

Nothing Lost

by *BulletTimeScully*

"There is nothing lost but may be found, if sought."

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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~*~*~*~*~

Broken bodies.

Broken homes.

Broken hearts.

Broken dreams.

Broken souls.

Hermione was only one of those lost souls; her innocence had been squandered, wasted between war, fear, and desperation; her once bright light had flickered and died, used up while battling the darkness.

She had grown cold, withdrawing from everyone and everything she had once loved.

Except for *him*.

Him she sought out, her broken soul desperately imploring to his own shattered humanity.

Know me... hold me... touchmelovemeneedmefuckme...

Help me...

She *needed* him, for although she was broken beyond repair, he was the most broken of them all...

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It began with a muffled sound of despair... a barely opened door....

Hermione allowed Severus to see her there.

Instead of raging at her, however, he simply turned away, ashamed.

He stood placidly, sensing her advance. The tension growing between them – between their splintered, fragile souls – was tangible.

The once infallible Princess and the once proud Prince had both fallen from grace. They knew it, accepted it.. *hated* it.

If only there was a way... a way to stop the pain.

But no...

Let her laugh.

Let *him* sneer at her weakness.

Let *her* pity his.

Neither cared any longer.

~*~*~*~*~

There was no laughter in her eyes, however, as she moved to stand before him.

No sneer marred his face when she reached out to run a trembling hand over his damp cheek.

Their eyes held only a sad truth: they *understood*.

His eyes also held a silent desperation that almost took her to her knees. This once proud Prince was now a sad, angry pauper, and God help her but maybe... just maybe... *he* needed someone too.

She held her breath as his dark, troubled gaze bore into her own... and suddenly, without warning, they were rushing... spinning... *falling*...

~*~*~*~*~

He struggled to push her from his mind, from the madness of his thoughts, and she struggled to push him from her mind as well. It was unintended, but a violation nonetheless.

Severus' mind was a black, twisted forest, covered in ice and snow. The wind howled, screaming torturously through the sharp, barren branches. Hermione could hear far-off screams, desolate and terrified, and she could smell the acrid scent of old, dried blood.

She knew he had tortured, murdered, and raped... and the screams and smells of that lost innocence chilled her to the core.

His guilt was his Hell.

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Hermione's own mind was a wasteland. Storm-clouds drifted on the far horizon, swirling and rolling in the eerie half-light. Lightning split the sky, and the smell of sulfur and rain drifted across the desolation.

She had lost everything she had ever held dear, and this vast nothingness was her Purgatory.

Severus heard nothing but the sound of the wind and the occasional rumble of distant thunder; he wanted to flee... to scream.

But when the first caress reached out across the ether, and they each felt their own darkness... *waver*... they had grasped frantically at the last vestige of hope.

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With their minds linked the sensations were overwhelming... hot, wet, hard, soft, trembling, wanting... *needing*.

She felt...

Oh God...

Hermione felt his hands on her, the rough scrape of stone against her back, the warm wet press of his lips against hers, and the hot, hard heat of him as he thrust into her.

Severus could feel her hands in his hair, gripping with frightening intensity as she pulled his mouth to hers. Her hands brushed intimately against him, and then he was sinking into tight, wet heat.

She burned...

Oh God...

... and he willingly succumbed to the flames.

~*~*~*~*~

In that moment, when raw need and quiet desperation had so brutally forced them together, they exorcised their demons...

Images, sounds, smells, thoughts, feelings, wishes, hopes, truths, and lies.

Their minds – once parasites leeching their life and humanity – were now their power. They had found a way to fight the darkness that threatened them every moment of every day, even if it only meant sharing it between them so that neither one carried the entire burden.

They shared horrors, tragedies, losses... and months later, when they realized they could never be apart and be entirely whole, they shared love.

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The title comes from the quote: "There is nothing lost but may be found, if sought." It's from *Sense and Sensibility*. Colonel Brandon is reading to Marianne from *The Faerie Queen* by Edmund Spenser.