

Regret

by HermioneWeasley1972

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The house was silent. His room was just as he had left it – she didn't allow it to be touched, no matter who had insisted. For most of his life, she hadn't dared to show her true feelings. How she had hated the way he was treated.

Opening the door, she looked into the room but once again didn't go in. How many times had she stood outside the door, wanting to go inside but at the last minute turning away? That was just like her. She had always turned away.

She turned away when she should have stood up to her husband. When he treated him badly, she should have said something. But she was weak, and her husband had preyed on her weakness. The few times she had stood up, she had been punished. She had been afraid that one day he would be pushed too far and then who would be there for the child? So she had been submissive.

But her husband was now a prisoner, a prisoner of his values, his greed, and his principals. For the first time in years, she was free. Free to speak her mind, free to protect him, free to do what she wanted. But it was too late. For she had lost everything.

She went about her daily routine, but her movements seemed forced. Visitors came and went and still she kept up the facade which she always held. No one knew the turmoil which was brewing inside of her. No one knew the true pain she was going through.

Before she went to bed, she stopped at his room again. This time, when she opened the door, she put one foot in before drawing it out again. No, tonight wasn't the night. Perhaps tomorrow.

Days passed, and each day she would go a little further into the room. She could see his bed and his old broom which had been discarded when he had received his new one. Dust covered the surfaces, but she didn't care. This was the only room of the house which wasn't immaculate. She just couldn't bring herself to change anything.

So many memories. Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes as she thought about the pain he had gone through while he was growing up. Like herself, he hadn't allowed himself to show his true feelings. Not to others, anyway. But there had been rare times when he had shared his thoughts and feelings with her, the times when *he* wasn't home and couldn't hear.

He had been so strong, doing what was demanded of him without complaint or question. She alone could see the pain in his eyes. She alone could stop it. And she alone didn't.

Leaving the house, she knew where she was headed. She went there every week to visit him, to talk to him even though she knew he couldn't hear, and to tell him how sorry she was.

Finally, after walking around the many obstacles which lay in her path, she reached him.

"I've come again, just as I said I would," she said with tears in her eyes. "I am sorry for the way you were treated. You deserved better, and I should have stood up for you against him. I hope now that you have found peace."

She turned and walked away so that he wouldn't see her tears. As she walked away, a shape came into view. A mausoleum.

Draco Malfoy

Born 5 June, 1980

Died 21 July, 1998

Beloved son