

Their Coldest Winter

by Jenwryn

Severus would do anything to keep Hermione from Voldemort... Four-part drabble for GrangerSnape100 in answer to the 'The Coldest Winter' challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks to a_bees_buzz and sylphides for helpful corrections.

The curse hit her – jarred, stung, gnawed into her skin. She fell to the ground spinning, her scream caught trapped in her throat by the mouthful of filthy snow she inhaled. A fit of coughing wracked through her before she could raise her head, eyes blurring, and gaze in helpless petition at his boots before her.

“Severus—” she started.

The curse hit again. The Dark Magic of it seared through her bones and made her writhe. This time, her scream sliced unimpeded through winter’s half-light. Her fingers clawed at the iced ground beneath the snow, her nails cracking and tearing.

Fractured heartbeats ticked past before the pain receded into numb agony. Hermione struggled to her knees, matted hair strung across her face, and tried again in broken voice, “Professor—”

Behind him, the Death Eaters black in a world of whiteness. Some were masked. Others revelled in their allegiance, faces bare and flushed pink in the freezing wind.

She forced herself to ignore them and focus instead upon Severus’ eyes. Only upon his eyes. Everything else, every inch of him, spoke of hate and revulsion. But his eyes – his eyes that only she could see – were dark and cut with pain.

She’d known it would come to this.

‘I’ll save you’, he’d promised, arms wrapped around her as she lay in the warmth of his blankets and only the flickering gold of the fire’s light illuminating the chamber. ‘I’ll save you any way I can. I won’t let him take you, I won’t...’

She’d laughed to try and heal the worry in his voice, touched his face gently. ‘I think it might hurt, being saved by you.’

He hadn’t smiled back. He’d pulled her closer and kissed her hard and murmured, ‘Yes. It will hurt us both...’

But forwarned wasn't forearmed.

Now, she knelt trembling and aching in the snow and watched him, her tears freezing upon her cheeks and in amongst her lashes. Tears at what was being done to her. Tears at what was being done to him. Tears at the knowledge of how it would all end, all end...

"Mudblood fool," his voice sneered. Her eyes rolled back into her head as the curse burnt through her.

Hermione let go and released her mind to hide away in the refuge of their love. Their love that would survive even this, their coldest winter.

And unite them in death.