

# Plea

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An AU songfic, where the Daily Prophet is delivered to an Irish cottage while the world is starting to recover from the final battle miles away.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

An AU songfic, where the Daily Prophet is delivered to an Irish cottage while the world is starting to recover from the final battle miles away.

The morning sun was streaming into her kitchen as Hermione moved carefully down the stairs. The view from every window was the same, green hills rolling endlessly into the distance. It made her feel safe and alone at the same time. A shiver raced down her spine at the thought of being found. Too much work had been put into making their cottage Unplottable. Of making their future exist, even if they had to fight fate to do so.

*Please run*

*Please run*

*Please run away with me*

*Please come*

*Please come*

*Please come and stay with me*

As she went through the motions of making tea, Hermione heard his voice in her mind, telling her not to use magic at any cost. That they couldn't track them if there was nothing to find. She was startled when an owl perched at a window sill, tapping furiously. Trying not to drop the mug of tea she was holding, Hermione opened the window and watched as the owl dropped what it was holding and flew off, another package tied to its foot appeared instantly. It was a copy of the Daily Prophet, proclaiming the war had finally ended.

*I don't know what to do*

*If once more I lose you*

*It would tear me in two*

*If you should go right now*

*If you should go right now*

*If you should go right now*

*I wanna see you but I don't know how*

Raw fear ate up her stomach, so much so that the brown-haired girl had to sit down at the table, staring at the paper on its surface. She ran a hand over her protruding belly, taking comfort in the swell and heat of it. As if it were proof of what was and what would be. The baby kicked, waited a minute and kicked again, spurring Hermione to rub circles subconsciously over her stomach.

*Please run*

*Please run*

*Please run away with me*

*Please come*

*Please come*

*Please come and stay with me*

"VOLDEMORT KILLED BY POTTER. WAR FINALLY OVER." The headline rang out like a bell. Photos of Hogwarts and the village of Hogsmeade flashed along the cover, replaying over and over. Tucked into a corner, like if it was printed tiny enough, it could be erased forever, was a list of the dead caused by the battle and Voldemort's reign in its entirety. With a trembling hand, Hermione turned the page, and turned, and turned, until finally she saw the name she dreaded with every fiber of her being. Severus Snape.

*I don't know what to do*

*If once more I lose you*

*It would tear me in two*

*If you should go right now*

*If you should go right now*

*If you should go right now*

*I wanna see you but I don't know how*

The world seemed to narrow on those two words, like the very essence of life dripped from the vowels. Great racking sobs crawled their way up her throat and escaped her mouth, tearing at her heart and lungs. Hermione bent over as much as she could, cradling their unborn child. The sobs kept coming until she thought they would make her sick, and finally stopped, placing her in a daze of disbelief. Carefully, slowly, Hermione picked up the untouched mug and placed it in the sink. She walked back upstairs and laid down gently on the bed, curling into a ball. The tears came again, this time gently rolling over her, as if the sea of her grief would feed them forever.

*On and on I go in this world*

*I'm lusting after every empty girl*

*As smoke spat from the rifles*

*Slowly swirls*

*But I can't explain the way I feel*

*And all I know tonight is that it's real*

The roaring in her ears was too loud for her to hear the pop and impatient knocking at the door, and her own cries masked the footsteps along the floorboards. Only when the shadow blocked the sunlight did Hermione crack open her eyes. The breath seemed to leave her, clogging up her airways mid-inhale, as the familiar features took shape in her tear-soaked vision. His skin was deathly white and his neck a bleeding mess, repaired with hack-job healing charms at best. His robes were covered with his own blood and so much dust, it seemed he had been standing still for centuries. His black eyes shone with a tiredness that belied his years and a sense of accomplishment now that his task was finally done.

*If you should go right now*

*I slit this hole in the black expanding sky*

*If you should go right now*

*The rain bleeds out before my jaded eyes*

*If you should go right now*

*I slit this cut in the black expanding sky*

*To live without your love I don't know how*

Time stretched as he reached out and cupped her jaw in his hand, jolting her into action. Her jaw trembled under his touch as new tears replaced the old. Her hand came up to cover his, and it seemed her whole body exhaled, letting out a breath that was held too long. Tugging gently on his hand, she moved over across the bed, making room for him to join her. He moved wearily, his joints and abused body protesting the simple movements. Severus embraced her from behind, one of his hands claiming Hermione's large stomach.

*Praying darling*

*Maybe someday we*

*Together can be*

*The king and queen*

*Maybe someday we*

*Together can be*

*The king and queen*

*Of all I've seen*

The smell of his blood, the dust, and his own musk of sweat enveloped her. Severus was alive; battered, broken, but alive. Tears of a wealth of different emotions quietly worked their way down her face. This was too much for a very pregnant Hermione to deal with; his arms tightened around her in response to her shaking body. They laid together, no longer concerned with the passage of time, or of any other human being besides those in that small bedroom, and simply let the day slip away. They were content to stay abed in each other's presence, alone in their forgotten cottage on a distant hillside. Just the way they liked it.

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A/N: The song is Plea by Say Anything, and Harry Potter is JK Rowling's. This kinda came out after listening to this song too much. I strongly recommend listening to it to get the full effect. I know Severus and Hermione are OOC. There's no way she would be anywhere but at Harry's side at the final battle. This goes the way of all the other families that went into hiding, hoping that their loved ones who went to fight would be coming back. Hope you all like it!