

Andromeda's Plight

by nagandsev

Andromeda seeks redemption for being a blood traitor. Written for the LJ community
worshipdarklord 2013 fest.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The Ministry has fallen... run for your lives... flee... flee...

As convoluted thoughts flashed through her mind, Andromeda felt herself panting heavier and faster with each hit. *Ted has fled... gone...*

Andromeda convulsed in pain as a bolt of electrical force struck her, excruciating and numbing.

Tonks, Remus... the unborn child! was the last thing she remembered thinking before blacking out.

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Through swollen eyelids, Andromeda made out indistinct shadows and blurred faces, distorted forms wavering through her hazy sight. She heard a scream and dully realized it was her own. Whimpering in pain yet again as a sharp-edged boot kicked her ribcage, the smell of vomit exploded around her.

Gasping for air, momentarily seeing green and purple spots, she heard a distinct voice, cold and toneless, undeniably *his*.

"Surely you did not come to me to be kicked and beaten to your death?"

Incongruously, her heart leapt in hope, for now she had made the final league of her journey, attained her goal...she had reached the Dark Lord at last.

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So vulnerable. So helpless. So weak. The Dark Lord's red eyes glinted dangerously at the light brown-haired witch laying limp at his feet.

"Please, my lord. Please let me have the pleasure, the *honour* of doing away with the blood-traitor filth, once and for all!" begged Bellatrix, trembling in excitement.

Opening her eyes wide and peering upwards, Andromeda met Voldemort's slitted orifices gleaming intently upon her and cried out as his bare foot shoved her face from one side to the other.

The fabric of the Dark Lord's cloak brushed over her forehead as he stealthily passed around her prone form and commanded to the indistinct shadowy figures standing back from him.

"Leave me," Voldemort ordered.

Sounds were heard, grunts and huffs, acquiesced murmurs of compliance. Bellatrix's disappointed whimpering echoed in Andromeda's ears.

Slowly, she felt her body being lifted from the bloody, putrid floor. It floated in levitation until placed upon a bier-like structure, the surface covered with a velvety pall. And then, red eyes. *His* eyes. It was all she knew.

Only when he licked his lips with his snake-like tongue did something snap inside her, and she heard herself sob softly.

The Dark Lord's eyes gleamed, hearing her pule in panic.

Voldemort's tone dripped with ominous sarcasm as he gazed down at the middle Black sister and whispered softly, "The one who got away." *The one who escaped me. The one I never had...*

"Why did you come here, you little fool? Surely you knew what reception would await you?"

Few things gave him as much pleasure as this did...having this patrician beauty, softer and certainly even more pliant than either of her sisters, beneath him. Her subjugation to his control, at long last, he would savour fully.

But first, he would let her grovel to her blood-traitorous heart's delight, beseech him with whatever futile reasons she had to come before him; his curiosity *waaroused*.

Voldemort cocked his head, waiting patiently, watched her every breath and relished her trembling, her earnest effort to voice her pretext for being in his presence.

His face drew back with a satisfied leer as he heard her lovely, but pathetic, imploring voice, just the way he liked it. "I beg... I beg... your forgiveness, my lord," she rasped out, her throat parched and aching.

"My forgivenesssss, Andromeda?" With an unnerving expression, a mocking smile was given to her as he jibed, "What have you done to warrant the need for forgiveness?"

The witch shivered as his face drew back in a malevolent leer. "Please... please... forgive me... for not following you when... protect us... please, remove your followers from my home..." Like a slap to the face, his distorted features were suddenly one inch from hers, his body laying hard and brutally on her, his skeletal sharpness pressing painfully down into her softness. She gasped in shock, her heart thudding wildly in her chest.

"Open for me, Andromeda." An odd look of placid satisfaction appeared on the Dark Lord's face, unnerving her. "Open your mind for me... willingly... and I will be a *merciful* lord."

It was one thing she had had in common with Cissy. The exceptionally gifted ability to Occlude one's mind. Not like Bella; Bella was an open book. Always had been, always would be...in more ways than one.

But Andromeda and Narcissa had innately closed their minds to others before they could ride a broom. No one ever knew what they were *ruly* thinking... It had saved them, time and time again, from many an unpleasant situation. As they grew older, practising Legilimens on one another, strengthening unprecedentedly their Occlumency skills, no one could crack their façade, only if they wanted to allow that person in.

Yes, she and Cissy had that in common. That... and family. One's own family... one's own child *Like Cissy with her son, I will do anything to protect my daughter and the child she carries!*

But Voldemort's touch caused her eyes to bulge and mind to blank out. The long, skeletal fingers of one hand brushed feather-lightly over her face. Her breathing sped up, only to halt, choking, as his hand grasped her delicate throat, her windpipe being strangled tightly.

As her eyes rolled back, the hand of power released her, and she gasped and clawed for air. Then his weight was on her again, all over her, pressing her down, flattening and spreading her flesh upon the stone bier. Her chin was jerked and held, forcing her eyes to lock with his.

"Open, Andromeda, open for me."

And she did.

The Dark Lord scraped around the submissive witch's mind, probing and tearing memories and images from her deepest corners. He smiled coldbloodedly as he saw Nymphadora, alone and abandoned, her belly ripe with child. He felt vicariously Andromeda's angst and... desperation. Yes. Good. Desperation was *enjoyable*.

With an abrupt rip, he snapped out of her mind. Wide-eyed with anticipatory fear, Andromeda waited for the next second to reveal the Dark Lord's decision.

"Your assurance, my unworthy one, your pledge...?" His red eyes gleamed with a riddle dancing behind them.

"Anything," she sobbed, "The Mark. Your Mark... please... Though I am not worthy to receive it, I shall wear it proudly..."

Voldemort cocked his head again. But this time his curiosity had abated him. He had tired of her already. Her lies *To spill her pure blood or not?* he thought as he uncharacteristically ran his fingertips over the curves and crevices of her form. She would be used, punished. Not killed. That would indeed be too merciful.

Yes, her true punishment will come in due time... But for now... For now the one that got away would be the unworthy vessel to service him. Like her sisters... Bellatrix and Narcissa have always known their place in the new world order. My world order. And so shall Andromeda... But first...

His power. His need. His release. These forces pulsed through his anemic veins, requiring vent.

Ominous and cold blooded, the Dark Lord leered as he ripped, as a Muggle would, her skirt to the waist and grasped her throat again.

You live because I allow you to live, she heard his voice in her mind. All that exists is my power.

Feeling his long nails grasping her throat tightly, Andromeda moved not a hair by her own will. Her body was jarred and inched back and forth in a sporadic rhythm, a ragged tune to Voldemort's thrusts as he fucked her, rammed her hard and deep, slowly then fast. Around and around. *My needs, my release... are all that exist, Andromeda... You will act on my every whim...* She became lost in his hypnotic whisperings, repeating themselves in her mind like a stuck Muggle recording. She had no sense of time and was hypnotised to his grimacing visage, only a dull registration of his burning, hard member spreading her flesh with each sharp thrust, piercing her bruised and bleeding core.

She went somewhere else in her mind. She was beyond pain.

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Andromeda awoke in the darkness, on the damp lawn of her home.

As she carefully attempted to stand and walk, she limped towards her front door like a drunk, struggling through the shards of pain in her womb.

But I'm alive, she reminded herself and panted harder. As she peered around, a sense of anxious relief swept over her. And they're gone... Yaxley, Dolohov... the other Death Eaters... They're gone... The Dark Lord has kept his word.

She began to weep bitterly.

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Little did she know, the Dark Lord would keep his word. To himself.

Her *true* punishment did come in time.

When the Death Eater Yaxley made an impromptu visit to inform her that there was one less Muggle-born in the world to worry about, one more Muggle done away with, she collapsed to the ground.

"One of our top Snatchers, Scabior, did the deed. The filthy Muggle, one Ted Tonks, his throat was cut from ear to ear, Muggle style, for good measure. The Dark Lord wanted me to inform you in person. Also, his lordship wished me to give you this short and sweet message."

Yaxley spat on Andromeda's unmoving, crumpled form and delivered the Dark Lord's message.

"You're forgiven."

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