In Dreams

by Lorraine Bluestar

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: *All characters and concepts of Harry Potter's universe belong to J.K. Rowling; I just borrowed them for a little while.*

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I should apologise for entering your chambers uninvited and at this late hour. I know I should not be here this night, that this is not my place and that I have to let you go... but I had to see you again. It surprises me to find you in your own chambers and not in mine now that you seem to prefer to stay there. Your bedchambers are just like I imagined them, so warm and full of the books that haven't found a place outside; they are just like mine were. I turn to the bed where I find you sleeping, and from your tremble, I know that you are agitated, maybe dreaming about the past and impossible things. I step closer to your bed to take a better look, and what I see breaks my heart, knowing that I am the cause of it. Your face looks haunted even with your eyes closed, years that you have not lived present themselves in your features, and burdens that should not be yours seem to have fallen onto your shoulders. How much I wish I could comfort you at this moment, to take you in my arms and sooth your pained soul, but that has not been granted to me. Tomorrow you will not have recollection of the events of this evening. Most likely you will believe this to have been only a dream; that is all I am allowed to give you.

I know you found my Pensieve and that you saw the memories there that told you what I never had the chance to say. My beloved Hermione, it was not supposed to be that way. You were supposed to know everything when I had the courage to hold you in my arms and tell you how much I love you. I was supposed to court you and try hard to earn your love in return. At some point, if you had accepted, I would have asked you to share your life with me and start the family I always thought I didn't want. I wished so much to be with you until the end of my life, foolishly thinking that I knew better and I had all the time in the world. Who would have thought that the rest of my life was such a short period and that I should have made the best from the time we spent together? If I had known you felt the same for me before the battle... But never mind, it would have been the same if I knew it[.] I would have been forced to hide my emotions from the Dark Lord in order to protect you, and I do not regret any sacrifice I made to ensure your safety.

I come to you tonight because I want to see you again, only for an instant, if that is all that is granted to me. I am only allowed to visit you in your dreams, but with the one condition that you must forget everything I say the morning after. It hurts me to see you in so much pain every day, only enduring life instead of living. It makes things worse that you are not teaching now that Hogwarts is closed until next term. I cannot understand why you chose to remain in the castle when so many asked you to accompany them. I suspect that is also my fault that you are still here, wanting to remember and trying to take care of the few belongings that I've left behind. I know what you do when you are down in the dungeons. I know you put on my robes and sit in my favourite armchair to read my books. That is what happens on a good day. You see, Hermione, I also know that sometimes you only sit there and cry. It is so wrong; you should be out in the summer sun before your skin loses its golden shade and becomes sallow like mine was. I know no one would have imagined that the day would come in which I would tell you that you must listen to Potter and Weasley. They are right when they ask you to get out of Hogwarts. The world still needs you; your friends need you. I know Potter is still in an emotional turmoil after the final battle and that

Weasley is still weak and in a bad condition. You were always so close, and I am sure they will never heal completely until you join them. You will not heal until you find support in your friends and the ones who love you.

I miss you, my love, so much. Remember when we had to escort the students to Hogsmeade? I was always in a bad mood, having to deal with them instead of staying in my quiet dungeons experimenting, reading, or if I was lucky, talking with you. You laughed at my moodiness and never failed to lighten me a little despite the circumstances. I could have been sarcastic and nasty, but you always had a smile in store for me. Most people always preferred to retreat before enduring my temper, but not you. You stayed with me without complaining about it and understood my motives for being so nasty. You looked so beautiful when you smiled at me; in fact, I always thought you were one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, even more so than women like Narcissa Malfoy. You shined with goodness and innocence despite moving in the dark preparing for a war. You were so full of life, of dreams about all the things you wanted to do in the future. I never said it to anyone, but in you, I recognised the spirit of the boy I had once been. We were so much more alike than anyone would ever dare to believe. I always cherished the moments we shared when we talked about Potions and other things. You always had a brilliant mind that lured me after I acknowledged how much I enjoyed your company.

You must rest now. It is time to let all your burdens behind you and start living again. I will stay with you until dawn, watching you sleep. It would not be the first time I have done it, enjoying the peaceful rise and fall of your chest while you breathe. Do not get me wrong, my love. I have never been here before, as you well know. Do you remember how many times I found you asleep in the staff room? I have a confession to make. Before I woke you up to scold you properly and offer to escort you to your rooms after my lecture about your lack of care, I always took my time to watch you sleep, your face so beautiful and full of promises. How much I craved to kiss you in those moments.

You have to promise me that you will move on, that you will be happy. I know you think I'm asking too much from you, but you will find out sooner or later that pain can be overcome. My Hermione, so strong, brave and full of passion, you have to remain that way for me, because that is the way I want to remember you forever, just the way you were when we were still together in this existence. Now, when I look at you again, I know it would have mattered if we had known before I was gone. I would have died knowing that you loved me back, and you would have learned from me how much I loved you, how much I still love you. Even though you never knew it, you saved me from the dark and from myself when you made me believe love was not a pathetic excuse for weakness and dependence.

I want so much to stay by your side, to love you in the way that fate denied me, but dawn is breaking now. You will wake up any moment. I must go before you do. I will not say goodbye; I will always be by your side, and when your time comes, I will be waiting for you on the other side to guide you home. I lower my face, and I touch your lips gently with mine in an attempt to kiss you. I am leaving now, but before I do, I turn to see you again. You are stirring now. I smile easily in a way I was never able to do before loving you. With the first rays of the sun, I feel myself fading....

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