

His Harbour in A Storm

by savine_snape

Severus has only ever loved two women.
One was unrequited, one returns his love 1,000 fold.

Safe Haven.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus sat slumped against the marble statue. One word spun around his mind.

One word, eight letters, had wrenched her from him forever.

The November rain fell relentlessly from the granite sky. He barely registered that his clothes were soaked, that his skin was growing cold.

His love was dead.

There was nothing to fight for.

No one to care for.

His world was shattered.

He'd pleaded for her to be spared.

Sold his soul to the Devil and the Light.

It was all for nought.

He'd never see her vivid green eyes again.

He'd never hear her softly utter his name again.

His body shook as he sobbed for his childhood friend.

It was all his fault.

He had her blood on his hands.

Reaching into his sodden cloak, he retrieved his wand and with a frown of concentration he pointed the wand at the Dark Mark on his forearm.

"Sectumsempra."

"Severus... Severus, please wake up. You're frightening me."

Severus felt like he was drowning in the darkness. She was dead. He'd killed her.

"Severus, please, come back to me."

Slowly his mind cleared.

He felt warm.

He smelt jasmine and neroli.

He heard her soft voice.

His mind recalled her sweet tasting kisses.

He saw her amber eyes and mess of hair, a concerned look on her face.

"Oh, Severus, thank God!"

With that, he was wrapped in her warmth, drowned by her kisses.

She had saved him once more.

Her love was more than he deserved, but love him she did.

Wiping the tears from her cheeks he pulled her into a demanding kiss.

She was his rock, his harbour from the storm.

Despite everything he'd done, she was his and he was hers.

"I love you, Hermione," he whispered, pulling her closer, awash with gratitude as she snuggled against him.

Sleep claimed them once more.

He dreamt of her amber eyes and riotous curls and the feeling of home she engendered within him.

A plot bunny that refused to go away until it was written.

As always, I don't own the Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention.

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Hun, you rock my fanfic world. *smooches*