

Stains on Satin Sheets

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Draco and Hermione face what they've become during the last months of the second war. Songfic using 'Something I Can Never Have' by NIN (Quotations are in bold)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I still recall the taste of your tears.

Echoing your voice just like the ringing in my ears.

"It's over!" she screamed, voice quivering as yet more tears threatened to spill from her eyes. Tears that lingered on his lips long after her form slipped into darkness that night in the alleyway. Long after her footsteps were drowned out by resounding silence, leaving only those two words tattooed in his mind. 'It's over...'

My favorite dreams of you still wash ashore.

Scraping through my head 'till I don't want to sleep anymore.

The sheets were tangled around her legs as she tried in vain to throw off her blankets. An unheard of heatwave had taken her as she tried to sleep, as she tried to chase away the nightmarish visions and sinful passions with something, anything, else. Sweat plastered strands of hair to her forehead as she tossed and turned, as she fought for relief from the sudden warmth; yet, all she could feel were his hands making goosebumps on her flesh. She could still feel his warm breath in her ears, and sleep was no where to be found.

Come on tell me.

"Tell me you don't want this," he'd purred, hands slipping under her shirt, as she protested with her words and encouraged with every unconscious movement of her body. "Look me in the eye, and tell me you don't want me."

You make this all go away.

'The death toll continues to climb as ten more mutilated bodies were discovered in a mass grave near Bristol last evening.

You make this all go away.

'No symbol or message was found associated with the gruesome crime scene, leading on-site Aurors to suspect this may be yet another unfortunate set of citizen-driven hate crimes fueled by the tension of the war.'

I'm down to just one thing.

And I'm starting to scare myself.

His reflection frightened him, and it had little to do with the coarse tattoo etched into his arm. Pale blonde hair had grown limp, lifeless. Almost ash-colored skin seemed to be pulled too taut against an increasingly visible frame. Dark circles dug deep under his eyes. His eyes... That was the most horrifying part, wasn't it? He had his father's eyes.

You make this all go away.

'In related news, a similar scene was found with three victims just this morning near The Dragon's Den, a pureblood-only inn in southeastern London. Officials refuse to comment on whether or not this is retaliation for the earlier crime.'

You make this all go way.

'No word yet as to the identity of any of the victims but, as always, the WWN will be right here every step of the way.'

I just want something.

"I am not another pretty bauble for your collection..."

I just want something I can never have.

"Don't walk away from me!"

You always were the one to show me how.

Back then I couldn't do the things that I can do now.

Yet another nameless face went slack in the darkened corners of the city. Yet another pair of eyes to gloss over, forever reflecting that last penetrating blast of green light. She gripped the wand until her fingernails cut deep half-moon ridges into her palms, and she told herself there was only one way to fight fire. On the cold November wind, she could almost hear his laughter.

This thing is slowly taking me apart.

Grey would be the color if I had a heart.

It burned on the way down. Pale fingers played at the rim of the glass, circling slowly as words floated on the smoke filled air. Gray eyes almost mingled and mixed with the dingy smoke. They never left the dark color of the liquor. "You owe me more than that. You owe me your life. And I won't ask again."

"Are you sure?" the man asked, voice strangely low even for the paranoid environment of the neutral pub. His younger counterpart leaned across the worn and battered wooden table. He only nodded, a small smile creeping onto his lips but not daring to touch his eyes. "Very well. Watch the papers. He should be dead within the week."

Come on tell me.

"What is wrong with you?"

She spun on her heel, sensing the fight coming even before she saw that look. His face was already flushed, and the multitude of freckles across his cheeks and forehead melted together. "I said I'm going out." Her voice sounded bland to her own ears. Hollow. "I have work to do..."

There was an attempt to pepper a bit of caring into his tone. It failed. "There is more to life than work, hun."

Cringing inwardly at the pet name, she headed back to the door. Let him follow. Let him stay. It really was all the same. "Not when it's all you have." Not when it's the life that you can't lead.

Come on tell me.

"Are you alright?"

He nodded more to himself than the girl curled at his side, eyes set deep into the shadows over the bed. Moonlight dared filter in from the open balcony door, and the night breeze made her shiver against him. "I'm fine."

"Talk to me." The young girl propped herself against his chest, casting big blue eyes in his direction.

Even after it all, he could still laugh. At her, at himself mostly the latter. "I would if there were anything left to say. Go to sleep."

You make this all go away.

'Though a few reports have speculated just the opposite, all our contacts here at WWN have noticed an actual decrease in both violence and casualties as a result of the war.'

You make this all go away.

'Some believe this could mean an end to the bloodshed occurring in the streets and in view of the Muggle populace due to concerns for their continued ignorance; however, most believe this as only the eye of the storm.'

I'm down to just one thing.

And I'm starting to scare myself.

Her reflection terrified her, and it had nothing to do with the scars littering her shoulder. Her once unruly hair had grown flat and frazzled at the ends, nothing more than a ball of fluff once she pulled it from her face for work. Subtle lines had started to dig deep into the skin around her mouth, aging her far before her time. Dark circles were painted under her eyes by an unskilled hand blended with her dark eyes to form deep holes in her flesh. But her eyes... Her eyes were the worst.

Her eyes were dead.

You make this all go way.

'A Muggle farmer was the first of seven to find a Dark Mark hovering above his small town before sunrise yesterday. Six of the Marks formed a large circle in the countryside and the true crime was only found this evening.'

You make this all go way.

'The central Mark was found hovering above a run-down barn that was the location of the first war-related murder in the past month.'

I just want something.

"Why are you doing this?!"

I just want something I can never have.

"Your Mudblood whore happens to belong to someone else. That's reason enough."

In this place it seems like such a shame.

The house was empty. His presence had grown far from comforting, but it was missed from the moment she walked through the door, and, as much as she'd wished for his absence, she ran through each room looking for a sign of life. Any sign. But he was gone. Second-hand clothes, wand, stupid Quidditch posters he'd insisted on plastering on the door of their bedroom... Gone. And the house seemed dead without him.

Though it all looks different now,

I know it's still the same.

He read and reread the parchment. He should have been pleased. Hell, he should have been ecstatic. He should have felt something. It was over. The boy was dead. What they'd had together was gone, over such a long time ago, but this seemed to place the final nail in a long-rotted coffin. But it was the finality of it all that made him numb. Over. She'd left so long ago, pushed him aside for whatever warmth could be found in another's now dead arms, but he'd held out hope.

The parchment set aflame almost as soon as it touched the fire under the hearth, and he fought a laugh. Hope. How quaint.

Everywhere I look you're all I see.

Just a fading fucking reminder of who I used to be.

The silver signet ring shimmered in the light of the fire. She twirled it around her finger, played with it endlessly until any real thought fled and only the sound of silence remained to comfort her. Occasionally, a memory would flash across her bland eyes, but the silence always pushed it away. It was her security, that incredible lacking. The void.

It wasn't until the owl nipped at the back of her hand that she realized she'd left the window open. She recognized the untidy scrawl on the parchment but thought against going. He'd left the house to summon her half-way across the country. She barely had the energy left.

But she finally got up. In the end, she was a creature of habit. And when any semblance of love died, there was only loyalty.

Come on tell me.

"What are you doing here?"

She was a beautiful wreck on his doorstep and, until his last breath, he remembered the sound of the raindrops drizzling from the tips of her hair onto the marble floor of the foyer. Her eyes glistened in tune with the stormy weather, each lightning strike reflecting in those brown pools. It was only when she opened her mouth to speak that he realized that gleam had nothing to do with the tears. He should have recognized the familiar look of pain.

You make this all go away.

'...Auror was found this morning by his girlfriend and fellow Auror...'

You make this all go away.

'Both officials and the media have called this nothing less than a premeditated hit against a trio so prominent in the war.'

I'm down to just one thing.

And I'm starting to scare myself.

He looked surprised as she walked through his front door and, in the back of her mind, she was shocked as well. It seemed ultimately wrong far worse than whatever they'd done before. There was a puddle of dirty water pooling on his clean, expensive floors and it was all so muted. The earth should have shook at the blasphemy. She didn't belong there in every sense possible and yet there was only that damned stillness. Even the confused expression etched on a face she barely recognized was frozen in that span of time.

When she spoke up, it barely broke the silence. "Tell me you had nothing to do with it..."

You make this all go way.

The familiar green glow filtered in through the great bay window above the door, casting the entire foyer in its light.

You make this all go way.

Every antique statue wore a horrific grimace in that light. Every heirloom painting was that of a grotesque mask.

I just want something.

"What have you done?!"

I just want something I can never have.

"I thought you'd find the color comforting."

I just want something.

"Do you?"

I just want something I can never have.

"Answer the question."

I just want something I can never have.

"Don't make me lie to you."

Think I know what you meant.

His gums ached from clenching his jaw. It took effort to keep their gazes locked, to not look away as those brown orbs pierced inside his mind. She could always do that see right to the core of him. That pain muted the color of the Dark Mark hovering over his house and made the wand pressed against his throat only an afterthought.

That night on my bed.

He reached out, hand still so smooth as it brushed against her neck. She fought the shiver that went down her spine at his touch. That feeling, she'd never forgotten it. It was the best alcohol, the worst drug...

Still picking at this scab.

The smirk eased onto his face without effort as he pulled her close. For the first time since she'd walked into the darkness, the world faded from sight. The weight that had rested on his shoulders was lifted in her hated and wanted presence. "I did it for you. I wanted to set you free."

I wish you were dead.

"Avada Kedavra!"

His body crumpled like an unwanted ragdoll, beautiful face forever a mask of deceit. Of lies. Of that loving look that played in his eyes as her curse fell. A single tear slipped down her cheek as Hermione tossed her wand on top of his chest and pulled a vial from her pocket. The poison burned on the way down.

"You did set me free, Draco."

Your sweat and Perry Ellis.

Just stains on my sheets.

Two lifeless hands brushed together in the harsh light of the Mark. Their mingled blood stained the floor of Malfoy manor. Fifty miles away, a lord of darkness fell, a war ended, and there was only the silence.