

# Picking Up the Pieces

*by luvsev*

Hermione is in Paris.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione is in Paris.

*No... don't take her... don't take my wife. I'll go in her stead. Just please don't hurt her. I'm the one you want. She has nothing to offer you. I'll love you forever, Mya.*

As Hermione stood by the Eiffel Tower in the pouring rain, her shoulders were shaking and tears were falling from her face as she remembered his last words before he was taken from her forever.

Everything about The City of Lights reminded her of Oliver and how they had spent their last hours together. If she had known on their honeymoon that he would be taken from her, she would have never insisted they come to Paris at all.

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'Mya, my love, it has been five years since I have passed; it is time for you to stop mourning me. I understand that you love and miss me, but you are alive. You have a life and people need you here. There is another who is meant for you.'

Hermione awoke with a start and wiped the sweat from her brow. Sitting up and facing the sunlight for what felt like the first time in years, a smile crossed her face. She couldn't explain it, but she felt as though a weight had been lifted from her shoulders, and the grief that had been with her for so long was now gone.

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A/N: Thanks to lyn\_f for the quick beta read. Also, I'd like to thank karelia for the following prompt: Hermione, Paris, and heartbreak.