

Always

by Lady Whitehart

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was my contribution to Romancing the Wizard's first Post-DH challenge. Challenge Fifteen: Deathly Hallows Missing Scenes gave members the chance the write romantic scenes that weren't in DH but would have been nice to see.

WARNING: The following should not be read without a box of tissues handy.

Always

Severus sat on a battered chair on the first floor of the Shrieking Shack. His head was buried in his hands. Soon his failure would be complete. Soon Lily's son would be dead. He slipped his hand into the pocket of his robes, pulling out the half of a wizarding photograph his, a scrap of a letter with her signature, and his memories were all he had left of her. His long finger lovingly traced her hair as he stared at the laughing face of Lily Evans e would *never* think of her as Lily Potter. How many times had they shared laughter? What kind of a life could they have had if he had changed when she had wanted him to do so?

"I love you, Lily. Everything I've done has been for you," he whispered to the image.*But I don't know how to finish what I've started.*

I know you will find a way, Severus. Lily continued to smile at him, but he wasn't heartened much.

Since he had been summoned from the battlefield, he had been filled with a feeling of foreboding; nothing good could possibly come from this sudden meeting with the Dark Lord. He needed to find Potter to deliver the last bit of information the brat needed to complete his task. Now he was stranded here instead of seeking out the boy, and he could feel that time was running out.

I'm sorry, Lily, he thought, staring down at the face he had loved since he was a skinny boy of nine.

There was no accusation in those beautiful eyes, just love, happiness, and encouragement.*Don't give up, Severus.*

He was with McGonagall. I know he was Severus thought forcefully. Staggering to his feet, he began to pace. He wanted her to know that he ~~had~~ tried. *The other teachers attacked me. There were too many of them, and I couldn't get to him. I was hoping to find him on the grounds, but he wasn't there.*

Please, don't stop trying. It sounded like Lily was about to cry. He hated the very thought of her crying. She should be at peace now, not worrying or crying over things of this world. He had taken over the worrying and the pain because he loved her, and it was partly his fault that she had died.

I will, but it won't make a difference.

Reassured, he released his fragile hold on this life and hoped that the next would finally bring him to Lily, would bring him peace.