

Assumptions

by chivalric

Drabble. A couple that needs to talk is a couple in trouble.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Many thanks to my betas, pipedreamer and IceAngel105, for crosschecking. It always surprises me how many mistakes I can put in even the shortest text.

The couple sat silently at the dining room table. Every now and then, he scribbled on a piece of parchment. She had a book lying next to her plate and read whilst picking at her meal.

It was quiet in the house. Neither of them felt like talking, until...

"We have to talk." The woman nearly whispered the words, as if the idea caused her physical pain. A couple who needed to talk was a couple with problems.

The man, tall and dark, put his quill down and looked at her with furrowed brows.

"I... that is..." She sighed and started again. "There is someone else," she said firmly and couldn't keep a tremble completely out of her voice.

Slowly, the man leaned back in his chair. His stomach had turned into a tight fist at her words. It seemed possible he would never be able to eat again. "I see," he stated, all cool and controlled. It was an act, of course. She meant everything to him. That she would leave him for someone else was nothing less but slow death for him. Looking at her, he asked, "It is serious, I assume?"

She nodded. A long, brown curl escaped from the bun at the nape of her neck. "I'm sorry, Severus. I didn't intend this to happen." Swallowing, she put her fork down, got up, and turned her back to him.

"Do you love..." he started, but she interrupted him, whirling round and fiercely cried, "Yes! Immensely – and I thought you should know. I felt I had to tell you as soon... as soon as I was sure."

Getting up himself, he tried to avoid her gaze. His charcoal black eyes were filled with infinite sadness.

Reading his troubled expression correctly, she whispered, "You expected this, didn't you?" she asked, hesitantly. "You expected me... to..."

"Always," he confirmed.

"I thought so." A small smile curved her wonderful lips. She came a few steps closer, close enough for him to see that there was a happy sparkle in her eyes.

His heart was breaking at the sight of her. She was the one he loved; she had saved his life when he was lying nearly dead on the floor of the Shrieking Shack. Because she was with him, he had found peace and joy after the war.

The hope to keep her at his side, in his bed, in his life, was shattered when he saw this sparkle, the happiness that enlightened her whole face. Happiness at the fact that someone else had stolen her from him.

He hadn't expected it would hurt *that* badly.

Another step, and she put her arms round his neck. Placing the smallest of kisses at the corner of his mouth, she said with a malicious grin, "Really, Severus, I expected you to be a bit more cheerful at the prospect of you becoming a father."