

After the Battle

by glorious

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After the battle

Chapter 1 of 2

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Thanks to Blue Artemis07 for review work.

Special super-thanks to astopperindeath, who stop this story from dying. All the team effort and support at this site is very special.

Disclaimer; All Harry Potter characters, locations, and other recognizable places and people, are the wonderful creations and brain children of a master quill: Ms. J.K.R. I do not get paid for this writing. This story is for adults only. Its content might be disturbing to some readers; if you dislike reading death and war scenes, please stay away. It also contains sex scenes.

This is a short study on a what-if situation dealing with a passionate encounter the night after the Hogwarts last battle. Hermione is numb and is wandering trying to find forgetfulness. Something happens between Draco and Hermione, and the horror of the day might create magical events beyond belief.

The first chapter is about Hermione's state as the Battle dies out. When she stops to rest, she will see Harry with a witch. The rest you will need to read.

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Spoils of war. Not that summer-night.

The battle is winding down. There are scattered fires still burning. Hexes and curses still bounce erratically all over the place, but are too weak to cause serious injuries. Soon enough, they will not find a viable target, and they will just fade.

The uninjured are busy tending the wounded; or, they are covering the bodies of those whose life force has left to join the Continuum. Their meritorious deeds will help to break an entrance between realms; and through these passages, they might be allowed to find their way to their next lives.

Some even carry lifeless bodies into the dark, just like the two tall, blond wizards carrying a long bundle away from the Shrieking Shack. With a pop, they disappear without bringing on any attention.

It is still pandemonium, but not for much longer. A truce of sorts; too bad there are still personal battles to be waged before the day is gone. The dice have been cast, and it is too late to avoid the damage; thus, the grooves will be carved unto Hermione's troubled soul.

Just beyond the battlefield, Hermione leans against a wall; she has made sure to stay away from the action. She daydreams of an event during a trip with her parents, long ago. She just wants to distance herself from the events at this dark side entrance, an abandoned one that is dank with moss and time. Her mind is no longer present; she is

back in time. She wants to close her eyes and will this day away.

Tonight's battleground wakes up earlier memories of a forgotten event. It happened during one of the frequent family trips. She would come along with her nanny, Blanche, who was French, would keep her company while her parents had other business to attend.

She was seven at the time when both Drs. Granger attended a dental symposium at a German city. All summers, the city hosted the reenactment of a Muggle conflict during the 16th century. It was a time of death and war, and the French had burned all the castles along the Rhine. The follies of men everywhere, celebrating events of fire, death, and destruction just like tonight.

This eerie night, with the Hogwarts Castle as a backdrop, inexplicably reminds her of that celebration at the German castle. She remembers that humid and too warm night long ago. She had been tired and a little cranky. Her stomach was very full of chips and sausages, and she still begged for more sweets. The type her parents considered one step removed from rat poison or radioactive materials.

The sky and the castle were illuminated by the lights and the constant fireworks, giving the appearance of a burning castle; the lighting of the structure was accompanied by firework explosions and the sounds of cannons. Raucous tourists, many of them young with American accents, probably drunk, or high, or both, contributed to elevating the sound to intolerable levels. Now as then, the skies appeared to be in flames, but there is nothing quaint about tonight.

The noise of the pops, explosions and cracks, flying hexes and curses is not all together dissimilar at those caused by the lighting of fireworks and the long ago event's attendees; but eight years ago, the air smelled of fireworks, fair food, grilled meats and sausages, chips, fried food, crepes, beer, candy, liquor, and other not so pleasant human smells; but, it was nothing like tonight.

During that summer-night long ago, the ground was covered with discarded wrappers, other trash, beer bottles, and fireworks' cases. The bodies found on the ground were those of people fallen to the excess of drugs or alcohol, homeless people, or maybe lovers having sex under the anonymity-cover granted by the dark.

Tonight, the ground is also covered with assorted items. They range from broken wands, torn pieces of flesh from humans and otherwise discarded pieces of clothing and accessories, and too many bodies strewn around like broken marionettes. Not all are dead, but some might wish to be so.

Yes, the two nights might have some similarities to a detached observer, and are not even close by any stretch of the imagination.

True, Voldemort had finally been killed, but at what human cost? There was little to celebrate when you fight against your own kind, and cry for the dead and dying. What a senseless civil war, fueled by blindness and deafness, and lit by torches woven with the filaments of prejudice, ignorance, greed and intolerance.

The sounds heard earlier today were terrifying, and she still cannot make them go away. They make her wish she was deaf. She still can hear the sounds of horror, pain and heart wrenching grief. The lights tonight are brought about by real fires and deadly explosions. The wind carries the unpleasant smells of blood, fear, the stench of burning flesh, open stomachs, and body waste.

Foremost, she wants to be away from this event of horror and death; so she forces her legs to keep walking away from the battle stage. Hermione wishes to close her senses to the ongoing horrors, or to be able to cry. Thus far, her eyes deny her the flow of tears needed to wash her pain away.

Today, she only wants to close her eyes and to forget. She wants someone to hold her and take her away. She wishes for Blanche to come back from Lorraine. She left after Hermione started at Hogwarts and never was heard from again.

The smells of the passage way bring her back the present, and that is when she discovers Harry. He is with an unknown companion, and he is partially naked. However, how can she judge? He can fuck anyone he desires, especially tonight; he has won that right and much more.

Finally, her legs give away upon entering the passage, and she slowly drops on the ground stones, leaning against the wall. She is right by the couple when heaviness and apathy take over her. She collapses onto the ground, almost touching Harry's leg; she closes her eyes and just sits there with her legs widely opened.

She looks like a broken puppet with her long, lean, and strong legs splayed in a wide V. Although, not naked, her limbs are barely covered with the remains of indigo fabric resembling jeans. Her head hangs low for a long time, and she holds her wand as an extension of herself.

After a while, the moans and the grunts are discernible, and she is able to tune them clearly after a few seconds. They are not a result of pain, or at least not the kind of pain and grief that pollutes the air nearby. She can hear agony sounds, which are now mixed with, screams of pleasure, moans of passion, and flesh against flesh.

She slowly opens her eyes and first looks to her left. She repeatedly blinks several times attempting to clear her eyes, not of what is in front of her eyes. But yes, without a mistake, it is Harry, his eyes are closed tightly, his neck is thrown back, and his screams are of considerable emotions.

Both his torn robe and his trousers are tangled in a puddle by his ankles. She can almost touch his strong legs strained from bearing the weight of the witch. She has incredible, long, porcelain legs wrapped around his waist. Her back is stuck to the wall; she grinds her bare bum against it while Harry's hands hold her tight for dear life.

Hermione is speechless looking at them. Her mouth goes dry, and her heart beats wildly. She is sure that they are not aware about anything, about anyone, and their only focus is their coupling.

They are not alone, but one of many. Nothing matters but feeling alive, or feeling something, she guesses.

She cannot take her eyes away from the couple next to her since she has never had sex before. From her sitting position, she partly sees the movements of Harry's hard penis as it disappears into her depths, just to reappear once again. It seems wet and glistening in the dark, as it makes the in and out trajectory.

Every stroke is accompanied by his moans and her cries, creating a low heat that melts Hermione's insides and makes her body ache with desire. She is so wet that she wonders if it is her period. She needs something, but does not know what; for a moment, she considers touching herself, but decides it is too private.

She wants to discover the woman's identity, but her face is obscured by his head. She sees the woman's hands caressing his face, his neck, his ass, and finally surrounding the bottom of his shaft. She cries someone's name that Hermione does not catch. She also sees their mad kissing, licking and biting as if they are rutting beasts.

Finally, she moves closer in wanting to touch them. She wants to feel and to be alive. She touches his calf, and just then, he looks down and groans. With her other hand, she reaches tentatively while moving it toward their joining but she is not sure why. Oops, it is too late, their movements gain speed, and the couple chants words in the midst of their orgasmic release.

Both of their legs are quivering, and he keeps kissing the woman his is holding. All of a sudden, the witch breaks in sobs and tears, with no end in sight. As Harry drops her to the floor, the woman's face comes into clear view. It is then when Hermione recognizes the face, and her voice comes too loud, and she nearly yells her name, "Lady Ma...Malfoy?"

Hermione stands back in a hurry, and she hears Harry's voice calling her from afar. Her pace is fast as she carefully avoids the strewn bodies along the path and just pretends that it is all commonplace. A few minutes later, she is again at the battle site. She sees the tall, blond wizards holding each other with tears running down their faces.

As she comes closer, they ask if she has seen the older witch. Hermione nods, then points towards the castle and sees their immediate relief; they are happy to know Narcissa is not a casualty. She looks back and sees Harry bringing Narcissa by the arm, and her heart is lighter one second after.

At that, she runs towards the Malfoys, Hermione is happy to realize that they are unhurt and alive.

On her way, her hand reaches the back of the head. She unties the strip holding a braid. Her hand now holds a dragon leather strip, which she offers to Lucius. He looks at her, not understanding, and asks a silent question with his red-rimmed eyes. She shrugs her shoulders while avoiding eye contact.

"I think this belongs to you". Then, she turns away not knowing where she is going, but she is confident this is not the end of this saga.

## The Fallen - The Living

### *Chapter 2 of 2*

This chapter is about a passionate encounter between Draco and Hermione. Draco will chase her and what happens next is just magic.

Disclaimer: All Harry Potter characters, locations, and other recognizable places and people are the wonderful creations and brain children of a master quill: Ms. J.K.R.

This is a short study on a what-if situation dealing with a passionate encounter during the night of the Hogwarts' last battle. Hermione is numb and is wandering, trying to find forgetfulness. What happens between Draco and Hermione and the horror of the day may create magical events beyond belief.

Special thanks to BlueArtemis07 for her beta work and for the gift of her time to help a stranger.



The Fallen, the Living

As Hermione walks away, she senses a set of eyes boring holes on her back. Lucius speaks loudly while looking at her, "Thanks, please forgive us if you can."

She turns around as he brings the cord, the one she just gave him, up to his nose and inhales the scent. He closes his eyes to let himself dream. He can smell her hair and her essence of purity and life. He wants to void the smell of fire, charred flesh, blood, urine, emptied bowels, and, all the stench of death surrounding him. She is still looking when he takes his eyes away for a minute as he puts the cord away inside his robe.

Hermione just shrugs. For a moment longer, she remains standing and expressionless, neither sad nor happy, just there. Then she takes off running.

Soon, she hears Draco saying something. He is calling, "Granger, Granger, please wait; Granger, slow down, damn, I say wait." She does not understand him since voices and sounds are mixing in a discordant cacophony that makes little sense.

"Fuck, where is she going?" He is fuming as he runs after her.

He finally catches up with Hermione, right near an edge of the Forbidden Forest. In the area, there are more bodies and a makeshift hospital to treat the dying in a desperate effort to save a few lives.

Without any prompting, they both start helping those who can be helped. It is not long before it is just too much; precisely when they run into the Weasleys, they are wailing for their fallen, for Fred.

She runs away; he catches up with her; he is dragging her. Now, they are so near the forest that she can see shapes of hallucinations, of the heralds of death and destruction.

The only movements that can be observed are the ones to take off their torn clothes. In a minute, his hands are all over her. He feels the curly hair just above the moist nether lips, the ones hiding her sex for the man she will love. There are no more cries of pain outside of their embrace, only a whimper, or is it a keening, one that evolves into lust and savage desire.

No, tonight is not about love. Wherever you look, you see the wriggling, writhing masses of hungry mouths and open sexes, dancing a macabre song of life. She can still see the frantic jerky coupling of Harry and Narcissa, forever etched in her mind.

She hears his cries; Hermione feels his hard, wet erection hurting her belly; he is not at all gentle; he is pulling her groin's hair, forcing her thighs open. "Open, love, open," he is not asking; he is telling, forcing his way inside of her.

She feels Draco pulling her down, straight to the ground. He wants to lay her on a bed of soft grass. She does not resist; why should she, what is the point?

He is above her, just finds the moist entrance with trembling fingers, and when he does, just a hard push, a shove forcing his way in. When he feels her virginity, he tries to pull away; however, the last vestiges of humanity are quickly leaving his mind. It is too late, there is no going back.

She wriggles beneath him, trying to escape from this place, from this night, from her own self.

He feels her movement under him and mistakes it with one of need and desire. It causes him to lose his mind to his instincts. Blinded by lust, he misinterprets her cries of pain for throes of passion and does not feel that she is no longer wet. All he wants is to void life into her, to kindle a spark of creation, making room for all those whose lives were blacked out tonight.

She just lies there; the pain is too much; she even tries to push him away once more; there is no use. He is too strong, and she is just not able to fight anymore.

His mouth is upon hers. His tongue caresses her lips, her tongue, and her entire mouth. His kisses beg her to join him in this dance. His bites, his lips' fevered caresses find the key to open the gate. It is hard to say if it is one of his or her movements which ignites a flame of magic, so bright that it reaches the selected newly dead, and a couple of warriors about to make their last exit.

The souls of their fallen are being searched by the magic being released; only they are to be granted a new lease on life. There is magic all over the place, but only one with the power of creation.

Magic is at its purest form, the virgin, the fallen angel, with their mixed life essence; the pure, the warrior, the forgiven, the lovers, give birth to an eternal love. The cauldron of living, of loving, the powerful union, so near the forbidden forest, is releasing a power rarely seen, granting difficult, impossible wishes.

The joined couple tears, bites and grinds; their young bodies seeking a release not yet understood by Hermione.

She calls the names of the fallen as he brings her into an orgasm, which feels as if her body is falling apart.

The now moist walls have a life of their own; they grab and squeeze him with fierceness. He feels the burn, the agony of needing completion; his balls tighten and spout cum; the seed of life, coming hot and fast, up the length as it builds up, about to explode.

Her clenching is too tight, is hurting him with a pain he will forever want. "Oh Fred, fuck... Moony, Tonks, Colin, Draco yes, no oh. Oh, Snape- please all, don't be dead, oh Merlin, oh God save me."

"Vince, you idiot, fuck, Godfather, why, Granger, I don't want to die," strange words to be heard this night, not suitable for a first time coupling, one he has been waiting for all his life, since he first saw her.

The geyser is building up. The music is reaching a crescendo, a high wave, and then release. It causes a tremor travelling from their legs all the way to their brains' stems, backwards and forwards, reaching through the darkness of time and space.

A wave ripples through their bodies, causing an agony of pleasure and pain. Hermione stares at his contorting face; and hears his screams, "fuck, oh fuck, I have won, I have won you. Fuck, never, let me go-cannot let me go. Never leave me, oh fuck." He is screaming and moving in and out of her, short and long strokes, each building up the ensuing explosion about to come, while he holds on to her for dear life.

Each stroke drives her further and deeper inside a cave of sensation; a self-contained universe where only the two of them exist. All her feelings are concentrated in their joining, in areas where he is touching; something is building up and she wants it come. She wants more friction, to experience even more, and she cries, "I am here. I am here, forever here, oh, Draco Malfoy. Fuck me; hold me; never let me go. More, I want more."

His seed is coming up as a hot river, he feels its intense release and screams her name, his body clenches and tightens; his back arches; his legs just convulse; his teeth latch on to her shoulder, and the seed shoots straight into her womb.

She feels a quake and contractions start, her walls' spasms make her body arch; he is even harder; he is pushing with more intent. The hot fluid shoots up her channel as she drowns in an ocean of sensation. Draco calls her name; his bite makes her protest at the intense pain. It soon fades as it mixes with the pleasure overwhelming her.

Waves are clashing with fury, wetting the beaches, and all is sticky and bloody as the flow comes and it goes. It is the ebbing of life, and something else is coming, it is rising from the bowels of the earth.

Just as 'it' came, 'it' leaves. Their bodies quietly lie down, still trembling, their mouths meet again, kissing, invading, fingers touching and caressing. The after-tremors follow on the first quake; a second wave of tremors commences, causing the clenching to begin once again. "Oh, ah."

"Yes, yes, let it ride. Love I feel you, oh, oh, yes." He holds her while he whispers in her ear and his body convulses once again.

All is finally calm; the flow is ebbing. She opens her eyes, and they both roll away from each other. She lies on her back; he lies slightly on his side facing her. He clears from her just a bit, wanting to maintain their contact.

Then, as they lie down with their eyes opened, they see spectral forms all around them and more leaving the forest in their direction. They are dancing some ritualistic dance. Although not human spirits, they are alive; their appendages rise to the sky, calling for something down unto them. Their ectoplasm is visible; it pulses with some form of life. They are mesmerized.

He pulls away some more, and moves just so, leaving his leg draped over her. He places his hand right over her wet place, the one he will forever worship. He wants to feel the heat coming out of it. He cannot bear staying away from her. In some level, he understands that their souls have bonded for life.

Our couple doesn't see what is almost upon them, unaware of something approaching; all at once a small circle of spectral light reflects upon her lower stomach and followed by more. Although it barely misses his hand, he refuses to break their contact. Then come the spectres, made out of some pulsating substance; the forms appear to dive right into the young witch's belly. They resemble misshapen bodies of humans, finding their way into her womb. Once they touch the skin they disappear as if they are being sucked inside.

Draco just looks, not comprehending what has gone on. He cannot stop whatever is happening and just holds her hand and caresses her forehead.

She screams and writhes in pain; it feels as if parts of the lower stomach, maybe her womb, or her ovaries, are being torn away from her. "Make it stop, it hurts, make it go away." She cries, looking at him. Her legs are folded on pain. He tries to get up and run with her. He cannot; something is keeping them right where they are. He is horrified for her, but unable to do anything.

She is screaming as small, colourful sparks shoot out of her body whilst her blood mixes with semen and leaks out and runs down her thighs. It is as lava flowing out a volcano. This one is boiling and bubbling with life. At the same time, a great rush of light starts erupting out her lower groin, her womb.

The lights burst up in the sky, and a geyser of fireworks, followed by single streams of light going in different directions. The only difference from normal fireworks is that each stream seems to seek a specific target within the vicinity.

After it is all over, he moves much closer to her. Before he attempts anything else, he stretches his hand, searching in his trouser's pocket. From it, he pulls out a ridiculously small square of fine linen. With it, he gently wipes her thighs, then rolls it carefully, tucks it under him, and he holds her tight. He is stuck to her.

He reaches for her hand, and they entwine their fingers as tight as they can. She does not feel the crushing pain; only the feeling that they are alive and sharing this moment.

He slowly pulls her up. They help each other to straighten out what is left of their clothes and dress as well as they can. He kisses her forehead and with his wand touches a piece of his robe. "Aguamenti." Just enough water to wet the cloth. With it, he wipes the dirt from her brow, and when he finishes, just caresses her face once more.

Then he bends, picks up the stained linen, and lovingly puts it away in his pocket, it is a Malfoy's ritual thing. A Malfoy understands the power of a virgin's blood, mixed with the semen of a wizard who loves her. He just does not know how powerful it has already been and the magic that it still holds.

Finally, the young couple walks away, their hands linked as if they were one. They head back to Hogwarts, ignoring the dead and the living. Not known to them, the number of the dead has changed during their lovemaking.

As for Hermione, she has an important spark of life growing inside her womb. The solitary, injured warrior, who gave a lot and was rejected by most, has finally found a new home, a loving one, with the gift of knowing his past life.

Finis