

Bond of the Serpent

by ancientgirl

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Chapter 1

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Thanks to Marquise for allowing me to write a wonderful companion story to her latest incredibly beautiful drawing.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

Thanks as well to June for her help with the beta work and her suggestions.

This story takes place after Half-Blood Prince.

Bond of the Serpent

For several evenings now, he and Narcissa had been sharing the same bed. It had been necessary for him to hide her as well as himself and Draco. The Dark Lord had not been pleased that Severus had killed Dumbledore. That task was only for Draco to perform. The Dark Lord had done this in order to have an excuse to rid himself of the boy, which would make Lucius aware, even in the confines of Azkaban, that failure within the ranks of the Death Eaters would not be tolerated.

Severus knew that Voldemort would not hesitate to go after Narcissa, if he could not take revenge with the younger Malfoy. After Severus had performed the duty which Albus had instructed him to perform, he took Draco with him to his home, Spinners End. They stayed only long enough for him to gather a few things ... clothes, rare potions ingredients, a small portable potions lab, as well as an unregistered wand Albus had given him two weeks prior.

Just before leaving, Severus remembered Albus had also given to him a box, containing several scrolls with notes as to where he could possibly find the rest of the Horcruxes and some theories of what they could be.

"Draco, that box by the hearth ... take it and come."

Draco took the box, and they left.

"Where can we go? The Dark Lord will not be pleased with either one of us," said Draco nervously.

"I have a place, but first we must get your mother. She is also in danger."

That evening, both he and Draco showed up at Malfoy Manor. Severus had explained that he had lived up to his vow, and that because of it; he was now a wanted man. He did not bother with further explanations, but told her she would have to come with them, as her safety was now in question.

That had been months ago. Their escape had been all planned out. Perhaps it did not play out exactly according to plan ... certainly not the months of hiding in abandoned houses and caves ... but it had been planned nonetheless. Albus had known for some time he was dying, due to Marvolo Gaunt's ring that he had destroyed, the first Horcrux he had found. It was after that, that Albus had met with Severus in the Forbidden Forest. Albus had already known of the Unbreakable Vow, and he had also known about the possible location of Slytherin's locket. He had instructed Severus that when the time came, when Draco was set to perform the task given to him by Voldemort, that it was at this moment Severus would have to kill him. Severus was not reassured by Albus' promise that Fawkes would be able to revive him.

Albus and Severus had argued for several minutes. At one point they stopped, thinking someone may have overheard them. After several minutes of silence, they had continued to argue but in lower tones. Severus begrudgingly agreed to perform his duty, yet again. Albus assured him that he would come back from hiding as soon as it was within his power, and to offer whatever assistance he could both to the Order and him. Albus knew that Severus would be *"persona non grata"* within the Order until he came back. And only Albus' word, as it always had, would be the one to make the others understand that it had been the best possible solution.

And now, here Severus sat, with Narcissa lying peacefully on her stomach. He was afraid for her. He could not be with her twenty-four hours a day, due to his assignment of finding the Horcruxes. But he knew of a way to protect her, using one of the darkest of spells. It would be cast without her knowledge, as he did not know if she would want to have so intimate a bond with him. Yes, they were lovers, but did she love him? For his part he knew very little about love, both giving and receiving. But he felt that he loved her as much as he knew how to.

The *Copula de Serpens* spell was somewhat archaic in nature. It was rarely if ever cast, and had been mostly forgotten by the wizarding world. Witches for hundreds of years had refused the mark, and wizards for fear of getting their appendages hexed off did not give it to them.

The purpose of the spell was for the caster to know if any harm came to the person marked. The only problem was, there were side effects, which most people could not accept. The marked person would feel the emotions of the caster. They would know when the person was angry, depressed, happy; in essence, they would know all that each other felt, never again able to keep their feelings private. The consolation was that it worked both ways. Severus would know what she felt at all times. But, he as the caster would be able to locate her wherever she was. He would be able to reach her within seconds, even if the location was Unplottable or had a Secret Keeper, and even if it was warded with anti-Apparition spells. It was the only way to protect her and Draco, since mother and son would presumably always be together.

So it was now, after she had settled into her sleep, that he drew the mark onto her skin and recited the incantations that had to be done with no interruptions. He had made sure to give Draco tea laced with a strong sleeping potion.

His face was a study in concentration. The spell was precise, and the mark was a detailed one. He was careful not to wake her, as he did not know how she would react. This spell was powerful, and there was no going back after it was cast.

'And this,' he thought, *'will be the final piece.'* He made his final stroke. *'When my spell is finally cast, Narcissa, I will protect you even when we are not together.'*

She stirred but once, when the snake came to life against her skin, telling Severus he had made the mark correctly. He packed the books and scrolls, along with the soft quill, into a small box and moved it underneath the bed, so that she would not know immediately what he had done. There was one more part of the spell to perform, and he could not let her stop him.

He looked at the smooth skin on her back and traced the snake with his fingertips. As he felt himself growing aroused, the snake began to move down her back and around her waist. He could see the snake coil itself down to her pubic area. Narcissa moaned and turned herself onto her back. He could see the snake moving around her folds. Severus kissed her inner thighs and took in her scent. He used his tongue to lap the moisture, which was now beginning to show. He felt her hands on his head, pulling him toward her upper body.

"None of that, Severus. I need you inside of me."

He moved on top of her, and she willingly opened herself to him. He immediately plunged into her, and she gasped at the sudden invasion. She wrapped her legs around his waist and held onto his shoulders, as he rode her harder than he had since they had become lovers. For a moment she felt it was as though he was possessed, yet she had always known him to be a passionate man. Narcissa also felt more strongly than she had before. It was as if she had melted into him. Not only could she feel his every stroke, but she felt she could almost feel his thoughts.

"Severus," she panted. "...oh, God." She felt herself spiraling further down, so close, so very close. He was moving against her, as though his body was a wave crashing against her. She felt something moving over her skin, tingling as it made a path to her nipples. Severus latched onto one hardened peak and began to suckle like a hungry babe. His hand kneaded her other breast.

She looked down and saw what she had felt ... the hint of a snake, coiling itself around the breast he held in his hand. She threw her head back to scream, and succumbed to what was now a violent orgasm. She clawed at his back and drew him closer, as she wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. She rubbed herself against him needing more, not wanting it to end.

Severus' mouth left her nipple and he kissed her, then moved his lips and whispered into her ear.

"Once more, my sweet, and I will join you." He lifted himself slightly and began pumping into her, faster and harder than before. She moved her hands up against the headboard for fear of her head going right through it. The curtain of his fine black hair covered his face. He glanced down and saw the snake still coiled around her breast, but growing fainter. He looked into her eyes, which told him she had seen the snake before it moved away and began to settle itself at the base of her back, but she was unafraid of it. She reached one hand up to caress his cheek.

"Now," he said, as though commanding her.

Oddly enough at this, she climaxed again, this time with him. Never had she allowed any man to command her, not even Lucius. But from Severus she freely accepted this command, along with the mark she now knew he had placed on her. Narcissa was a very underestimated woman when it came to her knowledge of dark spells; while Lucius never bothered to instruct her, she was born and raised as a true Black. When she saw the snake, she knew full well what Severus had done to her while she slept, and she did not stop the last part of the spell. He now lay on top of her, his breathing heavy and labored. She felt his heart beating furiously against her own.

Slowly, Severus moved off of her, and she moved along with him. She stroked some strands of sweaty hair away from his face, and smiled softly at him as his eyes looked into hers.

"I'm sorry. I should have asked you first," he said as he gently stroked her hip.

She snuggled into his embrace and shook her head. "No, don't apologize. I'm not sorry you did it."

"You know then what it signifies," he said quietly.

"Yes," was her simple reply.

"When this war is over..."

"When this war is over, you and I shall be as we are now. As we should have always been." She threw her leg over his hip and kissed his chest.

With a quick wave of his hand, he drew up the comforter and covered them both from the chill of the room. The war would be over soon. He had worked hard, and there was but one Horcrux left: Nagini. His last message from Albus told him that Harry and the rest of the Order were ready to make their final strike two days from that very night. Severus would join them in the strike, which would require leaving Narcissa and Draco on their own; the *Copula de Serpens* spell would protect them.

