We'll Always Have Paris

by Ataraxie

Summary

4-chapters story. At 25-year-old, Hermione Granger is a successful Potions Mistress. When she travels to Paris to attend a conference, she runs into someone she used to know: Severus Snape. Things quickly heat up between them, but can they share more than a one-night stand or will their affair only remain a pleasurable memory? Smut.

COMPLETE
Among all people, Severus Snape was the last person that Hermione Granger expected to see on this bright day of June. Everyone; she had thought about every Potions Master when she had learned that a "special guest" had been invited at the conference. Tilden Toots had been one of her guesses, since he was quite a celebrity in the Potions microcosm, thanks to his radio broadcast. But it wasn't him; it was Severus Snape.

When she had arrived to Paris in the morning, Hermione had got a room in a luxurious and beautiful town house next to the Seine. The view was stunning, and, for a few hours, she had almost forgotten about the conference. Almost. The two-days conference promised to be as boring as usual, with its eternal parade of Potions Masters and Mistresses of all kind. Some of them always tried to be funny, when the others were serious and tongue-in-cheek. More than that, it was the fact to spend two nights in Paris on her own that was depressing; to be alone in this amazing city was not something that the young woman was fond of.

Seated in the lounge of the hotel, Hermione continued to stare at the tall man who had just made an apparition. He was not that far from her, but Hermione had to do her best to hear the sound of his shoes on the wooden floor, the characteristic noise of Severus Snape's footsteps that she used to hear during her schooling; it had always been her signal to know that the Potions Master was about to enter into the classroom. Not every student had payed attention to this sound, but Hermione had since her first year at Hogwarts. But now, almost thirteen years later, this talent wasn't useful at all: Severus Snape was already in front of her, looking around the lounge as if he was searching for someone. For a second, Hermione thought about standing up and talking to him. But what kind of discussion could she have with her former professor? The only thing that they had shared in the past was a couple of hours every week, always in a classroom in the dungeons of Hogwarts, surrounded by twenty other students. He had given her grades, avoiding the Optimal mark as much as possible, even if her work was sometime close to perfect. Hermione had been annoyed by this at first, thinking that she wasn't that good in the Potions field, but now, years later, she knew that it was just because of Severus Snape, not because she was a bad student.

She couldn't help but look at him, and she noticed his face, slightly different from the last time that she had had the occasion to see him. His nose was still protuberant, of course, but his cheeks were... more round, as if he had taken some weight since his years at Hogwarts. It suited him well, Hermione thought with a hollow of a smile on her lips: she had always thought that her professor was too slender, too thin for his height. Awkwardly enough, she thought that his black robes, a must-have for a man for a Potions conference, were surely hiding a very pleasant body to everybody's eyes –including hers.

Not a single grey hair could be seen from where Hermione was, but she noticed that his hair was slightly shorter than before and as dark as ever. Her inspection was almost done when she looked at his eyes. In her memory, they were black, so black that it was hard to distinguish his pupil. She crossed her legs, and it seemed to be enough for Severus to turn his attention to her. Of all the people who were in the lounge at this exact moment, she must have been the last person that he had put his
dark eyes on, Hermione thought, with an involuntary smile on her face.

Did she have to raise from her comfortable armchair in order to greet him? Or would a simple nod be enough? Hermione weighted the pros and the cons of both decisions, but eventually, Severus Snape didn't let her the occasion to choose: he greeted her with a curt nod and left the lounge without uttering a single word. Her right eyebrow raised, Hermione stayed in this position during a few seconds. She pursed her lips, annoyed by this unexpected encounter and Severus Snape's reaction. What she thought would be a simple conference in Paris would be worse than this, obviously.

XxX

Once in her room, Hermione sighed and closed the door behind her. It was almost six o'clock in the afternoon, and she needed to get ready for the dinner. She needed to be at the hotel restaurant at seven, in order to meet the other Potions Masters and Mistresses invited at the conference. It was always something that she loathed: being surrounded by people who thought that they were the best in their area, who looked at her as if she wasn't welcome in their little microcosm... Being the youngest Potions Mistress invited to this kind of conference was flattering, but at the same time, it was hard not to notice the disdainful looks of the others.

Hermione ran herself a bath before getting rid of her black robe, naked as the first day. The water was lukewarm, perfect compared to the hot sun that was still burning outside at this time of the afternoon. Once relaxed, she headed to her suitcase and took a solid ten minutes to decide which dress would be better for the dinner. The red and figure-hugging one was beautiful, but the deep blue one was more adapted to the situation, with its knee-high length. Eventually, Hermione chose the first one and matched it with her Louboutins. She pulled her hair up in a loose bun, quickly put some make-up on, and left her hotel room at the stroke of seven.

When she arrived at the restaurant, she wore her most beautiful smile, and took place at the central table, not so far from the middle. On her right, there was an old Potions Master named Edward Stevens, while on her left were Adenora Hopkins, one of the most loathsome person that Hermione knew. She always used to say how terrible the new generation of Potions Masters was, and she wasn't ashamed to say such a thing in front of Hermione herself.

"Oh, dear. Miss Granger," Adenora greeted her with a fake smile. "I didn't expect you tonight. I thought that the conference's organizers decided to invite the best of us this time."

Hermione smiled back, not intimidated by such an insult. "Well, Mrs. Hopkins, you would not have been here if it was the case, don't you think?"

Adenora pursed her lips in a comical way and turned her attention to the person on her left, to Hermione's great relief. If there was something that she didn't want tonight, it was to talk to people like Adenora Hopkins—or Severus Snape, for that matter.

Everyone was at the table, but Hermione noticed that the seat in front of her was empty. She crossed her fingers, hoping to be in front of someone nice this time, someone to whom she could talk to, Stevens and Hopkins not being her favourite persons, far from it.

"We are waiting for him to begin the dinner," Edward Stevens said to her, noticing that she was looking at the empty chair.

"Oh. And do you know who he is?" Hermione asked.

"Severus Snape, of course."
Severus Snape. Of all people, the person who would be seated in front of her during the dinner had to be him, of course. Hermione thanked Edward for his precision and started to play nervously with her fork. Edward Stevens on her right, Adenora Hopkins on her left, and Severus Snape in front of her. Brilliant, she said inwardly, thinking about going back to her room. To spend the evening alone was not the worst option to her eyes. She could order something to eat, or she could spend the evening outside in order to discover Paris.

Just when she was considering this option, Severus Snape made his apparition. He was wearing his usual black robe and didn't even take the time to greet the two persons next to him. Hermione looked at him, surprisingly amused by her former professor's reaction: he hadn't changed a bit. The other Potions Masters were looking at him, whispering things as if he wasn't even there. It was the first time in years that Severus Snape came to a Potions conference, and his presence among them was definitely surprising. Right after the War, he had decided to leave London and to stay in Paris, which was surely the main reason of his presence here.

The starters arrived shortly after Severus, and Hermione started to eat in silence, looking at him from time to time. On his left, a Potions Mistress was trying to catch his attention, talking to him with a bright smile. Sometime, she put her hand onto his forearm, in a gesture full of confidence. Hermione frowned, and noticed that the Potions Mistress wasn't really older than her. She was in her early thirties, and her long blond hair was moving with every movement of her head. Hermione refrained a smile: if she wanted to seduce a man like Severus Snape, it was a bad idea to talk that much in his presence. From her experience, Severus Snape wasn't a really talkative man, and she didn't think that he was looking for a woman who couldn't remain silent for a minute–moreover, she didn't even think that he was looking for a woman, period.

After putting up with the woman's incessant babbling, Severus cleared his throat, visibly irritated by her.

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Miss," he said in a low voice, "but you have to understand that I am not interested in the slightest by your conversation."

The Potions Mistress didn't utter a word in answer, and she looked at her plate, clearly embarrassed. Hermione couldn't help but laugh, hiding it behind a cough. It wasn't enough for Severus not to hear it, and he looked up at her, his eyebrow raised.

"May I know what is amusing, Miss Granger?"

She looked straight at him, stunned to hear him talk to her. "I don't think that you'd like my answer," she said back.

"The only way to know it is to talk about it."

Hermione saw his thin lips forming a smile, and she thought that the man in front of her was more attractive than he used to be, all things considered. There was a spark of amusement in the bottom of his dark eyes, and she had to slightly shake her head to come to her senses.

"Well, I prefer to keep my thoughts for myself, if you don't mind."

"When did you become so secretive, Miss?" Severus insisted, bending over as if he wanted to give them some intimacy between all these people.

Hermione put her fork back into her plate. "What makes you think that I wasn't secretive before?"

"You are a Gryffindor, as far as I know," he explained with a smirk.
"You are a Slytherin, and yet, you are talking to me right now. Our house doesn't make everything; we are both human beings, after all. Everybody is different."

Severus tilted his head to the side, but eventually nodded. It was the moment when the waiters cleared the table.

"What are you doing here, Professor? I assume that you are the special guest that everybody was talking about earlier," Hermione went on, unconsciously straightening her back.

"I am," he drawled. "I tried to refuse, but a Potions Master has some duties, as you may know since you are a Potions Mistress yourself."

"I do. How unexpected, isn't it?"

"Unexpected?," Severus repeated.

"Knowing that I am a Potions Mistress now," she explained. "Given the grades that you gave me back in Hogwarts, I guess that it is quite surprising, don't you think?"

"I do not find it surprising, to be honest. You were one of the best students that I have ever had, even if you did not have so many Optimal under my teaching."

"And it's quite a shame," Hermione said, smiling. "But what is done is done. It didn't prevent me from doing what I really want."

"What is really surprising is to know that you decided to become a Potions Mistress. I thought that you would follow your two friends and become an Auror."

"I can make my own decisions, thank you very much," Hermione said, not liking the tone that Severus took.

"I do not doubt that," he whispered, while the waiters were serving the main course.

They continued to eat, breaking the silence from time to time to talk about the conference itself and the topics that would be tackled the day after. The woman right next to Severus sometime looked at Hermione with a burning gaze, as if the former Gryffindor had stolen her most wanted prize. Hermione did her best to act casually, not wanted to be intimidated by Severus or the blonde Potions Mistress. They tried to avoid talking about their private lives, even if Hermione wanted to know more about him, oddly enough. The man in front of him was highly troubling, and for a second, she understood the woman next to her former Professor: she understood why she had tried to talk to him, to seduce him. He wasn't the most handsome man alive, far from it, but there was something that glowed within him, something disturbing and attractive at the same time. The way he talked, the way he moved, even the way he ate: everything was made with sensuality, a think that Hermione hadn't had the opportunity to notice when she was young. But now that she was a grown woman, she could see it, and, truth to be told, it was almost exciting.

Once the dinner over, Hermione looked at him, wondering what he was about to do. She stood up and tidied up her dress, waiting for him to stand up as well. The Potions Masters and Mistresses headed to the lounge to spend the rest of the night chatting and smiling at each other, but Hermione knew that Severus didn't want to join them. Soon, they were the two last persons in the hotel restaurant.

Hermione gathered all her courage. "What do you plan to do?," she asked, her hand clenched around her dress handkerchief.
"I plan to go to my room, since I do not want to spend superfluous time with these people," he said with a smirk, walking toward her. "What about you?"

"I... I guess that I'll do the same."

"Then may I accompany you?"

"Sure," Hermione said with a smile.

They left the restaurant, and while they were heading to their rooms, they took advantage of this moment to talk.

"I decided to come to Paris six years ago," Severus explained. "I wanted to start anew, to have some time to myself without the pressure of the media."

"Rita Skeeter can be annoying, I second that," Hermione smiled.

"Mrs. Skeeter, of course, among the others. But I have to admit that she is the worst."

"And are you happy with your life here?"

Severus gave her a side-glance. "I am, I think. I am happier than before, and it is something enjoyable to live without the threat of an imminent death upon my head."


They were close to Hermione's room, and she decided to slow down: she didn't want to be alone anytime soon.

"Paris is an amazing city. People can be bad-tempered, but you know... It suits me," Severus smirked.

"I don't doubt it. I've never had the opportunity to visit this city. Working as a Potions Mistress takes me much more time than I thought years ago."

"What about tomorrow night?," he asked when they arrived in front of her room.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The conference should end around five o'clock tomorrow. If you agree, I can show you the city. But I can understand if you are not interested..."

"I am," Hermione interrupted him. "Let us meet right after the conference then."

Severus nodded, and took her hand into his, kissing it slowly. He looked straight at her the whole time, and Hermione couldn't help but blush.

"Good night, Miss Granger," he whispered before leaving her in front of her room, her head full of shameful thoughts.
When she woke up the next day, Hermione had to take some deep breaths before getting up. And what if the previous night had been a dream, a crazy and unlikely dream? She closed her eyes, remembering the few moments that she had spent with Severus Snape in front of her door, remembering the kiss that he had put onto her shaking hand. She saw the moment when he had talked to her for the first time of the evening... "May I know what is funny, Miss Granger?"

Truth to be told, the whole situation was funny. The fact of being here, in Paris, when half of the guests wanted her to return to London right away; the fact of seeing him among all people, and, above all, the things that she felt when she was next to Severus, her former professor. Her thoughts weren't innocent, she knew it, and even if she knew that she shouldn't have such thoughts about this secretive man, she couldn't help but waiting for their meeting of the afternoon with a childish impatience.

What could she possibly wear?, she thought while getting up for good. She obviously needed to wear her black robe during the conference, but what about after? She couldn't possibly stay in this boring and too serious outfit to visit such an amazing city like Paris. She needed to wear something more casual, but attractive at the same time.

Right after putting on her clothes, Hermione took some time to gather all her notes for the conference. She was supposed to make a presentation in the beginning of the afternoon about the potion she was working on since last year, and she wasn't sure to be prepared enough to support the disdainful looks of the other Potions Masters. Last year had been awful, and she still remembered their laughs full of mockery when she had talked about her potion against teenage acne. Such a silly and non-necessary thing, they had said afterward, but Hermione had continued to work on it despite this. And she had been right: this potion had been one of the most sold in the last six months.

Her bag ready, she used her wand to dry her hair and to make it looked more presentable. Satisfied by the result, she swiftly left her hotel room, her heels hitting the wooden floor repeatedly.

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Unlike the previous day, Hermione looked for Severus this time. The conference room was full with Potions Masters and Mistresses, and she was alone, like usual. Not that she minded, far from it; knowing that somewhere, someone was surely looking for her too was enough to make her happy. And it wasn't someone unimportant: it was Severus Snape, the best Potions Master of his era, without any doubt. Even if he hadn't been present during the last Potions conferences, there wasn't a single year when his name hadn't been pronounced. He had always been there, in a way.

She looked around for the umpteenth time, biting her lower lip like she used to when she was focused on something, her hands clenched around the handhold of her bag.

"Please, take a seat, the conference is about to begin," one of the oldest Potions Masters said, his voice amplified with a spell.

Hermione sighed and searched for her seat. Severus was nowhere to be seen, and for a second, she
asked herself if he hadn't left the conference, not wanting to waste his time. Once seated, she tried to forget about him. After all, she had to be ready for her presentation and she needed to pay attention to the others' presentations too.

"I have waited for you," a silky voice raised from her right.

Hermione quickly turned her head and met Severus' obsidian eyes, before staring at his thin lips forming a smile. He had taken place next to her, and she could almost feel his leg caressing hers through the fabric of their robes.

"Excuse me?"

"I went to your room, but you were not there any more."

"Oh... I left early," she explained. "And I didn't expect you, to be honest. It's not... something that fits with your character."

"You still think that I am the boring and severe professor that I was before, don't you?," Severus asked in a whisper, taking care not to be heard by the others around them.

Hermione's look lingered on his lips, and she slowly shook her head.

"Of course not. To be honest, I think that you are really different from before."

"Is it a compliment, Miss Granger?"

"It is what you want it to be," she muttered, astonished by her seducing tone.

Severus looked straight at her, and Hermione wondered what he had in mind. His look was undecipherable, but she could see that he wasn't indifferent to her words. Just when he opened his mouth—his oh so desirable mouth—, the conference's main organizer started to talk. Hermione turned her attention to him, taking her eyes from Severus. Just when she did that, she felt Severus' face coming closer to hers, but she didn't move.

"This conversation is not over," he whispered next to her ear, making her involuntary shudder. Oh, she surely hoped that it wasn't over.

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Around one o'clock, they decided to go to the hotel restaurant to eat together.

"I would have taken you to this restaurant a few streets from here," Severus said when they took place at their table, "but I am afraid that we would have been out of time, since it is always full of people. And if I remember well, you are supposed to make a presentation right after lunch, am I right?"

"How do you know that?"

"I read it on the conference's schedule two days ago," he answered, with a wave of hand as if it wasn't something important.

"So you knew that I would attend the conference," Hermione noticed, her eyebrow raised.

"I know everything, Miss Granger," Severus smirked before reading the menu.
"Everything?," she repeated, amused by his self-confidence.

"Everything important."

"And should I understand that I am important to you?," Hermione laughed.

"You could be," Severus just answered, putting the menu back on the table. The young woman looked at him, disturbed by what he just said.

"Did you choose already?," he went on, gazing at the waiter who was coming toward them, not paying attention to her sudden embarrassment.

"Wh–? Oh, well, I'll take the menu of the day," she blurted out.

Fortunately, Hermione's embarrassment didn't last long: a glass of red wine was enough for her to be comfortable again, and they spent an hour together, talking about their past, about their future too.

"May I know why on earth a woman like you is single?," Severus eventually asked when they finished their desserts.

"I don't remember telling you that I am single," Hermione retorted with a smile, noticing the surprise in the bottom of Severus' eyes.

"You would not have been here with me if you were not," he said in a very confident voice.

"Can't a woman share a lunch with a friend nowadays?," she continued to tease him.

"Sure, she can. But since you are obviously flirting with me since yesterday, I assume that you are single," Severus concluded before drinking a sip of wine.

"Flirting?," Hermione raised a surprised eyebrow but couldn't retain a smile. "And what makes you say that I am currently flirting with you, Mr. Snape?," she asked, her voice low and seductive.

Severus leaned against his chair and played with his glass of wine, looking straight at Hermione.

"Everything: the way you talk to me, with this voice full of dissatisfied desire..." Severus began, his voice sounding like a promise to Hermione's ears. "The way you move when you are next to me, as if you wanted something, something that you would not dare to ask."

Hermione moved on her chair, suddenly uncomfortable. Of course, she knew that someday, Severus would have understood that she was physically attracted to him, but it was too soon to her eyes. She didn't want to be seen as a wanton woman, even if all that she wanted at this exact moment wasn't exactly innocuous.

"And what if I tell you right now what I really want?," she murmured, slightly bending over.

Severus smiled, visibly content by her question.

"I would tell you to wait until tonight, Miss Granger. We will have plenty of time for such... pleasurable things, trust me," he answered before asking for the bill, leaving Hermione lost in her thoughts.

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For the first time in years, Hermione's presentation went well. And for good reason: the potion that she was working on this year was something that many of her colleagues had worked on for several
years, decades even. All of them had failed, but it wasn't a reason enough for Hermione not to try. This potion, that she had called the *Regen* was supposed to regenerate the cerebral cells when they were not working any more. It was another step against death, and all of the Potions Masters were impressed by her presentation. She left the stage under shy applause, but it was enough for her to be pleased.

She returned at her seat, next to Severus, and she saw that he was smiling at her.

"You did an amazing job, congratulations."

"Thank you."

"I will be glad to hear more about this project after the conference, if you do not see any inconvenient about it."

"I thought that you wanted to dedicate our time to some pleasurable things after the conference..." Hermione said, trying to show him her disappointment through the tone of her voice even if, inwardly, she was more than amused.

"And we will," Severus muttered, gently caressing her thigh through the fabric of her robe. "Do not be so impatient, Miss."

"I am not. I just don't want you to forget about your promises," she said, bending over him to whisper to his ear while another Potions Master was beginning his presentation. "It would be a shame not to take advantage of our time together to do better things than talking about work," she purred next to his ear, eliciting a groan from Severus.

She was playing with fire, and she was well aware of it. The man at the stage was still talking, and all that she was thinking about was to slip away from this room with Severus and to find a place to have sex with him. Because that was exactly what she wanted: to have sex with the Potions Master, to surround his waist with her legs, to take pleasure from their physical encounter and to give him some pleasure back. She didn't care to know that he had been her professor in the past, or that he was nineteen years her senior. He was a man, and she was madly attracted to him; she was charmed by his self-confidence, by his baritone voice that was sending shivers throughout her entire body.

Severus looked at her while she went away from him, his eyes fixed to her mouth.

"You don't even know half the things I currently want to make to you...", he muttered, his eyes full of lust, his hand still on her leg, slowly moving up to her centre.

Hermione bit her lower lip, but eventually found the courage to take Severus' hand into hers and to free her leg from his caresses.

"We'll have plenty of time tonight," she said with a mischievous look, repeating the sentence that he had said earlier at lunch.

This afternoon would be long, very long.
The conference was almost over, and Hermione was doing her best not to look at her watch every minute. Severus was next to her, and he seemed to be more relaxed than the young woman was. It wasn't hard, she thought: she was burning inwardly, thinking about things that she shouldn't have thought about in the first place. She crossed her legs, and used her parchments to fan herself, not wanting to collapse during the conference.

"Is everything alright?," Severus suddenly asked her, frowning.

"Everything's perfect, thanks," she muttered. Who would have thought that she would have felt something so powerful next to Severus Snape? Did he slip something into her glass of wine the evening prior? Did he cast a spell on her, or something? The sensation was unbearable, and she had to admit that it was the first time that she was feeling such a thing toward a man. She had had a few adventures, of course, but never had she been so attracted to someone, or had she flirted so openly in the public area with a man.

"It is almost five o'clock...," Severus noticed, a smirk appearing on his face.

Hermione took a deep breath; she couldn't take it anymore.

"I need to get out of here," she whispered, putting her parchments back into her bag. "Are you coming with me?," she added, glancing at him with a glimmer of hope into her eyes.

"The conference is almost over. Why don't you want to stay a little longer?," he asked her.

"You don't know how these conferences work... I can assure you that it will not be over until eight in the evening. So are you coming or not?"

She was lying, obviously. The conference was about to end, but she didn't want to stay longer in this room full of hypocrites; she just wanted to be alone with Severus, and she was sure that he wanted the same thing. He seemed to weight the pros and the cons of his decision, but he eventually stood up and went toward the entrance door, Hermione on his heels. Once outside the conference room, Hermione released her hair from her severe bun.

"I'm feeling much better," she sighed. "Do you still want to show me around?"

"It would be a pleasure, Miss Granger."

"Just give me ten minutes, I need to go to my room to put some clothes on," Hermione said, heading to the lift. She felt his presence in her back and wondered if she needed to tell him to wait for her in
the lobby. She decided not to, and they entered in the elevator together. The young woman had thought that the heat was unbearable in the conference room, but now, it was even worse. Severus' body was next to hers, and it was hard to see the limit between their robes. She pushed on the 9 button, and held her breath until they arrived at the ninth floor.

When she arrived in front of her room, she turned to him, giving him a shy smile.

"Well... Do you want to wait for me here, or...?," she dared to ask him, not finishing her sentence deliberately.

Severus tried to hide his smile of satisfaction, but Hermione noticed it anyway. He ran his hand over his face, pretending to be tired.

"I know how long a woman can be when she looks for some clothes to put on, so I would prefer to wait for you on a sofa, if you do not mind," he said in a low voice, taking a step toward her while doing so.

She nodded without even thinking about it, and opened the door. Both of them entered, and Hermione let her eyes wandered toward the huge bed before shaking her head. It wasn't the moment to think about such things.

"I'll be in the bathroom if you need me," she said, looking at Severus who was now on the sofa.

"Should I understand that I am invited to your bathroom?," the Potions Master replied to her remark, not hiding his smile any longer.

"It's not what I meant to say...," she blushed.

"But it is exactly what you said. You know, I always thought that we say things for a reason, even if we don't really know why sometime."

"And what my reason could be?," Hermione asked, eager to hear his guess.

"You want me," Severus simply said, looking straight at her, not ashamed by his own words. "But I can understand if you are not comfortable with this fact. However, I would not be pleased to hear you deny it."

Hermione opened her mouth, searching for something to answer to him, but she closed it as fast as she had opened it. Eventually, she let out a little laugh.

"You seem to be pretty confident, Mr. Snape."

Severus slowly rose from the sofa, and Hermione watched him as he was coming toward her. He stopped a few inches from her face, and she had to looked up in order to meet his obsidian eyes. He was so close to her, and for the first time, they were alone, totally alone in a bedroom. Hermione could almost feel his breath on her skin, his slow and steady breathing, so far from her erratic one. He was calm, too calm to Hermione's eyes. He was playing with her, testing her limits, and Merlin knew that she couldn't support this situation for a long time: she wanted to give up, to touch him, to give him what he wanted since the previous day; what they both wanted.

"I need to go to the bathroom...," she whispered, her eyes staring at his lips, as if she wanted him to tell her not to leave.

Suddenly, Severus took a step back and nodded.
"Go then. I shall wait for you here."

Hermione stayed still for a moment, and felt like she had just taken a cold shower. Severus returned to the sofa, not moved in the slightest by the moment that they had just shared.

"Good," she finally said in a hoarse voice, heading to the bathroom. She closed the door behind her and leaned on it, trying to calm down. This man would be the death of her.

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Severus' fingers were drumming onto the arm of the sofa, and his eyes were fixed onto the bathroom door. The sound of the shower had stopped five minutes ago, and he was waiting for Hermione to join him. Hermione... He couldn't help but smirk when he thought about her. She had grown, there was no doubt about it. She was taller, and the weight that she had taken during the last six years gave her some harmonious curves, driving him mad. He was a man after all, even if he had been her professor during six long years. Hermione Granger was no longer the teenager that he had once knew: she was a brilliant Potions Mistress and an amazing woman.

Knowing that she was behind this door, surely naked, was enough to make Severus feel uncomfortable under his belt. He moved slowly, trying to find a proper position not to be distracted by his erection, but he quickly understood that it was a lost cause: the only thing that he could do to find some relief was to caress his painful member, and it was certainly not the moment nor the place to do such a thing.

"Severus?"

Hermione's muffled voice came from the bathroom, and Severus stood up.

"Do you need something?," he asked, praying inwardly for her to tell him to come in.

"I can't reach the back of my dress," she explained, opening the door at the same time.

Severus didn't move right away, stunned by the cleavage of Hermione's dress. Her heavy breasts were highlighted by the fabric of her red dress, and the Potions Master couldn't help but stare at them like a teenager. Hermione bit her lower lip to refrain a laugh.

"Are you still with me?," she chuckled, waving at him in a comical way.

"Of course," Severus mumbled, taking his eyes off her desirable flesh.

Hermione turned around, the back of her dress opened. "I couldn't zip it up..."

"You could have used your wand, witch," he muttered against her naked skin, next to her neck. "Moreover," he went on, his large hand caressing her neck, "I do not really want to zip you up..."

He put his hands on her shoulders, under the fabric of her dress, and Hermione let out a moan, her eyes closed.

"The only thing that I want to do, to be honest...," Severus continued, his voice almost inaudible, "... is to remove this superfluous piece of cloth."

And he did what he said. Hermione felt the sleeves of her dress leaving her shoulders, and she didn't do anything to stop Severus from doing what he wanted to do. From time to time, she could feel his lips on her skin, and soon, the top of her dress was on her hips; the only thing that was protecting her breasts from Severus' hands was her bra.
"A black bra under a red dress...," Severus whispered, "I wouldn't have thought that you were of the sexy kind, Miss Granger..."

"And I wouldn't have thought that you were the kind of man who had no objection against sleeping with one of his former students," Hermione retorted while turning around to meet his eyes.

Severus smirked. "Ouch. *Touché.*"

Hermione smiled at him, and without really thinking about it, she took a step toward him, reducing the distance between them.

"I'm still wearing my dress," she remarked in a breath, daring him to undress her completely.

"And is that a problem, Miss?"

"For what I plan to do right now, yes."

"Let me take care of it, then..."

Hermione shivered when Severus put his hands on her waist, helping her to get rid of her red dress. His hands were not really soft, but it was enough for her to want more. She wanted him to caress her, to put his hands all over her body, to slide between her legs... Her skin was still somewhat wet due to her late shower, and she pressed her body on Severus' robes, feeling the softness of its fabric.

The kiss that they exchanged then was one of the most passionate that Hermione had ever had. Severus' hands were buried into her hair, while his tongue was searching for hers in a highly erotic way. She clung onto his robes, looking for some buttons to undress him, but she didn't find anything. She groaned out of frustration into his mouth, biting his lower lip from time to time. She wanted more, definitely more.

All of a sudden, Severus took her into his strong arms and she just managed to surround his waist with her legs not to fall. He continued to explore her mouth, and soon enough, he let her fall onto the bed, letting go of her mouth at the same time to catch some air.

"Remove your robes," Hermione breathed, urging him to give her what she desired the most.

Severus grinned, placing her thin body at the centre of the bed.

"This can wait, Miss Granger... For now, let me please you," he whispered before bending over her to kiss her breasts.

Hermione helped him and removed her bra, freeing her breasts for the Potions Master. He let out a sigh of satisfaction, and started to caress her breasts, kissing them and biting them with an unexpected fervour. When he lowered his head to her belly, Hermione buried her right hand on his hair, silently asking him to go even lower.

"What do you want, princess?," Severus asked, short of breath. His eyes searched for hers, and she slowly caressed his head.

"Whatever you want to give me," she answered in a whisper.

The fact to see that he was still fully dressed while she was naked–minus her panties–was turning her on, more than she would had thought.

"You were more talkative when you were my student... You can do better than this, I am sure of it,"
Severus went on, denying her the pleasure that she was looking for.

"Please..."

Severus started to caress her with one finger through her black panties, and Hermione let out a mewl of pleasure.

"Tell me...," he continued, and Hermione understood that he wouldn't go further if she didn't give him what he wanted.

"Please, touch me..."

"Is that all that you want?," Severus insisted, adding a second finger to his caress.

She arched her back, increasing the pressure of Severus' fingers on her centre, but he quickly removed his hand.

"Is that all that you want?," he repeated, his voice low and full of lust, while he was removing her panties, noticing her bare pussy. He wet his lips out of satisfaction, and removed his own robes. Awkwardly enough, he was beginning to be hot.

Not wanting to wait any longer, despite the fact that Hermione hadn't said what he wanted to hear, he took place between her legs and started to kiss her dripping centre as if it was her own mouth. Hermione tried to muffle her cries of pleasure with her hand, but it was too hard for her not to show to Severus just how good she was feeling thanks to him. The Potions Master started to alternate between long licks and kisses, searching for her clit to give her all the pleasure that she deserved.

"Oh please, you're killing me...," Hermione whispered, keeping her eyes shut to only concentrate on the sensations that were taking possession of her whole body. Severus continued his caresses, more than turned by her moans of pleasure.

"I want you inside me, now."

It was all that he needed to suck on her clit for the last time, eliciting her first orgasm of the afternoon. Hermione arched her back, both of her hands buried on the dark hair of the Potions Master, lost into an ocean of bliss. She didn't even have some time to recover; less than a minute later, Severus had freed himself from his boxers and was buried deep into her warm channel.

"You have me now, witch," he muttered before bending over to capture her mouth in a hot kiss. Hermione put her hands on his shoulders, urging him to go deeper at every thrust.

"How does it feel, mmh?," Severus asked her, giving her all that he had. "How does it feel to have my cock into your throbbing pussy?"

"So good, so good...," Hermione moaned, surrounding his lips with her long legs, pushing the low of his back to help him to take her harder.

"Merlin, you are amazing...," he breathed next to her ear, pushing deeper and harder into her dripping core.

When Hermione thought that he was about to come, Severus withdrew from her, leaving her emptier than ever.

"Wh–," she was about to ask, but he cut her short.
"Turn around. On all fours," he demanded, stroking his thick shaft while waiting for her.

Hermione took some time before doing so, taking a second or two to look at his erection, his beautiful and imposing erection. Knowing that it would be soon into her, she did as he asked and waited for him to take her from behind. With a loud groan, Severus entered her and put his hands on her hips, thrusting into her at a steady rhythm. When his hand ventured next to Hermione's clit, she couldn't help but bury her head on the pillow, overwhelmed by the sensation. She was close, so close to give up and to come with his hand on her clit and his cock on her entrance; so close.

With a cry of pleasure, she let go and had the second—and the strongest—orgasm of the day. Spent, she waited for Severus to come, and she didn't have to wait long: seconds later, he exploded into her, his fingers clenched on her hips.

Both of them took some time to recover, and Severus let himself fall on the bed, short of breath.

"It was...," Hermione began, a smile on her face.

"...brilliant," Severus finished, before casting a cleaning spell on both of them.

"We were supposed to visit Paris," the young woman noticed, slightly amused by the situation.

"We will have plenty of time for that tonight," Severus smirked before kissing her forehead.

"Why can't we go now, then?"

"Because I am nowhere near done with you...," the Potions Master whispered next to her lips.

They kissed, and everything about Paris was forgotten.
Empty.

When she woke up, Hermione found out that the place in the bed at her right was empty. She tried to hear a sound coming from the bathroom, but there was none. Severus Snape had left early in the morning, or maybe late at night.

Maybe that it was for the best after all, she thought, not knowing if she would have been able to discuss with him as if nothing had happened during the night. They had made love, and more than once... Severus had made her discover a world full of pleasures that she hadn't even imagined before. He had kissed her with such fervour, something that she wouldn't have thought that a man like him would have been capable of. The Potions Master had brought her to her orgasm in several places, in this bed, under the warm water of the shower, and even on the fluffy red rug at the foot of her bed. Hermione blushed when she remembered this moment when she had needed to lean on the bed not to fall when Severus had taken her from behind, his hand buried into her messy hair.

A mess. this evening and this night had been a total mess, but an oh so pleasurable and unforgettable mess. Inwardly, Hermione was regretting the fact that Severus had left without a word. Indeed, even if she wouldn't have been able to talk to him, they would have been able to continue their affair and take advantage of this little hour before the conference's resumption to explore their bodies a little further...

With a sigh, she jumped off her bed and decided to take a shower. A cold one.

Xxx

When Severus took a seat in the conference's room, he quickly looked around, searching for Hermione. After a few seconds, however, he quickly shook his head and returned his attention on the Potions Master at his right who seemed eager to talk to him about some project that he was currently working on. Smirking unconsciously and nodding from time to time, he did his best to appear concerned by this discussion, but, inwardly, he was thinking about totally different things.

Severus was thinking about Hermione's body, her harmonious curves that he had touched and caressed during long hours, her little hands on his lower back, urging him to take her deeper and harder... Her cries of pleasure, her murmurs near his ear, her dirty words full of lust... Everything was coming back to him, and he was trying hard not to show any sign of what he was thinking about.

"It seems to be quite an intensive job," he managed to say at the end of the Potions Master's
presentation, even if he had no idea about what the bold man was talking about. "But if you'll excuse me, I need to talk to someone about an important matter."

He had seen her, of course he had seen her from the moment that she had put her foot in the conference's room. She was wearing a thigh black dress with her usual high heels, her eyes looking around as if she was searching someone. Severus smirked, knowing perfectly well who she was looking for. In a heartbeat, he was in front of her and saw her biting her lower lip, like she had done several times when she had been into his arms the night before.

"Miss Granger," he greeted her, taking her right hand into his to kiss it.

"You don't need to be so formal," she muttered before taking her hand back. "You were much more... natural yesterday."

"Does it mean that you liked it?," Severus asked, taking a step to be closer to this intoxicating woman.

"I think that my reaction to your attitude was an answer enough," she answered with a smile.

Severus opened his mouth to answer, but he was cut off by the conference's organizer who invited everyone to take a seat. Hermione quickly put her hand onto his forearm to prevent him from moving.

"I've got a reserved seat this time," she swiftly said, "but we'll see each other at the end of the conference."

The tall Potions Master nodded and stared at her while she headed to her own seat. He knew that she needed to leave Paris at the end of the conference, and he wanted to take advantage of every little moment that they could share before her departure.

XxX

The two-days conference ended with a supper with every Potions Master and Mistress, and this time, Severus and Hermione were at two different tables. As usual, Hermione overthought this simple fact. And what if it was a sign of what was about to happen? She needed to leave Paris at the end of the supper and return in London, to resume her boring life without someone at her side, without him at her side.

Her eyes were fixed on Severus during the major part of the dinner, and she noticed the blond woman next to him, the same woman who had tried to catch his attention the first day. While he hadn't seemed to be interested by her the first time, things seemed to be quite different tonight. Severus, the same man who had made love to her just a few hours before, was smiling at her, visibly content to share her company.

He's not yours, Hermione thought while finishing her glass of red wine. Of course, he wasn't, and he could do whatever pleased him, it wasn't her business after all.

But the more time passed, the more annoyed Hermione became. The blonde Potions Master's hand was on Severus arm, and she was laughing as if he had said something funny to her. Since when Severus Snape was a funny man, for Merlin's sake?

When she finished her dessert in silence, she noticed that he hadn't even tried to meet her gaze during the dinner. The last stroke when was Severus bent over the blond woman to murmur something near her ear, a flirtatious smile over his face. She couldn't help but compare this movement to the ones that they had shared the previous day. Hurt, and above all, humiliated, she didn't wait for the usual
organizer's speech to leave the dinning room. She wanted to go back to London right now, and forget about everything that happened during this meeting. *Everything.*

"I need to take some fresh air, I'll be right back" she explained with a forced smile to the person at her right who seemed to be surprised to see her leaving the table.

Once outside the hotel, Hermione breathed in deeply, and looked up at the heavy clouds that was preventing her from seeing the stars in the parisian sky. Even the weather was against her, she thought with a delusional smile.

"A cigarette?" a man's voice raised from behind her, making her jump. She quickly turned around, and frowned when she saw Severus a few feet from her.

"What are you doing here?" she snapped, irritated to see him at this exact moment.

"The same thing that you are currently doing, I suppose," he drawled, and light up his cigarette. "Are you sure that you do not want one?" he insisted.

"I don't smoke," she dismissed his proposition with a shake of head. "And I didn't know that you were a smoker."

"I was not back at Hogwarts," Severus admitted. "I guess that living in Paris can change a few things about a man."

"Not for the best, unfortunately. Now if you'll excuse me, I want to be alone," Hermione retorted before starting to walk in the street, not paying attention to Severus who was following her. They walked together for a few minutes, but eventually, Hermione turned around and stopped in the middle of the street.

"I thought that I was clear when I said that I wanted to be alone," she hissed, eliciting a smile from Severus who get rid of his cigarette.

"And I thought that following you was a clear sign of my desire to be with you," he said in his usual low voice, a glimmer of amusement at the bottom of his obsidian eyes.

"*Be with me?*," Hermione repeated with an ironic laugh. "I didn't have this impression back at the dinner."

"You are jealous," Severus stated, surprised. "Hermione Granger is jealous, oh Merlin, this is one of the most surprising thing that I've heard since a long time."

"Don't try to be funny. I'm *not* jealous. You are just... just--," she began, searching for the right adjective.

"I am just...?," the Potions Master repeated with a smirk.

"Oh, please! Don't make me say it."

"Be my guest."

"Damn, you're so annoying!," Hermione said before turning around, bothered by Severus' attitude. But when Severus followed her for the second time and put his hand on her forearm, she stopped again.

"What do you want?"
"Please, come with me...," he said without his usual smirk this time. "I promised you a visit of Paris and it is now or never."

"I've just said that--"

"That I am the most annoying person in the world, yes, I get it," he went on. "But I can assure you that this visit won't be boring."

Hermione looked up at him, trying to see if he was kidding or not.

"I am not dressed appropriately...," she tried, but Severus shook his head.

"You are perfect."

In the end, she accepted half-heartedly, but, as time passed, she begun to relax in Severus' company. They walked a lot, using a cab from time to time, and Hermione was amazed by Paris' rich architecture. The Eiffel Tower was beautiful at night, and its warm orange colour was enough to make her fall in love with the monument. The Latin Quarter was also something unforgettable, with its small sloping alleys and its bars full of people. To conclude their visit, they walked along the Seine until late in the night.

"Thank you, Severus, it was amazing," Hermione finally said to him, her head full of bright memories.

"I am glad to know that you do not regret your decision to follow me."

"Of course not. This city is amazing, and I can understand why you are living here."

"My flat is not so far from here, if you want to stay the night...," Severus said in a low voice, staring at her intensely.

Hermione bit her lower lip, not knowing what to do.

"Of course," Severus went on, "I have two bedrooms if it is a problem for you..."

She shook her head. "It's not the problem."

"Then why are you hesitating?"

"I'm not anymore. Let's go," she answered with a smile.

XxX

Hermione realised that what she had said to Severus about his luck to live in Paris was an understatement when she entered into his flat. She wouldn't have thought that Severus Snape was living into such a beautiful flat, with its large windows and its mouldings on the walls.

"It's... beautiful," she stammered before sitting on the sofa, looking around as if she didn't want to miss a thing about the decoration.

"Thank you. Do you want to drink something? A glass of wine, maybe?"

"Yes, please."

With a nod, Severus headed to the kitchen and returned with two glasses of wine.
"Do you need to return to the hotel tomorrow to take your suitcases?" he asked.

"No, I took care of them this morning. They are already at my flat, in London."

"And what about your Londoner life?"

"Is "boring" a suitable answer?" Hermione answered with an ironic smile.

"It can be, but I am sure that you can do better than this. Boring is such a simple adjective."

"Alright... Well, it's different from here, of course. I have my little habits, my favourite places, my favourite bars... So well, basically, it's a boring life that I'm living," she said playfully.

"A life with a woman like you cannot be boring," Severus retorted, his voice almost hoarse.

Hermione noticed that his attitude had changed, and that he was obviously flirting with her. Like he did with this other woman, she couldn't help but think before sipping her wine.

"Is it something that you use to say to every woman?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"All this crap, all these things that you are telling me since yesterday. Did you say the same things to this beautiful Potions Mistress who were next to you during the dinner?"

Hermione was doing her best to remain calm, but it was hard to do. She saw Severus sigh before answering her question.

"It is not what you think. I did nothing wrong with this woman. Well, I admit that I drank too much wine during the dinner, which usually made me more... talkative. But trust me, our discussion was far from the ones that I shared with you."

Hermione pursed her lips, lowering her eyes to her glass of wine.

"You are the only woman that I want to make love to right now, Hermione," Severus went on, and Hermione felt a shiver along her spine.

What happened next wasn't deliberate, or so she would say the day after. Soon, Hermione put her glass of wine back on the coffee table and started to answer to Severus' kisses, lost into his painfully slow caresses. He seemed to want to drive her crazy, and he almost succeeded. But unfortunately for him, he couldn't resist any longer before burying himself into her dripping core, pinning her against the sofa. His breath next to her own mouth – a mix of cigarette and quality wine – was enough to make her lose any sense of reality, and they didn't bother to remove their clothes entirely. All that they wanted was to take all the things they could from the other, to pleasure themselves for the major part of the night.

Their lovemaking didn't stop for long hours, and it was with an aching body that Hermione eventually fell asleep, in the first day lights.

But when she woke up, late in the morning, she met Severus' intense gaze.

"Hi," she murmured, embarrassed to wake up next to him.

"Good morning."

They had brunch together, and Hermione noticed Severus' good skills in the kitchen.
"I guess that it is because cooking and preparing potions are so close," he explained while finishing
his scrambled eggs.

"Well, I am a Potions Mistress myself, and I can't cook decently, so I'm sorry to say that it is an
invalid argument."

Severus smiled, and eventually, it was time for her to leave.

"I would have stayed longer but... I have something scheduled for tonight," she explained, close to
the door.

"A meeting with a lover, maybe?," Severus smirked.

"I already had this kind of rendez-vous last night, and even the night prior it," Hermione whispered,
eying his thin lips.

"You are a lucky woman," the tall man in front of her muttered.

"I am..."

They remained silent for a few seconds, but Hermione broke this uncomfortable moment.

"I was wondering... Is there a way to see you again anytime soon?," she quickly asked, as if saying it
quickly would help her not to feel ashamed about her question.

"We are living in two different countries," Severus stated, his expression undecipherable.

"I know that, but Paris and London aren't too far from each other, and--"

"I don't think that it is a good idea," he cut her off, and Hermione frowned.

"Why not? I mean, I am single, you are single..."

"Please, Hermione, both of us knew that it was just a matter of two-days, to distract ourselves from
this boring conference."

Hermione remained silent, trying to remember when they had agreed about it. But while she couldn't
find anything in her memory about it, she realised that she couldn't find anything about the contrary
either. He hadn't played with her, he had just assumed that she knew the real nature of their
relationship after all. Slowly she nodded.

"Yes, of course, I don't even know why... Well, let's just forget about what I've just said," she said
with a forced smile.

Severus stared at her intensely, but eventually nodded.

"Be safe during your travel," he said before kissing her slowly on the cheek.

"Don't worry about me," she muttered and opened the door to leave.

"Miss Granger?," he said when she was about to head to the elevator.

She frowned when she heard him calling her by her last name, but she turned around to hear what he
wanted to say, a glimmer of hope inside her chest.

"Yes?"
"We'll always have Paris," he said with a smile before looking at her disappear in the corridor.

Once she was out of sight, he closed the door behind her, closing a chapter of his life at the same time.

Chapter End Notes

And here it is! But if you want to know everything, I plan to write a sequel... Soon. :) 

Thank you for reading!

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