

Points of Departure

by lux_astraea

Some goodbyes are more permanent than others....

Points of Departure

Chapter 1 of 1

Some goodbyes are more permanent than others....

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters. If I did, my name would be J.K. Rowling.

~~*

"[...]"

"Shh, no need for words anymore," he whispered softly to her. She nodded and took comfort in the embrace, sighing softly before inhaling his scent deep into her lungs.

He held her tightly for what seemed in that moment like forever, but that still would never be long enough. Pulling back, he looked at her smiling wistfully, and, running his index finger down her cheek and along her jaw line gently, he turned and left without a word.

She watched his retreating figure walk down the hall way and out of her life, tears falling unnoticed from her eyes.

~~*

She sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled a pillow close, putting her face into it and breathing in deeply in an attempt to smell him one more time.

Looking about the room she sighed. It seemed so empty without his presence here. He'd never moved anything of his own into the room, but all the same it was as if he'd taken important things out of it... just like he'd taken things out of her heart.

Standing up, she put the pillow back in its right place and set her jaw in determination. She'd manage... somehow.

~~*

She shook her head, unwilling to believe. *It can't... it just can't be true*, she told herself.

It had been a long time, almost three years. Time enough for her to learn how to ignore that missing part of her heart and to pretend it'd never happened. Time enough to persuade herself that one day she'd see him again. That one day he'd walk back into that room like he'd never been away.

But looking into their eyes, she knew she was wrong. He was never coming back.

Never.

Never.

She slid to the ground against the wall and cried.

~~*

She stood alone, staring into the open space beyond the trees, her eyes dry. She'd done her crying, her mourning, and said her goodbyes three years ago.

Her hand grasped the headstone tightly, and she turned to look at it. For minutes she read and re-read the inscription, her hand never leaving its surface.

After a while she turned, breathing in fresh air, her eyes closed. She felt lighter now, at peace.

It still hurt. She knew it always would. But she knew she'd be okay.

Taking one last look at the gravestone, she walked away.

She'd not come back.

~~*