

Karkaroff's Redemption

by kyriaofdelphi

Karkaroff discovers he still has worth to one person.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Valentine's Day in 1982.

The Wizengamot had released Karkaroff. His wife had taken rooms at the Three Broomsticks to welcome her husband back from his stay in Azkaban. She wanted their reunion to signal a new direction for his life.

The Auror who delivered him to the Three Broomsticks murmured a warning, "Don't you go getting back in trouble again, Karkaroff. I'll be looking for you."

Igor's words were conciliatory. "You don't have to warn me, Moody. I don't want anything to do with my former comrades. I just want to see my wife and go home."

Anastasia was waiting for him when he climbed the stairs to their rooms. She wept at the sight of him, silently rejoicing that he hadn't been killed. She quickly ran him a bath and ordered food for the two of them.

While he was bathing, she adjusted the decor of the room to match their home back in Kiev: black and red velvet curtains and bed coverings, white satin sheets, heavy, dark wood chairs and bed frame. She changed her nightgown to the white satin and silk one he had bought for her when they married.

The robe she took in to him was the finest black velvet trimmed in red piping. The food arrived just before he emerged from the bathroom. She set the dishes out and conjured a rose. One single rose, a Dragon Rose, to mark their reunion.

"Tasia, what is this? Why have you done this?" he asked.

"Because you are my husband, Igor, the man I love above all else. We will move forward from this. You will rise above the madman's debacle," she said passionately.

"Tasia, I will never be free of this. It is not a Muggle snake tattoo. It is the mark of the Dark Lord. I turned other followers in to save myself. They will never forget or forgive. I am nothing now. You must leave me and go on with your life," he cried.

"I will never leave you. You are my life, Igor Andreyevitch Karkaroff. We will survive this, together," she said.

When he started to turn away from her, she threw herself at him, wrapping her arms around him and kissing him passionately.

He found he could not stand against her determination to reconcile; so he lifted and carried her to the bed, finding the solace he sought in making love to her.

"white satin, a rose, a snake tattoo" was the prompt from HermioneDiggory

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