters thought it was a smile, and shivered.

"Since Severus is through, there is no need to pause the meeting. Here, pass these around Bellatrix!" he shouted.

“Oh! Connect the dots! A dead Muggle!!! Thank you my Lord!” she cried.

“The next one is mine! Give it to me!” Barty screamed.

“I want one as well.” Lucius said; trying to act as if connect the dots didn’t excite him.

“Just a minute!” Bellatrix screeched. “I’m trying to find the exact one I want!”

“Well hurry up!” Barty said.