

Explanation Due

by Anastasia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: My thanks to all those who read. Thank you to Ariadne AWS for her keen eye and wonderful encouragement.

Dust swirled in delicate circles across the floor, silently spiraling from the shadows to the light. His fingertips swayed in the center, orchestrating the display. His hand flexed slowly, and the cyclone spun furiously before easing once more.

Hermione watched Severus sleep, his face betraying no emotion, no regret.

The cool stillness demanded deep thought, holding her mind just under the surface, caught between dreams and denial.

The sleep of the innocent, she thought, watching the first light touch his hair. The sun would soon make its way into the room, but she knew he would not wake.

Her mind replayed that night relentlessly.

The battle raging into its third night; their eyes met in the moonlight colored blood red by violent magic. Severus then charged, shoved her aside and leveled his wand at Remus. His voice casting the Killing Curse rose above them all, cutting through the roar of duels and destruction. Tonks' scream of timeless grief, and then the insurmountable amount of hexes and curses seeking justice...

Hermione didn't know what kind of man she would find should he awaken. Her only wish was that he had an explanation.

As his wife, she deserved that much.