

Before You Go

by Southern_Witch_69

Narcissa decides it's time for her to leave, but Lucius realizes that he doesn't want her to go.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: These aren't my characters of course. I'm only manipulating them and using them for my plot.

This story was written for my friend, CocoaChristy, who kindly requested this as a gift over at my LJ last year.

CocoaChristy's request:

My request is that Narcissa is going to leave Lucius because of all his cheating, and as she starts to leave, he realizes how much he truly loves her and wants to win her back.

"And, Lucius, I am sorry to say that I can't stand this any longer. I'm going to go to Andromeda's. She's asked me to stay with her, wanting to catch up all of the time we've lost over the years," Narcissa said calmly, though she was shaking slightly. "I sent an owl to her earlier to confirm that I'll be there shortly."

Folding down one side of the *Daily Prophet*, he gazed at her in annoyance, asking coldly, "And when will you return?"

"Haven't you been listening to anything that I've been saying for the past ten minutes?" she asked, voice wavering. "Don't you care enough to listen?"

"If you're asking for me to accompany you to *her* home, you should know that I won't set foot in it," he said snidely. "You know how I feel about your sister, her filthy husband, and her incompetent offspring."

"I don't remember asking you to come along," Narcissa said, straightening her back.

"Did you need money then?" He again lifted the paper in front of him and began reading. "I believe you've used your stipend for this month already. However, I'll not have you visiting and looking like a beggar, not having anything to spend on outings and such. Take what you need from the safe in my office."

"I've all the money I need, left to me by my parents and what came to me when Bellatrix died," she said arrogantly. "I won't be needing your money any longer."

"Ha, sure you won't," Lucius said with a snort. "Have a good time, dear."

"So, I suppose it will only be moments after I'm gone before you invite one of your little whores into our home and bed."

"Why, Narcissa, you don't mean to say that you truly believe all that rubbish about me bedding other women? I'm a married man," he said, still not looking at her.

"I saw you leaving that woman's flat, the same one Bellatrix mentioned to me months back!" she said. "Will you fucking look at me?" This was said with an angry shriek.

Lucius lowered the paper completely and stared at his wife in shock. She rarely spoke in such a manner. "What has got into you, woman?"

She pointed down to the three trunks at her feet and tapped her foot while awaiting his reply, arms crossed over her chest, her gaze defiant and angry.

"Are you asking for me to send them over in the Floo?" His expression became incredulous. "Why are you taking so many trunks? I happen to know that these are some of *my* bottomless trunks! There's no telling what all you have in there! Surely, it's not necessary." He smirked. "Did you leave the kitchen sink, my dear?"

"Inside these trunks are all the things that I hold precious to me. If you'd listened to me the entire time I've been standing here... the entire time we've been married, you would know that I am unhappy, and I can no longer live this way. When I leave today, I'll not be coming back." She wiped a few tears from her cheeks. "I love you. I hope you know that, but times are changing, and I don't have to live this way any longer."

"What's this nonsense? Of course you're happy." He stood, the *Prophet* dropping to the floor, and gestured about the room with his arms. "You have a home that nearly all of the Wizarding world would kill for. You've got a large stipend to spend each month, and when you go over, I am quite generous in aiding you with what you need still. We have a son who is making quite a name for himself in society...even if he is cozying up to the Potter boy and his friends. What more can you possibly want?"

"I want you to be the way you used to be... back when it mattered what I said to you or how I felt. I want you to desire only me, to be faithful to me. I want you to love me as I love you." She flicked her wand at her trunks, lifting them and floating them over to the grate.

Lucius was at a loss for words. He watched in growing horror as she Flooed the first of her trunks over to her sister's home. When she pushed the second one in and tossed in a handful of Floo powder, he strode towards her but was unable to stop the trunk from disappearing in a whoosh of emerald flames.

"I... Are you quite serious?" he asked in disbelief. What would his friends think of him? How would this affect his shaky standing in society? *They'll think I can't even hold on to my wife and not trust in me enough to do business with me. I'll be seen as a failure.* Trying a different tactic, he blurted, "If you leave, I won't allow you to come back. You'll be all alone and ridiculed. People will think I've turned you out, that you're useless."

"At this point, I'm beyond caring what anyone thinks, Lucius. My sister has offered me a place to stay for as long as I'd like." She sighed sadly. "I will go to the Ministry tomorrow and file for a divorce. I'm not asking for anything of yours of course. I've enough money from my family to tide me over, though I'm sure the courts may decide that I should be given a separation sum."

He thought of the large manor home and how empty it already was. It would be even lonelier without her there with him. She'd always done anything he'd asked of her, and he knew he took advantage of that, but she'd made it so easy for him to do so. He gazed at her as if seeing her for the first time. She was still as beautiful as the day he'd first met her, older and fuller figured, but still the loveliest woman he'd ever seen.

"Narcissa..." His voice couldn't form the words he wanted, but his heart was beating wildly, almost frantically. He didn't want her to go, and it wasn't only because he didn't want to be alone. He could fill his bed with the woman he'd been having an affair with off and on for the past couple of years...or any other woman at that...but he would never defile his bed that way. Not the bed he shared with her. Not the home they'd made together and raised their son in.

She leaned over and kissed his cheek softly, her eyes shining with new tears. "I will miss you." She gave a small bitter laugh. "I've been missing you for a long time now." She pushed her final trunk into the grate and reached for the pot that held the Floo powder.

"Wait...no!" he said, suddenly grabbing her hand. "We can talk about this."

"I've been trying to talk to you for a long time now," she said, shoulders slumped. "That time has passed. I'm sorry."

"But... you can't just leave, Cissy."

She tossed the powder into the grate, encasing the trunk in green flames.

"I need you."

"Andromeda's sitting room," she said softly, stepping back as the green flames whooshed the last trunk away.

"I love you. I'll do whatever you ask of me." He hated that his voice had taken on a pleading tone. "Stay." But he was not above begging her to stay if that's what it took. Too much was riding on his future if she left. He needed her at his side.

"You know, if I have to tell you what I want, then it's pointless." She pulled one of his hands into hers. "You may think you want to work things out, but in a few weeks, things would likely just go back to the way they were." She smiled wistfully. "I'm sure you love me in your own way, Lucius. I've never doubted that. It's just not good enough any longer."

"I've never brought anyone into our home. In fact, I've rarely strayed, Narcissa. I'll give you an oath on that. She... it was only a few times a year and only when... only when I needed to release pent up emotions in ways that I could never ask of you." When she pulled away from him, he quickly pulled her back, forcing her to look him in the eyes. "I love you. I have everything that any man could want, but it is nothing without you. I know that I've not been a very good husband at times, and I am willing to make amends, to change, to do what I must."

"How would you feel if I ignored your words?" she asked quietly.

"Lost," he admitted.

"Then you now know how I've been feeling. I've been here with you, but I've been so alone that it's been unbearable. There's no joy anymore it seems...unless Draco comes around, but that's not as often as I'd like, what with his flat in London!"

"I vow to be faithful to you and to try to do right by you." He paused. "Shall I take an Unbreakable Vow then?"

"No," she whispered with a shake of her head.

He stepped back and tried to think of what else he could do to prove that he was earnest in what he was saying. Deciding that nothing could break her firm resolve, he said brokenly, "Then I have truly lost you." With a look of defeat, he made his way over to his chair, sitting down with a loud thud, and took a sip of the brandy he'd poured for himself earlier. He stared straight ahead until he saw her robes come into his line of vision.

"Go to her," she said.

"Never again," he replied, not meeting her eyes.

"Go to her and tell her that you will never see her again, that you're a married man who loves his wife."

Lucius looked up then, a feeling of hope flowing through him suddenly. Had she never found the courage to stand up to him and to leave him, he might have gone through life without truly appreciating what he had. How had he ever strayed from her? She was magnificent, even in her righteous anger.

"Things will be different around here," Narcissa said, obviously emboldened by his defeated state. "I want my sister and her family to be welcome for visits. I want Draco to

feel comfortable visiting us with his friends or speaking about them when he does visit. I want you to come to *me* when you feel that you need to release some pent up stress or emotion." She bit her lip for a moment and then shakily said, "It's all I ever wanted...you, our son, our happiness. Come back to me."

Leaning forward, he wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tightly, his head pressing against her soft stomach. "To think I almost lost you."

Southern's Notes: I think even the most arrogant of arseholes can be humbled at times, especially if he sees his life about to change for the worst. I liked that she not only finally had the courage to leave him but also was able to see his sincerity and was willing to try once again...especially since she finally had his attention.