

Somebody's Son

by Anijade

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Some people call me a cold-hearted bitch, and you know what? Some people would be right. I am a Malfoy from the regal Black blood. I get what I want no matter the cost. People have asked me why I stayed with my husband after that disgraceful incident at the Ministry. The answer I give them is that I love my husband and had vowed to stay by his side. The truth is I need him... for now. Once he has outlived his usefulness I am sure that the Dark Lord will dispose of him appropriately.

I fear that most of the time, people give Lucius far too much credit. Sure he does menacing well, but most of it is just hot air. As mother used to say, 'Men are good for few things, but you can teach them how to at least look good.' This is the most solid truth that any pureblooded witch must learn. Ladies, your husbands are only around for window dressing. Anything more, expect to do it yourself if you want to get it right.

My greatest success is my son Draco. Certainly people are always comparing him in looks to Lucius, but I have done right by my son and given Lucius very little influence in his life. The man is far too caught up in the elimination of the Muggles and the Muggle-born. I personally think they have their place in our world. It's not like we can rely on house-elves for everything, now can we? I am not saying that we need to give them higher education, but I personally like having servants who aren't green and balding and speak proper English. But I digress.

From his birth, Draco has been groomed. Lucius thinks that he is creating the pre-eminent Death Eater, but I know that my son is destined for something greater than that. I have taken the necessary steps needed to ensure that my son reaches that destiny. I doubt many thought me cunning enough to get Severus to make that Unbreakable Vow to protect Draco. That man was the only one I knew I could count on to really take care of my son, should something happen; no matter what his other loyalties were.

So it came to be that Severus killed Dumbledore so my son wouldn't have blood on his hands. Some say that the old man was dying anyway, and that he asked Severus to do it. I choose to believe that he did whatever he had to in order to achieve what he believed in. It was the last time that anyone I knew saw my son.

Finally the war had come to a head. Harry Potter and his minions decided to go after the Dark Lord rather than wait for another attack. Not that the Dark Lord had done a very good job on the attacking part, as the brat was still living. But I digress.

The night that Dumbledore died, Severus left Hogwarts with my son. He had the chance to kill Potter but didn't take it. That should have been my first hint of what was to come. I had hoped to hear through Bella that Draco had been brought back into the inner circle, but that was not the case. Instead, owls would arrive from Severus periodically where he would give them strategic information. How he managed not to go mad ignoring the call of the Dark Mark I will never know. Most of the information Severus sent was helpful, but somehow it didn't seem to make a difference up against the "Golden Trio," as he had come to refer to them in his letters. Still, there was nothing regarding Draco. I was unable to bring myself to tell Lucius what I had done. He believed that Draco was in hiding because he had failed in killing Dumbledore. Apparently, Lucius was punished painfully for his son's lack of 'initiative.' Then I understood why Severus had failed to return. He was still under the power of the vow to protect my son.

Finally, the inevitable happened, and the war started. Not for the first time, I wondered where my son was and if he was safe. Daily owls came to the house telling me such and such had been killed, or there was an attack somewhere. To my surprise, very few of the other Slytherin parents reported their children had been killed. Later, I would find out that most of them had turned their backs on their Death Eater parents. Apparently, they too disagreed with following the ideals of a mad man.

Still nothing came from Draco, even the owls from Severus stopped coming. Most thought they were being intercepted by the Light, but I knew better. Severus had finally gotten off the fence and was announcing his loyalties. Briefly I wondered how that side was taking the news, considering that Severus had killed their leader. For the first time, I worried about the life of my son. It was one thing for him to be with Severus on the run, but the chance that he was possibly being held captive by those of the Light caused my blood to run cold. I knew that the vow would prevent harm coming to him, but still... This was my son!

As the final battle drew nigh, I closed up the manor. It would not do for me to be caught here by some over eager Auror who thought he could bring in a known Death Eater's wife. As if I would allow my beautiful skin to be marred by that ugly Dark Mark. I took the Black family treasures and left anything Malfoy for anyone to find. The evilness of that family would die in this house soon, and I would be free to mould my son into the man he was supposed to be.

Oddly enough, I went to the cottage that would have gone to Andromeda, had she not married that Muggle. It made me think about her and her life. Was she happy? Did she think of us? It was the first time I had really sat down and thought about my sister in years. This war was making the lines that I had believed my whole life very blurry. I knew that the Dark Lord's ways were nonsense, but were the beliefs of my own family just as corrupt? Quickly I put that idea out my head; it wasn't something I could deal with at that time. I knew that later the same questions would arise, and I would have to deal with it.

I spent months alone in the cottage. My parents had a pair of house-elves stationed there, so there was always food. The cottage itself was Unplottable, and the news I was getting from the war was few and far between. Slowly but surely, the Light was winning, just like I thought they would. A Weasley, of all things, killed Lucius! Once again, I knew my prideful husband had underestimated the family. You would have thought there should be some admiration for them. Sure they were poor, but all seven of their children were magical, none of them were Squibs or low on magic as sometimes happened in pureblood families. That is a feat almost unheard of in this world and all pureblood to boot. Well, at least with his death, I was finally free of the last of the ties to the Malfoys.

So here I was, alone for the first time. My husband was dead and my son missing. The loneliness brought back the thoughts of my true family.

Bellatrix had the full extent of the Black Madness. I think Sirius may have suffered from it too, at a lesser extent, although I am sure that his time in Azkaban really didn't help. Here in the cottage, I wondered if I too would fall under the family curse. Thankfully, I found other things to keep my mind whole, mostly dreams of being with my son. Daily, I would cast the runes in hopes that they would tell me of his fate, but mostly they were vague and clouded, and I could never get a clear reading. I was starting to rethink all I had ever been taught growing up. Funny how a war will do that once you are alone with only your thoughts and convictions to keep you company.

There in my cottage I had time to think about what my beliefs have cost me, not to mention other people that I cared about. My natural arrogance started to crumble. While I had had my parents until they died, I had lost my sister, my cousin, and now perhaps my son would be lost to me as well. By now, I received no owls at all; it was like being blinded. All I could guess was that the war was still being fought, or everyone but me was dead. It was then that I realized that I would rather be surrounded by Mudbloods... err Muggle-borns, than all alone like this.

That night, I started making plans to venture out of the cottage. I had been there for nine months at this time, and I felt I was ready to face whatever world was out there, determined just to be grateful no matter what the outcome. I knew it was most likely that the Light had overcome, and I was fine with that. I just wanted my son back into my arms, no questions asked, no matter what kind of man he had become.

Thankfully, I had taken enough from the Manor that I would be able to travel with comfort, should it become available. The cottage would remain my safe haven, but I had decided that if my sister or any of her family still lived, I was giving it back to her. It was her heritage as well, and I wasn't going to turn my back on any family again, no matter what they believed. I knew I was no longer in a place to pass judgment on anyone. In a moment of morbidity, I also took with me a lock of Draco's hair, should the worst have happened to him. I wanted to call on his spirit and ask his forgiveness for not being a better mother to him, for allowing his father's hatred to ruin his childhood, and for a multitude of other sins he might not know about.

It was dark when I left the cottage because I did not know who had ultimately come out on top in the war. I figured the dark might protect me until I found out. I was shocked when I apparated into Diagon Alley and found it was in ruins. The buildings were charred and smoking. There were very few people out on the streets, but they didn't seem to be in fear for their lives, so I assumed it was over. There were no men in black walking around anywhere, something I took as a good sign. Slipping into the Leaky Cauldron, I pulled out my wand to tap out the stones that would let me into Muggle London.

I had never been to Andromeda's house, but had procured the address through rumours at the Ministry and my niece Nymphadora. With the few Muggle pounds I had with me, I was able to take a hansom cab to the address that was printed on the parchment I held close to my heart.

So here I stand on my estranged sister's doorstep. I don't know and cannot possibly guess the outcome. It is now that I will find out the fate of what is left of my family. My hand goes to the door and I knock, all the while my heart is hammering out a frantic rhythm in my chest.

Sweet Nimue, please forgive my sins, and don't let me find out that others have paid for them in my stead. All I ask for is a second chance to be a better mother, a better sister. Tonight I will find out the fate of my only child, and should it be too late, I hope that someone remembered that he was somebody's son.

The door opens, the warmth from the fire hits me, and I find myself face to face with someone I have not seen in a long time. Their eyes meet mine. Arms pull me inside and wrap around me. All that is said is, "You're here!"