

# Love Does Not Stop For Death

*by DeathSong*

Death claims another victim upon the field of after the Final Battle. SS/HG One-shot.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Finally, it was over. The war with the Dark Lord Voldemort was over ... but at a heavy cost. Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Fred and George Weasley, Ginny Weasley, Hagrid, Sybil Trelawney, and many other students of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry did not survive. Professor Albus Dumbledore and Professor Minerva McGonagall were not looking forward to having to write the long list of casualties. Little did they know that that day on the battlefield, the list was about to have one more added to it.

Hermione Granger, the sole survivor of the Dream Team, fell to her knees and closed her eyes in exhaustion and relief. It was over, though she'd lost her dearest friends. It was over, and she was alive.

She stood up and began helping the other survivors find the injured and get them to the hospital wing. She walked over many bodies of students and miscellaneous staff whom she didn't know. When she stepped around the body of Hagrid and then over the body of Remus Lupin, the tears began to fall. She continued to walk and found no one alive until she tripped over a black something, and the something groaned. She whirled around and knelt by it and found it to be somebody alive, but severely injured. Their cloak was over their head, and when she moved it to see who it was, she was shocked. It was Professor Severus Snape! He had survived! She was happy at this thought, as he was the first person she knew that was alive.

On one side of his face, there was a stream of blood from an unseen cut on his head, and his robes were torn and tattered. Hermione propped his upper body against her and brushed aside a raven lock of hair from his face and spoke,

"Professor Snape?" No response. She tried again.

"Professor? It's Hermione Granger; can you hear me?" There was a short intake of breath, and Snape's eyes fluttered open and his gaze fell on her.

"Miss Granger?" His voice was raspy and soft, as though he couldn't breathe real well.

"Yes, Professor. You're alive." She smiled a small smile with tears in her eyes.

"It's over? It's finally over?" There was a gleam of hope in his eyes.

She smiled fully this time, and a tear streamed down her face. "Yes, sir, it's finally over. We won. You're a free man now, Professor. The Dark Lord is no more; you're no longer branded. You can live a free life now, sir."

He let out a small sigh of relief, closed his eyes for a second, then opened them, and looked directly at her. He wasn't sneering, and his eyes were weary as he spoke in a tired and hoarse voice.

"I wish I could agree with you, Miss Granger."

Her smile vanished to be replaced with a look of confusion and concern. Her eyebrows furrowed together, and when she spoke, her voice broke.

"Why?"

He sighed again and looked at her sadly.

"I won't be alive much longer. I'm dying."

"No! You're one of the few that survived! Professor--"

She was quieted by a finger touching her lips.

"Miss Granger, for once, please be quiet and listen to me. I need to tell you something of great importance before I die."

She was quiet for a minute as she looked at this man whom she had admired for so long. This man that she trusted with her life and had worried about constantly before the Final Battle had finally arrived. She had prayed for his safe return each time he was called to a Death Eater meeting. This man who she defended in front of her friends, developed a crush on her sixth year, this man she ... loved. The tears then began flowing freely, and she struggled to hold back a sob that escaped her.

Snape looked at her with confusion in his eyes. "Why do you weep over me, Miss Granger? I would have thought you'd be celebrating over my death."

That did it. Hermione collapsed on top of Snape and buried her face in his chest as she sobbed. Snape was shocked and awkwardly held her as she cried until she suddenly shot up with defiance.

"How can you think like that, Professor?! I don't hate you, sir! I care for you, sir."

Snape looked at her in shock and then spoke, "Then why do you weep?"

"Because I don't want you to die."

Snape sighed. "Miss Granger ... Hermione ... I need to tell you something. Please listen carefully, I don't have much time left."

She nodded and he continued,

"Ever since we worked together during the summer holiday before your seventh year, I've admired you. Then during your seventh year, this year, that admiration grew into attraction, then from attraction to ... to ... damn it!" He closed his eyes and then opened them, looking directly into her deep brown ones. "Hermione, to be perfectly honest, I love you. I'm sorry this is the way I have to tell you. I wish it wasn't." He gasped for breath as a shock of pain rushed through him.

Hermione held him and caressed his sweaty brow. She whispered quietly with tears running down her face, "And I love you, Prof-Severus."

He reached a hand up and caressed her cheek, and she leaned into his touch. He gently wiped away her tears with his thumb before his hand fell weakly to his side as his strength began to leave him and his life neared its end.

His last moments were full of silence, but words were not needed. As they stared into each other's eyes, all that was left unspoken was said.

"Good-bye, Hermione. Death has come to take me and set me free forever. My heart ... is yours."

His eyes slipped shut, and his body became limp as his spirit left him. Hermione saw a flash of silver, and she looked up. There stood Severus as a ghost, he leaned down, and she felt the feather light touch of his cold, ghost lips touching her warm ones.

And out of a swirl of black smoke, a black winged apparition appeared. It was the Angel of Death. He took Severus' hand, and with one last glance back at her, he was gone in a silver mist that arose from the ground.

Hermione broke down and wept over the body of the man who loved her, and she prayed that he was at peace. She fell asleep with her head lying on his once warm chest, and she did not wake until Professors McGonagall and Dumbledore found her the next morning, frozen almost to death. They shook her awake and gazed at her sadly and then at Severus' body then back to her in question. She shook her head, and the tears began to fall once more. McGonagall pulled Hermione to her as Dumbledore levitated Severus' body up to the castle for the funeral.

The funeral was a small and sad affair as Hermione, garbed in all black, watched the body of the man she loved be lowered into the ground and returned to the earth. She didn't leave until dusk and before she left, she placed a single blood red rose upon the headstone. She did this for ten years after on the anniversary of his death.

Then on the eleventh year, she did not return to the castle at dusk as she usually did on this day. They found her lying on his grave, dead from the harsh cold of an early winter. They buried her next to him and never saw two silver figures embrace behind the headstones in the shadow of the Forbidden Forest.

And the inscription upon Hermione's headstone read:

'Love does not stop for Death.'

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**A/N:** Please review! And the biggest 'thank you' ever to Southern\_Witch\_69 for helping me on this fic! Many chocolate frogs to you, Southern\_Witch\_69!

**SW's Notes:** I'm happy they found each other in the afterlife since they didn't get the time while both alive.