

The Crying Lovers

By Evilevergreen

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[One Shot] He thought she knew. . .

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The Crying Lovers

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Summary: He thought she knew. . .

It was nearing midnight and Fred wasn't home yet. Angelina paced back and forth in front of the fireplace in the living room. She was upset and angry. It was their anniversary and she hadn't seen him all day. He had left for work before she had even woken up. Soon she heard keys and the living room door opened. "Frederick!" She tried to yell through her tears.

"Angel, I'm sorry." He rushed to her. "Merlin knows, I'm sorry." He wrapped his arms around her tightly and kissed her forehead. She shivered in his arms. "Are you cold?" He asked in a whispered. "Come on."

He then took her by the hand and led her to the bedroom. With his other hand he took out his wand and lit the candles that were scattered about the room. He turned down the blanket and then the sheets before helping her in. When she was tucked securely within the sheets, he knelt down beside her and ran his fingers through her dark locks as he smiled sadly.

He then stood up and started walking towards the door. Angelina watched as he did this and then snapped up. "Where are you going?"

"To sleep on the couch." He said simply with his back still to her.

"You don't have to," she said softly, and Angelina realized that the anger felt earlier had dissipated with her husband's coming home.

He turned around with a look on his face that she didn't quite know how to place. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." She got out of bed and walked towards him. She took his hands in hers and placed a gentle kiss upon his lips. *He smells like chocolate today*, she thought remembering the time he came home smelling like black pepper making her sneeze through out the day. *Stupid joke shop*.

She led him back to the bed and stopped at the end of it. She hopped on and propped herself up with her arms. She then reached out for him and he slowly slipped his hand into hers and climb on the bed and on top of her.

She searched his eyes as the candle light flickered upon his face. "I love you." She saw him blink twice rapidly before leaning down and kissing her neck.

She arched her head back as he worked his way up to her ear and kissed her lobe before whispering. "I love you, too and I always have."

She smiled at his words and wondered how she was ever mad. She soon felt something wet on her neck and realized they were tears. "Is something. . ." but was cut off.

"Shhh." He pulled away slowly and placed his index finger on her lips. He caressed them for a moment and then stroked her cheek with the back of his hand before putting his hand around her neck and guiding her to reach him. She put her hands to the side to hold herself up.

He licked her lips before she opened her mouth to receive his tongue. As he kissed her, she could feel his hands working on the buttons on her blouse. When he was done with her last button he pulled his own shirt over his head. He then wrapped both of his arms around her quickly.

She was startled by it as they rolled over and he fell on the bed placing her on top. He chuckled a bit with a wide smile looking at her. He then suddenly turned his head away.

She heard him sniffle as she watched a tear form in his eye and roll off the bridge of his nose. "It wasn't supposed to happen like this." She heard him murmur to himself.

He's really beating himself up for forgetting our first anniversary. She thought as she could now feel tears built up in her eyes. She grabbed a handful of his red hair and pulled it until he was looking at her. "Hey, I'm here." He smiled at this.

They made love that night as if it were their first time and neither one of them could control their tears as they did so.

OoOoO

Angelina woke up the next morning to see some movement on the other side of the bed. "Good, you're up." He said while tying his shoes on his side of the bed. "We have a lot to do today. The family will be waiting for us, so we can plan arrangements."

She was confused. "What are you talking about, Fred?"

He stopped what he was doing and turned around with a worried look on his face. "I thought you knew." He started breathing heavily. "I came in and you were crying. . ." He tried to explain.

Angelina reached for him and put a hand on his shoulder. "Fred what's wrong, what happened?"

He put his hand on top of hers and slowly shook his head. "I'm not Fred."

Angelina then looked deeply into his eyes as last night's events played in her head. Her bottom lip began to quiver and her eyes grew wide as she said slowly. "George?"

"I thought you knew," George said again in a panic. "I thought someone in the family would have contacted you. I only came to check to see how you were doing."

"Check on me?" Realization hit her quickly. "Where's Fred? What happened to Fred!" She screamed as her nails dug into George's shoulder.

With his head down he began in a little voice choking back the lump he felt in his throat. "I thought you knew," he couldn't look up at her, "there was an attack in town yesterday. We fought them off as long as we could, but there were Death Eaters everywhere." He started rocking back and forth. "I was cornered in an alley way and I thought that was it for me, but then Fred, I swear he came out of nowhere and. . ." He couldn't finish.

"No," she said softly, "no." She pulled George to her.

"He's gone, Angel." He wrapped his arms around her waist and cried on her shoulder. "It should have been me." He said through the tears. "Why wasn't it me?"

Anger built up within Angelina and she suddenly hit George on the back. "No!" She yelled hitting him harder. "No!"

"Angel." He pleaded with her as he pulled away.

She pounded on his chest. "It should have been you!" A flood of tears ran down her face as she continued to beat him. Not being able to take it anymore George grabbed her wrists and pushed her down on the bed. She struggled underneath him, still screaming. "It should have been you!"

"Angelina, please." He cried softly. "I love you."

She stopped struggling. "If you loved me," her eyes were cold, "it should have been you and not my Fred." Hearing those harsh words come from someone so angelic broke George's heart and she could see it in his eyes. She had already lost Fred, she would not lose George too. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean that." She said quickly as he let go of her wrists and sat up. "I'm sorry." She went and hugged him. "I'm sorry."

"I thought you knew," George said once again, before they lost one another in each other's embrace.

THE END