

# Sometimes You Just Have to Act

by *blue artemis*

Harry does something bad in order to save someone.

## Sometimes You Just Have to Act

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Written for the Saturday Night Drabbles.

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Everyone pretended it hadn't happened, the bruises, the cowering, the shadow where there had once been a vibrant young woman. It shouldn't be true, so it was ignored.

Harry left quietly. He Apparated noisily out to a lonely little cottage in the middle of Wales.

"Come in quickly, you idiot, before everyone sees you!"

"No one can see me, Sev, there isn't anyone for miles!" Harry responded.

Severus took one look at Harry's face and walked him to the sofa. He sat on the end, pulled Harry down close to him and wrapped his arms around him.

"What happened?"

"She had a black eye this time, Sev, and her jaw looked like it was out of alignment. She is afraid of him, but she won't leave. She believes no one would have her. She doesn't believe I love her. Or that you love her. She believes his lies. We need to get her out of there."

"I agree. I have prepared something that will take care of him permanently. When are you all going out to the pubs again?"

"We are supposed to go on Friday. I really don't want to."

"Go. And when you have a chance, tell him you found a new potion to enhance sexual pleasure. But be certain to be overheard telling him that if you exert yourself too much, it can kill you. When this breaks down, they will just find a variation on a Muggle sexual performance enhancer, and he will have had a heart attack."

"All right, Sev. I trust you." Harry snuggled into Sev, and they sat together for a long time.

That Friday, Harry did as he had been told. The potion was asked for immediately, poured into the glass of ale and drunk quickly. Of course, it had to be tested. After taking the potion, he went up to one of the girls that were always hanging around, hoping to get Harry or his friends to notice them, and took her up to a room.

Ten minutes later, a piercing scream was heard.

"Oh, hell, Harry. You told him not to go crazy, we heard you."

The alibi was set.

"How the fuck are we going to keep this out of the papers? People are going to love the fact that he died fucking a fangirl in a pub."

Not one of them worried about his wife.

When the story hit the papers the next day, no one thought it could be foul play, although an exam was done for appearances' sake. The results showed a massive heart attack brought on by a Muggle performance enhancement drug.

Out in the cottage in the middle of Wales, Harry and Severus sat on the sofa, content in their action. If nothing else, they had freed her. Maybe one day, she would be willing to join them.

All of a sudden, there was a knock at the door.

Harry and Severus went to get it together.

"Welcome home, Hermione."

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A/N: Thank you to slytherinlaurel for the beta!

A/N2: Here is the prompt: I want something dark. Show me why a good character would kill someone. Who? Why?

Try not to go over 500 words please--just a short writing exercise to pack the reasoning and punch into it. Let's see if it works.

This was 499 words by Google docs.