

Damn Cold Night

by Ravenscara

HG/Readers Choice. Song-fic about how Hermione is dealing with the loss of her parents. AU Possibly.

DCN

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I only own the plot, nothing more, nothing less. The song is by Avril Lavigne and the Characters; well, we all know who they belong to.

She'd been standing there for Merlin knew how long. They had won the battle, and everyone was in the embraces of their families, except her. A single tear rolled down her face as she recalled the news that was brought to her after the dust had settled.

"Miss Granger? I am an official from the Ministry of Magic. We've been keeping an eye on you for the past year and know that your parents were put into hiding. Sadly so did the Dark Lord. I'm sorry Miss Granger."

That was all she needed to hear. In that instant she realized that she had no one to run to anymore. Her mother and father would never return, and it was her fault. It was then that she turned and ran from the Great Hall, down the front steps and towards the Bridge.

I'm standing on a bridge,

I'm waiting in the dark,

I thought that you'd be here by now.

She thought Ron had noticed her leave, or at least Harry, but no one followed her into the rainy darkness.

There's nothing but the rain,

No footsteps on the ground,

I'm listening but there's no sound.

She felt so alone, and in that instant started to feel the darkness that had been growing inside her all year start to take over.

Isn't anyone trying to find me,

Won't somebody come take me home.

She pressed her back against a pillar and slowly slid to the floor as another tear joined the first.

It's a damn cold night,
I'm trying to figure out this life,
Won't you take me by the hand?
Take me somewhere new,
I don't know who you are,
but I'm, I'm with you

It was then that she felt another person near her. She couldn't even see who it was through her puffy eyes, but she sensed a hand reaching down to her to pull her up. When she stood she was brought into a warm embrace and immediately broke into sobs on their shoulder.

It was a year after the war, and Hermione still had no idea who comforted her the night of the battle. She was back at Hogwarts for the Anniversary feast and continued to search the faces of those in attendance, searching for some type of link that they shared.

I'm looking for a place,
I'm searching for a face,
Is anybody here I know.

She noticed Ginny and Harry walk in but saw nothing in their eyes but happiness to see her. Ron was behind them and again it was the look of joy of being near her.

'Cause nothing's going right,
And everything's a mess,
And no one likes to be alone.

Although they sat at the table she was occupying, it still felt as if she were miles away from them. As if no one could truly understand the pain she felt, and she knew in her mind that she was wrong in that respect, for they had all lost someone close to them.

Isn't anyone trying to find me?
Won't somebody come take me home?

In her bout of depression, she had actually started to make it mist around her, which made Ginny look over at her in worry.

"Are you okay, Hermione?"

Snapping out of the slight trance, she nodded her head and responded, "Yes, but I think I'll nip outside for a bit of fresh air."

The girl just leaned back into her chair and watched the brunette cross the rooms to the door. It was like a flashback for Hermione, one that caused her to almost run back to the bridge, rain plummeting down from the sky around her.

It's a damn cold night,
I'm trying to figure out this life,
Won't you take me by the hand,
Take me somewhere new,
I don't know who you are,
But I'm, I'm with you

She felt that pain again, felt it consume her once more, and again that darkness started to flow inside of her. Would she ever be pure again? Would she ever feel the warmth from her life that she used to?

Why is everything so confusing?
Maybe I'm just out of my mind.
'Creak.'

There was someone walking towards her. The old wood gave them away as soon as they got close. She yet again felt the presence of another with her, just like she had one year ago. A hand appeared in her vision, and she grasped it like a lifeline.

It's a damn cold night,
I'm trying to figure out this life,
Won't you take me by the hand,
Take me somewhere new,
I don't know who you are,
But I'm, I'm with you
I'm with you

In the night she still couldn't see the face of the person who had rescued her from the darkness back then, and even still now. All Hermione was able to ascertain was that it was a male who was familiar to her. Someone who was not normally in her presence, but still knew enough to know that she needed them.

Take me by the hand,

Take me somewhere new,

I don't know who you are,

But I, I'm with you,

I'm with you

He led her back to Hogwarts, and back up the steps, keeping himself just a little bit behind her so she would be surprised with everyone else as to who her savior was.

Take me by the hand,

Take me somewhere new,

I don't know who you are,

But I, I'm with you,

I'm with you,

He reached in front of her to push open the doors to the Great Hall, grasped her hand again, and spun her to look at him just as a collective gasp raced through the hall. Her eyes lit up and she hugged him again.

I'm with you.

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A/N: You can decided who she is with at the end, but my mind kept flashing between two people. I won't mar your own preferences, but if you are curious, just message me and ask. Thanks to my wonderful Betas, Rose otW, Lyn\_f, and Voice Of The Nephilim.