

Lightning Strike

by lady_rhian

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Andromeda landed in a puddle of mud. She stepped onto a pile of crisp, red leaves and *Scourgified* her boots; Portkeys weren't too careful about where they deposited their passengers when lightning struck.

The forest floor crackled, and she immediately took a defensive posture. Someone else was walking—Muggle or wizard?

She saw a blue light speeding towards her, and her wand sliced through the air just as the revealing spell reached her; her wand arced, splitting and suspending the light particles so that they shone on everything but her.

Wizard then.

'Andromeda?'

She inhaled sharply. 'Cissy.' The beads of light fell in a circle around her feet.

'I assume you're also here to visit Aunt Walburga,' Narcissa said, walking into the light. She was pregnant.

Andromeda's heart began to race. 'Are you alone?' she asked.

'Lucius isn't fond of her.'

'Are you alone?' Andromeda repeated, staring at her sister's belly.

Narcissa's nostrils flared. 'Of course I am. Are you?'

'Yes.' She paused. 'Are you allowed to talk to me?'

Narcissa arched an eyebrow. 'No.'

'Do you know what you're having?' Andromeda asked, biting her lip.

'It's not as if you'll ever meet him.'

Andromeda almost sank to the ground in relief. 'Thank Merlin.' There were curses in their family, and the one pertaining to the eldest daughters of youngest daughters was *particularly* horrific. She and Narcissa had seen it firsthand.

'I was relieved, too,' Narcissa whispered.

'I have a daughter,' Andromeda said, conjuring two chairs and a fire. She sat and was surprised when Narcissa followed suit.

'I knew when she was born, and I knew she was healthy... and I was glad,' Narcissa said quietly.

'I envy your gift.'

'Don't.' Narcissa stared at the fire. 'The Dark Lord is well versed in our family traditions; he knows what I can do. He looks into my mind, and it's like my eyes are being scratched with sandpaper.'

'While you're pregnant?' Andromeda said, her stomach sinking.

'No. He stopped when we knew.'

'Thank Merlin.'

'Why do you care?' Narcissa looked at her.

'Because you're my baby sister.' Pause. 'And I don't want you to get hurt.'

'I should go.' Narcissa stood. 'I'm not allowed to talk to you.'

Andromeda's eyes filled with tears in spite of herself. 'You go tonight. I'll visit Walburga tomorrow.'

'Obliviate me.'

It felt like she'd been punched. 'But you won't remember,' Andromeda said.

'If I don't remember, he can't touch you.'

'This hasn't told him anything.'

'You still care; he'll use that. He's been trying to figure out how to get at you for months. You know why.'

Andromeda swallowed hard. 'How does he know?'

'I don't know what your daughter is, but he knows the tradition, and he wants her.' Narcissa stared at Andromeda. 'You have to do this. And do it well.'

'I love you, Cissy.'

'I love you, too,' Narcissa said. 'Now, do it.'

And so she did.

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Prompt: Wicked weather lands two travelers in an extremely awkward situation.