

In Dreams

by savine_snape

Voldemort has won the war... or has he?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own any of the Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and Co.No money is made, nor is any required.

Hermione cowered in the corner of the dark room. This was not how the war was supposed to end.

Harry was not supposed to die; he was the Boy-Who-Lived, after all. Hermione was full of grief... grief for Harry, grief for Minerva, grief for the wizarding world as a whole. The future looked bleak.

The Order of the Phoenix had pulled itself to pieces after Severus Snape carried out Dumbledore's last wish. Harry had tried to keep things together, but had failed.

Hermione was stirred from her thoughts when Severus Snape entered the cell, grief painted on his face.

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They had both lost so much during the war. Hermione had lost friends and family.

Despite her valiant attempt to hide her family, Bellatrix had managed to locate them in Australia.

Severus had, of course, lost his mentor and father figure when he carried out Dumbledore's dying wish.

"I'm sorry, Hermione," Severus muttered. "The Dark Lord requires your presence in the library."

"Severus," Hermione rose slowly and made her way towards him, "it's alright. I knew this moment would come, sooner or later."

Severus pulled Hermione close.

"This isn't how it was supposed to end, my love."

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Severus led Hermione through the corridors towards her meeting with the twisted megalomaniac. As she made her way toward him, her gut crunched with fear. After all, she was Muggle-witch. This wasn't going to be good.

She had seen far too many deaths during the war. Maybe death wouldn't be such a bad thing.

They had arrived at the library, which now served as Voldemort's throne room.

"Ahhh, Severus, I see you've brought the Muggle-witch to me," he hissed as he raised his wand.

Hermione was shocked when Severus hit the floor, writhing in agony.

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Severus was woken by the shrill scream of his young wife. Turning slightly to face her, he swept the sweat-soaked hair from her face.

Pulling her close, he began to utter the now familiar soothing words in an attempt to stir Hermione from her sleep. "Oh, Severus, it was awful. Please tell me you are alright." Hermione snuggled tighter to her husband.

"Oh, my beloved," Severus whispered, pulling Hermione as tightly to him as he could, "it's alright, my love. It was just another nightmare. I will give you the Dreamless Sleep Potion again tomorrow night."

Cooing, he kissed her gently.

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