

Following You

by Southern_Witch_69

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry notices that Hermione keeps making excuses not to meet with him, Ginny, and Ron. He decides to follow her one day.

Disclaimer: Bored, ladyinthecloak gave me a prompt. I hope I've done it justice.

Prompt: Harry notices that Hermione has changed and keeps making excuses not to meet with him, Ginny, and Ron. He decides to follow her one day. What does he find out?

Harry stooped lower into the darkness, which was quite ridiculous, as he wore his Invisibility Cloak. Still though, Hermione being clever and all, she might detect him somehow. For the past four weeks, he'd barely had any conversations with her, and that was unusual. She'd been a piece of furniture at Grimmauld Place for months now, even after she and Ron had called things off. So why had she suddenly stopped going by? Why had she avoided her weekly lunches with Ginny? Ron had even admitted that he hadn't talked to her in two weeks.

Something was happening that she chose to keep from them, and he wanted to know what. He watched as she tapped lightly on the rundown door once again and saw her foot tap impatiently. It took another three minutes before the door opened with a loud creak. A lone candle in the background silhouetted whoever answered it—someone with long, dark hair.

"I wondered if you'd gone out," she said, pulling something from her beaded bag.

"You know I never go out," the person rasped. The voice was definitely a male, and for some reason it sounded familiar, but it was low and almost sounded painful to use.

"Well, you should. Here are the periodicals you requested."

The man reached out to take the small bundle from her. "I thank you."

"Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Not tonight."

"Why not? You need—what is that horrible smell?"

"Nothing."

Hermione pushed past the man and bossily said, "Foolish wand waving would be better than living in filth! And you need to bathe. Go now while I tidy this up."

The man slammed the door, but not before Harry heard, "Why did I ever think to befriend a bossy know-it-all when Lucius moved to the continent? Surely I could have found someone else!"

Shocked, Harry moved back into the alleyway even more. Severus Snape was alive, and he'd obviously contacted Hermione to help him with things he needed. Why didn't he want anyone to know he'd not died? He'd been declared a hero for the things he'd done in the past. More importantly, how could Hermione keep something like this from those who loved her so much?

Did she not trust them?

Harry felt a little angry that *she'd* been chosen. What made *her* special enough to keep Snape's secret? To help him in his recovery? To fetch things he needed? Snape owed him explanations about things. He wanted to know more about his mum, and only Snape could give him that now. Nobody who had been close to her still lived. Not as close as Snape had been with her.

Did Snape hate him so much that he wouldn't come to him, even after he'd shared those intimate memories with him? Hadn't he been reading the papers? Harry had been praising Snape since that faithful night last May when he'd learned the truth.

"Good grief. I'm being a pillock!" Shaking his head as if to rid himself of his childish thoughts, Harry realized that he was glad that Snape lived and that he'd chosen Hermione to confide in. Nobody would help him better and have only his best interests at heart. That she hadn't confessed to knowing anything to her best friends proved that. Maybe that's what Snape needed right now. There would be time later when he could talk to him—hopefully.

AN: A shortie, but... I hope you like it, litc!