

# All I Wanted

*by Electra Avalon*

I'm standing here now in that place where we first met. Where your auburn hair shone like flames in the setting rays of the late June sun. I knew what you were the moment that I first laid eyes on you. I knew that you would be brilliant, strong, kind-hearted. And yet in the end none of it really mattered, not to me, because you were the only person who could see me for who I really was and that was enough.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I would like to give special thanks to LovlyRita for the immense support she gave me when writing this one-shot. Needless to say it was rather emotional and I was bawling as I typed.

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All I wanted was you. All I had ever wanted in this Merlin forsaken world was you. But you left me. Left me to rot and decay from the inside out until there was nothing left but an empty shell. A shell soon filled with anger, hate, self-loathing and an unquenchable thirst. And yet, I knew that it would all go, the pain would ease, if only you came back to me. But you didn't. You left me and all I had ever wanted was you.

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The swings have rusted and decayed with time and neglect, and the old oak tree that we used to sit under for hours during the summer and act as if nothing was amiss is barren, cold. The area now has a haunted look around it, nothing like the vibrancy and warmth it had in our youth, nothing like the vibrancy and warmth I felt when you first smiled at me. It seems like a life time ago and yet, deep down, I know that it isn't, not really, merely a few years, and if I had known then how this would have all turned out, I would have treasured our time here, together, so much more.

I would never have made you sad, never made you cry. Merlin how I hate myself for ever causing you pain! It tears at me even now after all these years, haunts me, chills me. I hurt you in the worst way imaginable, and yet still I seek your forgiveness, your absolution of my sins against you, even though you can never give it, even though you shouldn't. And yet I know you well enough to know that you would without a moment's hesitation.

Gods you were brilliant. You never let anything anyone said about you bother you visibly. You just took it in your stride and carried on, but I knew different because I held you. I held you as you sobbed over what the others in my House had said to you, about you, done to you. I held you as you cried over Potter and his friends tormenting you, never leaving you alone. And not once did I mind because in those moments you were mine and I was holding you in my arms.

Of course as we got older, we fell prey to House politics, we knew that it wouldn't; couldn't last. That eventually we would be forced from each other no matter how much

we wished not to be, no matter how much we wished that they would all just go to Hell or that we could forget about it. And yet in those sweet days of summer we could forget.

The naivety of youth. Perhaps if I had listened to the Sorting Hat and gone to Gryffindor or Ravenclaw then we would still be together, you would still be here and I could hold you, could tell you that everything would be alright. But in hindsight everything could be perfect and I could have you with me forever. You were perfect to me. You saw through my defences that I built, you helped me, challenged me and by Merlin you made me feel alive and wanted. And yet this is how things have unfolded for us. Perhaps hindsight is not such a wonderful thing.

After all, it seems that even though you've left a part of you still remains to help me, guide me. Something that is in essence, you. It both comforts me, to know that there is a piece of you still here, and yet haunts me more than any act I have ever committed. It is my reminder of what I did to you. How I failed you. How I betrayed you.

How could I have been so foolish? You had warned me about them all, tried to guide me away from them and yet I didn't listen, not really. I thought that I knew what I had been doing when really it turned out that I knew nothing at all. And yet still, the question remains why? Why did I turn against you when you needed me most? It would be so easy to tell you that it was because of your involvement with Potter, that what I perceived as your betrayal led me to listen to their lies, to let myself be consumed by the anger and hate that I had felt for so long. No, that was never the reason. I'd like to think that it was because I thought that I could protect you, that I could prevent anything from harming you further than I already had, but I can neither lie to you nor myself any longer. I was weak. I allowed myself to be lured by the promise of power, of anything that I wanted because what I wanted most of all was you.

I wanted you back by my side as we used to be. I wanted us to laugh together again. Stupidly, I let myself believe that I could win you back with power. Who was I trying to fool?

And yet when it really mattered, when it seemed that I really, truly would lose you forever, I finally made what I thought was the right decision. I had to protect you. But even that couldn't go right for me because you were simply being you. You were being the girl that I grew up with, the girl I was best friends with, the girl that I loved more than anything else. What I wouldn't give to see you, to hold you one last time.

That's why I'm here of course. I feel like I can be close to you here. I know that it's selfish of me, but I sometimes find myself wishing that your son had died instead because then at least you would still be here, even if you despised me when you found out the truth. I could have lived with that and yet I know that you couldn't. Perhaps it is better that the boy remained. He has your eyes, that same deep and bright emerald colour that I could stare at for hours and never tire of looking into.

I could have drowned in your eyes, your scent, your voice. And yet it wouldn't have felt like drowning because it was you. And yet I turned you away when all you wanted to do was help. It felt like the beginning of the end but really we were doomed the moment that we first met. Here. On the swing set at the bottom Spinner's End.

It's almost time for the final pieces of this war we're fighting to come together, and yet I couldn't help but be selfish one last time. I know that you aren't here, not really, but yet I wish that you were. I do not expect to survive what is to come and yet I find that the thought no longer bothers me. I wish that wherever you are you could come to me one last time to help me through what I must do, to guide me to where I have to go. To bring me to you. To bring me home.