Split Apart

by lady_rhian

How will Hermione deal with Severus' murder? A 10-part drabble series in response
to the Dark Hermione challenge at the grangersnape100. Warning: melodrama.

Part One

Chapter 1 of 2

How will Hermione deal with Severus' murder? A 10-part drabble series in response to the Dark Hermione challenge at
the grangersnape100. Warning: melodrama.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR - I just play around for fun.

A/N: This was a response to the Dark Hermione challenge at the grangersnape100. Note the dark. Murder is mentioned and there is a character death preceeding this
segment. Please forgive the melodrama. :-)

One lone tear slipped from her eye, her hand quickly rising to catch it.

She clenched the glass of Chianti Rufina wine, stilling her trembling fingers.

"Goddamn you, Severus Snape," she whispered, staring ahead. She sat in a high, wing-backed leather chair opposite a roaring fire. The flames flickered in her eyes,
dancing, darting about the room, hints of silver and gold gleaming.

Frames, they were. Of photos of her and the love of her life. Hermione didn't need to look at the photos to know what they contained.

Their wedding day. Their honeymoon. A potions lab. A horseback ride.

All gone.

Five years of such photos decorated the sitting room they once had shared. Five years of photos… five years of marriage… five years of love, laughter, passion, and fire.
Five years since the war. Five years of redemption.

All for naught.

Hermione stared blankly. She and Severus had just been celebrating the release of their research on the Wolfsbane last week.

Last week Lucius Malfoy had been released from Azkaban. Yesterday he had killed Severus.

An hour ago she had killed him.

She had shown no mercy.

"You killed the man I love," she had said to him.

Her attention snapped at the sound of the back door slamming.

She shut her eyes tightly. She hadn't been careful about covering her tracks. She wondered if her sloppiness was subconsciously done.

Let them come for me. I have nothing now.

"Hermione Snape," a voice boomed from the back door. "You are under arrest!"

She heard a scuffle of feet making their way into the sitting room. She still faced the fireplace but could imagine the stream of Ministry employees lining her sitting room wall. She could feel their stares, burning through the chair.

She remained seated.

"Mrs. Snape," Percy's voice sounded haughtily, "Get up. You are under arrest for the murder of Lucius Malfoy."

Percy didn't see the sad smirk that crossed her face.

"You are so quick to arrest me. A shame you didn't grant the same courtesy to Lucius after he killed my husband."

She heard a slight intake of breath. "Now, now, Hermione…" Percy started.

"*Mrs. Snape*," she snapped. "You made no effort to find my husband's killer, yet you are quick to defend the vermin of Azkaban."

"I won't stand for this." Hermione gasped as she heard a familiar male voice. She rose from her chair immediately.

"Harry," she whispered, wide-eyed, at the Auror standing straight across from her.

Part Two

Chapter 2 of 2

How will Hermione deal with Severus? murder? A 10-part drabble series in response to the Dark Hermione challenge at the grangersnape100.

Disclaimer: JKR owns it all.

A/N: There are dark themes and actions in this last half to the series. If the warnings bother you, don't proceed.

"Come with us," he implored, his eyes burning into hers. He didn't need to speak for Hermione to understand him. He wanted to protect her; he'd use his influence to shield her from harm.

She shut her eyes, oblivious to the faces around her.

"Give up, Mrs. Snape," Percy drawled.

"Oh, is that all you're good for, Percy? Being the Ministry's prime bitch?" she asked sharply, snapping out of her reverie.

"You committed a heinous crime, Mrs. Snape," Percy said haughtily. "If you think you can get out of it…" He looked pointedly at Harry. "…you're wrong. The Ministry doesn't pardon *criminals*."

"She's a hero!" Harry spat. "A hero as you will never be!"

"A hero who just murdered a man in cold blood! It was the *Avada Kedavra* – surely you haven't forgotten that what was Unforgivable before is ten times as worse now!"

Harry clamped his mouth shut. He stared at Hermione, begging her.

Hermione looked at Percy straight in the eye. "You have taken my life away from me," she said quietly.

"I hardly think that a traitor to the Light…"

"Crucio!" Hermione screamed, seamlessly pulling her wand out of thin air.

She Disapparated away from the onslaught of curses thrown at her, reappearing in the same spot a minute later.

"Enjoy that, Percy?" she asked the man writhing at her feet. "I did."

In the commotion, Harry and another Auror named Greengrass had valiantly kept their comrades from killing Hermione upon her reappearance.

"Hermione," Harry said through gritted teeth, frustrated. *"Come with us."*

"And do what?" she asked, briefly noticing the cease of Percy's tremors. "Go with you, Harry, and perhaps escape prison? Even if that happens, what would I do? The love of my life is gone. Don't you understand? Severus is gone because Ministry officials, even in victory, were too cowardly to execute a Malfoy. He is *gone*, Harry, and I have *nothing* to live for."

"Yes you do!" Harry insisted, realizing the gravity of the situation. "You have us!"

She stared at him, understanding. "I love you. I love Ron. But the pain in my heart is too great. You cannot possibly understand! I feel as though I've been ripped in two. A Dementor's Kiss could not be worse."

She gazed down at the wand next to her. "He's gone," she said quietly. "I've achieved any purpose I could have had in this life… I fought with you." She gestured to Harry. She was oblivious to the Aurors mesmerized by her passion. She only had eyes for her friend.

"I fought with you," she repeated. "I stood by you, I bled for you, I *killed* for you. So that we could have a chance," her voice choked. "I accomplished my purpose in the war. If I had been set on this planet for that one purpose, it was completed when I was barely nineteen. Then I fell in love with Severus." Her eyes warmed for a moment, and then glazed over. "He was my partner in every way, the only man I could ever have been prevailed upon to marry. The only man I've ever wanted to marry," she whispered.

"Our research has culminated in an advanced version of Wolfsbane – a cure, if you will," she continued, gesturing helplessly. "Any further purpose I could have been put here for outside of the war has been completed. I found a cure with the man I loved. And the man I love is dead. As I will most assuredly be after I'm convicted for avenging his murder. Even you can't protect me." She looked at Harry. "I love you and Ron. Tell him that," she said quietly.

"Hermione…" Harry started.

"I want to be with Severus," she said, a tear slipping. *"Avada Kedavra!"* She pointed her wand at her temple and fell limply to the ground.

A/N: This challenge was truly a challenge for me – I usually write happy-ending type stories! I participated in this challenge to prove to myself that I could write dark, angsty work. Any thoughts or comments you may have are appreciated.