

# Mired in Sorrow

*by DarkFate*

Darkness is where he belonged. It welcomed him openly, without judgement, without fear; unlike any other, save her. She, the beacon in his blackened existence, deserved not the pain about to be bestowed upon her kind soul. HG/SS oneshot. Disregard HBP and DH.

## Mired in Sorrow

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Darkness is where he belonged. It welcomed him openly, without judgement, without fear; unlike any other, save her. She, the beacon in his blackened existence, deserved not the pain about to be bestowed upon her kind soul. HG/SS oneshot. Disregard HBP and DH.

*Disclaimer: I own nothing but the plot. Disregard HBP and DH. The timeline is somewhat irrelevant in this story, but Hermione is of age and is approximately in her mid-twenties.*

*I'd like to thank my amazing beta AmyLouise. Without her help this story would not have come together so well.*

Mired in Sorrow

The sky glittered merrily, and the grass crunched slightly under his feet as he walked across the frost-covered hill. The wind was not cold per se but had a pleasant bite to it as it whipped around him. His cloak billowed in the usual manner as he strolled along under the cover of darkness. Darkness is where he belonged after all. It welcomed him openly without judgement, without fear.

The only evidence of what had occurred that night was a smear of blood, streaked across his right cheek. He hardly noticed. He did not notice anything but the soft crunching of the grass beneath his feet. He had been wandering aimlessly for the past few hours and hadn't the slightest clue as to where he was. It didn't matter though. His mind, his soul, were too tortured for him to care. He gazed out across the empty landscape despondently, looking for solace where none could be found.

He knew he should get home... home to his wife. How strange that still sounded to him. Wife... wife... wife... he repeated over and over again in his mind. Yes, his wife. A slight smile formed at the mere thought of her; her lovely smile, sparkling eyes, even her unruly mane of hair.

He never thought he would have anything to do with marriage, never imagined he would ever love anyone as much as he loved her. He didn't think he was capable of such a feeling. The last time he had loved someone and was loved in return, she died. His mother... oh, how he thought of her with longing! She was the only other to have loved him unconditionally, never wanting anything in return. Never did he think any other soul could love him in such a manner, yet here was this remarkable young woman, his *wife*, who showed him a love equally strong and unyielding.

She was perhaps the last person he could have ever imagined himself ending up with, yet there she was, waiting for him. It all happened so fast, or so it seemed. Yet even now they had to be careful; should word of their marriage leak out, it would not only be *his* life at stake. The mere thought of harm coming to her caused him unimaginable pain; the thought that she could be harmed because of him, however, was unthinkable.

He reached the top of the hill, and looked out upon the world dejectedly. All those glittering lights, representing homes and families content and peaceful, unaware of the horrors surrounding them. How he wished he could live in such blissful ignorance!

As he turned, he saw the faint glow of orange indicating the coming sunrise. He should go. She would be worried. However, he had no desire to face her this night. Not after what had happened. How he hated to cause her pain, yet pain seemed to follow him like a lost puppy without a home.

Looking over at the village once more, he turned and disappeared with a quiet pop.

\*\*\*\*\*

He appeared on a dark street with decaying houses squeezed together, awkward and uncomfortable looking. He reluctantly approached the location of the Order's Headquarters; watching as the house squeezed into existence. The Noble House of Black. 'Noble indeed,' he scoffed mentally. He paused slightly before opening the door and calmly stepping through. The house was silent, causing his footsteps to echo harshly. There was a soft glow coming from the main sitting room. He approached it slowly, dreading the inevitable.

He stood in the doorway, silently observing the scene before him. There she sat quietly by the window. Surprisingly, her friends were also present, as were many of the other Order members. Perhaps they thought he was dead, he mused thoughtfully. The instant he came into view, her head snapped up.

Her beautiful brown eyes, which usually sparkled with mirth, stared back at him, glittering with unshed tears. He took two steps into the room and was instantly greeted with her warm body thrown desperately against him. Her arms wound tightly around his neck as she held onto him like a lifeline.

"What happened, what kept you? Are you alright?" she questioned, pulling away enough to look him in the face.

"I'm fine. I was... delayed. Sit down Hermione, I have something to tell you," he said quietly as he led her over to the sofa.

"What is it?" she asked fearfully as she sat down, gripping his hand tightly.

He paused, as though gathering his strength. He gestured quietly for the others to leave them. The news he was about to deliver would be painful enough; there was no need for an audience.

"There was a raid tonight. I tried to intervene. I could do nothing," he said quietly, unable to look her in the eyes. He slid off the couch, kneeling before her, as he put his arms around her. "I did everything in my power, Hermione; I could not stop it, even if I had revealed my position as a spy. It was too late."

"Severus... Severus, you're scaring me, what is it? What happened? What did you try to stop?" she questioned in a shaky tone.

"Forgive me...."

"For what?"

"I tried... your parents... I could not save them... I tried for you, though, I tried," he whispered softly, eyes desperately pleading for her to understand how hard he tried.

"No... no...." she whispered, shocked, as she stared down at the man at her feet

"Forgive me my love... I could not save them... I tried... I tried," he repeated brokenly.

"I-I-how? What... but I spoke to them earlier today, on the phone... it can't be," she stuttered, trying desperately to understand. "Severus, tell me it's not true," she pleaded.

"If only I could... if only...."

At that, she broke, crumbled before his eyes, as she slid from her seat into his waiting arms. She clung desperately to him, as tears of anguish poured from her once radiant eyes. He could do nothing but hold her. No words could comfort her now, very little could. He ached for her as he held her quivering body, wishing he could take her pain and claim it as his own. She was always the strong one, the one who comforted others, yet now it was she who was in such unimaginable pain.

After some time, her cries died down, as she lay slumped against him, exhausted. Gently, without uttering a word, he picked her up, carrying her to their room. He laid her softly on the bed, before going to clean up.

It was times like this he wished he could burn those blasted robes and rid himself of the memories. Yet he could not. Not while he was still enslaved by the madman he was forced to call "master". Subservience was something that he never thought he would sink to, yet that was exactly his position. He showered quickly, before getting ready for bed. She cried now, even in her sleep, and as he gazed down at her he felt only intense agony, as though he had taken her pain unto himself.

He quietly slipped into the bed and held her close. If nothing else, he could lend her the physical comfort of his presence. He owed her that much for all the love she so freely bestowed upon him. He did not deserve such loyal and unwavering love from a creature as angelic as she. She should have known, he felt; should have realized that a life with him could not be filled with anything other than pain. No matter how the tides turned, nor how much love they possessed, nothing could banish the eternal darkness that cloaked him.

*Thanks for reading, leave a review please!*