

To Know What I Have Done...

by Jinxie

Hermione has her secrets that she can't reveal to Severus, so decides walking away is the best she can do. Will he ever know, or will all be lost?

Determined to Go

Chapter 1 of 22

Hermione has her secrets that she can't reveal to Severus, so decides walking away is the best she can do. Will he ever know, or will all be lost?

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them or make a profit off them.

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Chapter One: Determined to Go

*This is the middle. Well, the beginning of the end and I believe we both know it. Neither of us were to invest much into this, or at least that's what we told each other when we started this, whatever this is! And that's the pretence that I must maintain. For me, I've gone over the boundaries that we set and agreed to, but can't let him know. However, I believe he suspects that my feelings are **more**. That's how I know we're nearing the end of us and I- I want to take more from this relationship than what he would willingly give. And that's how I know I need to walk away; sooner rather than later – before he knows what I have done...*

## Leaving

*Chapter 2 of 22*

Hermione has her secrets that she can't reveal to Severus, so decides walking away is the best she can do.

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Chapter Two: Leaving

Now is the time to end this. I had slowly shut myself off, telling myself it would be alright over the last few days. He knows that this is the end, but doesn't know my reasons, nor does he seem to care. Meanwhile, The Battle has begun. We are each summoned to our own sides and to show our allegiances to support our supposed causes. By this point my will is so strong that I just want to see the end of the battle through so that I can leave and move on with him none the wiser. I'm uncertain as to what he would do if he knew. I accept that he doesn't love me; I'm not foolish to expect it or think myself deserving. Would he be happy on some level and want me to stay? Or would he shun me and cast me out? I think the rejection is what I fear most and so I am doing to him first what I expect him to do to me. Shallow and petty, I know.

Revelation and Consolation?

Chapter 3 of 22

Severus heals while Hermione perseveres.

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## Chapter Three: Revelation and Consolation?

*Over the past two months since The Battle, I've been secluding myself away from the world, hiding from him. It wasn't until I read about it in a copy of The Prophet that Harry so kindly sent me that I found out about Severus. How Harry knew that I wanted to know how he was doing, but wouldn't actively seek information out is beyond me. Perhaps Harry is more perceptive than I give him credit for. He also said he wanted to let me know that Severus was in St. Mungo's recuperating from his injuries. They were life-threatening, but not fatal. In my bloody-mindedness and determination to see the end of The Battle and to leave, I didn't notice when he fell. "Gloriously" so they say – what piffle, how romanticised the story is made to appear! Enabling us to win The Battle, his true allegiance revealed – and that he did it all for the love of a dead woman. Perhaps Harry's not so perceptive after all, unless this is his idea of consolation? My heart, which I so dearly tried to keep guarded by leaving, is breaking even more.*

# Acceptance

Chapter 4 of 22

Hermione accepts what she did and didn't know in her relationship.

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Chapter Four: Acceptance

The Prophet has been churning innumerable stories of his injury, his recovery, and of his unrequited love being the reasoning for his true and benevolent allegiance over the past few months. It makes me sick reading about it. I already knew of his true allegiance, was sworn to secrecy and supported him before all of this! Only to find that I was providing him with relief and release in the interim, while he pined away for the memory of a woman who is dead! How low this makes me feel.

Maybe Severus would like to see me while he's in convalescence? Maybe he expected me to be there when he awoke, but was distraught to not see me? Oh, who am I kidding – he no more wants me to be there than to know what I have done! What we had was meaningless and baseless to him. He made that clear from the start. I should have listened harder to what he left unsaid. It is I who harbours the feelings and emotions. There never was an 'us'! Perhaps I made the right decision after all.

Memories

Chapter 5 of 22

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

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#### Chapter Five: Memories

*As much as I love and need both of my parents, I need Mum most right now. Mum and I have always had our own special relationship, in a way it's always been a meeting of minds. Feminist, humanitarian, independent, fashion (somewhat un-)conscious... Mothers are supposed to raise their daughters into womanhood; however, being at Hogwarts I was left somewhat deprived of that. And now – I need this relationship with my Mum; as they say the mother-daughter relationship is the key to all other relationships. Yes, I am very similar to my mother, but I still need her comfort and nurturing, despite being 23. I have no need of protection or to be taught how to fend for myself, I've had enough of well meaning protectors. No matter how much I love Molly Weasley – she just isn't my mother. I believe Mum suspects my motives. Well, she'll know soon enough anyway.*

*Coming to Australia to restore my parents' memories is helping me come to terms with my own memories. Memories of the fight, of friends and of course my affair with Severus. Yes, I've come here as much for my parents as for myself. Yes, selfish of me to want my parents back and to escape even further from Britain's Wizarding whirlwind media spotlight – and from Severus. Although, it's not so much about escaping Severus, as much as it is distancing myself from my hurt and regret in the hopes that the distance and time will help heal me, or at least distract me. No matter how much I regret and hurt I don't want to lose these memories that I hold dearest of all.*

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AN: As you can see I've made Hermione 23 in this story. Canon events of the war are more or less the same to this point with the exception of occurring five years later...

## Freddy

Chapter 6 of 22

Freddy brings news. Part 1 of 2.

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Chapter Six: Freddy

Ugh, Freddy's maniacal laughter! It's such a creepy noise when you're not expecting it – like now! I knew it was a mistake to let Harry buy that Whēkau as a gift for George when he came to visit me in Australia and visit New Zealand. But then again the owl has seemed to help heal the hole of Fred's loss. Why Harry let George see Nightmare on Elm Street is beyond me. And then they decided that Freddy would be a good name in honour of Fred and Freddy Krueger! I didn't think I'd understood George before – but even less now!

Thinking of George, I wonder why he's owling me? I'm not going to be a test subject for whatever he's concocted now! Ah, Harry's borrowed Freddy; I suppose he's still not replaced Hedwig and isn't in any hurry to do so. He thought to use Freddy as he's from Australasia, and since he's met me he can find me, despite the fact that I've made my Muggle flat unplotable and secret-kept. It's in times like these that I am grateful for my Muggle upbringing and Harry's as well.

Harry dispatched Freddy last night to bring news that Severus has been released from St. Mungo's after nearly six months of healing. Severus would describe it as gruelling to say the least. Whether in reference to his convalescence or the healers is anyone's dubious pleasure of guessing. His quick, dry wit tends to be lost and underappreciated by most. Ron however believes Severus got what he deserves, despite knowing the truth. I wonder what he would think, if he knew...

AN: This seemed to be a good stopping point, as there were two objectives to the letter. The second objective will be dealt with in the next chapter.

For those interested in the Whēkau, you can read about it on this link: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Laughing_Owl

Please Come Home

Chapter 7 of 22

Hermione has her secrets that she can't reveal to Severus, so decides walking away is the best she can do. Will he ever know, or will all be lost?

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## Chapter Seven: Please Come Home

*In addition to the news of Severus's health, Harry and Ginny have included an invitation for me and my parents to their Christmas and New Year's Eve festivities. They figured to invite all of us to both events in case I wanted to spend Christmas here with just my parents. Seeing as I've not seen them in the past six years as I'd been a high-priority target for Voldemort, forcing me to try to maintain a low-profile. However, this wasn't always easy while training to be a MediWitch at St. Mungo's and later working with Severus on antidotes and counter-curses for me to introduce onto the wards in spite of that having been done in secret.*

*Harry all but begged that I at least come for New Years. He and Ginny say they have news to share, which leads me to assume that they will be announcing their engagement. Harry's thoughtfully included an enchanted plane ticket for me, as I've settled here as a Muggle and wish it to remain this way for the time being. Add that to the fact that Apparition is out of the question for that distance. All I have to do is tap the ticket, state the date I wish to travel, and the time will appear on it, stating when the Portkey will activate. It will send us to a Ministry terminal much like at an airport, where I can have both my Muggle and Wizarding Passports stamped, while my parents go through something similar being Muggles themselves. It's little details like this that make me appreciate and love Harry even more!*

*I look forward to seeing Harry, Ron, Ginny and the rest of the Weasleys. It's been too long – I've not seen them all these months. Heck, it's been several months since Harry came to visit and everyone else – well not since The Battle. I've been grieving; I've been moving on, I've been sedentary. I don't think I can face them! I don't think I **want** to face them! Will they reject me too, the way that I know Severus will reject me? They'll have to find out sooner, rather than later. It would, after all, be best that they hear it from me rather than whatever Rita Skeeter comes up with once she finds out and sinks her teeth into it. My news is too juicy for her to just let it pass. So I'll send my response with Freddy, saying that I will meet them at Grimmauld Place, parents in tow, in two days time – this Tuesday; Christmas Eve. Time is overdue anyway.*

## Tuesday, a Day for Reunions – pt. 1

Chapter 8 of 22

Hermione has her secrets that she can't reveal to Severus, so decides walking away is the best she can do. Will he ever know, or will all be lost?

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~\*~I owe a debt of gratitude to PotionsMistress23 for working her magic to help sort out my mistakes. Any errors left are purely my own.~\*~

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Chapter Eight: Tuesday, a Day for Reunions – pt. 1

Many hugs, kisses and tears were shed and shared between Harry, Ginny, my parents and me before we could even clear ourselves from the hallway! Harry had already told Ginny, so she was prepared for the news. Suddenly, Harry told us that Ron and the rest of the Weasleys were waiting for us in the kitchen.

The mirthless reunion that I was expecting wasn't quite so. Ron was happy to see me and didn't seem at all surprised to see that I'm so heavily pregnant. I assume Harry and Ginny told him before I arrived to save me the hassle of dealing with Ron's emotions. He seems genuinely happy for me, as do the rest of the Weasleys. However, as I suspected, they don't know the full story, especially who the father is. They're under the impression that the father died in The Battle, thus leaving me unattached and in need of finding someone else. And they think that I'm desperate, as I'm out of wedlock. Unfortunately, my silence didn't help the matter or his belief. My parents know, or at least my mother knows, who the father is. Presumably she has told my father, but I asked her not to tell anyone else. That is my burden, my task for the telling. This whole marriage malarkey, on the other hand, just caused this reunion to descend into anarchy and achieved my irked anger.

Harry and Ginny, noticing my temper flaring, announced that dinner was ready. Food can always be counted on as a distraction and focal point for Weasleys. My parents found Grimmauld Place interesting and were intrigued to see where I had visited and lived for a time. My dad kept commenting how he'd like to have a house-elf, if it wasn't slavery, only to have the rebuttal of Mr. Weasley going on about wanting a Micro-slave, which ended up being a Microwave. He was slightly disappointed that they run on electricity. Molly, on the other hand, was relieved. I don't think she could stand being replaced by technology. Thankfully, she dropped the issue of marriage and let it lie when dinner started. I suspect she's planning a way to get Ron and me together. I really hope she just leaves it alone.

Tuesday, a Day for Reunions – pt. 2

Chapter 9 of 22

The second half of the Christmas Eve reunion at Grimmauld Place.

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~*~I owe a debt of gratitude to PotionsMistress23 for working her magic to help sort out my mistakes. Any errors left are purely my own.~*~

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Chapter Nine: Tuesday, a Day for Reunions – pt. 2

*Despite the fiasco of the marriage malarkey from earlier, Mum and Dad seem to have enjoyed themselves today. They have continually stated categorically that they will not force an unwanted marriage on me or the baby (or its father) and that they will help any way that they can. It was such a relief, after restoring their memories of me, Harry and the Wizarding world, that they didn't reject me on those grounds. Nor on the fact that not only had it been six years, but I was also pregnant. That I had decided I wanted to keep the baby and that I was purposefully and wilfully keeping this pregnancy hidden from the father particularly upset Dad. He couldn't imagine Mum having done that to him when she was pregnant with me, but he understood my motive. I hadn't gone and deliberately got pregnant, but once I had found out – I had known I couldn't terminate, nor let him know it was his; so I had decided to leave.*

*I knew he didn't want children, but I couldn't face him asking or even demanding that I terminate. Nor could I face the possibility that he would try and do the "honourable thing" by marrying me. Not that he's the marrying type. I'm not saying that I wouldn't mind being married to him; no – I would love nothing more, but not under these circumstances. Not when his hand would essentially have been forced. He would grow to resent and hate not only me, but our child. That wasn't the life I wanted, not the path I would willingly choose. No, leaving was the best way that I could keep my baby and my love for him. My baby that was begotten through care, affection and my love; he or she will never be at a loss for love.*

## All I Want for Christmas Is My Old Best Friend

Chapter 10 of 22

Friends pushed together on Christmas day.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

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Chapter Ten: All I want for Christmas is My Old Best Friend

Unfortunately, either Ron's misguided intentions born out of friendship, or misconceived love, if not Molly's unfettered meddling, has prompted him to ask me to be his wife. I'm not at my most level of emotions around Ron at the best of times; mix in pregnancy hormones on top of that and you can guess how it might've gone if not for Dad entering the library at just that "intimate moment." I suspect Harry and Ginny would've had a lovely time cleaning around the Ron-shaped imprint from the wall. With Dad in the room to help dissipate any ill-will, and act as chaperone, I promptly but politely declined. I then moved the conversation on to events that I missed in my absence, seemingly to both mine and Ron's relief. He told me of all the losses and how everyone is moving onward, especially how George and the rest of the Weasleys are handling it. Our friendship will remain just that, and my baby will be just an extension of me – regardless of paternity.

One never can tell exactly how Molly takes the news of one of her sons being rejected by a perceivably "needy and desperate" witch. So it was with apprehension that my parents and I approached the Burrow for Christmas lunch.

Lunch, the festivities and presents went without much ado. I received very little for myself; even a shocking lack of books! However, the baby received a startling amount of knitwear, toys and kit. For those thoughtful gifts, I am most grateful, and at the sight of the first little outfit Molly knitted, I nearly started to cry. Not because it was a monogrammed monstrosity, but because it was a gift of tiny perfection that would soon lovingly keep my newborn warm and cocooned in love and acceptance.

Boxing Day Sales

Chapter 11 of 22

Ginny and Hermione go shopping in Diagon Alley.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

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### Chapter Eleven: Boxing Day Sales

Ginny decided I needed to take advantage of the after Christmas sales in Diagon Alley. I'm glad we decided on Wizarding shops instead of trying the Muggle High Streets elsewhere, especially London! I don't think I could've handled the jostling and hassle, regardless of magical ability. It's funny, how I was so sure that Harry and Ginny would announce their engagement, and so far, no news. Perhaps this is for the best with Molly nagging at me to get married for the sake of my child...

I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that I didn't notice when we made our way to Madam Malkin's. Ginny apparently pre-ordered a set of dress robes on my behalf for her and Harry's Hogmanay party. Why they're having a Hogmanay party in the middle of London was beyond me, until Ginny explained that they really wanted to end the year with a bang! The set of robes she chose for me is a black lace bolero with an emerald green, sleeveless empire waist dress with black lace sash between the bust and bump. It's such a lovely floaty, yet opulent looking set of robes. They were very flattering and fit perfectly. I can't wait to wear them!

After purchasing the new robes, we decided to make a stop at Fortescue's newly reopened Ice Cream Parlour on our way to George's shop. Nothing's quite as nice as eating ice cream in front of a roaring fire, or so Mum used to say when I was younger. When we were leaving the Ice Cream Parlour, Ron spotted, and decided to join us on our walk to the shop. Ron was on his way back to the shop from his lunch break. He apparently just completed what he hoped was a successful interview to enter the Auror Training Programme next year.

The day was going very well until I stopped to eye a display in the Wee Witches and Wizards shop near Gringott's. As I turned to continue down the street, I started to trip and Ron caught me. Just as I was setting myself to rights, and about to set off, I saw him coming out of Gringotts. For a brief minute our eyes met. His eyes were unreadable, and before I could call out to him, he Disapparated.

**AN:** If you're interested in Hermione's dress, you can view it here: <http://www.tiffanyrose.com/maternity/clothing/EMR.html>

## Hogmanay and the First Footing Visitor

Chapter 12 of 22

Hogmanay festivities and a few surprises along the way.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

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Chapter Twelve: Hogmanay and the First Footing Visitor

My parents and I arrived at Grimmauld Place to find it in a state of chaos. Arthur came and whisked Dad to be with the men while Mum went off in search of Molly. It took me a full five minutes to figure out that we had arrived not only for a New Year's Eve party, but to Harry and Ginny's nuptials. The berk hadn't even told me he was engaged, let alone getting married so soon! In my shock, it didn't click straight away that I wasn't so much as asked, as told I was to be Maid of Honour. No wonder why I had this truly marvellous new set of robes! I'm so fortunate that these robes are flattering to my bump, instead of making me look ghastly – I'd hate to ruin their wedding photos!

The wedding itself was a quick, simple and elegant affair. Ginny, like Fleur before her, wore a simple white dress with Aunt Muriel's tiara. I think that tiara must have graced just about every Weasley bride's head – maybe it's some kind of Weasley fertility trinket? I'd rather not dwell too much on that, not that my touching it will do any harm, as I'm already expecting. The ceremony ended just shy of midnight, allowing for the couple to bring in the New Year as a newly wedded couple, and to greet their First Footer as a married couple.

Perhaps it was the day, or everything going so fast, but I was starting to feel a bit rough, so I went to stand in the hallway for a moment's breathing space before the wedding reception started to get into full swing. Ron came to join me, whether on Harry's behest or out of his own concern I'm not sure, but his company was welcome to help deal with the overwhelming evening. On our shared banter over the wedding, there was a knock on the door. Whether it was born out of habit from my previous time living there, or just to avoid the lull in conversation with Ron, I answered the door.

Last week's sighting of Severus was the furthest from my mind tonight. That was, I should say, until I saw who the First Footing visitor was. I could tell straight away from the look in his eyes that he wasn't expecting to see me, and why should he? I don't live at Grimmauld Place after all. He soon recovered and entered the house, handing me the traditional First Footing gifts of coal, salt, a black bun and a bottle of whiskey. I think I can tell the exact moment of realisation on his face, that these robes gave the illusion of my figure being smaller than it actually was. His face grew paler – if that is even possible – and his jaw tensed, and his eyes became unreadable. He promptly congratulated me and Ron on our wedding, and was quick to offer a snide comment on the impending birth.

His snide comments I can tolerate, but he had to know that I'm not married – especially to Ron. I soon set the record straight with him, and informed him that it was in fact, Harry and Ginny who were married just a matter of minutes before. In not so many words, he managed to convey that his mistake was down to being "persuaded" by Minerva to be the First Footer at Grimmauld Place, without being told expressly who the couple were. Seeing as he didn't want to attend the wedding or celebration unless plenty of proper whiskey was in residence, he could ensure that it was, if he were the First Footer. Which, by all accords, he certainly fit the bill by being tall and dark haired!

Our conversation of all of five seconds was cut even shorter by the entrance of Harry and Ginny into the hallway. I promptly managed to thrust the First Footing gifts back to Severus, for him to gift the proper recipients with. He then entered the reception with Harry and proceeded to have a drink with Harry. I could tell "persuasion" or not, he wasn't going to stay, so I headed for the door to cut him off. Tonight wasn't the night for bringing up the past, let alone the future, so I asked him to meet me tomorrow, well, later today really at one of our old haunts. I was surprised at how readily he agreed, and the look in his eyes, I'd never seen anything like it.

I was shocked. What did that look in his eyes mean? Was it what I have always hoped?

AN: For those interested Severus's POV will make an appearance in chapter 14. :)

The Beginning of a New Year

Chapter 13 of 22

Hermione's walk to the meeting.

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Special thanks to PotionsMistress23 yet again, for helping to mind the Ps and Qs.

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### Chapter Thirteen: The Beginning of a New Year

She walked through the light snow on the path in St. James Park. It was always lovely this time of year and a beautiful place to clear her head on the way to their meeting. She was reminiscing and remembering their time together. It was while working on a particularly nasty skin curse together that they found themselves walking around the St. James Park Lake one summer, that they found they both had an affinity toward the park and one another. The park and its lake seemed to appeal to, and soothe both of them, making it the ideal place to stroll, think, and relieve themselves from the war, albeit briefly. However, it was something they couldn't luxuriate in for a multitude of security and safety risks, so their walks in St. James Park were restricted to being few and far between; at least, when they were together.

Approaching the edge of the park, before she left it and her memories to meet Severus in the pub, she fell – suddenly and hard. As she looked up in confusion at the crowd that was forming, her focus left their faces as she watched the snow as it fell so bright and beautifully around her in the winter sun. The bells of Westminster Abbey rang clearly nearby while she thought she heard the nee-naw of an approaching ambulance siren. The voices of the people seemed to murmur to her, telling her to “stay awake,” and to “stay with them,” but her eyes grew too heavy, despite her desire to watch the snow while listening to the bells.

Severus sat in the pub waiting for Hermione's arrival, which never came.

## Disappearing Names

Chapter 14 of 22

Severus and Minerva in the Headmistresses Office...

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

Thank you to wonderful PotionsMistress23 for tidying up the mess.

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Chapter Fourteen: Disappearing Names

“Severus, have we received responses from all of the prospective students for the upcoming fall term yet?” Minerva asked her Deputy.

“To be honest, I'm not entirely sure off-hand, Minerva. The quill and scroll will know for sure; have you checked them?” he nearly sneered in response.

“No, come look with me. Your eyes are younger and keener than mine, young man,” she said with mock reproach.

As they were checking the scroll and quill for the list of upcoming term students, specifically for those who hadn't yet replied, Minerva and Severus saw the listing of a new name.

“Ah. A new life - a new name. You know, they say those born on New Year's Day will always have luck on their sides,” Minerva said, smiling as she moved closer to see the latest name listed.

“What utter codswallop!” he sneered, as he too moved closer, eager to see whose spawn he could expect to be teaching in the future.

“Severus - !” The rest of her comment was frozen on her lips, and it wasn't the fact that the quill was hovering over a name. It was the name itself that was listed on the scroll that caught both of their attentions: *1 January 2003, Corvus Jonathan Granger* ***Snake***.

“Why didn't you tell me the baby was yours and that it was born *three days* ago, I might add?” Minerva started to admonish him.

“Because, Minerva, I didn't know – on either account,” he stated, seething with pain inside; his mind was racing. *A child – **my** child! Three days. Three whole days since the child was born, and she never bothered to tell me... Why? Why do I have to find out like this?*

Minerva coughed and was about to speak again when the name started to seemingly flicker, then disappeared. “The name was there, Severus! You saw it just as I did!” she said before he could respond.

“I'm sorry, Severus. As briefly as I saw the name, it – it disappeared!” she said to him, bewildered.

At her apology, he looked at her sharply. The pain was evident in his eyes before he could mask it.

“Now, Severus, just because the name disappeared doesn't mean that she's taken him out of the country with her – never to return,” she said, trying to console the harsh man before her. “It could also mean one of two things: that the child's a Squib or –”

“If the child were a Squib, the name wouldn't have appeared at all. You know that as well as I do, Minerva.” He cut her off before she could finish her sentence. “She's taken the child and run. Three days, Minerva – three days – that she didn't say a word! She's taken the child without so much as a word –” He was nearly shouting in his tirade.

Quietly, she piped in with the last reason. “It's the worst case that – that the child is – dead,” she whispered and choked out the last word, fervently hoping that it wasn't so.

Her words sunk in, and he paled at the thought of why the child's name would disappear from the register. *Dead; the child could be dead... The chance – the choice... taken before – Before what? What were you going to do? Play happy family with a woman who couldn't even be bothered to tell you she was pregnant, let alone that the*

same child was yours? He began to mentally sneer at himself once more.

He turned to see what had caught Minerva's eye. The fireplace was lit with green flames, and the tear-stained face of Harry Potter was there, looking at them...

Living by the tip of the Blade

Chapter 15 of 22

Harry visits the Headmistress to discuss the situation.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

Special thanks to PotionsMistress23 for her editing work!

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## Chapter Fifteen: Living by the tip of the Blade

Before Harry could ask, Minerva cried, "Mr. Potter, please come through!" His tears were clear evidence to her that the last and worst case scenario from her and Severus's earlier conversation had come to pass. "What's left you in such a state, Lad?"

"It's Hermione and the baby. I – I..." he said numbly, shaking his head while looking around, dumbfounded and bereft. "I wanted to let you know they've been taken to St. Michael's..."

Minerva gasped loudly, and her hand flew to cover her mouth.

"No. Not our Hermione." Her sob joined Harry's.

Neither noticed the expression on the Deputy Headmaster's face as he processed this revelation.

*Dead. Hermione and the child – dead. How could it be? She was fine when last I saw her at that blasted Hogmanay celebration. Had that been too much stress on her and the babe? I need to see her, see the child – if only to be sure.* With that thought in mind, he turned to leave. He barely took a step when he heard Minerva's questions begin, making him halt in his tracks to hear the answers.

"But how? What happened?"

"She was by herself when it happened. Apparently, she was walking in Muggle London, near St. James's Park – near Westminster Abbey, when she was stabbed, seemingly at random, by a passing Muggle. The Muggles who witnessed it called for emergency services, and she was taken by ambulance to the nearby A&E at St. Thomas's."

She gasped, "Merlin – when did this happen?"

"It was the afternoon of New Year's Day."

"Three days ago! Why hasn't it been in *The Prophet*? Why hasn't anyone said anything?"

"We only thought she was taking time to herself for a day or two. It wasn't until yesterday afternoon that we found that she'd been at St. Thomas's. One of the nurses in the hospital there is a Squib and notified St. Mungo's when she found Hermione's wand with her personal affects. She'd been in and out of surgery since arriving at the hospital, when they tried to save the baby and stem the bleeding. The baby was delivered immediately, by special surgery, and then they started working on Hermione." He ran a hand through his hair, not quite knowing how to explain Muggle medical procedures that he wasn't entirely sure of to his former professor.

"Surely, once she got to St. Mungo's, they were able to complete her healing? What's gone wrong?"

"That's what I thought, but we never really learned much about differences between Muggle and Magical healing at school. It seems that the longer time passes between injuries and healing, the less likely Magical healing can occur, especially when Muggle medical treatments have been started first. All the cutting, the surgeries, the stitches... I don't think the Mediwitches and Wizards knew quite where to start with Hermione – she was in such a bad way. You should've seen her – she was deathly white to begin with. And that poor baby – not even getting to be held by her!"

Severus stood there, listening to the tale, mind reeling with the information while the others were still seemingly oblivious to his presence. *She didn't even know the child was born? Who named him then, if not his own parents?*

"What do you mean; she never got to hold the child? How was he named if she didn't name him?"

"Hermione was unconscious when the paramedics arrived and never woke after that. Mrs. Granger, her mother, knew the name Hermione picked, as she wanted him named for his father." With that final statement, Harry's eyes looked around the room and settled on the Deputy Head's back, silently willing him to turn around to make eye contact. Once he did, Harry continued. "She wanted him to know who his father was, even if he wasn't a part of their lives."

*Damn the woman; she knew and she never said! How many months of nothing, no communication? What was her intention – have the child and then tell me?*

"...and so, it was this morning that Hermione and Corvus were transferred to St. Michael's," he said calmly.

Severus hadn't quite listened to Harry any longer but was brought back to reality suddenly, with that final statement. *St. Michael's – the Wizarding morgue. I know there's no identification needed, but I need to see her, and the child; Corvus, my – son.*



# St. Mungo's

Chapter 16 of 22

Severus visits St. Mungo's in attempt to gain some answers.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

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Chapter Sixteen: St. Mungo's

I couldn't stay there any longer and didn't know where else to go, except to the source. What else would make sense? Now that I'm here, I'm made to feel like a bloody fool!

"I'm sorry, Professor. Unfortunately, your name doesn't appear on the child's birth certificate, nor are you listed as next of kin, so I cannot release any information regarding his health or care to you. I believe we now have to call it protective data, um... data protection – that's it!" the receptionist replied.

"What do you mean, 'because I'm not listed on his birth certificate'? The child has my surname – whether I wanted him to or not," he hissed back at the receptionist, pinching the bridge of his nose. *Cursed Muggle Data Protection Act infiltrating the Wizarding world!*

"Yes, I can see that, Professor. However, Wizarding births, like those of Muggles, must have both parents present at the Registrar's Office if the parents are unwed..."

"Well, how in Merlin's name was he registered then, if his mother was incapacitated, more or less, since his birth?"

"I'm not privy to that information, Sir. All I can see is the information before me." She shrugged helplessly to reiterate her point. "And there is no indication within this folder that access is granted to you as a guardian or parent. I'm sorry, Sir. There's nothing else I can tell you."

Frustrated that his search for answers was going nowhere at St. Mungo's, he contemplated going to St. Michael's.

Do I dare to see them like that? See Hermione like that? I can't quite get the last times I saw her out of my mind. That day in Diagon Alley... oh, how deceptive it was in my mind, the simple liberties that Weasley boy took with her and what he hid from my view. The last time I saw her at Grimmauld Place... in that emerald dress robe. How elegant it looked on her, then to look on her and find her so obviously rounded. Again, in the arms of Weasley – what else is a man to think, after not hearing from one's paramour for such a time? Surely, she couldn't have thought I'd automatically assume the child was mine. Could she?

AN: I admit, this is a bit of a filler chapter, but furthering of the plot will commence in the next chapter.

I appreciate all of the reviews and feedback. :)

St. Michael's

Chapter 17 of 22

Revelations are made and realisation starts to sink in.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

Many thanks to PotionsMistress23 for helping to clean up the mess!

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## Chapter Seventeen: St. Michael's

"Th-they've been sent to St. Michael's?" Minerva queried, aghast. "How can you be so calm about this, Mr. Potter?"

"Yes, St. Michael's. St. Mungo's said there was nothing else they could do for either of them."

"Dear, dear, Hermione and the babe. I can only imagine what her parents are going through!" she sighed mournfully. "However, I can't help but wonder what happened to Hermione in the first place? Why was she stabbed?" Confusion was clearly lighting the older woman's face anew at this train of thought.

"As I mentioned, she was stabbed – seemingly at random by a Muggle passing her on the street. The woman was apprehended by bystanders and turned over to police. They have CCTV footage that will condemn the woman in the eyes of the Muggle courts."

"But –? Clearly, there's more to that story than what you're saying."

"Obviously. The woman apprehended was later tested, after the Squib nurse alerted us to Hermione's location, and she was found to have been Imperiused. In the Auror's Office, we're pretty certain it was a renegade Death Eater behind the attack. However, we're leaning closer toward Dolohov, in particular, being the culprit. He and Hermione have a history."

"The Department of Mysteries," she breathed, barely louder than a whisper.

“Yes. I believe he's one to hold grudges. I just hope she can pull through this and move on with her life – fully.”

“Move on with her life? Surely you jest – St. Michael's is a morgue.”

“Morgue?” he paled.

“Yes. St. Michael's is the Wizarding Morgue attached to St. Mungo's.”

“Oh.” Eyes gone wide he responded, “Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no.”

Realisation hit hard. *It was no wonder why Snape looked the way he did when he stormed out of here. He must feel more for her than what he wants to admit – or realise.*

## The Department of Magical Law Enforcement

*Chapter 18 of 22*

Severus's views on what is happening.

Yes, an update - finally! It was rather more difficult than I thought to one, sit down and have time to write, and then to round this chapter to a place where I was happy with it. Chapter nineteen is already written and will be up in a few days, at least.

Usual disclaimer: I don't own them and make no profit, except at their expense.

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Chapter Eighteen: The Department of Magical Law Enforcement

They never arrived. The receptionist said that they weren't there. How could they not be there? It is St. Michael's, after all. That is where they are supposed to be if they were sent there from St. Mungo's. I can't get my mind around this. First, I find out I am a father; then the child and his mother are both dead before I can even see or acknowledge them. Now, I can't find them. Well, St. Michael's can't find them. It's not as if this is a difficult concept... That is where the Wizarding dead are supposed to be. Bodies normally don't just get up and walk away, especially now that Voldemort is dead. Inferi are a rare sight these days, plus babies make dreadful Inferi. What would it do - spit milk at you to achieve its objective?

Was the receptionist lying to me? Lying to get me to leave? No, I don't think that's right. I didn't get any of the bureaucracy policy regarding 'Data Protection' from her, like I did at St. Mungo's. Perhaps a visit to Kingsley Shacklebolt and, dare I say it, another visit with Harry Potter are in order. After all, I assume the Department of Magical Law Enforcement will get involved in the- the murder of such a high-ranking war hero.

~*~

I've never felt so bloody useless in all my life! 'No assistance is needed as of now.' If that's not a bloody party line, then I don't know what is. I think they believe I have something to do with Hermione's demise and that of the child. Why on earth would I walk into the Ministry of Magic, where an unknown number of Aurors and Unspeakables are housed? Dunderheads, the lot, and I had a hand in shaping their minds.

However, I did manage to overhear a conversation between two Aurors regarding plans for Hermione's funeral. Less than a week - less than a week until their funeral service where I can say my final farewell before they are returned to the earth from whence they came. Is that really enough time to find peace within myself over what has happened and whomever could be behind this cruel act?

Any thoughts you have on the story - good or bad - are much appreciated.

Give Up The Dead

Chapter 19 of 22

The continuation of Harry and Minerva's conversation in the Headmistress' Office.

Usual Disclaimer: They're not mine and I have no claim to them, just the scenarios I put them in.

Chapter Nineteen: Give up the dead

“No, Minerva. No, they've been transferred to St. Michael's in Sydney, so they could be closer to Hermione's parents.” Relief, quickly followed by confusion, was clearly written across the older woman's face at this revelation. Harry continued. “After Hermione restored her parents' memories, they decided they wanted to remain in Australia. Hermione decided she would stay with them, in order to rebuild their family and to have their support and help with the baby – Corvus.”

“That’s such a shock and relief to hear, lad. But you said she was sent for rehabilitation. Surely, she’s out of danger?”

“More or less, yes, but it was very tentative for a while. Please understand, professor, we don’t want the full story to get out to the Wizarding populace just yet. It’s bad enough that the way this is being written about that a Muggle attacked a Muggle-born witch. What it’s going to do with the tentative healing that has occurred since Voldemort’s demise, I dread to think. And then, to find out that renegade Death Eaters are still making attacks...”

“Of course, Mr. Potter. There’s no need to warn me of the prejudices of the ignorant masses that read that rag called *The Daily Prophet*.”

“Yes, well the less said about that the better. I also want to ask you to attend Hermione’s funeral. Well, false funeral. It’ll be held next Friday. Kingsley and the current head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement have agreed to go ahead with a false funeral for Hermione if the culprit isn’t apprehended before then. It gives us just under a week’s time.”

“Certainly. Anything I can do to help. I would offer to hold the service here at Hogwarts, but I don’t want any students put at risk.”

“No, it’s better held away from Hogwarts, like you’ve said. Thank you for allowing me to share this with you, professor. You don’t know what a relief it is to be able to confide this to you! As soon as I have any further news on Hermione and Corvus, I’ll let you know.”

With that final greeting, Harry departed the Headmistress’s office via the Floo.

Well, it was shorter than I expected it to be, but it gets the message across.

Surfacing

Chapter 20 of 22

Meanwhile, we find out more about Hermione.

Usual Disclaimer: They’re not mine; I only borrow and abuse them only to return them for others to do the same.

Many thanks to PotionsMistress23 for her continued help slapping this story into shape!

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### Chapter Twenty: Surfacing

*Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.*

*Hearing the slow, steady beeping sound is the first thing I notice as I drift in and out of sleep. The beeps are not the rich, melodic tones of Westminster Abbey pealing in the distance of the cool winter air but those of some sort of monitoring charm. And, the mattress below my body is no longer the cold pavement near St. James’ Park. I am still alive.*

*Pain. The pain consumes me and drags me back under to barely be aware of my body and what surrounds me. Whether anyone knows I am waking and falling back under is anyone’s guess. Gradually, I am surfacing for longer and longer as the pain begins to dull and gets less and less severe, allowing my mind to clear.*

*Slowly, I open my eyes to see where I am. I am obviously no longer outside in the snowy winter weather. I’m lying on a squishy mattress. There’s pain in my back and in my abdomen. I don’t need to reach my hand to my stomach to know my child isn’t there. **He’s not there.** At that thought, my mind starts to race, my heartbeat picks up and my breathing comes that much quicker, too. Panic surrounds me, not for the physical pain, but for my child. Is he OK? Is he alive? Why don’t I know?*

*Suddenly, the door to my room opens up, and a crowd of whom I can only assume to be Healers comes rushing in. Words jumble all into a low roar as each voice fights to be understood and heard in their mixed messages and tasks.*

*Where am I? If I were in St. Mungo’s, they’d be wearing the horrid lime green robes. But here, wherever **here** is – they’re wearing powder blue robes.*

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So, I’m not as evil as you thought. What did you think?

## 21. Bittersweet Beauty

*Chapter 21 of 22*

A glimpse into Hermione’s situation.

Usual Disclaimer: I don’t own them or make any profit, except humour from them. Many thanks to PotionsMistress23 for her fantabulous work!

*Gorgeous. Beautiful!* "I can't believe how small he is, so perfect. Mum, how were you able to let me go to Hogwarts without being heartbroken?" Hermione said, while looking down in awe at the tiny baby in her own mother's arms.

"It got easier with time and knowing that it was best for you. It made the time we had together even more special and important," Mrs Granger said with a smile. "For now, let's worry about both of you coming home before worrying about Corvus going off to school. You have many years and milestones to go through before that happens."

"Very true. And to think I nearly missed it all," Hermione said with a slight shudder and sniff.

"Yes, well, you're here now and that's what matters. Just concentrate on healing, so you can get yourself up and out of that bed."

"Being able to hold my son for longer than just a few moments is the most important thing on my mind at the moment; everything else can wait and come with time."

"That's my girl."

"Yes, well, not so much of a girl anymore. Or little, come to think of it," she replied cheekily.

"That's enough out of you. We don't want to tax you and undo the progress you've made. Get some rest, and we'll come back a bit later," Mrs Granger said as she picked Corvus up and kissed her daughter's forehead.

"Yes, *Mother.*"

## 22. Reflection

### *Chapter 22 of 22*

Insight into Severus's thoughts of everything going on around him.

Usual Disclaimer: They're not mine; I only borrow and abuse them only to return them for others to do the same.

Memories of his time with Lily, of Hermione, the war and thoughts of what could have been flitted through his mind over the past week. To say his mind was in turmoil was putting it mildly. After Lily's rejection he never thought himself to be in a position of being a father. Nor had he wanted to be. But there were times he woke in the night, cheeks wet with grief of what nearly was with Hermione. If he had known about the pregnancy at the time, he would have demanded she terminate the child, if not machinated its demise without Hermione's consent. But, now that this child – his son, had been taken away from him, knowing how dearly Hermione must have wanted it to have attempted leaving everyone and everything she loved behind... He couldn't fathom the depth of meaning and possibility that was now out of his reach. It was for closure that he decided he would attend their funeral service, even if he was stood at the back, watching from a distance.

The irony of holding the funeral service at Godric's Hollow wasn't lost on Severus. *Funny how two women I've shared affection for are both to be buried within mere feet of one another.* He thought to himself as he wound his way closer to the graveyard.

*"This is a place which is not a place*

*In a time which is not a time*

*Halfway between the worlds of the Gods and of mortals."*

The clear voice of the officiants called out, carried to his ears on the wind as he wound his way through the crunching dead leaves in the graveyard to the service. The sense of mournfulness and grief of the other guests became increasingly stronger and more oppressive to him as he approached. Thankfully, the media hadn't turned this into a circus; it was a small affair, fitting for a woman who didn't like the fuss and attention of those outside of her close-knit circle.

The officiants, which he had seen at various burials after the war, weren't entirely that important. They were just your standard ministry sanctioned ministers. The guests, who came to pay their respects, were important. They were the ones who would remember you after your time comes. There couldn't have been more than twenty people there. The Weasleys and two Muggles whom he could only assume were Hermione's parents were there along with Potter and the youngest Weasley son. Of course, Minerva and Hagrid would be in attendance, as well as Longbottom and that Lovegood girl. He'd seen worse. But, then again, Hermione wouldn't have wanted a large public display. The people dearest and most important were there to see her off on this final journey.

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**AN:** The words Severus hears are not my own, but quoted from: <http://www.ladyoftheearth.com/rituals/wiccan-funeral.txt>