

# For Me

*by irishredlass*

Drabble series written for GrangerSnape 100 challenge undone.

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*Chapter 1 of 9*

Drabble series written for GrangerSnape 100 challenge undone.

A/N: Many thanks to my fabulous beta Lariope. Also huge hugs to Droxy, who challenged me to step outside my comfort zone and write not only a drabble, but angst.

Severus spared a glance for the wailing wrinkled mass that was his daughter, his eyes riveted to the bed where his life lay.

The birth had been difficult. Complications from a hex—no one expected.

In horror, he watched as medi-wizards battled to save Hermione's life.

Transfixed by the drama before him, Severus did not hear until Poppy shouted, "Severus!" as she waived him forward.

He could see all was lost as he took her, already cooling, hand.

Her eyes fluttered... the light already fading from their amber depths.

Straining she uttered her last words, "Love her... for me... please."

# For Her

*Chapter 2 of 9*

Severus is undone at the funeral

A/N: Many thanks to my beta Lariope, she keeps my commas in line. It must be said that without Droxy challenging me to step outside my comfort zone this never would have been written; thank you Droxy.

Clouds blanketed the sky in a gray mist, the perfect reflection of Severus' mood.

He was at a loss—how was he supposed to face this day? Never mind the rest of his life.

Hermione's last words haunted him day and night, "Love her... for me... please...."

Every time he looked at his child, he was forced to see the face of his lost love. For her he would try...

The others had gone. Severus sank to his knees before the bronze tomb—the closest he could find to her eyes—and wept.

Eventually, a kindly hand led him away.

## Failing Her

*Chapter 3 of 9*

Minerva has a conversation with Severus.

Severus, you must snap out of this!" Minerva looked at the grief-ridden man who had once stood so proud.

He stared at Minerva with unseeing eyes. "Why should I? What is the purpose?"

Her eyes softened—he looked so defeated. Never had she seen him in such a state.

"What about your child... Hermione's child? You can't leave her to be raised by Winky."

Puzzled, Severus looked at the Headmistress. "Winky?"

Hermione had defended house elves—protected them. What would she think?

*What have I done?* he thought to himself. Severus dropped his head in shame. He had failed her.

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A/N: Many thanks to Lariope, beta extraordinaire.

## Waking Up

*Chapter 4 of 9*

Severus realizes his mistakes.

A/N: Many thanks to my beta Lariope and to Droxy, who has encouraged my angst fest.

"Love her... for me... please," Hermione's words echoed in Severus' mind after Minerva had left.

He could not even remember the last time he had seen Grace. Wait—it was the afternoon of the funeral... more than a month had passed.

Potter had escorted him back to the castle. Then he had said something about tending to the child.

What had he been thinking? How could he have abandoned his only link to Hermione?

Leaning his head back in sorrow—he whispered to the open air, "Forgive me, my love."

## Granting Peace

A/N: My apologies to those who have been waiting for an update on this drabble series. Real life has not been cooperative. I will do my best to get this updated and completed to this archive, as the story is complete.

Many thank to Lariope for betaing.

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Severus was uncomfortable with the idea of celebrating Grace's first birthday. It was not only the natal anniversary of his little girl's birth, but also the anniversary of her mother's death.

Hermione had not lived long enough to hold the child she had died giving life to.

It had not been an easy year, anything but...

Teething, nappies and two o'clock feedings had kept him so busy he hardly had time to deduct house points.

But, he always remembered... when he felt at the end of his rope, it was Hermione he felt guiding him—loving him—granting him peace.

## Hermione's Child

Grace celebrates her fifth birthday and Severus reflects.

Many thanks to Lariope for lightning fast beta-ing and Droxy for alpha reading.

Severus consented to allow Grace's fifth birthday to be celebrated at the Potter's home. Later he would take the time to think on what could never be.

Ever since that first month, there had been an uncanny bond between Grace and the youngest Potter boy. As he watched, Severus was transported back to a time when another dark headed boy and fuzzy haired girl were friends.

He did not need pictures to know what Hermione looked like as a child. Grace was her perfect replica.

Her voice drifted to him, "You're doing it all wrong!"

Yes, she was Hermione's child.

## Grace's Question

Grace asks the ultimate question of her father.

A/N: Many thanks to Lariope for lightening fast beta-ing and Droxy for alpha reading. You ladies are the best.

Severus had been dreading this day for almost eight years. He was amazed it had taken Grace so long to ask.

Grace was an inquisitive child, but she had never inquired about her mother's death.

Over tea and crumpets, a week before her eighth birthday, she looked at him with Hermione's amber eyes and asked, "Daddy, how did my mother die?"

He froze. What could he say? How could he tell her?

Overcome with memories, Severus pushed back from the table, overturning his chair, and fled—leaving a stunned, tearful Grace to stare after him—her lip between her teeth.

# Severus' Question

*Chapter 8 of 9*

How does Severus cope with the one question he hoped never to have to answer?

A/N: Many thanks to Lariope, beta goddess, and to Droxy for alpha reading all my angst.

"I thought I would find you here."

The Potions master looked up at his one-time nemesis—now friend. The pain in his eyes could not be denied.

Harry had led him away from Hermione's grave eight years ago. Then, he had stepped up when Severus had sunk into despair so deep he had forgotten he had a child.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

Harry crouched down next to Severus, "Grace went to Minerva panicking when you disappeared, and Minerva Flooded me."

Leaning his head back against the tomb, Severus sighed, "She asked... How do I tell her?"

# The Sorting

*Chapter 9 of 9*

The final chapter of For Me and Grace's Sorting.

A/N: Many thanks to both Lariope and Droxy; this story never would have made it into the light without their support and encouragement. Irish

Severus sat at the high table, heart filled with pride, as the First Years were led in to be sorted.

His eyes rested Grace's bushy brown hair as she was called forward. Oh, how she reminded him of Hermione.

All of the traits he once found so annoying in Hermione as a student: bold, know-it-all, inquisitive, he found endearing in Grace. There was no doubt in Severus' mind where she would be sorted. She was Hermione's daughter.

The hall went silent when Filius called, "Snape, Grace."

The hat spent a good deal of time with Grace and then announced... "Slytherin."