

Illness

by debjunk

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione averted her eyes. "You should go..." she whispered.

"Why would I leave?"

"Because... it's bad, I can feel it. You deserve better than this, Severus. Just go."

"I will not leave you."

Her eyes searched out his. "You shouldn't have to watch this, Severus."

"You don't even know what's wrong. It may be nothing." He scowled. It definitely wasn't *nothing*.

A tear streaked down her face. "If it's something incurable, I want... I want you to leave me and find someone else. Promise me, Severus."

His eyes flamed in anger. "I will promise no such thing. Whatever it is, we will get through it together."

Hermione had been losing weight now for over a month. Her face was sallow, her stomach was constantly in turmoil. She couldn't eat or keep down anything. She threw up at least ten times a day. When she wasn't throwing up, she was lightheaded. She had just fainted prior to them finding themselves at St. Mungos. Falling to the ground in her bedroom, she'd awakened in Severus' arms as he yelled at a mediwitch to get someone to look over his wife.

Now, they sat in the hospital room, worrying.

She hadn't sought out medical help because she was afraid. Her aunt had died at a young age from stomach cancer, and her symptoms mirrored the early stages. Gazing at Severus, she worried her lip.

Married only six months, and we are destined to be separated already.

Severus saw her worried look and grasped her hand.

"You are not to fret, Hermione. We will be fine. Whatever it is... we will be fine."

She did not calm.

His grasp tightened. "I will be here, Hermione. I will always be here."

She laughed nervously. "You don't deserve to watch over an invalid."

Severus frowned. "I promised you that I would love you forever. It wasn't a promise that I would only love you if you were healthy. If, by some chance, you have the same illness as your aunt, I will not abandon you." His face was grim as his lips thinned to a mere line. "I love you. I thought you knew that."

Hermione sighed and squeezed Severus' hand. "I do know that. I just..." She looked to Severus in determination. "I saw what this did to my uncle. I couldn't bear to see you suffer like that."

"So, I am supposed to let you suffer alone? That's not what I promised you. I promised to always be with you, no matter what."

He leaned in then, and placed a soft kiss on her lips. "Hermione, please, don't ask this of me again. I will not abandon you, no matter how bad the diagnosis is. I love you. Someone who loves does not abandon."

Tears filled Hermione's eyes. She threw her arms around her husband and held him tightly to her. "Oh, Severus, I'm so scared."

Just then, the Healer entered the room, his face grim. Hermione's heart leapt into her throat. Severus squeezed her hand nervously.

"Mrs. Snape, why didn't you come in sooner?"

"I..." She looked down. "I was afraid of what it might be. You see, my aunt died of stomach cancer and..."

The Healer chuckled. "Isn't it interesting that when we're ill, the worst possible scenario is the one that pops into our heads first?"

Hermione looked to the Healer quizzically. Severus grumbled under his breath to 'get on with it.'

With a glance toward Severus and a nod, the Healer turned his attention back to Hermione.

"Mr. and Mrs. Snape, there's nothing to be worried about. You're pregnant."

A/N: There wasn't any particular prompt that I answered. I did watch about five minutes of the end of the movie The Notebook, which put me in a maudlin mood, so I suppose that could be considered a prompt.

I was thinking how incredibly devoted Logan was to Allie. She remembered him for, like, four minutes every couple of weeks. Yet he loved her so much that he stayed with her day in and out and read to her, hoping to see his lost love again.

I think we all wish for such an unending love. We all want someone who won't throw us away when the going gets tough. I just wanted to show Severus' dedication to Hermione here, no matter what might happen. And of course, being me, there can be no sad ending. Although, maybe someday...