

Alone

by broomclosetravenclaw

Written for the Potter Place Saturday Night chat challenge: SS/HG, wedding night.
Somehow I missed the part about including smut.

Alone

Chapter 1 of 2

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Hermione lay in the middle of the bed watching the candles burn down to extinction, tears shimmering in the low light. Her white dress was wrinkled, her flowers brown and wilted. She sat alone; the minutes stretching to hours, watching the darkness of night surround her.

It was supposed to be her wedding night—it was supposed to have been her wedding day.

~*~

The morning had gone by so fast it had been a blur. With everything seemingly perfect, she had arrived at the seaside cliffs full of nervous excitement. The dark clouds in the distance didn't trouble her. After all, rain on your wedding day was still seen as lucky in Muggle tradition.

As the first drops fell from the sky, a commotion began off to the side of the altar. A harsh whispering rose amongst her guests. She could just make out Severus' name and her own. She looked around, but did not see her groom.

The darkness seemed to come on quickly, to overwhelm everything—she could hear her dad telling her something, but his voice was nothing more than droning inside her head. There were so many people around her, catching her fall, holding her hand.

Hermione finally let the realization sink in. Severus would not be coming. The Macnairs and the Notts had finally gotten their revenge. She was all alone.

The thought echoed inside her head—she was alone—she should get used to the idea.

Hermione Apparated to their Honeymoon Suite, lit the candles, and lay down on the bed.

Perfectly Alone

Chapter 2 of 2

Written for the Potter Place Saturday Night chat challenge: Part Two of SS/HG, wedding night--The Morning After--
mentioning of body parts is forbidden.

The soft glow of sunlight filtered in through the sheer curtains. Hermione could feel the warmth of her beloved, warmer than any sunlight, curled tightly behind her. She reached back for him to wrap him more fully around herself. Her movements aroused him, and he willingly followed her lead. Their bodies pushed into each other, wrapped around each other until they found their rhythm, matched by their need. The sound of his breathing filled the space around them—filled the void she suddenly missed.

Then, it was only her own breath she could hear—raspy, his name riding on the whisper. "Severus!"

~*~

Hermione awoke with his name on her lips. The previous day came flooding back to her as the storm raged outside. The pounding of the rain filled the silence; a soft glow from the candle stubs, pooled in their own wax, barely lit the room.

Her light was gone, leaving nothing but a cold shell. Snape was gone and she was perfectly alone.

A/N: Thanks to Lady_Karelia for looking over this for me.