

And I'll Hold You Tightly, I'll Give You Nothing But Truth

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Bill and Fleur struggle after tragedy strikes their marriage.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This story contains the sensitive topic of miscarriage. You have been warned.

Bill watched as Fleur moved about the kitchen slowly, her movements showing just how lethargic she felt. A frown was etched upon his face; his worry increasing by the day. He had thought, hoped even, that by now, Fleur would have begun to move forward. But judging by the look of her, that clearly wasn't the case.

He had barely moved on himself. Hell, what had happened to them was something that you really couldn't move on from, not really. He pretended that he was okay, but deep down, Bill knew he wasn't.

Fleur had miscarried.

Miscarriage, Bill thought, *was something that should never have happened to us*. He cringed; just thinking about it made him feel dirty.

She was four months along when it happened. The small child had been conceived during their honeymoon, and despite the War raging on around them, the two of them had been very excited at the prospect of being parents.

That all changed one night when Fleur cried out in pain and clutched her tiny bump. Bill still saw the blood in his dreams, and it seemed no matter how hard he tried to put it past him, he couldn't.

Just a small bump, which was torn from existence right before their eyes.

He didn't know why, and neither did the medi-witches. The pregnancy had been progressing well, so the miscarriage was a surprise. His Mum gently suggested that maybe this was the way the all-knowing being upstairs knew it wasn't the right time.

But he couldn't help but think of their child. He was sure she would have been a girl, with Fleur's blonde hair and big blue eyes. She would have been perfect, from the top of her head to the bottom of her tiny toes.

Fleur hadn't spoken since then. It had been three weeks, and she had become so withdrawn that Bill wasn't sure if she was even all there. Fleur was alive, but she wasn't living anymore.

He knew she blamed herself for the miscarriage, but despite him telling her that he didn't blame her, she still felt guilty.

"Miscarriages are hard things to get over, Bill. In fact, many marriages end because of them"

That's what his mother had told them, and he didn't want to believe her, but now he was seeing the possibility of it happening. There was just so much grief and anguish in their relationship, he didn't know if they'd ever be all right again. Bill fervently hoped they would. He loved Fleur with all of his heart, and this didn't change anything.

The sound of the door slamming shut jerked Bill from his thoughts. Moving towards the window, he watched as Fleur made her way down to the beach, the sunset glowing in the background, turning the whole sky a mixture of orange and pink. She was carrying something in her hand, but he couldn't see what.

A sigh escaped his lips as he moved towards the door. He knew she'd want to be alone, but he didn't want her to be alone anymore.

Bill didn't bother putting on any shoes, allowing the sand to slip between his toes in a soothing feeling. He loved living on the beach like this; it really was perfect.

He made his way towards her, stopping a few feet away.

Fleur was in the water, almost knee deep. She looked out over the ocean, allowing the waves to crash into her. In her hand was a small white daisy, looking slightly crushed from her gripping it so hard.

She didn't turn back to look at him, nor acknowledge him in any way, but he knew she knew he was there. So he watched silently, wondering what she was doing.

Moments later her shoulders shook and he knew she was crying.

Bill wanted to move forward and take her into his arms, to kiss her and tell her that he loved her dearly, but he held back. He could tell this was just something that she needed to do.

So he let her. He watched as his wife cried, letting out all her pain and anguish, and before he knew it, Bill felt tears running down his cheeks too.

It just isn't fair. Why did this happen to us? What did we possibly do to deserve something this awful?

And then Fleur screamed. She let the white daisy fall into the water, the waves coming up and taking it into their depths.

Turning, she walked past Bill, not even sparing him a glance.

But he wasn't hurt by her actions, he simply let her go. She'd probably go to bed, and he'd join her a few hours later, neither of them speaking.

He felt someone shaking him. "What?" he whispered groggily into the darkness.

It was quiet, and he was sure for a moment he had imagined it. And then he heard her speak. "Bill?"

His heart soared; she was finally speaking to him! "Fleur, sweetheart, it's barely daybreak... What is it?"

And Fleur moved closer, wrapping her arms around his body. She buried her face into his chest, inhaling deeply. "I've missed you," she whispered after a moment and he just knew she was back.

Bill pressed a kiss to the top of her head, running his fingers through her hair. They would get through it, healing slowly but surely.