

Savin' Me

by BrenaMarie

In a post Voldemort world, Severus and Hermione deal with what the future may hold.
A one-shot songfic based on the Nickelback song, 'Savin' Me.'

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters mentioned following are the property of the absolutely fabulous J.K. Rowling. I'm only borrowing them for the time being for my own personal enjoyment...well, mine and the enjoyment of the people who are reading this. No financial gain is to be had on my part from the creation of the following.

The song used throughout this piece is titled "Saving Me" by Nickelback. The song was written by Chad Kroeger. My most sincere thanks go out to him for writing such a powerful song that gave me the ideas used in this story. I take no creative responsibility for the lyrics of this song, as it all belongs to Mr. Kroeger.

Special thanks go to my wonderful beta [southern_witch_69](#). She has been extremely informative and understanding while editing this story. Her amazing skills have made it possible for this story to make it to this site and have helped me achieve a special dream. Thank you, Southern! ::hugs!::

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12 June 1999

Severus Snape Found Innocent!

After a lengthy trial by the Wizengamot, Severus Snape, former Professor of Hogwarts and Death Eater, was found innocent of the murder of Albus Dumbledore. Snape's defense was led by his former student and close friend of Harry Potter, Hermione Granger. Miss Granger produced stunning evidence to defend her former Potions master. The evidence included Headmaster Dumbledore's Pensieve, journals, and eyewitnesses to Snape's heroic acts. She then questioned the defendant himself, who was under the influence of Veritaserum. Though much of the Wizarding world is still suspicious of Snape and his true loyalties throughout the war, Miss Granger's evidence was enough to sway the Wizengamot. We may only wonder what lies next in store for this very passionate witch and the suspicious connection between herself and her Potions master.

Prison gates won't open up for me

On these hands and knees I'm crawlin'

Oh, I reach for you

Severus Snape sat alone in his home at Spinner's End, clutching a bottle of firewhisky and staring at today's edition of the *Daily Prophet*. 'I should still be in prison,' he thought miserably. 'I should still be in there rotting away for everything I've done. Maybe I should just ask them to lock me back up... The world might be better off. But she

doesn't think so, does she? That insufferable know-it-all just had to go meddling in my affairs yet again; she had to save me.'

A few hours later, Severus drained his bottle of firewhisky and attempted to stand to get another one. Unfortunately, he was too unsteady on his feet from the alcohol and months of being in a cell, and he abruptly fell over. Cursing loudly, he tried to stand again, but he passed out instead.

While dreaming, memories hit him vividly and extremely hard.

He was chained to a chair in front of the Wizengamot, surrounded by Ministry officials and members of the Order of the Phoenix. Then he felt her presence as warmth pressed against his shoulder from her hand. Then her voice assaulted his brain, whispering, "Don't worry, Professor. I'm going to get you out of this."

The trial, in reality, had passed dreadfully slowly, but in this dream state, it sped by until the verdict was passed. Unchained and with the ability to move freely, he turned around to see a teary-eyed Hermione Granger. He made three quick strides and embraced her as he never had held anyone before. In that moment, he was alive; he was free. He heard her mumbling against his chest and pulled away in order to hear her.

"I'm so happy. I knew we could do this. I love you so much..."

What? Reality snapped back to him. 'This little chit, this slip of a girl, loves me? She has no idea what she's talking about.' He rejected her then.

"Miss Granger, as much as I appreciate your assistance in my release, I am afraid that you are severely mistaken about my personal thoughts towards you." He noticed it then, the fire that drove this girl, no, this woman.

"Wh-what?"

"I believe I was quite clear, Miss Granger. I can say, with a large amount of certainty, that I am not going to ever be able to reciprocate this... romantic gesture."

The tears started again, but they were not tears of joy this time. No, these were tears of sorrow and pain. Feeling slightly pleased with himself for still being able to make a student cry, he smirked. Her eyes became wide at his obvious humor about her situation, and she turned and ran out of the courtroom, leaving him alone. Alone to deal with what remained of his future... and he was feeling quite empty about it.

I'm terrified of these four walls

These iron bars can't hold my soul in

All I need is you

Come please I'm callin'

And oh, I scream for you

Hurry I'm fallin'

"Hermione!"

Severus woke with a jolt. His dream echoing in his mind, he started to contemplate the images. 'No, I can't. I can't be feeling guilty. Yes, I am. I... I have nothing left, and she was offering me hope, a future... her love. And of course I couldn't help myself. I just had to continue to be the snarky bastard that I've been for the past twenty years. I have nothing. I killed Albus, the only one besides her who ever truly believed in me, who ever defended me. I will always be seen as a killer, a Death Eater. I have nothing to give her besides pain, but I need her. Why? I can't live this way...'

Show me what it's like

To be the last one standing

And teach me wrong from right

And I'll show you what I can be

Say it for me

Say it to me

And I'll leave this life behind me

Say it if it's worth savin' me...

It had been fifteen days since Severus Snape realized that he needed Hermione Granger in his life as more than just a thorn in his side. He had dreams about her forgiveness and nightmares of the pain he'd caused her through the years, his logical mind pleading for a reprieve. He could imagine her embrace; he could almost still feel it. While feeling full of regret, he thought, 'Was it worth saving me for what I've done to you? If only... no, I can't go back. I can't change my reactions. I could have made her happy... I already had. I might have been able to leave this miserable existence behind me.' He glanced down at the 12 June edition of the *Prophet*, just to see her again. There was a stunning photo taken of the two of them after they heard the verdict. He was holding her, and she was crying those happy tears. Severus continued to stare at the photograph and wonder about what might have been...

Heaven's gates won't open up for me

With these broken wings I'm fallin'

And all I see is you

These city walls ain't got no love for me

I'm on the ledge of the eighteenth story

He made up his mind then; he was just going to have to end it, to stop the pain, to quell the emptiness. Oblivion was a welcome alternative to his current state. Severus quickly Apparated to what was left of Hogwarts. Since the final battle, three months prior, the castle was a wreck, half standing while other parts crumbled. With the wards all broken down and dissipated, he was able to Apparate freely about the castle and grounds. The fifteenth of March had brought the end to the Dark Lord and his hold on Wizarding Britain. 'Beware the Ides of March, indeed,' Severus thought snidely. The castle appeared as though it had been deserted for centuries; it must have been the amount of death and desolation brought upon it with the final blows of battle that had caused the structure to crumble like this. It truly resembled how Severus felt about himself at that moment: once strong and unyielding and now broken down and haunted.

He carefully made his way to the Astronomy Tower to where the deed had been done. Instead of attempting to actually climb the narrow stairwell up to the top, he decided to just Apparate to his final destination. He was standing in the spot where he'd cast the Killing Curse at his mentor, his savior. He could still hear him: "Severus... please." The anger swelled within him once again, just as it had two years ago.

And oh, I scream for you

"Hermione!" he yelled in pain, in fear, in anger.

Come please I'm callin'

In her London flat, Hermione Granger sat alone, lost in thought, which was a common occurrence since the conclusion of Snape's trial. 'Snape,' she thought, half angry and half longingly. For fifteen days she had been waiting for him to come to his senses. He was an extremely intelligent man after all; she had no doubt he'd at least owl her or something. And yet, there was nothing. She looked around her tiny kitchen, desperately searching for some distraction. Then she noticed a movement that caught her eye over on her sideboard. She sighed heavily at the sight. The distraction came in the form of a gift that Colin Creevey had sent to her following her success at Severus' trial.

Due to Colin's status of official photographer for the *Daily Prophet*, he'd managed to catch Severus holding her after the verdict in a lovely wizard photograph. She watched it blissfully as Severus stroked her hair and held her tightly while the tears streamed down her cheek.

"Damn him!" Hermione exclaimed as she pounded her fist against her kitchen table.

After her mild outburst, Hermione decided that she could use a cup of tea to calm her nerves. She stood and started to walk across her kitchen when she heard his voice in her head. All she heard was her name; it sounded as if it would heal him, save him. She brushed the voice off as wishful thinking, although the thought of his silky voice saying her name made her smile. Shaking off the mild reverie, she proceeded to the stove for her tea. On the way back to the table, she had a vision; this event in itself was extraordinary, but what she had seen and felt was absolutely breathtaking.

She was back at Hogwarts, standing on the balcony of the Astronomy Tower. She could feel the summer breeze blowing through her hair. She felt like she could fly. Then she looked down and stumbled a little; her breath caught in her chest. She heard a voice other than her own: the silky tones of her Potions master invaded her ears and mind once again.

And all I need is you

Hurry I'm fallin'

Hermione quickly snapped back to her present location. In a mild daze she whispered, "Severus." Her teacup slipped out of her grasp and crashed on the floor. She didn't hear the sound, though, as she abruptly Apparated to Hogwarts.

Show me what it's like

To be the last one standing

And teach me wrong from right

And I'll show you what I can be

Say it for me

Say it to me

And I'll leave this life behind me

Say it if it's worth savin' me

"Severus Snape, don't you dare leave me!"

Severus gracefully turned around from his position on the ledge of the balcony battlement to stare at his former student.

"I didn't spend the last three months trying to save you for you to leave me like this!" Hermione screamed at her former Professor.

His soul, or what was left of it, sank. 'How did she find me?' he wondered silently. Severus finally found his voice.

"You deserve better. You deserve more than this... more than I can offer."

"I don't need more. I need you!"

He took a step down off the ledge and then leaned against the stone wall, breathing raggedly, as if her words of truth were suffocating him.

Hermione realized that she was getting to him and continued to confess her feelings.

"I can see the man you are, Severus, the man you could be. I love you. I love you for your strength and intelligence. I love you for your sarcasm and moodiness. I love you for your loyalty and conviction in your beliefs." Unknowingly, as she was speaking to the man of her dreams, her feet were moving toward him. She was drawn to him, more now than ever before.

And all I need is you

Come please I'm callin'

And oh, I scream for you

Hurry I'm fallin'

Severus Snape couldn't believe the sight before his eyes. Hermione Granger, Gryffindor know-it-all, was standing before him pouring her heart and soul out to him. She was confessing feelings he never presumed to expect even existed. He felt the need to explain since this might be the last chance he had, for he still planned to jump from this tower after to meet his end.

"Hermione I... I'm sorry about what happened at the trial. I... I'm so used to being alone and only expect people to show any kind of affection for me when they want something. I never expected you, of all my former students, to have these... feelings for me."

"Severus--" Hermione attempted to interject, but she was cut off in the same instant. She was standing an arm's length away from him at this point, close enough to reach out to him, but she knew better. He had to make the first move.

"No, let me finish, for once. You have no idea how confused I've been. Thinking about what you said and what you did for me. I keep looking at the picture in the *Prophet*, watching your tears of joy... I couldn't bear to cause you any more pain. I just couldn't picture being able to give you anything to support a future. Look at me. I'm a Death Eater. I will always be seen that way. Do you realize that? Did you even consider that by trying to have a relationship with me, of all people, you would be strapping yourself into something akin to what Tonks has with Lupin? A stigma if you will, he's a werewolf, and I... I killed Dumbledore! Mercy killing or not, you can't save me from my past, Hermione. You're an intelligent witch. I know you can see where this would end up."

Hermione started to cry. She knew he was right, that life would be far from easy, but she was also a very stubborn Gryffindor. She knew what she wanted, what she

needed, and that was a man who could match her intelligence, who could put her in her place when needed and equal her wit and thirst for knowledge. She needed Severus Snape, and she wasn't going to let him take the easy way out. She glared at him through her tears.

"If you are finished, Professor..." She summoned every ounce of courage she ever thought she could possess, and he nodded in response.

"Jumping off the Astronomy Tower isn't going to help me any, whether you think so or not. You may think you are being strong by setting me free or whatever, but this isn't strength. Strength is fighting. It's hard, and it's painful, and it's everyday. But it's what we have to do, and we can do it together. I have never met, and probably will never meet, another man like you. A man who I can see as an equal. A man who can set me on fire with his eyes and the sound of his voice, whether casual or full of venom. I am willing to sacrifice whatever possibility I could ever have at a 'normal' life to be with you, and, no, I'm not just being a silly, foolish girl; this is the truth, and you need to hear me and accept it. You're a good man, Severus. I know you are. You have suffered an ungodly amount these last twenty years. Please allow yourself to be happy for once, to be content. It's what Albus would have wanted..."

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Severus stared at her. He couldn't believe she'd brought Albus into this, but as much he would never admit it aloud, she was right. The old fool was always a hopeless romantic. He considered her speech. Had she rehearsed this? Who knew, but the bottom of the tower was looking like less and less of a possibility now. She truly had forgiven his words from the trial, his words chastising her throughout her schooling. She was an angel, his angel of forgiveness swooping down to save him from an extremely nasty and graphic end. He cracked at that moment. He'd let her win this one, but she might not be so lucky in the future.

Severus took one step, threw an arm around her waist, and pulled her up to meet his lips for the first of hopefully many passionate kisses. He poured all his emotion into that kiss: all his pain, his fear and regret, all his hope and thankfulness. Everything within his being that he could project onto her went into that moment. He placed his palm against her cheek and found it to be slightly damp, tears staining her cheeks again. He withdrew from their kiss to look at her. He wanted to truly see her, for the woman she was proving to be.

"Severus, I love you so much. It will all be worth it whatever comes our way; we will face it together."

"I have no doubt, Hermione, no doubt at all, that the two of us together would be able to conquer anything. But I need to know... What of Mr. Potter? How will he feel about this relationship?"

"Oh, Harry! He knows. He's known since I started gathering the evidence in your defense. We had a big blowout, but of course, as you can tell, I can be extremely persuasive. In the end he told me that if you and I ended up together, he would accept it as long as it was what truly made me happy. And I'd have to say that if that kiss is any indication as to how our future will be, I'm going to be a very happy woman."

Say it for me

Say it to me

And I'll leave this life behind me

Say it if it's worth savin' me

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15 August 1999

Snape Granger wed in private ceremony!

Potions master, Severus Snape, married war heroine, Hermione Granger, in a private binding ceremony yesterday. The couple decided to have their future bound at Albus Dumbledore's final resting place. It was said by sources that the couple felt that their relationship is what Dumbledore would have wanted. They felt the need to be close to him at this turning point in their lives. The couple met seven years ago at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry where Snape was Potions professor, and Granger his student. The couple has made countless statements that no improper relationship occurred prior to his release from Azkaban. Witnesses to the ceremony included: Matron of Honour, Mrs. Ginevra Weasley-Potter; best man, Remus Lupin; his wife, Nymphadora Lupin; future Hogwarts Headmistress, Minerva McGonagall. The couple was bound by Mr. Harry Potter himself. Following the nuptials, Mr. Snape gave the following statement: "My wife and I wish to leave the country for a while to try and put the unfortunate experience of the war behind us. She truly has saved me from a fate worse than death and given me life and a future instead. This will always be our home though, so when Hogwarts is ready to re-open you may see us again."

Say it if it's worth savin' me...

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A/N : Special thanks to Joss Whedon for writing the Buffy The Vampire Slayer episode "Amends." I used a quote from that episode during the Astronomy Tower scene. The "Strength is fighting. It's hard, and it's painful..." This is my favourite Buffy episode, so I just needed to use it.

I'd also like to thank my best friend, jessikitty, for partaking in my SS/HG obsession. And Danu for being such a wonderful friend, source of support and comforting internet stalker.

Well, I hope everyone enjoyed this. Since this is my first fic, reviews are much appreciated. Thanks for everything! ~Brena

Southern's Notes: I really like this song, and now that I've read this, I can hear it clearly in my mind.