

Just for one day.

by ancientgirl

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Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is what happens to me when I drive to work listening to one of my favorite songs of all time. Heroes by David Bowie. If you have never heard this song, do yourself a favor and get it.

Lots of angst here, but I think I made them happy in the end.

All canon characters belong to JKR. This is not HBP compliant.

Thanks once again to June for all of her help. And a huge thanks for her suggestions in this story.

Just for one day

The final battle had been raging on for over twelve hours. The Death Eaters, accompanied by a seething Voldemort, had broken through the Hogwarts wards just after nine in the morning. All those in the castle had spent the previous night preparing for what was to come.

Word had gotten through to Severus and the rest of the school via Lucius Malfoy. Lucius had been working along with Severus, unbeknownst to almost everyone but a few Order members. As Lucius crawled through the Great Hall doors during dinner, he fell to the floor. Severus rushed to Lucius' side as he took his dying breath, with Severus holding him close.

"Tomorrow..." gasped Lucius as he held Severus' robes in his fist. "They are coming tomorrow." As he breathed his last breath he looked towards his son Draco, who had been in his second year of internship with Professor Snape, and told him to make him proud and live a long and happy life.

Being given only a moment to mourn the life of one of his few true friends, Severus along with the rest of the school began preparations for the battle that would take place on the school grounds.

Many students were sent to their dormitories. All of the first through fifth years would be kept in a large bunker built just below the Chamber Of Secrets. The rest of the students were given instruction and a plan of action as to where they would be and what they would be expected to do. It had been known for quite some time now that the final battle would be held at Hogwarts, but only now did they know it was just beyond their threshold.

In the dungeons, Severus allowed himself one last pleasure. It was almost a year ago that very evening when Hermione had first come to him. After spending her first year of internship flirting with him, she had worked up the courage that dark stormy night to approach him and finally tell him just what she wanted from him. It amused him at the time that she rambled on needlessly about how well they would get along together. Little did she know that he needed little prompting by her, since he had already suspected her feelings. After much soul-searching on his part, he allowed her into his life and his heart.

On the eve of battle, they both lay in his bed, after sharing a passionate night of memorizing each other's bodies and bringing each other pleasure. They had not shared

words, but their touches and embraces told their message. Now, Hermione slept at his side. Without her knowledge he had given her a Dreamless Sleep draught. He knew she was afraid of what would happen the coming morning, and he wanted her to have one night of peaceful sleep. For himself, he knew this would most probably be his final night with her. With Lucius' death, he realized that there was little chance that he would live beyond the final battle.

Now here they were, twelve hours after the battle started, beneath the rubble of what was left of the dungeons. Harry and Voldemort were well into their second hour of fighting. Aurors and Death Eaters, as well as ordinary wizards and witches, filled the grounds of Hogwarts fighting each other any way they could. Some used magic and others fought hand-to-hand. Albus and Severus managed to get several drops of Voldemort's blood and made their way to the dungeons. With the help of Hermione, they made a potion that they would use to coat a special wand that Lucius had managed to get to them several months ago. It was Tom Riddle's wand. During these final years he'd grown so powerful he needed no wand, and thus stored it away. However, the wand was forever connected to him, as he had made it a Horcrux.

If Harry fell, if Harry became hurt and could no longer fight, the wand coated with this newly-made potion would enable them to put an end to the Dark Lord. All they would need to do is stake it into the ground nearby, and the wand would look for its owner. The potion and the spell that accompanied it would destroy the body of Voldemort. It would search him out, and set his body aflame. He would burn from the inside out as his soul burned and died, after which the wand itself would burn away.

The time had come. Harry was barely able to stand. Both he and Voldemort were spent, yet neither gave up. The tide was turning. The Death Eaters were winning. If Voldemort killed Harry, all would be lost. Their world would turn black, and what they spent their lives trying to keep at bay would be let loose; neither the wizarding world nor Muggle world would be safe.

I, I will be king

And you, you will be queen

Though nothing will drive them away

We can beat them, just for one day

We can be Heroes, just for one day

Severus looked at Hermione. While their relationship had not been easy, and neither of them were the kind to voice feelings of romance and joy, he knew that deep down they both truly loved one another.

Thanks to a large hole the Order and Aurors had managed to create in the fighting, Severus knew the path he needed to take to get to Voldemort. He looked at Hermione, and she knew what he was about to do.

And you, you can be mean

And I, I'll drink all the time

'Cause we're lovers, and that is a fact

Yes we're lovers, and that is that

"No!" she said as she clutched at his frock coat. "You can't leave me." She cried.

Severus looked over her shoulder and stared into the eyes of the Headmaster. For once the old man's eyes held no joy or sparkle. Fearing his resolve would crumble the moment he looked at her, Severus pushed her towards Albus before he turned and began making his way through the hole. Hermione wiggled her way free of the older man's grasp and threw her arms around Severus' waist. Her face wept against his back, and he felt her trembling against him. He now trembled as well, for so many reasons.

Though nothing, will keep us together

We could steal time,

just for one day

We can be Heroes, for ever and ever

What d'you say?

"It has to be this way, Hermione. Please, love, I need to get through." Though he could never find the words before, he felt the endearment would let her know what he truly felt. He took a deep breath and broke free from her hold, and ran out onto the grounds as fast as he could. Albus leapt forward and grabbed the crying Hermione before she too could crawl through the hole.

I, I wish you could swim

Like the dolphins, like dolphins can swim

Though nothing,

nothing will keep us together

We can beat them, forever and ever

Oh we can be Heroes,

just for one day

Before he could make it past the first line of fighting, a Slicing Hex hit him on his thigh. He fell to one knee and gritted his teeth, as he mentally pushed the pain out of his thoughts.

"Severus!" Hermione saw him begin to stand once more and struggled to keep herself from falling.

I, I will be king

And you, you will be queen

Severus continued on, each step taking him closer and closer to his destination. Along the way, he tried to not look at the bodies of his students.

Though nothing will drive them away

We can be Heroes, just for one day

We can be us, just for one day

In the distance he saw Draco Malfoy and Ron Weasley fighting back-to-back, making their way along the edge of the forest, killing every Death Eater in their path. As he now felt himself almost twenty feet away, he felt yet another hex and fell to the ground.

I, I can remember (I remember)

Standing, by the wall (by the wall)

And the guns shot above our heads

(over our heads)

This time it felt different; he looked down and saw blood seeping through his now unbuttoned coat. He looked behind him and saw that some of his former brethren had decided to use Muggle guns; in their need for victory, they apparently decided to use any means to achieve it.

And we kissed,

as though nothing could fall

(nothing could fall)

He thought of her now, of those moments spent alone with her, with Hermione. As the blood trickled down his body, he looked though his blurred vision and focused as best he could. There. He had made it; the Dark Lord was just a few feet away. Severus felt the dizziness begin to overtake him, yet he held himself firm. He moved slowly, pushing his dying body to its limits until he finally was close enough for what he needed to do. With all the strength left inside of him he rose to his knees, and then he grasped Tom Riddle's wand and sank it into the ground before he allowed himself to fall.

And the shame was on the other side

Oh we can beat them, for ever and ever

Then we could be Heroes,

just for one day

"Noooooo..." Hermione broke free of Albus' grip and made her way out of the hole. As she ran to Severus she saw the light beaming from the potion-coated wand towards Voldemort. The half-serpent's body burst into flames as his screams traveled with the wind. Harry had been thrown back, and he was now being helped to his feet by Ginny Weasley. All fighting ceased immediately as every person on the battlefield looked at the burning Voldemort.

We can be Heroes

We can be Heroes

We can be Heroes

Just for one day

We can be Heroes

As she fell to her knees, Hermione turned Severus over and onto his back. She cradled her beloved's head on her lap, her cries could now be heard over those of the dying Dark Lord. He opened his eyes and looked at his lover, as a single tear fell down his cheek.

"Don't cry, Hermione. We are free. We...I'm finally...free," he whispered with his dying breath.

She held his face close to hers as she kissed him one final time, feeling his lips grow cold, feeling his heart beat no more. As she rocked his body against hers now, she allowed no one to touch him. There they all stood, as Hermione lamented the death of the only man she would ever love.

We're nothing, and nothing will help us

Maybe we're lying,

then you better not stay

But we could be safer,

just for one day

Only a few years would pass, years during which time Hermione tried to move on. Many men would come in and out of her life. Yet as she lay dying of what many would say was a broken heart, there was one man whose name was on her lips as she lay awaiting to enter her final journey. It was when she smiled and spoke his name that her friends, who kept vigil around her, knew he had come for her.

"Severus," she whispered.

They buried her inside the Snape mausoleum, the pair's sculptured images laying atop their single sarcophagus, holding each other's outstretched hand.

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As I stated at the beginning, I drove to work listening to this song. At one point I began thinking what a great song it would be for a fic, then of course immediately began to play the scene in my head. By the time I got to work I was bawling my eyes out.

I hope you enjoy this. Thank you for taking the time to read it.