

Based on a Lie

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer:

The following is a work of fan-fiction,

And reviews are my only compensation.

I admit (as copyright infringement is a crime),

That the world that I wrote of is Hers, not Mine!

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I sit in bed, knees tucked up to my chest and held loosely by my arms. The moonlight pours in through the south window of our bedroom and paints it in silver and black shadows, blue-grey and charcoal in its glow. I am smiling just a little, content in this little silent moment with the calm night and the steady breathing by my side. Lost in thought, I don't notice the change in my companion's breathing as he wakes.

"Hermione, luv, get back to bed," he grumbles.

"I *am* in bed," I chuckle.

"Well, you're not 'in bed' enough. Get back down here and go back to sleep."

I giggle; he's being deliberately silly again. "I will when I'm finished thinking, dearest."

He glares at me. "I wish you'd stop calling me that." It's an old complaint and one without substance. I once went a week without saying the dreaded name, and he actually started worrying that I was thinking of leaving him.

As if I ever could.

I remain silent for a moment, and then he turns to me again. "Hermione, what are you thinking?"

I giggle again. "Pardon me, sir, I believe that's my line."

"What, you talk to yourself?"

I hit him with a pillow. "No, you nitwit, I mean that it's usually the woman who asks her partner what he's thinking—but to answer your question, I was just thinking about how our entire relationship is based on a lie."

This gets his attention. "What?"

"It's quite simple, dearest," I say, ignoring the grimace on his face at the pet name. "If we hadn't faced all those dangers together, we probably wouldn't have fallen in love. If we hadn't been friends, we wouldn't have faced all those dangers together—and if I hadn't lied about the troll that you two hooligans decided to warn me about while I was crying in the girls' lavatory, we probably wouldn't have ever become friends."

He considers this for a moment. "You could be right," he says slowly, drawing the words out until I think they could be stretched and tied into a knot. He pauses for a moment and gives me a sidelong glance. "But then," he murmurs, gently pulling me back down, "you could also say that our whole relationship is based on an insult. After all, if we hadn't said that thing about you not having any friends, you wouldn't have been hiding in the girls' lavatory in the first place."

I would say that I have to concede the point, but now my lips are far more pleasantly occupied.

Now the moonlight no longer creeps into the window, having drifted below the horizon some time ago. He and I are still awake, but apparently not for long. He cradles me in his arms and, as I snuggle into his warmth, I barely manage to suppress a giggle. He sighs. "Oh, for Godric's sake, Hermione, what is it this time?"

"Have you ever wondered why I was so upset by that comment?" I asked, tightening my arms around him ever so slightly.

"Er, not really," he says, flustered. "I always thought that it was because we were, you know, being kind of mean..."

I sit up slightly and look down at his open, honest face. "This is definitely going to sound ridiculous, but—I loved you from the moment I met you. I cried so much because I couldn't bear to think that you hated me so much."

He brings me back down beside him and strokes my back lightly. "I'm sorry," he says simply.

I snuggle in again and smile. "I know you are, dearest. I forgive you."

I can't see the look on his face, but I can almost feel it—the gentle smile and the contented look in his bright eyes. As I finally drift off to sleep, I hear him whisper softly, "You know, you've always been the only woman for me, even if I nearly ended up with..."

A/N: I know, I'm evil. Blame the fact that I wrote this about half an hour after watching "The Count of Monte Cristo". ;) (Mmm, James Caviezel with long hair...er, sorry.)

I have, of course, deliberately kept a few things unclear. The theory behind this comes from something I learned in my Curriculum and Instruction in English course; namely, the reader's point of view is as important to his or her understanding of the story as the actual story itself is. I hope you enjoyed reading my little experiment. =)