

More Time

By PPhantom

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It's been 5 years since the Dark Lord has fallen. The war was heavy on many, especially heroes Harry Potter and Hermione Granger. But can a chance of fate once again mend their lives to how it used to be?

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“Good morning London! It’s 6 A.M., and what a wonderful morning it is. The forecast for today is sunny with a-” the morning announcement was cut short by a large hand placing itself on top of the snooze button. A groan could be heard from a figure tangled in bed sheets with just a set of red hair to show. He grumbled and let his hand flop back down to his side in time for him to turn away from the clock and mumble sleepily, “Five more minutes mum.”

The silence hanging in the room was soon broken with “Oh bloody hell, not again!” The body now frantically awake was that of Ron Weasley as he realized that his five minute snooze had turned into a half hour over-sleep. Softly cursing to himself, he gathered his clothes set haphazardly on his bedroom chair, and quickly ran the shower before he ended up even later for work. His glowing red hair, now dark and damp, stuck to his forehead pointing in every direction as he tried to juggle his cup of tea and house keys to try and start the car sitting in his driveway. As he quickly started the engine and steered out of his driveway towards the city his eyes fell to the clock. *6:48, I can still barely make it*, Ron thought to himself with relief as he eyed himself in the mirror. He quickly tried to fix his hair with his fingers so that it wouldn’t seem like he just stepped out of the shower and into his car. He took a deep sigh as he drove the familiar route to work that he had been taking for almost the past four years. It’s not that he didn’t enjoy his life; in fact he shouldn’t have to complain at all. He lived in a good neighborhood, a suburb of London called Richmond, which was in a ten minute radius from his job. He had a stable job, even though he lacked college credentials, which gave him enough money to own a very comfortable flat. And to top it all off, he was currently dating a girl for almost five months now, Scarlet. He smiled at the thought of her. She was beauty and brains. She was studying to be a professor and he really couldn’t have hoped for a better girl, but his smile soon fell. It didn’t seem like it was enough. He longed for something more, but just didn’t know what that something was. He just felt incomplete, alone-more so that he had no living family, according to what the doctors told him. Sometimes in his sleep he’d dream about being surrounded by a bunch of red-heads like himself, all laughing happily at the table, with a delicious meal cooked by his mum, only to have it slip away before he the faces could come into focus.

It was weird how his life had turned out. Out of the blue he woke up from a comma five years ago, knowing just his name, which was discovered by the doctors because it was sewn into the back of his boxers. He was surprised to see that he awoke only to see the faces of doctors, no family whatsoever. The doctors recommended that he try to re build his life and so he left the hospital and worked his way up to where he is now by buying a flat in Richmond and finding the job he was currently employed at.

He walked down the hall to his office, smiling and saying hello to all his fellow co workers. He sat himself down at his desk, anticipating to see the alert of a hundred if not more emails already waiting for him as was usual. He put his head in his hands; he just felt out of place today. As he took a soothing breath he heard a soft knock at the door.

“Mr. Weasley?” came a soft innocent voice from the other side of the door.

“Come in Susan.” Ron replied as he lifted his head to see his assistant enter his office.

“I have a few messages for you.” Susan replied handing him three index cards with names and phone numbers on them. “One is from Bill Jenson asking for you to please call him about that meeting set for tomorrow, another from Claire Tyler asking about when that project will be set into motion, and one from

Scarlet, saying that she gets off school early today because of her finals and thought she'd make you dinner."

"Thanks." Ron said wearily as he set the notes on his desk and just hung his head back against his chair.

"Are you alright Mr. Weasley?" Susan asked a bit concerned, taking a step closer to his desk.

"Hm?" he asked facing her again. "Oh I'm fine, just a lot on my mind."

"Alright, if you say so." Susan smiled as she headed for the door. "Anything else sir?"

"Actually now that you mention it, can you bring me a couple of aspirins?" he asked her, rubbing the sides of his head with his fingers. "These damn headaches just keep coming back to me."

Beep.Beep.Bee- The alarm was quickly turned off by a small hand quickly swatting at the alarm clock. The hand still lay on the clock and it reluctantly fell to the floor as the owner, who was lying flat on her stomach, grumbled and used her free hand to rub the sleep from her eyes. She raised her head to see the bright red numbers flashing in front of her. *6 AM Hermione, time to get up*, she grumpily thought to herself. She rolled over so she was lying flat on her back and quickly stretched her arms towards the bed's headboard before slowly swinging her legs around the bed. Reluctantly, she gave herself the push to get off her bed and began getting her stuff together to get ready for work. As she passed by the mirror she couldn't help but look at herself. She had a very nice body, even if she constantly denied it, with curves in all the right places. But as she took a step closer her nose scrunched up in frustration. Her face was a smooth butter white with a pair of what used to be beautiful warm brown eyes; the brown eyes were now tired and bland. A girl at twenty-one shouldn't have tired lines on her face and a barely noticeable attempt of a smile that could be seen on hers. Though tired, she was still very pretty. A natural beauty, Ginny once told her. A beauty that didn't need the enhancement of makeup; she always looked beautiful just as she was. She moved her glance up to see her brown curls that were fanned around her shoulders, the hair she detested so. She hated that her curls were so unmanageable, like now, random curls sticking out at weird angles. She was single, and plenty of times she could feel the gazes of men at work or on the street checking her out, but it only made her blush and she would ignore their glances and she would wrap her jumper closer around her body. A boyfriend was really the last thing she needed. Right *now anyway*. She quickly put on her outfit set for the day and began the battle that was fixing her hair. After deciding that her hair looked decent enough, she began passing through the hallway, carefully tip toeing by the room next to hers in which she saw a still sleeping Harry Potter. *Lucky prat*, she thought with a smile, wishing she could be sleeping in her comfortable bed like the auror in front of her was. As she continued past her flat-mates room, something on the shelf caught her eye. She turned to face the picture sitting there and couldn't suppress the smile that was tugging on her lips. She gingerly picked up the picture and she felt like the picture was just taken yesterday. It was a picture of her and Ron, judging by the background, somewhere in Hogsmeade. He was holding her by the waist, pulling her laughing self away from the camera so he'd be the focus. She could easily see the fake anger in her face as she tried to pull herself back in the focus of the picture, only to have a laughing Ron easily pull her back out. The picture itself was lightly moving up and down as the photographer, obviously Harry, joined in on the laughter. Those were good times, Hermione thought to herself with a sad smile as she set the picture back down. Her gaze moved on to the picture beside it as it showed eight smiling faces. Two of the people easily stood out, as they were the only ones not wearing a maroon sweater with an initial that could only be the famous Mrs. Weasley sweater. The two were her and Harry, not that they cared, the whole Weasley family made them feel more than welcome that Christmas during their 6th year. Her eyes focused on Ron who was standing between her and Mrs. Weasley, and she couldn't help but laugh at how Mrs. Weasley in the picture was scolding him for his

messy hair and every time she would fix it with her hands, Ron would readjust it to how it was before when she turned back around to the camera. *That's so Ron*, Hermione thought laughing to herself, but then the happy feeling left her as she remembered just why she was living in the state she was. "Ron." she said, surprised that she said the name out loud after so long while she rubbed her finger over his image. Her thoughts began to drift towards that day but she quickly shook her head of the thoughts when she realized she soon had to get to work. With a simple Accio, her mug of coffee flew into her hand and she apparated on the spot.

"This is no use!" an exasperated Hermione called out as she tossed her notes and pencil on her desk and then put her head into her hands. She really did love her job. She never thought that she'd be one to work as a curse breaker, but it combined all her favorite subjects, and she was pretty damn good at it. Not to mention she got to work around great people, as well as a familiar face, Bill Weasley. Though she didn't know him too well growing up, they got closer after the war ended and he was the one to actually offer her the job. At first she was unsure of accepting the offer, given the circumstances, but Harry persuaded her, telling her that maybe this is what she needed, that it would be a good distraction, and she had no choice but to accept. Together, her and Bill cracked almost every code they got. Harry was right, the thrill she got from cracking a code was indescribable, but just as it came, it soon left. The benefit of working with Bill was that she was constantly around the Weasley clan. With Weasley's Wizard Wheezes just a short distance from the office, it wasn't uncommon for her and Bill to meet the twins for lunch or out for drinks. The only problem was that every time they sat together, sometimes joined by Harry and Ginny when they could pull away from work, she'd realize that one person was always missing. There would always be one person that would never be able to sit in the seat across from her, the seat that in a way almost taunted her with its emptiness. *Damnit Ron*, she thought pressing her forehead to her crossed arms as she lay her head down on her desk and let her mind drift to that day..

"We're close. I can feel it." whispered Harry to the couple trailing close behind him. "Lumos." He muttered, his wand now illuminating the once dark cave.

"How d'you plan on killing the snake?" Ron whispered back making sure that Hermione was in a close enough range that he could grab her hand should something happen.

"I didn't really get to that part yet." Harry replied, trying to focus on the path ahead of them, scared that with each step they took, something would pop out or a trap would be put into action. "Watch the rocks over here, they're real sharp." He warned as he carefully wove himself around the pointed rocks trailing the floor.

"You don't know how to kill the snake yet?" Ron asked astonished that his best mate was pulling the three of them into this last battle almost blindly.

"Well I don't have the sword of Gryffindor or any basilisk fangs on me now do I?" he replied in an aggravated tone, stopping and turning around, almost causing the other two to bump right into him.

"Well, it's not like we can just walk up to the snake and kill it with a swish of our wands now can we? Why didn't we think about that before we entered this bloody cave?" Ron asked angrily.

"Oh yeah because I got loads of time you know. It's not like I'm trying to destroy any horcruxes, or trying not to get captured by Death Eaters or-"

"Oh will you two just let it go!" interjected Hermione. "Argue any louder and they'll find us within seconds. And to inform you both, I think I know how to do it."

"Of course you do." Ron told her, giving her a smirk "You always know." Ignoring the smugness on his

face, she continued.

"I've been looking through a few books that I managed to sneak out of the restricted section and-"

"You stole a book from Hogwarts?" Ron asked surprised.

"I planned on returning it Ronald." she replied, shooting him a look of annoyance. "If you let me finish I could tell you what I know." With her warning look, Ron stopped interrupting her and she continued, "I read about this one spell. It's obviously really dangerous, being as it was in the restricted section, but it's called a Fiendfyre Curse. It's pretty difficult to produce, even more so to control, but like Harry said; we don't have much else to work with."

"Are you sure you can perform the spell?" Harry asked her seriously.

"I think so." Hermione answered a bit unsure. "Of course so many things could go wrong, and with the pressure and all-"

"We can't start doubting ourselves. Not now. I believe in you. It's all we got. Now come on, we better hurry." Harry told her continuing their path. Hermione followed after him with Ron on her tail. All of a sudden a rumble was heard and the floor started shaking.

"What's that?" all three asked simultaneously and they raised their heads to the ceiling where they realized that small bits of rock were beginning to fall down on them.

"Oh shoot, it's a trap, we must have sent something off!" Harry shouted over the sound of the rocks falling.

"Watch it!" Ron bellowed as bigger rocks now began to fall from the center of the cave roof. Noticing that he had no other choice he shoved Hermione into Harry just in time as the descended rocks piled up creating a tall barrier of rock between them.

"Ron! No!" He heard a muffled Hermione on the other side. He was ready to tell her not to worry when he heard footsteps coming from his side of the cave.

"Hermione, run! They're coming!" He shouted at her, turning around wand at the ready, waiting to take on whoever was coming.

"Come on Hermione, we have to keep moving. He can handle himself, come on, we need to reach Nagini." Harry told Hermione, as he tried to pull her away from the rock slide by the arms.

"No, I can't leave him!" Hermione hollered as she tried to pull at the rocks, though they gave no way.

"Hermione, its useless, there's too many. He'll be fine. I promise." He told her pulling on her again, though he wasn't sure if he was reassuring Hermione or himself. She finally gave in and he grabbed her by the hand as they quickly began running on the path they were on before. As they ran, she turned back to see the rockslide. *I'll come back for you Ron, I promise*, she thought to herself and she turned to look forward to see the path in front of them, an expression ready for battle on her face. ***

"I couldn't even keep my promise." she spoke, though it was muffled by her arm that now was wet with her tears. It was five years from today that the Second War had ended. It was also five years from today that she had seen Ron. How everyone had suffered that day. Though bloody and bruised from the vicious battle, they had won; together her and Harry had defeated Lord Voldemort. When aurors began to apparate into the cave, the barriers previously on the cave now destroyed, the cheers could be heard vibrating throughout the cave. The threat that had plagued the wizard world for so long was now gone, and was it only then that it hit Hermione; Ron was not amidst their celebrations. Her eyes searched around the room and she found Tonks. Running up to her, Hermione asked her where Ron was, and in return Tonks said that she thought he was with her and Harry.

"You didn't see him on your way in?" Hermione asked exasperated.

"No Herm. All we saw were a few Death Eaters which we ended up catching, no sign of him." Tonks answered a bit confused. It all went downhill from there; the frantic realization that the third hero was missing. Moody sent every available auror out to search every inch of London, while Hermione and Harry waited back and the Burrow patiently with the rest of the Weasleys, but when Moody and

Professor Lupin apparated into the kitchen in the early of the morning with worn saddened faces, it was all Hermione needed to know what the answer was. Ron was gone.

And now she was sitting here, five years later, miserable, broken, and most of all, alone. If only we had more time, she thought to herself sadly. How stupid of her not to have told Ron how she felt. How that even though he aggravated her to the point within an inch of her sanity, he made her stomach do flips when he gave her his famous lopsided grin, or that when he would peer over to look at her essay (very noticeably to her of course), she couldn't help but blush because he was so close to her, even if it was just to cheat his way through one of Snape's essays.

"Snape doesn't expect any better from me." was always his excuse. Truth be told, she wasn't alone. She had the support of the Weasley family who loved her like a daughter, and of course she had Harry. Harry; what an amazing guy he was. Incredible that a man, who had so little love from the awful family he was forced to live with for 17 years, was able to give so much love to the family that adopted him in, who in return gave him the love the Dursley's so very much lacked. After spending so many years together, he had a bond with her that no magic could break. He loved her; loved her like a sister, and she reciprocated the feeling. When news broke out about the loss of Ron, never quite clarified if he was just missing or dead, but after searching through all of England, most likely the latter, Harry was there right by her side, comforting her, helping her try and move on with her life. The first few weeks were miserable. She wouldn't leave her room, tears dried on her face only to be refreshed with the new tears falling. She wouldn't eat (much to the dismay of Mrs. Weasley, who every half an hour would send a plate of food up to her with one of the Weasley children), would have horrible nightmares of the war where she was inches away from Ron, only to let him slip through her fingers. How insensitive she was, Hermione realized now. The Weasleys were obviously in more pain than her, the youngest son of the family gone, lost for fighting for what was right. Then there was Harry who lost his best mate; he had lost his brother. But the event proved that the Weasleys were tough as nails. They comforted each other, saying that brooding about it would only taint his memory. It was then that Harry decided that he and Hermione should get a flat together, that together they would be able to get through it. And now here they were, five years later, still owning the same flat and she wouldn't have wished it any different. Harry was the big brother she never had. When she was feeling down he was always there to try and make her smile again, would they be walking and a guy try and hit on her, making her feel uncomfortable, Harry would step in and pull her close to him, saying she wasn't interested. It's like they had one mind. When she felt pain, he was right there by her side, and when he would stare at the pictures of him and his best mate, she'd sit right next to him and together they would cry till no more tears were left to fall. He would do anything for her to keep her from feeling sad. He'd protect her from harm, protect her from breaking a limb, or help her break a tough curse, but there was one thing he couldn't do. It was mend her broken heart.

"Babe is that you?" rang a voice through Ron's living room as he entered the door, dropping his bag on the floor and kicking off his shoes, letting them flop on the floor.

"Who else?" he asked with a smile as he headed towards the kitchen. He leaned on the kitchen doorframe, watching her figure rush between the fridge and the stove to put together a wonderful smelling meal. "Smells good Scarlet," he told her advancing towards her and enveloping her in a hug from behind. "Watcha cooking?"

"Does it really matter?" she asked with a grin turning her head to meet his that was resting on her shoulder. "I could be cooking a boot and you'd still eat it."

"Not true!" he replied, sounding insulted. "I very much care about the food contents that go into my stomach."

“Sure you do.”she said with a laugh. “How was work?” she asked lowering the heat of the stove and turning around to face him.

“Work was horrible as always, but I don’t want to talk about it .I don’t want to talk about anything.” he told her, snaking his arms around her waist.

“Well, if you’re lips aren’t up for talking, I can think of something else they can do.” she replied with a smile and she leaned forward, claiming his lips with her own. He responded to her kisses just as eagerly and began walking her towards the wall where he pressed her against it. He put his hand on the spot of the wall above her head and continued the passionate kiss. Regretfully he pulled away, the lack of air making him feel lightheaded.

“Well that was nice.” Scarlet said looking up at his glowing blue eyes looking down at her.

“Sure was Hermione.”

“Whh-What did you call me?” she asked. Ron had seen the look of hurt in one’s eyes, as well as anger and confusion, but he’d never seen all three mixed in together as he stared down at his girlfriend’s hazel eyes, the combination of the three etched on her face.