

This is How

by JackieJLH

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This was originally posted anonymously at the Femslash Kink Meme, located here: <http://cleo.dreamwidth.org/510327.html>. It's since gone through a few edits. :)

The prompt requested was Bellatrix/Narcissa, fingernails.

This is how she saves her family: Allowing herself to be treated like a slave in her own home, bowing and scraping before the Dark Lord. Squeezing her husband's hand beneath the table when he looks like he's going to say something that will get him killed.

This is how she saves herself: Slipping from Lucius's bed, and ending up in her sister's. Dropping her clothes into a heap on the floor, whispering, "Touch me," and, "I need you," and, "Fuck me already," as Bellatrix grins wickedly. Bending over the side of Bella's bed, her sister's robes brushing against the back of her thighs as fingers curl inside of her, sharp nails grazing sensitive skin, pleasure and pain mixing and blending and becoming entirely the same thing. There's blood under Bellatrix's fingernails, and Narcissa doesn't know if it's hers.

This is how she remembers: "Do you wish we'd done this when we were younger, dear sister? Do you think it would have saved me?" A hand, so gentle that Narcissa opens her eyes to make sure it's still Bellatrix standing there, cups the back of her head. Nails like talons comb through her hair, almost loving, carrying warnings of danger and pain.

This is how she hates her husband: "You're nothing. Lucius is a failure and Draco is a coward, and I won't save you from the Dark Lord when he's done with you. You've already made your own fate by marrying into such a spineless, pitiful excuse for a pureblood family." The words are terrifying in their intensity, and Bella means them, believes them with every fiber of her being.

This is how she cries: "Did you long for me, Cissy, when your husband was fucking you earlier?" whispered into her hair, the tip of a nail dragging along the edge of her ear, her chin, her neck, pressing into her skin, and she gasps and shivers.

This is how she hates her sister: A push, a turn, a fall onto a bed. A slap to the face, claw marks on her breasts and thighs as if she were attacked by an animal. Bella is wild, untamed, has always been this way. "Your family has made me look like a fool in front of our Lord. You were an idiot to come here."

This is how she forgets: "Shut it, Bella. Just shut up." Pulling her sister onto the bed, not caring that Rodolphus might catch them because he sleeps there too, not caring that there are a dozen Death Eaters occupying her home, not caring that her expensive carpets are stained with the blood of dead Muggle Studies professors and ice cream shop proprietors.

This is how she hates herself: A knock at the door. Bellatrix appears, dressed in black, hair wild and framing her face. "Back again, Cissy?" It's the third time in a week. "I knew you wouldn't be able to stay away." Fingers trace the line of buttons that close her robes, undoing the metal clasps as they pass.

This is how she sleeps: Her back is throbbing, decorated with reddened lines left by fingernails raking across her skin and half-moon cuts along her shoulder blades. "I'll get through this. For Draco, for Lucius. For myself." Her reflection blinks back at her in the mirror, and she sees determination and resolve in her eyes. She ignores the traces of shame.