

# A Life Worth Living

*by Lady Whitehart*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

When Bellatrix breaks the soul-bond with her husband, Rodolphus seeks out a new life with another woman.

A/N: The following was contribution to Romancing the Wizard's Bring Out Your Dead Challenge. It's 750 words and based on the prompt 'throbbing desire.' Enjoy!

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*Stop!* Rodolphus was being punished for the failure at the Ministry. When the Dark Lord was finished with him, he was left gasping and forgotten on the floor. Searching for Bellatrix, he watched as she groveled at the Master's feet, brazenly laying the blame on Lucius and himself. At that act of betrayal, Rodolphus felt the last tendril of their soul bond snap before slipping into darkness.

When Rodolphus awoke, someone was tending his injuries. Chrisabel, Nott's daughter, traced a deep gash on his chest with the tip of her wand. Her hand, warm and protective, rested on his thigh. How many times had he longingly watched her at meetings, pondering the impossible? And now she was beside him, caring for him. Her gaze met his with a look of tender desire that he had never seen in Bellatrix's eyes.

"I want to be with you," she whispered, laying her cheek against his.

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A few weeks later, when Bellatrix disappeared with Narcissa, he seized the opportunity to see Chrisabel. Determined to start a new life, he Apparated to her cottage. It was raining, and Chrisabel was laughing and dancing with joyful abandon in the garden. She caught sight of him and beckoned him over to the shelter of a large tree near the front door of the house.

"You'll catch your death of cold," he admonished, embracing her.

"Nonsense!" She laughed, shaking back her wet hair and opening the front of her robe enticingly. "Stay with me?"

In response, his mouth devoured hers, and his hands sought the body he had fantasized about in the loneliness of his bed. In a frenzy of groping, they stumbled inside to the inviting sanctuary of her bedroom. After fumbling to free Chrisabel from her sodden robes, Rodolphus reveled in the feel of her bare skin on his. They tumbled onto the bed, and he explored her with eager hands and a desperate mouth until she moaned with pleasure. She shoved him onto his back and impaled herself on his throbbing desire. Throwing her head back, she wantonly rode him as her long hair tickled his thighs. He bucked against her, driving himself deeper into her hot core. With a cry, thirteen years of pent-up tension exploded from him. He gasped out an apology.

"We have the rest of the night," she soothed, leaning over to kiss him. "The rest of our lives."

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Having no desire to watch Nagini dine, Rodolphus left the room. Three months ago Chrisabel had learned she was pregnant, and their lives had become more complicated.

Bellatrix knew he had taken Chrisabel as his mistress, but his wife, enamored as she was with the Master, had no interest in salvaging their relationship. Of greater consequence was the ruined stance of the Nott family. If Chrisabel failed in the least way to please the Dark Lord...

*No, there must be a way to escape.*

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"I've been chosen to go after Potter," Rodolphus informed Chrisabel, caressing her slightly rounded belly. "We leave tonight."

"How?"

He summoned a pair of silver compasses from the pocket of his robe. Handing one to her, he explained, "These are Pinpointing Compasses. The needles are charmed to attract each other and will always point towards its mate. After I disappear from the fight, you will be able to find me. Tonight, Rodolphus Lestrangle dies."

"What if they--"

"Look for my body?" he sneered. "They won't. Now listen to me...." He told her his plan.

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Rodolphus leaned forward on his broom as he charged the pair on the Thestral. His intent was to narrowly miss a minor curse in the chaos of the chase and disappear. He dodged one curse, only to be struck by an Impediment Jinx. As he plummeted to the ground, terror and the street below rushed at him at a horrifying rate. Just before impact, something seized him. He hit the grass with a dull thud, forcing the breath from his lungs.

"Rodolphus?" Chrisabel's gentle hands were cupping his face. "Are you all right?"

"The Portkey... now," he groaned and felt the familiar jerk as they spun away into the night.

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Several weeks later, Rodolphus looked out the window at the drenched landscape and felt warm arms enfolding him. Looking down into the eyes of his lover, he grumbled, "I can't believe it's raining again."

"Stop complaining," Chrisabel said, the bulge of her middle pressing against him. "We're safe and together, my love."

They kissed. Safe. One thing he never thought he would be.

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**Author's Notes:** In this ficlet, Chrisabel Nott is Theodore Nott's older sister. According to the Black Family Tree, Bellatrix (and likely Rodolphus) was in her late-forties during *Deathly Hallows*. If Papa Nott is around their age, then Chrisabel Nott could easily be in her twenties.