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# **Skyfall**

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# **Inhaltsangabe**

Narcissa lost herself long ago, but it takes more than insanity to escape from her shadows.

## **Vorwort**

{STORY SPOILER WARNING!} ATTENTION: Contains rape, mentions of torture, self-harm, major character death through suicide

# Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. Untitled

# Untitled

*She'd given up screaming long ago. Knew he'd punish her, knew he hadn't until he'd broken her, until she'd finally given in... The pain had brought tears to her eyes, had made her struggle for breath, desperately struggle for breath... His large, strong hands were pushing her down to the floor, his chest touching hers, seeming to crush her... How much he disgusted her... How much... She bit her lip, bit her lip until she tasted blood flowing down her throat as she realised there was no chance to escape. Only one...*

\*

Narcissa Malfoy had never been afraid of the night. She had always loved the hours after the sun had set, had always loved the special, mysterious atmosphere the world seemed to create after it had gotten dark. But now? Now, she feared night more than anything else, now, everything had changed, changed so much...

What had happened to her, over all these years? What had made her change, what had made her lose the passion for everything she'd ever loved? She did not know. Did not know anything. She barely recognised herself anymore, would barely know the woman she'd become, nothing more than a ghost, a shadow of her former self.

Her husband's desperate attempts to talk to her, to make her look at him, to make her speak only a word would always fail, but she couldn't care less. Why should she? Why should she still care about anything? Wasn't it all nothing, wasn't she nothing? Nothing at all...

Slowly, Narcissa reached out her hand for the glass of wine on her bedside locker, her arm. Her entire body was shaking, shaking so much that it'd fall down to the floor, bursting into a thousand pieces. But she'd not even realise what had happened, wouldn't even notice the mess on the floor. No. No, she only stared out of the window, thick strands of her long, blonde hair hanging into her face, unnoticed.

For a moment she closed her eyes, just to open them again, to turn her head, breathing heavily. All of a sudden, the walls seemed to narrow, about to crush her, to suffocate her...

Out.

She wanted nothing more than to get out, to just get out! To run away and never look back, never return... How many times had she considered leaving, just leaving, how many times had she opened the door, too afraid to even step out of her bedroom?

But now? Now, everything seemed to be different, now she started to run, to run like she'd never run before in her life, wouldn't notice how she crossed her husband's path, wouldn't hear the words he spoke to her, the questions he asked.

Even if she had, why should she care? Hadn't she cared for too long? Hadn't she worried for too many years, hadn't it all ended in a tragedy? So why... Why should she still worry, why should she still care? Nothing... Nothing at all...

The sharp, freezing air hit her hard, made her gasp for breath, wince as she wrapped her arms around her body, tightly, as if she had the ability to warm herself, as if it'd keep the wind away. Where was she going? Where were her feet leading her, not allowing her to regain control over her body? She did not know, would only walk, away from her home, escaping from everything, as if she were also able to escape from herself.

It started to rain, to teem down from the sky all of a sudden, sheer out of nothing. Large drops of water

would fall down on her, soaking her hair, her clothes... Again, her entire body would start to shake, forcing her to stop, to sit down on a bench, unable to go on any further. Slowly she covered her face with her hands, desperately attempting to control her breathing. She'd remain in this position for minutes, hours, as if she'd been petrified, as if she were paralysed, unwilling to move, unwilling to ever return again.

Of course Narcissa had to return. Of course she didn't have the chance to just escape, of course it wasn't this easy! As if it'd ever been easy... Why couldn't she just end it, end it all? Why couldn't she just-

No. No, she knew it was impossible. Of course it was impossible! She'd never had deserved to just be happy, unconditionally happy, had never deserved to long for salvation. Perhaps it was death? Perhaps death was her release; perhaps it was her only chance to escape. Perhaps she'd not have another choice...

Still trembling she reached out her arms, in the hope, the rain would finally purify them, would finally wash the blood away...

Blood. Blood... Blood everywhere! Guilt...

"Narcissa."

She screamed as she heard her husband's voice behind her back, quickly turned around just to see his face right before her, just to look into his big, grey eyes...

He'd followed her. Why had he followed her? Why had he come here - why hadn't he just left her alone? Didn't he know he'd only make things worse? Didn't he realise how much pain his questions caused her, that she just wanted to be alone?

"Go," she said, her voice firm, cold as ice. But he only shook his head.

"Not until you come with me."

Narcissa would almost have started to laugh, a cruel, sharp laugh. No. No, she wouldn't come with him, wouldn't even look at him any longer! Even if she froze to death, she wouldn't return, would never return to the house she'd once called her home. Home... How much had she once loved the residence, how happy had she once been there... But those times were long gone, were nothing more than a memory, slowly fading away into the dark. Now? Now, the walls seemed to crush her, now everything-

Blood. Blood on her hands... Guilt...

She wouldn't even finish her thought. Only rose, taking a step forward, ready to leave, to just leave him behind, not turning back, refusing to take another look at him. Quickly, before she had the chance to realise what he did, Lucius took her wrist to hold her back, his firm grip moving to her forearm, causing her to wince in pain.

"I am not going to leave until you come with me," he repeated, his tone of voice now as cold as hers, determined, not allowing any words of contradiction. "I wouldn't forgive myself if something happened to you."

Blood... Blood on her hands...

\*

Of course she'd come with him. She had not had another chance than to come with him, had not had another chance than to allow him to take her back, than to sit down next to him on their bed after their return.

Narcissa had not spoken a word, had not allowed him to talk to her, to even look at her.

“You were out for over three hours,” he said eventually, breaking the silence, the soothing silence she'd never wanted to end. She didn't react. She would only stare straight ahead, still shaking with cold. Couldn't he see that all she desired was to be alone?

Perhaps it was true, perhaps he only worried for her, perhaps he only wanted to help her, but he couldn't! No one would ever be able to help her, she was lost! Lost forever... Slowly she turned around to look at him, to look at him for no longer than just a second, her eyes glistening with hate. Was it really him, she hated? Was it really her husband she despised, despised so much? No. Of course it wasn't. Of course it wasn't him, she loved him, had always loved him, adored him... It was herself. She'd only hate herself.

Blood... Blood on her hands... Blood...

“I worry for you, Cissy,” Lucius whispered as if he'd read her mind, his voice soft now, gentle, so full of love... “It can't go on like this any longer. You don't talk to me anymore, you barely eat or sleep... Don't you think I don't know about your nightmares! Narcissa... Cissy... Please... I wouldn't survive losing you.”

Slowly he reached out his hand to touch hers but quickly she pulled it back, her sleeve riding up for just a split second, causing to shake her head, over and over again... Narcissa could hear her husband gasp for breath, turned away from him again, closing her eyes, desperately trying to tell herself that he'd not seen them, that he hadn't- Of course he had.

Blood... Guilt...

“Show me your arms,” he demanded harshly, causing her to bite her lip, to hold her breath... No... No, she wouldn't, wouldn't respond to him, never again! Would never look at him again... If he were so eager to help her, why hadn't he been there when she'd needed him the most, why hadn't he been there for her? Why...

“Show me your arms,” he repeated, the sound of his voice making her wince. “Show me your arms, Narcissa!”

Quickly, quicker than she was able to react he took her wrist, once again took her wrist, his fingers trembling as he hastily rolled up her sleeve, revealing countless marks on her forearm, deep red, bright and dirty.

*Murderer.*

Silence followed, wouldn't calm her down this time, no, seemed to drown her, to suffocate her... For the first time she'd looked at him for longer than just brief moments, looked deeply into his eyes, silently begging him to speak, even if it were only a word...

“Why?” he asked after a while, barely audible, his voice having lost any expression, no more than a whisper, hoarse and faint.

“You are not supposed to see these kinds of things,” Narcissa replied firmly, having regained control over her emotions as quickly as she'd lost herself, for only a few seconds. How much she hated herself for having lost control once again, how much she hated herself for having lost the ability to seal her emotions! How much...

“So I am not supposed to notice my wife destroying herself?” Lucius replied angrily as he rose from their bed, starting to pace around the room. “I should just look away, shouldn't I? Because I am not supposed to hear your screams at night, to hear your steps when you wander through the house because once again you

refuse to sleep as if you were able to escape from whatever you dream at night, because I am not supposed to watch you while your attempts to wash away the blood from your sheets in an unnoticed moment because you don't want me to see your scratch and cut marks! Perhaps I should close my eyes to all your actions because all I am supposed to do is leave you alone and watch how you are going to your certain death!"

"Out." Narcissa had risen as well, had opened the door to their bedroom, would now stare out at the hallway... "Get out, Lucius," she hissed, unable to keep control over her thoughts, over her anger any longer...

She wanted to scream, to scream as loud as she could, wanted to hit him, to-

No. She wouldn't. Of course she wouldn't... Instead it was her who turned around to leave the room. She was unable to bear her husband's presence any longer, wouldn't want to be forced to look at him any longer, not a minute, not a second.

He couldn't understand, no... He couldn't understand! He'd not experienced what she'd been forced to experience, he'd not been there when she'd needed him the most! Why hadn't he saved her... Why hadn't he been there to save her, why hadn't he kept his promise to always protect her?

She was unable to suppress a sob any longer, a quiet, dry, sob, sank down to the floor, her body refusing to obey her any longer.

Blood... Blood on her hands... Blood, everywhere! Guilt...

Why wouldn't she just put it all to an end? Why wouldn't she just give up, why wouldn't she just end it all? Just one breath... It'd be so easy... So incredibly easy... Salvation was only a step away, she'd only have to reach out her hand to never feel pain again, to never feel guilt...

Wasn't all she longed for right there, right before her eyes? Wasn't all she longed for to finally rid herself of the shadows, all these shadows that surrounded, had captivated her, her body, her mind, unwilling to ever let her go again? One step... Only one step... The end was near, so incredibly near... She'd never be afraid again! Never...

Murderer... Blood... Blood on her hands... Murderer! Murderer...

"*You're going to break his heart,*" a voice inside of her told her, quietly, barely audible even for her. She shook her head quickly, putting her hands over both her ears, as if she had the ability to put it to silence... No. No! It wasn't true, this couldn't be true! She'd not break his heart, didn't he care about her, had he never cared about her at all! If he did, if he really did care, why hadn't he saved her, why hadn't he protected her? Why had he allowed such things to happen, why?

*As if he knew. As if he knew what had happened! He'd have saved you, Narcissa. He'd have protected you if he had known...*

She gasped for breath as she felt his arms around her body, would have almost started to scream, to...

*It's just him. He won't hurt you...*

Narcissa hadn't noticed him leaving the room, hadn't noticed him kneeling down on the floor right before her, hadn't heard him speak to her, speak to her in this deep, gentle voice that had always calmed her down, that had always made her feel safe. Safe...

She'd give in. Would finally give in. Knew that she'd not have the chance to remain strong any longer,

knew that her façade, had there ever been any, had started to crumble, was about to fully break down. Had she ever been strong, strong like she was expected to be? Of course not. Of course she hadn't, had always been weak, always! Had always been a disappointment...

Cold, she'd pretended to be, cold as ice, to never show her guilt, to block out all the things that had happened. But of course they'd always haunt her, of course they'd never let her go again, she'd never be able to defeat her shadows, never! Would never be able to find peace... How much she despised herself, how much she disgusted herself! How much...

"Perhaps I deserve it," she whispered to herself, still in his arms, motionless, barely breathing.

"What are you talking about, Cissy? What do you think you deserve?" Lucius asked, gently stroking over her hair. But she'd only shake her head. No. No, she couldn't tell him, couldn't tell him what had happened, what she'd done! Perhaps it was her fate to suffer perhaps it was her fate to be left alone, alone with her shadows. To be left alone in the darkness, without a single light to hold on to.

Her mind would slip away from her more and more; she'd lost any hold, had lost herself... But wasn't it the only way to forget? Wasn't escaping into insanity her only chance to get to rest? To get rest, at least some rest...

The sky had started to fall down on her long ago, much too long ago. She wasn't to be saved, not by her husband, not by anyone, not even by herself. Had no right to be saved.

"You're so pale, Cissy," he muttered against her ear, pulling her even closer to his body, as if he were never willing to let her go again, as if he were afraid he could lose her in the second he released her. "So thin... I barely recognise you any more..."

She wouldn't attempt to free herself from his arms, not anymore. Wouldn't attempt to escape, no... No, she'd only sit there, her eyes closed. Tears started to roll down her cheeks, slowly at first but soon became more... More and more, now uncontrollable. When had she last cried? When had she last felt tears on her face, so clear, so pure? Purifying...

Slowly, her hands shaking more than ever, it was now her to pull up her left sleeve, to reveal more scars on her arm, more cuts, glowing red on her once so unblemished white skin, fresh, barely a day old.

*Worthless.*

"I'm a murderer," she said quietly, biting her lip as soon as she'd spoken out the words, as if she'd only heard them now, now that she was unable to revoke them, unable to unsay what she'd said... "I'm a murderer, Lucius. Worthless. Abominable. A murderer... A murderer! But I had no choice! I didn't have a choice..."

Slowly she turned her head, hiding her face in his chest as she sobbed, quiet sobs, her tears wetting his skin, his clothes... Why hadn't he been there, why hadn't he held her, held her like he held her now? Why hadn't he been there for her when she'd needed him, more than anything else? Why had she never spoken to him, why had she never-

Of course he couldn't have known. Of course it wasn't his fault, nothing had ever been his fault, only hers! Hers...

"What happened to you, Cissy?" he asked, speaking as quiet as she did, carefully brushing away her tears. "What did they do to you?"

Narcissa wouldn't respond. Wouldn't speak a word, still hold her breath... She should have held her



tongue, should never have opened her mouth to speak! He wasn't supposed to know these things about her, no one was... She had no right to talk about them, had no right to even think about them! Perhaps it was true... Perhaps the words resounding in her head over and over again were true, perhaps she'd deserved what had happened to her, perhaps she'd deserved it all...

Blood on her hands... Blood... Guilt...

No! No, she'd not deserved these things, of course she hadn't! She'd been hurt, broken... Broken so much... Of course she hadn't deserved what had been done to her, of course not! How dared she assume such a thing, how dared she even-

She was unable to finish her thought. Knew she couldn't go on like this any longer, knew she had no chance to live with herself any longer, not like this! She was ashamed, so incredibly ashamed...

*Tell him. He deserves to know. Just tell him, Narcissa...*

"You were gone when it happened," she eventually said, her voice trembling, no more than a whisper. "I cannot remember where you went, how long you were out. Just that you were gone when he broke into our home... Came to me... I... I thought he'd kill me, kill me to get to money, jewellery. But no. No..."

She broke off. Again she could hear her husband gasp for breath, could feel his grip around her body getting tighter, his hands starting to shake, to shake like her voice...

"I couldn't see his face," she continued after a while, speaking slowly, desperately attempting to control her breathing. "Only felt his hands on my body, touching me, touching my skin... I tried to resist, tried to fight, but the Cruciatus Curse made me obedient. I don't know how long oblivion lasted when my head hit the floor. Perhaps a few seconds, perhaps a minute. It couldn't have been longer than a minute..."

"Cissy-

"He laughed while he undressed me, while he let his fingers slid over my breasts, my thighs... Whispered to me... 'You deserve it. You know that you deserve it.'"

"Narcissa."

"Every time I screamed, I was punished. I didn't have another chance than to give in... To just give in..."

"Stop it. Stop it, Narcissa, please."

She'd have almost started to laugh, a cold, desperate laugh... Shook her head... No. No, she'd not stop, wouldn't stop! How much had she begged... How much had she begged him to leave her alone, to just-

"Do you think he stopped?" she asked, terrified by the sound of her own voice, terrified by her words... "Do you think he stopped when I begged him, do you think he'd have stopped? No! Of course not! Why should he have stopped, tell me, why should he? Do you think sending me to hell by doing these things to me, by staining me would have been enough for him? No... No, he wouldn't even have granted me death... Humiliation... Rape... Torture... I endured it all, but he knew how to make me suffer, knew how to break me, how to cover my hands in blood that would never come off again... It was just a second... Just a second of negligence in which I had the chance to reach out my hand... To take his wand, to-

She broke off. Once again unable to finish her sentence, to even finish her thought... She still saw him. Still saw his face right before her as soon she closed her eyes, even if for only a moment, still felt his hands on her skin, his lips on hers...

“I killed him,” she breathed. “I... I just killed him... Only one curse... One curse and he was dead... I killed him! Had the house elf take care of the body...”

“Narcissa...” Lucius murmured against her ear, audibly upset, audibly striving to remain calm, to keep control over his voice. “Cissy... You... You acted out of self-defence! It either meant your life or his, there is no blame on you!”

“No blame on me?” Narcissa screamed, finally freeing herself from his arms, sliding back on the floor, her anger having taken control over her body, her thoughts... “There is no blame on me? I am a murderer, Lucius! A murderer! Worthless, nothing but a piece of dirt!”

Her sobs seemed to suffocate her, finally she rose from the floor, tumbling forward, blinded by her tears... Murderer... Murderer! Weak... Worthless... Why wouldn't she just end it, end it all? Why hadn't he been there to protect her, why hadn't he saved her? Why hadn't he been there?

If he hadn't held her, she'd fallen, fallen down, down to the floor, down on her knees... Again she'd scream, screamed on top of her lungs, trying to resist, trying to free herself from his arms... But she seemed unable to even move.

Only slowly her breathing would normalise itself, only slowly she seemed to calm down. Lucius had brought her back to their bedroom, had carefully sat her down, still holding her hand, still whispering things into her ear, things she'd not understand.

Hours seemed to have passed when he finally turned around, ready to leave the room, for no longer than a couple of minutes. Hours... Minutes... Narcissa had lost her feeling for time long ago, wouldn't care anymore, wouldn't care about anything.

Blood. Blood on her hands... It'd never come off... Never!

She'd broken the silence. Had finally broken the silence, had finally spoken... As if it had reduced her pain. As if it had made her feel better, as if it had taken guilt off her... No. No, of course it hadn't. Hadn't changed anything...

Murderer.

Slowly she rose, taking a few steps forward as she reached out a hand for her bedside locker, her movements seeming to control her, control her as if she'd gone into a trance... There was no option. She had no chance, didn't have another chance than to just...

The tiny phial was filled with a dark blue liquid, a liquid she'd feared to drink for such a long time... She'd save them both. Knew that she'd save them both, putting all this to an end now, knew that she was holding salvation in her hands...

For no longer than just a second Narcissa closed her eyes, slowly leading the phial to her lips... She was unable to suppress a wince as she heard her husband's cry, as she felt his hands on her shoulders, as he shook her, shook her as if he tried to wake her up... But he'd come too late.

The poison seemed to burn her, to burn her from inside, seemed to choke her... But she'd endure the pain, like she'd endured any pain before, wouldn't bother brushing away her tears, not now, not that-

Blood on her hands... Blood... Blood, everywhere! Guilt...

Again he held her when she fell.