

# My Last Day...

*by ultimateauror*

Draco and Hermione make the ultimate sacrifice for the wizarding world, and themselves... One Shot Rated T for one curse word

## My Last Day Without You

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Draco and Hermione make the ultimate sacrifice for the wizarding world, and themselves... One Shot Rated T for one curse word

***Disclaimer: No, I'm not witty enough to come up with one of those funny disclaimers. Simply put, I did not write Harry Potter, and no, I did not write the song. We have the wonderful JKR to thank for the wonderful wizarding world, and Marilyn Manson for his dark song "Last Day on Earth."***

"I shouldn't be here tonight. I really have to go... We both know they will be looking for me by now."

"Can't you just stay here for a few more minutes? Just watch the sun rise with me."

"I ca--"

"Shhh... please just stay a little while longer."

We both know why she needs to go. When she walks out the door, we will only see each other one more time. It was stupid to let it get this far, but I can't let go yet... I can't let her go... not just yet.

For too long I have felt darkness. For too long I have been cold and empty. But, when she is here, lying next to me, I feel. I don't know what I feel; this is all so foreign to me. But she makes me feel something.

She rolls over onto her side and lightly traces her finger over my bare chest. She kisses my scars, the ones she has helped to inflict. She doesn't apologize for them anymore; we have gotten past that. A curl falls from behind her ear and brushes over my collarbone. I shudder. She looks up and parts her lips. Her next words chill me.

"It will be over soon. I *will* wait for you."

Silently, I nod my head. "I know you will..."

I lift and pull her towards me, cradling my arms against her waist, as she leans her head back on my chest. She breathes evenly. My legs wrap around her soft and warm middle while I inhale her sweet strawberry shampoo. I can't believe she is being so brave about all of this. The sun peeks over the horizon and her face is aglow.

"I love you, Hermione."

She swallows hard and tries to get the words out. "I lo--"

"Don't say it back. Not yet. I haven't earned it. Just promise me that you'll tell me later..."

The corner of her mouth rides up as she stares at me. "I promise."

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I stand in the Hall, completely aware of my surroundings. I watch as another body falls lifelessly to the ground. She is off to my left, frantically clawing her way across the floor, searching for her fallen wand. I look at my feet and it is there. Momentarily hesitating, I bend over, pick it up, and snap it in half. She looks at me without fear and just nods. My arm burns as his maniacal screams ring throughout.

*Yesterday was a million years ago*

*In all my past lives I played an asshole*

*Now I found you, it's almost too late.*

I see Harry staring at me, eyes blazing with fury. I can feel the heat emitting from him, practically melting my skin off. He doesn't understand. He will never understand. He will be crushed, but he will get through this. He needed me to do it. He needed us to do it.

She is defenseless and pretends to put up a fight. She does her job, and she does it well. I catch her eye as she wordlessly mouths "I love you." I turn my head, refusing to watch what I know will happen next. The echo of the crunch rings in my ears, but I do not flinch. It is almost over.

From the corner of my eye, I see him run and slide to her side. I expected him to panic, but if he stays at her side for too long, it will have been for nothing. Rushing to her body, I shove him hard.

"Get up, you fool! Finish this now, so it was not in vain!"

His hatred is mounting, the power exuding from him; he is finally where he needs to be. I hurry over to the other Death Eaters, whose numbers are dwindling. I stumble backwards and dodge another blow.

*And this earth seems obliterating*

*We are trembling in our crutches*

The Order advances on us, our backs are against the wall.

I miss her already.

*High and dead our skin is glass*

*I'm so empty here without you*

*I crack my xerox hands*

Please, just finish me, shatter me, and shatter the rest of us. The ceiling is collapsing; we will all die if this doesn't end soon. They must get out. Harry must find Voldemort. Now! She and I have given him the will to fight, gave him the strength we knew he could not get on his own. It made the most sense for her to be the sacrificial lamb. Harry loved her more than anyone else. Her demise was necessary for him to invoke his raw powers. It is only the love Harry has for her and her being taken from him that could push him over the edge. That hate, that passion, that love is what he must have to defeat Voldemort. Otherwise the world is over.

*I know it's the last day on earth*

It is for me.

*We'll be together while the planet dies*

*I will finally be born.*

*I know it's the last day on earth*

I am coming, Hermione, just wait a few more minutes.

*We'll never say goodbye*

Something clicks in Harry's head, and I see his face twist. I have not given him enough credit. He does understand. He glowers at me, but he nods all the same. He must be able to feel it. With a 'pop' he disappears from his spot. The sounds and cries around me are getting louder. They are my brethren that are falling, yet I feel no remorse.

*The dogs slaughter each other softly*

*Love burns it's casualties*

*We are damaged provider modules*

Harry completed his task. His love, Hermione's love, his mother's love, Dumbledore's love, all mounted inside him and took over his being, lending him the force needed to break the walls. The Order knew it was a suicide mission, but there was no other choice. It was always Harry versus the world; he never had any other choice.

Twenty minutes later, Ron comes in carrying his limp body. The tears are swelling, but he will not try to hold them back. He is now the last one standing. His best friends, his soul mates, have abandoned him. And for what? To save his life, and those around him.

I hadn't anticipated him surviving. I am not upset or happy that he did. Just shocked. However, Lupin still has his wand pointed at me, my hands are bound by ropes, and my bloody head is pushed against the dirt, cocked to the side. Ron walks over to me with a newfound fury. He saw the way I destroyed Hermione. He probably will blame me for Harry too.

He just doesn't get it. He doesn't know that I did it for her.

*Spill the seeds at our children's feet*

*I'm so empty here without you*

*I know they want me dead*

They will never understand the sacrifices I have made for them, for her. I really have changed, and I will be rewarded. He will send me back to you, baby, I am on my way.

*I know it's the last day on earth*

*I am finally coming home.*