

The Lone Son

by *WriterMerrin*

Betrayed by her own blood, Narcissa has bad news for her husband. (Written for LJ community Romancing The Wizard)

The Letter

Chapter 1 of 1

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As soon as the Healer found him in his study, Lucius rushed to his bedroom to see his wife. The hours she had been in labor had been a nearly unbearable separation. He had been greatly relieved when the news had come from the closed door that his son had been safely delivered, but he hadn't expected to have to wait this long to see Narcissa afterward.

Opening the door, he took in the room, all signs of the birth cleaned away, bassinet off to one side, and Narcissa's hair combed back from her tear-streaked face. He tried to calm his alarm, recalling that Narcissa had often had these 'tears of joy' during the hormone-filled months of pregnancy.

"Hello, love." He strode to the bed and toed off his slippers to join his wife on the bed. "Is everything okay?"

Narcissa's whimper was non-committal at first, but then she whispered, "Go see Draco before you get comfortable."

Draco. They had agreed on that name, following the Black family naming traditions. It was a strong name for their firstborn, the heir apparent of the Black and Malfoy lines. Walking to the bassinet, he peered down upon the blond head--all he could see of his son peeking out of the blanket.

Returning to their bed, he noticed a piece of parchment tucked into a book on the nightstand. Narcissa must have hastily attempted to hide it, but he could see that it seemed to be a letter in her handwriting. She made a half-hearted attempt to reach for the book, but he saw that his name was at the top. He would have had no compunctions about reading it, even if it hadn't been addressed to him, except for the distress it was apparently causing his wife.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Shh." Her motions indicated she was trying to keep him from waking the baby.

Nodding, he sat beside her again and swished his wand over the four-poster bed. "It's a charm I thought would come in handy. It keeps sound from going out whilst amplifying sounds on the outside." He neglected to mention that it had been Severus who had perfected this specific variation.

"Yes, that will be nice, especially..." She lowered her eyelids demurely. "Go ahead and read it."

My Dearest Lucius,

I know we agreed that the baby would live in the nursery from day one, but I can't bear to have our little Draco out of my sight, not yet. The birth was so difficult, and I'm not just saying that. The Healer did, too, and... I almost can't write the words, but I fear I will be too afraid to say them out loud either.

There won't be any more babies.

Lucius' heart froze. "What's the matter?"

"I'm sorry." Tears formed again in her grey eyes. "I wasn't going to show you the letter right away, but I--" She took gasping breaths trying to remain calm. "The Healer didn't say there *couldn't* be any more babies. There is a chance they would live, but it's so small. I could die. Any more babies most likely would, too."

Lucius dropped the parchment and pulled his wife into his arms. She snuggled against him and cried silent tears. He struggled against himself momentarily, not wanting to upset her further, but wanting to know. "Does he know why?"

"It has something to do with blood, my blood that I've always been taught to be proud of, but something about it is wrong or would be wrong. You could ask the Healer, but he had the audacity to tell me the Muggles had some success with a remedy. Imagine, Lucius, a Muggle remedy!"

"There will be no more talk of it, my dear."

"Will you still love me, Lucius?"

"Of course!" He peppered her face with light kisses until he caught her lips tenderly. "That will never change, and Draco will be more than enough. He will grow into his heritage."

Over soft chuckles, they heard the sounds of Draco waking. Both turned to watch and listen expectantly, then Lucius went to carefully pick up the squirming bundle. He watched in fascination as Narcissa positioned their son to feed him.

"You're not going to let the nanny elf do any work at first, will you?"

"No, not for a while. Now that I know about that charm, there's no reason Draco can't stay here even after the six weeks are up."

Lucius thought those six weeks couldn't go fast enough.

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