

The Patronus

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ONESHOT. Harry & Hermione and were surrounded by dementor. Then something happened that will change his life...and his patronus. Forever. R&R.

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1 - The Patronus

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter...blah, blah, blah

Author's note: Helloo! This is a fanfic made by me, of course. It's a sad fic and I actually cried when I was writing it...I was just joking. But this is a sad fic, another H/Hr. Hope you like it!

THE PATRONUS

"NOOO!"

Harry screamed at the top of his lungs but it was too late.

The dementor let go of her soul-less body and she was dropped on the ground. Her eyes were open and yet they were so blank, so lifeless, and so dead. She was like an empty shell. No soul.

Harry could not breathe. His whole body became rigid and air was sucked out of his lungs like how the soul was sucked out of Hermione's body. He stared at her and he was suddenly engulfed in cold darkness. It seemed like his heart stopped on beating.

This can't be...she can't be...dead...

No, another part in Harry's mind answered, she's not dead. I wish she is because her state right now is worse than death...

Harry felt a cold, damp hand took hold of his wrist and he spun around to see numerous dementors closing on him. He raised his wand and muttered 'Expecto Patronum' but only a wisp of silver erupted from his wand.

Think of something happy, he told himself.

How could I? answered the voice in his head. How could I think of happy thoughts if I am overwhelmed with sorrow?

The image of Hermione's face, lifeless and lost, swam before Harry's eyes. It was helpless. He couldn't think of anything. He was falling. Falling in complete darkness.

Harry was now surrounded by dementors. Again, he attempted to conjure a Patronus, but nothing came. His knees gave away and he was now on the ground.

This is my entire fault. If only I haven't listened to her, if only I produced a Patronus earlier...she may still be alive. Why? Why am I finding it hard to do a Patronus now that I need it?

His eyes bore on her body, far from where he was right now. She was very pale and her hair covered a part of her face.

“Hermione.”

A bony hand gripped Harry's jaw and tilted his head upward. A dementor lowered its hood and was about to kiss him. Harry couldn't do anything. He closed his eyes and felt a tear roll down his face.

Flashback

He sneaked at the nearby tree, expecting her to be hiding behind it. It was Christmas and both of them decided to stay at Hogwarts to spend the holiday. Ron and the Weasleys went to Egypt once again. They were playing at the grounds, throwing snowballs at each other.

Harry jumped out from behind the tree and prepared to chuck his snowball at her but she was not there. Then he felt a particularly large snowball hit him at the back of his head that took him off balance and he fell on the ground, face first.

“Ow,” Harry moaned as he lay there on the cold and wet snow.

He heard a giggle behind him and he turned around and saw Hermione, a smile playing across her face.

“Are you giving up already?” she said.

Are you giving up already?

Harry heard Hermione's voice and she appeared in his mind.

I - I can't do it, he answered.

Then she smiled at him and she took hold of his hand and together they raised his wand. He suddenly felt something warm coming from his chest, spreading through his body like a swallowed a rather large block of chocolate. She looked at him straight in the eye and he heard her voice once more.

Ready?

Harry opened his eyes. He was sure he could do it this time.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!”

A figure came out of Harry's wand but it wasn't the usual stag. Instead, it was a figure of a lady that has wings. The new Patronus soared towards the dementors and chased them away. Then Harry was left with his patronus.

It's an angel, he thought but when it turned to face him, his jaw dropped.

The Patronus was Hermione.

She glided towards Harry and beamed down at him. She wiped the tear that rolled down at Harry's face and caressed his cheeks. She was glowing in the moonlight and Harry couldn't take his eyes of her.

“Hermione...”

He reached out to touch her but before his hand could feel her, a cool breeze passed between them and she faded with it, leaving Harry alone in the darkness.

FIN

Sad, huh? Oh well, I'm quite fond of writing sad endings...R&R!