

# Only Her

*by Anastasia*

The quiet before the storm.

## Only Her

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The quiet before the storm.

*AN: Time: Still oh so not ready for the PR drabble booth.*

*Disclaimer: It's all JK's. Just playing.*

*Prompt: From Ariadne : Fleur, a mirror, Hermione, and a window.*

*Words: Crack, spin, and tumble*

*And out of that, came this...*

---

He could see Fleur Delacour sitting in front of a tall mirror and Hermione nodding in distracted agreement before turning to stare out the cracked window.

The sadness in her eyes struck him first.

He inclined his head a fraction. She returned the gesture – then turned away.

There was no guilt, only a dark sense of resolution. It would happen.

It had to.

Brittle leaves tumbled and spun around the hem of his robes as the wind swept through the trees.

The sky was menacing, the air alive with predators biding their time.

He would save her.

Only her.