Cold Winter Morning

by Ariellabella

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The cold icy wind whipped her hair out behind her as she stood at the edge of the lake. The water was covered with a thin layer of ice, and the sky was a light grey. Her breath created a small cloud every time she exhaled. Wrapping her robes tighter around her, she gazed out onto the snow-dusted landscape.

"I didn't think you'd show up." The voice came from behind her, and she didn't have to turn around to know who it was. A tear rolled down her cheek, and she closed her eyes. It seemed to leave a freezing path down her cheek.

"I didn't either," she replied, eyes still closed against the world.

She heard the snow crunching as he stepped around her. "The lake's so beautiful this time of the year."

"Yeah," she replied. They stood in silence before she spoke again. "Just tell me," her voice was low, "was she good?"

"Shit, Hermione." His hands gripped her shoulders. "Don't do this."

She pushed his hands away and backed up. "Don't say that!" she snapped. Her eyes flew open, and she locked eyes with him. "Was she, Draco! Was she good enough for you?"

"No, Hermione!" he yelled and turned his back on her. His shoulders shook slightly. "I hated it. I didn't even want to do it with her. When you broke up with me, I was trying everything I could to ease the pain. I drank until I could barely see. Nothing helped. She came along while I was stumbling through the hall, pulled me into the room and jumped me." He turned to look at her, tears filling his eyes, a cold look on his face. "You know why she left, why you caught her leaving the room? It was because I couldn't do it, she got on me, and all I could think about was you. It's all I think about; I started--" His voice faltered, and he blushed slightly. "I started to cry."

Hermione's face fell, and she stepped closer to him. She hadn't realized how much he cared; she broke up with him because she thought he didn't care.

"After that, I spent the rest of the night puking my guts out, and it wasn't because of the alcohol. Oh, no, I couldn't get her off me, her smell, her taste, the feel of her skin. It sickened me. I felt like I'd betrayed you, even though we were broken up." He shook his head then turned and began to walk away.

Hermione hesitated and then made up her mind. She ran to him and turned him around. He looked down at her as a tear trailed down his face. Standing on her toes, she bent forward, placing a kiss over the falling tear. She pulled back and looked him in the eye, hope flashed through them, and she brought her lips down over his. One of his hands landed on the small of her back, pulling her into him; the other ran through her hair, stopping at the top of her neck. She pulled back slightly, their lips a breath apart.

"You're mine," she whispered. "I'll never leave you again." He shuddered and caught her up in his arms. His warmth surrounded her, pushing away the cold. Her feet dangled inches from the ground as he held her tight to him, deepening their kiss.

"Never," he whispered back.