

What You Owe

by Mugglegirl0908

Lucius returns home after escaping Azkaban with orders from the Dark Lord. Will he be able to follow them?

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Lucius returns home after escaping Azkaban with orders from the Dark Lord. Will he be able to follow them?

Disclaimer : The characters all belong to JKR, and I'm not making any money. I'm just a poor college student mucking with Jo's characters. ;-)

Author's Notes : Big, huge thanks go to the friends who gave me some good concrit on this when it was just a wee plot bunny. I was also lucky enough to convince Revena and Southern_Witch_69 to beta read this. Thank you both for your invaluable input.

Warnings for character death and HBP spoilers. No fluff here.

What You Owe

Narcissa ran an elegant, manicured finger along the front page of the newspaper, tracing the headline of the top story.

AZKABAN BREAKOUT:

ELEVEN DEATH EATERS ESCAPE

Narcissa smirked at the photos accompanying the headline. Her finger traced the face of one particular photo, which was sneering haughtily at her. Narcissa tucked an errant strand of hair behind her ear and set down the newspaper. It was only a matter of time. He would be here soon. She knew it.

Pushing these unpleasant thoughts aside, she poured herself a cup of tea and delicately brought it to her lips. She set it down and reached across the table for another cup. After pouring some of the steaming liquid into the cup, she lifted it above her shoulder, as if to hand it to some imaginary person, just in time to feel a blunt piece of wood at the back of her neck.

"Tea, dearest?" she cooed.

A snort of amusement and disgust came from behind her. The proffered cup was taken from her and set back down on the table. "Tea won't fix what's been done, Narcissa."

Narcissa grimaced at the animosity in that last word. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said dismissively.

The wand at her neck dug in further at that. "Don't try the innocent act with me, Narcissa! Where is it?"

"Where is what?" she answered in a bored tone.

A silkily gloved hand clamped hard around her throat. "Listen to me, you disloyal... You *will* tell me exactly what you did with all *my* money, or I *will* choke the life out of you."

Narcissa grasped the hand choking her and tried to pry it off of her neck. Finally, he let go. She gasped for breath momentarily before speaking. "Lucius, that money didn't just belong to you. It was mine, too. If I chose to spend it while you were *indisposed*, there is nothing you can do about it. Not to mention that I have dealt with quite a lot over the years from you. I only took what I was owed." With that, she casually took another sip of tea and picked up the morning edition of the *Daily Prophet* again.

The room was quiet for a few minutes, except for the sounds of Narcissa sipping her tea or turning another page of the newspaper. Suddenly, a gentle hand was laid on her shoulder while the other softly caressed her cheek. Narcissa closed her eyes tightly at the feel of the soothing touch, staunchly refusing to allow her body to react. "Narcissa, why are you making this so difficult? I only did what I thought was best for you and Draco. Now that the Dark Lord has freed me, we can be a family again."

Narcissa snorted and swatted both of his hands away. "Family, Lucius? When were we ever *family*?"

"I always provided for you, didn't I? You have always gotten whatever you wanted and so has Draco."

"You're wrong, Lucius. I *wanted* Draco to be safe, and he isn't because of the decisions *you* made for him."

A heavy sigh from her husband accompanied her statement. "Narcissa, you knew whom and *what* I was when we married. There was even a time when you fully supported the cause. Don't start pretending that you were somehow duped now."

Cold blue eyes met his even colder grey ones. "Knowing something and living it are two different things entirely, Lucius, and I haven't left the cause, as you suggested. I still believe in the sanctity of pure blood. All I asked is that my son *our* son be left out of the more dangerous parts until he is older at least. All I did was try to protect him."

"That may be, but you still betrayed our Lord. He's quite angry with you, you know. He's ordered me to kill you for your betrayal. It's the *last* ~~penance~~ *penance* I'm to pay for my... mistakes."

Narcissa rose from her seat and boldly faced him. "Well, then, what are you waiting for? If it's what the Dark Lord ~~sent~~ *sent* you to do, then do it. Merlin *knows* you'd never disobey him."

Twelve inches of ivy wood pointed directly at her heart. Slowly, she reached in her sleeve for her own wand. She held it up and then placed it delicately on the table. She crossed her arms and held her head high, chin protruding out defiantly.

Lucius chuckled mirthlessly. "Always the spoilt, defiant chit, aren't you? Do you think I won't do it?" He raised a speculative eyebrow at her and waited for her response. She merely snorted and raised her own eyebrow in return, daring him.

Lucius sighed and lowered his wand. He opened his mouth to speak, but Narcissa cut him off. "Well, well, is it possible there's a heart in there after all? Or is it a lack of backbone that keeps you from fulfilling your *duty*?"

Lucius had her against the wall before she could even blink. She let out an undignified grunt at the force of the impact, but she collected herself quickly and glared at him. "You traitorous bitch!" he hissed. "I've had enough of your games and stalling! Where is *my* money?"

"It's gone!" she yelled, tears that she refused to shed prickling the back of her eyes.

"Where did it go?" he asked in a deadly whisper.

"I spent one third of it on myself, put another third in a vault only Draco can access, and gave the rest to St. Mungo's," she answered hastily.

Narcissa winced as Lucius' hand rose. She closed her eyes and held her breath. Her body tensed, her jaw clenching tightly. She waited several long moments, but nothing happened. Slowly, she opened her eyes to see him staring strangely at her. His wand was no longer pointing at her, and his grip had loosened. Narcissa felt blood rushing into her cheeks as her jaw relaxed.

Suddenly, he let out a primal yell and shoved her away from him, causing her to slam roughly against the wall again. He began pacing furiously, using every curse word imaginable. Then, just as suddenly as he began, he stopped. He turned towards his wife with a calculating look in his eyes that terrified her far more than the angry look he'd had moments before.

"You will help me get every Knut of that money back, Narcissa," he said flatly.

She smirked at him. "How can I do that if I'm dead as the Dark Lord ordered?"

He stepped towards her and raised himself to his full height. "Well, *dear*, we'll just have to make sure you aren't alive long enough for him to find out. Now," he began, taking on a casual tone as he sat on the couch and folded his hands in his lap, "the money from Draco should be easy enough to get back once I locate him and Snape. I have enough connections left to get at least some of the money back from St. Mungo's as well. The only part that requires your *assistance* is the part you spent on yourself. What did you spend it on and where?"

Smirking, Narcissa lightly ran her fingertips over the elegant necklace she was wearing. Lucius' eyes grew wide. "You spent it on jewellery? How pathetic, Narcissa... wasting your husband's fortune on trinkets. Well, no matter. That can easily be fixed. I'll simply sell all you bought and get the money back. Hell, I may even be able to turn a profit." He ripped the necklace off, leaving a red mark on her smooth, white neck.

"You'll never get it all back, Lucius, and getting it back from Draco will be more difficult than you think. I've set the terms of the estate so that he can't touch a Knut unless he agrees not to share any of it with you. If he violates that agreement, he forfeits everything."

"Also, the money donated to St. Mungo's was donated weeks ago and has already been spent to begin building a new ward." Narcissa turned to her husband with a bemused expression. "Do you know what kind of ward they're building with that money, Lucius?" At the blank stare from her husband, she continued. "It's a ward for those affected by Dark Magic. They're calling it the Malfoy Ward. Irony, isn't it? You spent years inflicting Dark Magic on others, and now, they're naming a ward that is meant to heal people that have been hurt by Dark Magic after you." Narcissa gave a mirthless laugh and cast her eyes to the floor. "I've been waiting, you know," she said quietly.

"For what?" he sighed.

"For this. For you to come here and..." Her voice trailed off, and she made a vague gesture with her hands.

"For me to come here and kill you?" he asked evenly.

"Yes," she whispered. Suddenly, she looked at him with pleading eyes. "We were happy once, weren't we? I mean, an arranged marriage, yes, but we were very happy, weren't we?" Lucius' facial expression didn't change as he nodded at her. A soft smile played on her face as she became lost in memories. "Gods, there were days when I remember we didn't even make it out of bed. Then, when we found out Draco was on the way, and the day he was born... We were so happy."

"Enough maudlin sentimentality, Narcissa." Lucius rose from the couch and walked towards her. "Yes, *were* happy, but things change. I could've forgiven you, perhaps... if it was only the money, but not now. Honestly, Narcissa, asking *Snape* for help? What were you thinking?"

Narcissa eyed him coldly and stepped towards him. "I was *thinking* about keeping our son alive, Lucius! If I hadn't asked Severus for help, he'd be dead. Is that what you want? Our son dead?"

"Of course not," he scoffed. "But I wouldn't disobey the Dark Lord or ask someone else to. You should have focused on ensuring that *Dracdid* succeed at killing Dumbledore, not wasting time with Snape."

Neither husband nor wife spoke for several minutes. Placing her hand on her husband's shoulder, Narcissa broke the silence. "Lucius, I know you won't disobey the Dark Lord's orders, but would you consider granting a dying woman her last wish?"

Lucius sneered at her. "What would that be, Madam?"

"Remind me how it used to feel. Remind what it was like when we were young before all these... complications." As she said the last word, she reached up and gently traced his lips with a fingertip. He continued to stare at her as her other hand traced intricate circles on his chest. She could feel his breath hitch, and she allowed her hand to wander farther down his body. When she gently cupped the bulge in his trousers, a low growl escaped his lips.

He fiercely grabbed her wrists. "What do you think you're doing?" he spat.

She smiled coyly. "Seducing my husband." His expression was a mixture of shock, apprehension, and desire. She could almost hear his internal battle. She could only hope his libido would win so that she'd have time to escape whilst he was sleeping off his post-coital bliss.

Finally, he made his decision. "Is that so?" He slowly began backing her up against the wall again. "Well, I would hate to deny someone the ~~fast~~ *request*."

As her back hit the wall, he placed both of her wrists firmly in one hand and pinned them above her head. She squirmed and tried to get away, but he used his body to hold her to the wall. With his free hand, he roughly stroked her breast. Narcissa desperately tried not to react to the feel of his hand on her, but a moan escaped without her permission.

"Ah, I see you still enjoy that. Tell me, do you still enjoy *this*," he said as he tweaked her nipple. She couldn't contain the shiver that ran through her body. It was a response born of twenty years of being conditioned to respond to him. She was a Stradivarius in the hands of a master violinist...effortlessly played.

As he began unfastening his robes, Narcissa bit her lower lip. She swiftly toed her shoes off and began removing her own robes. She watched as Lucius let his silk shirt fall to the floor. Once he was in nothing but his black trousers, he reached out and pulled her robes over her head, revealing her undergarments.

Tentatively, she reached out and unfastened his belt. She felt his hands tangle in her hair as she unzipped his trousers. He deftly stepped out of them once they had fallen to the floor, leaving him naked before her. She boldly grasped his cock in her hand and smiled up at him before swiftly taking him in her mouth. His grasp on her hair tightened as he guided her mouth to the depth he wanted.

After a few minutes, her jaw became sore. She pulled back and began circling his head with her tongue, earning some inarticulate noises from her usually eloquent husband. She inwardly smirked. She loved having this control over him. Sex was the one time *she* was in control where Lucius was concerned.

Finally, he pushed her away and shoved her onto the sofa. Bending down, he took a hold of the hem of her knickers and slowly brought them down her legs. He discarded them on the floor and then moved to divest her of her bra. Narcissa moaned loudly when he joined her on the sofa and took her nipple in his mouth. When he bit down hard, she gasped and moaned louder.

His hand snaked down her body, and he slid two fingers into her channel. As he began stroking her clit, her hips jerked up, desperately trying to bring his hand closer. He continued stroking, sucking, and nipping as she bucked into his hand. The feel of his erection against her thigh made her arousal build farther. She dug her nails into his back and cried out as she came.

Before she could recover she felt the tip of his cock probing her entrance. They both moaned as he thrust into her. His strokes started out slow, but eventually, they built to a frenzied pace. Narcissa reached her hands above her head and grabbed onto the arm of the sofa to anchor herself.

"Dear Merlin," she screamed as her second orgasm came over her. *Why does it have to be so bloody good?* she thought. She hated the effect Lucius had on her. She had never been able to deny its power, though she had often wished it were otherwise. It seemed so unfair to be so easily aroused by a man who was so often unfaithful.

Lucius' moan as he spilled himself inside of her brought her out of her musings. Spent, he stayed on top of her for a minute before rolling off and pulling her against him. Within moments, his breathing became soft and even.

Narcissa waited for several minutes before daring to get up. When she finally extricated herself from his grasp, she quietly began to rise from the sofa. As she started to stand, a hand suddenly clamped around her wrist.

"Where do you think you're going, Narcissa?" her husband asked drowsily.

"Just getting you something to drink, love. I know how parched sex makes you," she said coyly. She tried again to get up, but his grasp tightened.

"I don't think so, Narcissa. We still have things to discuss." His tone was stronger as he said this, and Narcissa felt her heart sink. There was no chance of escape now that he was fully awake. She knew he wouldn't betray the Dark Lord's orders, even for her.

"Lucius, please," she began in a beseeching tone. "I know I shouldn't have tried to defy the Dark Lord by going to Severus, but I was only..."

"Enough, Narcissa," Lucius said as he sat up. He let go of her wrist and reached onto the floor for his clothing. She sat motionless as he dressed. Once fully clothed, he picked her clothes up off the floor and tossed them at her. "Get dressed," he ordered.

With shaking hands, she slowly dressed. When she had finished, she looked up to see him standing before her, wand drawn and pointed straight at her. Hers still lay on the table across the room. She had no chance of reaching it.

Trying to stall, she said, "Isn't a duel the proper way to do this, Lucius? You aren't *savuncivilized* that you would kill an unarmed person?" She let out a small, hopeful laugh and looked straight into his eyes. She desperately searched for any hint of sympathy or love there, but all that met her in his gaze was a cold, ruthless determination.

"I've already wasted enough time here. I can feel the Dark Mark beginning to burn." The flat, unaffected tone with which this was said caused a low sob to erupt from Narcissa. Great, wracking sobs threatened to overtake her, but she refused to let Lucius reduce her to tears.

One thought, however, caused a few traitorous tears to escape. *Draco. My son. I didn't get to see him again.* Knowing there was nothing left to do, she merely looked at Lucius with teary, glazed over eyes. "Please tell Draco that I love him, and I was only doing what I thought was best for him."

Lucius nodded coldly. "Very well. However, make no mistake he *will* know that you died a traitor to the Dark Lord." Her head slumped down, and a few more tears escaped. She nodded sombrely.

"Goodbye, Narcissa. *Avada Kedavra.*"

Narcissa held her breath and closed her eyes as the flash of green light headed for her heart. Memories flashed across her mind during the eternity it seemed to take for

the light to reach her...herself as a little girl, playing in her grandfather's garden and even the day she'd met Lucius. That was when her father had informed her they were to be married within the month.

Lucius.

He was the first and only lover she'd ever had. In spite of everything she'd gone through because of him, he was still one of the most important people in her life. He had never denied her anything she'd asked for and had actually comforted her when they had lost a daughter during childbirth two years after Draco was born.

Draco was the next thing to flash before her. She had hardly known what to do with him when he was born. He was so tiny and seemed infinitely fragile. She'd completely fallen in love with him the moment the Healer had handed him to her and spent the rest of her life protecting and loving him with everything in her.

That's where things had gone wrong. Lucius couldn't bear being second to anyone, even his own son. After their daughter had died, Narcissa had wrapped herself up in coddling Draco even more, and a rift slowly grew between husband and wife. When the Dark Lord had returned the second time, things had progressed from bad to worse. Lucius was consumed by his thirst for power and serving the Dark Lord. Narcissa and Draco came second to that.

Before she had gone to Severus for help protecting Draco, Narcissa had visited Azkaban and pleaded with Lucius for assistance. Her pleas had fallen on deaf ears. Lucius insisted that the Dark Lord's orders were not to be disobeyed, even if their son was in danger. It was then that Narcissa decided to take matters into her own hands. She'd failed Draco so many times. She couldn't fail him again, not when he needed her the most.

With that, every mistake she'd made, especially regarding Draco, came flooding back to her. It was too late to fix any of it. Perhaps in her death, Draco could be spared. Her death would forgive the debt Voldemort felt owed by her husband and son. In her death, they would be protected.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Narcissa prepared herself for the feeling of the spell hitting her. When she finally felt the magic begin to surge into her chest, she didn't feel fear or even regret. She felt peace. She would finally have everything she wanted. She would be at peace, and her son would be protected. It was the least she owed Draco for the myriad of mistakes she'd made. Finally feeling the burden of guilt and worry ease off of her shoulders, she let herself fall peacefully into an eternal rest.

Author's Notes: Canon doesn't tell us what type of wands Lucius or Narcissa have. I wanted to vaguely mention the type of wood of Lucius' wand and because I'm a geek, I ended up researching Celtic tree and wand meanings. Since we don't know Lucius' birthday, I gave him a birthday in October, which gives him an ivy wand. According to the ancient Celts, Ivy is both a symbol of determination and strength and is associated with being masculine. People born under this sign use their abilities to further their goals and personal causes. Sounds like Lucius to me. :-D

These are the two sites I got my information from:

<http://pages.prodigy.net/groovyskye/11.html>

<http://www.novareinna.com/constellation/celtic.html>

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this. Now... REVIEW! ;)

Southern's Notes: Did any of you really read all that? Just kidding. Good job, my dear. I could completely understand Narcissa's thinking when she was waiting on death to take her.

Author's Notes 2: Hey! I thought the dorky wand talk was kinda interesting! Well, I hope I didn't bore everyone with it. :P I tried to portray Narcissa's sense of resignation at the end. She knew there was nothing for it. I hope it was enjoyable, even if a bit saddening. ;)