

Blessed

by savine_snape

Severus stands watching his wife counting his blessings.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I watch my wife as she quietly slumbers on our bed. Her gentle snore and the rhythmical rise and fall of her chest have me bewitched. She makes such a pretty sight, made perfect by the fact that our young son sleeps peacefully beside her.

She is my rock, my safe harbour in the storm that has been my life.

I had another who was the centre of my universe, but she abandoned me when I stood at a crossroads. When I had to choose whether to follow my peers into the darkness or to step back and turn away from my 'friends', she betrayed me and sought comfort in the arms of another.

It is only now, twenty years after her death, that I realise she was never truly my friend. A true friend forgives you when you seek forgiveness; a true friend picks you up when you are in the pit of despair and don't know which way to turn.

That is what my wife has done for me.

She has picked up the pieces of my shattered life and slowly, determinedly, stuck them back together. She has gifted me with the peace I sought from one who was never mine.

I speak to first-years about the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron, the delicate power of liquids that creep through human veins, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses, but it is my wife who has ensnared my senses, bringing light where, for far too long, darkness dwelt.

Her voice, as she sings lullabies to our young son, is a balm to my soul as well as his. Her lullabies are brimming with love and devotion—a love that has no price attached to it.

You say I am a blessed man. I would agree with you: I have found my soul mate.

"Severus, I can feel you watching me."

"I'm not watching you, Hermione; I am merely checking that our son is safe."

Disclaimer: I don't own Pottermore; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention.

Many thanks to little_beloved for finding all my punctuation errors.

This was written for the last round of Februarys Dyno_Drabbles SS/HG Challenge. The prompt was ensnaring the senses and the word limit was 327.

