

See Me

by h_vic

Narcissa dislikes playing second fiddle, and a Black lady's temper runs hot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: Written for the prompt 'Just like everyone else' for my Severus/Narcissa table for the rarepair_shorts community on LJ. Thanks (or perhaps blame) for the idea of the skillet goes to Snape's Talon.

"You don't see me, do you?" Narcissa Black demanded shrilly, swinging her legs off the bed as she stood. "You close your eyes every time you fuck me, and you see your stupid redhead!"

She dragged the sheets with her, bundling them around her. They gave her an oddly rumpled, misshapen look, as if she had been stuffed with newspaper. It was an unsettling contrast to the sleek lines of the graceful limbs that had been wrapped around him only moments before.

Severus Snape regarded her performance impassively, stretched naked, and now somewhat chilled in the absence of coverings, on his bed, which she had so recently shared. The stirrings of thwarted desire though still burnt in his normally inscrutable eyes. His body too belied the disinterest that he affected.

Narcissa stalked from the room. The silence that followed was quickly broken by a cacophonous assortment of crashes as Narcissa vented her anger elsewhere. Severus scowled at the sound of shattering glass and, with a frustrated sigh, reached for his robes and followed her.

"Narcissa, please, put that down. I had to have that alembic specially made in Murano; it's ... *irreplaceable*." The final word was forced from between Severus' clenched teeth as the delicate glassware shattered almost musically against the doorframe beside him. Jagged shards threw the image of her wild eyes in all directions, and Severus could not help but note the irony as her next victim became a jar of harpy's talons.

"Cissa, stop it! You're being melodramatic. I didn't mean—"

"You are just like all the other men who've ever wanted me, after all," she screeched. "I thought you were different; I thought you might actually care about me. But ... you ... don't." She punctuated the final sentence by hurling his belongings at him with every word, culminating in a heavy cast-iron skillet that barely missed cracking his skull.

"I ... do ... see ... you," he said slowly, approaching her cautiously, palms outstretched in supplication, as he might a caged animal. Careful to make no sudden movements, he took the heavy pestle and mortar that she still wielded from her hands and set them on the countertop with the reverence such antique equipment rightfully deserved. Satisfied that they at least had sustained no lasting harm, he turned back to Narcissa.

His comment had drained the fight from her it seemed, her rage spent as rapidly as it had come, and suddenly she seemed a fragile, almost piteous, figure before him. He reached out to brush away the wild strands of hair that had swept across her face in the exertion of her fury. Silently, she caught his fingertips and drew them to her lips as the sheets slid to the floor, pooling around her feet.