

Forever, Hermione

by ancientgirl

Near the end of the final battle, two people come together for one last time.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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First let me apologize. I swore up and down never to write an angst story, yet here it is. But, in my own defense I have to say that I was inspired.

Marquise and I were discussing something she was drawing, and when she was telling me about it I was inspired to write this. You can see the picture along with this story as well on my lj.

All canon characters belong to JKR. Thank you for my wonderful beta June for her help with the technicalities of this story.

Forever, Hermione.

The battle had been going on for nearly seven hours. Hermione had been awakened that morning by Ginny, who had seen the smoke coming in from the distance. Hundreds of Death Eaters had descended on the grounds of Hogwarts as the fighting spilled over from Hogsmeade to the steps of the school.

She had barely had enough time to get dressed and run down to the Great Hall where Dumbledore was laying out the battle plan. Harry would be near him at all times. The rest of the sixth and seventh year students were paired off with an Auror or a member of the Order.

She had been paired with George Weasley, who by this time was a member of the Order along with his twin, Fred. Once outside they fought alongside one another until they became separated. She fought alone for several hours, not wanting to think of why George had not returned. As she fought, she tried to concentrate on her fighting, but she also kept a close eye out for any signs of Professor Snape. At one point she thought she saw him, then turned to block a Slicing Hex only to have him disappear from her sight.

After another hour of fighting, she miscalculated a movement on the part of Theodore Nott and was hit. She quickly regained her footing and sent a Bone Melting Hex his way. As Nott fell to his knees, she looked around once more. She caught sight of Snape only to see him fall at the hands of Lucius Malfoy.

She looked down at her side and knew she was mortally wounded. She could feel her insides burning; every breath she took felt like a fire igniting in her lungs. She walked quickly and held up her wand. It did not matter to her that she was about to cast an Unforgivable; it did not matter to her in the least.

As Lucius drew closer to Severus' unmoving body, she said the words, "*Avada Kedavra*." Lucius fell in a heap next to Severus. Dropping to her knees, she felt her wound now begin to bleed heavily.

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Severus opened his eyes. Around him he could hear both the cries of the dying and the laughter of the Death Eaters. He had been hit by a fatal curse; he did not know which curse it was, only that he could feel the life leaving his body. He had felt several bones shatter when he fell to the ground. He knew he was bleeding internally and

There it is. I did give them a happy ending so it's not too bad.

Here is the lovely drawing that Marquise made, which inspired me to write this.

