

The Story

by shellsnapelover

A series of drabbles telling about the grief of a Death Eater.

The Pain

Chapter 1 of 13

A series of drabbles telling about the grief of a Death Eater.

I let her walk away. I didn't even go after her. Oh, how I wanted to, though. I wanted to explain. I wanted to tell her that what I did was only for the purpose of getting information that we desperately needed. I wanted to tell her that I loved her and not to believe what she saw. But I couldn't, no matter how hard I tried.

I still remember that look on her face. It was full of hurt and anger, though she didn't cry. She simply said, "You can kill yourself now because you're dead in my mind."

Thank you to my wonderful beta, Lariope. She's amazing and did this entire fic. Thank you for your time and putting up with my horrible spelling and grammar.

Inspired by lyrics from Marilyn Manson's "Man That You Fear."

The Job

Chapter 2 of 13

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I fell in love with her the year after she graduated. She was working with the Order, and on Dumbledore's request, she started assisting me on several projects. I wasn't happy at first; she was the insufferable know-it-all that I had to put up with for seven long years, yet I knew she was the best person for the job.

The moment I realized I was falling for my ex-student was when I accidentally walked in on her in the shower after finishing a long night of potion brewing. The candlelight danced off the clear glass, revealing her incredible silhouette.

AN: Thanks to the best beta in the world: Lariope.

The Love

Chapter 3 of 13

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From that moment on, I saw the woman she became, not the child she once was. I'm a Slytherin; therefore, I used my skills to approach her romantically—although she'd tell you it was her Gryffindor courage that brought us together when one night she asked me if I would like to go to dinner after we finished our research. Of course, I did.

I still remember that night like it was yesterday. It had rained. She forbid me to use magic; she wanted to feel nature on her skin. Insolent little chit. I was as nervous as a schoolboy.

Thank you to Lariope for the beta work.

The Promise

Chapter 4 of 13

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She confessed that she'd had feelings for me for some time. My response: I kissed her. Her lips were delectable, full, soft and tasted of cinnamon. When she wrapped her arms around my neck, I pulled her into a tight embrace, never wanting to let her go.

Unfortunately, we had to breathe. Her cheeks were flushed, and her long lashes fluttered open. I knew, at that moment, that I would never want anyone else. She was going to be mine and only mine. When she exhaled so softly, I asked for her hand in marriage. Foolish man. She said yes.

Thanks to Lariope my beta.

The Ceremony

Chapter 5 of 13

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Our news shocked most, yet she stood her ground. And being that we were in a war, and I was in the middle of it, the wedding was quick. She never complained. She wore an ivory dress that lay snug against her curves. Her wild mane was magically tamed, and she was beautiful. I never thought I would confess my undying love to anyone, let alone in front of people who mostly despised me; nevertheless, I did, and she became mine. The hard part was keeping this a secret... from my Lord. He would never approve of marrying a Mudblood.

Couldn't have done this without Lariope, my beta.

The Honeymoon

Chapter 6 of 13

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The Three Broomsticks was no place to bed my new bride, but it was on Dumbledore's request that we stayed there and not travel too far outside the castle.

Her creamy thighs wrapped nicely around my hips. Her quim was tight as I pushed into her. And being the gentleman that I am, I gave her a special potion to ease her pain as I stretched her opening. She dug her fingernails into my back as I drove deeper inside while rubbing her clit, wanting to make her feel incredible pleasure as we became one with our body and soul.

hugs beta Lariope!

The Lord

Chapter 7 of 13

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Being a loyal Death Eater proved to be even more difficult with the smell of her embedded in my being. Each time I was summoned, she would pray to all Gods to bring me back safely. Thankfully, my skills in Occlumency never faltered.

All was well... until I was given an assignment that I could not refuse for fear that her safety was at stake. There was a spy. A spy loyal to the Dark Lord. A spy who mentioned my wife. After several rounds of Crucio, I explained that my marriage was only a hoax, for informational purposes only.

Thanks Lariope!

The Task

Chapter 8 of 13

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"Prove it," he said. I was informed that I was to seduce the widowed Narcissa Malfoy into giving me something that the Dark Lord needed. After Lucius' death, she had turned to the light and refused to hand over the relic. I explained that I took vows of fidelity, but he, of course, had a way around that.

The thought of betraying my beloved made me violently ill. I wanted to quit spying right then and there, but my other master pleaded. He promised that he would remove whatever I had to do from my memory afterwards. I reluctantly agreed.

A million thanks to my beta, Lariope

The Duty

Chapter 9 of 13

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She knew something was wrong. It must have been her witch's intuition. She questioned me, and each lie I gave her broke my heart. It had been a year since we married, and there I was sitting in front of a fire with a blond, wealthy and lonely woman, instead of celebrating my union with my brunette.

Several bottles of Firewhisky later, I was stumbling from the bed with a Pepperup Potion in one hand and a gold locket in the other. I Apparated back to the spot outside the grounds. She was there waiting. Apparently, she was extremely worried.

Lairope, you are the best beta.

The Truth

Chapter 10 of 13

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The alcohol on my breath did nothing for the situation. She was furious.

"Where were you?" she demanded.

At that moment, I was at lost for words. I should have drunk the potion before I left Narcissa, but I had desperately wanted away from her. I tried to pour the liquid down my throat as she stood there glaring at me, but she batted it away from my lips, breaking the phial and losing my potion.

She sniffed me. I smelled of sex. I never knew when she learned it, but as I blacked out, I heard her shout "*Legilimens!*"

The Split

Chapter 11 of 13

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I hadn't been passed out for more than a few minutes when I was awakened, still located outside the grounds. I knew she saw what I had done with Narcissa, but did she know why? I only hoped she had found that information in my mind. I never had luck on my side. She was pointing her wand at me as I slowly stood. I started to explain, but a magical force forbid it. The Dark Lord must have done this. When I couldn't answer her questions, she said, "You can kill yourself now because you're dead in my mind."

Thanks to my beta, Lariope. She's the best!

The Danger

Chapter 12 of 13

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The force wouldn't let me chase after her, and I watched her Apparate away. I ran to Dumbledore. He used ancient magic to break the spell that was placed on me, and I quickly enlightened him about the situation.

He did everything he knew to do.

The Dark Lord used my wife as a pawn to set a trap in order to get closer to Potter. He knew she would be the jealous wife looking to take her revenge out on the woman who made her husband disloyal to her.

I should have known Narcissa was Voldemort's new faithful spy.

Thanks Lariope for the beta work you did on this.

The End

Chapter 13 of 13

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Before Potter vanquished him, Voldemort confessed that he did this to me because of my betrayal. She broke under his torture, revealing all that he needed to know about Potter.

I blamed Dumbledore. He should have let me quit when I begged. He can't apologize enough.

As if it matters now.

It's been a year since she was murdered at Malfoy Manor. I didn't protect her and shouldn't be living.

But that's the past.

The year that I had with Miss Granger was the happiest I've ever been. Although I lost her, for a moment in time, she was mine.

So here it is. Thanks to all who stayed with me through my first set of drabbles. This was difficult to write her death, but that's the way it's gotta be. I want to thank Lariope, my beta, who inspired me to write the death of 1/2 of our fav. couple... She is the master of doing that.