

Emotions

by sevibaby

Severus Snape shows the true depth of his emotions.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing, not a darn thing. JK owns it all. Including Severus and Hermione.

Hogwarts, the distant future:

Harry Potter had defeated Voldemort at the tender age of eighteen. He was still a boy when he'd fulfilled his destiny. He has lived a quiet life since the end of the war. He married his childhood sweetheart, and they had a few babies.

On this beautiful spring day, Harry has come to Hogwarts to give a lecture on the Last Battle. The seventh-year History of Magic students were studying the Voldemort years and the outcome of the war to end all wars. The students had learned far more from their mothers' knees than from Professor Binns.

It was a war that few talked about, but the outcome had had lasting repercussions. The Headmaster had invited several veterans of the war to come and speak to the student body, and this was the day that all of the seventh-years had been looking forward to. It was the day on which Harry Potter would be describing the year he went on the run with Ronald Weasley and Hermione Granger and the Final Battle that won the war.

When Harry had finished his lecture, he opened the floor up for a question and answer session. Every year, he dreaded this part of his lecture, for every year one question was asked that to this day still brought tears to Harry's eyes. And sure enough, it came.

"Sir, were you a witness to the death of Hermione Granger and the supposed self-destruction of Severus Snape?"

Harry closed his eyes and fought back the tears. He could still see the scene before him: a broken Hermione being cradled in the arms of a broken man. His anguished weeping could be heard throughout the castle. Harry opened his eyes and began to speak:

"Yes, I was a witness to one of the most tragic deaths of the war. It was the first and last time anyone saw the depth of true emotion in Severus Snape. Some would say he was a cold, heartless bastard, and most times, he would have agreed with them. But on the night, and into the early morning hours that the war was finally won, Severus Snape lost everything that he had held most dear to him. No one knows when or how it had happened, and no one ever will. For what happened on that bloody battlefield was a sight that brought every witness to their knees as the depth of his anguish washed over them. This is the story of that morning and what happened to the most formidable wizard of our time." Harry took a deep breath and turned his thoughts back to the best and worst day of his life.

The usually beautiful and pristine rolling grounds of Hogwarts were littered with the bodies of the dead and wounded. There was not a single person still standing who did not have cuts and bruises on some part of their body. Harry had just fulfilled his destiny and defeated the monster known as Voldemort. He was walking towards Hermoine

as she battled with a Death Eater. He had thought that, with the fall of their master, all of his minions would flee, but that was not the case. Harry watched Hermione display grace and ease as she blocked every hex her opponent threw at her. She was able to silently cast a *Stupefy* and a binding hex to bring down her aggressor.

As she turned to take in the devastation before her, she saw that Professor Snape was battling a Death Eater himself. She watched with growing horror that, with his back turned, he could not see another Death Eater taking aim. She ran and was able to knock into him just as the curse hit. Snape rolled over and was looking around to see who had knocked him down when the Death Eaters commenced their attack on him once again. Harry rushed over to help his former teacher, and the two of them together were able to defeat their opponents.

Snape turned and looked down. His eyes widened in horror when he spied Hermione lying on the ground writhing in pain. Blood was coming out of her mouth, nose, ears and eyes. Snape fell to his knees and gently picked up her broken body, cradling it to his chest. Harry could tell she was trying to speak, but her strength was waning, and she spoke so softly that only Snape could hear her. He was crying and begging her to fight and hold on. He started to scream and yell at her that he couldn't live without her and not to leave him. "You promised," he whimpered to her. Harry noticed that as Snape began to gently rock her, he was sobbing into her hair. Her arms were hanging limp from her body, and he just kept on rocking her. His cries became louder and more anguished. Harry noticed that people several yards away could hear the cries of the broken Potions master. Snape laid Hermione down on the ground with a tender hand. He bent over her and pressed a kiss to her forehead and told her to rest; he would always be there to protect her and watch over her the way she had watched over him.

Harry then watched as pure hatred washed over the face of the most feared man at Hogwarts. Snape became a force to be reckoned with. He took down anyone in his path. It did not matter if it was someone from the dark side or the light. He was beyond reason. Harry remembered with sorrow that it had taken the combined force of ten Aurors and Order Members to bring him down. It was as if Snape had no more reason for living. He fell not more than a few feet from where Hermione laid. As he fell, he turned and looked at her with tears in his eyes before closing them for the last time.

No one knew why her death had set Severus Snape off in a murderous rage, but one thing was for certain: Hermione Granger was not the insufferable know-it-all to him, but someone he had cherished and treasured very close to his heart. Later, when Aurors were able to gain access to Snape's quarters, they would not find any reference to his connection with Hermione, save a scrap of parchment that was hidden in his bedside chest. On it was written,

"I have loved (Lily) and I have been loved (Hermione). I am truly blessed."

Harry came back to himself and looked into a crowd of seventh-year Hogwarts students, and there was not a dry eye among them.

Fin

A/N: I am crying as I write this. It came to me just as I have written it. There will be no more. This is a one-shot; I do not have the story as to how they came together. I will leave that up to you the reader and your wonderful imagination.

I would like to thank my wonderful beta, Melusin, for helping me with my awful grammar and punctuation.