

# Spinner's End Redux

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What happened between Narcissa and Bellatrix before they arrived at Spinner's End?

Written for the LJ "slytherin100" community, for the "Wait" challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bellatrix, customarily the one in perpetual motion, chaos and confusion personified, watched bemusedly as Narcissa paced wildly about the drawing room. Her sister's normally immaculate robes were mussed, her usually pale cheeks were flushed pink.

"Calm down, Cissy."

Blue eyes snapped at black. "*You? You're* telling *me* to calm down?"

"If you've raised him as I'm sure you and Lucius have, then there's nothing to worry about." Bellatrix rose and stood in front of Narcissa. "You should be honored, Cissy. Draco understands the importance of being chosen by the Dark Lord."

"You can't possibly understand, Bella. *You* don't have children."

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Bellatrix laughed, a thin and cruel sound. "Any children of *mine* would be elated to do the Dark Lord's bidding." Another wicked laugh, and she continued, "But *as* don't have any, I will help Draco."

Narcissa jumped slightly, surprised by Bella's offer. "You will not!" She sank into the chair her sister had vacated, hands clenched in her lap. "I'll have to... yes... I'll ask Severus. Elf! Cloak!"

The loud *crack* of the obedient house-elf, carrying Narcissa's cloak, didn't quite cover Bella's snarl of rage. "You *will* not ask that... that traitor! Narcissa, wait and think about this!"

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Narcissa ignored her sister's words as she directed the elf to put on her black traveling cloak and to fetch matching leather gloves. She had made up her mind: now it was time to act.

Bellatrix tried again. "Cissy, you need to stop, and think, and *wait*, before you act. *You don't* want to anger the Dark Lord."

The pale blonde laughed, somewhat hysterically. "Do you realize the absurdity of *you* telling *me* to wait?" She began pacing again, nervously.

Seeing her sister wasn't in a reasoning mood, Bellatrix summoned an elf for her own cloak. "Now isn't the time –"

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Bella's sense of uneasiness grew as Narcissa charmed herself back to pristine perfection: fixing red eyes, disheveled hair, and twisted robes. *Think*, Narcissa! Asking *Snape* for help? What would your husband say?"

But that, apparently, had been precisely the wrong thing to say, for her sister's ice-blue eyes lit up frenetically. "Lucius would approve! Don't shake your head at me, Bella, you know he would."

Bellatrix let out a growl of pure anger. If her sister wasn't careful... the Dark Lord wasn't known for his mercy... "You're not supposed to –"

*Pop.*

Her sister was gone.

"Damn it! Narcissa, WAIT!"

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