

Possessing Ecstasy

by ancientgirl

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Possession

Chapter 1 of 2

The final took many lives, including Hermione. But, why and how is it that she is back?

I have never been very keen on song fics. But yesterday on my way to work I decided to listen to a CD I hadn't heard in ages. It contains two of my favorite songs.

These two song fics are the product of my listening to these two songs after so many years.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

Thank you to June for her help and her suggestion as to the title and having this as a short story instead of two one shots.

This first one is more from Hermione's POV.

Possession

It had been five years since the end of the war. The defeat of the Dark Lord had cost many lives, some good, and some bad. Those amongst the bad included Draco and his father Lucius Malfoy; and those amongst the good included Alastor Moody, Filius Flitwick, George Weasley, and Hermione Granger.

But when they buried Hermione in her grave, many people did not realize she had already left their world — that of the living — long before she had “died” in battle.

It had happened one night, on her way home from her job at the Ministry. She had been working late, and it had grown dark as she walked to her flat. There, just before she had a chance to open her door, she was taken by a vampire. The creature had left her for dead, yet she was not. Hermione lay in the alleyway for several hours before she regained consciousness, then crawled up to her steps and into her flat. As she felt the dried blood pulling at the skin of her neck, she knew full well what she would become; there was a need inside of her not for food, but for blood.

She looked at her now fading reflection, confirming her new state. Hermione did not cry or become angry; what could she do but accept what had happened — and make plans. She would keep this secret even from those she loved. Then, when the war was all over, she would allow the world to believe she had died.

Her “death” went as planned: the night they buried her, she clawed her way out of her coffin and magically set the ground back to its previous state. She disappeared, and there was no more Hermione Granger.

It was now, five years later, that she had decided to come back.

She had wandered alone all this time, sometimes in places foreign to her, sometimes places not so. She often looked in on Harry and Ginny, as well as Ron and the rest of the Weasley clan, and always unbeknownst to them.

But it was when she made her way to Hogwarts that she found what she had been missing for so many years. She found hope for what she had longed for her entire life.

Tonight, she stood outside his window and watched him. Since the war ended, Hermione had watched him frequently from the shadows. She wondered at times if he felt her presence, as every so often he would pause as he walked and slightly incline his head in her direction.

Listen as the wind blows

From across the great divide

Voices trapped in yearning

Memories trapped in time

The night is my companion

And solitude my guide

Would I spend forever here

And not be satisfied

Albus Dumbledore had known of her visits from the start, and he allowed her to do as she pleased, knowing she would never harm anyone. Tonight, however, he sensed it would be the last visit she would ever make to Hogwarts, at least in his lifetime. He also knew she would take that which she had been looking for since her first visit.

And I would be the one

To hold you down

Kiss you so hard

I'll take your breath away

And after I'd wipe away the tears

Just close your eyes dear

Though she had never seen him as anything other than the often-cruel taskmaster he was during her time as a student, in the years since she had left behind her old life, she often found herself thinking of Severus Snape. Hermione wanted to know what had become of the greasy bat of the dungeons. The man who seemingly had destroyed the Order during her sixth year. The man who appeared to be everything some had suspected him of being all along, a traitor. But it was not to be, for he was not that at all, and had proven to be a hero in the end.

Through this world I've stumbled

So many times betrayed

Trying to find a honest word

To find the truth enslaved

Oh you speak to me in riddles

And you speak to me in rhyme

My body aches to breathe your breath

Your words keep me alive

She looked at him through the small window in his office. Every night she watched him, he sat in his chair and stared into the fire. She knew that he often wondered what his life could have been, had he been born someone else. Had he been born out of love, had he been shown love and shown how to love. What could he have had then? What could he be now, were he to be shown all that which invaded his thoughts all these nights she watched him?

And I would be the one

To hold you down

Kiss you so hard

I'll take your breath away

And after I'd wipe away the tears

Just close your eyes dear

"Dare I to show you, Severus?" she whispered to herself. "Dare I show you what I have become, what I wish..." She dared not allow herself that dream. Would he even want to leave his home, his sanctuary? While he showed the world a man made of stone, inside he was broken and alone, always alone. She knew this, because she was always alone now. It was only in death that she truly understood him and the loneliness he had suffered with his entire life.

Into this night I wander

It's morning that I dread

Another day of knowing of

The path I fear to tread

Oh into the sea of waking dreams

I follow without pride

