

No Object Worth His Constancy

by _Levicorpus_

A series of drabbles concerning the evolution of the relationship of Hermione Granger and Remus Lupin.

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness

Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,

Wandering companionless

Among the stars that have a different birth,

And ever changing, like a Joyless eye

that finds no object worth its constancy?

Lying in the Mud

Chapter 1 of 12

A series of drabbles concerning the evolution of the relationship of Hermione Granger and Remus Lupin.

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Lying in the Mud

She didn't know how it had happened. One moment she was running, the next she was lying in the mud behind a tree. A hand was clapped over her mouth, and she began to struggle against it. The Death Eaters were coming; she had no time to lose.

Harry was meant to be killing Voldemort at that very moment. The Final Battle was taking place, and she was lying in the mud with a strange man lying next to her. She thought of rape and murder and every possible way to die. When she turned onto her side to see who was lying next to her, she was shocked.

Levicorpus's Note: I am not extremely skilled at writing perfect 100-word chapters. So please forgive me in advance for going ten words or so over in future chapters.

The poem in the summary is by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

You Died!

Chapter 2 of 12

Hermione receives a shock.

You Died!

"Professor Lupin?" Hermione shouted. He placed his rough hand quickly over her mouth.

"That's nice of you, dear, but I am no longer your professor."

"What's going on? You died!"

"The Ministry said I was dead." He retorted under his breath. The marching of the Death Eaters could be heard going over the wooden bridge above them. He held her tightly against him to prevent noise or shadows to give away their presence. His lean frame was soft against her as they panted in unison.

"Fenrir attacked me but I didn't die. I was in hiding from the werewolf colony. They would have ripped me to shreds."

Safety

Chapter 3 of 12

A description of being with Remus's arms... *sigh*

Safety

She was forbidden to speak until he could hear nothing but crickets. Marching and yelling could be heard all about them as he held her closely. In all her twenty years of life she had never felt so... safe. His arms, though seemingly weak and lean, were strong and were wrapped about her knees, holding her in something of a fetal position. She

closed her eyes against the blazing light of spells and torches. He was holding her, and that was all that mattered; nothing, not even the fact that lifeless bodies were falling to the ground above them, could disturb her inner quiet. The thumping of their heartbeats played a song of hopefulness to the fates. All they could do was wait.

Searching

Chapter 4 of 12
Where is she?



Searching

“HERMIONE!” A solitary male voice ripped through the silence. Tears ran down his freckled cheeks as he flipped over every body in sight, looking for a familiar face. He sobbed and fell to the ground on a wooden bridge. He pounded his fists on it in anguish. As he inhaled, he heard a familiar voice below.

“Is it safe?”

He scampered down the hill to the bottom of the bridge. What he saw amazed him beyond tears. A man he thought to be dead was holding the woman he loved. He placed his hand against the hill to steady himself.

Levicorpus's Note: Perfectly one hundred words *does a happy dance*

A Gasp

Chapter 5 of 12
Their bond is interrupted...

A Gasp

Hermione closed her eyes in irritation. The moment her red-haired companion gasped, her rhythm came to a crashing halt. She looked apologetically up at Lupin and turned to glare at her friend. Her admonishment was halfway out of her lips when she noticed the tears coursing down his face. She stood reluctantly from Lupin's arms and threw her own arms about the freckled boy. He cried deeply into her shoulder.

The three set out from under the bridge and looked out onto the great meadow, which was littered with the dead and injured. Hermione buried her face in Remus's shoulder.

Levicorpus's Note: Once again! A hundred words! Hurrah! Reviews are greatly appreciated.

A Desire to Fix Them

Chapter 6 of 12
An inexplicable bond.

His breathing sharpened under her cheek. His hand quickly encircled her back. Ron stood two paces before them and had his back turned to a most inexplicable bond. The sickle moon smiled down at them and it set Hermione's blood to boiling. How could the stars be so soft looking down upon such anguish? She took her wand out of her pocket and conjured lanterns. They would need to seek the living.

"Where is everyone?" she asked Ron quickly. He shrugged in response and they set across the field, stepping over familiar frames as they went. She needed to heal.

Levicorpus's Note: Reviews are appreciated!

Tenseness in the Air

Chapter 7 of 12

Makeshift hospital

Tenseness in the Air

A great, canvas tent stretched high over their heads as Hermione cast spell after spell to heal the wounded. Remus worked alongside her, doing whatever was needed. His weary smile and reassuring gaze sustained her as she watched so many faces in agony.

Ron watched the two from the edge of the room. He waited for news of Harry. There was a shocking tenseness in the air as they all waited for news of the fate of their world. Too many moans, too many wincing played through the mental screens of all. But all the while, Hermione thought of Remus.

Prongs Resurrected

Chapter 8 of 12

O, the appearance of a herd of deer on the horizon...

Prongs Resurrected

At the first light of the morning, they saw it. As the dew was melting away and first labored breaths were being taken by the war victims, the unbelievable sight pranced over the horizon. Ron rubbed his eyes, but the apparition did not disappear. A herd of deer—bucks, doe, and fawns walked slowly and patiently towards the tent. They were led by an admiral of sorts. The unmistakable Patronus stag pranced towards them. With one seemingly wistful glance at the pack, he disappeared.

They cleared to lay a bloody, bruised body onto the ground. Ron, Hermione and Remus ran to meet him. The tears rolled unbidden from the Healer's eyes as she knelt before him. There, in that dew-soaked field, glasses askew, hair sticking out in all directions, was Harry Potter.

Levicorpus's Note: Ok, I went a little over one hundred. Can you forgive me?

New Baptized

Chapter 9 of 12

Weighed down farther.

New Baptized

"Harry!" she shouted. Her shrieks took on a deep, grief-ridden quality as she screamed over the limp body. "Please, Harry! Come back!" She closed her eyes in anguish just as his fluttered.

"Come, now, dear." Remus placed his arms around her and let her cry in the nook of his shoulder that she had baptized as her own in the past few hours. She conjured a stretcher and loaded Harry onto it gently and left it to Ron, her apprentice, to levitate him inside. The deer watched her quizzically as her shoulders shook—it was like she was carrying the whole world.

All My Tears are Spent

Chapter 10 of 12

Watching the horizon

All My Tears are Spent

Hermione pursed her shaking lips as she raised an eyebrow. Her eyes never left the setting sun as it glimmered hot on the horizon. She knew he was near, watching her. She sighed and tore her eyes away from the horizon to see the disheveled, sleep-deprived werewolf staring at her with silver eyes. She permitted herself a trembling-lipped smile before she gave into dry sobs. She had no more tears left to cry.

He patted her back reassuringly until they saw silhouettes on the horizon. Hermione's eyes widened and she ran, lifting her robes, through the meadow.

Hindering Healing

Chapter 11 of 12

Friends reunited.

Hindering Healing

The wind danced through her long, amber and mahogany locks. Her face was cold and hot all at once from the breeze, and the new tears that had sprung forth from some unknown reservoir. She was sobbing and laughing hysterically all at once as her feet pounded into the ground over and over. She leapt upon the red-head in a hug like none she had ever given. To feel that familiar body beneath her arms was enough to help her. Stories untold, however, hindered her expected healing.

"Ginny," she began breathlessly. "I have to tell you something..."

No Object worth His Constancy

Chapter 12 of 12

Grim tidings and surprising revelations.

No Object Worth His Constancy

"Harry?" Her voice quavered through the darkness. The Healer standing in the corner heard him grumble as she poured some potion. She sighed lightly as the younger woman fretted over the limp body of her beloved.

"Harry? Harry, please. Harry, listen to me! Harry!" She shrieked and shook him. Ron rushed forward from the corner he had been standing in to restrain his little sister.

"You're going to hurt him, Ginny." She fought against him, her legs lifting from the ground.

"Harry!" She continued her stream of nonsense as Hermione grimly injected the potion into a vein on his arm. She shook her head with a perpetual wince present on her cool features.

"Listen to us, Ginny." Remus had added a second hand on the struggling girl. "We just have to wait for morning. Then we'll know if he's okay."

The morning light found the quintet in various states of disarray. Hermione had fallen asleep standing up. Harry lay still in his bed. Remus was asleep in his chair with his head lolling to one side. Ginny was curled up in the fetal position on the grassy floor. The canvas walls fluttered lightly around them, letting in a summer breeze that smelled of crumpled, crisp leaves that left behind a distinct, sickly-sweet scent of freedom. This scent was inhaled by the red-haired boy who knelt on the floor, gently kissing the hand of his black-haired companion.

He muttered a single, anguished preamble to a monologue of tears through his hitched breaths. His hands encircled those of the boy, knowing the ancient magic was suspending the pulse he knew well. But it spooked him to think that he could have lost his chance to love the boy before him.

"Harry, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have left you. I knew you couldn't do it alone. I just don't know why I had to find her. I found her with Lupin, Harry. They've been all over each other since we got here. I don't get it. I was the one who cared enough to look for her, and she treats me like everyone else—everybody but him.

"God, Harry, if she looked at me that way, I probably wouldn't be kneeling before you like you're some kind of god. But I just don't know what we'll all do without you. I mean, Ginny wants to marry you, and I want my sister to be happy. But I think I might love you too, Harry. I really do think so."

What Ron hadn't noticed was that Hermione's breathing had quickened and she was a bit more rigid than she was in sleep. Remus's head had shifted to a more comfortable position, and one eye flickered open occasionally. Ginny's ear had been tilted towards the bed. When it seemed that his confession had come to an end, they all began to make a show of "waking up." Harry's hand was dropped to limply fall off the edge of the bed, dripping saline expressions of grief.

A knock came on the wooden doorframe of their room. Remus slung his invisibility cloak over himself and went to stand in a corner. No one was to know that he was there.

A Ministry official stood in the doorway. It was a young woman who Ginny recognized as a Ravenclaw from her year at Hogwarts. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail that clashed horribly with her tweed business suit. She looked at a slip of vibrant magenta parchment in her hand and looked about the room.

"I'm looking for a 'Miss Hermione Jane Granger'." Her tepid voice trembled.

"Well, you've found her." Hermione sighed as she pushed herself off of the counter.

The woman found an empty room and conjured two folding chairs with tweed cushions. Hermione seated herself.

"It seems that you are the manager of this establishment." She angled her tiny nose toward the ceiling.

"I am," Hermione said coolly, eyeing the woman's clipboard.

"I have come to bring news of your patient—" She paused, rifling through papers. "Ah, yes, a 'Mister Harry James Potter.'"

Hermione nearly snorted. Everyone knew Harry's name.

"What would that be?"

"Miss—ahem—Granger," she stressed for no apparent reason, "it seems as though in that battle a few evenings ago, a particularly nasty spell has been cast. Both Mister —ahem—Potter and He-Who-Mustn't-Be-Named have been sent into magically induced comas. The Wizarding world, on the other hand, has been sent into what my supervisor told me is entitled a 'grey' period. As neither power conquered in the end, both lives will remain on hold until the next great battle of this sort. Once a side triumphs, one hero will be roused.

"Until then, magic is going to be in a strange state. Therefore many security matters will be taken care of, and a number of new laws will be put into place. One of which is a bonding program where we will marry the unattached of your side to those of the other in hopes of knitting the magic back together."

"Well, who shall I be 'knit' with?" Hermione asked furiously, feeling very much like produce at a county fair being auctioned off.

"That remains to be determined, Miss—ahem—Granger."

Hermione stalked out of the room, wishing she had a door to slam behind her.

"What shall I do Remus? I cannot stand for this! I will not stand for this! They can't just sell me off! This is Britain for God's sake!" She paced angrily before the werewolf after explaining her predicament.

"Remus, perhaps we could run away together. You're supposed to be dead and I need to disappear. Let's just go. What's stopping us?" A painful silence ensued.

"Look, Hermione, I can't be with you. I simply can't. I've told you this. I am not safe nor am I good enough for you."

"I saw you do this to Tonks." Hermione was livid. "You broke her heart saying you couldn't measure up! But maybe I've figured it out. Maybe no one is good enough for you! Perhaps 'no object is worth your constancy'!" She had easily directed her pent-up anger on him. He took it, sitting slumped against a wall while she ranted.

"We have only seen each other like this for a few days, Hermione."

"Well, there's no time to waste," Hermione said as she whirled around in her anger to stand face-to-face with the placid Ministry official.

"I have just spoken with Miss Ginevra Weasley. She has consented to proceed to the women's shelter. You also, as decreed by Grey Law, must come with us to await your marriage."

Hermione threw a rock she had been holding and summoned her trunk with her wand. With one wistful glance back at Remus, she began to trudge across the meadow with the woman. Her back was turned to her life, her family, her love, her purpose and her will to go on. She faced the future biting her lip and running her fingers through her hair. All she had now was herself.

~the end~