

Rumination

by PersephoneVerte

Boathouse blues.

One.

Chapter 1 of 1

Boathouse blues.

Disclaimer: I own nothing in the Harry Potter universe and bow to Queen Rowling.

She should have been with Ron. She shouldn't have been in the boathouse. But his body called to her, so she came.

She was wary at first, standing outside the glass wall for several minutes, taking in the blurred shape on the other side. It took every ounce of courage she possessed to cross the threshold and kneel beside Snape's body. His arms were crooked at an awkward angle. One had come up to clutch at Harry and had ended up on his chest, but the other had tried to break his fall and was bent behind him so that she was almost certain it was broken. His lower body was twisted left of the upper portion from the urgency to escape.

Her eyes rested on the pool of blood inches from her foot. She traced the red all the way back up to the long gash in his neck. When it had been the Golden Trio in the room, she hadn't dared look at him fully in the face. She did now. He seemed so sad. So afraid. It was a look she'd never seen him wear. His age and the stress of his role showed greatly. Lines marred the corners of his eyes, as well as his mouth and forehead.

She couldn't leave him like this.

Despite the rolling sickness in her stomach she managed to clean his wound. Magic was not involved. It was cathartic for her to do it by hand. She propped his body in a normal position. She gave him some dignity.

Then she gave herself a moment. She placed one of his hands in her lap and remembered how the calluses sounded when they ran down the page of one of his many leather-bound books. She remembered how his arms could trap her perfectly against the stone walls of his dungeon quarters. She remembered how his eyes crinkled when he laughed at her attempts at witty flirtation. She remembered how his mouth could set her entire body on fire, how his naked body felt against—

No. She wouldn't let herself think that far. She wouldn't let herself end up festering on things she would never have again.

She stood up, brushing off her pants and looking awkwardly around the chilly room. Closing her eyes, she let the slush of the water against the dock calm her senses and clear her mind. She had a job to do. She had to help rebuild her school. Her home. Everything. She couldn't dwell on the past anymore.

Snape's whisper of her name many moons ago lingered in the air as she left.

"Hermione."