

A Hero's Worth

by lady_rhian

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. How will Hermione react?

Part One

Chapter 1 of 6

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. How will Hermione react?

Disclaimer: It's all JKR's - she just lets me play around for fun.

A/N: This is the first of a six part series. Inspired by the "Broken Memory Challenge" at the LJ community 'grangersnape100.'

"What?" she screamed, eyes blazing.

"Now, Hermione, calm down..." Arthur started.

"No." She shoved past him and walked down the bustling hall in St. Mungo's. She passed mediwitches and wizards, Healers and visitors. There was a fierce look of determination spread across her features. Her wild mane swung out behind her, flying in tandem with her steps. Her anger radiated; her presence noticed by all. It would have been even if she were not a celebrated war hero.

She has no idea how deeply she feels for him. Arthur thought sadly. *Please, God, do not let her kill my son.*

Hermione hurried to the Spell Damage ward as fast as her feet could carry her, praying to the all deities she could think of.

She shoved the wide white swinging doors that led to the ward's lobby. Various members of the Order looked up to a spellbinding sight.

"God help him," Tonks muttered to Remus. "All of Severus' bad traits were transferred to Hermione."

"As was his ability for grand entrances," Minerva added softly.

Hermione's robes had flailed behind her, her hair still streaming steadily, appearing as if she had been blown in by a gust of wind. Her eyes were blazing.

"Where is he?"

"Hermione." Remus immediately rose to his feet, attempting to catch her, but she had already seen her prey.

"PERCY WEASLEY!" she bellowed, marching over to him.

Percy rose from his chair on the opposite side of the room from the Order.

"What?" he snarled. "Care for him, do you?"

She grabbed him by the scruff of his robes and physically forced him against the wall. Remus started, but Tonks grabbed his wrist.

"Don't," she said, grimacing. "No one else has done anything to him, and damn it, Remus, someone needs to."

Remus met his fiancée's eyes and paused. "Can't say I blame her," he said slowly and sat down.

All eyes were on Hermione's inflamed presence and Percy's antipathy. Their emotions flooded the room.

Tonks and Remus watched; Remus' head in his hands. Minerva looked away, hiding her tears.

Molly's tears flowed freely, George and Fred each holding her hand. Ron looked jubilant. He and his twin brothers seemed to be the only ones glad of the confrontation.

"He's finally getting what's coming to him," Fred muttered to Ron, who was seated on his left.

"And I thought the canaries were bad."

Their attention turned back to the scene at hand as a slap rang out across the room.

Ron snickered. "Show time."

Part Two

Chapter 2 of 6

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. What will happen?

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"How dare you," Hermione said softly, backing away from him.

Percy raised a hand, nursing his already-bruising cheek.

"Christ woman, raised by a banshee, were you?" he muttered. Hermione moved towards him and slapped him again.

"You do NOT Oblivate people, Percy! You do NOT! It is an Unforgivable in and of itself! What possessed you to do something like that?" she screamed.

"He deserved it," Percy's voice rang out. "War hero, my arse! The man was a bloody Death Eater. He killed Dumbledore..."

"You have no right to talk about Dumbledore," Hermione said slowly, dangerously. "You are upset because he was right and you were wrong!"

"He's not right! People with pasts like that..."

"He has been forgiven!" Hermione raised her wand.

"He casts Avada Kedavras and is worshipped. I cast an Oblivate..."

"He always knew where he stood!" Hermione said insistently. "He fought for what he knew was right, and he did what he had to so that he could do so! He is a hero of the highest caliber!"

"You say that only because you love him," Percy said snidely.

Hermione put her hands on her hips. "What are you, Percy? Jealous?" she asked, her voice dripping in sarcasm.

"Not of you," Percy snickered.

"Why you..." Ron leapt to his feet, but Fred pulled him back down forcibly.

"You git," Fred muttered. "She's going to tear him from limb to limb, and you're blocking my view!"

"Sorry," Ron said.

"Percy," Hermione was continuing, "there's no polite way to describe what I think of you. If you think you're getting away with this you're wrong..."

"You didn't answer my question," Percy said pompously. "Do you love him or not?"

Everyone took in their breath.

"I've always wondered what happened in the cellar at Grimmauld," Tonks whispered playfully.

"Tonks..." Remus said through gritted teeth. "She's answering."

"Why does it matter?" Hermione asked softly. "I have always been someone outraged by injustice. If you want to laugh about SPEW, go ahead. Ron does all the time." She glanced at Ron, who grinned widely. Hermione smiled and turned back to Percy. "Don't you realize, in all your pompous arrogance, that there are some things worth fighting for? There are people in this room who have fought for decades." She glanced at Remus and Minerva. "And if it was them in that room, I would be right here, doing the same thing. Because they *deserve better*. They deserve appreciation, not derision, and honor, not an Obliviate cast by those who see in the heroes what they themselves are lacking."

For once in his life, Percy was stunned into silence.

"Why..." he started, but Hermione raised a hand.

"I don't want to hear it. I'd appreciate it if you would kindly drag your sorry arse out of the room. This room is for people who care about him and them alone."

Percy swallowed and quickly exited the room.

"Well said, Hermione," Minerva said.

"Couldn't have said it better myself," Tonks chimed in.

"I'm glad you slapped him," Ron added. "Mum's never let us do it. Glad someone got to."

"Do you love him?" Remus asked suddenly.

Hermione stood, her back to them, oblivious to her surroundings, her tears spattering to the floor. "Of course I do."

Part Three

Chapter 3 of 6

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. What will happen?

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There was a moment of silence. Molly shifted uncomfortably. "I must go find Arthur," she said. She stood and walked over to Hermione, putting a hand on her shoulder. "I understand, my dear," she whispered. Hermione closed her eyes shut and relaxed her shoulders. Molly acknowledged the gesture and walked out of the room.

"Are you alright, Hermione?" Ron asked. He glanced over at the older Order members who were seated across from him, slightly nodding his head towards the door.

"We'll be outside," Minerva said gently as she stood to take her leave, motioning for Fred and George to follow her. Remus and Tonks followed them out.

"Hermione..." Ron started, but at the sound of the shutting door, Hermione sank to the floor, her body shaking.

"I can't do it, Ron," she choked. "I can't hold it back..."

Ron wrapped his arms around his friend. "Sssh," he said, rocking her back and forth as he would his baby daughter.

"He won't remember me," she sobbed, clutching at her best friend's shirt. "Percy's not stupid. He knows how to cast complicated spells, and it wasn't poorly cast, either... It had *meaning* behind it."

"There, there," Ron said softly. "Only the best mediwizards work in Spell Damage... I'm sure they'll be able to fix it..."

Ten minutes later, Ron was still sitting with his back to the wall, holding Hermione. Her sobs were gradually lessening.

Ron looked up at the sound of the door cracking open, thankful that Hermione didn't notice. Tonks peeked her head in. Ron shook his head.

She shut the door quietly and walked over to where Remus and Minerva stood.

"How is she?" Remus asked, a worried crease streaking his forehead.

"Not good," Tonks said. "She's still sobbing. Ron's holding her. A right good mate, that boy is."

"How serious do you think it is, Minerva?" Remus asked.

"I wish I could say I was optimistic," Minerva said quietly. "But Percy knew what he was doing. And a permanent Obliviate..."

They stood in silence, contemplating the consequences.

An hour later, Hermione and Ron were sitting in chairs in the waiting room. Minerva, Remus, and Tonks sat next to them.

Hermione's hands were clenched together, her face like steel.

"Cho said they'd be out with the results ten minutes ago. I'm going to go ask," Remus said, frustrated. He stood and went to the door.

He stopped short when Pansy Parkinson burst through the door, carrying a clipboard.

"Pansy." Ron stood and walked over to embrace his wife. Pansy hugged her husband. "I don't know what I would do if that were you," she whispered.

"The results, please," Remus said politely.

"Well," Pansy began, a bit flustered. "Do you want the good news or the bad news first?"

Hermione closed her eyes. Tonks reached over and squeezed one of her hands.

"The bad news is that there has been a good amount of damage done to his memory of the past few years. It was a deflected spell, too – bounced off something before it hit him, so the intensity wasn't as forceful as a straight Obliviate. And it is probably due to his..." Pansy paused. "Rather incredible skill, really, that the spell didn't do more damage than it did."

"What does he remember?" Hermione asked tersely.

Part Four

Chapter 4 of 6

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. What will happen?

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"Everything up until the end of the War," Pansy said slowly.

Hermione's head dropped. "So the past year..."

Pansy looked at her. "It's not permanent." Hermione looked up at her. Pansy continued. "There are bits, pieces that he remembers. He fought it. He dueled with Percy, apparently; he had to deflect quite a few Obliviates before Percy managed to land him with one, so he was able to prepare somehow..."

"Pansy," Hermione said quietly. "Please just tell me what he remembers..."

Pansy paused. "I don't know if it's my place to tell you that. You can come see him."

Pansy brought Hermione into a white-washed room. Severus lay on the bed, a diagnostics chart to his right constantly changing with his physical and mental statistics.

"Severus," Hermione whispered, hurrying to the bed. She leaned in towards him, putting her hand on his forehead. "Oh, my darling, please..."

Pansy quietly left the room.

His eyes flickered open. He seemed to rack his brain, trying to recognize her. *Oh, God, please, no...* Hermione felt her heart break and slowly withdrew.

She gasped as his hand firmly grasped her wrist.

"Hermione," he whispered. "That's your name."

"Yes." She nodded, barely breathing. "Yes, it is."

"I don't remember all the reasons why. But something... I know that we... we have something, don't we?"

Pain clenched her heart.

"Yes," she said, fighting the tears coming to her eyes. "Yes, we have... something."

"We worked together during the War," he continued.

She nodded, incapable of speech.

"We made potions together... We fought together. Both in the War and against each other," he said wryly.

Hermione paused, tentative. "Do you remember that night, two months ago..."

He looked at her quizzically. "What?"

She closed her eyes, trying to block the pain. "Nothing, Severus. Nothing."

"I feel something for you, and I don't remember why," he said slowly. He looked into her eyes. "You need to help me remember."

Hermione left the room quietly, turning to watch him as he fell asleep. She met Pansy in the hall.

"How did it go?" Pansy asked her, a concerned look in her eye.

Hermione sighed. "He remembers me. He knows that he feels something for me, but he doesn't know why." *He doesn't remember that night*, she thought. She shut her eyes, unconsciously putting a hand on her stomach.

"But he doesn't know that he loves you," Pansy said pragmatically. She looked at Hermione again, searching, and realizing. "And he doesn't remember that you're pregnant."

Hermione looked up at her, surprised.

"You put your hand on your stomach," Pansy said. "It was an... educated guess."

Hermione sighed. "He didn't know before... No one even knew we were together before. We kept it quiet. Everyone in there," she gestured towards the waiting room, "thinks that we've been beating around the bush."

"As it were." Pansy smiled wickedly.

"How long will the therapy take?" Hermione asked quietly.

"A few months. He should be able to recover most of his memory by the time your little one comes. And what's more, he wants to." Pansy smiled. "Allow me to be the first person to congratulate you."

Part Five

Chapter 5 of 6

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. What does this mean for Hermione?

Disclaimer: I'm not affiliated with JKR - I just play with her creations for kicks. :)

A/N: The series was originally intended to only have four parts, but due to those dastardly inspiring ladies at the 'grangersnape100', there are now two extra segments! Here is the first segment they inspired.

ONE MONTH LATER

"OH, MY GOD!" Ginny screeched. "YOU'RE PREGNANT!"

Hermione laughed. "Quiet, Ginny, I don't think your mother heard you."

"Well, you said you had big news, so I put a silencing charm on the door." Ginny grinned. She looked at Hermione thoughtfully. "Aren't you going to tell me who the father is?"

Hermione looked at Ginny pointedly. "If you can't guess by now, you're daft."

Ginny looked at her, bemused. "If you're telling me that it's Severus Snape... oh, my God." She looked at Hermione. "What happened in the cellar at Grimmauld?"

"That's what Tonks said," Hermione muttered. "Why does everyone assume we shagged in the cellar?"

"So, you're three months along now." Hermione sat on a stool in Pansy's office. Pansy was flipping through her chart. "Have you been experiencing any abnormal cramping, any spotting, anything abnormal in general?"

"No." Hermione shook her head. "Aside from throwing up everything I eat and having an odd craving for carrots, I think I'm pretty normal right now."

Pansy chuckled. "Well, at least carrots are healthy for you. Ron, the poor dear, was stuck eating all of my leftover chocolate mousse when I tired of it."

Hermione laughed. She looked at Pansy. "How is he doing?"

Pansy smiled. "He asked for you today."

Hermione sat outside Severus' hospital room door. She shifted uncomfortably. She was six months along now – a very obvious sight. He had been improving at an exponential rate over the past three months. Pansy said that he had recovered all of his mental capacities and that through Legilimency some of the mediwizards had been able to unlock areas of his mind that he had shut away while dueling with Percy.

He remembered everything now, Pansy said. He wouldn't speak of details to anyone but Hermione, and she hadn't been to see him in nearly two months.

She'd written letters, not wanting to showcase her swelling belly to him while he didn't remember *It would only confuse him*, she had told Pansy. *If he can't remember that night, God only knows what he'd think, and he gets jealous easy enough as it is...*

Pansy had agreed and had told Severus that Hermione was working overseas. Thus, he had written her letters and she him. With every letter she had seen improvement in his condition. He'd reminisce over a few more details with every day's epistle, and she had contented herself with Pansy's updates and the demands of her body, of her child. His child.

She had not expected him to recover so soon, nor his words to be so harsh. The letter she had received yesterday had only contained two lines.

I remember that night. We need to talk.

And so she waited outside of his hospital room door. Pansy said he was to be discharged later in the week. They were still running diagnostic tests on him, just to make sure all his mental capacities were stable.

She jerked her head as she heard arguing through the door.

Severus was fighting with his attendants. *How predictable*, she thought, curling a lip.

"My mental capacities are fully intact, damn it, as they have been for the past two weeks!"

"If you'll forgive us, Prof... Mr. Snape, but we really have never seen such a full recovery from an Obliviate. You're a medical marvel."

"Remove yourselves my presence. And if Hermione Granger is sitting outside the door, have her come in. And lock the door. She has a bloody lot of explaining to do."

Hermione gulped, her heart racing as she heard the thundering of feet towards the door. The two attendees came out.

"He, er, wants to see you, Hermione," Terry Boot said. "And... um..."

"I heard, Terry. Thank you," Hermione said, standing up. *It's now or never.*

One more segment to go!

Part Six

Chapter 6 of 6

A six part drabble series. Hermione and other Order members are in St. Mungo's. Severus has been Obliviated. How will Hermione react?

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A/N: This is the final installment in the series of six.

Hermione opened the door a crack and flicked her wand in to draw the curtains around his bed and bind them.

"What... Hermione, that is not necessary."

"Yes, it is."

"I can remember everything, damn you. I remember everything about the War, everything about our time at Grimmauld, I discovered that I love you, and yes, I know how it happened, but yesterday the last elusive bit of memory pertaining to you decided to unlock itself during my morning exercises."

"You're referring to that night..."

"That night where we both had the best sex of our lives? Yes."

Hermione blushed.

"Well, you insufferable man, now that you remember everything, I trust we'll be able to proceed as we were four months ago?"

"Yes," came the grunt from within the curtained chamber. "And I'd like to start with an encore performance of that night, if it's all the same to you..."

Hermione sighed. "Severus, we can't."

"I don't see why the bloody hell not."

"We can't because *I won't be able to get into half of those positions!*"

"Surely you haven't lost your limbs whilst I was recovering my memory?"

"Severus!" she exclaimed and yanked one of the curtains away. "I'm bloody fucking pregnant with your spawn, and I'd kindly appreciate it if you could drag your sorry arse home as soon as possible!"

His eyes bulged as he saw the distinct swell of her belly.

"We..." He shook his head. "What?"

"Yes, we did everything, but, as they say, abstinence is the only 100% effective method to..." She stopped short as he put a hand on her protruding stomach.

"Hermione," he said softly. "I'm sorry. I..." He winced.

"Stop it. You didn't ask to be Obliviated. And as for your temperament, I've never expected otherwise. Though you'll have to tone it down once we have..." She gestured to her stomach in vain. Severus' eyes seemed locked on it.

"Do you know..." he started. She shook her head.

"I... I wanted to wait," she whispered. "Until you... remembered... to find out."

He took one of her hands in his and kissed it. "What did I do to deserve you, woman?"

"Well." She grinned like a Cheshire cat and sat next to him on the bed. "You're the most intelligent man I've ever met, the bravest, the most loyal," she continued, ticking off her fingers. "The snarkiest, the best conversationalist, you're fantastically witty, you love to verbally spar, you're a right brilliant shag, and you're probably the only man I know who would be willing to catalogue my library."

"As I did," he said thoughtfully, brushing a hair from her face. "Twice."

She smiled. "I've missed you."

"And I, you."

They held each other on the bed for what seemed like hours, Hermione eventually falling asleep in his arms. He drifted off not long after.

They slept, oblivious to the noise that the Order members were creating in the hall outside.

"Now," Pansy was instructing. "He's just now remembered everything..."

"Including the night in the cellar?" Tonks piped up.

"Oh, please, Tonks, *I'll* shag you in the cellar to get it out of your system," Remus implored. His wife grinned back wickedly.

Pansy looked at them sternly and turned to Minerva. "He remembers everything, but his first priority – his only priority, really – has been Hermione. So just... be respectful."

Pansy walked over to the door to let them in and opened it. She took in her breath slightly. She went to turn back and tell them not to come in, but they'd all crowded behind her.

"That's so romantic," Tonks murmured.

"You're talking about Severus, remember," Remus reminded her.

"They look so... peaceful," Minerva said kindly.

They looked behind them at the ruckus that was coming down the hall.

"Wotcher, boys," Tonks said softly.

"What are we all lookin' at?" George asked, peering in. "Oh, Christ," he muttered, turning away.

The Order members backed away from the door, leaving the lovers together.

EPILOGUE

"Unca Ron! Unca Ron! Te' me another story!"

Ron chuckled at the black, curly-haired three-year-old who was sitting on his lap. How Hermione and Snape had produced such an adorable child was beyond him.

"Now, now, Sophie. Your mother told me to put you to bed. She'll be angry if I tell you two stories instead of one."

"Oh, pweese, Unca Ron? *Pweese?*" she asked, turning up her puppy-dog eyes at her mother's best friend. Ron looked at the obsidian eyes, inherited from her father, and cleared his throat.

"Which one do you want to hear?"

"When Daddy didn't 'member things!" Sophie bounced up and down on his lap. Ron burst out laughing.

"Well, if you insist..."

Well? Was it worth the wait? :)