

Never Let Them See You Cry

by Clairvoyant

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She walked stoically along the path of destruction from the Shrieking Shack through the shambles of Hogsmeade to the wreckage of the once magnificent Hogwarts castle.

Her pace was slow and measured, the actions of a morose automaton, walking into an inevitable, perfunctory future.

She slipped past the Great Hall, stealthily avoiding hundreds of witches and wizards, manic in both their joyous celebration and deep bereavement.

She negotiated the treacherously steep, narrow, spiral stairway to the dungeons, where her lover had dwelled. The wards to his rooms dropped as she approached.

When she entered the bedroom, the ghost of his scent assaulted her unexpectedly.

She could no longer restrain the flood of unrelenting emotions which threatened to escape from her tight grasp with each step further from the Shack.

She crumpled to the floor, her body wracked by uncontrolled sobs.

When the flow of tears subsided, she crawled wearily into the bed they had secretly shared but a few times.

She hugged herself tightly, hoping for comfort, but instead, it was a bitter reminder of her loss.

Nevermore would she be cocooned in his warm embrace, nor smell the intoxicating combination of sandalwood and potion ingredients which infused his fine gabardine frock coat. Nevermore would she feel his warm, supple lips against her skin, leaving a fiery trail in their wake.

Her grieving ceased as quickly as it had commenced.

He wouldn't want her wasting tears for him; he never understood what virtue she saw in him anyway. He wouldn't want her wasting time mourning him, lamenting a future that would never come to pass.

She breathed deeply and wiped her swollen, red face with a torn, grimy sleeve; a carefully applied glamour banished the outward signs of her sorrow.

She rose from the bed, abandoning the bedclothes warm and wrinkled from the last time she would ever lie in them.

She stood tall and walked with determination, leaving the ghost-filled dungeon forever and heading toward a safe, if not happy, tomorrow.

This is the expanded version of a drabble I wrote for the undone challenge on Live Journal's GrangerSnape100 community. Many thanks to the lovely lulabelle72 for her beta services.