

# Decisions

*by Slytherin Head*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A heartbeat... She deemed it a miracle no one else could hear it, or perhaps it was her own heart she could hear that was pounding in her ears. There was just no way that he could still be alive. He had walked alone, right into Death's arms. This time no one had jumped in front of him like his mother had done so many years ago.

But as his heart gave another beat, there was no doubt about it; Harry Potter was alive.

Narcissa could feel the Dark Lord's eyes on her back as he waited for her to tell them whether or not the boy still breathed. She had no doubt in her mind that the Avada Kedavra would be cast before she could get away. The man would stop at nothing to kill the boy who lay before her. The death of Harry Potter was the Dark Lord's ticket to complete power.

If she said that the boy was still alive, then she would never get to Draco. Something could happen to her son before Lucius or she could get to him. She ~~needed~~ needed to get to the castle and find Draco. She would find him and then find a way to escape before the Dark Lord found out that she had lied to him. Narcissa would take her family and escape before anyone could stop them. She knew Bellatrix would try to stop them and punish her for lying, and Narcissa knew that if she had to fight her sister to protect her family, then she would fight to the death. Bellatrix had ceased to be her sister the day she forced Draco to take on the Dark Mark.

Lowering her head, she whispered, "Is Draco alive? Is he in the castle?"

As he slowly nodded his head in response, she knew immediately what she had to do.

Slowly standing up, she turned to face the man she hated the most and said, "He's dead!"

The joyful look on Bellatrix's face made her stomach turn. Briefly, Narcissa wondered when her sister had ceased to be the Bellatrix she had grown up with: the sister who had held her in her arms the night that Andromeda had been disowned; the sister who had stood by her as she became Mrs Malfoy. Deep down, she knew that the sister she had once loved had been lost way before the first fall of the Dark Lord.

Making eye contact with Lucius, she hoped that he would understand why she was doing what she had just done. She was only doing what she knew was best for their family. If he truly cared about Draco, she knew he would stand beside her no matter what.

Walking through the forest, she stayed as far away from Bellatrix as she could. She didn't have to worry, though, about Bellatrix trying to get into her head. Both the Dark Lord and she seemed so overjoyed at the fact that they thought they had finally won the war that they never even thought about the possibility of anyone lying to them. After all, why would anyone lie to the Dark Lord?

As they stood outside the courtyard of Hogwarts, she had to refrain from running into the crowd and looking for her son, but as luck would have it, he was standing amongst the others, fear evident in his eyes.

As the Dark Lord called for people to switch sides, Lucius took that opportunity to call their son. It tore Narcissa's heart that Draco looked so confused. She knew by the insistent tone of Lucius' voice that he was becoming fearful of what would happen if Draco didn't stand with them. Finally, not being able to stand it any longer, she held out her hand and said, "Draco, come." She knew that he would listen to her because he still had trust in her word. Lucius had messed up too many times for Draco to believe anything he said.

Both of them watched as Draco slowly walked forward. He avoided all eye contact, knowing that those eyes held nothing but hatred for him, for what his name represented, for who his father was. Narcissa could feel her heart stop as the Dark Lord stepped in front of her boy. What that monster thought he was accomplishing with hugging Draco, she didn't know. All it did was make her son even more scared.

When he finally reached them, she took his hand and moved Lucius and him away from the front of the crowd. She knew it was just a matter of time before all hell broke loose again.

She heard the shocked gasp as Harry finally moved, the cheers as the hexes missed the boy, the angry shouts of Bellatrix as she ordered the other Death Eaters to attack.

As she walked away with her head held high, she wished Harry Potter good luck because if he failed, her family would be killed. Voldemort would find them, and he would make them pay for their betrayal.

She had lied to the Dark Lord.

Lied to the man who could end her life in the blink of an eye.

Lied to the monster that had put her child in danger.

Lied... because the only blood that mattered to her was that of her family.