

Determination.

by savine_snape

Written for the GrangerSnape100 Voldemort Wins challenge.

To Cure A Curse.

Chapter 1 of 1

Written for the GrangerSnape100 Voldemort Wins challenge.

Voldidork wins... or does he?

Disclaimer: I own nothing; it all belongs to JK Rowling. I make no money from this little venture into the Potterverse.

Hermione heaved a heavy sigh, sitting down next to the bed; she stared at the occupant, willing a change.

It had been seven long years since the Battle of Hogwarts. A year longer than she had been a student at the one place she could really call home.

The place she met the love of her life.

Stroking the black hair away from the pale face, a lone tear escaped her already red-rimmed eyes.

"How long, my love, do I keep fighting... keep searching?" she wondered as she absent-mindedly stroked his arm. "How long ~~dove~~ keep fighting, my Prince?"

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Of course, there was no reply. The man in black hadn't made any discernable progress in the last eighteen months, but still she came.

Every morning and evening, Hermione would sit at the side of the Potions master's bed and read a snippet from Horace's latest escapades in Egypt with Luna's father.

She had met with the Healer and the Mediwitch earlier today. Even the finest Healers that St Mungo's could provide were unable to break the curse.

What point was there in *winning* the war, if Voldemort had got his revenge for the ultimate betrayal by a trusted advisor?

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Bill Weasley entered the room and walked straight over to where Hermione was seated, placing a hand lightly on her exposed shoulder, for it was now a blistering summer's day.

Not that Hermione noticed the change of season. One day moulded into the next seamlessly.

"Hermione," Bill soothed, "this isn't doing you or Sebastian any good."

"I won't stop, Bill. I can't stop," she wept openly. "I can't let him win. ~~won't~~ let him win. Seb doesn't even know Severus as his father; I can't give up and deny Severus the

family he never really had as a boy.”

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Every evening, Hermione returned to the dungeon rooms Severus had inhabited most of his adult life.

At least here there was still an essence of her husband: his books, his Potions equipment, the still lingering smell of burnt sandalwood.

She still burnt the scented candles Severus loved so. It had become her evening ritual, once Seb had gone to bed – although now, at the age of eleven, he was staying up later – to light one at the desk whilst she poured over progressively older texts in a bid to find the counter curse.

She wouldn't give up on her beloved.

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The scene was set; it was now fourteen years since she had helped Harry defeat the wizard formerly known as Tom Riddle.

Fourteen long years she, Bill and eventually Seb had searched for a glimmer of hope. Even *asmall* glimmer of hope would brighten the encompassing darkness which had become her normality.

Quietly muttering the mantra over and over as she added ingredients to the cauldron, she willed this attempt to work. She didn't think she could survive another year without him.

Eventually, she spread the healing balm over her husband. Still whispering the mantra, she snuggled close.

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Hermione had drifted off to sleep, snuggled up to her husband's body.

Seb had found the mantra and balm in one of Severus' oldest books and begged his mum to try.

Hermione slept like a baby that night, the balm healing her, in a way, as well as potentially healing her husband.

She awoke at six, not sure what had caused her sudden departure from the best dream she had had in years.

It was only then that she realised that, draped loosely around her, lay one of her husband's arms.

“Hermione” he croaked.

Hermione wept whilst kissing her husband.

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