

And That's How It Begins

by mrs_nott

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters in this story belong to J.K. Rowling, and no money is being made out of this.

Beta'd by Raisinous Fiendling

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In the course of life there are many things you have to lose, or let go of. And though we all know this universal truth, we keep on denying it. But there comes a time in your life in which this truth becomes undeniable. Sometimes it's harder, sometimes it's easier, but it never stops hurting.

The pain begins in your chest, a tightening that makes it so hard to breathe. It rises up to your neck, making swallowing a difficult task. It then spreads across your body. Your heart is pounding so fast and hard that its beat can be heard in your ears. It is impossible to know what exactly is wrong. You close your eyes, imagine there's nothing wrong; but as you open them you see that slim figure you happen to know so well, fall on its back.

This is the moment your eyes begin to water. You stay still for a moment until you hear someone's panicked scream. You run towards his fallen body, and as you look into those emerald eyes you realize he's already gone. You cry, you sob and the urge to kill yourself rises. The pain in your body gets heavier. You can't stand up, you can't breathe, you can't swallow, you can't live. There's nothing left. You have risked it all for that one last hope, the one that has just been smashed right in front of your eyes. You knew it would come to this end. Deep inside you knew. But you refused to think about it and kept on, falling in love with someone who was meant to die. But how could you have prevented it when he was so loving, so caring, so full of hope; when he made you complete?

You want to blame this uncontrollable pain on him. Say it's his fault. Pretend he was the one who knew what he was doing to you, the one who kept on, kept on making you love him more and more. But you can't because you know he tried really hard not to love you. Always tried to keep the distance. Yet you had to be stubborn and made him fall even harder for you. You want to forget the promise you made him because you don't feel like you'd ever be able to move on.

And you never even got the chance to say goodbye. Not that you could've done it anyway. Still, you never did tell him you were in love with him. You regret it now, you regret many things now. But regret is useless.

'I love you, Harry,' you slowly whisper in his ear. You don't know why you do it, you never did it while he was alive, and there is no point in doing it now. Still you do it, hoping maybe that those emerald eyes will light up with his energy, his love. But they don't and your world crumbles. You embrace his still warm body and wish it was the other way around. You know it's selfish, but you can't help yourself. You have always been selfish and he has yielded to every whim you ever had. He isn't there to yield again, and you feel another cold stab in your chest.

And that is how you stop being yourself to be someone you don't know, someone who is drowning in their own sorrow. The world around you stands still for a second, and

you remember why you were told not to feel. You remember that feeling is weakness. Despite the pain you can't deny, you collect yourself, and on the outside, you are always going to look calm. You shut down all your emotions to the point your heart is of stone.

You try to forget everything, and for some years it works. But your heart cannot follow your mind and gradually, the emotions long forgotten rise inside your soul. You wake up alone in your bed one night, on July 31st, and you realize you haven't forgotten at all, you are just sedated in pain.

A/N: Please R&R! I'd love to know what you think.