

The Lady and Her Knight

by shatteredrose

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The Englishe Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

7-Jan

Chapter 1 of 6

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The Englishe Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

Inspired by the song "The English Ladye and the Knight" by Loreena McKennitt. AU after HBP. Set after the Dark Lord has been defeated successfully. This takes place some years after the trio's graduation. And obviously, I don't own anything you recognize.

Severus sat Hermione down in the living room at Spinner's End. Pacing back and forth nervously, he began to worry her.

"Severus, what's the matter?"

He stopped at the sound of her voice and met her eyes for the first time that evening. Worry was etched onto her face. He tried to speak twice before he was successful. "I love you; you are aware of this, of course." He hesitated before continuing. "Hermione," he sighed and sat next to her on the couch, taking her smaller hands in his.

"Severus, please tell me you aren't going to tell me about how much you think you're holding me back, or any other ridiculous notion you might have come up with," Hermione said with a worried smile.

Severus shook his head slowly and gently cupped the side of her face. "No. If I have learned anything, it is that you get what you want no matter how much resistance there is. No, what I'm trying to say, or really ask, is this: will you be my wife?"

Hermione's eyes went wide with surprise. Severus searched her face for any sign of the still small expectation of rejection. Just as he thought that she would refuse, Hermione threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Pulling back, she had a huge grin on her face. "I would love to be your wife!"

Severus smiled a true smile, something only she was capable of inspiring.

TBC

Part 1 of 7. This story is complete and will be updated accordingly. Thank you to Glynn_vyre for beta'ing!

7-Feb

Chapter 2 of 6

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The Englishe Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

Part Two of Seven. I don't own anything. The chapters will get a little longer eventually. Thank you to Glynna_vyre for beta'ing.

"I still don't see why you have to marry the git," Ron mumbled as he shifted the box of Hermione's books into a more comfortable position to carry. Hermione dropped her own box back down on the table and spun around to face him.

"Ronald Bilius Weasley, I have had enough. I have been with Severus for two years now. I know you aren't happy that we never worked out, but can't you please be happy for me?" Hermione's voice softened towards the end, her eyes pleading with Ron to accept this.

He looked out the window of her small flat into Muggle London and sighed. "I'm really trying, Hermione. I don't think I'll ever like him, to tell the truth, but I'm trying to accept this." He gave her a small grin.

Hermione smiled and walked the small distance between them. Hugging him, she spoke. "Thank you, Ron. You're my brother, and I will always love you. Just try not to make too much of a fool of yourself at the wedding, okay?"

Ron laughed and released her, "I'll see what I can manage."

They both returned to packing up Hermione's flat in preparation for her move to Spinner's End.

TBC

7-Mar

Chapter 3 of 6

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The Englishe Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

I am so sorry for the delay of getting these next chapters up! Real life went crazy for a while. I moved twice, went back to college, and I lost nearly all my writing files in the move. Luckily this was still in my email's inbox. So with the usual disclaimer-- here is part 3 of 7!

The wedding was as small as the whole Order and all the Weasleys would allow. Everyone had shown up to witness the marriage of Slytherin and Gryffindor. The ceremony was held on the Hogwarts grounds, with the couple standing on the shoreline of the Lake. Hermione wore a strapless gown that had a fitted bodice but flowed into a long train from her waist. Silver beading embellished the bodice and created a pattern of mystical swirls and twists along the end of the gown. Her hair had been tamed just enough to create a tail of curls sprouting from a bun on the top of her head.

Severus wore a formal frock coat of black cashmere with deep hunter green buttons, over an equally black silk shirt. His well-tailored black wool pants rested perfectly atop his newly polished dragon hide boots. For the occasion, Severus had loosely tied back his hair with a silk ribbon, the same color as his buttons, but allowed for a few strands to fall free and frame his face.

Minerva McGonagall was their officiate, and Ginny stood for Hermione while Draco stood for Severus. The service was simple, with the exchanging of vows and rings and Minerva conducting the magic that would join Severus and Hermione for the rest of their lives. The couple was encouraged to kiss to seal the bond, and as they did so, the crowd irrupted into applause and cat calls.

Severus and Hermione pulled apart slowly, both of their faces shining and flushed. Holding hands, they walked down the aisle of guests for the first time as husband and wife.

At the reception in the Great Hall, guests were speaking to the couple and giving their gifts. After an ebb in the tide of well-wishers, Ron approached. Severus, humoring his new bride, extended his hand. After a moment's hesitation Ron clasped his hand.

"Congratulations, Snape." Ron turned towards Hermione and extended the bottle of wine that was in his other hand. "I didn't want to get you another book, so I thought you might like this."

Hermione accepted the bottle of red wine with thanks. It was her favorite elf wine and rather expensive, so she rarely indulged herself with it. "Thank you so much, Ron!" She gave him a fierce hug and whispered in his ear, "Thank you for accepting this."

Ron just nodded once before turning and joining the rest of the guests in dancing.

7-Apr

Chapter 4 of 6

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The Englishe Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

After the celebration had ended, Severus and Hermione Apparated back to Spinner's End. Since Hermione, Severus had remodeled it to be lighter, and it no longer held the same painful memories as it once had.

Hermione kissed Severus as they crossed the threshold of their home. The kiss lasted until both were breathless. Breaking apart, Severus said, "Hermione, my wife! Run along upstairs, I will join you momentarily, but I must make sure the stasis spell is still active on Remus' Wolfsbane." He gave her an apologetic smile.

"Of course, love! I'll just get things prepared, so to speak!" Hermione said saucily, enticing a growl from her husband.

As Severus turned towards his potions lab, Hermione made a quick stop in the kitchen to grab a pair of wine glasses. Tonight of all nights warranted the elf made wine that Ron had presented her with. As she climbed the stairs to their room, she made sure to drop her lacy, white underwear at the top of the stairs for Severus to find on his journey to her.

Sitting on the bed, Hermione hummed to herself, and she released the spell that held up her hair, then opened the bottle of wine to let it air. Smoothing down the folds of her wedding gown, she reflected on their wedding and how happy she was to finally be Hermione Snape. Thinking of her husband, she realized that he was taking longer than expected and thought there was no harm in her having a glass of wine to start out the evening with.

She was dangling the quarter full wine glass between her hands when Severus appeared in the doorway. Leaning casually against the door frame, Severus lifted the underwear he'd found with one finger. "I believe, madam, that these belong to you," he drawled sensually.

Leaning over to the bed stand, Hermione placed her wine glass there before standing. She swayed slightly, before laughing, "The wine must be more potent than usual! Trust Ron to try and get me drunk on my wedding night!" She started to walk towards Severus, but stumbled and fell towards him.

Catching her, he chuckled and helped her upright. Hermione immediately fell again, forcing Severus to catch her once more. He looked at her with worry. Hermione's eyes were dilated.

"Severus, I ... can't really see you." Hermione said, her voice suddenly dry.

He sank to the floor and felt her forehead with one hand. "You're burning, Hermione!"

As he said her name, Hermione was wracked with coughs. Blood splattered onto Severus' shoulder where she was propped up. He quickly brought his hand to the corner of her mouth where blood was now slowly flowing from. "Hermione!" he cried hoarsely.

She was no longer coughing and weakly brought a hand up to her chest. "I can't breath," she gasped out.

Severus kissed her forehead. "Stay with me, darling, just hold on. We'll get you to Pomfrey. You're going to be alright." He put both arms underneath her and lifted her from the ground, smearing her blood from his jacket onto her white dress. She began hoarsely coughing again as they rose, sending more blood onto both of them.

"Sev--" Hermione tried to speak but could not finish before another fit of the coughs began. Severus looked at her face with a panicked expression. Her eyes were back to normal, but there was a horrifying amount of blood on her. Her eyes started to drift closed, and he collapsed back onto the floor of the bedroom.

"No! Hermione!" he cried out, sobbing. Hermione struggled to open her eyes. She managed to bring a hand up to touch his face with a serene look.

"I love you, Professor," she said happily, her eyes no longer focused on anything present. Severus pulled her to him and, as she coughed weakly again, kissed her repeatedly.

"No, Hermione, please I beg you, don't do this," he begged her. "You're going to be okay, just hold on! Damn it just hold on." Tears dripped from his large nose onto her pale cheek. She suddenly grasped his shoulders with surprising strength, no longer coughing, and began gasping for air, her head thrown backwards. Severus screamed out, clutching her towards him, sobbing. She fell back against him, her head resting once more upon his shoulder but still this time.

Severus burrowed his face into her curls, sobbing and begging her not to do this. He stayed like this for some time, rocking back and forth gently, clutching her to him. Finally he looked up and reached for his wand from his sleeve pocket. He sent out his Patronus that had changed to match Hermione's otter.

Authors note: Let me know what you think! There are still 3 other parts to go. And I promise they will be uploaded much more quickly than before.

6-May

Chapter 5 of 6

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The Englishe Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

I've decided to combine the last three parts into two parts, so this story will now be complete in 6 chapters rather than 7. Thank you so much to astopperindeath for helping me through this whole process, and thank you for being a great beta. As usual, these characters do not belong to me in any way.

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He had finally cried himself out, sitting there in the threshold of what was to be their bedroom. He was softly brushing her curls out of her relaxed face when he heard people running up the stairs and calling his name. Moments later, Harry, Ginny, Draco, and Minerva reached him. Harry was the first to reach him and cried out while falling to the floor beside him.

"What happened?!" He demanded while Draco moved around to support his godfather physically.

Ginny turned towards Minerva, crying. Minerva held her as she sobbed, "Severus?"

At the sound of his longtime colleague and friend's voice, Severus spoke hoarsely. "I'd just come up from checking on the Wolfsbane, and she was sitting there on the bed drinking her wine." Severus stared forlornly into nothing.

At the mention of the wine, Draco stood and walked over to the bottle. Bringing it to his nose, he sniffed experimentally. Smelling nothing strange, he dipped his finger in it and took care not to take more than a drop or two onto his tongue. His eyes widened; he couldn't identify it, but there was something wrong with the wine.

"Severus," Draco called softly to his godfather, and everyone in the room looked at him. He lifted the bottle of wine in reference. "I think it might have been the wine; I don't know what it is. But there is something definitely added to this wine that shouldn't be there. I've had enough of it to know the taste by heart."

"But... that's the wine that Ron gave Hermione," Ginny said, confused.

Harry stood. "I'll Floo him!" He rushed downstairs to Snape's fireplace.

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Harry paced impatiently waiting for Ron. When he heard the pop of an Apparition, he threw the front door open. "Quickly!" Harry shouted. "Upstairs!"

Both of the boys ran up the stairs. Harry continued into the room where McGonagall was just leaving to use the Floo. Draco sat again with his godfather, and Ginny stayed on the bed, staring at Hermione, quietly crying. Ron stopped in the doorway. He had turned so pale that even his freckles appeared lighter.

"No," he said softly, entranced by Hermione's still body being held by her husband. "It wasn't supposed – no!"

Everyone except Severus whipped their faces around to look at Ron. Severus slowly lifted his eyes to look at Ron and with deadly cold asked, "It wasn't supposed to do what, Mr. Weasley?"

Ron startled and finally broke his gaze away from Hermione. Looking at Severus and Draco, then Ginny, then ending on Harry, he answered, "She wasn't supposed to have died! Only make her sick." His tone was pleading. "It was supposed to be his fault. So she would leave him. Harry, please! You know he would have hurt her in the end! I was only trying to help!"

Harry went white with rage, and Ginny sobbed and refused to look at her brother. But before anyone could do anything, Severus had laid Hermione to the floor and rose with purpose. He held the youngest Weasley son up against the wall with one hand and pressed his wand to Ron's temple. "You did this," Severus said coldly. "I'm going to make you hurt so badly that Molly will be sorry she ever had you!"

"Severus, no," Draco said softly with a hand on Severus' shoulder. "She wouldn't want you to go to Azkaban for this pathetic excuse of a wizard."

Severus' shoulders sagged with despair, knowing that Draco was right.

"Harry," Severus said, looking at the floor. Harry nodded and walked towards Ron. Grabbing his arm, Harry forced him out of the room and towards the Floo. Ginny and Draco looked at the heartbroken man, unsure as to what to do next.

6-Jun

Chapter 6 of 6

Tragedy happens on Hermione and Severus' wedding night. Inspired by the song "The English Lady and Her Knight" sung by Loreena McKennitt. Now complete.

The final part! I hope everyone has enjoyed the long, bumpy ride! Thank you to astopperindeath, and as always reviews are loved and appreciated.

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Later that night, after the officials came to take away Hermione's body, and after everyone had left him alone after he yelled at them to, Severus sat in what was to be Their Couch, drinking straight out of his bottle of Firewhisky. He had not changed from his wedding attire yet, but his hair was free, and he was gazing into the fire, trying not to think.

After some time, he finished the bottle of Firewhisky. Staring at the bottle and thinking about his lost bride, he staggered slowly to his feet. He somehow managed to climb the stairs without breaking anything the two times he fell. Finally, he reached what he had come to think of as Their Room. On the bed stand was still the bottle of poisoned wine, somehow forgotten. Slowly, he made his way to the bed and carefully sat down on the edge. He took the bottle in his hands. It was still more than half full.

"I'm sorry, Hermione." He hiccupped on a sob, too spent and too drunk to do more than that. He lifted the bottle to his lips and drank as much as he could, as quickly as he could. Wine poured out the sides of his mouth, spilling over his chin and onto his chest. He would suffer as she had and then join her in death. The bottle empty, he threw it onto the floor where it broke into pieces.

He sat there, on the edge of his bed, staring at the soft golden walls, the color she had picked out, until his vision started to fog. Without resistance, he fell to the floor atop the broken pieces of glass and started coughing as blood started to come from his lungs. He squeezed his eyes close and clawed at his chest for what felt like eternity,

desperate for air. Then he stilled and suffered no more.

Laughter echoed through the house, one light and airy, the other smooth and deep. Hermione ran from the living room up the stairs to the bedroom with Severus chasing her the whole way. He tackled her to the bed and kissed her softly. Looking into each other's eyes, they smiled.