

# The Otter

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Hermione keeps a promise to someone special to her.

## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione stood on the rocky outcropping overlooking the ocean. The spray from the crashing waves mingled with the tears on her face as the wind tousled her notoriously messy hair.

She looked down at the paper in her hand and read it again, although she knew the words on it by heart. There had been another uprising in England, another dark force had taken over, and Harry had written to her, asking for her help.

It had been almost a decade since she had left England after discovering that she was unable to remove the memory charms from her parents. She had turned to Shannon, her mother's younger sister and her only remaining relative. She'd had to explain to her what she was and where her parents were.

She felt the pressure of a hand on her shoulder and turned to find Shannon looking at her.

"Bad news?" Shannon asked quietly.

Hermione nodded. "I have to go back home. There have been more attacks. Harry needs me."

Shannon sighed. "I don't want to lose you, Hermione."

Hermione gave her a hug. "I'll be okay."

Shannon's eyes filled with tears as she looked at her niece. "I know you will. Come back to the house with me and let's have one last cup of tea before you go."

The two walked back to the beach house together, knowing that this might very well be the last time they would see one another. Afterwards, Hermione stood in the living room after sending her luggage on to the Burrow. She took both of her aunt's hands in hers and looked at her.

"I will send you a sign, when the fighting is over. That way you will know that I am okay." She then Disapparated from her aunt's house.

Weeks later, the image of an otter appeared in front of Shannon.

"Thank you, Hermione," Shannon whispered, knowing all was well.