

Perspective

by Pyttan

Lucius and Narcissa are searching for Draco.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This story was originally written for The Lucius Big Bang at LJ. I also want to thank my beta and cheerleader Diabolica. Without her this story would have been burnt.

A/N 2: Phrases written in italics are direct quotes from JK Rowling's book Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, British edition.

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Perspective

Lucius forced his way through the churning crowd in the Great Hall, shouting Draco's name again and again. Narcissa, whose breath bordered on sobs by now, was shouting too. They needed to find Draco, and then Lucius could get them out.

On his left, Dolohov was fighting Flitwick.

Flitwick made a flippant wand movement, and Dolohov screamed and fell. He didn't rise again. Flitwick's sneer made Lucius' skin prickle.

Lucius pulled Narcissa down with him as he saw Hagrid lift Macnair and throw him against the wall.

When Lucius looked up again, Greyback fell by the hand of Longbottom and the Weasley boy.

Disoriented, he looked around and caught a glimpse of Draco pressed against the far wall.

He fought his way to him, managing to grab his arm, but Draco fought back, trying to get away. Draco was a mess: clothes burnt, the smell of smoke clinging to him and brown, dried blood under his nose and around his mouth. Lucius shook him.

"Draco, stop it. It's me."

"Father?" Draco's hands flew up and held on to him.

Lucius turned. The door was on the other side of the room. He grabbed Narcissa and Draco both and dragged them along, towards the carcass of Greyback – the disgusting mongrel – and beyond it to the exit.

Then, her back to them, Bellatrix stepped into their path. On the other side of the corpse, but still cutting them off.

She was fighting Granger, the Weasley girl and Lovegood.

The only thing the girls could manage was to protect themselves as Bella threw hex after hex at them.

"She's alive," said Narcissa.

"Of course she is," he answered. He felt Draco trying to back away, so he yanked him back.

Narcissa had thought her sister dead? Bellatrix had survived Azkaban for years. She would never go away. When all of them were gone, she would still be there.

Then came a scream.

"NOT MY DAUGHTER, YOU BITCH!"

Lucius saw a woman run towards Bellatrix, shedding her cloak. This might be the distraction they needed to get out, and he tried to move towards the door again, but the crowd drew away from her, carrying the three of them backwards.

Stepping back, still searching for a path out, Lucius looked closer, and this time he recognised the woman.

It was Molly Weasley, pushing the girls duelling Bellatrix aside, screaming something he couldn't catch.

Bellatrix roared with laughter, a battle call, rallying what remained of the Dark Lord's troops.

For a fraction of a moment, Molly Weasley faced Bella, in her worn blouse and threadbare skirt, short, dumpy, round-faced and middle-aged. She should have looked ridiculous. Yet she didn't. She stood straight, with her wand ready and a dark scowl on her face.

And Molly Weasley was the one to throw the first hex. It was powerful enough to melt the rock behind Bellatrix and still strong enough to crack the floor between her and Bella when it rebounded.

The smell of the overheated rock stung Lucius's nose.

Bella's answering curse hit one of the suits of armour, burning it to a cinder.

The fighting around him came to a standstill as awareness of the duelling women spread. People backed away, trying to avoid stray curses. And not just from one fight. Lucius realised that the Dark Lord was fighting too, against McGonagall, Shackbolt and Slughorn.

"The Weasley woman will get herself killed," said Narcissa.

He nodded.

Because she showed no caution. Because she didn't plan ahead. She moved forwards instead, trod a straight line towards Bellatrix, showing no fear, no hesitation, no strategy, no self-preservation, pushing the spells through with her hands, arms and positioning.

Bellatrix dodged a curse and threw one of her own, graceful as a dancer, her movements enhancing the searing spells she sent at her opponent. So different from Molly Weasley, who only advanced, step by decisive step. Who dispelled the hexes Bella threw at her and continued forwards.

Narcissa tugged on Lucius's arm, her grip painful, and at first he didn't realise that Narcissa was moving towards the door.

But as he started to follow her, it started: Bellatrix's taunts.

"What will happen to your children ... "

Draco.

"... when I've killed you?"

Draco would have no protection. No matter who won, he would die.

The thought forced Lucius to swallow hard to avoid vomiting.

"When Mummy's gone the same way as Freddie?"

Freddie? One of the twins?

She had taken one of Molly's sons. And Bella's words would make her falter. Her son's death would kill her too in the end. Lucius started forwards, but two pairs of hands held him back: Narcissa's hands, Draco's hands.

"Where are you going?" Narcissa asked.

"It's too dangerous," Draco said.

"We need to get out, now," they both said.

He stopped. Without his wand he couldn't help her. But he couldn't go either. He needed to stay. To see it finished. Then he would get them out.

So, Lucius watched as Molly flicked her wand, pushing the spell forwards with her wand and her other hand. And with Bellatrix's deranged laughter ringing in the Hall, the spell fizzed through the air faster than he had ever imagined possible.

The spell left a feathery, crimson trail. A gorgeous piece of magic.

It went low and then rose with unexpected force, snaking through Bella's defences, hitting her in the middle of the chest.

And she fell.

Toppled over, her head hitting the floor with a thud.

No drama. No shrieking. No calling out for her beloved Dark Lord.

Nothing.

So unlike her.

And the crowd roared.

Anger, defeat and unbridled triumph rang in the room. Lucius found himself roaring with them, not knowing why.

He knew why Voldemort did, though. His scream was one of wrath, and it morphed into an ear-shattering shriek as he threw a curse at Molly. It arced towards her in the shape of an arrowhead and left an ugly, murky brown trail. Lucius had never before seen a spell stream that resembled polluted water.

And she stood there. With her head tilted to one side, watching the spell advance, her wand lowered. Dejected, not triumphant in any way. Not protecting herself at all.

But someone did.

Before the spell hit, it shattered, and what looked like a rain of brown shards crashed at Molly's feet and evaporated.

Lucius once again urged his family towards the exit, and that was when he saw it: an odd rippling movement in the corner of his eye and Potter emerging out of thin air.

Potter was alive. Somehow he had arrived from—nowhere at all.

Alive.

"Thank Merlin. He's here," said Narcissa, her voice no more than a whisper.

Lucius looked at her.

She had known.

She had lied. She had lied to—

Another roar went up from the crowd, and Lucius turned his head towards Potter and the Dark Lord.

The room fell quiet as the two started to circle each other.

And Lucius still couldn't find a way out. Because, this time, there wasn't one. Not even over the bodies of the dead and wounded scattered on the floor.

Potter winning? Voldemort winning?

The rock or the hard place?

One thing was certain: Lucius wouldn't win either way.