

Sweet Memories

by x_dobby

Patrick Mayfield is leading a relatively normal Wizarding life until one day, suddenly, he learns that his whole existence has been fabricated. His whole world is not what it seems.

What do you do when your whole life is a lie?

A/n: This is a Harry/Ginny fic, although it may not seem like it at first. :]

Prologue - In the End

Chapter 1 of 8

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~ + ~ **SWEET MEMORIES** ~ + ~

an original fanfiction by olivia

~ + ~

Prologue

~

In the End

~ + ~

Harry Potter sat straight up in bed.

That dream... that dream he always had. He pressed his palms against his eyelids, trying desperately to remember even one shred of detail.... It was always the same, always like this. He always woke up with a dreadful feeling of foreboding and helplessness, and then he couldn't recall *any* of his dream.

The details were draining away now, slipping between his fingers, faster and faster... There were only a few small moments left...

There is a dark figure in a swinging ebony cloak... it is midnight out, and the trees cast ghostly shadows along the grass... there is a shrill green light echoing around them,

fast and flowing as phoenix song.... Two figures crumple to the ground. One is the cloaked figure. The other... the other is—

Who? Harry always wondered. There was a cloaked man and another person who had fallen. He could never remember the second person.

But that was it. The dream ended. He couldn't ever remember any more.

Harry stumbled out of bed, then pulled on jeans and a T-shirt over his boxers. The T-shirt was a hot pink color, and he knew his daughters Alana and Elisa would go crazy. The twins had just turned five and were going through a phase where they were adamantly opposed to anyone but girls wearing the color pink. Frankly, Harry thought it was just adorable, but he knew that if he mentioned his opinion on this matter to them they would fly into a rage of, "No, we're all grown up!!!"

Walking down the stairs of his family's small London flat, Harry suddenly smelled the floury, fresh scent of pancakes cooking. Upon entering the kitchen he found his wife, Ginny, standing at the stove, pointing her wand at a lump of slowly cooking pancake batter on the griddle. Alana and Elisa, identical to their mother with flaming red locks and sweet coconut-colored eyes, were standing nearby with looks of rapt attention on their faces. When Ginny flipped the pancake, they cheered and clapped joyfully. Harry wondered how excitable they'd be when they could actually *do* magic if this was how they acted now, just watching, at only five.

Suddenly spotting Harry, Alana shrieked, "Daddy!!" and jumped up and right into Harry's outstretched arms. Elisa quickly followed with a joyful cry of "Daddydaddydaddy!"

Harry hugged them tight and greeted them good morning. Elisa, eyes wide, asked him eagerly, "Daddy, how long till we can goda Hogwart?"

Laughing, Harry mussed her hair and replied, "Six more years, sweet. Can you wait that long?"

"Nooooo!"

Harry laughed again and then suggested, "Hey, girls, why don't you go play with your broomsticks while you're waiting for pancakes? I'm sure Mummy can handle them without you." He winked at them. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Ginny grinning and motioning towards the stairs with her wand.

"Kay, Daddy!" Alana and Elisa said in unison, then raced upstairs to play with the toy broomsticks that hovered a foot above the ground. They had received them for their fifth birthday, and whenever Harry saw the girls riding on them he thought of his own taken-away childhood, his own toy broom given to him by his godfather when he was only one year old.

Once Harry heard the door to the girls' bedroom slam shut upstairs, he turned to his wife, still clad in her pink bathrobe. He walked over to her and stood behind her, hugging her around the waist. He kissed her neck and she relaxed, mumbling into his ear, "Good idea, love." Harry realized she was talking about sending the girls upstairs. She turned and kissed him full on the lips.

Harry suddenly wished madly that the girls weren't upstairs, that Ginny's pajamas were gone, and his clothes too. He caressed Ginny's face tenderly, feeling her closed eyelids, her nose, her ear.

Then, something made him stop.

"What's wrong, love?" Ginny asked, breaking the kiss off abruptly. She had sensed the sudden change in Harry's mood.

Harry's fingers traced a rather unremarkable scar by Ginny's left ear. It was pinker than the rest of the skin around it, raised a little, and was a few centimetres long. Nothing special.

But suddenly, Harry could remember his dream.

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: I hope you liked my prologue! I'm about 1/2way through Chapter One. I'll hopefully be posting that soon.

xxOlivia

One - Meeting Victoria

Chapter 2 of 8

Patrick goes and has a very, er, interesting visit with Victoria Waters.

~ + ~ **SWEET MEMORIES** ~ + ~

an original fanfiction by olivia

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One

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Meeting Victoria

~ + ~

Patrick Mayfield sat straight up in bed.

Ah, God... what time was it? He leaned over and looked at his bedside alarm clock. It was past ten in the morning. Late... too late.

Stupid Dervish & Bangs business meeting. Patrick frankly couldn't care one bit less about their expanding worldwide. From ten p.m. to long past midnight, Patrick had been forced to suffer through a dreadfully boring business meeting, complete with long-winded talks of stocks, funds and other monetary issues Patrick couldn't comprehend; old, chubby men with walrus-y, drooping skin, falling asleep and snoring loudly; and finally, water that tasted of salt, and sandwiches slathered in sour mayonnaise.

All in all, torture.

After quickly Apparating to his small flat in the downtown Wizarding section of London, Patrick had collapsed onto his bed and slept instantly.

"Stupid, crap meeting," he muttered to himself. In truth, it wasn't even he who was originally scheduled to go to the boring thing. His fellow Dervish & Bangs worker Grace Shields had, but she'd fallen ill... nothing serious, but she couldn't go. So, Patrick and Grace's mutual boss, Elphan Perdock, had forced Patrick to attend. *Hey, it could have been worse*, he said to himself, working out a kink in his neck with his hands *Elphan could have said that I was going from the start. He could have favored Grace 'cause they're dating. At least he didn't do that, right?*

He finally rolled out of bed and stood, standing firm even as his tired knees wanted to bend and break, and his body wanted to curl up and sleep. He tripped into the bathroom and quickly showered and dressed in jeans and a T-shirt.

Feeling much more awake, he walked downstairs slowly and stretched as he pointed his wand at the coffeemaker in the tiny, cramped kitchen to start it. After quickly drinking a cup of coffee and magicking the mug clean, he got up from the small kitchen table and left his flat.

He was going to visit his girlfriend, Victoria Waters. They had been dating since his seventh year at Hogwarts, and her sixth. She had just finished at Hogwarts and was working on being a Healer in Mark Muffel's Magical Medical School. Today, Saturday, they had arranged to meet and go for lunch.

Patrick had first seen Victoria when Grace Shields had introduced them. She was Victoria's best friend, although two years her senior. They had had a short, flirty friendship before that fateful Christmas Eve of seventh year when they had kissed under the mistletoe in the deserted Great Hall. Since then, they had been in love. Patrick had never felt the same way about any other girl. He'd had a few other girlfriends, sure. But they were flings; they didn't really mean anything.

Sometimes, lying in bed late at night, he feared Victoria leaving him. He thought that she would go to someone younger, handsomer, richer, more successful than some nineteen-year-old, parentless man, living on his own and working at a clothing store. It was a clichéd fear, he knew, but he thought it nonetheless. But then, the next time he saw Victoria, he would just kiss her lips and look into her deep, chocolate-brown eyes, and he would know, deep in his soul, that they would be together—forever.

He walked down the concrete sidewalk, hands in his pockets, braced against the crisp, early April winds. They whipped and curled around his body, chilling him from the inside out.

He reached Victoria's apartment building about ten minutes later. He went up on the lift and stood by Victoria's flat door, four-F. Suddenly, he realized he'd forgotten to buy flowers. Before leaving his own flat, he'd resolved to buy some on the way. And now he was here with no flowers to speak of.

He saw an old, stepped-on, dirty napkin lying beside her door from god knows when. He stooped, and wincing from the repulsiveness (for it looked as if someone with an extremely heavy cold had used the paper napkin as a tissue), he carefully picked up the old thing and took his wand from his pocket. He had never been the best at Transfiguration, but he was sure he could do this right.

A moment later, he rapped on the door with his knuckles and Victoria opened it, wearing a pretty, white blouse and skinny blue jeans with her flaming-red hair tied up into an elegant knot on the top of her head. Patrick let out a sigh. He wanted to kiss her right then and there. But instead he contained himself, grinning widely, holding one hand behind his back.

Victoria, realizing the game, smiled back. She turned and tried to twist her body so she could see what he was holding, but he turned with her so his back stayed behind. Victoria giggled. "Come on, love, what've you got?" she asked, chuckling as he playfully turned away from her every attempt to grab what he was holding—whatever it was.

Finally, with a mammoth flourish, he whipped out the hidden object and held it in front of her face. Her whole face lit up, and her mouth dropped open in shock and pleasure. Clutched tightly in Patrick's outstretched hand was an enormous bouquet of tulips, Queen Anne's Lace, and—the most abundant of the bunch—beautiful, bloomed-at-their-peaks red roses. She took the bunch and pressed it to her face, smelling it.

"Patrick!" she breathed, looking up at him. "They're fantastic! Thank you!"

She turned and beckoned slightly, heading down the front hallway towards the kitchen to fetch a vase of water. Patrick followed her and watched as she clipped the flowers and arranged them tastefully in a patterned glass vase filled with clear water. Somehow, watching as she arranged the bouquet, she seemed almost sensual, sexy... He suddenly walked over and wrapped his hands around her waist from behind. She was surprised, but then softened at his touch. He began leaving a trail of kisses up her soft neck.

She turned and kissed him full on the lips. He closed his eyes and sighed. Victoria was the perfect woman for him. He clutched her tighter and pulled up his leg, running it down hers.

She kissed him deeper, sliding her tongue into his mouth. His hands worked at her chest, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she welcomed it. They slowly walked out of the kitchen and down the hall together, Victoria leading the way, even though she was walking backwards.

They entered the bedroom, but Patrick hardly noticed, he was so consumed with Victoria and Victoria alone. Panting, they both fell onto the bed simultaneously.

Patrick wanted to be sure, though, before he did this. They had not yet slept together. "Victoria..." he said, breaking their latest kiss, "are you sure? Are you ready?"

She just smiled and kissed him. He took that for a yes. Slowly, surely, he began undoing the buttons on her blouse.

~ + ~

The dusty, fading evening light was what Patrick woke to later that day. He felt disoriented for a moment, but then remembered that magical afternoon spent with Victoria. His body tingled all over just remembering... He looked over to where she lay, fast asleep, her golden-red hair fanned out beneath her like a halo.

She was so beautiful when she slept. Patrick wondered what she was dreaming. He hoped it was something pleasant—she deserved that, and oh so much more.

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: My most sincere apologies for the cheesiness in the lines, *He would just kiss her lips and look into her deep, chocolate-brown eyes and he would know, deep in his soul, that they would be together—forever.* But that's how Patrick felt! I can't change it now. :]

I hope you liked! And I'll be posting the next chapter as soon as this one gets approved. :]

xxOlivia

Two - Dervish & Banges

Chapter 3 of 8

Patrick has a disturbing experience at work.

~ + ~ *SWEET MEMORIES* ~ + ~

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Two

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Dervish & Banges

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"And hellooooo, folks! This is Toddy Tempkins on the Wizarding Wireless Network's Weather at Eight," the over cheery weatherman chirped from Patrick's battered old radio stationed by his bed. He himself was standing at his bathroom mirror, shaving 'the Muggle way', as Victoria called it. Really, he was just using a manual razor instead of a magic one, but he preferred this. It was just simpler to him.

"Now it's half eight, a little cloudy up in London. Today's a blustery one, especially for April, so button up!" Toddy continued. "But don't worry, it'll warm up tomorrow! In fact, your Three-Day Forecast is all sun sun sun! And the rest of the week is looking up too. We've really got a great week on our han—"

Patrick dismissed the annoyingly happy man with a flick of his wand, turning off the radio. He had to finished shaving quickly, no cuts, because he was running late for work. At this rate, he was going to be late. Very, very late. And that man was really beginning to get on his nerves.

He washed off his face one last time and quickly waved his wand at the razor and shaving cream. They cleaned themselves and soared up onto the high shelf where his bathroom things were kept. Then, he hurried out of the bathroom and back into his room.

He fished out his navy blue Dervish & Banges robes from his closet and changed as quickly as possible. After grabbing his golden name tag from his nightstand drawer, he rushed downstairs and out the door of his flat.

It wasn't ever safe to Apparate right outside his flat or even within it—this was a Wizarding part of London, but Muggles still occasionally roamed there. And one could see, or hear the CRACK that Disapparation produced. Patrick had a select spot he, and presumably other wizards and witches as well, always Apparated to work from.

He dashed down the street and into a stray alleyway, panting from the exertion. It was dark and lined with brick buildings, and lone puddles of murky water dotted the paved ground. There was a wall of brick at the dead end. There was a beat-up old red telephone booth standing, lonely, at the end of the alley. He quickly stepped inside, closed the door, and turned on the spot. He Disapparated.

~ + ~

"Patrick," Elphan Perdock said in a clipped, articulate tone. "Patrick, Patrick, Patrick."

Patrick swallowed. *Crap. I'm really in for it now.* Elphan was infamous among the Dervish & Banges employees for being as strict as they come. Just a few months before, he'd proved his undying strictness to them all:

One morning, before work, a teenage cashier named Bob Grickens had slipped a piece of gum into his mouth. Later that morning, he was talking to a customer and showing them a set of handsome dress robes. But suddenly, the huge wad of chewing gum had dropped out of his mouth and stuck on the carpet. Red-faced, Bob had tried to redeem himself by brushing it off with a 'sorry' and had kept talking. But by then the customer was very disinterested, and it was too late. They left shortly after. And just minutes after Bob had finished scraping the now dirty gum wad off the blue carpeting, Elphonse had fired him. To this day, Patrick hadn't seen Bob ever again.

"Patrick," Elphonse said again, breaking the man from his reverie. "I know that you're one of our best employees, and you're a damn good vice manager. There's no one else I'd pick for the job. But honestly..."

Patrick held his breath and fought off an urge to squeeze his eyes shut *Here it comes. He's firing me, I just know it*

"...I'm going to let it slide *just one time.*" Elphonse ran a hand through his thick, flaming-red hair, the same color as Victoria's. "But if you're late again, your employment will be terminated here at Dervish & Banges. Understood?"

Patrick nodded vigorously. Oh, definitely. He couldn't believe his luck. As Elphonse turned away, a huge grin broke out on Patrick's face like a breaking egg. How had he escaped this one? Phew. At least it was over now.

Patrick began to walk over to the back storage room, where boxes of new materials were shipped every morning. He usually spent a few hours in here, sorting and boxing and unpacking and arranging things with Grace Shields. And as he approached, he saw her in there already, opening boxes with flicks of her wand.

"Hello, Patrick," she said cheerfully, waving her wand at a box in the corner. It sprang open to reveal a brand-new, shiny set of deep violet dress robes. She waved her wand again, and they sprang out of the box and arranged themselves on hangers that had been piled in a heap against one wall. She waved it a second time, and the hanging robes flew out the door neatly, in a line like obedient schoolchildren, towards the racks where they would hang themselves.

"Hey, Grace." Patrick took his own wand out of his pocket. He began unpacking as Grace was.

Grace asked as she opened a box of spotted ties, "Late?"

Patrick nodded. "Yeah. Elphonse let me off, though. 'Just this once', he said."

Grace shook her head in disapproval, bushy brown curls flying. "Patrick, you can't just be late as often as you want. I know you and Elphonse are friends, but that doesn't mean he won't fire you, because he *will*, you know."

Like Bob, Patrick thought.

"I mean, Elphonse is pretty strict..."

Grace kept going on and on, prattling about tardiness and punctuality and such, while Patrick did his best to tune her out and focus on unpacking boxes. Bossy, book-smart

Grace was a good match for Elphonse—she balanced his somewhat airheaded, tiny bit arrogant at times nature.

Patrick began thinking about his own girlfriend and wondered what Victoria was doing at that moment. Probably saving a patient's life, he thought, smiling wryly to himself. Successful Victoria, always thinking of others....

Suddenly, a burning, stabbing pain in his forehead seared across his skull. He howled aloud, dropping to the ground. Grace gasped in shock, but Patrick barely noticed: he was in that much pain. His fingers traced the slightly raised birthmark he'd always had, as far as he knew. It was in the shape of a jagged lightning bolt.

The world above him began to go foggy.... He heard Grace scream Elphonse's name over and over, but then he was lost to a haze of his own unbearable pain.

~ + ~

White lights. They were burning into his eyes. Patrick groaned softly. His head pounded, and his whole body ached from... from what? Fatigue? Pain? Exertion? What?

"Ssshhh... I think he's waking!"

He recognized that voice... Victoria! He opened his eyes slowly, blinking a few times. He was lying in a bed with the blankets drawn up over his chest. An IV dripped liquid into his arm. A white room encased him, with a large window overlooking a parking lot on one side and a few scratchy, rough-upholstered armchairs grouped on the other.

Then he realized where he was. He was in St. Mungo's.

Victoria, Elphonse, and Grace were huddled round his sickbed, all sporting expressions of weary relief. "Oh, Patrick!" Victoria burst out. "I was so worried!" She leaned in to hug him, and her warm embrace instantly made him feel tons better.

But now he was curious. He remembered walking into Dervish & Banges, but then what? He looked over to Grace. He remembered seeing her at Dervish & Banges. "What happened to me?" he asked.

She took a shaky breath, then told the story.

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: Sorry, sorry, and sorry again for the dreadful cliffie. I have up to Chapter Four done so as soon as this chapter gets approved I'm submitting the next one.

Now, let me turn your attention to something else...that wonderful little review box! Scroll down... Ain't it a beaut??? ;]

xxOlivia

Three - A Man Cloaked in Shadows

Chapter 4 of 8

Grace explains everything and Patrick has a nightmare.

~ + ~ **SWEET MEMORIES** ~ + ~

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Three

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A Man Cloaked in Shadows

~ + ~

"W-well," Grace began, looking nervous. Elphan squeezed her shoulder and gave her a wry smile. She continued, her voice shaky at first but then becoming stronger:

"Um, well, you k-kind of collapsed in the store room while I was unpacking boxes. Do you remember?"

Patrick thought, then nodded. Yes, it was all coming back... Grace had been chastising him for showing up late to work and nearly being fired. Then, the raging pain in his forehead, then... nothing.

Grace went on. "After you collapsed, I yelled for Elphan. He came in and saw you and the look on his face..." she smiled wanly. "Well, then he magicked you onto a stretcher he conjured and took you with Side-Along Apparation to St. Mungo's. The Healer... um, I think she should tell you herself."

At that moment a tall, cheery woman with a huge toothy smile, clipped shiny blond locks, and a fearless demeanor walked in the room. She was dressed in a long white coat and carrying a silver clipboard. Her wand was stuck into the space at the top where a pen is usually kept.

"Hello... Patrick, is it?" Her voice was high and chirpy, like a twittering bird. "I'm Healer Bransworth. Well, I see you've collapsed... Unfortunately, we didn't find any medical reason for this occurrence. We'd like to run some tests to make sure everything's shipshape, and if everything is, you can go. Is that all right?"

She talked at a rapid pace, so it took a few moments for Patrick to digest everything she'd said. After a couple of seconds had passed, he finally replied, "Okay, sure. I just want to find out what's wrong with me." He looked up at Victoria, and she smiled sadly and waved a little with two of her fingers.

Healer Bransworth smiled her wide grin again. "Fabulous," she replied, then quickly scribbled something on the clipboard with a pen that had been tucked behind her ear. "We'll start right away."

~ + ~

Victoria stayed over at St. Mungo's that night after an increasingly uncomfortable series of medical tests, stealing into Patrick's hospital bed when the Healers weren't looking. Elphan and Grace had long since left when she finally crawled in bed and under the sheets. She snuggled up beside him, her body curving almost perfectly into his like they were molded to fit, like a puzzle being completed. She kissed his cheek, and he smiled, even with his still-lingering headache.

"Good night, my love," he whispered, and then they were both fast asleep, him clutching her tightly and vice versa.

~ + ~

The fog-laden street is thick and the air itself seems to suffocate all who pass. Patrick, wary, steps onto the quiet suburb, the full moon casting a ghostly light on its inhabitants. He walks down, wondering if he is the only human being left in existence. His footfalls make thick, hard thunk-like sounds on the asphalt as he walks.

Is he? he wonders again. Is he truly the only human left?

The world is empty and still. It doesn't answer his question.

Quickly, nervously, he takes out his wand and says quietly, "Homenum revelio." Yes, there are a few more humans here tonight... but where, that is the question....

He walks farther, his footsteps falling harder on the paved ground. All around him, apartment buildings rise and sit like expectant Christmastime guests, buildings that would usually be buzzing with late-night activity and life. But not tonight. They stay silent and cold as an unnamed tombstone.

Wait... a sound! He isn't alone, after all. He stops, suspicious, wand drawn, and turns his head, seeing the whole vast, dark street under the high moon. Footsteps echo to his left. They echo to his right. He swivels his head, faster, faster, wondering, heart pounding ho is out there!?

Then, a man! Patrick turns, wand pointed accusingly at the unknown figure of a tall man, slightly stooped over, swishing a long, black cloak on his lanky figure. Everything about him is black is clothing, his features, his shoulder-length hair. It is as if he is clothed in shadows.

The shadow-cloaked man runs down, past Patrick and not even glancing his way. "WAIT!" Patrick cries. This man may be his only hope! Who is he? What is his purpose!?

Patrick, forgetting all cautionary measures, stuffs his wand into his pocket and runs towards the quickly diminishing silhouette of the shadow-cloaked man.

Patrick's legs are long, so he reaches the man fast. "Wait... Stop..." he pants, gasping, out of breath. The man does stop, which surprises Patrick. He hadn't been expecting him to. "Who are you?" Patrick asks frantically once he has recaptured air in his lungs. And when the man doesn't answer, Patrick asks it again, "Who are you? Who are you!?"

In response, the man turns his body so his face is reflected in the sheer moonlight. And what Patrick sees is both terrifying and familiar.

~ + ~

Patrick awoke with a slick sheen of sweat coating his entire body. He sat up slowly and gasped for breath. Victoria was dozing on an armchair by the window. At her boyfriend's outburst, she suddenly looked up. "Oh, Pat, you've woken," she said, smiling. "About time. It's nearly ten o'clock."

Patrick nodded, unable to take his mind off that horrifying dream. What had happened?! Who was that man? In the dream the man had been familiar, but now... he couldn't even picture the face. The silhouette, though, he remembered down to the bottom of his shoes. The shadow-cloaked man... what had it meant?

Suddenly Healer Bransworth walked in, her tall heels clacking on the tiled floor. "Good news!" she announced cheerily, clasping her hands in front of her. "You're perfectly normal. You can go home this afternoon." She talked on, describing exactly what the medical tests had detailed about his body, but Patrick wasn't listening.

"...And that MCAT scan, well, that didn't show anything either eally, it's amazing what you can and can't find on these things..."

All he saw, all he heard, was the shadow-cloaked man and his cold, clacking footsteps.

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: Another chapter gone! 4 down, 4 to go... we're halfway there.

Oh yeah, almost forgot he 'MCAT scan' stands for 'Magical CAT scan'. I didn't know if anyone could figure that out besides me. :]

One last note: sorry if this chapter was a little shorter than normal, but as I say, quality over quantity. :]

xxOlivia

Four - Victoria Kidnapped

Chapter 5 of 8

Another disturbing dream, one that becomes a chilling reality...

~ + ~ **SWEET MEMORIES** ~ + ~

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Four

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Victoria Kidnapped

~ + ~

"Goodbye! Goodbye, feel better!" Healer Bransworth chirped as Patrick, leaning on Victoria, limped down the hospital corridor to home. He was still weak, although his headache had diminished. His lover smiled encouragingly at him as they exited the hospital's main front doors and lowered themselves down the steps carefully. For this occasion, Elphan had managed to secure a Muggle car from his father. The old, battered white vehicle was actually a comfort to Patrick: he was too tired to Apparate. He'd been sleeping all day, but still he felt the urge to curl up and rest.

His head drooped onto Victoria's warm shoulder in the backseat of the car on the way home. She whispered into his ear as they were pulling into the parking lot of her apartment complex that he would stay with her for as long as he needed, be it days or weeks. Patrick frankly didn't really care *where* he stayed at the moment: he was exhausted, worn out, and his headache was making a subtle return.

He dropped onto the bed he and Victoria had shared just twenty-four hours ago and fell asleep before his head hit the pillow. The last thing he saw before he was completely out was Victoria, smiling kindly, standing over him. Then, he slept.

~ + ~

It is the same street, the same dream... Patrick chases the shadow-cloaked man again. He runs faster and again forms the one question he truly needs answered: "Who are you?"

But the shadow-cloaked man stays silent, his face still stubbornly hidden. He just looks to Patrick, eyes shielded, and beckons for him to follow. They pad down the empty street together as the first seams of orange dawn stretch over the waiting horizon.

They walk, seemingly, for hours, and Patrick's legs begin to tire and ache. He wants to ask how much longer, how much longer will they walk, but for some reason he keeps his mouth shut. He feels as if he only has one question: that question being this man's identity. He doesn't want to waste his one question, and so he is silent.

Finally, they reach an abandoned old manor. Its ragged, peeling walls and floors coated with inches of dust aren't promising as the shadow-cloaked man and Patrick step inside. The man points to a figure lying crumpled in the corner.

Then, unexpectedly, he speaks, and his voice is as low and hissing as if he were speaking Parseltongue, although plain English comes out of his mouth.

"You must wake. You must wake and remember... Harry Potter."

Darkness.

~ + ~

Patrick awoke suddenly with a start, all headachey and tired feelings gone. The light outside Victoria's bedroom window hadn't changed much; he must have only been asleep for an hour or so.

VICTORIA!

Where was she!? Patrick sprung out of bed, thankful that he was fully dressed. He dashed to the bedroom door and called out fervishly, "Victoria? Love? Where are you? Are you here!?"

But his words fell upon deaf ears. There was no reply.

Oh, dear God! Victoria!

Suddenly, a flash of memory came into his mind as sharp and clear as if he were standing right at the scene: his lightning-shaped birthmark tingled, and he closed his eyes. He saw the same scene from the dream. There was the dilapidated shack, standing on unsteady beams, and a feminine figure crumpled in the corner, trembling. There, hovering above her, was the shadow-cloaked man, laughing maniacally.

Patrick's eyes shot open. *That BASTARD!* he thought, trying desperately to think of where that strange shadow-cloaked man could have taken Victoria. For there was no doubt in his mind that that was what had happened: Victoria had been kidnapped by the shadow-cloaked man.

Then, another flash of memory revealed where he had to go. *That's it! The Shrieking Shack!* he thought triumphantly, and without a moment's hesitation he turned and Disapparated on the spot.

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Hogsmeade Village was growing darker in the evening's setting sun. Patrick ran along the dirt pathway, down to the cul-de-sac at the end. He leaped over the gates surrounding the terrible Shack and then ran inside without a second thought. Victoria filled all his mind, his senses... at that moment, there wasn't one thing he wouldn't do to protect her, to save her.

He dashed up the stairs and found the room in which he had entered in the dream along with the shadow-cloaked man. He took a deep breath, then pointed his wand carefully and blasted the door open in one swift, fluid motion.

There was a muffled, masculine yelp from the other side; Patrick rushed in. Victoria, as he had guessed, was lying curled up in a corner, trembling from head to toe in fear. When she saw Patrick, her eyes widened. "*P... Patrick....*" She mouthed the word, her lips forming around the syllables, but she did not actually say them. Patrick ran over and helped her up, brushing off her clothing. He smiled at her reassuringly, then went for the shadow-cloaked man, lying beneath the heavy door.

He pointed his wand straight at his heart as the blackhaired man finally pushed away the door and stood, shaking out his robes. The hood of his cloak fell away, revealing a face with yellowish, sallow skin and deep set, penetrating eyes. Somehow, the face was terribly familiar, and yet Patrick had never seen the man before in his life.

The man, slightly taller than Patrick himself, just stared. "Harry Potter," he said slowly and softly. "So you've returned. Fear not. I am on your side."

What? Who was Harry Potter? What *side*? Did he think there was a war going on or something?

But the man continued. "I apologize about your... ah, girlfriend, but I had to bring you here. To explain. And also to keep my cover."

Explain? Explain *what*? And cover? What 'cover'?

Patrick scowled. "Okay, I don't know who the hell you are, but you've got three seconds to either start explaining or either get the hell away from me and Victoria."

His face softened, and he almost smiled. "Oh, how naïve." He chuckled. "Victoria. Her name is Ginny. Ginny Weasley."

"What?" Patrick's grip tightened on his wand, still pointed directly at the man's heart.

"You, boy, are not Patrick Mayfield. Everything you have experienced for the past two years has been a lie. But now—now is the time to lift the spell. Let me explain."

And with that, he began talking.

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: This is distinctly reminding me of another cliffie I had, where a certain Grace Shields was about to start explaining things... haha. Anyway, I'm going to start Chapter 5 really soon, if you'll just hang in there. :] Reviews, too, are very welcome! They truly motivate me to write. They really make my day. :]

xxOlivia

Five - Sweet Memories

Chapter 6 of 8

Finally -- the curse is lifted. Memories ensue.

~ + ~ **SWEET MEMORIES** ~ + ~

an original fanfiction by olivia

~ + ~

Five

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Sweet Memories

~ + ~

"My name is Severus Snape," the man stated. "I am supposed to be working for Lord Voldemort, but my actual master is Albus Dumbledore."

Patrick raised an eyebrow, wand still trained on the man. "Lord *who*? And who's this Dumblydum person?" He was crazy. He was insane. If he couldn't come up with a good explanation, Patrick would Stun him and make a call to the police.

The man—Severus—sighed, shaking his head. His dark curtain of hair swung with him. He looked wearier than ever, and Patrick felt himself feeling a little... sorry for the man. He looked so worn-out. "I've forgotten how complex these charms can be," Severus said finally, looking back up at the pair.

Victoria looked scared. "What charms?"

"I've put you under a mass memory charm, my dear. One of my finer creations, I must say. As it's been said, everything you've experienced for the past two years is false. You've been living lies—I created a past for you that isn't real. You aren't Patrick Mayfield and Victoria Waters. It's Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley."

"I don't believe you," Patrick snarled.

The man sighed again. "So unforgiving, so untrusting," he said. "Always were, Potter. Ever since you stepped foot into Hogwarts. Dumbledore once told me that you didn't even trust your dearest friends—ah, what did I name them? Oh yes, Elphan and Grace—about the prophecy in your fifth year."

Prophecy? This man was raving. But now Patrick was intrigued, and so he held his tongue.

"Now, I'm going to explain this all very quickly," Severus said. "Lord Voldemort is the most evil wizard in the world. He conspires to overthrow the Ministry of Magic and control Hogwarts. Long ago, he created seven Horcruxes, which are magical objects that conceal a part of a person's soul. Dumbledore is a great wizard, a great man, and Headmaster of Hogwarts. Good?"

Patrick and Victoria nodded in unison.

"Alright. I'm going to restore your memories now. A bit of confusion might follow: that's typical. Here we go. I'll explain further after."

He picked up his wand arm. "*Finite Incantatem!*"

~ + ~

Harry is just a boy again, eleven, he thinks. He lies on a stone-cold floor, forehead aching under the pressure of the man crushing his windpipe on top of him. It is the man with two faces, the man he fears. But then everything goes black, and the scene changes...

Then, it's later, and Harry's older. A giant fanged serpent is looking down at him menacingly, although it has no eyes. Harry clutches a ruby-encrusted sword in his hands, and then he stabs the basilisk through, rendering it lifeless...

Harry is casting the Patronus Charm, seeing himself across the lake, surrounded by dementors...

Harry is grabbing the Triwizard Cup, but it's not just a cup—it is a Portkey, and then Harry and Cedric Diggory are transported, and there is a blinding flash of green light.... Moments later, it seems, he is dueling the Dark Lord himself between the gravestones, jumping and dodging every blow with his natural Seeker talent...

Dumbledore is dueling Voldemort now, and creatures from the Fountain of Magical Brethren are leaping about like unnaturally stiff Swan Lake dancers. They deflect every curse; rebound every blow. Then the door bangs open, and Order of the Phoenix members and Death Eaters duel; and there is a flash of red light, and Sirius Black is falling, falling...

Harry lies on the ground, underneath the Invisibility Cloak. The night is dark and cold. The silver-haired Dumbledore lies just a few yards away from him. Then Snape, that loathsome Snape, raises his wand at the helpless Albus Dumbledore and says those horribly familiar two words—

“Avada Kedavra!”

~ + ~

Harry Potter lay on the cold, dusty floor, lightning scar aching. Finally, he understood. It was all coming back to him.

He rubbed his scar feverishly, then turned and saw Ginny, his Ginny, lying on the floor beside him. He half-smiled when he saw her, and she sat up, blinking and disoriented. She half-smiled back, then closed her eyes again.

Harry had a headache. It was too much. His brain was running at quadruple speed, trying to process everything, but it was overloaded with thoughts and memories, rememberings and images. He sat too, glancing over at Ginny. Her eyes were still screwed tightly shut, her expression one of deep concentration.

Finally, after a deep sigh, he turned to face the man standing over them. The man he now recognized as Severus Snape.

“Snape,” he said coldly, standing. He hadn’t forgotten their rocky past.

Harry stood, brushing off his clothes. His scar ached, and he rubbed it with the palm of his hand again.

“How long has it been again?” he mumbled, looking down.

“Two years.”

“So what’s been happening with the Horcruxes since I was... incapacitated?” Harry asked.

“Dumbledore left me very strict instructions. He told me to kill him, then follow Voldemort’s orders until the Order was prepared to have Harry Potter kill him.”

“So what about the Horcruxes?” Ginny was looking at Harry quizzically, not knowing the meaning of the word ‘Horcrux’, but Harry ignored her, for now.

“Gone. All, gone. Slytherin’s ring, Hufflepuff’s cup, Ravenclaw’s diadem, Voldemort’s snake, Tom Riddle’s diary, and Gryffindor’s sword. That is why I chose now to bring you, Ms. and Mr. Weasley, and Ms. Granger out of your trances, which Lord Voldemort commanded me to. It is now you must choose to defeat Lord Voldemort... or not.”

Harry thought for about ten seconds, then voiced his answer.

“Yes.”

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: Only two chapters to go!! Remember to review! :]

xxOlivia

Six - The Final Battle, Part I

Chapter 7 of 8

The beginning of the Final Battle.

~ + ~ **SWEET MEMORIES** ~ + ~

an original fanfiction by olivia

~ + ~

Six

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The Final Battle Part I

~ + ~

Severus Snape led Harry and Ginny down the hall of Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place, where they had just Apparated to from the Shrieking Shack. Snape had just told them that Ron and Hermione had been restored to memory by Kingsley Shacklebolt. They were to meet in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place and get more information about what was going on in the world since they’d left Hogwarts.

Ron and Hermione were indeed sitting at the kitchen table while Kreacher, muttering under his breath, served them soup and Kingsley stood nearby. Harry’s best friends looked up, and their faces almost glowed when they saw him.

“Harry!” Hermione cried, jumping up to hug him and nearly knocking her chair over in the process. Harry, too, was nearly felled at her embrace.

Ron got up too and exclaimed, “Blimey, Harry, two years of lies! Bizarre.”

Harry nodded in response to Ron's comment once Hermione had loosened her grip on his neck. "Weird," he agreed.

Snape looked annoyed at this exchange. "Come now; we haven't time for this," he said, irritated. Ron, Hermione, Ginny and Harry all sat down and looked at Snape expectantly. He began talking almost immediately.

"As you all know, the Horcruxes have all been destroyed. But now, we've had word that Voldemort is amassing thousands of Death Eaters for his final showdown with you, Potter. That's why I chose now to bring you out of your memory-charmed lives. The four of you must fight to defeat Voldemort once and for all."

All four sitting around the table nodded.

"We've assembled all the Order members there are, and they are all prepared to die for you. Potter, now is the time you have to exit your celebrity shell and fight for the entire Wizarding world."

Harry nodded. "I can, Professor."

"Good. Miss Granger, Mr. and Ms. Weasley, you are the ones that must help him."

Hermione, Ron, and Ginny nodded in unison.

"All right, then. Now is the time that we fight. The final battle will commence—tonight."

~ + ~

Harry stood shivering in the wind, even with his three layers of clothing. The harsh breezes bit at his face with the texture of icy knives. He was standing just inside the Hogwarts gates, ready to strike at any moment. The Order had received word that Voldemort was going to try and take Hogwarts tonight, and at any moment a Death Eater could walk through.

Hermione, Ron, and Ginny stood near him. He hadn't wanted Ginny to come; he cared about her too much. But she had insisted, and he was now regretting giving into her. *She's too young!* his mind screamed. But yet another, more rational part, soothed, *She's only a year younger than yourself. She'll be fine, even if you aren't*

Suddenly, a footstep echoed in the wind. Harry looked around wildly from under his Invisibility Cloak. A long, thin man built like a twig was walking over to Hogwarts.

Over his face was a dark Death Eater mask.

Harry knew that if he cursed this man, hundreds more would come pouring out of the woods. He was the tester; the one sent to make sure all was clear. It would be foolish to act now.

The Death Eater walked through the gates and stepped carefully inside. One step. Two. Three. He began to walk faster, then turned and motioned, presumably for his comrades.

More and more Death Eaters became visible, all leaping out from behind bushes and trees. Harry drew his wand back, ready for a fight. Behind him, he heard Ginny let out a tiny, strangled gasp. He wanted to shush her, but didn't dare.

It was time. Harry leapt out, yelling, "*Impedimenta!*" The Death Eater closest to him was so shocked, he didn't have time to react. He fell over instantly rigid.

His friends were jumping out around him, screaming curses. Jets of light flew everywhere once the Death Eaters realized they were under attack. As more and more bodies hit the ground, more and more leapt out of the trees. Harry and his friends fought off as many as they could, but they were greatly outnumbered. Harry just hadn't expected *this many*, even after Snape had warned them.

Oh, God. They needed some help. Harry cried into the rapidly blackening sky, "Hermione, Patronus!" This was their signal for Hermione to run off and perform a Patronus that would carry their message of help to the Order. The Order hadn't come along originally because they thought it would be too conspicuous.

Damn. The Order better get there fast, Harry thought as he, Ron, and Ginny Stunned three Death Eaters at once.

Suddenly, there was a blinding flash of red light, and Ron was lying on the ground. Fortunately, he too had only been Stunned, but he'd hit his head on a rock and was now sporting an egg-sized lump.

Damn! Harry wanted to stop and help his friend, but if he did there was a very good chance of him (Harry) dying. Instead, he took a second to cast a Shield Charm over Ron so he couldn't be hit with another curse... say, *Avada Kedavra*.

Suddenly, an enormous, booming voice filled every pocket of air available. "Harry Potter," it thundered. "This is Lord Voldemort, your superior. I see you've come out of your memory charm. I am impressed and curious too, but there is no room for stories tonight. Tonight is the night where you fall for good, and the night Hogwarts finally becomes mine."

Ginny clutched at Harry's arm, and he could feel that she was shaking from fear, which scared him: Ginny was one of the toughest people he knew.

"Now, I command my Death Eaters to cease fire. I am coming into the fray myself, Harry Potter, to destroy you. Be ready. Tonight will go down in history as the night the powerful Lord Voldemort defeated the cowardly Harry James Potter."

The voice ceased, and Hermione came running back from her private spot in the woods. "Harry, I'm scared," she said. "I couldn't reach the Order. Oh, I'm so sorry, Harry, it's my fault—"

"It's okay, Hermione," Harry replied, cutting her off. He now realized that he couldn't have any help from anyone to defeat Voldemort. Not from Hermione, not from the unconscious Ron, not from Ginny.

Oh. Ron.

Harry quickly walked over to his friend and murmured, "*Ennervate*", waking him. He sat up, disoriented.

"Hm—?" he murmured. Hermione bent down and hugged him, trembling. Harry stood again from his kneeling position and said, "Look, you all go hide. I need to do this by myself. It's now or never, really, and it's only me who can do it. Go now. If I make it—" Ginny gave a little gasp of fear, "—I'll meet you in the Forbidden Forest."

Amazingly, they obliged. Harry was left standing there in the dark with only his wand and the weight of the Wizarding world to accompany him.

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Seven - The Final Battle, Part II

Chapter 8 of 8

The final final battle.

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Seven

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The Final Battle Part II

~ + ~

Harry watched as his friends and his girlfriend stalked off into the Forest. He wasn't entirely sure he *wanted* to do this, but then he thought of Ron—Hermione—Ginny—the rest of the Weasleys—and he knew this was right.

From here, the Forest looked dark and foreboding. Harry remembered Draco Malfoy's declarations that there were "werewolves" in here in their first year and smiled a bit, shaking his head at the memory. It had been so long ago, but it only seemed like a day or two had passed since he had first entered Hogwarts.

His reminiscing stopped short when he realized what he was about to do—fight the most evil wizard of all time and possibly die for his friends. Voldemort was coming, and there was nothing Harry could do to stop him. It was like one of those dreams where something is chasing you, but your legs don't move.

A dark cloak suddenly emerged from the darkness. "Hello, Harry Potter," an icy, high-pitched voice said. "You have been valiant in your struggles, and for that I commend you."

Harry swallowed as Voldemort came closer still.

"But all that is set aside now, for you are going to die."

Voldemort drew his wand, and Harry lifted his. "No, Tom," he replied calmly, wondering where his unshaking voice was coming from. And the "Tom"—Voldemort was going to be *pissed*.

He was right. The red eyes grew wide, lifting up into the cloak he was wearing. "You dare!"

"I dare, Tom."

"*Avada Kedavra!*"

"*NO!*"

A huge, black figure leapt in front of Harry, whose mouth was frozen open in horror. It only took him a second to realize that it was Snape. Snape! Snape had saved his life.

Voldemort was now staring at the ground in shock, seemingly mesmerized by the sight of his own supporter hurling himself in front of his Killing Curse. The crumpled figure on the ground seemed to hypnotize the Dark Lord. Harry took this as a moment of opportunity.

"*AVADA KEDAVRA!*"

Another body crumpled to the ground.

Oh, God. Was it really over? Voldemort, defeated? Victory, here?

Yes.

Harry ran into the Forest to find his friends.

~ + ~ + ~

A/n: I know this was a short chapter, but most of my last chapters are... Just go see my other stories, and you'll realize what I'm talking about. Anyway, did you like it? Hate it? Vomit? Wet yourself with joy? Lemme know. See that little box down there? It's called the review box! Isn't that just magical? (No pun.)

xxolivia