

As He Lay In The Dark

by zyra

Severus and darkness are inseparable. But the scenario began to change when another person walked into his life. Ten series of drabbles in GS100.

#1 and #2

Chapter 1 of 5

Severus and darkness are inseparable. But the scenario began to change when another person walked into his life. Ten series of drabbles in GS100.

*Author's Note: This is a ten-part drabble series dedicated to septentrion for her birthday. As oddly as this may sound, she helped in making this drabble more readable. Yep, she beta'd her own birthday-fic! >_< But thanks, matey! *hugs you**

Anyway, reviews make me sing 'Pocketful of Sunshine' all day long. So, read and review! :)

~~~~~.

He was wide awake, staring at the ceiling of their bedroom.

Before her, he was used to solitude. To loneliness. To silence.

With her, there were completeness, comfort and warmth.

Until a month ago, she—who was sleeping trustingly beside him—was his *only* beacon to a hope for a new life. But it had changed since.

Silently, he contemplated the possible outcome of tomorrow's battle. Until a month ago, he'd vowed to move heaven and earth if it meant to return to her.

As he lay in the dark, his resolution to live included another being. His unborn child.

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He did it.

He'd hoodwinked the fearless wizard he—publicly—called master. Privately, it was entirely the opposite.

His nervous glances at Nagini made the Snake-Bastard think he feared the beast. Truthfully, that was the only death he could come back from.

It was time to put his faith on the potion he'd lost sleep—and her company—for.

Potter was there. He knew when his glasses glittered momentarily by the moonlight. Everything went as planned.

As he was lying in the dark, he fought against the pull of sleep. Death. His last thought was for her and their child.

-TBC

#3 and #4

Chapter 2 of 5

The story continues with some background flashback on how one bushy-haired witch happened to cross Severus' path.

Author's Note: Thanks to septentrion1970 for beta-ing this fic! The warning above applies to disturbing concept of non-con, although there's nothing graphic.

Read and review! Make me sing! :)

~*~*~*~.

The first memory when he floated back into consciousness was the night Hermione was captured.

Luckily, none of her attackers knew her. On the run, her two other friends—thankfully—were not amongst those captured.

His master was away, immersed in his quest for the Elder Wand, leaving him in control.

Thinking quickly, he commanded one of the capturers to send her to his room. One Obliviate and Imperius Curse later, her capturer only knew that she'd died—suicide—rather than being raped.

As he lay in the dark, he cursed the Fate for burdening him to care for her.

~*~*~*~.

He couldn't keep her hidden for long. Sooner or later, *he'd* know.

Only one option left, his mind had decided. Removal and Bonding. As soon as his Lord left again.

Polyjuice Potion—Sleeping Draught—Distraction—Obliviate—Imperius—Side-Along-Apparation.

The series of events took almost one hour. Her bushy hair returned as he set her on his Hogwarts dungeon's bed.

The draught slowly thinned out of her system when the bonding—*consummation*—took place. He made sure she was ready enough for him.

As he lay in the dark, he cursed his damned soul and thought death was a merciful punishment.

-TBC

#5 and #6

Chapter 3 of 5

The story continues revealing a side effect to their bonding that Severus thought was merely myth before.

Author's note: I want to thank my super-fabulous beta, Septentrion1970, again. If it wasn't for her, this story would be awful.

Now, without further ado...

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Bonded to him meant impenetrable protection for her. Princes' ancient charm. They protected their own.

Bonded to him meant weekly marital coupling. He was uncharacteristically considerate.

Bonded to him meant she couldn't talk against him. This particular assurance was the reason he had chosen this charm in the first place.

Bonded to him meant opening up his soul. Unknown to her, he was most vulnerable when with her.

As he lay in the dark, he wondered why after two months fighting off his touch, rebelling against his orders, cold and hatred in her eyes, she was suddenly submissive to him.

~*~*~*~.

She knew.

That was the only explanation he had. When they were having their weekly joining, he was shocked when he saw flashes of images of her right before reaching completion.

Those images were memories of her past.

He had seen her shocked expression during their coupling before, but he didn't think it was connected to this. How long had this been happening to her before he experienced the same thing that night?

What memories of him had she seen?

As he lay in the dark, fighting hard to remain calm, he asked her exactly that.

Lily. Fatal mistakes. Supplication.

-TBC

Another author's note: I breathe on reviews. So, send some my way! :)

#7 and #8

Chapter 4 of 5

Severus discovered a plot he hadn't anticipated before.

Author's note: I want to thank yet again my beta, Septentrion1970, for helping me with this series. She's awesome!

Now to continue with this story ...

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In the next few weeks, things began to change. Respect turned to trust. Pleasant turned to pleasure.

He still couldn't allow her the freedom. There were people on *both* sides looking for opportunity—any opportunity—to crush him down. Despite himself, survival was consequential.

Her presence, however, was no longer an encumbrance; in fact he unconsciously longed for her company whenever he had to be away.

As he lay in the dark, listening to her steady breathing, he felt his chest compressed by a feeling so foreign he thought he might suffocate from it.

Who is this angel beside him?

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The ending was near.

His arm burned more often. He was tensed all the time.

Weekly ritual turned daily. With the impending doom, how could he keep his hands off her?

That night, the flashes of images shocked him to his deepest core.

Images that she had seen his desire to continue the Prince line ...

She had spit out the contraception behind his back ...

Furiously, he demanded answers.

As he lay in the dark, her words echoed in his mind.

"It's my plot to ensure your return. If I'm not reason enough, surely your child would."

How could she doubt?

-TBC

Another author's note: Another 2 drabbles to go! Now leave me some reviews; I love each and every single one of them! :)

#9 and #10

Chapter 5 of 5

The potion had worked, but why can't Severus move his body? The last two drabbles of this series.

Author's note: I want to thank my beta, Septentrion, for help in this series. Thanks, matey!

Well, this is the last part. I hope it meets your expectation. But whatever it is, let me know in your review. You should know by now, how reviews make me sing! :)

Tips: If you find them confusing, it might help if you read all of the drabbles in one go. :)

~~~~~.

Her voice brought him back to the godforsaken shack. The potion had worked in neutralizing the venom. It was now up to his will to return amongst the living.

He wanted to return to her. To his child. He tried to move but his body refused to obey.

This couldn't be the end. They needed him. He wasn't ready to leave yet.

Something dripped onto his cheeks.

As he lay in the dark, his first image when he opened his eyes was her teary eyes.

*Princes' protected their own.* A Prince growing inside her, defying the inevitable. He was alive.

~~~~~.

The Order was celebrating. Not only they had won, Hermione, whom they believed dead, was alive. The teary welcome o his surprise as enough to alleviate the fact that she was pregnant. With his child, no less.

Besides, they were overcome with guilty feelings in doubting his loyalty.

He marvelled at his initial intention to save her that had turned the other way around. It was she who had saved him. And it was she who had fulfilled his deepest desire.

As they lay in the dark, his need became apparent again. He succumbed to her.

Comfort. And joy. Finally.

-Finite Incantatem-