

Change of Life

by Rose of the West

She would be different forever after tonight. For the dyno_drabbles community on LJ.

Change

Chapter 1 of 1

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She was a witch of some stature in the community. She lived in a lavish home filled with many luxuries. People feared her and admired her. They made way when she passed and spoke respectfully to her. Narcissa Malfoy, née Black, was a person of substance, a person who mattered.

On this particular evening, however, she was an ordinary wife and mother, terrified for her family. She paced the marble floor of her home's entryway in a blind panic. Her son was away at that school, where anything could happen, and her husband was—oh, Fates protect her husband!

They had seen the signs and had hoped it meant nothing. They watched the Mark turn from pasty to gray, then black, and finally tonight it burned fierce red. It had been the summons, and Lucius must obey. She had kissed him goodbye with dry eyes.

Now she waited with damp eyes. It seemed as though the night would not end. Finally, she heard the pop of Apparition down the lane. She opened the door and looked. He rushed up and pulled her inside, slamming the door.

“Don't ever open the door unless you know who it is.” It was harsh and broken. Lucius was usually so calm. He could always deflect the conversation in the direction he wanted it. He never spoke this way, and by his tone of voice she knew their worst fears had come to pass.

“It really was him, then?”

“Salazar help us, yes. I prayed—we all prayed—that he would burn in hell... but in my heart, I knew that hell would not have him.”

“You're absolutely sure?” Taking a sort of control over things, she had silently coaxed him up the stairs and was easing him toward their private rooms.

“I dared to ask—”

“You what?” She stopped moving. The audacity and danger of what he had done immobilized her.

“It was a calculated risk, and he loved the opportunity to explain just how powerful he is.”

It was a little whiny, still broken sounding, and she realized he was chilled through. She guided him onto the bed and warmed him the only way powerful enough to remove the frost that went right through to his soul. He held her desperately, greedily absorbing the comfort she offered and taking more besides. She gave it eagerly, grateful to be able to give it at all. He breathed out her name as he fell into comforted slumber. “Cissa...”

She lay awake, stroking her hand through his hair and down his back, patting and soothing as though he were a child. She was still Narcissa Malfoy, née Black. She was

still a witch of substance, a witch who mattered. Now for the foreseeable future, she would also be a terrified wife and mother.

A/N: Thank you to the folks of [dyno_drabbles](#) for a great competition. Thanks also go to beta reader [Trickie Woo](#).