

Scream

by Pipperstorms

Oh, Merlin, it hurts. Everything hurts. I can't even see straight. Oh, forget seeing; I can't think straight. All I know is that we're all going to die. We're all going to die, and it's going to be ridiculously painful. I shouldn't have to die like this. No one my age should have to die like this. Yet here we all are, fighting for our lives and losing.

I Swore I'd Never Let Her Go

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: This is by far my favorite story that I have written. I hope you enjoy it as much as I do. The line: 'She couldn't scream while I held her close, I swore I'd never let her go.' Belongs to the Killers from the song "Jenny was a Friend of Mine." Great song, great song. Please enjoy.

Mandatory Disclaimer: Everything Harry Potter, including the characters and settings do not belong to me, rather to the wonderful JK Rowling and her affiliates

I Swore I'd Never Let Her Go

Oh, Merlin, it hurts. Everything hurts. I can't even see straight. *Bloody Hell*, forget seeing; I can't think straight. All I know is that we're all going to die. We're all going to die, and it's going to be ridiculously painful. I shouldn't have to die like this. No one my age should have to die like this. Yet, here we all are, fighting for our lives and losing. But no, somehow I don't regret that I'm on the losing side. I really should regret it. I should be ashamed of my treasonous acts, but I'm not. I knew that either way this war was going to be the death of me. But I'm doing the right thing; for once in my life, I'm doing the right thing. If I wasn't here dying tonight, I'd be killed in the morning. At least now I'm not dying like a coward. Let that be known, despite my horrendous reputation, *I am not a coward*.

I try standing up, and quite frankly, I'm surprised my legs still work after being on the receiving end of so many curses. At least two Cruciatus Curses came my way, which could be why my head hurts so much. But it doesn't matter much that my head hurts. I can't very well ask the person currently firing at me to stop on account of that, now can I? No, I thought not, as it seems unlikely for them to stop unless I do them some serious harm. Maybe if I burn his skin off he'll leave me alone? Doubtful. They're a stubborn lot.

Aghh... not again. Whatever they just fired at me hurts far too much to be good for me. I have to do something about this, fast if possible. Even I know I'm not supposed to bleed this much.

I have no idea what curse I just used, but apparently it worked. My attacker is on the ground, withering in pain. Actually, now that I've gotten a look at their face, I'm pretty sure I knew them once. It's a shame really; I think I might have killed them. Again, I know I should feel guilty, but I can't bring myself to be. I can't really bring myself to feel anything right now, except maybe pain, which has only gotten worse as I've kept moving. I can't convince myself to stop, though. I know it would be so easy to just lie down and die. Because I know I'm going to die from what they've done to me, but I can't let myself go. Not just yet. There's someone I still have to find. I need to know if she's okay. If I still can, I need to get her out of here. She's too good and pure to die like this. I fought with her for at least an hour before, trying to convince her not to come, but she's stubborn too. More stubborn than I am perhaps. But we'll see. In truth, I just want to see her again before the inevitable happens.

I would call out for her if I thought it would help, but I don't. That would only attract more attention, attention that neither one of us can afford right now; it's all bad attention. In any type of normal day setting, she isn't too hard to find. The flaming, red hair is something of dead giveaway. But here, in this dark battlefield, everything is tinted red.

This is pointless. The rational part of me is trying to reason with that other half of me: the half that thinks I'm in love. That part of me is most certainly not rational. If there's just one thing I have learned from her, it is that people do irrational things when they're in love. I never should have let her out of my sight, but being a traitor, I tend to attract that unwanted attention, and I didn't want her to have any part in that.

Ah, there it is. Her voice is unmistakable; I can hear her shouting out a curse from a good distance away. I keep following that sound, taking as many of the enemy down as I can. The less of them there are, the higher my chances of survival. No, let me correct that statement, the greater the chances of her survival. As I've already said, I know I'm going to die. And really what's the point in lying to oneself?

She's seen me, I can tell. She's fighting faster now, working her way towards me, as I am towards her. She doesn't look too bad off, a few scrapes here and bruises there. From what I can see, if she leaves now she'll live. It's doubtful she'll listen to me when I tell her to run, that damned Gryffindor bravery. It makes them all do stupid things if you ask me.

Oh, fuck. It's another Cruciatus Curses, this one worse than the others. I vaguely wonder who it is throwing this one and what grievance I have committed towards them to make them despise me so. But the pain is too much to think coherently. The next thing I know, I'm twitching on the ground, curse lifted, but it doesn't do much to ease the pain.

I can hear her screaming. *Oh, sweet Morgan le Fay.* That hurts even worse than all the Cruciatus Curses I've endured so far tonight combined. I have to make it stop. I will not allow the last sound I hear to be of her screaming.

My attacker must have switched to her. Even he was bright enough to know that I'm not going to last much longer. Why should he waste his time on the already damned? I lunge forward with all the strength I have left. It's just enough to accomplish my goal. I broke the line of contact for his spell. He can't get to her with my arms around her. No, he's forced to focus on me instead. Frankly, I don't think he cares who he's hurting. All I know now is *she couldn't scream while I held her close. I swore I'd never let her go.* Even if I die here, taking this curse in her stead, I'll die a happy man. She's shaking in my arms, I can almost taste her fear above my pain, almost. She's afraid I'm going to die. She doesn't want to lose me. But what can I do? It's either me or her, and he'll make sure I die anyway.

I can tell she's trying to tell me something, but I can't hear her above the screaming in my head. I won't open my mouth. I won't give the blonde man hiding behind a Death Eater's mask the pleasure of hearing me scream. I know that that would get him off. It's always been one of his favorite sounds.

The sick bastard. He's killing his own son, and his only regret is that I won't scream for him. I can tell, just by the look in his eyes. There's disappointment there, but if it's for the way I turned out, or for the fact that I'm defending a blood traitor, I'll never know. He's going to kill me, and I don't plan on meeting up with him once I pass beyond the veil. He's one of the last people I'll miss when I die. The person I will miss, maybe the only one, is still holding on to me, very tightly, I might add. She's just adding to the pain, but I'll let her, she's too scared to know. But as long as my arms are around her, I know she won't be screaming. She won't be screaming as long as I'm taking her pain. But she is crying. I can feel the warmth of her tears against my chest through the rips in my shirt. I wish I could make those stop too.

That'll be my regret for death. That I couldn't make this painless for her. My death is going to hurt her, her tears are the proof. My vision is starting to tunnel in. I can hardly keep my eyes open. But I want the last thing I see to be her. Maybe if I focus enough on her face, I can make some of the pain go away?

Alas, my father is growing impatient; he's working harder to bring my death faster. He always did get bored easily.

She's still whispering to me. Oh, my poor, sweet, red-haired goddess. She's telling me to hold on, to hold on for her. I want to. Merlin knows I want to. I want to have the life we planned out together. I was going to ask her to marry me next week. It was going to be our first year anniversary. I know that's not a long time, but with the war, lives have ended sooner. Truth be told, the ring is actually in my pocket, but I'll never get the chance to ask for her hand. I was even going to ask permission of her father and eldest brother first. It was going to be perfect; everything was going to be perfect. It was going to be everything this beautiful angel deserved. But instead it's this.

And I never deserved her. She keeps telling me she loves me. Over and over again. It's like she thinks that if she says it enough, it'll save me. But I'm afraid it isn't that simple. Nothing ever is. She's making promises to different gods in exchange for my life. It's not doing any good. I can feel my life slipping through my fingers. But I still want to fight this, if only to answer her wishes. It's sad almost. Here I am dying, and my only desire is still to make her happy. Love really does make you think and act irrationally.

I slip my hand into my pocket. I want her to know how much I love her, how much I always will. I want her to have the ring. Somehow, I manage to slide it into her hand. She's crying harder now. Telling me not to leave her, telling me she'll always hate me for leaving her like this. But I know she won't. I don't think she's capable of hate. She loved me, after all. This is the end. I only have a few seconds left, maybe less. I tilt my head towards her ear and kiss her as best I can.

I whisper that I love her. And I swear to her, that even in death, I always will. I swore to her, *I swore I'd never let her go.*

But of course it would be too kind to have one of my last wishes answered. In my last seconds of life, I can hear her scream. It's a scream of anger at my father and hurt for the hole in her heart and regret for all the things she'll never get to say to me. It's a sound heard far too frequently these days. The scream of those left behind. The scream of the broken-hearted.

End

AN: *This was the first story I wrote in first person. There IS a sequel. If this story generates readers, I will gladly post it as well. Thanks for your time and your reviews!*