

My Sister's Funeral

by lady_rhian

A tale of two sisters. Written for kittylefish during the latest round of hpcon_envy.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: Thanks to sshg316 for giving it a once-over.

They are gathered there in the dead of night, candles flickering around them in mid-air, a silvery line so thin as to be invisible circling the perimeter. It's his handiwork; she recognizes it. Her lip curls before she can stop and remind herself that he is beneath her notice. She has been exhorted to practice self-control but is finding it rather difficult at the moment.

The man she so despises is standing in the circle's center, holding the hands of the woman she loves—loved—most. Her fists clench at her sides as the winds wind round the crag; the trees around her bristle and flutter, briefly masking her view of what is transpiring below.

No one has noticed her. Not that they could; she is cloaked in magic beyond the limits of their imagination, beyond their very capabilities.

She cannot hear the words being spoken as the old woman wraps the cords around the couple's hands; the bastard's charmed perimeter excludes even the most innocuous of spells. But she sees the woman's lips move, watches the hand that rests on the swollen belly.

Already, she is impure.

The cords are bound, the words are spoken, and she cannot help the keening sound that escapes her throat as she watches the mingling of blood.

She closes her eyes, missing the moment where the bride's eyes flicker in her direction...

Turning her back, she walks, mindless, into the forest. She did what she had come to do, after all.

She witnessed her sister's funeral.

kittylefish's original prompt: *can't believe i'm asking for this, but i'd love to see a vignette of the black sisters ... perhaps involving one of their weddings.*