

# An Eye For An Eye

by luvsev

The only crime Severus doesn't regret.

## Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

The only crime Severus doesn't regret.

'An eye for an eye, it's always said; if ever those words rang true, it was the night love died, the night it was forcibly taken from the world. Her words, a mere whisper, as blood dribbled out of her open mouth, staining her pale, battered face, spoke of forgiveness as she passed from one life to the next. Her wish for peace was granted in the end; too bad she didn't live to see it.'

*A little about her and that night, perhaps,* a feminine voice said.

'She was born into violence, married into it as well, hoping, praying for an escape from the only existence she had ever known. The man she married was not the Muggle saint she imagined him to be; instead, he was the devil incarnate, creating as many scars as the Dark Lord would to a disloyal follower.'

*And that night?* The wooden chair legs scraped against the stone floor as the woman adjusted her position.

'As she lay in my arms, her delicate spirit leaving her body, I promised her I would never again let that monster, who had the audacity to call himself my father, raise a hand to another. She looked up at me, a silent plea on her bloodstained lips. She did not want me to condemn my soul for his crimes. It was too late, though she died believing I was innocent.'

'When her breathing ceased, I kissed her forehead and closed her eyes, placing a coin on each. It was only fitting I pay her final price as she had paid for my life with hers. I stood before her, hot tears streaming down my cheeks, and I said goodbye.'

*What happened next, Severus?* She clasped his hand in hers.

'I went to find him. He was lounging on the couch in the sitting room, the television on its highest volume setting, and he was laughing as though he hadn't a care in the world. I walked in front of him, and he muttered something I don't remember anymore. When I withdrew my wand and pressed it into the center of his bare chest, his eyes flew wide, pleading with me not to end his miserable life. I drew the tip of my wand down his sternum, the flesh opening as I went. He sputtered, begging me to stop, but I kept going, just as he had with my mother.'

'When the light left his eyes, I spat on him and left, setting the Dark Mark above the house. It was the ending he deserved.'

*Do you—*

'It was the only crime I never regretted, the only one I would repeat... if I had to.'

because he protected a loved one. 500 words max. Word count before A/N: 448. Also, thanks to ladyinthecloak for the beta read; you rock, dear!