

Darker Drabbles

by ayerf

Answering the 'Fixing a Broken Heart' challenge amongst others from GS100.

Two One-shots

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own even these twisted versions of the Potterverse.

Self-fulfilling Prophecy

AN: This set of drabbles answers the 'Dark Hermione', 'Traitor to the Light' and 'Snape has it all' challenges on GS100.

Hermione was well aware that performing Arithmantic calculations on the outcome of the final showdown between Harry and Voldemort was a self-fulfilling prophecy. Yet she did it anyway, unwilling to find herself on the losing side. Failure was not an option and never had been.

A single tear trickling from the corner of one eye as the last complex equation balanced was the only sign Hermione revealed of her inner turmoil. Despite what Trelawney's prophecy said, it was not Harry or the Dark Lord who would determine the fate of the wizarding world.

"Miss Granger? What are you doing here?"

*

For a murderer, Snapes' greeting to Hermione had been cordial enough. She would have preferred not to have his wand thrust into the pulse point in her neck, but at least he hadn't killed her.

She intentionally met his suspicious gaze, having thought of the only possible way that Snape would believe her, barring Veritaserum.

Allowing what she had recently found out to dominate her thoughts, she allowed Snape to see the truth as he stole into her mind.

"Whichever side you're on is going to win. Let me join you," Hermione pleaded as he stepped back, wand still upraised.

*

Eyes narrowing, Snape swept a considering gaze over her. Moments previously he would have rejected her, possibly killing her to keep himself hidden. But that was before he had seen the truth... "Why would I turn away the means of my victory?"

Lowering his wand, Snape offered the girl his hand. "You do realise that joining me will mean betraying Potter?"

Swallowing against the rising lump in her throat, Hermione nodded, blinking back tears. However, she took his hand without hesitation. "I would rather be a traitor than a

martyr.”

“Clever girl,” Snape purred, stroking the back of her hand.

*

Over the following months, Hermione passed information to Snape, leading to the gradual fall of the Order through deaths and injuries.

She felt occasional twinges of guilt, but the look in Severus’s eyes when he saw her was worth it... Having never been truly appreciated by anyone, not even by the boys, the experience was intoxicating.

When the last Horcrux had been destroyed, the time came for the prophesied end. An orchestrated battle between Hermione and Severus spread the secret of where Voldemort’s headquarters could be found when Severus ‘dropped’ the necessary descriptive scrap of parchment when making his escape.

*

Poor Harry never knew that he had been betrayed. He died with Voldemort, leaving Ron to piece together what had happened shortly before he was executed. Seeing Hermione in the embrace of Severus was enough to crack his fragile mind. The enraged boy lunged for the traitors with the intent to kill, only to be struck from behind by Lucius Malfoy with a timely Killing Curse.

“That was for Draco,” Lucius whispered into the dead boy’s ear. Even in the confusion of the battle, he hadn’t missed his son’s untimely death at Ron’s hands. “I lose even as I win.”

*

The victorious Death Eaters overran the Ministry next, crazed with triumph. The rest of the wizarding world watched nervously, knowing that any of them could be next. Representatives from every other wizarding government soon arrived, entering into oaths of allegiance and servitude in exchange for their safety.

With the wizarding world at their feet, Severus proposed a toast to be shared worldwide. The potion slipped into the celebratory drinks ensured their loyalty to the new Dark Lord and his consort.

Lucius had enough awareness left to blink as the Mudblood at Severus’s side suddenly became Lady Hermione in his thoughts.

Aftermath

AN: Answering the 'Fixing a Broken Heart' challenge.

The Dark Lord fell, taking many with him in the shockwave caused by his death. Powerful wizards do not go quietly, but with a literal ‘bang’. My unlamented late Master was no exception. By some fluke, I was left standing, if shaken. All others on the battlefield were lying prone. I checked those closest to me, only to touch cooling skin and see glassy eyes. The Death Eaters and the Order alike had fallen, their previous differences in life irrelevant in death.

Potter had been right next to the Dark Lord, as were his friends— Oh, God. Anyone but Hermione.

*

For a long moment, I could not move, feeling the blood turn to ice in my veins. Then I was staggering across the battlefield, tripping over unmoving bodies in my haste to get to the epicentre of the blast.

The Dark Lord’s body was gone, leaving a crater in its place. Potter’s body was sprawled at the top, his wand arm and head missing.

Weasley was lying face down, red hair matted with blood. For one horrible moment, I thought that Hermione’s body had been reduced to unrecognisable fragments, only to see strands of familiar bushy brown hair underneath Weasley.

*

I rolled Weasley to the side, revealing the glassy stare of the dead. Shuddering, I closed his eyes, struggling against the rigor mortis already setting in.

Swallowing, I forced myself to look at Hermione, who lay on her front. Weasley had borne the brunt of the blast, leaving few injuries that I could see on Hermione’s back.

Placing my hands on her, I gently rolled her body over, dreading the sight of her warm brown eyes clouded in death. Her eyes were closed, but her face pale, lips bloodless.

A ragged sob escaped me as I cradled her to me.

*

How long I knelt there, Hermione’s body in my arms, I do not know. I was shaking with sobs by the time I was aware of a voice calling my name.

“Severus? What’s wrong? What happened?”

I looked up, almost swallowing my tongue when a small hand caressed my cheek.

“You’re alive?!” I exclaimed, staring wild-eyed at the girl I held. I resisted to urge to smother her in an embrace, afraid to hurt her frail body, instead shifting one hand to stroke her face.

Hermione nodded, turning her head to kiss my hand. Though injured, she would be fine.

*

A strangled gasp escaped her as she caught sight of the carnage around her. “R-Ron?”

“He shielded you. For that, he has my eternal gratitude.”

“Harry?” Hermione asked, her voice ragged with the effort of holding back her tears.

I looked away, unwilling to tell her that, as far as I knew, we were the only survivors of the battle.

“The rest of the Order?”

My weary gaze returned to hers. She bit down on her lower lip, tears trickling down her cheeks at my non-verbal answer.

“Just take me far away from here,” she whispered, clinging tightly to me.

*

The harsh calls of crows disturbed from their positions feeding on the dead drew my attention to the newly arrived vultures from the Ministry. Doubtless they would claim credit for the 'victory', ignoring the cost, save for the inevitable tasteless statue to the Boy-Who-Died.

Hermione was right. It was time to leave. We had all we needed to repair the damage wrought by this Pyrrhic victory: each other.

Holding on tightly to her, I ignored the cries of the Aurors to surrender, managing to Disapparate us both before they erected wards.

I could taste Hermione's tears as she kissed me.

AN: Thanks to septentrion for betaing these for me.