

A Promise Kept

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The Darkest Day

Chapter 1 of 3

Losing a loved one is never easy, but when you have a constant reminder of that loved one, it's even more difficult.

The only sound in the office was the sound of quiet sobbing. A lone figure hunched over his desk. Around him lay the broken shards of assorted vials and jars that he had broken in his anger before the tears came on. Blood dripped from a cut on his palm, but he didn't notice, nor did he care.

Finally, the sobbing ceased, and he looked up at the shattered glass. It was shattered on the outside, just like he was shattered on the inside.

The only woman he had ever loved was dead. Life was not worth living anymore.

Almost a Decade Later

Chapter 2 of 3

Keeping a promise is easy, when you remember the reason.

Severus made his way to Dumbledore's office, not too happy with the interruption in his potion brewing. Dumbledore sometimes briefed his staff separately before the start of term, but it always seemed to come at the most inconvenient of times.

Reaching the gargoyle that lead up to Dumbledore's office, he said, "Chocolate frogs," and ascended the stairs. The old man's preoccupation with candy was strange and disturbing at times, but he supposed that the man's idiosyncrasies were part of what made him what he was. He was, after all, one of the strongest wizards he knew.

"Come in, Severus," Dumbledore called through the door when he knocked.

"You wanted to see me, Headmaster?" Severus asked as he entered the room.

"Please, Severus, sit down. Lemon drop?" he offered, holding the tin out to him as he took the offered chair.

"No, thank you."

The older man studied him through his half-moon spectacles for a few moments before he said anything. Severus wished that he would get on with the reason for the meeting, but he knew from experience that Dumbledore wasn't someone to be rushed.

Finally, the silence was broken. "Do you recall, Severus, a conversation that we had not quite ten years ago?"

He knew what conversation that he was talking about. Even though almost a decade had passed, it felt as if it was yesterday.

"I recall that conversation." Severus kept his voice even and tried not to show any emotion.

"Harry Potter is coming to Hogwarts this year. I have reason to believe that there is cause for concern."

The Headmaster said nothing more about why he was concerned, and Severus didn't press him. He knew that the Dark Lord was gone, but for the sake of Lily, he would look after her son. Even if there was no logical reason for Professor Dumbledore to worry, he would make Harry Potter's safety a priority.

"Very well. I will make certain that no harm comes to the boy."

"Thank you, Severus," he said and then dismissed him with a nod of his head.

Severus left the office and began the long journey back down to the dungeon.

For Lily, I'm doing this for Lily, he reminded himself.

An Exclusive Meeting

Chapter 3 of 3

Losing a loved one is never easy, but when you have a constant reminder of that loved one, it's even more difficult.

Severus looked at the professors that had gathered in the Headmaster's office. There were Pomona Sprout, Rubeus Hagrid, Minerva McGonagall, Filius Flitwick, and himself. This, in itself, told him that the meeting was going to be unusual. When the professors assembled, it was usually an assembly of all of the professors.

"Thank you all for coming," Dumbledore said, sitting down behind his desk. "Please, have a seat." He waited for them to sit down before going on. "As I know that you are all busy preparing for the coming year, I will make this brief. I have recently spoken to Nicolas Flamel, and we have decided that the Sorcerer's Stone is no longer safe at Gringott's."

There were murmurs from everyone in the room with the exception of Hagrid and Minerva. Looking over at the half giant, Severus wondered what he knew about it.

"I have gathered you here because I have moved the Sorcerer's Stone here, and I am looking to you to help me to protect it. As you know, the Sorcerer's Stone is very powerful, and it would not do to have it fall into the wrong hands." At this, Dumbledore gave Severus a pointed look.

"I can offer yeh Fluffy," Hagrid spoke up. "Not many that can get past him."

He could almost see the wheels turning in Minerva's head, but she didn't say anything out loud.

"I would like to have the Stone secured before the start of term." Dumbledore did not say anything more, but his point was clear.

Once the meeting was adjourned, Severus went right to the dungeons. He thought that the extra precautions that the headmaster was taking were pointless, but as Dumbledore had given him a chance, he would do what he could to help him. Even if he thought that it was unnecessary.

He sorted through his stock of potions, picking up vials and discarding them, then picking up others. He needed something that would be difficult, if not impossible, to solve. Finally, he came up with the perfect idea. He knew that this might be able to delay anyone who was after the Sorcerer's Stone long enough to be stopped. He doubted that it would ever be needed, but needed or not, it would do the job.