

Remember

by luvsev

Hermione sits at Severus' bedside waiting for him to awaken.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I quietly sit at your bedside watching you rest. Your chest rising and falling weakly with each breath you take. Your eyes are shut, but only just, and your hair is clinging lightly to your pale face. I pray every day that you will wake, and with each visit I pay, I am disappointed. I see your body lying stock still day after day, and tears slide down my cheeks. How I long to see you wake, even though they say that you will not be the same. I hold out hope for the man you used to be, the man who stole my heart away.

They say that you may never wake because of the damage done from one soul-stealing blow, and if you do, you are likely to not remember me. My love, that simply cannot be. How could I move on knowing that I am not even in your memory? I feel you fade away from me one breath at a time. The further you go, the more I am left behind. Time slips away from me in the callous way that it does, leaving no time to say what needs to be said to the one that I love. I only wish that I had told you how I felt the night you answered his call. If I had, maybe you never would have gone; maybe you would still be here wrapped in my arms. "If only I would have" changes nothing at all.

I lay my head next to yours and wait for you to say my name, though all I am greeted with is your silence. Whatever world has you now, I hope that you are happier there than what you ever were here. Maybe there you can make peace and come back to me. I pray to whomever is listening that they will at least bring you back long enough for me to say goodbye. For me to kiss your soft lips one last time, long enough for me to express all the love and desire that I have ever felt for you. I want to give you something of mine to take into the next life: a memory, a piece of my soul, so that we can perhaps meet again in another time.

As I leave you for yet another day, I wonder if you will be in this world when I return. I try to go back to the life that I led before I fell in love with you, but I fail miserably, it just is not the same without you. Not seeing your face or sharing a quick kiss as we pass each other in the hall every night is more than I can take. I cry as I pass your rooms and look up at your empty seat. When you left, you took a piece of me. Another day is over and I make my excuses to leave and I go to you.

As I enter your room, the air feels decidedly different--heavier than before. It feels as though sorrow itself, along with the angel, has taken residence with you. I look over at your frail form, and I see it shift slightly. I know that it must be a trick of the light, for it has been months since you have moved. I walk over to you and sit down on my usual side of the bed. I take your elegant hand in mine and just hold it, wishing that you were mine, even if it were only for one more night. I bend to kiss your hollow cheek, and that is when I feel it. Your eyelashes flick as my lips graze you. I look up, and your eyes are starting to open; surely, this must be a dream.

I try to pull away from you, but your hand grips mine weakly. I look down at you, trying to make sense of everything, and I see your obsidian eyes shining up at me. Your mouth is moving, yet there are no words escaping. I try to move again, and your hand stays on mine.

"I only want to get you water, so that you may find your voice." You nod at me and let go. Your eyes follow me as I move across the room to get a glass of water, and I quickly return, offering it to you with a straw.

"Severus, do you remember me?"

"How could I forget my Hermione?" Your voice is weak and gravelly, but it is music to my ears. My love has returned to me.

"I love you, Severus," I whisper softly.

"And I, you."

A/N: I want to thank my two lovely betas, juliannanight and MsSnapeMalfoy