

Of Being Hermione Granger

by Meladara

The path one takes toward their ultimate destiny is at the same time both unavoidable and unpredictable, even for those as organized as Hermione Granger. Follow with along her as she makes her journey, and discover the spotlight, reality, sweetness, pain, hope, and destiny of being Hermione Granger. A six part drabble series.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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The Spotlight of Being Hermione Granger

She can never be his. He knows this even as he pulls her close in the dark of the basement where they have brewed for countless hours. No longer can he ignore the lust-filled tension that is thick enough for them to taste. In this small place that belongs to them alone, each and every movement is a calculation in proximity to the one they desire. It is only in these final hours, when he knows he will not see her again, that he is able to risk showing her just how much she means to him.

He does not cross any lines, other than make it clear to her that she is the object of his desire, and if that is a line that he should not cross, he does not care. There are no heated kisses or confessions of feelings. It is only a single, tight embrace and a shakily exhaled breath that speaks novels to her heart. And she understands.

She is light. She is his light in this dark world where no one trusts him despite the fact that he has given them all he has. She is the only one he can believe in.

They both know that fate requires her to move on from this place at his side, and her youth clouds from her the knowledge that fate does not always provide what one needs the most, that the clear and obvious path is not always the best. But he will not enlighten her; it is not his place to change her life. Nor would he ever want to damn her to an existence with him. That would leave her scorned and abandoned by all those she loves. No. It is best to simply accept that it is not to be, it was never to be, and to peacefully let her go.

So, with haunted eyes, he watches as she smiles at him sweetly, for she is sweet in everything she does. Then, with a nod, he, the embittered man who has watched her grow for the last eight years, lets her walk out of his life and into the spotlight of being Hermione Granger.

The Reality of Being Hermione Granger

The reality of being Hermione Granger was something she could never have grasped that day when she had walked away from him. Life never turns out as you expect. That is one truth she is well aware of now. She is haunted each day by the fact that her heart has a cavern carved out in his shape and that it cannot be filled by any other

man. She hadn't realised then. How could she have?

Assuredly, she had been very aware of her fondness for him; she'd known that full well. He had always intrigued her, but she was a smart enough girl to understand that any young woman spending large amounts of time with a dynamic older man would find herself attracted. So, in the best interest of them both, she had pushed her feelings aside, chalking them up to youth, to nerves, to hormones, never to love.

But now, five years down the line, as she stands and reads a letter from a friend, she finds herself once again lost, lost to the news of him on the crumpled paper in her hand. As she waddles across her sitting room and sinks down into the overstuffed chair, her pregnant belly protrudes forward, reminding her of her choices and the feelings she cannot presume to have, of her reality.

She once again reads the words.

Have you heard that old Snape is really sick? Thought that old bastard would live forever. Gin came home the other day with a story about Snape and his wife being at the hospital. His organs are failing apparently, something about years of Crucios.

Bile rises in her throat. She'd known he married several years ago, and though she truly had to wonder what woman could be worthy of him, it is the news of his illness that hurts the most.

He is not hers to lose, but in that moment, the reality of their lives does not matter, only the truth that had been written on her heart all those years ago.

The Sweetness of Being Hermione Granger

She stands facing him days later, her heart in her throat. Their lives and choices loom between them like thick webs which can only be removed with fire, and fire is something neither of them have the courage to use.

From a safe distance she inquires after his health, and he can hear the terror in her voice. He does not comfort her, only tells her the truth: that with treatment he will be fine. He leaves out that the medication he must take will render his magic too weak for him to brew; she doesn't need to know that.

She has aged well: her face glowing, her body ripe. He is thankful that the child growing in her is of a man he does not know; he couldn't stomach it if she had tied herself to a Weasley...or any other wizard he had taught, for that matter.

He can see that she is living a contented life. Perhaps she is not as happy as she could have been, but then, who ever is?

Her eyes gaze at him with intensity, and she smiles as she takes her leave. He wants to imagine that in her eyes she is saying all the words that cannot be voiced, but he cannot. Then she is gone. He wonders if he will ever see her again, if another five years will pass before the fates will allow him to look upon her...if he will live long enough to even do so.

As he walks back behind the counter of his Apothecary, he can smell her scent on the air. She is still sweet.

The Pain of Being Hermione Granger

His wife had insisted that he take her to the event. They never attend; he has always been too ill, too despised, too Snape. But now, with his health and magic now stable, his status in this world firmly established, his wife insists they must go...that he is a war hero too.

As he dances with his wife, his eyes seek her out instinctively. To his heart she is the only one of consequence in the room. She is a picture of beauty and grace as she stands across the hall, her body now full of curves which tell of the children she has borne over the years.

She seldom speaks to those surrounding her. She, too, is aware of him, his sudden appearance leaving her profoundly shaken. His every movement holds her complete attention, though no one but him takes any notice. To everyone else she merely looks as bored as she always does when they speak of matters she does not care about.

Her eyes catch his once, but they do not linger. They cannot. The draw, the danger is too great, too palpable. She berates herself silently. It does not matter that she is aware of him; he is no one to her now, or at least, he should be.

His wife pulls him toward her, toward the group of former Order members, insisting that he must greet those he once knew. She is frozen, her face flushed, her eyes panicked as he extends his hand solemnly. For a split second, she does not understand, cannot fathom that she is supposed to touch him, but then her brain once again functions, and she is smiling and shaking his hand with sad, empty eyes, as if he were any other Order member and not the keeper of her heart.

For the rest of the evening their hands burn with the painful memory of the other's touch.

The Hope of Being Hermione Granger

He watches her unseen from the window of his shop where he stands as still as a statue. His greedy eyes never leave her as she, the keeper of his heart, walks with determined air down the alley. Gusts of wind buss around her, and her silver-laced curls dance wildly.

Suddenly, her face lifts, and her eyes dart about, and he can see the fear in her face. Anger flares to life within him, and he knows that she should not have made such a trip so soon after the suspicious death of her husband. It is reckless and so very Gryffindor.

Her steps continue resolutely toward her destination, and that is when it happens, the flash and cry that cause him to burst into life and action. He sees her fall to the hex that has come out of nowhere, leaving her prone on the pavement. All he knows, all he can understand is the terror which has flooded his entire being.

With a crash, the door of his shop is thrown open, and he is hoisting her up, all the while savaging her attacker with spell after spell.

It is but a moment of chaos, and then it is over, and he is checking her for injuries.

She shakes, a frail being in his arms, as he Apparates them away.

Her stone cottage materializes around them, and he watches as she looks up at him. In that thick silence, the sting of the hex is lost to her, as is the tormented grief she has felt these past days, days where she has hardly eaten or slept. All she knows is the dark man standing before her.

His heart aches to pull her close and embrace her, but he does not. He cannot allow himself such weaknesses, and his actions today have been weakness enough. Instead, it is she who wraps her arms around him, clinging to him as if he were her only lifeline.

As tears fill her eyes, he cannot stop his calloused fingers from lifting to capture each one that trails down, painting her face. Nor can he stop himself from bringing the damp digits to his mouth to taste her sorrow.

They do not speak; words never were necessary between them. When she calms, he gives her a curt nod and steps away. Their eyes meet one final time before he spins and is gone.

She stands in silence, looking out at the fading autumn day. She can't help but wonder what has just happened and feel grateful for the reminder that even in the darkest times of one's life, there is always a reason to hope.

The Destiny of Being Hermione Granger

She walks through the crowd of people, eyes scanning. Outwardly she appears as stately as always, the strong mother, grandmother, aunt, and mentor that everyone here knows and expects. However, inside her a wreck of nerves churn. He is free now, no longer married, and she is filled with question. Will he come? Will he answer her invitation?

He feels the folly in each step and action as he walks through this party; life has not treated him with any generosity before, so it is difficult for him to believe it will now. But he shakes away the thought with a quick twist of his head, his hand tightening around a worn invitation. It is his reminder that he must attend; he could never ignore her call.

She is talking to one of her many granddaughters when his eyes first meet hers. Her words falter and then stop as she is swept away by the intensity of his gaze. The years melt away in an instant, leaving her once again the coltish young woman who is being embraced in a dingy cellar by her much older former professor. Tears well in her eyes, and she gasps as the weight of their years apart settle upon her...so much time lost to them.

They stand with eyes locked before simultaneously moving in hurried steps. They do not hear the gasps of those they pass in their haste...the onlookers do not matter. Even from this distance, as their eyes burn with heat and their hearts race, it is clear to them that this meeting will not be one of sacrifice or loss or hurt.

She smiles broadly at him as she stops just inches from him, her eyes crinkling with amusement as a tear escapes down her aged cheek. She has only grown more lovely with age, but still, there is a willful excitement about her that calls to mind the excited twelve-year-old of so many years ago.

They do not speak as he wipes away her tears or shushes her sobs, as she melts into his arms and his robes envelop her small frame. They do not see the eyes upon them, neither do they care that they have just revealed to all those around them the truth of their affection. Everything of import to them currently exists within this single, tight embrace.

As they spin away from this world that has expected and taken so much from them, it is with the silent understanding that never again will they stand apart, never again will they bow to the constraints of society. From this moment on, they will stand and live and love together...for *together*, they are destined to be.

Linlawless, thank you for betaing! I believe I will always feel like I'm out of my league here in the fanfic-writing world, but with you...and all the girls at TPP chat...helping and supporting me, it doesn't seem quite so scary! Thank you for taking a this little newbie and helping her along! (on a side note... I wonder: How long does one get to pull the 'but I'm just a newbie' card? Heee!) ;P ~Mel