

Despair

by Keppiehed

Draco regrets.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Word Count: 167

Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Author's notes: This was written for a contest held at Death Eater Drabs. Inspiration was taken from the artwork, shown here:<http://community.livejournal.com/deatheaterdrabs/23127.html?view=319831#t319831>. And thanks to my beta, one of the best there is to be found.

Do it for yourself ... you'll be one of us ... forever ...

The bite of the mark, searing itself onto the unblemished flesh, was nothing like the brand he would carry on his soul. He could feel himself turning black, running dark like ruined ink on a parchment. He would live to regret this. He already did.

"You're a man now."

The pride in his father's voice, the shine in his eyes nearly enough to wipe away the stain.

Nearly.

The weight of the world bowed his head. An errant shaft of sunlight broke through the gray, hitting his shoulders, illuminating him where he stood. If only it could wash him as clean as it seemed to promise, he mused. The motes danced, suspended for a moment, until the sun was eclipsed once again, and Draco was left in the gloom of the deserted hallway.

He would have to learn to take comfort where he could from now on, in the shadow and all alone.