

# belief

*by Ladymage Samiko*

Inspired by the grangersnape100 'runaway' challenge. Hermione finds the fugitive Snape.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Inspired by the grangersnape100 'runaway' challenge. Hermione finds the fugitive Snape.

I ~ Severus

He had his wand to her throat, but she didn't even stop stirring.

"I could've captured you already, if that's what I'd wanted," she pointed out. "I've been here for an hour. Besides, if you use that, you'll have to start running again, and it'd be a pity when the soup's almost done."

He slowly lowered his wand. What she'd said was true; he hadn't even heard her enter the tiny room. She could have killed him right then and there if she'd wanted and been perfectly justified when the Aurors came for his corpse.

"Why? How?" he asked simply.

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II ~ Hermione

He'd been dead to the world when she'd picked the lock. It was heartbreaking to see the lean figure almost skeletal, the sword-sharp instincts subsumed under exhaustion. He'd been running too long, too hard.

He'd been forced to.

She poured soup into bowls. "I've always known where you were," she told him as he stared. "I created an Arithmantic tracker when I learned you were a spy. It seemed prudent." She pushed a spoon into his hand and watched him begin to wolf the food down. "As for why..." She hesitated.

"I love you, Severus. And I believe in you."

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III ~ repudio

He stared, his hand frozen in mid-air. "Impossible."

"Improbable," she corrected, "but not impossible."

Seconds seemed to become hours as they sat across the table from each other. It occurred to him that, in some absurd fashion, this was rather a domestic scene. Perhaps the strain of the past year had truly broken something in his brain. In lieu of giving her an answer, he re-applied himself to the food. It was surprisingly good, better than anything he'd eaten since... then. Or maybe he was just desperate.

Maybe she was, to have gone to these lengths just to find *him*.

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IV ~ assumo

She watched him indulgently, resting her chin on interlaced fingers. He didn't--couldn't--believe her. But give him time. He hadn't had the years it had taken *her* to come to terms. And he--*they*--had far more important things to deal with.

"I've made arrangements." The silence shattered into fragments. "You can stay at my parents'; no one will think to look for you there."

If he had been anyone else, his jaw would have dropped. As it was, his eyes widened slightly. "Don't be absurd."

"I'm not," she informed him. "I'm in love; that makes me a fool, but not absurd."

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V ~ termino

He snorted. "A fool, then."

The sound of Apparation startled him into movement, but he had lost too much of his edge to react quickly enough. His only impression was of red hair before meaningless words and too-brilliant light.

Odd, he heard *her* clearly, screaming his name as something collided with him.

His arms were full of her; he felt her jerk and stiffen, saw shock in her eyes. She slumped against him, forcing him to the floor.

Weasley's shocked voice. "What the fuck happened?"

His hand trembled as he brushed hair from her face. "She said she loved me."