Last Samhain in Godric's Hollow

by karelia

Snape returns to Godric's Hollow one last time.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine.

With one final look back, not quite certain if she really wasn't upset about him going on his annual pilgrimage, he Apparated to a grass patch behind the Godric's Hollow church. What little daylight had managed to penetrate through the thick layer of clouds was fading rapidly this Samhain, promising, even foreshadowing, an exceptionally pronounced weakening in the veil.

Unlike previous occasions filled with impatience, he took his time. He knew she wouldn't talk to him—she never had on any of his Halloween visits, no matter how thin the veil.

He slowly wandered to the grave her long decomposed body shared with Potter's. "Twenty-five years, Lily," he said, "and I've realized finally it's time to move on. I'll always keep you close to my heart." He bent down to place a white daffodil by the headstone.

A small, soft beam flickered above the grave before Lily's shape emerged from it. She smiled at him the way he'd missed until recently. "Severus," she said, her voice as ethereal as her appearance, startling him.

"Lily." It was softly spoken.

"It is time you move on," she said in the typically lilting voice he remembered so well it might have been yesterday he'd heard it last. "She's balm for your soul, and deep inside, you know it." She smiled her brilliant smile, and suddenly, Lupin, Black, and Potter appeared by her side.

"Go on, Severus. Surely, you wouldn't want us to have died for nothing," Lupin said. "Make that life of yours worth living!"

The three male figures disappeared as swiftly as they'd appeared; only Lily was still there, though her form seemed less defined now. "Yes, Severus. What Remus said." She smiled at him again, then picked up the daffodil. "Thank you, Sev." She faded out of his realm.

He stood for a while, breathing, pondering what had just happened, and suddenly craving his home. He turned and rushed back in the hopes of ridding himself of the shoddy sensation of abandonment. *I left her alone on this night, knowing she has her own ghosts to deal with* He vowed there and then to make it up to her before he Apparated back to his home.

"Hermione…?"

"I'm here." She looked up from the book in front of her and smiled. "I'm so glad you're back."

"As am I, love."

"Love?" Her radiant smile made him realize it was love indeed.