

The Perfect Girl and The Safe Haven

by Ludo13

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But magic having its mysterious ways, she finds herself waking up in the arms of someone who is supposed to be dead...

Was she really dead, dreaming, or hallucinating?

But how exactly, does HE fit in the equation?

The Safe Haven

Chapter 1 of 1

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This was it.

The end of her short life was near, merely a few minutes away now. She was on autopilot right now, dodging every curse, spell, jinx or hex sent her way. The noise was deafening. The night was repeatedly illuminated by various multicoloured flashes of light like some kind of fireworks display. Had they been in some other situation that was not as desperate as the one in which they were right now, she would have found it fascinating to watch. But this was no spectacle, this was not a festive fireworks display, and this was no celebration. This was the end of the world, the end of both of her worlds, the Muggle and Wizarding worlds. The Final Battle raged on all around her, and they were losing right now.

She was barely able to dodge a deadly green flash of light that was sent her way as she tripped on a body that lay on the ground. She fell backwards as the Killing Curse flew past her, blowing her hair this way and that. As she fell, she glanced sideways just to see where desolation would strike next and was horrified to find that it hit her favourite teacher and Head of House. There was nothing she could do to change that right now, other than to let out a terrified scream. Death surrounded her, and she knew it was only a matter of time before it came searching for her life on what had once been school grounds but now, transformed into a battleground. As she lay there unmoving, her eyes drifted to the night sky. It was a beautiful night with only a crescent-shaped moon. The star-filled heaven shone so brightly that, even without the hundreds of multicoloured beams of lights hurtling along the grounds, it was a beautiful night. *Yes, it was a very beautiful night to die* she told herself.

She knew she should get up and resume battling because they needed her, but she did not want to; she had lost the desire to. She had given up and had lost the will to fight for what she believed in. What good would it have done anyway? They were already losing, and she was not only thinking of the Light side. There were so many dead on both sides that it did not matter which side those departed were once on. *She should continue to fight for Harry, to show him that he still had his friends with him. But it was no use right now. What good would this have done, anyway, other than to stall what was inevitable in her mind?*

So she just lay there on that battlefield, surrounded by bodies and by Death, looking at the stars and drowning herself in the beauty of that night. It was as though she wanted to escape and drift far away in that night sky and never come back. The emotion that she'd somehow managed to create inside her mind brought to her a feeling that she had not felt for a long time.

Safety. It had been a long time, an eternity in all actuality, since she had felt safe in this world. The magical world with all its wonders was a very dangerous place to live in, and for her, the danger had been there from the starting point. Being Harry Potter's best friend, and with danger lurking everywhere, she never had a second of respite. But somehow, she did not mind at all. She had managed, for the first time, to have great friends in her life. Anyway, as she lay there and embraced this odd sensation of safety in the middle of the battlefield, she wished she could go back. Go back to a time where she would feel safe. She needed a safe haven right now.

So that was why Hermione wished then and there for a safe haven. A place where nothing could touch her, nothing could harm her, no one would curse her, no one would torture her, and no one would ever dream to carve *Mudblood* on her arm with a silver dagger. A place where no Ronald Weasley would ever hurt her by leaving because he was afraid. A place where, for the first time, the only priority would be her well-being and safety. She needed that safe haven as she lay there star-gazing, her vision occasionally blinded by various beams of colours. She was not the type of girl to believe in rubbish like wishing upon a star or any other fairy-tales like that. But as she lay down there with her eyes fixed on the Heavens upon her, she just wished for her safe haven.

She was so immersed in her star-gazing that she didn't see the curse coming towards her. She felt it though. The pain and burning it caused was extreme. But still she wished for her safe haven. As her life slowly left her, and the maniacal cackle that had erupted after she was hit by the curse died down, one last thought crossed Hermione Jean Granger's mind.

It was really a very beautiful night to die.

Was this really how Death was supposed to be?

Maybe her wish had been granted after all? She felt only peace and safety surrounding her. Was she asleep or not? She did not know, and she really did not care as she just wanted to stay like this for eternity. As she was already dead, she had eternity, didn't she? She was not going to wake up. No one could force her to now. She had finally found the safest place there could be.

She felt like she was lying on a bed, but this bed seemed like it was made from the same material as those fluffy clouds she often compared to animals when she was younger. Her parents would often take her to the park on sunny weekends for a picnic. There, they would simply stare at the sky and compare each fluffy cloud with animals. It was a simple thing, a simple pleasure in a peaceful, simple and safe time. Her bed in the Gryffindor dormitories could never compare to this one; the warm and fluffy comforter was preferable to the rich material that made her Gryffindor ones. She felt at home right now, like she had gone back to her younger years when she would wake up on Christmas day covered in her favourite duvet. She felt like if she woke up right now, she would have enough energy to take on the world. *Was that how Tom Riddle felt every morning, like he could take on the world?*

She still did not want to move, and she would have been content just staying where she was if not for the strong arms holding her, tightening their grip on her. She knew the instant she felt this that it was not normal, but in her dream like state or her eternal sleep (whatever it was actually), she would not panic. There was no need. There was no danger right now. There, in the arms of Mr. Nobody, nothing would happen to her. Eternity could pass by, and she would just stay there. It did not matter; nothing mattered anyway as she was dead after all. There, in the arms of her Mr. Nobody, she had finally found peace and security.

She took a deep breath and inhaled an intoxicating scent, a very masculine scent. It reminded her of something woody or grassy, more like freshly mown grass and new parchment maybe mixed with something like freshly waxed leather, not like leather-clad shoes or stuff but more like Quidditch leather-clad gear. Anyway, it was a very masculine scent that somehow reminded her of her first Potions class with Slughorn when smelling the fumes of Amortentia. She'd often wondered if it had been Ron's scent that she picked up when she described what she smelled, but eventually she had to conclude that it was not. As before, she dismissed that random thought since she recalled that it did not matter right now. So she just enjoyed this scent and again inhaled it. She, so felt like drowning herself in it.

She was so content right now that a happy moan escaped from her. The only reaction to this was the tightening of Mr. Nobody's strong arms around her and a satisfied moan that she heard clearly emanating from the depths of the his throat. Although she had promised herself that she would not even open her eyes to look around, her

innate curiosity won out.

The sight of a strong, well-defined chest clad in a black silk pyjama shirt welcomed her. The upper buttons were undone, and she could partly admire the well-defined chest that sported only a fine scattering of silky blondish hair. She felt a strong urge to kiss, touch or caress the smooth skin just to confirm if it was enticing to her other senses as it was to her eyes. Even though she only saw a part of Mr. Nobody, she concluded that she must have been sent to Heaven as in her mind, only heavenly creatures could be this perfect.

Mr. Nobody stirred and moved both of them slightly, though he did not relax his hold on her body, but she did not mind. She shifted slightly so that she could look around, and to her shock, she realised that she was on a canopy bed that looked like it belonged to Hufflepuff house. It was what she thought the dormitories looked like anyway, as she had never set foot in any other house, unlike her two best friends who got into the Slytherin common room. Just like in the Gryffindor dorms, the four poster beds had curtains, except these were thick yellow instead of the rich red of the lions. It gave off a cheery atmosphere instead of the warmth that she felt in hers. She felt like she could have really gotten used to waking up in one of these beds.

The angel holding her stirred again and let out a soft sigh before yawning. He was waking up. Something was off here, and she could not help but ask herself if angels needed to sleep. Even in death, the insufferable know-it-all that she had always been in life could not help not knowing. She heard Mr. Nobody inhale rather loudly. Was he sniffing her hair or something?

'I must still be dreaming,' was the only thing that he said, but although her ears registered the words, her brain only took his voice into consideration. It was a smooth, suave and melodic voice with just that little touch of huskiness that sent her heart fluttering wildly, so wildly that she thought Mr. Nobody could feel it due to the short distance separating their two bodies. She felt his body stiffen before her as if Mr. Nobody had just realised there was something wrong. It did not matter to her; since she was already dead, nothing worse than what she had endured could be thrust upon her. Anyway, the safest place was still there, beside Mr. Nobody, wrapped up in his strong arms.

'This must really be Heaven,' she spoke out loud, surprised when she felt more than heard the chuckle emanating from her guardian angel.

'Well... I'm sorry to disappoint you, but you're not in Heaven. Actually, you're in my bed,' was the reply from Mr. Nobody. The voice held amusement, but what really intrigued her was that she knew that voice. She could not clearly remember to whom it belonged, but she knew his voice, a voice she had not heard for a long time, an eternity. 'Not that I don't like it because mind you, I like waking up with a beautiful girl in my arms. But I might as well, if that's not too much of a bother to you, know how you managed to get in my dorm. Climb in my bed and manage to have yourself wrapped up in my arms?'

I really like his voice, she told herself. Mr. Nobody was well-spoken, and that in her book was a big plus.

Mr. Nobody's right arm lifted up and slipped between their two bodies, and she only had time to glimpse one large pale hand, though it was slightly tanned with perfectly long and slender piano fingers, before the same hand went to her neck. The hand slowly grazed her chin with a smooth caress and slowly tilted her head upwards. Thus, as the hand slowly tilted her head upwards, she was able to see that the rest of Mr. Nobody's body was as perfect as what she had already seen so far. His neck was well proportioned, neither too long or too short, and she admired his Adam's apple bobbling up and down as Mr. Nobody swallowed. Was he nervous?

His strong, well-shaved jaw with just a little morning stubble, his so desirably kissable lips that parted slightly to reveal pearly white teeth, the tongue that quickly darted out between his luscious lips and his perfectly symmetric nose only served to confirm her that Mr. Nobody could only be an angel.

That notion, however, changed when her chocolate brown eyes were met by the startled grey ones of Mr. Nobody. She knew him. She could never forget his face as she'd seen it a long time ago, one long summer night on their Quidditch field. That day, his face had been deathly pale, but now it was flushed.

'Granger?' This simple single worded phrase was not a question but just an astonished exclamation.

'Diggory?' Her brain was apparently unable to process more than a few words right then.

A single thought crossed her mind as she looked into the questioning eyes of Cedric Diggory right then *This* was her safe haven, there in Cedric Diggory's arms.