**A Thousand Words**

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**A Thousand Words**

by noxsoulmate

**Summary**

In a world where soulmates are connected, Gideon Prewett had been waiting many years for his. But circumstances weren’t ideal when he finally met Hermione Granger, a war looming over their heads. Now they have made it through the roughest of times - they are soulmates after all - and Gideon decides it’s time to ask Hermione a special question. To do so, he takes her on a trip down memory lane ...

**Notes**

Well, what can I say? I think I have a new favorite couple in the HP universe ^_^ This fic is part of the Hermione’s Nook Rare Pair Fest and it was supposed to be much longer. Due to RL though, I ran out of time. So in order to still have something to enter into the fest, I decided to write what will basically be the epilogue later on :) of course, the full story will also be written … sooner or later ;)

This one shot is inspired by this [video](#) - probably the most famous bubble gum spot out there <3

Thanks to my wonderful beta vintagenoise for being patient as always <3 and to ArielSakura for betaing this fic as well - you ladies are amazing <3

See the end of the work for more notes.

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*Hermione’s Nook Rare Pair Fest 2019*
The room was dimly lit, the fairy lights reflecting off of the many small frames adorning the walls.

Gideon looked around the small space, unnecessarily readjusting one of the pictures. It was already perfect, he knew that. But he needed something to occupy himself with. Reaching for the perfectly-situated frame once more, he caught himself shortly before touching it, forcefully pulling his hand away.

“This is stupid,” he whispered to himself.

There was absolutely no reason for him to be so nervous. They were meant to be, in more ways than one.

It wasn’t really that he feared the answer he might get later. No, he rather feared that not everything would be perfect. There wasn’t much in their lives that had been perfect - the age difference, the way or rather the time they had met, the war, her being thrown into the middle of said war - so he wanted this, at least, to be perfect.

For her.

Because she was perfect.

She was his better half.

His soulmate.

Gideon smiled at his train of thoughts and took a calming breath. Of course she was his soulmate, otherwise, they most likely wouldn’t be here.

“The fates know what they do,” Molly had once told him, many years ago when he was still waiting to meet his other half. “It doesn’t always seem logical, but that’s alright. Whoever your soulmate is,
she will be an amazing woman and it will make up for all the years of waiting.”

As always, his sister had been right.

Hermione was a remarkable human being.

And today, he wanted to make it official.

With a shaky breath, Gideon pulled out the little black velvet box, opening it. Hermione wasn’t a jewellery kind of girl, so he had kept it simple.

A sudden warmth against his hip almost made him drop the ring, speeding up his heart rate. He snapped the box close and put it away, pulling the newly arrived note from his jacket pocket.

_I’m running a bit late, sorry. Will be there in ten._

_Love you_

Gideon smiled at the note. Putting it back in his pocket, he pulled out his own notepad, scribbling down a response that she needn’t rush, and that he would wait inside for her. Ripping the note off the notepad, it instantly disappeared to reappear in Hermione’s pocket.

Ten more minutes. That left him just enough time to make another round around the small art gallery he had rented just for this one night. It was in the middle of Muggle London. After the war, the two of them had spent a while away from the Wizarding world, where they had found this place, and visited quite often. It was why Gideon thought it the perfect place for what he had planned.

In the end, his nerves got the best of him and he hid in the backroom long before Hermione was due to arrive. When he finally heard the door open, he spied through the curtain.

There she was, the most precious person in his life, looking around in search of him. Being a war veteran, Hermione didn’t even need a second to realize that something was different, just as Gideon could tell the exact moment she noticed because he knew her so well.

“Gideon?” Hermione called out, her hand already wandering to where he knew she hid her wand.

For a moment, he feared he had to intervene, which might not ruin the surprise but still wasn’t how he had imagined this to go. Even though he probably should have known.

Just before he stepped through the curtains, he saw Hermione’s gaze fall on the first frame.

And she spotted it - Gideon could tell by her gasp and her hand flying away from her wand and up to her lips. She stepped closer and Gideon knew by the smile peeking out from under her hand that he’d done well.

He had made sure to put up the frames in the same order they would usually stroll the gallery - clockwise. The first one, the one Hermione was staring at right now, was the very first note Gideon had ever received from his soulmate. It showed a cat, very well drawn, and yet still clearly painted by a child. A three-year-old, as he later on learned.

He still remembered the moment he’d felt that burn at his hip for the first time. Still remembered the emotional roller coaster he went through. He’d been beneath the Eiffel Tower of all places,
celebrating the sixth anniversary of his 21st birthday. With the note, he’d finally known that she was out there. That his soulmate was there. But at the same time, he’d realized that he would be 21 for a few more years because she was still a child.

“I’ll wait for you,” he’d promised her back then. Not on a note, but in his heart.

And waited he had.

As Hermione moved on to the next few frames, Gideon followed her in his mind, remembering the following years. The years where he had traveled the world with new hope in his heart and daily notes from his soulmate. He had been in New Zealand for some surfing and hiking when pictures and short notes had slowly morphed into conversations. While he had followed Route 66 through America, these conversations had become more and more mature, which showed Gideon that his soulmate was a young girl with a quick and sharp mind.

During a mission for the Ministry, which had brought him to Australia, his suspicions had manifested that his soulmate might be a Muggle. He could see Hermione smile when she reached that cluster of notes. She’d constantly asked him about books, telling him about her favorites - all titles he didn’t know. So, after his mission was done, he’d left the wizarding part of Canberra for a stroll into the Muggle world and the closest bookstore. He’d bought all the books she’d mentioned (which was a lot) and was surprised that most of them were certainly not meant for kids. In later years, Hermione had told him that she had been eight at that time.

A few steps further brought Hermione to the notes that told her soulmate that she was accepted to a prestigious boarding school. Good thing they couldn’t write down any places while their notes where still white without them getting blurred out. No influencing the fates, after all. If they could have, Hermione might have been tempted to tell him the name of the school - which she wouldn’t have been allowed to as a witch either. After all, just like Gideon, she also didn’t know if her soulmate was a wizard or not.

That all changed right before Hermione’s fourth year. As she stepped in front of the next frame, her hand softly reached for the glass covering the first of many purple coloured notes.

You are a wizard, then? I can’t believe we’ve met today and I don’t know who you are!!

Hermione hadn’t realized until much later that day that her notes had turned purple. By then, she’d probably met thousands of wizards, seeing how they had been at the Quidditch World Cup. Contrary to that, Gideon had known right away. The moment he’d looked into her eyes when they’d first been introduced, his heart had kick-started back to life, knocking the wind right out of him.

He hadn’t told her though, since she’d only been 14, almost 15 years old at that time - still a child in his eyes. And even though Gideon had stopped aging at 21, he was technically 38 already. It felt weird to him, no matter what society thought. No one would have batted an eye if they’d made it known they were soulmates - however, a situation like theirs was rare. Most soulmates were closer in age and met in their youth. Only about ten percent of the population ever even experienced their heart-stopping to wait out the years until they would meet their other half. And for most of that ten percent, the wait didn’t last long after.

It had lasted a little over 17 years for Gideon, and with as much as he’d traveled the world and studied soulmate lore, he knew that this long a wait only happened to one out of 1.3 million people.
It didn’t make him feel special, it had made him feel lonely for many years.

But the moment he’d met her, he had known that Molly had been right. Hermione was a remarkable person in a special position. It didn’t take him long to realize that she needed a man by her side who could keep up with her. Who could stand his ground in a battle of wits and who could make her laugh as much as he would encourage her to stand up for what she believed in.

Someone who had years upon years of getting to know the world.

Someone who knew himself and what he wanted, someone who could be her equal and not still growing themselves.

Molly was right indeed: the fates knew what they were doing.

They had also given Hermione the chance to get to know Gideon in person, without the whole soulmate-destiny issue overshadowing them. During the summer before Hermione’s fifth year, they had spent some weeks at Grimmauld Place, sharing some conversations. Most of them happened during the night when the house was asleep, neither of them able to find rest and instead seeking the comfort of the kitchen and a hot chocolate or a cup of tea.

Hermione’s notes to her soulmate had been much rarer during that time. A fact that Gideon had never minded, because Hermione had fallen for him as a person by the end of summer, and he had noticed.

Simultaneously, clever girl that she was, Hermione had suspected that he might be her soulmate. It had been almost a whole year until she’d confronted him, though.

We’re about to enter the Ministry and I think it might be a trap from the Death Eaters. Alert the Order, please.

They had many significant notes between them, but this was certainly one of the most important ones.

Once more, it had been Gideon’s birthday. Technically, he would have turned 40 that day, as it was, he was only 23 because he had already met his soulmate. And now he might be about to lose her. Without hesitation, he’d informed the Order, not even realizing that Hermione must know that her soulmate was a part of it. Who else would have been able to alert the Order if not a member?

That day, he’d saved his soulmate’s life.

That night, Hermione had asked Gideon if it was him.

He could never lie to her.

Hermione was still moving around the little room, taking in the selection of all the notes she’d written to him. When she drew to the end of the display, Gideon snuck out of the backroom, the soft music covering any noise he might make. Kneeling down and pulling out the black velvet box, he took a deep breath. He was sure Hermione had already guessed what this was about, and her smile when she turned around made his heart skip a beat. When her eyes fell on the ring, she still gasped and her hands flew to cover her mouth. A little tear ran down her cheek, glittering from the fairy lights as she vigorously nodded, already flying in his direction.
Grinning madly, Gideon got up and caught her in his arms, pulling this wonderful woman close. Soon, she disentangled herself from the embrace, but only to lean up and give him a soft kiss. Still in his arms, she looked around the room once more.

“You really kept them all, didn’t you?”

“Of course I did,” he replied, looking at her rather than all the little notes. “I’ve waited so long for you, I wasn’t going to give away even the littlest piece I had from you.”

“Did I ever tell you that you’re a sap?”

Her eyes were back on him, her smile huge and teasing. He grinned back at her.

“I might have a note or two in my stash that tells me exactly that. Yes.”

Her eyes glittered with mirth and Gideon thought it the best moment to disentangle one of his hands to hold up the velvet box once more. Somehow, they managed to still stay in each other’s embrace while he slipped the ring on her finger.

“It’s beautiful.” Hermione’s eyes wandered from her ring back to Gideon. “All of this is perfect.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

“I love it.” After a peck to his lips, she added: “I love you.”

“And I love you.”

And together, they enjoyed a few more minutes within this space, bathing in their love, surrounded by the thousands of words manifesting that love, before they left it behind to join the party their friends and family had prepared for Hermione’s 21st birthday.

End Notes

You will be reading some more Hermione/Gideon fics from me in the future ^_^ I already have another one shot which I wrote for another challenge a while ago - but it's gonna be turned into a multi-chapter fic first ;) and then we'll see what the future brings <3

Of course, Destiel will also be back soon...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!