

Into the Night

by selinabln

If Voldemort wins... Written for grangersnape100 at LiveJournal

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Her sobs wouldn't abate. Small hands held desperately onto the boy's already cooling body.

Gripping her shaking shoulders, he tried to reach her mind. He had to.

"Miss Granger, we have to go. They are coming."

"Don't touch me. I... I am not leaving—" Another sob. "— him alone."

"If you don't leave, he has died in vain, Miss Granger."

"Don't say that. Just don't."

"It's the truth."

"The truth. Ha!" An objection. A start. Good.

"The truth is, this—" A small, angry hand gestured at the corpses of her two friends. "— wasn't supposed to happen, Professor."

"But it has, Miss Granger."

"He wasn't supposed to win." A declaration. Better.

"He hasn't won — yet." A lie. Probably.

"He has not?" A question. Excellent.

Rising, he proffered his hand to her. "We have to go now, Miss Granger. His myrmidons are nearing."

Warm, slender fingers reached out for him, her body and mind following his request, but he could see her heart faltering.

"Is there still hope, Professor?"

Pulling her into his embrace, he searched her gaze.

"There is always hope, Hermione." A promise. Intended to be kept.

With a loud crack, he Apparated them into the night.