

With You

by luvsev

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Chapter 1 of 1

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As a man of many sins and a past darker than midnight, forgiveness has been hard to find, not from those who knew the truth, but from myself. I have dealt with daemons and danced with the devil, pretending and trying to forget all that I knew. My faith was misplaced in a man who lured me with the promise and acceptance of the evil that so clearly dwelled within.

The artist promised change and a better world; how easily I was deceived, but then, I was only a child. I was taken with his power, his talent, his sheer and utter brilliance, and I had to admit, the man could inspire loyalty in us other lowly dregs. As a misguided and outcast youth, I took his mark and proudly stood at his side. His beliefs became mine at a price, and his followers were my family. Since my abusive father murdered the only woman to ever love me in a fit of rage, I had no family. The first promise the devil ever made me was to rid the earth of that bastard's existence. His death at the hands of the devil was the only one I never regretted.

For a time, I revelled in the fact that I had friends and constant acceptance; the only thing that ever got to me was the violence. I had grown up with it, had it thrust at me whilst a student from those idiot boys who called themselves the Marauders, and now this. Violence seemed to follow me as though I was a beacon on a map. I had seen so much rape and bloodshed that there were times that I was physically ill. I hid that weakness and continued to dance with the devil.

I remember the night I lost respect for the man, if you could call him that. It was cold and October was dying; leaves had changed colour and had made an en masse descent to the ground below. The moon was nearly full, and stars were winking out one by one, as if telling me this would be the night that I would lose everything. If I had taken the hint from the heavens, my life would not have been the hell that it was. The moment the devil had stepped through that doorway and took the life that I held most dear, I swore that I would be the end of the evil incarnate. That was the night that I dedicated myself to the light.

Mildly peaceful years were had, but I was still a tortured soul, battered and broken from a life that should have never been mine. There were whispers when the devil returned and the ownership of my life had been revoked. If my life had teetered on the edge of a tightrope before, it was nothing compared to the precarious position I was in after I kissed the hemmed robe of my former master.

Within a couple of years, war had been declared, and every time that I donned that mask, I felt as though I was walking to the guillotine. Thankfully I did not have to weave partial truths for long, only a little more than three years. The night the devil fell to the hands of a mere boy, I met with a hiss, a slither, and bone crushing strength. The moment the light went out, I knew it was over. The battlefield of my life would be cleared, and I would no longer suffer at the hands of another. Eternal peace would be my reward. When I met with the only true friend that I ever had, he gave me a choice: I could stay in peace or return to something better. My old friend told me that if I chose the latter, I would have a chance at redemption and find a love that I have never known... that I would have a true family. As tempting as peace was, the latter sounded more appealing, for it was my greatest wish.

I would be lying if I said that my return to the living was anything other than arduous. For more months than I would care to count, there had been trials, one of which was my own. I was glad to say that it was quick and fair, mainly because of the boy and his friends who had destroyed--wait, that did not quite describe what they had done to the man who was almost too evil to die. They had annihilated the devil incarnate. I was there to see them not only turn his body to a pile of ashes, but tap dance on his

remains, then banish the dust to the farthest corners of the earth. To be honest, the devil deserved no less than what had been done to him. In fact, if there was something worse that existed, I would have made sure to do that instead. After we had left that monster to rot in the fate awaiting him, my life had taken a turn for the better. Ridding the world of that evil was a great moment but not nearly as good as those to come.

In the following year, I had returned to my post at the school and had once more come into contact with the trio that had tormented me before the war. What surprised me more than being able to tolerate them now was the sideways glances that lingered too long to be considered casual from Miss Granger... Hermione. That was what she was to me now. I admit to being curious at what she was interested in when, out of the blue, I was struck with the idea that it was me. I would catch her looking at me almost longingly and wondered why she would look at me like that. I had nothing to offer her and I was not handsome.

There would be times that I would return her glances and smile inwardly at the young woman she had become. She certainly was pretty; not conventionally, no, but there was something about her that was simply alluring. It could have been her form that reminded me of Marilyn Monroe or the riotous curls that cascaded down her back, the way that she challenged me, or even the way that she looked at me with those aged, scotch-coloured eyes. Maybe it was all of that and more. It was who she was that attracted me. I almost could not believe that I was interested in a nineteen-year-old girl.

It was starting to turn brisk outside when I pulled her aside with the intent of asking her why she was staring at a man nearly twice her age when I found myself talking with her. It was an easy discussion, and our current roles were cast aside in favour of getting to know one another. After that night, we fell into an easy friendship, frequently meeting in the library or during her rounds as Head Girl. We talked about anything and everything, and I soon came to realize that what I felt for her was no passing fancy... I loved her. Whenever I was near her, she kept my darkness at bay, she made me feel like I never had, like I did not have to prove anything to her, all I had to do was simply be.

She had me wondering if she felt similarly about me, but I dared not ask whilst she was a student. It was not exactly illicit to see her because of her age, but Minerva would not have stood for it, so I waited. Our year as friends passed pleasantly, but the chemistry in our relationship changed. We were closer than ever, though there seemed to be electricity when we were in each other's company. Her small comforting touches nearly sent shockwaves through me every time; even the way that she said my name had me floating.

The night of her graduation, I asked her to save a dance for me at the ball, and she agreed to. When I saw her later that evening, she looked stunning, and the eyes of every male in the room, professor or not, was on her. She was dressed in a sapphire ball gown that clung to her deliciously. She looked like the belle of the ball. I nearly fell over when she crossed the room to me and asked if I would share the first dance. I could not believe that this angel was letting me hold her so closely. Once I had her in my arms, I knew that I never wanted to let her go. After our lovely dance, I watched her dance with her friends and even a few who were not; my godson, Draco, was one of them.

When she needed a rest, she once more made her way back to me and asked if I would like to go for a walk, and I assented. Looking back, I am glad that I did, for that night changed my life. I followed her outside into the early summer air. It was warm, but the wind was blowing lightly enough to gently caress our skin, and the moon seemed to shine just for us. We walked down to the lake and for a long time stared silently into its crystalline depths, and then she took my hand in hers. Our fingers laced together and she turned to look at me.

"Severus, I was wondering something..."

"Yes?"

"Do you... do you feel something for me? I mean, outside of our friendship?"

Instead of wasting the moment with words, I pulled her close and kissed her, hoping that it would convey all the love that I felt for her in that moment. From the instant that my lips touched hers, I was lost. It had to be the single most passionate kiss that I had ever shared in my life, and it seemed to go on for hours. No words were needed as she returned the kiss with equal fervour. After our kiss, I told her that I wanted her, needed her, and if she would consent, I would love to court her.

She replied with a smile and a gentle kiss and said, "Of course, you doof."

I had no idea what she meant by that comment so I ignored it. Less than a month after we had started seeing each other, we had fallen in love, and by Christmas, we were planning our wedding. It was an intimate affair, though it ended up front page news in the *Daily Prophet*. Draco was my best man, and Ginny Potter was Hermione's matron of honour. After our ceremony, I whisked her away for our honeymoon where we shared our first night of passion as a couple.

I remember those first drugging kisses and caresses. Our hands working at buttons, furiously trying to get skin to skin; clothing that should have been hung lay in a pile on the floor. I took her to our bed and worshipped her body. My hands ghosting over her curves and trailing over her soft skin. I placed tiny kisses down her stomach as I made my way to her core. I took time to tease the wet folds with my fingers and tongue, and then I sucked on that small bundle of nerves that made her writhe and moan for me. Her hands were tangled in my silky locks, encouraging me to keep going, and I did.

I remember her tugging at me and running her hands over my pale body and playing with the flat disks of my nipples, making me groan. She trailed her hands down to my erection, which was now almost painful. She squeezed me gently and massaged me in a way that made me feel as though I would orgasm in her hand. As much as I loved the attention, I had to make her stop. When I did, she pulled me down on top of her and guided me to her slick entrance. I knew that she was innocent still yet, so I slid in slowly and gave her time to adjust to me. I am not a small man in that department, so I had to go slowly as not to damage her. Once she had adjusted, she started shifting her hips and I began thrusting into her tight, wet heat. I tried to make our first love-making session as tender as possible, but she kept increasing the tempo until we were engaged in a frenzied coupling. After a while, I felt her coming, and she was pulling me along with her. I came with a shout and spilled my seed within her lovely depths.

Exactly a year later, we were blessed with the birth of our first son, Ares. He had my hair and eyes, her skin colouring and nose--thank Merlin for that! When I laid eyes on her feeding our son for the first time, I gasped, then kissed her lips, then the top of Ares' head and murmured softly, "With you I am complete."

A/N: I want to thank my wonderful beta, Charmed Force, for helping me make this story what it is.