

# There Must Be

*by morgaine\_dulac*

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## At Night, There Is Hope

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus Snape is always alone. But sometimes, in the depths of night, he has hope.

He is always alone. In his classroom, the Great Hall and the staff room, at Grimmauld Place and at Death Eater meetings. Almost always surrounded by people but still alone.

Alone. Lonely. Abandoned.

People say that he seeks solitude when he patrols the corridors at night, when he hides away in the dungeons. But it is not true. It is not solitude he seeks. His loneliness is just easier to bear when he is on his own. When there are no sympathetic smiles to stand. When there are no looks filled with pity.

He does not want to be pitied.

He feels the cold creep into his very bones. But it is not the kind of cold he can keep at bay with his dark cloak. It is the kind of cold that comes from within and turns his heart into ice.

He does not want it to happen. But what options does he have?

There is no one to wrap her arms around his shoulders when he is shivering. No one to kiss away the tears he does not allow himself to cry. No one to tell him that it is alright to be weak.

He wishes there were.

Sometimes, in the depths of night, in the no-man's-land between waking and sleeping, there is.

There is a voice. Soothing, consoling. It whispers words of love and gives comfort.

There is a pair of kind eyes watching over him. They are always the same, but he cannot tell what colour they are. Once he wished them to be green. Now it doesn't matter anymore. They could just as well be blue as the spring sky or a soft brown.

There are gentle hands on his aching shoulders. Carefully, they soothe his pain. They lend him warmth.

So does her kiss.

He does not know who she is. He does not even know if she exists. But he knows that she is true to him, that she will never abandon him.

To him, she is the incarnation of hope, the epitome of love.

He hopes that he will meet her one day.

He hopes that she will warm him and comfort him and tell him that it is alright to cry.

He hopes that he will not die before he feels her touch on his skin and her breath on his lips.

He hopes that there is love.

There must be.

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A/N: Inspired by the song *Strich nicht vor mir/Don't Die Before I Do* by Rammstein.

I am not sure if this story is complete or not. Before I write more, I need to figure out who the woman is.