

# Haunted

*by Anastasia*

A conversation and some light reading.

## Haunted

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Alas, they belong to JKR.

*AN: A bit of light reading in the dark. Thanks to Ariadne who is always up for my bits of fic.*

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The air always felt heavier there, demanding sincerity and conviction; a melancholy memory drifting aimlessly through a torn soul.

Deep grey light filtered through the thick curtains, the low firelight illuminating ornate stitch-work admired long ago as beautiful, now left to linger on the dull edge of death.

As she sat in a large armchair, he turned his head slightly – then returned to his reading, choosing to stand.

"You prefer the darkness still?" she asked casually.

A long silence spread, laced with an undercurrent of invasion.

His shoulders tensed as he turned a page.

"It has never betrayed me."

Hermione nodded solemnly and slid her fingers along the top of her book, finding the mark. "That's true, but do you need it still?"

He took time to drag his next page over, the friction of the paper scratching loudly.

"Why do you continue to ask such questions – and come here to haunt me?"

She grimaced as she tilted her head and opened her book, her fingertips trailing across the words, falling through. "Haunt is a strong word."

"After twenty years, such things should be left alone."

She leaned back, letting her eyes lose focus with the low flames. "Should they?"

Somehow, the stiffening of his shoulders had lost its satisfaction over the years.

The book's sliding home on the shelf echoed through the stale air, sending a cascade of dust to the floor.

"After all, Severus. You did kill me."