

The White Knight

by Lady Whitehart

The way HP should have ended. Rowling broke it, fandom wanked about it, I fixed it. Or maybe I broke it more. Intentionally cliched, OOC, OTT, and just plain ridiculous.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Writing parody fics is like a virus; you have to let it run its course. Hopefully that's finally happened. (I miss my nice, normal plot bunnies!)

The following is a grotesque vision of how the series should have ended. It contains numerous, horrifyingly twisted bits of nonsense. Just so you know, nothing was sacred. If there was a cliché or a bit of bizarre bit of entitlement wank out there, I used it.

Many thanks to verity brown for sitting up on ICQ with me until an ungodly hour while this beast was hatched and for cleaning it up a bit.

Disclaimer:

Written for shits and giggles... check

Characters belong to Rowling... check

No money made.... check

Love it, hate it, whatever.

The White Knight

Harry sprinted through the shattered remains of Hogwarts in a desperate attempt to outrun Voldemort. Turning the corner onto the fifth floor corridor, he discovered he was trapped.

"Potter, you fool," hissed the Dark Lord. "Did you really think you ever had the talent to conquer me?"

The boy cowered, trying to make himself into a smaller target. His arrogance had caused everything to go utterly, completely wrong. Ron was dead. Hermione was missing. Ginny was possessed by one of the Horcruxes*.

"Take comfort, Potter. You're about to join your worthless Mudblood mother." Voldemort raised his wand and, with a flourish, moved to deliver the Killing Curse.

"Stop!" The command was followed a thunder of hooves.

The two combatants (well, one combatant and one cowering idiot) turned to see a vision of dazzling white. The knight was astride a proudly prancing unicorn stallion which was sporting a most impressive horn. Now that he was closer, Harry could see that the rider wasn't wearing white, but rather that his armor was so highly polished that it shone like a diamond in the sun.

At his side was a maiden fair, sitting side-saddle on a beribboned unicorn mare. Her shining tresses flowed about her shoulders like molten gold, and the aquamarine of her gown perfectly matched the shade of her sparkling eyes. She was curvaceous and so reeked of femininity that even Voldemort had to stare in amazement.

The knight leapt from his steed and removed his helmet to reveal the face of Severus Snape.

"I thought you were dead!" Harry and the Dark Lord screamed in unison.

"A mere snakebite couldn't kill me," Severus laughed. "I carry a full arsenal of poison antidotes, anti-venoms, and even a blood replenishing potion on my person at all times, just in case. I had to let you all think I was dead so I could finish the task I knew you would never be able to complete, Potter."

"Of course, because he was too weak after draining his memories for your benefit, I had to use a Time-turner to save him," said the woman, giving Harry a hostile stare.

"Pardon me for sounding rude, but who the bloody hell are you?"

The glamorous creature lifted her chin haughtily. "I am Lady Delusianna Fangurlous a highly skilled Healer, marksmen, martial artist, musician, and friend to all the forest's creatures. I'm also so wealthy it makes the Malfoys look like serfs, and I've mastered over one hundred languages. And my musical talents are beyond compare."***

"Her voice is so beautiful it makes the angels weep," Severus added. "By the way, I rescued Miss Granger."

"Hermione's alive?" asked Harry.

"No thanks to your arrogance and incompetence, Potter," Severus sneered. "You're just like your idiot father, thinking you can keep the woman you love safe. If your mother hadn't had her head turned by all his money and popularity, but had seen how much I loved her, she would still be alive today. Alas, I have had to live a life of perpetual mourning." His arm snaked around Lady Delusianna. "At least until this courageous, brilliant, beautiful woman saved my life and made me forget all of that sadness."

"A-HEM!"

Harry and Severus turned to see Voldemort, tapping his wand against his thigh. "You seem to have forgotten the Dark Lord's presence."

"I haven't forgotten you," Severus said with a dismissive tone. "How could I forget the callous way you deprived me of a life, of love, of dignity? How you made me your puppet?" His face grew hard. "For now it is I who will conquer you!"

The Dark Lord laughed. "But I thought you were my most faithful follower! I ignored my dearest Bellatrix's warnings that you had turned on me. Here I thought she was just jealous of you all this time."

"How could I remain faithful after you took that stupid prophecy to heart?" demanded Severus, shaking with righteous indignation. "How could I stay in your service when you threatened the love of my life, the joy of existence, the passion of my..."

"ENOUGH!" Harry and the Dark Lord shouted once again in unison for neither of them really wanted to know about Severus's passion.

Voldemort raised his wand. "I may have failed to kill you in the Shrieking Shack, Snape, but this time I will succeed. Avadava Kadavra!"

The killing curse struck Severus, knocking him to the ground. The Dark Lord chortled with manically glee. Lady Delusianna wailed out her grief and flung herself over the fallen body of her beloved.

"Too easy." He turned to the dumbstruck boy. "And now, where were we, Potter? Ah, yes. Ava..."

"No!" And with a clatter of armor, Severus Snape was once again on his feet, confronting the Dark Lord.

"But how?"

"This is goblin-made armor! It is impervious to the Killing Curse," declared the raven-haired wizard as he drew his wand. "And now to finish you!"

The Dark Lord cackled. "But I possess the Elder Wand and am unbeatable!"

"You know, for an all-powerful emperor of evil, you sure are stupid," Harry chimed in. "I told you, Draco disarmed Dumbledore that night on the Astronomy Tower, and nearly a year later I over-powered Draco and wrestled his wand from his hand, so I'm in control of the Elder Wand. Snape got there too late to gain control of the Elder wand. Didn't you listen to a word I said? Was it really that difficult to understand? Sheesh!"

"Shut up already, Potter! No one gives a fat rat's ass about you and your pointless story," snapped Lady Delusianna.

While Harry and the Dark Lord traded pointless insults, Severus had removed the bottom of his armor and clutched the Slytherin sword (which was ever so much larger and manlier than Gryffindor's sword) in front of him.

"And now to finally rid the world of your evil!" Severus waved the sword, spun in a neat pirouette, and turning his taut backside to the Dark Lord, shot a beam of pure light out of his arse!

Unable to tolerate such concentrated goodness, the Dark Lord exploded. The mangled bit of his soul thrust into final damnation.

"You saved me!" Harry cried. "After all those years of me being an utter wanker to you, you still saved me!"

"How could I not?" Severus asked, approaching him. "You have your mother's wonderful, impossibly green eyes."

Harry threw himself at Severus's feet, weeping with gratitude.

With an impatient huff, Lady Delusianna said, "It's about time you showed some respect and appreciation, Potter."

"And that's not all, my dearest boy. Feel your forehead."

Harry touched the space where his scar had been and discovered it was gone, sucked away by Severus Snape's incredible magic.

"How can I ever repay you?" Harry asked, groveling some more.

"You may kiss my sword." Severus held out the impressive length, and Harry gratefully pressed his lips to the cool, smooth tip.

"But, sir, you said Hermione was safe. Where is she?"

"Here I am!" Hermione came sprinting down what remained of the fifth floor corridor. Her face was radiant and her honeyed tresses streamed behind her. Harry reached

out to his friend, ready to declare his undying love for her, now that poor Ron had so conveniently met his end there was no reason to spare his feels and deny his love for her. But, to his shock, the brightest witch of the age threw her arms around Severus and kissed him passionately.

"Wait, I thought you loved me and me alone!" wailed Lady Delusianna Fangurlous. "We were even married on Astral Plain [sic] in a most glorious and intimate ceremony!"****

"Oh, no!" protested Hermione, pressing closer to Severus, nearly impaling herself on his sword in the process. "He's loved me for ages and ages, but could never give in to his passion because it would violate the propriety of the student-teacher relationship."

Delusianna put her hands on her voluptuous hips and glared at the young, lithe Gryffindor interloper. Her tone dripped with sarcasm. "How very noble of him."

"Ladies, ladies, I cannot possibly choose between you," Severus soothed. "However, there is a very simple solution to this problem that will make us all happy. It's a very obscure bit of magic that I happen to have read about in a very, very rare book. The spell will merge the two of you together."

The two sized each other up, virgin to vixen. Lady Delusianna Fangurlous had always wanted to be just as clever, young, and wonderful as Hermione. Middle age had set in, and the daily use of glamour charms would be rather tedious. And, well, with a full-blown makeover, Hermione could be quite alluring.

"Oh, very well," Lady Delusianna acquiesced. "As long as I get to keep my looks."

Hermione flashed a radiant smile. "And I get to keep my intelligence, Severus."

"I couldn't have you any other way, my dearests." Severus offered an arm to each of them, and they set off for the dungeon, leaving the Boy-Who-Lived-Only-By-Luck-And-Chance behind, alone and forgotten, to bemoan the sad fact that he was now forced to settle for Ginny, as long as she was no longer possessed.

Once they reached the Potions classroom, Severus busied himself preparing the potion that, when coupled with the spell, would combine his two loves into one. He opened the book and began brewing. Eye of newt... blood of Basilisk... Stir counter clockwise five times... Down from a newly emerged phoenix... Ashwinder eggs... Stir clockwise seven times... Juice of chasteberry... Shredded horny goat root... Stir in a figure-eight until thickened...

"And now, my dear ladies, I need three hairs from both of you."

Hermione and Lady Delusianna reached up to pluck a few strands from their flowing tresses, but Severus laughed and clarified, "Not that hair."

"Oh!"

After they had added the hairs, Severus drew the sword of Slytherin from its sheath and polished it until he was sweating and panting from the exertion. At last he gasped with relief as several pearly drops fell from the tip and into the cauldron.

He gasped, "Now help me stir the potion while I say the incantation."

Lady Delusianna and Hermione slapped at each other's hands, jockeying for position to touch Severus slender hand. Once they all had hold, Severus began an incantation in a lost, archaic language that Hermione didn't even recognize, let alone understand, and the brew was stirred until it turned a brilliant shade of red.

Carefully, Severus measured out a dose in two golden goblets. The women held their vessels together and said as one, "Fio Unus!"

They drank the potion down in a single gulp, their mouths filled with a delectable sweetness. Then they embraced and slowly merged into one highly intelligent, insatiably passionate, radiantly beautiful, perfect specimen of womanhood.

"Severus!"

"Hermione? Delusianna?"

"No, I think we...I mean I...prefer Delusione," the lovely creature purred, as she melted into his arms. "Yes, yes, Delusione Hermianna Fangurlous-Granger-Snape. How lovely it sounds."

Severus swept his new lover off her feet and carried her to his bed, which was still covered in his preferred black silk sheets. He shrugged off the remains of his armor and his brilliant white robe and made ready to claim his well-deserved prize.

Suddenly there was a frightful pounding on the door of his chamber. It grew louder and louder and louder, until it got to the point that no man could perform under such conditions.**** Severus apologized to Delusione Hermianna and threw his white robe over his lean, muscular frame. He strode to the door and yanked it open, allowing Luna Lovegood and Neville Longbottom to tumble to the floor.

"What is the meaning of this interruption?" he demanded.

"Sorry, Professor Snape, but Harry was just telling us about how you saved him, were all good, and how we shouldn't have been a bunch of shits to you for the last seven years," Neville replied, scrambling to his feet.

"We wanted to see Hermione," Luna said, staring bug-eyed around the room. "Harry told us you rescued her. Is that Hermione?" She pointed to the figure on the bed. "She rather looks like her, except I don't remember Hermione having such enormous..."

"Hermione isn't here right now," snapped Severus, blocking the bed from their view. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm rather busy right now."

"Oh, we're sorry sir," Luna said. "We didn't realize you were having..."

"Anyway, Professor, that can wait," Neville interrupted, blushing. "You see once we heard the truth, we felt really, really awful about giving you a hard time especially this year when you were a quadruple-agent and Headmaster. We decided to make sure the whole wizarding world knew just what a good and brave man you are. Well, we've organized a parade and a feast in your honor. After that, the temporary Minister, Kingsley Shacklebolt, will present you with an Order of Merlin Superior First Class, which is special just for you. You'll have your portrait painted and hung in the Great Hall. The artist wants you to wear your white robes and armor, and of course the unicorn should be in the background."

"I said I had some very important matters to attend to, Longbottom!"

"Please, sir, it would mean a lot to everyone, especially since there's been so much death and destruction in the last twenty-four hours." Neville tried to manage an engaging grin, not an easy feat considering he was cut and bruised and missing a few teeth.

Severus considered transfiguring the boy into a toad, but thought better of it. No one had understood how horribly he had suffered over the years. How he had been barely more than a puppet, with two equally manipulative masters plucking at his strings. The emotional weight of the many, many years of dark despair and being misunderstood threatened to crush him. Yes, he did deserve their groveling, and he would enjoy it. It was, after all, merely his due.

He picked up his armor. "Lead the way, Longbottom and Lovegood."

"But, Severus," pleaded the woman in his bed.

"Don't worry, my love," he said, heading out the door. "This will make everything so much sweeter."

And with that, Severus Snape swept out of the room to revel in a long overdue celebration of his heroism.

*Because everyone knows that's the correct plural ending for a Latin noun ending with the letter x.

**A tribute (or kick in the ass) to all of those delusional fangirl, self-insert Mary Sues, whose mere existence has made fandom a living hell for legitimate OFC's.

***Thank you, Snapewives, for making fandom more interesting. You're the BEST!

****The obligatory reference to Alan Rickman. Can you name the moving?

Thanks so much for putting up with me! Leave a little love on the way out. Any produce thrown at me will be made into salad or sauce. Flames will be used to keep me warm in winter.

Smooches,

Lady Whitehart