The Guy With The Dragon Tattoo

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Summary

Does the guy who rides by on his motorcycle every day hide secrets other than his identity?

** Any violence that may happen is not in the relationship or between SS and HG.

Notes

YAY! So excited I'm here again. I hope you all enjoy this one, and that I properly figure it out as we go along.

Must tell you that, as usual, I am playing with J.K Rowling's toys. I do not make any money doing this (wouldn't that be a great life? I would LOVE it!) and anything you recognize from her universe is, well, hers. In this case, I also kinda stole the title from another famous book/movie, but I swear that aside from the means of transportation and the choice of ink - and the fact that there is some sort of mystery to the story - nothing else aludes to that work. Not intentionally, at least. So don't expect that kind of storyline and plot, or any kind of play on it, because I think it is quite different. *looks into the horizon holding chin* I think.
You know my posting rules by now, surely. Once a week until you either catch up to me and it stops (which never ever happened, thank the Lord) or until I figure it ALL out and have it written and start posting more than once a week.

Here we go again.
Hermione Granger was walking home from work on a cold Friday evening. She liked walking home from work, even though she could apparate straight into her studio flat. But she did it because it made her appreciative of her freedom. Even more, that is. Because since the war almost two years prior, she had learned to appreciate a lot that people always took for granted. It was a gift that she could walk freely and fearlessly through these streets. Well, not so fearlessly, since her neighborhood, muggle, was a bit prone to having some troublemakers. There were also very few Death Eaters still left on the loose, but they didn’t pose too much trouble, because they wanted to protect themselves and not be thrown in Azkabam. Still, it was nothing compared to fearing for your life daily, and fearing for the end of the magical world she had been thrown in when she was a child of just eleven, and that had enchanted her so much. It would probably have been the end of the world as a whole, actually. As they knew it, at least.

She worked at the Ministry, at the Magical Creatures Department. She was relatively new at her job, since she had only finished her apprenticeship a few months back – top marks and earlier than it would usually take, of course. Still, she wasn’t high up on the chain of command, and she didn’t make a lot of money – hence the studio flat in the bad neighborhood – but she liked it. She enjoyed what she did and was damn good at it.

Her parents… well, she had already accepted that they were lost to her. At least they were alive. And one of the perks of this job was the possibility of traveling quite a bit as she escalated in the ranks, to tend to and study creatures in other countries. She had already planned it all, of course. When she did begin to travel, she would stop in Australia on the way back and check on them. She already had managed to do it a few times. Once or twice when she traveled for the apprenticeship, and once on the week she took off to celebrate having graduated early, using the savings account they had set up for her when she was a kid. She had made appointments in their little practice there and had already managed to leave a mark. They knew her. They were friendly. They were pen pals to the odd girl who went to Australia on business a lot and chose to have her teeth checked up there instead of at home. It wasn’t the ideal situation, but it was good. She could live with it. Maybe it could grow into something more as she visited more often.

Whatever loneliness she felt was diminished by the fact that she was good friends with everyone from school still. Harry and Ron worked at the Ministry as well, so she would often have lunch with them. Ginny and Harry were set to be married soon, so she was a constant presence too. Luna was a reporter for her dad’s magazine, and they often ran into each other at the Ministry and went out for drinks. Neville was taking an apprenticeship in Herbology at Hogwarts now, and that led her to be invited to the castle often, especially for feasts. So she caught up with Neville and all the Professors she held dearly in her heart. The only one who wasn’t there anymore was Professor Snape, though Professor Sprout would be leaving very soon, making room for Neville to teach there.

Hermione wasn’t quite sure where Professor Snape had run off to after all the commotion of the war had passed, but she regretted not being able to contact him and at least thank him for everything. She wasn’t sure someone ever did thank him. He managed, now, to avoid the papers masterfully, so he was never mentioned, but right after the war, during his convalescing, when he was on the cover every day, not all the words they had for him were nice, she saw. It actually made her furious.
Despite still being in contact with almost everyone, she had to admit that things were changing. She was bound to be lonely at some point because Harry had Ginny, Ron had Lavender, and now, even Luna and Neville were together. Luna apparently had gone to Hogwarts to interview Professor Sprout about some plant that most likely didn’t even exist outside her and her father’s minds, and Neville had finally managed to make her notice him more affectionately. They really hit it off. It had come as a surprise to Hermione when they showed up hand in hand for drinks the previous week. She had invited only Luna, so she wouldn’t be the fifth wheel sitting with Harry, Gin, Ron and Lavender. Her plan had obviously backfired, and she sat there feeling awkward and foolish among the couples. It looked as if there would be a lot of that from now on. Not to mention they would naturally and gradually drift apart from her. Couples always did, from single friends. Harry and Ginny, with a wedding date already set, had already begun the process.

Hermione had no prospects for a partner or for getting one any time soon. It had taken a couple of weeks of dating Ron and a few insistent times in the sack with him for them to come to terms with the fact they had no chemistry and nothing in common to be more than just friends. They ended on good terms and mostly didn’t even remember they had been together, although Ron went back to getting on Hermione’s nerves more than she wished was the case, which made her hate him as if they hadn’t ended things as friends sometimes.

After dating him, she had focused on her studies, and found no one else to date. She was now more open to the possibilities, but was convinced there was nothing out there for her. The guys her age and single that she worked with were all idiots. Her neighbors were mostly low-lives. And when she went out for drinks with her friends, she never really paid attention to the guys at the bar. She was there to catch up with her friends, after all. Besides, if no one came up to her, it was because she was uninteresting. And she didn’t really fancy the idea of picking men up. She was a bit too romantic to get someone in this modern age, perhaps.

But there was one possibility she could maybe consider more closely…

Part of Hermione’s routine of walking home consisted on, for most of the weekdays, stopping by a charming little grocery store. She lived right around the corner from it, above a café. She liked that grocery store because it was clean and tidy and cheap. So when she didn’t decide to dine out – alone, on most days, or with her friends once every three weeks more or less – or order takeaway, and didn’t have any leftovers, she stopped there to pick up a frozen dinner for her or a few items she could whip up into something quickly.

She was therefore quite friendly with those who worked there and with a few of the regular customers. And among the employees was Max, a cute 20 year old who worked there to try to save up for school. He had short blond hair and amazing blue eyes, and Hermione was pretty sure he shyly hit on her a few times. There were days, when she was most lonely or depressed and desperate, that she thought about taking him up on his offer when he finally did ask her out, as she thought he was working up the nerve to do, or of asking him out first. On other days, though, she realized he was probably just as silly as Ron, or any other guy that age. And they probably wouldn’t have much in common, if their small talk so far was any indicative.

Hermione stopped at the grocery store and admired the vegetables on the display under the marquee outside, thinking up what she could make. Maybe some vegetable soup. Soup was warm and comforting.

“Hey, Hermione!”

She looked up. “Oh hey, Max.” She smiled.
“Not hitting the frozen section today?”

“I make no promises. The night is young.”

Max smiled as he dumped some empty cardboard boxes in the rubbish bin and headed back into the store, not once taking his eyes off her until he was inside and had to turn behind a shelf to stock it. Hermione smiled. It was nice to be admired. It did not happen too often to her.

Another employee came running out of the store in her green apron, looking very flushed.

“Cindy?” Hermione asked.

“Did I miss him? Is it time?”

“Oh!” Hermione laughed. “No, not yet.”

In a few seconds though, they could hear the roar of an engine coming from the distance, getting closer. Hermione turned around and stood beside Cindy, facing the street, to watch.

It was the mystery man they both, along with a few female customers at the store, liked to admire – and probably fantasize about. He rode by on his motorcycle every day at around the same time, probably going home from work, and God bless the traffic light in front of the store that was almost always red for him. He stopped and they stared, often exchanging crude, naughty comments.

He was always clad in black boots, black denims and a black leather jacket. His helmet was black, with a tinted visor, and the only thing of his that was revealed was his longish jet black hair, tied at the nape of his neck, pouring out from under his helmet onto his back. Every once in a while he would not be wearing gloves, and his large hands and long fingers would incite many comments as well.

The motorcycle was, surprisingly, black as well. And large, and loud and wide, with wide tires. So fucking sexy. Even though no one knew what he actually looked like, he fueled many a wet dream. Especially since one could see, even if he was all covered in black, that he had a nice body. He was not fat, nor was he too skinny and fragile. He looked like he could have one of those nice, tight bodies, not too buff like he was a gym freak, but toned and firm and nice to feel on top of you. The denims marked his nice thighs and the leather jacket, what looked like muscular arms that would know how to fucking hold you and just… take you. Just those impressions, along with the bike, apparently were more than enough.

While he was stopped there, the girls just looked and got frisky, some trying to be discrete and pretending to choose vegetables, others downright staring. He looked towards them, which rarely ever happened in all these months. Cindy and Hermione, who were just staring, seemed to be the main targets of the gaze under the tinted visor. But Cindy was quick to make herself look busy. Hermione just stared on, dreamily. He just kept looking in that direction, and not for the first time, Hermione had the impression he was indeed staring at her. Not that she could really tell, with that damned helmet.

The light turned green and he still looked at her. He took his foot off the ground and balanced himself on the vehicle once again, pushing it into gear and accelerating to ride off, all while he still looked at her. Hermione fanned herself.

“Oh, I bet he can shag like a fucking machine,” Cindy said. Hermione just nodded. She wouldn’t know what that felt like.
She arrived home with the makings of her pumpkin soup and got to work. She had her soup, and then popped some popcorn so her mouth could be distracted as she watched a couple of movies. Sleep did not come easily to her, and she found herself still feeling frisky. Since she was really shy about masturbation and couldn’t bring herself to actually touch herself properly, what she did was press her thighs together to apply the pressure her clit demanded while she thought about what that biker looked like, what he could do to her. What it would feel like to ride his bike, have it rumbling in between her legs. To ride him, be fucked into oblivion. She managed to achieve some pleasure, which unfortunately she did not know was but a fraction of what she was capable of feeling, and bliss, then sleepiness by consequence hit her. She slept peacefully and heavily.

During the next week, she had absolutely no plans after work, so her routine was to be the same. Walk home, stop by the grocery store, flirt innocently and to no results with Max, gawk at the motorcycle bad boy with Cindy and a neighbor or two who happened to be there. Go home, eat, sleep. But on Monday, a dead house elf under suspicious circumstances kept her at work for only 10 minutes over her time, and it was enough to miss him.

On Tuesday she was held behind for a few minutes by some commotion in the atrium. Apparently, Shackelbolt was announcing something or other and the press was there. She was never one for much politics to actually pay attention to what it was he was to say. As long as they were still safe, it was all good. And at least he being there kept the cameras off of her for a change. Still, it had been hard to navigate past them and to the surface.

So she walked faster than she had ever walked, as to not miss him. Geez, wasn’t that a sad little life she led? Where the most fun she had was watching a complete stranger go by and talk dirty about him to acquaintances from the street. But she enjoyed it. And she would not miss him two days in a row, no.

She was reaching the corner of the street, and she could hear the roar of his engine coming. So she hurried her step. The best view was when she stood in front of the grocery store, where he stopped for the light. She had to get there.

She hurried, almost ran, and foolishly looked back as she did, to see him coming from the street opposite the one she had come from. And of course her luck would have it that the pavement had a thin layer of ice on it – it wasn’t even that cold out anymore for Merlin’s sake – and she slipped and stumbled on one of the vegetable display racks, falling down full force to the ground, taking the display and potatoes and carrots with her. The display landed on her already sprained foot, from her tumble, and managed to break it, she was sure. It hurt like hell and she tried to hold back her tears as she awkwardly pulled herself to sit up. She didn’t need any more embarrassment today. Or for the whole month, surely. So she would not cry.

Cindy, Max, and about four more customers gathered around her, trying to help.

“Here, let me help you up,” Max said, pulling on her from behind, holding her under her arms.

“No, no, wait,” she pleaded. “I don’t think I can stand just yet. My foot hurts.”

“Cindy, go inside and call an ambulance then,” Max ordered.

“No, no, it’s probably just a sprain,” she tried. She didn’t want to go to a muggle hospital. They would put a cast on her, and she’d have to be off her feet for God knows how long. At St. Mungo’s they’d have her ready in no time. But how would she explain, ask someone to take her there. Oh fuck, the downsides of living among muggles. She would have to find a way to go on her own. Maybe there was a spell she could cast that would enable her to walk – limp – to an alley an apparatus to St. Mungo’s. She desperately tried to remember one as Max said something about
calling the ambulance anyway and Cindy began to go into the store.

“Get out of my way.” Hermione heard a strangely familiar, silky, male voice say rudely, which oddly was the tone that was familiar to that voice. The man this voice belonged to pushed aside the customers that crowded her and made himself seen. It was the mystery rider in black. Sans helmet this time, and Hermione could see it was no one other than Severus Snape. Holy shit. As if she wasn’t mortified enough of making such a scene. And all of it for the benefit of seeing him. Oh God. Oh Merlin. Had he noticed? He already knew it was her, obviously. That’s why he stared sometimes. Oh God, oh God, oh God. That’s why he stopped.

He knelt before her and felt her ankle. She tried not to wince or whimper but he knew it was broken as he locked his dark, deep eyes with hers.

“Hey, hey, who are you?” Max asked, kind of possessive about Hermione. “Get away from her, she’s hurt.” He always did make himself scarce when he noticed the women were assembling to drool over the mystery rider. He was jealous.

Strangely, that angered Hermione. Who the fuck was he to her, really, to fend off other men like this from her? Great fucking time to be a man and grow a pair when he hadn’t even asked her out. And Snape was the only one who could maybe get her to St. Mungo’s. If he was willing. He wouldn’t have stopped if he wasn’t. Right?

“No shit she’s hurt, Sherlock Holmes. Who the fuck are you?” Snape spat with an angry stare that made Max back down.

“It’s okay Max, I know him,” she said.

“You know him?” Max and Cindy asked in unison.

She ignored that as Snape touched her ankle over her jeans again and she felt the tingles of a spell working in her leg. She looked at him inquisitively and he only stared at her, stoic.

“It’s just a sprain. I can take her to a hospital.” He started to help her up and she felt she really could venture to stand as she was pulled up by his strong hands. That was a good pain relief spell right there.

“On a bike?” Max asked with disdain.

“Would you rather take her on foot?” Snape answered sardonically.

Once she was up and not touching her broken foot to the ground, Snape hoisted her up by the waist, her legs dangling a few inches from the ground, and walked to his bike. He mounted it and gently pulled her broken leg, the right one, over the bike, in front of him, so that she mounted the vehicle facing him. Mounted him, really, she thought as she blushed. His helmet was strapped to the back.

His arms cradled her on either side as he held onto the handles and turned the bike on.

“Hold on tight, Granger,” he said near her ear and she tightened her grip around his waist and nuzzled his neck, so her head was not blocking his view. She tried to ignore the fact that his voice so close to her ear made her whole body tingle and all her hairs stand on end.

He accelerated and they rode off. Boy, that would give her and Cindy a lot to talk about tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes
If you're a stickler for details, like I am, here are a couple of bikes that are how I imagined his. But searching for a type and model for the time was hard for me, though I really would have liked to mention it in the story. The second one actually is from 1998, which would be good. But all I found was that it's a Harley. And I was afraid of saying just "Harley" and the image of the ones with high handlebars that really old dudes with handlebar mustaches ride popping into your heads and ruining it. Lol. Tom Cruise in Top Gun was what got me hot for biker dudes in the first place, so I just had to post one of him too. Also, look at that 56 year old! Yum. Just to prove that Snape here, at 40, could be hot and not depressed going through a midlife crisis or something. XD
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hello! Needed a little pick me up today, which is why I posted a tad earlier.

I'm so glad I got such a positive response to this. And many, MANY people who know about bikes waaay more than me suggested awesome models in the comment section. I liked them all. So I'm glad I did not specify one, because this way you guys can picture whatever makes sense to you. All I ask for is that you see it as hot and sexy XD

Also, I have changed one tiny thing first chapter. I had said she fell down and broke her foot on a Wednesday, but for the purposes of following chapters making sense, it was changed to a Tuesday. That's what I get for posting without actually re-reading everything I wrote four months ago. lol.

At the end notes, a fanart that Marriage1988 shared with me that befits this fic. I must remind you that it is not mine, or hers, and I give credit to whomever is due (I believe the author's name is on the picture). YAAY. Here we go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hermione drowned in him, his scent mixed with the smell of his leather jacket. He still smelled of herbs and potions and parchment, as she remembered from his classes, but she could also smell some kind of peppery cologne and a sweet shampoo. She even forgot she had actually broken a foot and made a fool of herself in the middle of the street just minutes ago.

With her hands hooked under his arms, gripping his shoulder blades, she could feel how strong he was, how broad his shoulders were. He was very tall, she had of course always noticed, and a bit wide, imposing, but she wondered if the toned muscles she felt under her grip, if the strong arms that had lifted her from the pavement with ease, had always been there, hidden by the frock coat and billowing robes, or if they had been a recent development. He probably did need to work on his body to some extent to be Voldemort’s minion. To endure the punishments she now knew were handed out to him and Dumbledore helped hide from students. And he was a powerful wizard… to have such magic coursing through your body… you needed to be strong. And he did not feel inflated, like the mind numbing fools she saw exiting the gym she walked by on her way home. His size was compatible with what she had seen for years, covered by many, many buttons. Well, perhaps a tiny bit bigger. He probably had no time to work on himself during the war, but ever since it ended, he might have become a bit more concerned with his image and health. He certainly did not look so sallow and sickly, like he never slept at all. His hair was not as greasy as she had known it to be, though it still certainly had a shine to it. It didn’t matter. None of it. Excitement rolled around in her. The speed in which he traveled and the vibrating of the machine in between her legs did contribute. As did the fact that his… uhm… member, was right there, a few inches from her. She could feel it if she were bold enough to rub herself against him that way.

In truth, she had always had a crush on him. She couldn’t quite understand why, never could, but his snarky, rude remarks always made her want to chuckle, when not directed at her, of course. His always imposing stance made something in her tingle. Not to mention his mind. He
was fucking brilliant, someone she actually learned from. Learned. He didn’t even use the appointed textbooks, which of course she read beforehand, so he always said new, interesting things. His brilliance was only confirmed to her by that bloody Half Blood Prince book of his. The conversations she had dreamed of carrying out with him alone made her excited. And now, to know he had a nice body to go with that mind… And a kind heart buried in there somewhere. All he had done in the war, for the world. The love he felt for Harry’s mom, revealed at the end, made her heart turn to mush for him, she could not deny. And he didn’t need to stop and help her today, but he did. But what excited, intrigued and frustrated her the most was the recognition he never gave her. She had never had that, a teacher ignore her wits like that. And the fact she respected him and his brilliance only made her crave and strive for it more. Yet, she knew it was a silly girl crush. It would never be more than that.

But now… the war was over. He was no longer her teacher. She worked, was responsible for herself, overage, an adult. And he was there, so close, pressed against her. Maybe she could work up the courage to do something about it. If only she could get over how awkward it was.

The pain killing spell on her foot seemed to lose its effect, and a jolt of pain seared through her at once. She instinctively sunk her fingernails in his back as she screamed and her eyes filled with tears.

“Fucking hell!” She heard him growl and realized what she had done.

They stopped in a damp and dark alley almost immediately after that. She did not recognize that place. Was he going to redo the spell? Was he angered now, and going to leave her there?

“I’m sorry,” she said hastily as soon as he turned the engine off. “I think the spell wore off. The pain… is horrible.”

He dismounted the bike without a word, looking stoic as ever, pushing her hands off him, not unkindly.

“I thought… you were taking me to St. Mungo’s?” She tried again to get a word from him.

“Oh, Granger.” He said coldly.

“But this is not where the entrance to the emergency room is located.”

“How very observant of you.” He was rearranging his long hair in a ponytail, since it had been made messy by the wind. And a bit by her, maybe. But she dared not go there or she would freak out too much. And she didn’t even want to see what her hair looked like… probably like hell. She was still sat backwards on the bike, unable to move due to pain.

“Could you please give me a direct answer?” She whined, annoyed, grabbing at her leg and wincing.

He sighed. “This is the back entrance to the hospital.”

“How do you know?”

“I bloody work here. I will get a colleague to see to you and we will be out in minutes.”

“No, no! I can’t cut in front of all those people in the waiting room!”

Snape knitted his brows and narrowed his eyes.
“And would you rather, I wonder, go in through the front door in my arms and be on the front page of the Prophet yet once again? This time as being my lover.” He said it sardonically. “Or perhaps you would rather crawl there yourself, Granger.”

She blushed, embarrassed and furious.

“If you could teach me the spell you used I may very well go on my own and relieve you from your duty,” she said, eyebrows knitted in anger.

“The spell cannot be cast again, or it will deter treatment. It cannot be in effect while you receive said treatment.” He pulled her off the bike easily with one arm wrapped around her waist and carried her to a metal door that sat in the alley, her feet dangling inches from the ground, hurting like hell. At least the immobilizing spell was still effective. She could not contain the few tears that escaped her, though.

They entered a long, white, very clean corridor after he had touched his wand to the door. Somehow, she knew they were in a basement. He walked and passed about five doors, still carrying her, and turned to enter the sixth.

It was a large lab, meticulously clean and organized. Probably where he worked then. He must brew, or help brew, or probably supervise the brewing of the hospital’s stores.

He sat her on a high and long work table. “Sit back, Granger. Legs on the table.”

She tried to comply, sliding her ass back, but couldn’t find the heart to pull the broken leg up.

“Were you running to make eyes at me with your friends, Granger?” He smirked. “Is that why you broke your leg?”

She dropped her jaw in awe and mortification. So he did know, and had noticed Cindy and her watching him. What the fuck would she say now?

He took advantage of her distraction and hoisted her hurt leg up to the table. He did it gently, but it hurt nonetheless. She screamed. Thank God for that spell that worked as a cast, or her leg would be dangling limply and probably hurt more.

“Was it worth it? I bet you regret it now,” he said more stoically. “Stay there,” he said walking towards the door before she had a chance to say something.

“Where would I go?” She asked, annoyed.

“You do like to wander, if I remember correctly.” And he closed the door behind him.

It took him about 10 minutes to come back, and while she waited, Hermione’s anxiety pecked at her, for being alone in that ample room, and for everything from the awkwardness that this was to the fact that despite the pain she felt, she very much wanted his body pressed to hers again, or maybe even more. Him inside her.

He came back in, and leaned on the wall next to the door and just watched her silently, arms crossed over his chest. It unnerved her, that silence. His deep, penetrating eyes on her. The fact he looked so damn sexy in that jacket and denims. In that pose. Was he actually this hot, or was this her crush and the fact she had never had good sex, or even an attempt at sex in a long time, talking?
“Well?” She finally asked.

He raised an eyebrow. “Oh, now you want hasty treatment, Granger? Whatever happened to all those patients waiting upstairs?” He said sardonically, then rolled his eyes. She just groaned and looked dismayed. “She is finishing treatment on someone and will be right down.” He finally answered properly.

Right then, a jolt of pain shot through her leg, and she cried out, despite not wanting to in front of him. Tears wet her eyes, and she lay back on the table, covering her face.

“I would think you had tougher skin than this, Granger,” he posed sarcastically, a smirk on his lips she could not see.

“You don’t know how much this hurts!” She snapped. “You’ve never been in pain like this.”

She managed to look at him angrily and saw his eyes narrowing at her as his brows furrowed. “Really? I have… never known pain such as this… hmmm.” He said nothing more.

He need not say anything more. She immediately saw how asinine she had been. The man had been a Death Eater, a spy. He had probably been tortured and punished by that psycho many times. Perhaps even had something broken. And only Merlin knew how long it took before he could be fixed, and cared for. Would he crawl back to safety, to Hogwarts, alone? How did he get out of wherever it was they assembled?

She sighed and looked straight up to the ceiling, her forearm coming down to cover her eyes as she moaned. “Shut up, imbecile.”

“Excuse me?” He asked, very much irked.

“No! Not you,” she moved quickly to appease him and her leg hurt again, making her scream and lie back down, crying.

“Just stay still and quiet, Granger,” he rolled his eyes. “I’ll go see what is keeping her.”

In a few minutes, he came back in with a beautiful woman, about his age, wild, curly hair, but not unruly like Hermione’s, cocoa skin, hourglass frame. She was laughing at something he said, apparently, and he smirked playfully. That sight made Hermione’s belly do flips. It was sexy. This bad boy thing really had its charm. She was probably already on her way down, the healer, because they did not take long at all.

He roused something in her, especially now as he looked slightly playful and less grave in this woman’s presence. Of course he wasn’t single, available for whatever she had been thinking of doing with him. And here she was, thinking she could actually get something out of this if she dared ask. He seemed to be more intimate with this woman than Hermione had ever seen him with anyone, although that didn’t mean they were too chummy either.

He became stoic again as he closed the door and the woman approached Hermione, smiling. “So this is our patient? Why didn’t you tell me it was a celebrity, Severus? I certainly would have passed on the patient I had upstairs to another healer.”

“Doesn’t that say a lot about you, Healer Grey.”

Healer Grey rolled her eyes as she examined Hermione’s foot. Hermione winced. “I deserve some fun after a 20 hour shift, Mr. sunshine.” She cast a spell that split Hermione’s boot open, and
then a seam-splitting spell on her jeans. Good thing it was reversible, because she really liked those boots. The healer then turned to Hermione. “How did you hurt this, Miss Granger?” She asked sweetly.

“I… slipped on some ice and tripped over something. And that something fell on my foot. A vegetable stand to be exact”

“Oh! So you were telling the truth about helping her from the street?” She was speaking to Snape now. “I though you sought privacy for one of your conquests,” she was smiling as she took a few potions from her bag and set them on the table.

“Alice, please. I do have more depth than that. Can’t I help the girl without ulterior motives?” He smirked.

“Apparently you can. Something I just learned,” she said playfully.

Hermione watched the exchange, looking from one to the other, trying to grasp what the hell was going on.

“Don’t mind us, honey. I know this annoying bastard from way back when we were students in Hogwarts. That is why his solemn Professor face does not scare me.”

It was strange to think Snape had friends when he was in school. What little she knew of his past, what Harry told her from the pensive, made it seem that he was quite lonely, especially after Lily Evans stopped interacting with him. A bit of warmth spread in her heart to know that he had had someone, at least. Even as he made questionable decisions, someone who would just talk to him and not judge. It was good. Still, at the back of her mind, she wondered if they weren’t in some sort of friends with benefits situation, because it was really strange to see him mildly relaxed like this. Then again, sex could make a relationship more awkward, not the other way around. Uhhg, what do you care, Hermione? It doesn’t affect you in any way. She was a little jealous is what she was.

“This will hurt a bit, I’m afraid,” Healer Grey said before tapping her wand to Hermione’s leg. The cast-like spell lifted, making her bone bend whichever way it pleased, and she screamed. Another tap of the wand mended her bone correctly, but not painlessly.

A resounding “Fuck!” slipped her lips. Snape’s eyebrow shot up as he smirked.

“Who knew little Miss Granger, Gryffindor princess, had that in her?”

“I’m sorry,” she said to the healer. “I did not mean to offend you…”

“Relax, honey. I’ve heard much worse,” she smiled, waving her wand in the air and producing bandages from its tip, which wrapped tightly around her leg. She then cast that spell Snape had cast again, the one that worked as a cast or an orthopedic boot of some sort, holding her leg rigidly in place.

“It was a clean break. No nerve or muscle damage. It should be fully healed in three days. Take these for pain, once a day,” Healer Grey handed her three phials, “And these twice a day, to help complete mending the bone.” Again, she only handed her three phials, enough for only a day and a half. Hermione was about to protest when the older woman sad “If you need more, I’m sure Severus can provide you with some.”

“I cannot,” he said seriously.
“Yes. Yes you can. You helped the girl, see it to the end.”

He snorted. “That is why I don’t make a habit of being nice.”

“If he gives you a hard time, Miss Granger, come see me, or anyone in the emergency wing. I’m afraid I can only prescribe these three at a time, especially since you will be discharged right away. You’ll need further examination to confirm you’ll need more, according to hospital policies.”

“Okay, thank you.”

Healer Grey was collecting her things and heading to the door. “You may walk on that, but of course it would be better to avoid it if you can.”

“Right.”

“And avoid any other activity that may put strain or weight on it.”

“Yes, will do. Thank you once again, Healer Grey.”

“Don’t mention it. Nice meeting you, Miss Granger. Now I have four more hours of shift to get back to,” she sighed and closed the door behind her.

Hermione was moving to scoot off the table when she heard his silky voice, cold and solemn. “I assume you are able to apparate home or wherever it is you need to be now?”

“Yes, I think so.” She jumped off the high table, her good foot breaking the fall first, but a wince came to her face nonetheless as she touched the other leg to the floor.

Snape rolled his eyes. “Good.” He opened the door, waiting for her to make her way through so they could head to the alley where she could disapparate. She wouldn’t mind being carried by him again, though. She wouldn’t mind being a lot of things by him actually.

She wanted to talk to him more, know what he was doing now, how he managed to keep away from the public eye. Have some sort of friendship with him, as she had with all teachers in Hogwarts and major participants in the war. She wanted to thank him, for all he did. Had anyone ever? Harry and Ron certainly hadn’t. It was important for her he knew he was appreciated. Her silly girl crush had nothing to do with it.

“Yes, any time today, Granger, would be absolutely welcome,” he said sardonically.

She took a deep breath and plucked up the courage. “I would like to buy you a cup of coffee. To thank you,” she amended quickly. She could get into the rest later. “You didn’t have to stop and help me, I didn’t even know it was you. You could have just driven away and acted like it was none of your business. But I’m very glad you didn’t.”

He arched an eyebrow.

“Please? It’s just a quick cup of coffee. For my sake, if not yours.”

He managed to arch the eyebrow higher and then closed his eyes, massaging the bridge of his nose with fingers of the hand that did not hold the door open, thinking. She still leaned back on the table, not putting weight on her injured foot. He opened his eyes and looked at her again, slightly tilting his head.
“Very well,” he sighed.

“Thank you,” she smiled, and he seemed a bit taken aback for a split second before his impassive and slightly annoyed mask fell into place again.

“One cup.”

She nodded.

Hermione wanted to ask him to help her, so she would not force the injured foot, but that perhaps would be pushing her luck.

So she limped forward, dragging her bandaged foot behind her, carrying her split boot. When she was closing in on him, she stumbled and was falling face first to the floor before him. So this was the day she would lose all her dignity before his eyes. Nice. But his leather clad arm stretched out in front of her and caught her, his forearm pressing on her breasts, his hand grazing the side of one as it hooked under her arm. She blushed bright red and something pulled her navel down from the inside as he pulled her to stand upright.

“Honestly Granger, I would think walking is a simple enough task. You are, after all, patched up.” He raised an eyebrow and folded his arms across his chest.

She sighed, pushing her anger down. I mean, did he not hear his friend tell her to avoid standing on the foot? He could bloody help. Arse. It bothered her most that some part of her felt aroused by such snarky comments, and that silly romantic side of her saw possibility of a conquest, of changing him to be more like he was towards the healer, towards Lily Evans. Even if it was just as a friend. Don’t be weird, Hermione.

“Yes, it is.” She said dryly. “I’ll manage.”

He waited impatiently as she limped out the door so he could follow and close it behind him. She had gotten a small head start down the hall, but he obviously caught up with her. He picked her up by the waist, as he had when he had brought her in, and took long strides towards the alley as she dangled beside him. She had gasped as he picked her up and now looked at him, confused. And aroused.

“I would like to make it home sometime this century,” he sneered.

“Well, the century has just started,” she tried to be cute and funny, her stomach doing flips inside her. Her heart beat fast when she noticed she had managed to put a small, tiny, smirk on his face.

“Where are we going?” He asked as he put her down next to his bike and mounted on it, sticking the key in the ignition.

“The street you found me on, there’s a coffee shop on the corner further down the street.”

“All right,” he said. She just stood there, next to him. “Do you plan on apparating there, or do you want a ride?” He said with his brows furrowed, an annoyed look on his face.

“Would you? Give me a ride I mean?” She chewed or her lip self-consciously.

“For that to happen, you would need to hop on. And put on the helmet. I would not want to
have to bring you back to the hospital.” He still looked annoyed, but she was learning to roll with it. It was actually kind of funny. If he really didn’t want to give her the ride, he would certainly just have left her there.

She took the helmet that rested on the back of the bike and strapped it on. She then hooked her good leg over the bike, gently pulling the bum one to rest on the foot rest. She wrapped her arms around his waist and only then did he start the motorcycle.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hi folks, sorry I'm a little late with this one. But life should get back to normal in the next few days... and so I should be on time next week XD

Also, for those of you who read the last chapter right away and couldn't see the fanart I mentioned because the link I posted was broken, well, it's up now.

Enjoy!

As they rode on, she felt very excited to have her body pressed to his. Too bad the helmet didn’t allow her to rest her cheek on his back. Damn helmet. In moments when he was going more slowly, and fear of falling off the vehicle did not overwhelm her, her hands may have tentatively moved on his stomach, exploring it discretely. When he stopped at a light, she could sniff him, smell him. He smelled so good. His hair, in a pony tail that stretched halfway down his shoulder blades, smelled sweet. It was still slightly greasy, but in a much better way than when at Hogwarts. In a way that made it straight and shiny and bordering on beautiful. Not shampoo commercial beautiful, but acceptable. His skin smelled peppery and herbal and just divine. She so wished she wasn’t wearing that stupid helmet so she could lay her head on his back and just take him all in. Stop fueling this stupid girlish fantasy, Hermione.

He stopped in front of the coffee shop and waited for her to pry herself from him and take off the helmet to get off the bike, so he could do the same. She limped on to the pavement before saying “I live upstairs. I just need to go try to get my foot in some sandals so I don’t walk into a coffee shop barefoot.” She should have thought of that in the hospital and cast a spell on her boots when she wasn’t surrounded by muggles. She should also get more money. She didn’t know what type of coffee he would order and she did not want to be embarrassed any more tonight.

He smirked as he snorted. “Fine.” He leaned on the bike to wait for her and crossed his arms. So fucking sexy.

“Would… would you help me up the stairs?” She blushed to have to ask him this, but it would take a century for her to do it on her own.

He smirked again, raising a brow. “Fine.” He stood and looked from one side to another, surveilling the street before he followed her to a door next to the coffee shop window. She discretely tapped her wand to it and it opened. He once again picked her up by wrapping one arm around her waist and carried her up the narrow-ish staircase that led only to her door. He put her down on the landing and she opened the other door easily enough, allowing him to go in first.

He quickly examined the flat. A decent-sized studio flat. She managed to divide it well enough. So she had a small living room, with a two-seat sofa and a reclinable armchair facing the telly. A counter separated it from the kitchen, very small. The wall next to the door that led to the stairs was composed of bookshelves, top to bottom. It stretched to the back, behind a screen that must be the partition to hide her bedroom and loo, he assumed.

When she turned from closing the door, she was met with his lips on hers.
She gave into the kiss for two seconds, deep, hungry, gruff, delicious, before outrage finally surfaced on her features, making her pull away, though half of her didn’t really want to.

“What the hell?”

“What the hell!?”

“Is this the part where you lie, Granger, to me and to yourself, and tell me this is not what you want?” He smirked and looked nonchalant.

She still stared at him, jaw dropped.

“Should I wait for a slap or just go then?” Still, he looked indifferent.

The smug son of a bitch! How could he… know that? Yes, because try as she might not to want him, to be outraged and kick him out, she did want this. She did. It was so strange for her to want this, because she so was not the one-night-stand type, which is why she had had sex with only Ron, a grand total of four or five times, all not memorable. But something in her gut told her she should do it, that it would be worth it. He certainly wouldn’t brag about it to anyone. He obviously did not like the limelight. And she wasn’t such a hot conquest. Why the fuck did he want this anyway? Who cares? Just don’t let this opportunity pass, you fucking fool.

She dropped her boots and bag on the floor and draped her arms around his neck, pulling his lips down to hers, claiming it with so much hunger. He had hunger in him as well, and as she lifted her injured leg to support it against his waist, he held it, giving her leverage to pull herself up and wrap her legs around him completely. Their lips never parted. He walked, finding his way to where he assumed her bed would be, carrying her, and suddenly fear of being rubbish in bed struck her. Maybe the problem was her, not Ron. And Snape… had experience, it seemed. The healer made it sound like he had had many little flings. She did not want to be the worst he ever had. And just his kiss… sooo much better than any other she had tasted. Fuck. It was his tongue plundering her mouth so hungrily that made her desire for him trump her fear of being an awful lay. She simply could not stop this. When would she ever have imagined this could happen in the years she had admired him from afar, in class when he was writing on his disk and she was supposed to be brewing? When she admired him at meals in the Great Hall? Even at the Yule Ball, when she had hoped the transformation that had seemed to catch everyone’s eye would catch his as well. Years of being annoyed by the boys’ lack of respect for him, defending him to them. She had to shag him. For closure of some sort. It was too good and opportunity to pass.

He dropped her on the bed and immediately moved to hover over her. He kissed her lips again, plundered it, mauled it, then knelt in between her legs to pull off his jacket.

She was so amazed at how his roughness excited her. She always thought slow and tender would be the best option, but really, the bad boy thing had some sort of magic attached to it. It was fucking irresistible. She hurriedly pulled her jumper and shirt off as he threw his jacket to the floor, and she thanked the heavens she had chosen a decent flowery bra to wear today, and that it matched her knickers. They weren’t lace or exactly sexy, but weren’t awful to look at. She hungrily grabbed at the black turtle neck that still covered his upper body, trying to rush things even more so it could happen before he had a chance to analyze just exactly what he was doing and back out. She pulled the shirt over his head.

She could then gaze at what she had shamelessly, yet she hoped discretely, been feeling as she held onto him while they rode around town. Lean stomach, wide chest and strong arms, at just the right measure. Natural. Naturally hot. So hot, despite the many scars of all sizes and widths that marked him. And that thick, huge one Nagini had left, descending from behind his ear down over his collarbone, dipping just a bit onto his chest. It was a good thing she was so aroused and looked at him with desire instead of worry, or pity, or like it was intriguing, because he would have
stopped everything and left, for sure.

On his left arm, covering it almost completely, was a tattoo. It depicted a dragon, not the ones she studied to work with, but a mythical Chinese dragon, wrapped around his arm and around a black panther, who struggled with it. The panther looked fierce, like it yearned to get away from, and even kill, the dragon. The dragon’s tail ended on the inner side of his forearm, and it was drawn around his relatively faded Dark Mark, as if the mark was embedded, a part of the dragon.

She had leaned back on the many pillows set on her bed to admire him, biting her lip and smiling shyly, and he reached to unbutton her denims before he pulled them down. She arched her back to assist. He pulled them down to her knees and then just wandlessly and non-verbally cast a seam-splitting spell, to not disturb her injured foot.

He hovered over her again, covering her lips with his, and his hand sneaked down to her mound, caressing it over her knickers as his tongue rolled inside her mouth with hers. She whimpered into his mouth, still amazed at how that simple touch of his made her spread her legs wider and crave for more friction, crave for him inside her. Ron had touched her similarly, but not as effectively.

Snape’s fingers traced the hem of her knickers’ leg hole, and pulled it aside to trace her bare slit. She moaned and pulled him closer by the shoulders, but he resisted. His middle finger sank into her quim and she moaned again into his mouth, her hands now unbuckling is belt desperately as he rubbed her clit and circled her entrance, verifying she was indeed wet.

He pulled back from her to hook his fingers on the waistband of her knickers and she could no longer reach his trousers to continue to undo them. He pulled her knickers down, and she pulled her good leg up and through the leg hole. He didn’t even bother to pull them off completely, leaving them entangled on her bandaged foot, as he then got distracted looking at her exposed core with hunger dancing in his eyes.

Just his gaze on her made her moan and bite her lips. He quickly unzipped his black denims and pulled out his erection, lifting her injured leg to hold it gently next to his hips as he lowered himself to graze the tip of his cock on her exposed clit.

She only managed to get a glimpse of his prick, but it was enough to tighten the ball of arousal in her lower belly, and at the same time plant a seed of fear at the back of her mind. It was much larger than the only one she had ever seen.

“Contraceptive potion?” She heard him ask in the most enticing tone she had ever heard. How he had managed to make his voice even sexier than normal, she would never know.

“No,” she answered, already breathless, hoping to Merlin he had a solution for that so they didn’t have to stop. She bloody well couldn’t think of any at that moment. And she hadn’t been on the potion for almost two years now, since breaking up with Ron. There was no point to it.

He touched the hand that did not hold her leg to her stomach and murmured something. She felt her skin and insides prickle. His hand then held his cock to her entrance and he pushed himself into her, forearm now beside her head, supporting him as his other hand held her leg behind her knee, spreading her as he protected her foot from further injury.

She had not properly seen his cock, but she felt it, oh how she felt it, every inch of it, slowly slipping into her. It was deliciously big, and thank Merlin he seemed to know it and wasn’t being as rough as she had expected from how hungrily they had initiated, nor as fast about it as her previous experience. She moaned, whimpered and breathed deeply as he filled her, craving every
inch of him. She absently wondered how this did not hurt, but Ron’s sad little prick – when compared to Snape’s – did.

He was almost completely inside her and she lifted her other leg, making more room for the rest of him to slip in to the hilt. He grunted near her ear and she reveled in that sound. He began to move, slowly, pulling out, pushing in, rolling his hips on hers. She held onto his shoulder blades as her breathing began to spike.

Theoretically he did nothing differently than Ron. It was roughly the same position, with the difference he held her leg and her other one was hooked behind his thigh. He had his cock inside her. Same. But something… something made it so much better. Infinitely. His pace, his thick, huge cock, so hard. Rock hard. The rolling of his hips. He did it in a way that stimulated her clit and hit some spot inside her that felt like it could make her blind with pleasure. She moaned, and gasped near his ear as he picked up the pace a bit, and her fingertips sank into his back. His heavy breathing in her ear as he kept his face beside hers, his cheek almost touching hers, and the little contained grunts that escaped him from time to time, only contributed to her mounting arousal. Mounting like it never did before.

And then there was the view… She could see over his shoulder, reflected on the full length mirror that stood in front of her bed, his broad, strong back, muscles working, and his round, tight arse peeking out of his trousers as the bottom third of it, along with his legs, remained covered. It clenched so beautifully as he pushed himself into her.

He picked up the pace once more, and it was perfect, hitting everything it should, making her desperate, so ready and so close to exploding. He still held her injured leg, her knickers dangling from it, and she hooked the other one on his half bare bum.

“Yes. Yes. Like that,” she heard herself gasp, half moaning. She had never been vocal before during sex. She had never felt the urge to. She hoped he didn’t mind. “Oh fuck yes,” she let slip in a whimper as he pounded her, “Pleaase. Please, please, right there. Please.” He thrust into her one more time, hard, and a very large explosion occurred inside her. She had been right, it could make her blind, because for a moment she could see nothing but bright white as she moaned next to his ear, long, drawn out, and sank her fingers into his back. He still moved inside her, more slowly since she was tightening around him, and it triggered more pleasure. She thought she had come before, alone, maybe once with Ron, but this, this was that tenfold. A hundredfold. Fuck it felt so good. She even almost peed.

As she was still hazy, he bucked twice more into her and she could feel the muscles on his back tightening. It was happening for him too. She smiled as he let out a soft groan and he then exhaled as his body relaxed.

He rolled off of her to catch his breath and in a minute was standing, pulling his jeans up and buttoning it.

“Where are you going?” She heard herself ask.

He turned around and narrowed his eyes at her. “You don’t expect me to sleep here, do you?” He snorted and stepped towards his turtle neck on the floor, picking it up.

Damn it, Hermione, play it cool. Don’t be crazy and clingy.

“Of course not,” she snorted too. His neck snapped to look back at her, his features impassive. “But I was serious about buying you a cup of coffee.”
Again he snorted. “Not necessary.”

She was still lying in bed, shoulders supporting her up as she watched him find his belongings. That crush she always had was speaking loudly, very loudly, and she so wanted a way in, to know him better, a chance to see him again. How?

“Dinner then.” She finally sat up in bed, taking her feet gently to the floor and pulling her knickers up, since they were still hanging on her foot.

He narrowed his eyes as he observed her again, and she was quick to continue. “I have something around here we could eat, and you would not have to be seen in public with me,” she smiled playfully, trying to brush off the actual fear of him being ashamed of being seen with her, of having shagged her. Fear that he maybe shagged her only as a joke. She reached into her closet and pulled out a simple dress she pulled on as he still looked at her, eyes narrowed, lips pursed.

She limped away into the kitchen and pulled out two choices of frozen dinners. “I'll let you have your pick,” she smiled and placed them on the counter to show him. He just watched her. Silent. Stoic.

“I assume you were on your way home when you picked me up, yes? And you didn’t have a chance to eat yet? You are hungry, right? I know I am.”

After a few more moments of silence, he sighed. “Fine.”

“Good. Which one?” She asked. He pointed to the one he wanted and she stuck it in the microwave. “Be right back. Don’t leave.” And she limped into the loo to pee. Finally.
Ah, I’m a little late. Sorry. My hard drive went POOF and my computer is in ICU. Pray for it. Lucky for you (and for me, cause I love seeing how you react to each chapter) I have my babies all backed up.

Snape ate quietly. With his impassive mask firmly in place, it seemed very much like Hermione was looking at him up at the Head Table in the Great Hall at Hogwarts and not in her flat, after having been intimate with him. That is, except for the fact the slightly longer hair, which was pulled back, made him look a tad younger. It also helped that he had definitely put on some weight, but in a terribly good way, and that something in the general air around him felt lighter. Just a touch. It was probably the case with her as well. *It’s called not being in war, Hermione.*

This was all very new to her. Shagging an older man. Shagging a former teacher. Shagging Snape! Shagging someone for the hell of it. Just shagging, really, since she could still count on one hand how many times it had occurred before. And oddly, she did not mind not being in a committed relationship with him before having done it. It had been so fucking worth it. And she shagged a teacher she had had a crush on for years. I mean, how many girls actually get to do that? Fulfill that sort of fantasy? It was great.

Yet, something inside her nagged and gnawed, and made her want to get to know him better instead of just letting it be what it was – as he probably saw it – a one night stand. It would be marvelous for her ego, to break a piece of Severus Snape’s thick shell and tall walls. And it could maybe lead to them meeting like this again. She very much wanted to shag him again. Don’t flatter yourself, Hermione, you don’t even know if you are rubbish in bed or not. Well, he stayed for a meal. That can only be a good sign, right?

“So, working at St. Mungo’s now?” She found herself trying to begin a conversation.

He just scoffed and resumed his eating afterwards.

She knitted her brows for a moment, but pressed on. “Why did you give up teaching?”

Again he scoffed. But after taking a sip of his fizzy drink she had offered him, he said “I believe I have seen those castle walls enough times for three lifetimes.” He said it solemnly, but she sniggered and snorted a bit nonetheless. It was true. She didn’t much like going to Hogwarts anymore either.

“And what is it you do exactly at St. Mungo’s?”

He narrowed his eyes and furrowed his brow before answering begrudgingly. “Brew.”

“Right.” She chewed, waiting, hoping he would carry on, but… nothing. “Well, I work at the Magical Creatures Department at the Ministry.”

He snorted. *Of course she did.*

“No, it’s actually kind of nice. I mean, I’m still very low in the chain of command, but I
think I will grow there soon, and…”

She blabbed on, making him wonder what the fuck he was doing there. Yes, she had been aching for him, he knew. The way her hands slid on his body as they had been riding the bike was more than telling. That did stroke his ego a bit, that the Gryffindor goodie-goodie had the hots for him. It helped that she grew up rather nicely, her arse and tits filling out perfectly and giving her a bit of an hourglass figure, her facial features having improved as well. Of course he had noticed it before, during her sixth year. But having his life in immediate danger somehow took away from the small pleasures life had had to offer in the quiet years, such as admiring the older girls to distract his mind. It was always done innocently enough, just because he was stuck with nothing to look at except for the crones that worked with him, twisting their noses at him. Plus, the age difference between him and the seventh years had been much smaller in the earlier years.

As time went by, interest had faded due to age and to the impending war. But he would be lying to himself if he said that the first morning of his Defense Against the Dark Arts class 3 years ago was not unusual. He had noticed her tight body, and her mind was sharp, he had already known. It was sharp to the point of annoying him. So, because of the duress he was under, of knowing he would have to kill his boss and the only friend – sort of – he had known in years, and to distract his mind mildly, and only for that, he would admire her during class.

It was long behind him, though. It was. Until he finally decided to look to the side to stare down the idiotic girls he could always glimpse from the corner of his eye looking at him on some random street as he drove by. He was going to lift his visor to do it, but when he saw Hermione Granger among them, he refrained. She was even more grown and voluptuous than he remembered. And she wasn’t his student anymore. Something tugged at his navel. And the way she looked at him… she wanted him. Perhaps because she did not know it was him. Still, he took to admiring her again from time to time when he rode by.

That proved to not be the case, though. She did want him, even knowing it was him. And he foolishly gave into his whims and ego. And now she was babbling before him. Dear God. It’s a good thing I never gave her the opportunity to talk in class. We would still be standing there. Insufferable chit.

He finished eating and stood. He shouldn’t have accepted the meal in the first place, but he didn’t want to be too rude to her. Why the fuck not?

She waved the dishes to the sink and saved him from talking and trying to say something that would get him out of there quickly and relatively nicely.

“So yeah, good night then,” said Hermione. She walked to the door, trying to be chill, not knowing if she succeeded. Fuck, you really need to get out more.

He pulled on his jacket as she opened the door. They descended the stairs, slowly, because of her foot, and she tapped her wand to the door that led to the street and pulled it open, stepping aside to let him go by. As he did and walked out, she plucked up the courage to call out “thank you.”

He snapped his head back to gaze at her.

“Not just for today, with my foot and all… but for what you did for us, during the war. I’m not sure if… anyone ever did thank you. So, thank you. You were… essential.”

He tilted his head slightly and looked puzzled and amazed for a split second before his always faithful mask befell him again. “Dinner was… enjoyable,” he said before turning to head to
his bike. He mounted it and rode off as she watched.

On the next day, she apparated to the Ministry entrance. Despite having the bandaged foot, her boss made her do several autopsies, and she ended up being on her feet for quite some time. She should have gotten a doctor’s note. She completely forgot to ask. The pain potion did not much help that day, so she apparated straight home, to put her feet up. The pain occupied her mind, leaving no room for anything else.

The second day was less hard. So much so that she thought she could perhaps apparate to some point halfway home, then slowly walk the rest of the way, to get her fresh air and distraction, and also to report to her friends at the grocery store. They were probably worried. And that she did. She even got there in time to watch Snape go by on his bike. He looked back at her when the light was red, not lifting his helmet visor, and her whole body quivered at the memory of him on top of her, inside her. She so wanted that again, but didn’t have enough life experience to make it happen. She didn’t even wave at him, since he didn’t much acknowledge her either.

“So you know him?” Cindy was beside her suddenly. “And you didn’t tell me?”

“Oh hey.” She averted her eyes and looked at Cindy. “I didn’t know it was him. He looks a little different.”

“He looks hot. In a brooding, rude sort of way. For a moment there I was afraid the helmet hid a lot that would ruin the dream, but he is eye candy. Very fuckable.”

Hermione blushed and sniggered, trying to hide the fact she agreed, and that she had. Fucked him. The light turned green and he rode off.

“Who is he?”

“Oh, uhm, he was my teacher. At school.”

“Yum. And he stopped to help you. Teacher’s pet.”

She scoffed. “I wish. He hated me.”

“I’m sure you changed that two nights ago.” Cindy smiled shyly.

“Cindy! Stooop!” Hermione whined bashfully.

“What? You’re telling me he carried you out of here to the hospital like a naughty knight in black shiny armor and you didn’t thank him?”

“I did. I bought him coffee.”

Cindy was about to make an insinuation when Max came out.

“Hermione! How’s the foot?”

“Good, good. It was only a sprain.”

“And did that guy treat you right? Wait for you to get seen by a doctor, drove you home?”

“Yeah, he was great.”
“He doesn’t seem too friendly,” Max said with a sneer.

“Oh… well, he’s been through a lot. But he’s alright.” She gave a small smile.

Hermione noticed Max didn’t much like that she had defended Snape. Something told her he finally wanted to ask her out, and she so did not want to deal with that right now. He was maybe a better choice for her, dependable, steady, but she very much wanted to be available to shag Snape again. Should the chance present itself. *Like he will ever want to again. Scoff.*

“Well, I should get going. Put my feet up,” she said before Max could say something.

“What about dinner?” He asked.

“Oh, I’m good. I just stopped by to see you guys.” She didn’t really know what he had meant, and she did fancy a frozen lasagna, but it was best to play dumb and go home and just have a sandwich. “Bye!” She smiled and waved to both Cindy and Max as she limped away. Good thing he didn’t know exactly where she lived.

On the third day, a Friday, she still felt a bit of pain. And not too firm on her leg yet. She would go to St. Mungo’s again. But it had been such a tiring day. Maybe rest was all she needed.

Again she apparated to an alley behind her street, and limped to the little grocery place. She needed to buy something. A tomato and celery soup sounded good and easy enough.

She was picking tomatoes when Cindy ran out. “Did I miss him?”

“No, not yet,” Hermione smiled, but was beginning to get annoyed, strangely, that Cindy would stop her work to look at him. Or maybe she was annoyed because she wanted him again and had no idea what to do to get him. And he would ride by and not give a shit about her again. Yes. That annoyed her.

She heard his bike and she willed herself to not look. She would not give him the satisfaction. She already had, too many times. So she stayed with her eyes on the tomatoes, squeezing them, choosing, even as Cindy elbowed her to warn her he was there. She heard the engine become quieter. He was stopped at the light, surely.

“Hermione, girl, he’s looking at you.”

She inadvertently looked up, and his visor was up as he stared at her with those deep obsidian eyes. Her lips curled up slightly and she nodded once, as if bidding hello. He just looked at her. And as if he had eyes on the back of his head, he kicked the bike into gear and accelerated as the light turned green, still looking at her, and lowered his visor to drive away.

“He must be so fucking delicious and wild in the sack,” Cindy said.

Delicious, yes. Wild, not so much, it seemed. “Yeah…” Hermione said a bit dreamily as she picked one last tomato and turned to head inside. She picked up celery on the way to the cashier’s and placed both items on the counter. It was Max who was working the cash register, and he tried to strike up some conversation and be friendly, but Hermione was so not in the mood. She didn’t mean to be rude, but she must have been because he quickly dropped it and just rang her groceries up.

She walked down the street, slowly still, feeling mild pain and not so firm when putting her
weight on the leg. She turned to face her door and discretely pulled her wand out. She felt someone come up close behind her. Instead of touching the wand to her door, she turned on her heels and touched it to the persons’ neck, and they were so close together, passersby would not see.

“Granger,” she heard his voice say coldly before she saw it was Snape. She looked up at him as he looked down at her over his hooked nose, his hand over her grip pulling the wand away from him, staring at her coldly.

“Bloody hell, Snape!” She said in an exasperated whisper, putting her wand away. “You don’t sneak up on a girl like that in this neighborhood, particularly not one who has been through war!” She scolded him in hushed tones, looking from side to side to see if any muggles noticed. He just raised an eyebrow nonchalantly. “What are you doing here?” She asked.

“I was charged, or rather coerced, by Healer Grey to check if your leg has healed properly. I bear potions.”

It was a lie. Alice had asked about her and suggested he go see her, but then brushed it off, saying she was probably fine if she didn’t go back to St. Mungo’s. It hadn’t been such a nasty break. Alice certainly did not force him to go see the chit. He came because he wanted to. Even he did not quite understand why. Yes, she was a pretty chit. But theoretically, she hadn’t been the best lay he’d have. He’d had his share of witches and muggle women, and it was never serious of course. Some were seriously wild, though. He’d ridden many through the night and never looked back, but this chit... made him come back, even though she probably did not have a wild bone in her body. It was probably the fact that with her, there had been some sort of connection. It couldn’t be meaningless from the get go, not completely. They had shared experiences. A war. The struggle to stay alive, to end the reign of a psycho bastard. Something as simple as the classes he taught and she sat through every week, listening to him attentively, for years. She had seen him vulnerable, at the brink of death. Crying. She certainly must have had access to his memories. It was so much more than he had ever known about any of his flings. And that they had truly known of him. What they did know is only what they read on the toilet rags that passed as papers.

And then the chit had gone and thanked him. He had been acquitted in the Wizengamot, there had been stories run in the papers. His colleagues at Hogwarts treated him more decently, despite his crude ways. People in general looked at him with less disgust. It was all forms of recognition, he guessed, but not one soul had properly thanked him. It helped draw him back there. Damn her. Damn him.

“Oh, okay,” she said. “Thanks.”

There it was again.

She turned to open the door and lead the way up the stairs, after properly closing it. In her little sitting room, they looked at each other in silence for a moment, before he said “If you would sit so I can exam your leg.”

“Yes, okay.” She dropped her bags and hung her coat by the door and sat on the armchair.

It was reclinable, one that had been her dad’s. He would sit on it all weekend if he could, watching the telly. And she never, not once, was allowed on it. Well, now it was in her flat, despite not going with anything in it. And she understood her father’s love for the chair. It was quite comfy. She would sleep watching movies on it.

Snape sat on the sturdy wooden coffee table in front if her, and pulled her foot up to his lap. He pulled off her shoe and traced the seams of her jeans, down from the knee, with his wand,
splitting them. And if that wasn’t enough, making her stomach already do flips in excitement of his hands being on her, he pushed up her pant leg, his hand caressing her leg as he did so. Her body quivered, all the little hairs on it standing on end.

He caressed her leg, examining it, and she quickened again.

“Pain?” He asked. It took her longer than it should to respond, as she swallowed hard, trying to make her mouth not be so dry.

“Hmmm, yes, some discomfort. And I’m not too secure putting my weight on it either. Feels like I will fall, sometimes.”

He observed her exposed leg for a minute longer, felt it, and pulled two phials from his inner jacket pocket.

“That should suffice. One for pain, and one for better fixation of the bone.”

“Okay,”

He left them on the coffee table, sting beside him, and was repairing her jeans. He would leave in a minute, but she didn’t want him to. She needed him again. So she dared. She slowly and lightly moved her foot, as it rested in between his legs on the table, making the curve on the sole of it cup his cock, so to speak. He immediately looked up at her, and raised a brow. She caressed his denim covered prick with her foot.

“Granger,” he said warningly.

“What?” She answered affectedly. Cheekily. Smiling, still rubbing his cock with her foot. It was growing, she could feel it, which gave her courage to continue. He was torn. He didn’t know if he should get mad at her cheek or fuck her. He wanted to fuck her. That was really why he was there. His cock was twitching under her foot, caving her tight warmth.

He hurriedly leaned to her and quickly undid her jeans. He pulled them off with a snarl, and using such force that she had to hold onto the arms of the chair to not slip off it. She liked it, that he was so hungry for her. Her knickers were pulled off along with her denims and she sat there exposed, completely.

He stood, pulling off his jacket and letting it drop to the floor. She was pulling her jumper off, observing how his eyes glistened in desire as he watched her. She wore nothing but her bra now, and she splayed herself for him, draping one leg over each arm of the chair, reveling in the fact that his deep dark eyes now burned as fire. He pulled off his grey turtleneck and lowered himself to her, pushing the chair to recline beneath her body in the process, all in swift and firm motions.

He was placed in between her legs, mauling her lips and she kissed him back, hands on his cheeks as her hips rolled slowly, seeking the friction of his dark denims and his imprisoned cock. His hand made its way in between them, lips working with no relent, and his fingers easily slipped into her slit, since she was spread wide, and stroked her hard, swollen clit. Once… twice, to then slip down and sink into her folds, feeling how so very wet she was, how so very warm she was. She moaned into his mouth.

She felt herself tingle and knew he had cast the contraceptive spell as his fingers were inside her. Well, if that wasn’t effective, she didn’t know what was. Then, a touch of his hand unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans wandlessly, and he pulled his cock out to slowly sink
into her depths. Their lips had already parted, so her sweet moan could resound in his ear and all around the room. He enjoyed it. He bit his own lip to refrain from groaning. Good thing his face was almost buried in the leather of the chair and out of her sight.

Again he moved at a delicious pace, making her pleasure build like it never had before she had been with him. But this time, the sweet rocking of the chair helped. His cheek almost touched hers, and his soft grunts slipped his lips and filled her ear. She felt bold. She wanted more grunts. She wondered if she could make stoic, solemn, Severus Snape lose control. And she wanted to be considered a good shag. So again she dared and gave into her instincts. It had worked a little while before.

Her hands traveled lightly from his shoulder blades to his lower back, and she could feel him quiver on top of her and his breathing change in her ear. She dipped her hands into his denims, which still covered most of his buttocks, and squeezed him, pulling him closer, further inside her.

“Burry that fantastic cock deep in me,” she said in hushed tones through her heavy breathing to his ear, and his hips bucked harder for a stride or two as he lost composure and grunted, clearly, in her ear. Perhaps she had more wildness in her than he had given her credit for.

Her hands traveled up his back again, making him quicken and speed up his pace intentionally. She scratched his back, moaning, as her hips rolled in rhythm against his. When she gained some focus again, she pulled the tie from his hair and sunk her hand in it, planting kisses on his shoulder and neck.

He picked up pace once again and his own hand embedded itself in her mane, pulling on it lightly. It made her core tighten. She rolled her hips more eagerly against his and they moved in the same pace, fast and slightly hard. She licked his scar, the one left by the damned snake, actually licked it, its whole length, as she tugged at his hair with one hand and scratched his back with the other. He couldn’t help but pull his head back to look at her, a bit surprised, as his hips snapped into hers more eagerly. She smiled cheekily after a moment’s apprehension. He lifted one of her legs higher and broke his pace, rolling his hips slowly, his cock inside her, his pubic bone on her clit. She moaned and rolled her eyes back into her head, clinging to his shoulders, and once he started snapping his hips again, two thrusts were enough to make her come, all her muscles tightening beneath him as she bit his shoulder, where his ink began. The head of the dragon. He came soon after, with a grunt, gripping her hair.

He was catching his breath on top of her, and she enjoyed the weight on her. It was soothing. When she had worked up the courage to maybe embrace him, he got up before she could, zipping up his jeans. The chair snapped back to its upright position. To think that three years ago, she wasn’t even allowed to sit on it. Her father would surely stroke out if he ever imagined this.

She sniggered at that thought and pulled her wand from her jeans on the floor, then waved it to summon a flowery robe from her wardrobe. She put it on as she stood.

“Hungry?” She was walking to the door to pick up her groceries. “I’m making tomato soup.”

He was already dressed and she regretted the fact she couldn’t properly admire his body. And his tattoo. He just shrugged, as if he were saying ‘I could eat.’

She took a step to the kitchen which made her leg buckle, and she was about to fall with her knee to the coffee table when he held her by her arm.

She hissed in pain but still managed to say thank you. She picked up a phial from the coffee table and forced herself to drink it without casting a spell to exam it. It was a ritual that had stuck
with her from the times of war, but it would surely offend him. He wouldn’t kill her or poison her. If he did kill her, she hoped it would be while or due to fucking her senseless. She downed the other phial too, and continued her walk to the kitchen, to prepare dinner.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Twice in one week! Oh wow! :D
Edit: If you follow this story and got a second e-mail as if I had updated again today (Monday, September 9th) I am so sorry! The update was yesterday, but I was fiddling with things here because I found out the story wasn't showing up on the search engine by date updated, so new readers might find it. Turns out I had ticked some box that made the last update always seem like it was a month ago. So of course that would turn people off to it a bit, thinking I don't update. So I unticked it and then the date of the update came out as today, and that might have sent you guys another e-mail, I don't know. Anyway, that's it! Next update will be on the weekend.

Hermione cast a spell so the tomatoes would chop themselves and retrieved a pot from the cupboard as he sat on the barstool pushed up to the kitchen counter. She really should get some wine or something more ‘grown up’ to offer him, if this was going to be a constant thing. Would it? It could be. It would be great. She offered him a fizzy drink, which was the only thing besides water she had to give him. He took it in silence.

As the pot was on the stove and she poured tomatoes into it, she tried to strike up conversation, though she had a sneaky feeling it would not be easy.

“So… how was work today? Good?” She smiled.

He raised an eyebrow, simultaneously rolling his eyes. “Fine.”

Silence again.

“What’s the story behind that tattoo?” She tried again.

He furrowed his brow as he watched her with almost menacing eyes, but remained silent.

“Does it have some special meaning to you?”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Are you always so friendly and talkative after shagging someone?” She asked, a bit annoyed.

“Are you always so nosy and impertinent?”

“Well, forgive me for not wanting to sit in awkward silence while dinner is prepared. Talk about something you don’t mind talking of, then. Merlin!” She scoffed, exasperated.

He watched her in silence again. She looked at him, waiting for something. It didn’t come. She exhaled through her mouth, grunting annoyed. He smirked.

“I believe things must have a special meaning to someone for them to engrave it permanently on their skin. You’d have to be an idiot to tattoo something without meaning or
desire.” He sipped his soda.

“Well, I seem to remember you having a tattoo you did not wish to have.” She was referring, of course, to his Dark Mark.

He narrowed his eyes and they pierced her soul.

“So… you want to tell me what the tat means to you?” She tried to rectify the situation she had gotten herself into. He just kept at his piercing stare. Perhaps a change of subject then.

“Why do you have a bike? Tired of apparating? Or flying?” She smiled, trying to be playful and sweet. Not that it would work on him. Why she still had the urge to get to know such a difficult man, she did not know. She should just enjoy the shag and not even invite him to stay and eat anymore, if he ever came back. Why he agreed to stay she also did not understand, if he wasn’t going to say a word. But he was so fucking fascinating… She wanted in. She always had wanted to get behind that wall of his. But it was so damn hard.

He stared at her for a moment or two before answering stoically. “I’ve always wanted a motorcycle. Why not have one now that I am free? It did not seem to bother you as I gave you a ride some days ago…” He smirked.

“Oh, it doesn’t. It’s a beautiful vehicle. And hot, really,” she said as she checked on the soup, not showing her blushing face. “I was just curious. Never pegged you as the muggle contraption admirer,” she smiled at him.

“As for the flying,” he continued without flinching, “I only use that if extremely necessary. I do not enjoy the fact that I have the ability to do so. It was… a gift from an unsavory person, as you may imagine.”

She snorted. “Unsavory person.” He raised an eyebrow at her. “He was an asshole. Just say it,” she completed.

His eyebrow was still raised as he was surprised with her vocabulary. Never would he have imagined the Gryffindor princess would be saying such things.

“Come on. Say it. Get it off your chest. You’re free now. Just say it.”

He just looked at her in silence.

“If it’s me you are worried about, professor, I can take it. I’m a big girl. As I am pretty sure you know by now,” she smirked.

Still, his obsidian eyes pierced hers, and his impassive mask hid amusement and bafflement that she could be so relaxed around him. No one really ever was. Nor could he be this open with anyone. He would probably never trust another soul again. It could not lead to any good. Do not let her suck you in. This is just some ill-advised shagging. And meals, which for some idiotic reason you allowed. You should just get up and leave right now. You owe her nothing.

“I mean, Dumbledore might be unsavory….”

He snorted. “He might be an even bigger asshole, since he was keen on hiding it,” he said under his breath.

“There you go,” she smiled, and turned to the pot again.
They ate dinner and had a bit more conversation. Mostly it was just Hermione talking about her work, and how hard she was working to get a promotion and be sent on trips, and maybe deal with less disgusting things. Her boss was a douche and never seemed to recognize her efforts or her smarts, making her work triply as hard as her peers on account of her being one of the Golden Trio. He wanted to make sure she knew she was not privileged, in any way. She knew Snape was probably not registering a word and just wanted to eat and get out of there as fast as he could, but she couldn’t stop herself from talking. She should though. She didn’t want to put him off from returning. This arrangement could be good. Satisfying and uncomplicated. She shouldn’t force them to be friends or something of the sort as she was doing. It would only fuck it up. *Not everything needs to be a deep committed relationship, Hermione. You're young. Have some fun.*

Over the next few days, after the weekend had passed, their little dance recommenced. She would stop at the grocery store and watch for him with Cindy and some neighborhood girls, feeling slightly proud that she had shagged him as they made their suppositions of his sexual prowess, not having a clue she knew first hand. He would only stop and look back in her general direction when she was not surrounded by other women, but with that damned helmet she never knew for sure he was looking at her. And she would walk home hopeful he would approach her at her door, but it never happened.

She had no idea how else to contact him. She could show up at his workplace during her lunch hour, but that didn’t exactly scream casual sex. More like desperate stalker, which maybe was closer to the truth for her.

Max had finally built up the courage to ask her out. She had to say no, and gave some bullshit excuse of wanting time for herself, getting out of a relationship recently. But the truth was, if Snape knocked on her door, anytime, she would shag him. And she did not want to be the girl seeing two guys, or even worse, the girl cheating on a nice guy for sex with the bad boy who was a good shag, depending on how deep Max really was intending on going. He was a good guy, but she felt he was too immature for her anyway, and she did not see it going far. Plus, he did not have that intense pull Severus Snape had. Not that she saw *that* going anywhere far either. But perhaps she wished it could with more intensity than Max’s cause.

On Friday evening, there she was again at the grocery store. It was empty of course, since most people had plans on a Friday night better than needing groceries, and she and Cindy waited for Snape to ride by. Max looked on from the cash register, with contempt, actually jealous now that he was informed – contrary to what he had believed – that he had no chance with Hermione. Things had been awkward since she had politely rejected him, but all on his side. She was still friendly and nice, but he just wouldn’t have it. He ignored her whenever possible, and if not, he was rude. Which just went to show she had made the right call.

The roar of the motorcycle engine was approaching, and since it was only her and Cindy, Hermione busied herself with pretending she was picking out some fruit. Cindy did not care about being so discrete and just outright stared at him as he came to a stop at the light. He looked back, and for the first time that week, lifted his visor, and Hermione could see his obsidian eyes piercing through her caramel ones. She waved shyly, and could see no reaction of his. He only slid down his visor after a moment and drove off as the light turned green.

“Girl… if you don’t go up to him next time he does that, I will,” she heard Cindy say behind her as she watched his figure disappear down the street.

She had hope that since he had raised his visor, a different move than what had happened
for the rest of the week, that it meant he would go to her. So she took excited yet contained steps home, hoping to meet him there. But she arrived at her door, opened it, and went up to her flat with no interference at all. To say she was slightly disappointed was an understatement.

She showered first. She would stick something in the microwave for her to eat afterwards. She got in a blue cotton nighty, regretting the fact all her friends were dating and never seemed able to make plans with her on a Friday night, but also thankful for the rest she would get. She was indeed very tired. Work, with such a douchebag boss, was taxing.

Hermione was checking the freezer for frozen lasagna when the doorbell rang. It made her become annoyed, since the possibility of it being anyone she wanted to see was very, very slim. She was pulling on a housecoat when it rang again. It was most likely someone who had gotten some address wrong, which happened a lot there. Or, also, people who stepped out of the coffee shop and still hung around to chat outside, leaning inadvertently on her doorbell.

She rushed down the narrow staircase and pulled the door open, sticking only her head outside. Leaning on the doorframe was the tall, dark, leather-wearing Severus Snape, looking stoic despite his relaxed stance. He held paper bags down at his side.

“Snape!” She said, surprised.

“Granger,” he responded, unfazed.

She stepped back and pulled the door open. He entered and closed it behind him. She climbed two steps to make room, and that made her almost at height with him.

“What are you doing here?” She asked.

“I do not like to be in anyone’s debt,” he said. She furrowed her brow, not understanding what he meant, holding back outrage of thinking he might mean he owed her for sex. He arched an eyebrow before he continued. “And while the first time you provided me with dinner could be construed as gratitude for my help with your injury, the second time…”

“Oh,” She smiled, relieved. “People are nice to one another, you know. You don’t owe me anything.” She could understand him, though. Everything in his life up until two years ago seemed to be used as leverage by someone.

“Still… I have Chinese.” He held up the bags. “And wine, for a proper drink,” he arched an eyebrow and smirked.

“And I, have not eaten yet,” she smiled, “so come on up.” She led the way as he climbed up after her.

“You can set those on the counter,” she said, holding the door open for him to go in. She closed it behind him.

Once he had set the takeaway on the counter and pulled the bottle of wine from a paper bag, he turned to her, only to be attacked. She hungrily claimed his lips, her hands holding his face to hers. His hands slipped around her waist, and hers descended his chest and stomach, to feel his cock over his black denims. Their lips parted.

“I thought we were going to eat, Granger.”

“And I thought we always did this first,” she said cheekily.
His lips crashed on hers as his hands grabbed her buttocks and lifted her to him, carrying her back to her makeshift bedroom behind the flowery screen. He dropped her on the bed and she sat at the foot of it as he pulled off his leather jacket, revealing a dark grey turtleneck today. He moved to pull that off too, and whilst he did all this, she reached for his belt and unbuckled it, unzipping his trousers and pulling out his cock. She finally got a good look at it, and it made her salivate. Long, thick, a smooth pink tip she could so easily slide against her lips right now… and well groomed. She managed to pump it once before he grabbed her hands and threw them back onto the bed, pinning them over her head as his lips took control of hers again, his tongue plundering her mouth as she wanted that cock to plunder her core.

He pushed her nighty and housecoat up to rest on her midsection and swiftly pulled her white cotton knickers off before mauling her mouth again. Her hot, burning hot cunt, and his rock hard cock rubbed against one another and neither of them could take it. She demonstrated it with a whimper into his mouth and he silently guided his tip to her folds, pushing into her. Her nails scratched his back, and she could feel him quiver, though he tried to shake it off quickly.

She held his cheek close to hers, ten fingers in his long silky hair, tugging slightly when his cock hit the right spot inside her. Her lips peppered kisses on his neck and shoulders, on his scar, and even nipped his earlobe, and his grunts near her ear only made her more excited.

She had read something during her lonely nights, about some exercises that could be done to strengthen certain muscles… she had tried them, but couldn’t know if they had worked. Until now. Should she try it now? Or would she make a fool of herself? Well… if it worked, it worked. If it didn’t, he probably wouldn’t feel any difference… so she gave it try.

“Hmmm, fuck, Granger,” he grunted in her ear as her pussy squeezed his cock once, and he began to thrust faster into her. She smiled, pleased with herself and with his cock ravishing her at a wonderful pace. She grazed her teeth on his shoulder and her hips began to roll of their own accord against his. She took this involuntary movement and built on it, rocking harder and faster, to match his pace. Again she tightened around him.

“Fuck, witch,” he said through his labored breathing and bit her neck. When her core relaxed around him, he kissed her flesh where he had bitten, then licked it all the way up to her ear, which he nipped.

“Do that again and you won’t come tonight,” he whispered in her ear.

She smiled. She understood what he meant. It was not a threat, just an observation that he would come before she did. She loved having this kind of effect on him.

Her hips bucked up against his at a frantic pace, just as his cock pushed into her, rapidly as well. It hit that spot inside her over and over, her clit being rubbed in between their bodies, and then her breath caught in her throat as she suddenly came. He thrust into her a couple more times, making waves of pleasure ripple through her quivering body, and she managed to clamp her pussy around him once more, making him spill himself inside her with a muffled groan.

He had barely caught his breath when he rolled to the side and stood, zipping those trousers that never did come off completely. She pulled down her nighty and robe as he pulled his shirt on, and they both stepped into the kitchen.

She found a corkscrew and gave it to him so he could open the wine, and as he did, she took containers with food out of the bags and opened them up. A quick wave of his wand had the food steaming hot again. This was beginning to feel so familiar…
“Oh! Sweet Circe, this is great Chinese!” She said, chewing while poking her chopsticks into her rice. “Where is it from?”

“A place I know.”

“Obviously,” she said, trying to imitate his silky voice and annoyed tone.

He narrowed his eyes at her and she sniggered.

“You know, this is great Chinese food, and you can bring it over anytime you like. But you do not need to create excuses to come over.” She smiled cheekily.

He looked up from his food and raised an eyebrow. She smiled again, not bearing teeth this time as she chewed, and did not shy away from his glare.
Chapter 6

His bite left a mark. She didn’t magically conceal it, nor did she heal it, though of course she wore jumpers and blouses that would cover it... but just barely. She was proud of it in a weird way. That she had caused him to somehow lose so much control, even if just for a fraction of a second, that he had felt the need to bite her, to kiss her while he was inside her. She wanted her jumper to shift slightly on her body for the mark to show and people to know what she had been doing. So childish, she knew, but she couldn’t help the feeling. She was happy she was getting properly shagged, finally. She had been worried there for a while that she was too much of a nerd and too uptight, too unattractive as well to ever get to do such a thing. It wasn’t the ideal picture she had had in mind, of being in a proper committed relationship, doing other things together, being able to introduce him to her friends... but it was good. She was enjoying it. And she knew he was a good person deep down. She enjoyed his company, even if it was always relatively silent. It also helped that the smitten teenager in her was getting her wish.

She had started on the potion. Wishful thinking that he would keep coming back for a while. And he did come back. She walked home every day as usual, except once or twice she had to go for drinks or coffee with her friends. On those days, she couldn’t help but think, as her friends talked about something or other, if that hadn’t been the night he had decided to stop by, and she wouldn’t be home to receive him. Shag him. It made her almost not want to go out with her friends.

But every day she did walk home was the same. He rode by, sexy and dangerous as ever, and Cindy, as always, had some choice words, which made a mix of anger, jealousy and pride that she was shagging him – or had shagged him – boil up inside her. She almost wanted to walk up to him, stopped there at the light, and get on the back of his bike, wrapping her arms around him, just to see Cindy’s reaction. But Merlin knows what he would do. He didn’t so much as look at her on most days.

When he did – when he lifted his visor particularly – it meant he would be showing up at her door. They naturally had developed that signal, without even talking about it. He lifted his visor and glared at her, she shyly smiled and waved, and he knew he could show up, and she knew to expect him. For two weeks it happened, once a week, once on a Thursday, once on a Friday. Once he showed up as she opened the door, once he showed up later, with take away.

Their routine never changed much. They went through the same motions, but it was always spectacular. Because she always came. She managed to make him bite, lick and kiss her neck and cheek more, though. Interact more, if you will. And he always seemed to enjoy her scratching, her biting, her kissing, her licking of his scar, funny as it may seem. He did not, however, much enjoy the time she tried to trace his tattoo, while he caught his breath after sex, beside her. He stood before she could reach the Dark Mark embedded in it, and before she could ask once again why he had had it done, what it meant to him. She also never seemed to manage to touch his wonderful cock much.

On the third week, it was much of the same. They had just finished their shag and he was putting on his shirt when all the lights went out. Not just in her flat, but all over the neighborhood, it seemed. She quickly cast a spell and lit the candles she had spread around the flat, scented ones. She had them just because she fancied it. Lighting them made them able to at least see their surroundings. He hadn’t brought take away, and she was counting on the microwave to make dinner that night. She hadn’t bought anything special to cook. She was thinking what to do when he put on his jacket and was heading for the door.
“Leaving already?” She tried to act calm and cool.

“Yes. I think it’s best to leave early today.”

“Plans?” She smiled, trying to hide the wave of jealousy that hit her right then as she opened the fridge door and hid her face there, getting a drink of water. They had never said they were exclusive. They weren’t anything really, just fuck buddies.

“Perhaps. Perhaps not. I will know when I know.”

“And… does this person have a way of contacting you, to let you know?”

He raised an eyebrow. Nosy critter. She understood.

“Because you could wait here,” she said quickly. “It’s dangerous to drive in the dark like this. And I’m not too keen on being alone in this neighborhood in the dark either.” That was stupid, Hermione. You have a wand that can even kill if you wanted to. AND wards. You can’t be afraid of a blackout. She just wanted him to stay. She had been trying to get to know him better from the start. This could be a good opportunity. “I could make us sandwiches.”

He raised a brow again and crossed his arms.

“And I have proper drinks, finally,” she smiled.

He sighed, and walked back to the barstool pressed to the counter, and sat down. She smiled and went to the fridge again, to take out the makings of a sandwich. She spread them on the counter and they each made their own.

After they ate, lights still out, she went to the cupboard and took out a bottle of vodka. She poured him a shot and he downed it at once without flinching. She poured him a larger dose, then did the same for herself before going over to the sofa and tucking her feet under herself as she sat. He remained on the stool, his finger tracing the rim of the glass on the counter absently. In silence. He hadn’t even taken his jacket off again. Perhaps there was something she could try, to get some sort of information out of him…

“Fancy a drinking game?”

He scoffed and rolled his eyes.

“We each state something and take a sip of the drink if we have done it.”

“Really, Granger? Do I have the appearance of a teenager to you?” He furrowed his brow.

“No, but neither do you look like the old grump you insist on being.”

He raised an eyebrow and narrowed his eyes simultaneously, glaring at her. Quite a feat.

“Come on! We’re not doing anything, and it’s just you and me here. Who am I going to tell?”

He snorted. “Oh, there’s a number of people you can tell…”

“Well, none of them know we’re shagging, do they?” This time it was her brow that furrowed. “Come on, I’m not daft. You enjoy your privacy and I like mine as well. If they were to say things about you, this, I’d be on the front pages of the Prophet just as much.”
He sipped his drink and sneered.

“Come on, indulge me in my boredom,” she smiled. “I’ll start, so you can see how it goes. Never have I ever… had a tattoo.”

He just stared at her.

“This is where you sip your drink, Snape.”

He rolled his eyes as he sipped.

She waited a while to see if he would ask something but he didn’t. So she continued.

“Never have I ever… been abroad.” She shouldn’t make statements that were untrue for her, but she wanted to make it easy, so he would continue answering. And she did want to know these things about him.

He sipped, and so did she.

“I’ve been to see my parents, and on a few vacations before… with them,” she said.

“Where are these parents?” he found himself asking. “Why are they letting their little girl live alone, and in a bad neighborhood?” He smirked.

“I…” she had to tell him. How could she want him to trust her and answer if she wasn’t willing to? She very much hoped he wouldn’t cost her job and cause her to have her face stamped over all the newspapers. “I obliviated them. To protect them from the war. Now they live in Australia, unaware I’m their daughter. They just think I’m a patient of theirs.”

He said nothing, and just let his eyes pierce her soul.

“You? Where have you traveled?” She finally asked.

He sighed after holding his glare for a while longer. “Many places. Never for pleasure.”

“Does the hospital work involve a lot of trips?” She asked, intrigued.

“No. Being a spy and serving two masters does.” His face remained impassive.

“Oh. Right.” She wondered if that is why Voldemort bestowed on him the gift of flight, but she didn’t ask. “I’ve… never been to the beach,” she tried.

He didn’t sip. “Granger, if you insist on doing this, make it more interesting.”

She blushed. “Fine. I’ve never been with more than one person at a time. Sexually. There, how’s that?”

He smirked. “Better.”

She noticed he hadn’t taken a sip. “You haven’t either?” She asked, surprised. It was a way of finding out if he was shagging someone else.

Again he smirked. “You did not specify. In the same room, or just generally seeing more than one person?”

“In the same room?” She asked, just trying to grasp the idea, but he sipped his drink. She
blushed. “In general?” She then asked. He finished his drink and poured himself more, since the bottle was there beside him. She blushed again.

“Are you waiting for a call from another woman tonight?” That wasn’t even in the format of the game. But it slipped out.

“No,” he smirked.

“Oh, hmm,” she tried to hide her relief. But then it hit her… “I’ve never had sex with a person of my gender,” she stated.

He chuckled lightly and briefly. “I’m not into that, Granger.”

She almost sighed in relief this time. As she was trying to figure out her next question, his silky voice assaulted her ears.

“So… no group sex, no homosexual curiosity… I wonder what you have done, Miss goody-two-shoes,” he smirked.

She blushed and cleared her throat, trying to think what to say, but he allowed her no time.

“Have you ever been spanked?”

“No,” she said shyly.

“Have you ever been buggered?”

She was blushing bright red.

“I’ll take that as a no…” he smirked. “Have you ever been tied up?”

“No!”

“Have you ever had your pussy licked into submission?”

She didn’t even bother answering. She just blushed and looked to her glass. She had not imagined when she started this that it would turn into such an embarrassment for her, exposing just how inexperienced and inadequate a shag she was. If ever there was a backfire….

“Was I your first, Granger?” He furrowed his brow.

“No! No.” He still looked at her with narrow eyes. “Really, no. But I just had… one partner before you,” she said a bit ashamed.

Weasley, of course. That explained her lack of experiences. That baboon was lucky he managed to beat his own cock. Of course he wouldn’t have enough brain cells to enable him to pleasure anyone else.

“And… how many experiences have you had?”

She sighed. “Let’s just put it like this. I can still count them on my fingers. Including the ones with you.” She was now annoyed. “I’ve never even tried a different position, okay?” She sipped her drink, angrily.

He just smirked. “Have you ever sucked cock?” He asked after a moment of silence.
“Yes,” she said, a bit relieved at least she had done *something*.

He snorted. “Of course.”

“What does that mean?!” She was annoyed again.

“Just that it is very typical of… boys your age, especially the likes of a dimwit like Weasley, to demand pleasure without giving it.” He stirred his drink in one hand as he looked at her, a bit analytically, it seemed.

“Oh.” Was all she had to say. It was true. Ron had come every time, but didn’t make her orgasm. Then, instead of making it up to her somehow, he just felt frustrated and brooded, ending the encounter in a mood. She wasn’t even sure if one of the times she counted as sex with him was truly sex. That is how bad – and fast – he was. Snape always made her come.

The lights came back on and her heart weighed in her chest. He would go now, and would probably never come back. Her now evident lack of experience must be a major turn off. She sighed. “I guess you have to get going then.”

He stood as she did, and downed his drink in one big gulp. She was going to get the door for him, but he took off his jacket, letting it drop to the floor.

“Not just yet.”

He stepped over the coffee table and pulled her to him, crashing down on her lips as he held her forearms in his grip. She kissed him back, excited, aroused, confused. When he let go of her arms, his hands went to her shoulders, and shed her robe off it. He then untied it at the waist so it would drop to the floor, and hoisted her legs to wrap around his waist as he carried her back to bed. She was wearing only bra and knickers, her hands draped at the back of his neck while her mouth tasted the alcohol on his breath and loved it.

Snape dropped her on the mattress and swiftly moved to pull his shirt off as she watched him. He pulled it with one hand, by the back of his neck, in a way that made all his muscles flex majestically. So much so that she salivated. She knelt on the bed and reached up to kiss him and he granted her a short, deep, entanglement of their tongues before his tattooed arm spun her around and she landed on all fours on the bed. He caressed her lace covered bum – she had taken to wearing sexy lingerie on the days he was most likely to show up – squeezed it… lightly scratched it, making all her little hairs stand on end. And then he slapped.

It stung, but oddly, in a good, pleasing way. So she refrained from protesting, which had been the reaction emerging from her gut. He caressed the other side and slapped it as well, and her hips bucked forward as she bit her lips. Why the fuck did this feel good?

Once again he smoothed his hand over her cheek before hitting it with his open palm. She whimpered.

“Are you enjoying your punishment, Granger?”

She could hear the smirk in his voice as she felt his soft, large palm caress her other cheek, preparing it for what was to come.

“I didn’t do anything to warrant punishment,” she said defiantly, she didn’t even know why. *Fucking idiot, this is how you prevent great things from happening to you!* She then felt his long middle finger trace her slit over her knickers, and her legs buckled beneath her as she moaned.
“No?” He asked mockingly as he slapped her once more and heard her gasp. She wiggled her bum slightly, pushing it up as she lowered her head to rest on the mattress. That made him smirk.

“I’d say forcing me to play childish games warrants punishment,” he slapped her once more, then caressed her bum, all of it, so she would not know where the next smack would be. The prospect made a string of excitement pull her navel down to her core. As he traced the way from one cheek to the other, he lightly teased her slit over her knickers, and could already feel her folds swollen as she spread her knees apart slightly. His wish to keep this casual, keep a certain distance between them, had prevented him from having more fun like this with her. He regretted it now. Knowing he could be the first to school her in a number of things had caused him to put his caution aside, though. He’d had his elaborate fun with a large number of women, especially since the end of that damned war he thought he’d never survive, and keeping his distance, keeping it casual, had never been difficult. Why should it be a problem with her?

He slapped her again. “And perhaps you are in need of some long overdue correcting,” he said as his palm softened the earlier blow and rubbed her folds, “for being impertinent,” a smack, “and cheeky,” smack, “and a little thief,” he said in a lower tone and smacked her again, making her blush in pleasure and realization of what he meant, “and a little arsonist,” he slapped her again.

She could not feel his palm on her any longer. She also couldn’t take the teasing any longer. She turned around as she heard his belt buckle being fiddled with and laid back on the bed, quickly pushing down her knickers, arching her back to get them off, lifting her toes to the ceiling and finally spreading herself open in front of him, exposing her swollen pinkness she so desperately needed rubbed. She surprised even herself as she rolled her hips against her fingers and rubbed slowly, licking and biting her lips. She was shy about masturbating, even when alone, never going too far, always getting small relief when compared to what she had experienced with him. She had never explored herself with her fingers, and would just rub her thighs together to put pressure on her pussy until she felt release. That is, until he had fucked her. She would then feel so much need on the days he didn’t show that she had dared try her fingers. It got better results, but still nothing that compared to him. She was maybe too anxious to do such things correctly. It was her utter and deep need that made her do this in front of him. She hoped the view wasn’t off-putting.

He watched with a smirk, undoing his trousers and pulling off his boots from the heels with his toes. And this time, he actually let his denims fall to the floor and stepped out of them. Never had he been completely naked to fuck her. She watched with hunger, finally glimpsing his thick, muscular thighs. His cock was also thick, big, delicious ridges all around it. She rubbed herself faster.

He knelt on the bed with his raging erection leading the way, his vivid pink tip pointing upward. She rose to meet his lips with hers. And again, after a short kiss, he turned her around, keeping her body close to his this time, her bum rubbing on his hard cock while he swiftly pulled the straps of her bra down her shoulders and unclasped it, pulling it off her body and throwing it to the side. That was also a first. He had never bothered to fully undress her either.

He palmed her breasts as he nipped her ear, and she could feel that string pulling in her core again. His hands were soft and warm, held her firmly yet gently… they weren’t clammy and awkward as someone else’s…

Snape massaged her breasts and planted a kiss on her neck, lightly grazing his teeth on it afterwards. He then rolled her nipples in between his thumbs and index fingers, and arousal tightened in her core to the point of making her moan out loud and reach around for his hair, to
sink her fingers into it. She had never felt good being touched on her breasts. She thought it was just something that served to arouse men for some reason, and that women just had to endure it. But it felt fucking good. Everything this man did felt fantastic.

He then took her arms from around him and lowered them, pushing her forward to fall on all fours again. He brushed his cock on her clit, down her slit, thus slathering his tip with her moisture, then pressed himself lightly to her folds.

“Yes, please, please,” she pushed back, and he helped fulfill her needs by pushing his cock into her, completely.

He rocked slowly, gripping her hips, slapping her cheeks at times. He even teased her back entrance, grazing a thumb on it occasionally. It all made her whimper, moan, and push back onto him.

She had thought she had already felt the entirety of his cock, but she was so wrong. This position right now enabled her to truly feel it all, pushing deep into her, filling and stretching her in the most delicious way. She loved it.

His hips moved a little more rapidly, and he lowered himself to graze his teeth on her shoulder blades, trace her spine with the tip of his tongue, palm and tease her bouncing tits, bite her shoulder blades when her pussy clenched around him. She quivered and moaned louder with each one of his moves.

His pace picked up even more, and now he was properly pounding her, deliciously rough, pulling at her hair as if it were reigns to a wild horse. It made her more aroused and slick, his cock sliding into her with so much ease, his bollocks knocking on her mound.

He reached one hand down to rub her clit as the other still pulled her hair, and the mere thought of his touch on her nub had her pleasure mounting faster. He had never touched her there for too long, only to ensure she was wet before sinking his cock into her, so his rubbing of her hard, swollen clit had her aroused to new levels. It certainly felt better than her own fingers touching herself. It was like he had a *How to drive Hermione Granger insane* manual somewhere. She could never get this fucking wet by herself.

She bucked back into his cock in the same rhythm with which he pushed into her, and she soon came, her fingertips sinking into a pillow, her lips emitting a loud wail they never had before. One more thrust and he came, grunting “fuck” before letting go of her hips and pulling out of her. She dropped to the mattress. He, surprisingly, dropped beside her instead of rushing to get dressed. Only he faced the ceiling, not the mattress as she did.

They were both still panting when she said “tomorrow is Saturday. We can have another go in a little while.”

He smirked and snorted, as if suppressing a chuckle. He seemed more relaxed, more open. Would tonight be the night she would manage to wedge herself into his armor a bit?

But then his features hardened again, like he had suddenly been hit with a jolt of electricity. He got up, stiffly, and walked to his trousers on the floor.

“Going?” She tried to sound nonchalant about it.

“Yes. I have somewhere I need to be,” he said, his jaw tight. He was pulling his shirt on already, so fast he was getting dressed.
“Okay."

Before she knew it, she heard the door closing. He was gone. And she was left there alone, confused as to what had happened. Had tonight been a step forward, or a step backwards?
A bit shorter today. But the next one will be long, I swear. And if you are too unsatisfied with this one, I'll try to post it sooner (although this one was posted sooner already).

It bothered her for days. What had happened? Where did he need to be? Had he lied to her and was indeed going to another woman? But after shagging her twice, and the second time being like that… so fucking great… would he have the need to go to someone after? Or maybe with the other woman it was more, it was intimacy, it was a relationship. And he was going to take her to dinner, or a movie, be seen with her, actually talk to her. And little old Hermione was just the slut mistress. Maybe it was that healer woman. No, that didn’t make sense. Maybe they had an open relationship. Either way, she was not cut out to be the other woman. She was surprised she was holding it together well with it being casual.

Or maybe it was something else entirely. Something that was none of her business. But it had been right there, in her reach, a suppressed laugh, relaxed features. A way in. And then it had vanished, just like that. Why was he so difficult? So closed off?

You know why, Hermione. He was never met with kindness, not with no strings attached. He has never been trusted. So he does not trust, he does not give himself. Where he did, he was not happy, nor required. He was in fact, rejected, and it only brought him pain and suffering. Even now, after everything he had done and given of himself for the greater good, many people were still unkind, she knew.

The week went by much in the same way, with the exception that all her pondering, along with his sweet – kind of – acceptance of her lack of experience, his not mocking her as she expected – not particularly by him, but by any man she happened to become involved with – it all weighed in her heart and made her wonder if she could get a smidge more, if it was even prudent to want it. If she could show him she had no malice, could he give more? Could he give himself completely some day? Did she even want that with him? She was overthinking, as usual. Just enjoy it.

Once again on Friday, after a week of seeing him ride by as if she didn’t even exist, he raised his visor. She smiled and waved, excitement already flooding her lower belly, and he lowered the visor and rode off.

He did not approach her as she opened the door, which made her assume he went to pick up some take away. So she jumped in the shower quickly, washed her hair, and got into a sexy pair of pink lace knickers, a matching bra, and threw on a cute little sundress, cream in color with yellow and orange flowers as a pattern. She was drying and taming her hair, which always required a series of spells due to the sheer volume of it, when he rang the doorbell, earlier than usual for having gone for food. It only took him about 20 minutes.

With her hair still damp, she answered.

He had pizza this time. He set it on the coffee table and they sat on the couch. She went for
his lips with hunger and he gently pushed her away without so much as a taste.

“Eat first. Reheated pizza is rubbish,” he concluded when she tilted her head in confusion, staring at him.

He opened the box and let her take her pick first before pulling out a slice for himself.

“You know, I rather like reheated pizza. It’s superb as breakfast the following day.”

He rolled his eyes as he chewed. “Of course you think such a thing.”

She smiled. “Or even cold. No need to reheat. It’s delicious.”

He grimaced and furrowed his brow, the crest in between his eyes running deep. “Now that you have made me want to vomit, I am sure a slice or three will remain for you to chew on tomorrow morning,” he drawled.

She sniggered as she took a second slice. It was not much, but it was something. He detested cold pizza.

Once they were done, they sort of fell into a nice, slow snogging session on the sofa. They sat next to each other, close, as their lips slowly tasted one another’s, their tongues in a slow and exciting dance. One of his arms was around her shoulders, elbow rested on the sofa cushions, and the other one on her waist. Her hands moved from his neck, to his shoulders, sometimes to his cheeks. This felt… different… it felt wonderful. It felt… intimate.

Then a thought assaulted her, and she just had to know.

“Wait,” she said into his mouth. “Stop.”

He did, instantly, and sat rigidly beside her, his arms pulling away from her, making her regret her running mouth. He looked at her with raised eyebrows, waiting for some sort of explanation.

“Be honest with me,” she finally continued, “are you… do you have a more… serious type of relationship with someone?”

He snorted. “No.”

“Okay, you might think so, but maybe the other person is misguided and does not perceive it like that, thinks she is in a relationship with you?”

He narrowed his eyes.

“Because I…” she continued, “couldn’t take being, like, the mistress or something, being cause for heartache for someone…”

“I assure you, you are not.” He said with a slight eye roll. She chose not to take it as a slight that she was so meaningless she could never be someone’s worry, and that she was thinking too highly of herself suggesting such a thing. Her throat was suddenly dry. She cleared it. She had to know for sure.

“How can you be so sure? Because people sometimes misread signals, delude themselves, and…”

*Oh Merlin, the chit is really new at this, isn’t she? Doesn’t even know how to have a little
meaningless shag, he thought as he rolled his eyes. “I know, witch,” he cut off her rambling, “because I have not been fucking anyone other than you.” There. That ought to shut her up. “Not that it is any of your business.”

“Oh.” She blushed, trying to hide her relief.

Was it meaningless, though? He had not felt the need, the urge to shag anyone else. And there had been quite a few… opportunities. But he had not taken them. Why, he could not fathom. Perhaps he was getting too old to keep such fun and recklessness up. More than one witch a week drained his energy. It still does not explain why you come back to her every week, fool. The hunger to break her in every way he could, that was all. You weren’t even aware of her virtual pureness until last week. He gritted his teeth and shook the voice in his head away. He just wanted to shag. That was all.

“Oh then,” she said and her lips came to meet his again. It took a while of insistence on her part, her lips and tongue instigating his, for him to respond properly, and his hands to go back to her waist and shoulder as before. Boy, he really was closed off. Difficult. She had triggered the walls to come up by stopping him in his tracks, and only by insistence did they lower again to where they had been before.

It was a relatively long snogging session. Long for the likes of Snape. She tugged at his turtleneck, at the hem, and slowly, unsure, she pushed it up his body, caressing his stomach on the way, their lips still locked, sucking, teasing one another’s. He usually took his own shirt off, but since he did not seem in a rush to do so this time… she tried, and he lifted his arms to aid her as she pulled it off. No complaints. Only then did he push her dress up and pull it off swiftly, leaving her in only her pink lingerie before returning to her lips again. Their breathing was very labored. They both wanted this. Why the hell was he taking this long?

She reached for his cock, again, warily, and felt it almost ripping his trousers, so hard it was underneath. She began to unbuckle his belt and his hand found her mound and rubbed it, over her knickers, with four flat fingers. Her swollen clit was under there, getting gently massaged as well, driving her insane.

She whimpered into his mouth before she finally decided to voice her want, although she still blushed while doing it. “My pussy is acing for your cock,” she panted.

“Bloody hell, finally,” he said with a touch of annoyance. “And what will you do about it, Granger?”

She bit her lower lip. He was giving her control. She unzipped his denims and pulled his cock out. She stroked it once, her pussy literally aching to be pounded. So she stood before him, pulling her knickers off as she said “take your bloody trousers off,” with a bit of despair. He pulled them down a bit. “No, all the way off,” she demanded. He smirked and obeyed, pushing them down to his feet and kicking them off. His boots had already been kicked off before.

She sat beside him again to stroke his cock, but he grabbed her hand before it reached him. “I thought it was your pussy that ached for it,” he snarled, and pulled her to straddle his lap. Okay, so he wasn’t giving up full control.

She rubbed her labia on the length of his cock and at the touch of her warm slickness he let out a soft grunt that caught in his throat. She rolled her hips as her light fingers trailed their way down his tattooed arm, but midway through he wrapped said arm around her waist, away from her reach and hoisted her up just enough to be able to guide his cock to her slick entrance. He pushed just the tip in and let her take her own time in lowering herself onto him, soft moans touching her
lips as she did so, holding onto the back of his neck. Since it was her first time in control, she struggled to find a way to bounce on his cock.

She blushed through the awkwardness, never looking at him, cheek beside his as she tried to move atop him, and she did it slowly, yet afraid he would lose patience, be annoyed, and stop it all. Leave. But he let her find her rhythm patiently, unclasping her bra as she gently moved on him and dared not look at him. He pushed her back slightly, to pull of her bra, and caught her embarrassed chestnut eyes. He could not explain, nor did he realize he’d done it, but his lips curled up in a small, very small, smile. It gave her more courage, as well as a warm sensation around her heart she felt the need to ignore. She moved with less shame, and his hands on her thighs, sliding up and down in slow movements, encouraged her further.

And soon, with her feet hooked on the inside of his knees, she found a way to easily ride him, the perfect way to roll her hips on him, at the perfect pace to make her pleasure mount and hopefully his as well. At least he wasn’t complaining. In fact, after gliding his hands up her sides, rolling his thumbs on her nipples, teasing them into very pert little pebbles while she rocked on his cock, he lowered his mouth to one and encompassed it whole, still palming the other. It was a first for her as well, having her tits sucked.

His tongue rolled on it, her nipple, he grazed his teeth on it, he sucked on her tit, and all of it only made her core tighten as she softly moaned his name. He gave the other breast some attention before emerging with a smirk, pleased that she moaned _Snape_ over and over again.

She touched her cheek to his as she picked up the pace in her rocking, because her body needed it, screamed for it. Her heavy breathing and soft gasps near his ear were doing something to him. They’d always been there, in his ear, but something appeared to have shifted slightly now, he couldn’t quite put his finger on it, what it was that quietly began to stir inside him.

He nipped her ear, then her neck, and she shifted her head, her nose now resting on his cheek as she moved her hips, moaned, whimpered, panted. Her breath hitched, her fingers intertwined behind his neck.

This was a good position. It felt fucking great. It felt like she would come easier, harder. Arousal grew in her and she rolled her hips faster, in a more desperate way.

Her parted lips were so close to his now, breathing on the corner of it, on his cheek, soft whimpers escaping them.

For some blasted reason, he could not resist her full, pink, parted lips so close to his. Maybe it was the smell of her skin. Maybe it was the sweet fruity smell of her damp hair. He reached for them and managed to suck on her lower one first, slowly, pulling on it with his own lips, his hands gripping her waist.

It caused her surprise because he did not like to kiss as he was inside her, she had noticed. He would kiss her hungrily, slowly, roughly, in every and any way known to man before, but once his cock was inside her, their lips made no contact.

But now they did. She responded to the slow, opened-eyed suckle on her lower lip by sucking on his upper one simultaneously. They soon closed their eyes and gave into a deep, slow, and hungry kiss. It was so deep and felt so good, his lips covering her whole mouth, down to her chin and up to her nose at times. She managed to encompass a lot of his mouth as well. His tongue invaded her mouth as his cock did her center, and it was magnificent.

She pulled off the tie to his hair and sunk her fingers into his locks. They still always got
slightly greasy, with a shiny effect, even though he had worked hard, now that he had more time, on brewing a proper shampoo for himself. But she didn’t mind it, nor did she notice the greasy locks in between her fingers. That made him feel good for some reason.

Their lips parted and he grabbed her hips, thrusting up into her at a fast and hard pace, regaining control. She gave it up with no complaints and just kept her hands in his hair as her head fell back and she moaned and pleaded “Yes, fuck yes. Make me come. Make me come.” But her hips rolled on his still, following the pace he set, making their pleasures build faster.

With a final slam into her, she did come, crying out, and her orgasm brought his on almost instantly. He let her catch her breath on him for a short while before lifting her off him to sit beside him on the sofa. He then leaned down to pull up his trousers.

“Do you have somewhere else to be?” She asked, still hazy.

“Nowhere special, if that is what you mean, nosy witch,” he said, not too harshly. “Just home.”

She wouldn’t push him. Today was nice. She had to go about it slowly. Or she might scare him off altogether.

“Can I at least know when you will stop by again? Instead of wondering every day as you ride by? I’d like to go back to wearing plain, comfortable knickers every once in a while,” she smiled.

He was already dressed, just grabbing his jacket by the door. He pulled it on as he narrowed his eyes at her, that pesky crest between his eyes deepening.

“Next Friday,” he finally said coldly.

“Okay,” she smiled nonetheless.

He opened the door. “And I don’t care about your knickers,” he said, holding the door open. “It’s what’s underneath that matters.” He smirked, and closed the door behind him.
I have good news, I think.
I thought I had 17 chapters of this, and intended on writing around seven more. BUT, I think I was high on something, because as I'm typing these up, I saw that I labelled five chapters in a row as "chapter 6" before deciding it was time to move on to 7. Hahaha. So I actually have 22 chapters, probably, and this story might go into the 30's, if all flows nicely as it has. Weeee.

Enjoy.

Hermione was excited for the whole week. That he actually confirmed he would show up was progress. And the previous time had been so… wow. It had gotten her excited, and in a daring mood.

So on Friday she got dressed in the morning already thinking of meeting him in the evening. She wore a little black dress, nice ankle boots and a long strand of pearls around her neck. For the whole day, nervousness, giddiness, and arousal rolled back and forth in her lower belly in anticipation of meeting him, of what she wanted to do, and especially of how he would react. She had never felt quite like this before.

When there were twenty minutes to go of the workday, she went to the loo to freshen up, applying normal, non-magical methods in addition to spells to ensure she was fresh and presentable, though she never did think she was quite as pleasing for the eyes as one could be, even when she made herself up. At that time, she was also thanking God, Merlin and any other higher power that her douchebag boss wasn’t going to keep her there overtime. For a moment there it had seemed like he would.

She apparated half of the way home, as to not walk too much and mess with her look. She didn’t want to get home disheveled. The rest of the way she walked, calmly. When she turned the corner where the grocery store was, she heard Cindy wolf-whistling and had to stop to talk to her. She wasn’t planning on stopping there today. She had what she needed at home, and it had been settled he would come over. She didn’t need to wait to see him. Besides, she was hopeful she could convince him to take her out for a bite for a change. But it had to be after, otherwise she would lose her nerve. And what she planned on doing might very well help him be convinced. If it worked properly.

“Do you have plans, Hermione? Cause you look hot,” Cindy said, admiring her.

“Maybe,” Hermione smiled shyly, twisting her pearls in between her fingers.

“Well, he’s in for a treat!”

“I hope so.”

“Who is he?”
She tried to think fast. She couldn’t say it was Snape. She didn’t know if he would be okay with it, even though those were muggles who could never possibly have contact with the Prophet or the likes. Snape and she had never been out of her flat together, except for when he took her to the hospital, and that was done through a dark alley. He didn’t even stop to talk to her in front of people as he rode by.

“Oh, this guy. He’s a co-worker’s brother. I’m… going home to freshen up and wait for him, he’s picking me up at any moment.”

Max looked on at them from inside with a very ugly scowl. It seemed like he was being consumed by jealousy.

A familiar roar came from the distance, and Cindy widened her eyes and smiled in excitement. Hermione now was consumed by jealousy, but also a bit of pride. She turned to see Snape on the bike, stopped at the light behind her. He lifted his visor, only time that week, and his gaze traveled up and down her body, then up again. It was piercing. Lustful. Hungry. She smiled, inadvertently. It seemed her goal had been achieved. She looked nice. At least nice enough to make him look at her like that. He didn’t wait for her wave to confirm he could stop by, he just closed his visor and drove off.

“Just this guy, huh? Right.” Cindy smiled.

“Yes, and he’s probably on his way already. I wouldn’t want to be late. My co-worker would be a pain in my ass on Monday if I didn’t show up.”

“Right, right,” Cindy smirked.

“Stop that! I’m serious. I wouldn’t date a former teacher, come on.”

“Right, okay.”

“Good night, Cindy.” Hermione rolled her eyes and walked away.

“Marvelous night to you, girl!!” She called out after her.

As usual, she got to her door and he was nowhere in sight, nor was his bike. She faced her door and was moving her wand to it to open when she felt his breathing on her neck and his groin on her bum. He never had come so close to her there at the door before. She could feel the contour of his cock perfectly through the jeans.

“Going somewhere, Granger?”

“No,” she smiled. “Unless you want to take me?” She smirked.

“If you are dressed like this solely for my benefit, I thought I told you I only care about what’s underneath.”

“Yes. But won’t it be much more fun to peel this off me?” She was smiling mischievously. “I can feel how much you like it. Don’t lie to me.”

He grunted in her ear. “Open the fucking door,” he said gruffly, pushing his groin against her bum. She did, and he quickly pushed her inside, following her closely up the narrow staircase. Once they
were in her flat, he turned her roughly to him and began to maul her mouth as he shed off his jacket. Even though he wasn’t really up for giving her control as he had been last time, she managed to sit him down on the recliner, that sat relatively close to the door, and sat on his lap as they continued to devour each other’s lips. They parted so she could pull off his shirt, and she caressed his chest with a hungry glint in her eye, her hands sliding up to his neck to pull him in for a kiss.

His hands were gliding up her thighs, about to pick her up and take her to bed when she lowered her hands from his neck and hair to caress his shoulders, arms, his tat… and then she took a deep breath and cast a sticking charm so that his forearms and hands could be tied to the arms of the chair. He instantly narrowed his eyes, looking absolutely murderous.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing, witch?” He was so angry, it scared her a bit. But now she simply had to go through with it. It was the only possibility of his anger subsiding.

“Relax, wizard,” she was unbuckling his belt, “You will have fun,” she was unzipping his denims, “I guarantee it.” She tried to smile confidently, but her brain started to overanalyze if she had thought this through properly. He was huffing, trying to pull his arms from the invisible binds. He really, really didn’t enjoy this. He didn’t like having his cock handle by her, she noticed. Not at first, at least. It was probably a power thing. He didn’t like being vulnerable, totally at someone’s mercy. But she wanted to show him she meant no harm. She wanted to please him. She wanted him to trust her. And this was the only way she could think of that would enable her to do that at a quicker pace than waiting weeks on end until something gave. But she was now doubting her abilities. She had sucked and jerked Ron off once or twice. He liked it a lot. But he was a boy. Would Snape like it? Did she know enough to make him enjoy it? Stupid, Hermione, you’re so stupid. And she had read something on a girly magazine she wanted to try… Fuck, she had let excitement cloud her judgement.

“Granger, I am warning you…” he said through gritted teeth, pursed lips and narrowed eyes and knitted eyebrows making her think she was in the Hogwarts dungeons again. You need to go through with it now, Hermione.

She got on her knees in between his legs and stared lasciviously at his cock, still half hard despite his apparent anger. She stroked him gently, kissed his pink tip, and looked up at him with an innocent smile and innocent eyes, still stroking him.

“Relax… I’m not going to hurt you. I just want to touch…” she pumped his cock, “… and taste…” she licked half his length, slowly, “… your beautiful cock. And you wouldn’t let me otherwise.”

He still breathed heavily, huffing, gripping the arms of the chair and looking at her like he could kill her. But he would not hurt her. She knew. He hadn’t hurt a soul if he could avoid it, even as a Death Eater, even looking so scary. Dumbledore had been an order he followed begrudgingly, and George’s ear had been an accident. He wouldn’t hurt her, no. But he could never come back to see her again… that would be disappointing.

“I demand you untie me if you value your existence,” he snarled.

But his cock was not in agreement with him, since it continuously grew hard in her palm. It gave her courage to ignore him and continue at her work.

She continued to stroke him as she looked up into his eyes and smiled mischievously. She sucked just his tip, still looking up at him, and something glistened in his eyes. A flame. Not of anger, though. Of desire.
“Your cock tastes so good,” she moaned, blushing, trying to appease him.

“I am not yours to play with, witch!” He said angrily, but his cock twitched against her lips. She smiled again.

She let go of him to teasingly pull off her dress. She slowly undid her bra and let it drop to the floor as well and again she saw his cock pulsate as his eyes pierced her, burning hot, anger colliding with lust. All that was left on her body was a pair of green knickers she thought he would appreciate, and the string of fake pearls hanging down in between her bare breasts, as well as the little boots.

Again she got on her knees in between his legs, and took almost all of his cock into her mouth. It was rock hard now. She sucked him, drooled on him, as he gripped the arms of the chair and clenched his teeth. His breathing had calmed a bit and she could tell the times he huffed now were more trying to control his excitement than due to anger.

She pulled away from his cock, which already oozed some sticky fluid from the tip, and slowly, sexily, took off her pearl necklace, looking at him and smirking. She then slowly sucked on the beads, wetting it, from end to end, all while looking into his eyes. For good measure, she summoned a muggle lubricant she had bought from her loo, and smeared it all over the string of pearls. It was warm, and tasted like mint. It felt fresh too.

Smiling mischievously, she coiled the necklace snugly around his cock. It went around four times. He hissed as she did it. She then started to stroke him, her grip over the pearls. The slick, smooth beads moved up and down around him. She sometimes twisted her wrist, making the string twist around his girth. The beads massaged his cock formidably. He grunted. He made it sound angry, like a snarl, trying not to give into her audacity, but it was a battle he was clearly loosing with himself.

She then switched to sucking his cock. First she sucked and licked just the tip, her tongue rolling over it teasingly as her hand still pumped over the beads. Then she swallowed more of him, her lips making the beads roll on his skin, and the fact that she moaned on and around his cock, as if tasting a delicious dish after not eating for a whole day, only made him more aroused. The tingly freshness of the lube didn’t hurt either.

Hermione pumped his cock near the base, rolling half the coil of pearls with her hands as her lips, sucking his tip, rolled the other half. She rolled her tongue on the head of his cock and sucked with more vigor, her pumping hand following the pace. It didn’t take long at all for him to come exquisitely down her throat. She took it all with a smile, swallowing and licking her lips. As she pulled the string of pearls off his limp cock, happy he seemed like he had enjoyed – the tartness in her mouth at least told her so – she felt his hand grip her hair at the nape of her neck to turn her gaze to his eyes. A strange mixture of surprise and arousal boiled in her belly. He had managed to pull loose. It truthfully had only taken him this long because his wand was in his jacket, forgotten on the floor, and he was otherwise… distracted.

“Let’s see how you like being tied up, witch,” he snarled, still trying to maintain the angry façade. It wasn’t much a façade though. Despite having enjoyed it, he did not like the idea of being dominated. At all. She was the only one who had gotten away with it. But he couldn’t allow that.

He pulled her up, gripping her arm, and pulled her into the bedroom. He threw her on the bed and crawled over her, pinning both her hands over her head and casting a spell that bound them together to the headboard. He again looked absolutely murderous, his eyes piercing daggers through her. Still, she smiled at him and said “I am sure I will enjoy it, because I trust you, Severus Snape, even though you don’t trust me.”
Something shifted in his eyes with her words. After gazing at her for a moment, eyes softened a fraction, he roughly, hungrily, claimed her lips.

His hand went to her hip and aggressively pulled on the side of her knickers. It ripped, the side, from end to end as she gasped into his mouth. His lips pulled away from hers and he pulled on the other side of her hip, which had the same effect on the lace that covered it, enabling him to easily peel the knickers off and discard them, leaving her center exposed. He hungrily looked at it as he pulled her boots off her feet.

Excitement, expectation and a bit of fear boiled up in her, not knowing what he would do next. In the blink of an eye, his face was buried in between her legs, his mouth covering all of her, his tongue licking her folds, dipping gently into her entrance, then trailing up and teasing her clit. His lips sucked her mound and her clit at once, and then he recommenced the routine.

Her breathing went from calm to extremely labored in five seconds flat, arousal and desire flooding her all at once. She’d never been eaten out before, and she suspected there could be no better man to provide her with this experience. His mouth on her was fucking divine, making her feel so horny, already making little waves of pleasure ripple through her as her body quivered.

And then he lowered his attention solely to her entrance. He sucked her outer and inner lips, so fucking swollen and craving him, as hungrily as he had kissed her before beginning this. His tongue was long, and dipped into her, making her feel things she couldn’t even put into words if she tried. And his nose… the hooked, aquiline nose everyone had made fun of rubbed her clit in the most exquisite way.

She whimpered, bit her lip, salivated, moaned, as he relentlessly lapped at her and sucked her. Her hips bucked of their own accord against his face, searching for even more friction, but he placed his hand on the flesh bellow her navel and held her in place a bit. She pulled at her hands because she wanted to rub herself, spread herself even more for him, if that was even possible, hold his head there until she saw fireworks. But they were tied, and she did not have the ability to untie them with no wand, nor the will power to do so at the moment.

Her legs began to tremble, and closed on his ears as she moaned and panted some incoherent words. He held her open for a while, still relentlessly savoring her, before he pushed them up, her knees to her tits, spreading her so widely that alone made her pleasure mount more. He licked and suck her clit, two fingers of one hand teasing her entrance. It didn’t take much longer of his sharp, delicious tongue licking all of her for her to come so hard her legs shook and her toes curled, almost cramping out. Her vision became bright white behind her eyelids as she let out a long withering whimper.

He let go of her legs, so weak and limp after her mind blowing orgasm, and next thing she knew, he was nestled beside her, nipping her chin and tugging gently on her nipple. It prompted her to open her eyes, and surprisingly, it also prompted her pussy to clench again. It took a few seconds for her eyesight to come into focus again and see his face beside hers as he pinched her other nipple, making her quiver.

He did not smile – in fact, she had never seen him do such a thing – nor did he smirk, but the deep black pools that were his eyes said it all. The lust that filled them indicated he had quite enjoyed the taste of her, and being able to make her come so completely undone. For once she could read something on his face.

He claimed her lips, his mouth covering hers whole, and he provided her with a taste of herself. The thought of that was so hot. And his hand, sliding down her stomach to rest on her mound as his tongue plundered her mouth also made that chord of excitement pull at her pussy. His hand teased,
tickling her from her knees, up her inner thigh, until it reached her core again and he parted her slit. She gasped and parted her lips from his. “Oh fuck, Snape,” she said in a hushed tone, “what are you doing?”

He just arched an eyebrow, as if he said ‘I thought it was obvious’.

“No, no, I don’t think I can handle any more.”

“Good. Because this is supposed to be punishment for bloody tying me up.”

“But you enjoyed yourself, I know,” she smiled cheekily.

He flicked her tender clit up and down and she moaned. It sort of ached, but in a strangely good way.

“And you didn’t enjoy this?”

“Yes, but…”

“Then be quiet, woman. I don’t want to hear a sound from you.”

He took his fingers to his mouth to suck on them, then returned to teasing her clit. They slipped up and down, around in circles, from side to side with much ease, his saliva mixing with the moisture that still oozed from her, making her so very slick. She bit her lower lip and closed her eyes, and he started rubbing faster. She couldn’t help but moan.

“That is a sound, Granger.”

She just nodded, her eyes still closed, still biting her lip.

He pulled his hand away from her and she opened her eyes. Two fingers of his, the two longest ones, touched her lips. She sucked on them wantonly, looking into his eyes. He then slipped them into her warm, wet pussy and she had to hold back a grunt. She did not hold back her long, drawn out moan, though. He flexed his digits and they found that sweet spot, tickling it a bit, making her eyes open wide before he began to fuck her with his fingers. It was slow at first, and she slowly rolled her hips to meet his hand, moaning. He then thrust his fingers into her faster and faster, the heel of his hand bumping her swollen, hard little clit, pushing her to the border of insanity.


He smirked. “Look at all the sounds you are making, Granger. I thought you couldn’t take any more. Pleading suits you.”

She looked him straight in the eye. “Untie me Snape. Please,” she panted, her hips rocking hard to meet his thrusting fingers.

“No.”

“Please. Please,” she whispered through her labored breaths, “let me touch you. I can make you hard again. I want your huge,” she had to interrupt herself to moan, “hard cock inside my juicy cunt. Please. Please, let me touch you.” She bucked her hips against his thrusting hand as he looked into her pleading eyes, amused by how lust made her shyness disappear and her mouth turn filthy, but not showing it. The truth was his cock was already half hard again.

He touched his free hand to her binds and they disappeared. She desperately lowered a hand to his
chest and caressed it, panting, his fingers still fucking her. She then wrapped her fingers around his half hard cock and stroked, their naked bodies so close to one another, his fingers inside her and his palm tapping her clit. Her lips searched for his and found them parted, his breathing becoming heavy as hers. She sucked on them, panted against them, finding every activity that was going on so fucking beyond hot.

Such an absurd amount of pleasure built inside her, that she felt like she would definitely pee if she came. The thought of that embarrassed her, and she tried to control herself, hold back. But his hand worked such marvelous magic…

She was having a hard time focusing on her tasks, so she inadvertently stopped stroking his cock, and her lips didn’t search for his anymore. They only let out whimpers and moans as her hips worked of their own accord, bucking hard against his hand, bringing her closer and closer, so close to what she wanted to avoid and yet wanted so much.

He watched her face. “Why are you holding back, Granger?” he asked smugly.

“I… I…. fuck, oh fuck Snape. Shhhhhhit,” she panted. She couldn’t even form a sentence.

“Don’t you want to come?” He spoke to her cheek and her neck. “I can see you want to come so hard. You want to wet your whole bed. I think you have a squirting pussy, Granger, and it’s dying to burst. Don’t fight it. Squirt hard on my hand.”

He knew? Was it… normal? His words made her relax a fraction and in a split second she was coming with a loud scream, streams of her essence flowing out of her, onto his palm and down her legs as relief overtook her. But he pulled his fingers out only to stick them back in and pull out again, triggering more waves of pleasure, emptying her of all she had.

“How very interesting,” he smirked, caressing her mound and thighs with his wet hand.

“That never…” she panted, “I never…. Ever came so fucking hard….”

“Because you never played with a proper man, Granger,” he still smirked. “Or with yourself properly for that matter.”

She scurried to trap him in between her legs, climbing over him, and started to rock, rubbing her pussy along his cock and biting her lips. She was reaching behind herself to guide his cock inside her when he grabbed her arms and flipped her, pinning her back to the mattress as he easily slid inside her, regaining control.

He slowly rolled his hips against hers, then picked up his pace, his cheek to hers, his fingers embedded in her bushy hair. He would never admit to it, but he took in its smell as he pounded her.

Her hands squeezed his buttocks, pushing him further into her. She kissed his neck, nipped his ear, trying to get his lips to hers, where it had been the last time he was inside her, but he did not budge. She then bit his shoulder, the head of the dragon engraved on his skin, hard. He growled angrily and turned to look at her, to throw daggers at her with his eyes and possibly make some snarky remark, but there was no time. Her lips claimed his quickly, hungrily, and he gave into the deep kiss.

His hips snapped faster, despite the relatively tender kiss they grew into, and managed to trigger her pleasure once again before spilling his.

They pulled apart, and Snape rolled to her side, lying on his back as he caught his breath. Hermione turned on her side to face him, her cheeks resting on her hands, and was about to say
something. But she was so exhausted. She forgot what it was. Her repeated orgasms, mind blowing, made her eyes close against her will. As they did, she regretted the fact she would not see him go, would not know if and when he would come back, and would not be able to suggest they go out for a bite, as she had intended. But she really needed a little power nap.

Snape was losing the battle against sleep as well. Try as he may to be alert and get up to go get his clothes and get out of there, he couldn’t. This had been the naughtiest, filthiest fun he had had in quite some time. The most satisfied he had been in a while. The most relaxed he had been from his constant state of attention. He still had not shaken that from the war. He regretted having held back with her at first. Who knew the Gryffindor princess was open to such filthiness? She needed only someone to introduce it to her.

Perhaps a small nap would cause no harm. A few minutes before he left. She would probably speak at any moment and disturb his peace anyway. Then he would go.

But they both fell into a deep state of sleep.
Chapter 9

Hermione’s stomach growled so much in hunger, it hurt. It woke her, but she did not open her eyes, still lazy from the glorious sleep she had just had. Why did she sleep so well and heavily? She couldn’t remember the last time that had happened. Oh yes. She was so very tired, that’s why. Because she was shagged till her brains fell from her ears. Snape had made her come… what was it? Three times? Fucking marvelous. And his tongue on her clit, his mouth sucking all of her… she would give almost anything to feel that again. She smiled.

So that’s why she was so hungry. She wondered what time it was. He had probably already left, and she didn’t even get to eat with him, ask when he would come back. But then she noticed that the room was a bit too bright… as if sun shone on her eyelids. Oh fuck, was it morning already? Was she late for work? The sudden realization it was Saturday made her smile again, eyes still closed, mind now fighting to go back to blissful rest.

But her stomach growled again. She stretched, moaning, before slowly gathering the courage to open her eyes. As they adjusted, she verified that indeed it was morning, and that she hadn’t even closed the blinds the previous night. And then she saw it. The naked body lying next to her, facing the ceiling, hands intertwined on his stomach, chest rising and falling ever so slightly. The profile of his aquiline nose told her everything she would need to know of who it was, hadn’t she already remembered she had been fucked into bliss by him last night. He had stayed. She was shocked, gawking at him, not quite knowing what to do. Then, the sudden urge to touch him, trace his whole body with her fingers, mount him, fuck him awake, assaulted her. He had stayed! Actually stayed and slept over, beside her, naked, walls – at least the physical ones – down. She smiled.

Without moving any other muscle, he furrowed his brow to the ceiling, eyes still closed. “Will you stop staring at me, Granger? Is that what you plan on doing all morning? Take a fucking picture why don’t you.”

She wished she could. How the… his eyes aren’t even open! She cleared her throat to speak, and he turned to the side, his back to her, and sat up.

“Good morning,” she said, and he was already tracking the way to his denims behind her flowery screen, in the sitting room. The sight of his well chiseled back and ass and thighs walking away was spectacular. She pulled a robe out of her closet and followed quickly. He was already dressed, except for his jacket.

“Going already? Without breakfast? I was thinking we could perhaps… go down to the coffee shop for a bite?”

He narrowed his eyes and analyzed her for a moment before uttering “No.” Plain and simple.

She sighed and her shoulders slumped as she walked to the kitchen and opened the cupboard. “At least let me make a cup of coffee, or tea, before you go, if you’re so embarrassed to be seen with me.” She closed the cupboard and placed two mugs on the counter. He stood on the other side, gazing at her stoically. She didn’t stop to look at him too much before turning to the coffee maker to add water and the filter and all that was needed for it to run. She was trying not to cry in front of him. This is stupid, Hermione. It’s only sex. What do you care where you have breakfast?

“That is not true,” she heard him say, finally.
“What?” She asked indifferently, still preparing the coffee maker.

“I am not… embarrassed to be seen with you.”

She snorted. “Of course you are. You only come to me here, you don’t even properly say hello to me when you ride by on the street, we never go out, not even to grab the take away, because you always bring it. What else could it be? I’m a slipper.” She finally switched the coffee maker on and turned away from it to face him.

He looked at her, tilting his head and knitting his brows. He didn’t even need to ask.

“I’m warm, and cozy, and good to be inside of… inside the house. But you wouldn’t be caught dead with me out in public. A fluffy old slipper.” She shrugged.

He sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose. “You stated… last night… that you trusted me.”

“I do!”

“Then trust me when I say that is not the case.”

“Then what is the case?”

“You’ll just have to trust me.”

She looked at him in silence. What could she say? She needed him to believe she did trust him, so he could maybe start returning the feeling. Pester him wouldn’t help. “Okay,” she said and turned to the fridge. “Eggs? French toast?”

He was astonished at how easily she had accepted it. And coming from him. She really did trust him. Why?

“Snape?”

“Yes?” He snapped out of his trance.

“What do you want to eat?”

“Whatever you are having is fine.”

“French toast and scrambled eggs it is then.”

They were sitting across from each other at the counter, eating.

“Has that tat always lay there under the buttons and frockcoat during the Hogwarts years?” She asked after they had taken a few bites in silence.

“What is this fascination you have with my tattoo, woman?”

“And what is this difficulty you have in trusting me a bit? You spent the night here and I didn’t even try to kill you, would you look at that?” She said sarcastically, making a mock puzzlement face. “I mean, you trust me to take my contraceptive potion, since you haven’t performed the spell in a while now. Why can’t you trust me to tell me a smidge of something about yourself?”
He narrowed his eyes at her. “Should I not trust you to take your potion?”

She snorted. “Yeah. Cause my dream is to be a single mother at work, and be on the front pages of the Prophet every other day as Snape’s baby mama.”

He raised an eyebrow. “And pray, do tell why the Prophet would know it is my baby?”

She sniggered. “Come on! If you think the baby wouldn’t come out with that nose, you’re kidding yourself.” She laughed a bit and he narrowed his eyes and frowned. “It’s a good nose, Snape!” She continued. “I would love to sit on it some time.” She winked.

After a few more bites from both of them, he finally spoke. “I had the tattoo made after the war, and after being in the hospital. After the wizengamot.”

She smiled. “See? Not so hard. Thank you.”

When he left, he said he would be back on Tuesday. This was getting too personal, and a weekday would force him to leave, to get up for work the next day, and not have her ask so many questions now that he had stupidly stayed one night. Never mind it was the best night of sleep he had had in ages. It had nothing to do with her. He was just tired. The little chit had drained him, that’s all.

Tuesday came and again they did their little dance at the light in front of the grocery store. Since he did not corner her against her door, she assumed he would bring take away. She wondered what he meant, why he didn’t want to be seen with her if it was not embarrassment. Perhaps he was lying to spare her feelings. But he wasn’t really one to do that. It must be fear of her getting too attached. She had to police herself. He was a good shag, and was teaching her things, making her live new experiences. She should absolutely take advantage of that and enjoy it while it lasted, but she could not, could not, fall for Severus Snape. That was guaranteed heartache. She could not envision him being open and attached to anyone. And could anyone ever replace Lily Potter in his eyes?

He arrived with Chinese from that great place again, and as soon as he was through the door, he banished the paper bags to her counter so his hands were free to quickly assault her, pulling her body close to his, covering her lips with hunger. It was so bloody odd and infuriating, if he were to be honest. The time lapse from his last visit had been shorter than usual, but his hunger for her was immense, as if he hadn’t shagged in weeks. It was so out of control that he considered standing her up, because he could not have this, be so dominated by her. It would be best to keep his distance. Never see her again. He did not know what it was about this chit. But he could figure that out later. Right now he needed to fuck her.

Snape’s jacket and shirt were already off and on the floor, as was the nighty she had put on after her shower while waiting for him, and he carried her to her bed. He dropped her on it, her head not to the headboard, but to one side instead. He pulled off her knickers in swift motions and she supported herself on her elbows, legs spread, Snape standing on the other side of the bed, in front of her. He quickly undid his denims and hungrily stared at her spread out pinkness as she looked at him, deep and penetrating chestnut eyes, biting her lip and smiling mischievously.

Once he was completely nude as she was, he placed himself in between her legs and hovered over her, claiming her lips at times, staring into her eyes at other, as his fingers teased her inner thighs down to her labia, up one side, down the other, teasing her devilishly before finally plunging into
her open slit and circling her clit as well as her entrance. She was wet and swollen, and just craving his cock inside those blood-filled folds, so he gladly indulged her pussy in its needs.

He lifted her ankles to rest on his shoulders and held her knees together as he pushed into her and grunted at her tight warmth. Good thing her moan was louder. He moved his hips slowly, in… and out of her, her cunt the most delicious thing he had ever tasted at this point, only made better by her soft moans and the way her tits bounced lightly as his pubic bone hit her pussy lips. He fleetingly wondered how that came to be, since he remembered being not too impressed by this shag the first time. But the chit certainly grew on you.

He palmed one of her tits and leaned closer into her, and she marvelously moaned and pressed her thighs together, trying for friction on her clit. That squeezed his cock as well, prompting him to pound into her harder and faster.

His cock sinking into her felt so damn good in yet one more new position. She salivated. It was hard to breathe. Fuck, she wanted him inside her all night, every night. She let her head fall to the side as she scratched his waist, trying to pull him closer, and it was then she saw it.

Their image, their profile, reflected on the full-length mirror that stood in front of the bed. Her toes to the ceiling, his body curved on top of hers. His strong, tattooed arm and the hand attached to it running up from her buttocks to her thighs and down again. His tight ass firmly bouncing as he rammed into her. It was so fucking hot. They were hot together. She cupped the breast he wasn’t palming and played with it, still watching their reflection. The image, along with the sensations he caused in her, made her pleasure mount faster.

He followed her eyes and saw what she saw, and smirked. He reached for her chin and pulled her to gaze to his eyes.

“Do you like what you see, witch?”

“Yes,” she panted. “So much.”

He was still pounding her hard. “Do you like to watch, you little voyeur?” He smirked.

“Yes,” She bit her lip. He was still holding her chin.

He covered her mouth with his, plunging his tongue into her, then pulled away. “Then watch as I make you come,” he said, and turned her eyes to the mirror again, letting go of her chin and just holding onto her legs. Three more hard pounds pushed her over the edge, and though she wanted to watch, her eyes shut as she rode out her wave and moaned so deliciously. She opened them again to see he still pounded her, but two more seconds made him come, bucking his hips into her and biting one of her calves gently as he held her legs and her pussy emptied him out.

He pulled out of her and sat on the bed beside her limp body, both catching their breaths. When she was sufficiently calm, she sat up, and was about to go to her wardrobe and get her robe to go heat up their Chinese when he pulled her back onto the bed, to sit in between his legs and rest against his chest.

“Snape? What are you…”

His hand was running up her thigh from her knee and he kissed her neck, bit it lightly, then licked it. She didn’t want to sound like she was complaining, because she definitely wasn’t, but this felt like… cuddling. And Snape never cuddled. A little spark of hope lit in her heart, and she tried to snuff it quickly. It didn’t go out completely, though.
His hand reached her mound and grazed it, her labia, her slit, his lips on her neck, then nipping her ear, then coming back to her neck. She enjoyed it, resting back on his chest, eyes closed, body quickening. His feet slid to the inner part of hers, pushing them apart, and there he kept his legs, stretched, holding her bent ones wide open.

“You like to watch, do you?” He asked in a silky, naughty voice. She opened her eyes and saw that they faced the mirror, which he had summoned closer to the bed with a non-verbal and wandless spell. He was such a powerful wizard. That only made her hornier for him.

She was made hornier still by the fact that she could see all of her, spread out in front of the mirror, pink, swollen, craving him again. He took his fingers to his mouth and sucked on them before taking them to her mound and slowly lowering them to her clit. She watched it all reflected on the mirror, her breathing growing more and more labored.

He slowly teased her clit up… and down, from one side… to the other, as he pinched a nipple from her rising and falling bosom. His fingers dipped to her entrance and spread up all her abundant stickiness, and they slipped so easily on her bundle of nerves now that he could rub her faster, and it all made her feel better, hornier. She started to buck her hips forward into his hand as her hands reached around to sink into his hair. The tie was already loose from his avid movements only moments before, and slipped down completely.

His clever digits slipped down into her and flexed inside her, hitting that magical spot over and over again as he thrust them in and out of her. She felt his cock getting hard again against her back as her hips still rocked forward into his hand of their own accord and she watched everything on the mirror, growing hornier by the second.

“I want you to fuck me again,” she panted. “Slip that cock inside my wet, juicy cunt and fuck me hard. Please.”

He smirked and knelt behind her, pulling her up into position in front of him. He plunged his cock into her, to fill the space his fingers had occupied moments before, and fucked her hard, pounding her from behind as he held her up, her back to his chest, his fingers slipping from side to side on her clit, in the same pace as his cock rammed her. And she could still see it all in the mirror, her body rocking with his, contorting against it, her tits bouncing, her clit being so directly stimulated. His cock hit that spot inside her and she came hard, all over his cock and hand. One clench from her pussy pulled him over the edge with her, and he poured himself into her, biting her shoulder and holding her mound.

She wanted to turn around and claim his lips, but as she was thinking of it, he climbed off the bed and picked up his trousers. She was hoping he would sleep over again, but it seemed like he wouldn’t. That made her heart ache a bit. She went to her wardrobe and pulled out her robe. Pulling it on, she stepped out around the screen and to the kitchen, to heat up the Chinese.

He had the urge of laying down and sleeping right there. *Tired, drained, that’s all. You can make it home and sleep there, though. And to pull her to lay beside him and stay there. You are tired, that’s all. Tired.*

“Dinner is served,” she called from behind the screen and it felt like his heart had swelled a bit. The fact that she didn’t seem to care if he stayed or went made him feel odd. He… wanted her to want him there. *Oh gods. What the fuck is going on?* He needed to leave and not come back again. He had come back too many times. He had never been with the same woman as many times as he’d been with her. This was too dangerous. *Leave. Before you hurt yourself, and her. You cannot do this. Meaningless shagging is all you are good for.*
“Snape! It’s getting cold again!” She called out, apparently already chewing.

He guessed he could at least eat first.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

A little Sunday evening pick me up.

The rest of the week would go by as it usually did. Snape would ride by, but he was adamant on policing himself to not even look in her direction. He would not be paying her any more visits. It was getting too personal and dangerous.

But on Wednesday, when he rode by, he could see her walking by and stopping to pick some potatoes at the grocery store. He wanted to look at her, watch her do such a mundane chore, and he did not understand why. It was almost stronger than him. But he held strong, looking forward until the light turned green and he quickly rode off. He would start taking another route home from now on then.

On Thursday, Hermione did not have a reason to stop at the grocery store, save to talk to Cindy for a few minutes. She really liked Cindy, more now since she had stopped making the unsavory comments about Snape, since the previous Friday. Hermione never admitted to sleeping with him, but nonetheless, Cindy had stopped. Those were the makings of a good friend.

She stood there talking to Cindy while she was working the cash register and it was Cindy who looked at her watch and said “your guy didn’t go by today.”

“He’s not my guy, Cindy,” Hermione smiled, rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, okay. Either way, strange that he didn’t go by.”

Hermione shrugged. She wasn’t worried. She only expected him once a week anyway. So that would be next Tuesday. At least she assumed so, because he had left in such a hurry after eating last time, he hadn’t told her anything. Nor had she had the time to ask.

On Friday, Snape was riding past that fucking grocery store again. What was the fucking matter with him? He had actually craved the sight of her the previous day. It put him in a foul mood, much worse than what was the norm for him, the thought that he would not even glimpse her figure standing on the pavement, watching him with sinfully hungry eyes.

So, against his will and better judgement and every single brain cell he had, he found himself riding down that same street again, watching for her.

She was not stopped at the grocery store. He was not early, nor late. Could she have been held back? Or was she out with someone? It was her bloody right to be, really. So why did that thought make him want to murder someone?

The light turned green and he rode on. A few feet down the street, he spotted her, walking, staring down at the ground with her hands in her pockets, her hair tied back. She heard his bike and lifted her gaze, smiling feebly at him. But in a second he was gone. He would not stop. No. He was in control and he would not stop by her place. He did not need it. He could find another shag right now it he wanted to. Let it go. Drive away.
Hermione opened her door and dragged herself up the stairs. Seeing him ride by lit a little spark in her belly. It was a good thing in a crappy day. Her boss was such an arse. He made her feel like crap. She did not expect especial treatment for being Hermione Granger, but she did deserve more than he gave. Solely due to her hard work and wits. Her research didn’t even get the proper attention it deserved, always dismissed as unimportant, and she had to work second to others, always, and was made to redo all her work, though it was done to perfection the first time, fuck modesty. She usually coped with it well, focusing on the future and the possibility of growing. But today, it got to her. She was even considering quitting. She just needed to clear her head and come up with a plan. Where would she go? There had to be some other place that needed her talents and where she could still work with what she wanted. With Magical Creatures.

She closed the door to her flat and dropped her bag on the floor before she dropped herself on the recliner with a loud sigh.

And the doorbell rang.

Annoyed, she got up, not even remembering to consider it could be something good. She dragged herself down the steps again and opened the door to find Snape standing there, leather jacket unzipped, a lock of hair falling from the neatly tied whole onto his eye and cheek. He partly hated himself at the moment, for being weak and succumbing to desires of the flesh when he really shouldn’t have. His hatred and disappointment in himself showed in his deeply furrowed brows.

“Oh! Hi!” Hermione said, not as chipper as she should have, partly because the crappy day was having its effect on her still, partly because of his hard features.

“Do you… wa… Come in?” She stepped away from the door and he did, even with her half-baked invitation.

He closed the door behind him and up they went. As soon as the second door closed, he was on her, lips devouring hers. She gave into it for a minute, but when his hand was pulling up her jumper, she stopped him.


She walked away from him and into the kitchen to see what she had to eat as he stared a hole through her back, eyes narrowed, brows knitted, lips pursed.

The truth was, she had considered not eating that evening. But now it seemed better than the alternative. She must really be down if the prospect of sex with this hot man didn’t appeal much to her. Fuck.

“Is our arrangement no longer acceptable to you?” He asked briskly.

“What?” She looked at him over the kitchen counter, her mind a little slow as she was lost in her thoughts.

“Do you. No longer. Wish. To fuck me?” he asked in a snipped and impatient tone.

“No! I never said that! It’s just… it’s been a long, tiring day. My boss is really a huge arse and…”

He looked at her as if she was from another planet. She sighed. “You don’t want to hear this…”

He tilted his head and looked at her still, that countenance of his not giving away one ounce
of information, of what he felt or thought. Then he turned on his heels and opened the door and… left. He just left!

She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry or go after him and punch him in the gut. She settled for a warm relaxing shower. Then her bed would be a good choice. What would happen with Snape from now on, she did not know. And she tried not to think about it as not to make her day even crappier.

But it did make her cry a bit under the spray of the shower. It would be so nice to have someone to talk to about this. It would be even nicer if she could talk to and get to know the man she so enjoyed shagging. She didn’t even know if they would shag again from now on, since he had been repulsed by the idea of just… talking to her. Or hearing her talk. He might not come back. She would have to be satisfied with drinks with Luna and Ginny sometime next week, to vent. But wouldn’t exactly be able to talk to them about him. And if she tried to lie and say it was someone they didn’t know who was adding to her troubled mind, she would get caught. She wasn’t good at lying.

She stepped out of the loo, still naked and damp, bushy hair only half dried, when she heard a knock on her door. What the fuck? How had someone gotten past the door downstairs? She pulled on her robe and gripped her wand as she stalked to the door. She pulled it slightly open, the wand pointed in the direction of the person, but from behind her side of the door. It was Snape, holding paper bags.

“How the fuck did you get up here?” She asked as she pulled the door open wider.

He stepped inside. “Please, witch. You don’t spend half your life being a spy without picking somethings up along the way. I can teach you how to cast better wards if that will make you feel better,” he smirked at her outraged look. “I brought burgers. I don’t know if they are any good, it was the closest place I could find.”

“For fuck’s sake, Snape! Would it hurt you to communicate? I thought you were gone and had just left me here talking to myself!”

He just watched her with a raised eyebrow.

“Hold that thought, Granger, I’ll go get some food. It’s easy. You should fucking try it.”

His eyebrow was still raised. “Granger, I got some food,” he said, sneering.

She sighed as she took a bag from his hand and sat on the sofa with it. “Thank you. But that little stunt will cost you getting laid tonight,” she said, annoyed, scrunching her nose.

He snorted. Oddly, he didn’t mind all that much if he didn’t shag her. Why? Why was he even still there then? What the fuck is happening, fool? He sat down next to her with his burger and chips. “Drinks?”

“There’s soda in the fridge,” she said more calmly. He stood, made his way to the fridge and brought back two cans of soda.

“Thanks,” she said as he offered her one.

They ate in silence for a while, but she was taking very small, dispassionate bites.

“Is the burger not acceptable?”
She jerked her head up to look at him. “Oh no, it’s fine.”

“Then eat it.”

“I am.”

He rolled his eyes.

“I’m not too hungry. Like I said, it’s been a long day.”

“And what could possibly warrant that you starve yourself?”

“Do you really want to know?”

He raised an eyebrow. “Why would I fucking ask if not?”

She smiled shyly. It warmed her heart that he wanted to know something of hers, took interest. “My boss is an arse,” she started, and told him all said boss did. How he said she had done any given thing wrong without even properly looking it over. How she had to redo it, and how she helped her co-workers redo things they had difficulty in, and they took it to him as if they had done it alone and he said it was perfect and that she could learn from them. How he gave her the most awful tasks, always, that fucking interns or less interested and hard-working people, like many of her co-workers, should be doing. As she talked and vented, she felt more and more chipper, and ate her burger without even noticing. He just ate silently. Hopefully he was listening to her babbling.

It really burdened her, this situation with her boss. She had always worked extra hard and had gotten good grades. Everything she did, she strived in. She had an impeccable academic record. And everyone had always said that was all she needed. That her hard work would get her wherever she wanted in life, and the fact she always got praise made her believe she would be good at everything she set her mind to and worked hard for.

But now, her boss was making her doubt herself. Had people, her parents, her teachers, all deceived her? Made her think too highly of herself when she in fact did NOT do things so well? And was she not that intelligent? But everyone always seemed to think she was smart, all her teachers, people she daily had contact with. Well, all except…

“Snape.” She said after a moment of silence.

“Granger,” he arched an eyebrow.

“Do you think…” She took a deep breath to brace herself for his answer. “Do you think I am intelligent?”

He furrowed his brow as he stared at her.

“Just be honest with me.”

“Do you so need my praise, Miss Granger?” He smirked. “Still, after all these years?”

Yes. “No. It’s just… everyone has always made me feel like… like I was worth something, that I had this one talent at least, if I couldn’t be beautiful or the most loved and popular, I was at least smart. It made me feel…”

“Special,” he drawled, rolling his eyes.
“Yes, well, no, not completely. But I had my wits and that was enough, I would be okay in life. I would have a good job. Be good at it. Security. And the happiness of doing what I love, and doing it well. And the rest could be figured out. You, however, never… well, praised me, made me feel like my wits were extraordinary. And neither does my boss. He in fact makes me feel worse than you ever did. So maybe everyone lied, and you can help me understand what it is that made you not feel like every other teacher towards me, and show me what I have to improve. Maybe my boss has a point and I can make it more bearable for me to be there, for him to have me there, somehow.”

She sat there, feet tucked under herself, sideways on the sofa, looking at him with expectant, hopeful, fearful eyes. Big whisky-colored eyes. Deep, yet soft. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. What the hell was he doing there? He should just be an arse to her and end all of this. Tell her she is not special, that life is far from fair, and she could fucking deal with it like an adult.

“You, Granger… are what may be considered intelligent, yes.”

She cocked her head and wore a puzzled look. “But you never…”

“My general disposition and the worries I have… had in my mind make me not prone to giving away compliments or having a… favorite student. The fact that you were a Gryffindor and consorted with Potter of course encouraged my attitude for both… personal,” his eyes darted away from hers for a moment to the kitchen counter behind her before darting back. She understood. “… and strategical reasons. I foresaw I would have to appear as belonging to… a certain group of people, still, and it would help to lessen their questions of where my allegiance lied if I was seen abusing Potter and his friends while slightly favoring said people’s offspring. It turned my stomach, since their children were abundantly stupid when not annoyingly entitled. But I do consent now that though your ever raising hand was incredibly obnoxious, as was the condescending tone in which you gave out your replies, that you are a bright witch, certainly brighter than most. And your essays weren’t as mind numbing to correct as the rest of them. I do believe, however, that you lacked some… will to experiment and think outside the box. You bind yourself to doing everything meticulously according to instructions, answer questions verbatim from the textbook, and therefore miss the opportunity of expanding your mind, thinking differently, making new discoveries. Perhaps you can apply the curiosity and boldness you seem to display in our sexual encounters in other areas of your life.”

“Oh,” she blushed and smiled shyly.

“That being said… I do not think any of your behavior or shortcomings warrant the actions your boss seems to take. He is simply being an arse out of spite or jealousy of your fame. I may not be very well loved at large, but I still know people who can deal with him. Through official means or not. Should you wish for it.” He raised an eyebrow and smirked, slightly.

She sniggered, her head propped on her hand, elbow resting on the back of the couch. “That won’t be necessary, I think.” She smiled widely, the first time that day. “But thank you for offer.”

He just shrugged and finished off his soda.

He had been… nice, for the Severus Snape standard of moods. And he would never lie just to please her, or get her into bed. So he must really think she was clever. He was honest. The teenager in her seeking his approval squealed.

Hermione scooched closer to him and her lips tentatively searched for and found his neck. She placed kisses there, her hand caressing the other side, where his scar lay.
“I thought we had established I wouldn’t be getting laid tonight,” he smirked.

“I’ve had a change of heart,” she whispered and nipped his ear.

“So all it takes is some praise?” He smirked still, as her lips made their way to his.

“It certainly helps,” she claimed his lips and her tongue begged for entry, which he granted briefly before taking control, his hands in her hair and his tongue exploring her mouth. Her hand slid down to cup his denim covered cock. They pulled apart briefly.

“Wouldn’t you get in the mood if I told you what I think about you?” She smiled.

Snape snorted. “I doubt it. The complete opposite might happen, though.”

She straddled his lap and pulled off his shirt. “Why? I think only good things,” she said with her hands on either side of his neck.

He snorted again.

She claimed his lips briefly before moving onto his neck. “I think you are the most brilliant wizard of our time,” she whispered and planted a kiss on his neck. “Cranky, yes. But also brave.” A kiss. “And loyal.” Another kiss. “Committed.” A nip on his ear. “Selfless, I would say.” His cock was getting hard under those jeans, she could feel it. His hands slid under her robe to her arse and felt she was nude. He grunted.

“And you are charming, sexy,” she kissed his hooked nose as he snorted. He was feeling something akin to embarrassment. He never had been praised like this, by anyone. He wasn’t used to it, or comfortable with it. But something else stirred inside him, close to his heart.

“And can be sweet, in your own quirky way.”

He turned his head abruptly to face her and narrowed his eyes. “I am n…”

“Shhh,” she placed her index finger on his lips. “Yes you are.” She smiled, then claimed his lips. He reluctantly kissed her back.

She pulled away and looked him in his deep dark pools of eyes. “And you… you have the capability of great love.” He looked at her with… something different in his eyes, but it was not bad, she was relieved to see. He could not quite define what he felt, as she could not decipher it either.

She was a bit embarrassed. He did have that huge heart. That great love, that survived even death. It was a good thing. Only a good, gentle, sensitive soul could feel that. The only bad thing about it is he never had anyone to feel it for him, show him, make him feel loved. She felt she could be that person. She wanted to be that person. No, she could not think of that now. She pushed it all down before it came pouring through her eyes.

Her hand reached his belt buckle and began to undo it. “Plus, you are fucking amazing in bed,” she smirked and claimed his lips to make him stop looking at her like that. But even amidst a deep kiss, he kept his eyes open, looking at her in surprise and… something.

She released his cock. It was very hard. She stroked it tenderly and shifted her lips to his neck, and his grip on her arse tightened, his middle finger reaching under her and tracing her slit, front to back from behind.
“Will you let me be on top today?” Her whisper changed into a moan midsentence.

“Do you like having control, witch?” He smirked.

“I like it any way with you. You always make me come so deliciously,” she was slowly rocking her hips, seeking friction from his cock.

He pulled on the tie of her robe and pushed the silk off her shoulders. “Are you…” he grazed his thumbs over her nipples and she quivered, “… still interested in sitting on my face?” He smirked.

“Oh, fuck yes,” she bit her lower lip.

He sank down in the sofa, into more of a slouching position, and grabbed her arse, hoisting her up so her pussy would be leveled with his face. She managed to hook a leg behind the back of the sofa before he held her against him, strong hands on her buttocks and lower back. She gripped the back of the couch as he began to slowly, tentatively, lick her slit in small intervals. His tongue then parted her and licked slowly, yet constantly, moving her clit up… and down… from side… to side. Her breathing was starting to hitch, and her hips gently rocked on his face in rhythm with his tongue.

Suddenly, his mouth encompassed all of her, mound and clit, and sucked, making her moan loudly, and a pop could be heard as his lips let go of her. His tongue returned to her clit briefly before sliding down to her entrance and entering, while his hooked nose rubbed her clit up and down.

“Oh fuck!” She gripped the cushions tighter. “That’s a mighty long tongue,” she panted.

His tongue worked with more speed, covering all her sensitive, swollen parts, and she gripped the cushions with one hand as the other sunk in his hair. She rolled her hips, her pussy on his lips, in rhythm with his work.


And she did, her essence spilling on his lips. He lowered her to his lap, licking his moist smirking lips, and she quickly pulled him to her for a passionate kiss. To taste herself on him.

He stood, holding her legs around his waist, and carried her to her bed. He dropped her on it and pulled down his trousers as he kicked off his boots. He then laid on top of her and claimed her lips. She spread her legs to accommodate him close to her quim.

“I thought you were going to let me be on top,” she said in a hushed tone when their lips parted. She wasn’t complaining, though.

“You want control, witch?” He smirked. “Then take it,” he ordered in a sexy rumble.

She smiled and tried to flip him, but he showed some small resistance, teasing her, that fact evident on his smirk. She put her weight into it and almost managed, but her took one of her hands roughly and quickly pinned it over her head, still smirking, then biting her chin and rubbing his hard cock on her pussy.

“Come now, Granger. You can do it if you want it bad enough,” he teased.

She pulled her arm from his grip easily enough, as he was offering no more resistance, and
wrapped her legs around his waist, throwing all her body weight onto him to flip them over. She of course managed, as he offered no resistance. He just curled up his lips slightly, and held her thighs as she sat on his cock and rubbed her slippery pussy on his length for a moment. She then lifted herself and held his cock under her, to guide him into her, slowly. She bit her lip and moaned as he gripped her thighs and watched her with a smirk.

She started to roll her hips on him, lifting her hair while she just reveled in the sweet feeling of being so completely filled by him. And suddenly, she needed more, so much more. She rose and fell on his cock with a fraction more speed, smiling down at him as he grabbed her arse cheeks and helped her movement.

She steadied herself by resting her hands on his chest, and it gave her the support she needed to bounce on his cock faster. He grunted and palmed one of her breasts, pinching her nipple, and it drove her half insane, causing her to fuck him harder.

His cock was throbbing inside her, aching to shoot his load in her warm, tight, hungry cunt, so he grabbed her ass once again, pulling her down onto his cock faster and harder, also rolling his hips up into her.

They moved with synchronicity, and so much lust and desire, both aching to come hard, and equally close to doing so. So much so that they came at the same time, he with a groan and she with a long cry that drowned out his groan.

Her limp, panting body collapsed on his and stayed there, with him still inside her. She could easily fall asleep there, on him, cuddling him, but he would not enjoy that, she remembered. He wasn’t even touching her at the moment. With his hands, that is.

With her breath already steadied, she rolled to his side and tucked both her hands under her cheek as she lay facing him. Oddly, he missed her warmth on top of him. He certainly would not have minded if she had stayed there.

He rolled to the side and sat up with his back to her. She expected him to put on his trousers and hurry out, and it ached her heart a little.

“May I use your loo?” He asked instead.

“Of course,” she answered, surprised, trying not to sound too giddy.

He made his way to her small loo. Before he could rationalize what he was doing, he climbed in the shower. No matter. It would be one less thing to do when he got home. He could just sleep peacefully once he got there. Well, as peacefully as was possible for him, anyway.

He stepped out and cast a drying charm on himself, wandlessly, since he did not have a towel he could use. When he exited the loo, she was asleep, seemingly peacefully.

He walked to his trousers and picked them up. He pulled his wand from the pocket made specially for it. He dropped his trousers again, and walked to the side of the bed he had just recently occupied. He stood there, gripping his wand, watching her sleep for a while, trying to force himself to just turn away and leave. But something would not let him. He sighed deeply and lay back down beside her, shoving his wand under the pillow. And there he slept through the whole night.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Uhm... yeah. This week was... tiring. I don't know if I'm late or early. I do know that this one might feel short, but I'm typing up chapter 13 right now and it is loooOooOng so it will make up for this, hopefully. Don't remember how 12 is. Again, very long week.

I hope you guys like it!

Hermione had woken up a few hours later, during the night, to pee, and had been delighted to see he was sleeping beside her. He had stayed again. She used the loo and pulled out a T-shirt from a drawer to cover herself with. It was a bit chilly. She also took a duvet from her wardrobe, since he was lying on the one that was supposed to cover them, and opened it on top of him, crawling back into bed beneath it, but not daring to cuddle him.

So now that it was morning, she woke with a smile and the certainty that the noise and smell of coffee coming from the kitchen was him. She stretched and stalked over to the kitchen to see him all dressed, save for his jacket, working her coffee maker and scrambling eggs.

“Good morning,” she smiled.

He turned around from the stove to face her. “I hope you don’t mind. I was hungry. And since you have fed me before…”

“I don’t mind. As long as there is something for me,” she smiled.

He poured her a cup of coffee and made her a plate. She sipped the coffee and hummed, widening her eyes and wiping her lips.

“Too hot?” he asked.

“No! So delicious! What’s in this?”

“Secret ingredient,” he smirked.

“Come on, tell me.”

“No,” he said as he ate rather quickly.

She huffed, and tucked into her food too. “Good eggs as well. I’ll have to have you cook more from now on.”

He snorted.

When he was done eating – before she was, obviously – he grabbed his jacket on the sofa and headed for the door.

“Snape, wait!” She called out to him, and he turned to see her rushing to him, almost
jumping over furniture. She jumped on him, wrapping her legs around his hips and her arms about his neck. She kissed his lips hungrily, yet tenderly.

“Thank you. For the talk yesterday. And for breakfast. Even though you won’t tell me your secret ingredient.” She smiled. What she really wanted to do was ask him to stay and spend the day with her, but he already had spent the night. She couldn’t be too greedy.

He was taken aback by her affectionate smile and attack of him. And her gratitude, for such small, mundane things. Despite himself, a corner of his lips curled up slightly, and he pecked her lips as he put her down.

“Add a dash of cinnamon to the coffee powder,” he said before opening the door and leaving.

*****

There he was, lying in the dark, beside her, in her flat. Again. It was the fourth time in a row. What the fuck was going on with him? Something was speaking louder than his mind, his common sense. Because he knew, he knew this was a bad idea. He should not get so close and attached to anyone, ever again. He could get hurt. And hurt her in the process. He had no right to do that to her, force his presence. And yet, there he was, yet again. He had, against his will and better judgement, kept seeing her twice a week. And fool that he was, he had packed a small bag every time, with soap, his shampoo, all brewed by him, a towel and boxers. And he stayed, every time. When he had work the next morning, he took an extra shirt as well. This should not be happening. It was dangerous. Stop it, stop it now while there is still time.

Her hand snapped out gently and hit his arm, and he remembered why he had woken in the first place. It seemed she was having a nightmare. He understood those. He had them recurrently as well. Some nights were worse than others. He assumed it was the same with her, since he had not witnessed this any of the other nights he had stayed.

She moved her arm again, more fiercely this time. She whimpered, and sweat soaked her brow. Again she waved her arm, and a book fell off her shelves with a thump to the floor. Another spasm and a cry, and one of her drawers flew open. Despite everything, his lips curled up a bit. Powerful little witch she was. And in bed with him.

Before she could twitch her hand again, he took it in his. He held it and his thumb caressed the back of it in small circles. Her breathing calmed. But she still moved a bit and whimpered. So he intertwined his fingers with hers. Her body relaxed, and she held his hand tight. And then she turned to him, still holding his hand. And her other hand rested on his bare chest as she pulled herself to lie her head on it, all while still sleeping.

He lay very still, unable to breathe for several moments, stunned. This was not good, this was too intimate. He then breathed, slowly. And the smell of the bushy chestnut colored hair that rested under his chin reached his nose. So sweet. Fruity. Soothing. She snuggled closer, her hand moving on his chest, caressing him, the other holding his in between their bodies. Her warmth… her smell… something stirred in him, from his stomach up to his chest. And then his free hand came to rest on her forearm, the one weighing on his chest. The hand that was pinned next to his body freed itself to wrap around her shoulders. Sleep was peaceful for both of them from then on.
Their next encounter was set for Thursday. Hermione insisted it be on Friday for two reasons: to wake up Saturday with him, in his embrace, now that cuddling apparently had made its way into their arrangement, and because she had plans on Thursday with her friends. But he was adamant on not being able to make it on Friday. She was so curious as to why, but did not want to push him too far. She had noticed that once in a while, he would show up on days different than the ones that were… say… regularly scheduled. And there were also days he did not even ride by. About once every two weeks. She wondered what that was about.

So, with a lot of pleading, she was able to change drinks with Ginny and Luna – and probably the boys, since they now seemed joined at the hip – from Thursday to Friday. And on Thursday, she waited for him.

She didn’t bother walking home on the days they agreed to meet anymore. She apparated straight to her sitting room and hurried to shower and change into some sexy lingerie. And that is what she wore when he knocked on her door. He had taught her to cast better wards, and she had gone ahead and keyed him into them. He apparated to the landing inside the door to the street, but always knocked on the upstairs door. Respecting her privacy, she guessed.

She opened the door for him and he looked her up and down, taking in her short, black, silk nighty, a large red rose pattern on it, with a grunt and a lick of his lips. Her bushy hair was down, and smelled freshly washed with her fruity shampoo. He stepped inside and firmly closed the door behind him, pulling her to his body and claiming her lips. He turned her back to the door and pinned her against it, still kissing her. In swift motions, he freed his cock, which had been hardening as he got there with just the expectation of seeing her, and was now rock hard due to that nighty, and pulled the crotch of her small knickers aside, slowly pushing himself into her as she wrapped one leg around his hips.

What the fuck was it about this witch that made him so weak, so desirous of her that he couldn’t even make it to the bed? And he had… missed her. Yes. It hadn’t been three days since they last saw each other, and he had missed her, had wanted to be deep inside her every night. Fucking hell.

He slid her up along the door to a better height, and she wrapped her other leg around him, since he held one. He began to thrust into her, bumping her gently against the door, and she smiled, pulling the tie off his hair and sinking her hands into it before pulling his lips to hers.

He pounded harder, and she broke apart from his lips to gasp. He nuzzled her neck, burying his face in her sweet scented hair, one hand against the door, the other gripping her hip. He wouldn’t take much longer. He needed to come. He pounded harder and faster. He would thoroughly make it up to her later, but he needed to come now.

Yet, she desperately rolled her hips against him, hard and fast as well, her breathing very labored. Her body quivered then tensed, and a long whimper escaped her lips. She came, and he did immediately after, glad he had given her something before he spilled himself hard into her. Grunting, bucking into her, her back thudding against the door.

“That was a magnificent way to say hello,” she teased as he put her down and stored his cock away.
She went to the kitchen to cook them dinner. He followed, as he now took to helping in some small way when he didn’t bring takeaway. When they were finished eating, Hermione took the dishes from the countertop and into the sink. He followed. As she was placing them there, he pressed up behind her.

“Get that sexy arse in bed before I fuck you right here,” Hermione heard whispered in her ear as a large, strong hand caressed her bum under her nighty. She smiled.

“What has gotten into you?” She asked.

She wasn’t complaining. Sex with him was always marvelous and she would do it with him as often as he wanted. And to know he wanted her like that, so hungrily, so avidly, and to see this slightly more tender side of him… it brought a smile to her face and caused excitement to fill her belly. But she had started to worry a bit. These mysterious appointments he had, and couldn’t tell her about… not that he did much sharing at all. Whatever she knew of him she pieced together from observation and things she already knew from the Hogwarts years and the things she – and all of wizarding Britain – had learned post war. And that made her wonder if he wasn’t doing something dangerous, and if that was what prompted him to seek distraction, which he found in her, and clung to.

“I don’t know,” said Snape as he pushed her into the bedroom, his groin firmly pressed against her arse. “I just know I have not been in you sufficiently tonight,” he growled, and pushed her onto the bed.

He did not know what it was, truly. He must be getting too attached to the chit. He needed to let go. It was unfair to her, to do this. She deserved better than this, than him. It was dangerous. And she would leave eventually. Of course. It was him. They always did. And if she found out… she would hate him. He thought he was at a point where he would not bare that. He didn’t know why. What’s the difference? Half the wizarding population already hates you. Leave. Don’t come back. Do it, now.

She lay on her belly, feet in the air, and turned slightly to look back at him over her shoulder with a wicked smile. He growled and pulled off his shirt, and was quickly undoing his trousers when she sat up and reached to him to help. But his denims where already hitting the floor and he was stepping out of them.

Snape turned her back around and pushed her to fall on her belly on the bed in a deliciously aggressive way. He then pulled off her knickers in one swift motion and slapped her bum right afterwards, causing her to gasp in surprise. He lifted her nighty to caress her bare bum, then, once again, slapped it before his hand lowered to the valley between her legs. He caressed her labia gently, teased her folds, and she spread her legs, moaning into the pillow. His fingers dipped inside her, then pulled out and slid down to her clit, slowly, flicking it and pinching gently. When she was moaning a bit more wildly and lifting her bum to meet his hand, he positioned himself beside her, on his side, and pulled her to lie as well, back to his chest, with one arm hooked under her, under her silk covered breasts, as the other pushed her lower half into the bed and entered her from behind.

She moaned, so longingly, wanting every inch of him inside her. It was amazing how every new position he put her in, taught her, seemed to be better than the last. Everything was wonderful when it involved his cock.

He slowly thrust into her, pining her knee to the bed, high in front of her navel. His breathing in her ear made hers synchronize with it, and he planted a few kisses and light nibbles on her neck as he slowly fucked her. She moaned and rolled her hips in rhythm with his, beginning to
crave a faster pace.

He pulled her lower half away from the mattress and closer to his body as his hips’ rhythm increased. His fingers dipped into the apex of her sex and rubbed her small bundle of nerves, slowly for a moment, then faster, in sync with his thrusting.

“Do you trust me?” He rumbled in her ear as she moaned and tried to buck back into him. She didn’t even register it, just basking on all the wonderful sensations he triggered in her, moaning and whimpering incoherently.

“Do. You. Trust. Me, witch?” He said in a clipped bark, amid his breathlessness, and that snapped her attention to his words.

“Yes,” she gasped.

The hand that had been over her breasts, grazing her nipples, and adding to everything his cock and fingers did to her nether region, traveled up to her neck and put pressure on it, on both sides, while he still continued pounding her and rubbing her clit.

A wave of panic hit her when she realized she was being choked and no one even knew who she was with, so the police could find the culprit when they found her dead body. But then she noticed she could still breathe. He wouldn’t hurt her. He wouldn’t. She called his name, and her voice did come forth from her throat. And oddly, the adrenaline of the panic had made the work he performed on her pussy all the better.

“Are you okay?” He asked in a sexy whisper.

“Beyond okay,” she answered, panting, her orgasm closer than ever. “Fuck me hard, Snape,” she begged, gripping the forearm of the hand that choked her, and also of the hand that furiously rubbed her clit. His cock hit her in a spot deep inside her that added to driving her deliciously insane, over and over again.

When she was on the brink of coming, he let go of her neck, and euphoria filled her body in one quick wave for it. It amplified her orgasm in such a way that she wailed loudly, as never before, rocking her hips against his hand and cock, wanting more, wanting everything, as her pussy wet his hand and dick. He came, hard also, as she was riding out her high throwing herself wildly back onto his cock, the hand that had rubbed her gripping her hip in such a way it would probably leave a mark. She didn’t care.

Once he pulled out of her, she turned around and attacked his lips.

“If you keep making me come hard like that, I’ll be difficult to get rid of,” she teased. She expected a smirk or a small curl of the lips, but he just looked stoically down at her, something different playing behind his eyes… Longing, perhaps? No, it couldn’t be.

“Let me suck your cock,” she continued in a hungry whisper, pecking his lips, then his neck, the beginning of his tattoo on his shoulder.

“Why?”

“Why? Why do I want to suck your delicious cock? Do I do it so badly?” She snickered.

“No…”

“You said it yourself, that it is not nice to take pleasure without giving it. And I owe you, a
lot,” she smiled mischievously.

He smirked. “If you want me to lick that wet pussy of yours,” he rumbled in her ear, “you need only ask.” His tongue then traced the shell of her ear.

She kissed his lips again, deeply. When they broke apart, she asked “Do you enjoy tasting me?”

“Very much so, yes.”

Her fingers played, tracing his thigh, his hips, his side. They then came to the back of his hand, which rested on his thigh, and began to trace up to his tattoo. When she reached the border of it, his whole body stiffened suddenly and he breathed in sharply through his nose, his teeth clenched. He pulled his arm away from her and rolled to sit on the edge of the bed.

“I need to go,” he said as his feet touched the floor.

“What? Weren’t you going to sleep here?” She asked, a mixture of despair, disappointment and worry in her heart.

“I can’t, not today,” said Snape stiffly, already pulling on his trousers, his back still to her.

“Was it something I did?”

He pulled on his shirt. The hurt in her voice made him turn to her, but he still did not look her in the eye.

“No. Don’t be insecure, Granger. I just… need to go.” He walked out quickly, grabbing the bag he had left next to her door while she still followed him around the screen that was her bedroom wall. “I’ll see you,” he said, and disapparated, leaving her confused, disappointed, hurt. And worried. Very worried.
Hey guys! It seems like it's been longer, but it has only been a week! As usual. Did you miss me? I missed you guys. So leave comments, please.

Also...

I consider myself a pretty decent Alan Rickman fan. I own all his movies. Have watched them more than once (some more than 10 times. Go ahead and judge me), and I save pictures of him on my phone like crazy... HOWEVER, I had never see the one below! And I find it so fucking hot. And with the leather jacket, I think it can help with the mental images while reading this fic. If only I knew how to work photoshop, to make his hair darker...
On Friday, Hermione spent the day with her mind on him, worried. Worried about him, what it was he was hiding, why he needed to leave like that. Worried about them, what they were, what it meant that she cared so much.

At the end of the day, she hadn’t really done much work, and off she went to meet her friends, wishing she had a way to contact him and check if he was okay. She met Harry, Ginny, Ron, Lavender, Luna and Neville at a wizard pub in Diagon Alley. She didn’t have much news anyway, not any she could share, so she just listened as they all told stories and problems about their jobs and whatnot, everything that had happened since the last time they had met. Her mind wasn’t very keen on paying attention to them, but she did her best to keep focus. But when Lavender started talking too much, her mind wandered. She didn’t like Lavender at all, and it wasn’t jealousy as she had thought previously. It was just common sense, really. At least Ginny and Harry she knew only put up with her for Ron’s sake. If Hermione were to be honest, she wouldn’t mind if Ron wasn’t there either. But it was a necessary evil she had to endure to see her friends.

So Lavender’s drivel made her mind turn back to its worries, and she only came back when Ginny shook her arm asking if she wanted a drink. She turned up to look at the waiter and accepted another mead with a smile.

The table had divided itself. Boys to one end, talking of whatever they would, and girls to another. Lavender, being the insane jealous bitch she was, did not leave Ron’s side and preferred to talk to the boys because of that, thank Merlin. Now the conversation should become more interesting.

Luna suddenly, in her dreamy crazy way, asked a sexual question out of the blue.

“Do you guys have any preference in sexual positions?”

Ginny was sipping her drink and some came out her nose as she tried to contain her laughter. Hermione sniggered, putting down the drink she had been bringing to her mouth, until things became more safe. It was very strange for Luna to be so straightforward about sex. Their talks never got so explicit, since it was pretty much presumed Ginny was the only one with enough and constant experience in that department. And since Luna hadn’t been officially added to every gathering for that long, they didn’t know if she would join such conversations. To be honest, they weren’t even sure she had had sex. Especially dating Neville.

“Why do you ask, Luna?” Ginny tried to say in a composed manner.

“I was just wondering if there are any that will bring me to orgasm more effectively.”

Hermione and Ginny exchanged looks, then looked at Neville at the other end of the table, who was oblivious to what was going on. Both girls were forcing straight faces.

“Is that a problem for you?” Ginny asked.

“Not really… but it sometimes takes quite some time. I was willing to try something new.”

Again Hermione and Ginny exchanged surprised looks. Hermione just shrugged and risked a quick sip at her drink.

“Well, I very much like being on top,” Ginny told her. “Having control always gets me
there, and faster.”

Hermione tried to think about something to add. But it was hard. Snape made her come in every which way he fucked her, and it all felt so good, every time, she didn’t even notice if one way took longer than the other. And he was the only one who had given her such experiences, so far.

“Who is it, Hermione?”

She snapped out of her state fast and looked at Ginny. “What?”

“I see you reminiscing dreamily about something. I assume it’s related to the subject at hand. And I know it can’t be about my brother. So, who is he?”

“Oh, no, no, there’s…. there’s no one, really.”

“Uhmmm. Then tell me, why did you have to reschedule to today?”

“Because… I had plans.” Hermione answered.

“With whom?” Ginny smiled amused, and so did Luna.

Hermione looked desperately from side to side, trying to think of something.

“Fine, don’t tell us. But don’t deny it either! And be a good sport and tell us how he gets you off faster.” Ginny smiled.

Hermione blushed and smiled timidly. She wanted to share. To talk to her friends. It would cause no harm, as long as she was careful to not give it, him, away. She wasn’t ashamed of shagging him, no, but he obviously didn’t want anyone to know. She didn’t want to ruin things with him. Plus, her friends would give her a hard time, at least at first. She didn’t want to deal with that yet.

“I… don’t know.”

“What do you mean you don’t know?”

Hermione blushed very, very red. “He… he always gets me there.” She whispered. “It’s always magnificent. I can’t choose a specific position. I wouldn’t know how.”

“EVERY time?” Ginny asked, loudly surprised.

“Shhhhh!” Hermione was blushing still. “Yes.” She said in a small voice.

“Really?” Ginny insisted.

“Yes. Sometimes more than once.”

“Well color me envious! Now I need to know who this fantastic bloke is!”

Hermione laughed and sipped her drink. “Not saying anything else. Not yet anyway. It’s not… a thing. Not serious.”

Ginny looked disappointed.

Luna tilted her head and analyzed Hermione for a moment. “I bet he’s older,” she blurted
Hermione choked on her mead.

Ginny looked excited again and turned to Luna. “Seems you’re onto something there, Lovegood. What makes you say that?”

“Well… an older guy would know how to… you know… better, right? Have more experience and abilities. Plus, she looks very smitten, and she is so smart and ahead of her age…. I think only an older guy would properly hold her interest like that.”

“Interesting… Interesting. Is she right?” Ginny turned to Hermione.

“I… I…” She just stuttered.

“You’re right, Luna.” They clinked glasses and smiled.

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Hermione apparated straight into her sitting room. It was late, she was tipsy, and it was a bad idea to walk around her neighborhood at that time. In addition to a few robbers, there were also a few Death Eaters still at large.

She flipped on her lights and was scared half to death.

“Merlin’s left ballsack, Snape! You nearly gave me a heart attack! And got yourself hexed!”

He was just sitting there on her sofa, an impassive look on his face, as usual. But there was something else in his eyes, deep down, trying to come out but being forced down. If she was to trust what little she had learned of him during these weeks, months now, really, she would even say that it was worry, or maybe a touch of despair concealed in his eyes. Perhaps… need? Her heart pounded at the thought he could need her.

“What were you doing sitting here in the dark? What if someone came home with me and saw you there?” She asked, a bit out of it, not realizing how it sounded.

His eyes narrowed. “Are you expecting someone? I will leave then.”

“No! You know I am not.”

“I know no such thing. Who would be coming home with you then?” His eyes were still narrowed and an eyebrow raised. Was he… jealous? Hermione smiled.

“I don’t know… Harry and Ginny could want to see me home safely, or we could still want to talk more…”

He scoffed, his brow still raised. “And may you share where was it you were until this hour? I’ve been sitting here for quite a while.”

“I told you I was meeting my friends for drinks and dinner!”

“This late?” he asked. She scrunched her nose and folded her arms on one another. “I was just… worried you would be lying with a broken leg somewhere yet again,” he tried to amend,
snorting and rolling his eyes. Idiot. Don’t let your walls down like this. Why the fuck would you be worried about her? She’s just a shag, nothing else.

“Worried?! I was worried sick all fucking day, since last night! Where did you run off to last night like that?”

His countenance hardened, his jaw clenched. She walked up closer to him. “Still don’t trust me enough to tell me, huh?”

“There is nothing to tell. It is unimportant.”

“Unimportant? You just rushed out of here without looking back. You stiffen at the mere mention of it…”

His jaw was still clenched. His eyes avoided hers, but it was done masterfully, as if she would use legilimency on him at any moment. Reflexes from the war, still. Or maybe it didn’t go that far back at all…

“Snape. I will ask this once more, and I want a straight answer, please. I think I deserve that. Are you seeing someone else… sexually or romantically?”

His dark, deep, and slightly terrifying stare shifted to look straight into her whiskey eyes. “I’ve told you I am not, witch.” He said in a bit of a harsh tone, irritated. “So much for supposedly trusting me.”

“Are… are you in some kind of danger? Is… is Voldemort,” she whispered, “still alive and… summoning you?” asked Hermione, remembering how he had suddenly stiffened in bed the previous night and how he did not enjoy being touched on his tattoo, especially on the Dark Mark, that much.

He looked at her and surprise flashed in his eyes for a second before they narrowed into irritation once more. “Woman… you spent an entire year chasing after the bloody horcruxes yourself. You watched that snake-like freak die before your very eyes. You know better than I that he is dead. What foolishness is this now? And do you honestly think he would keep me alive if he were still here? Or that he would keep me unharmed? You see me nude quite often. Have you noticed any scars?” She raised an eyebrow. “I refer to fresh, new ones, of course.” He rolled his eyes.

“It sounds crazy, I know, but you are being crazy. So it got me imagining things… maybe he has no other choice and has to keep you alive until he is strong, or…”

“Do you not want me here? Are you trying to find an excuse to push me away? Maybe you are expecting someone. I should leave.”

“No! Don’t be an arse.”

He narrowed his eyes and looked murderous.

“You know what I mean!”

“Then stop driving me insane with your ridiculous questions!”

“I’m just worried about you. Tell me you are safe. That I have nothing to worry about.”

“You have nothing to worry about.” He said dryly.
“You know you can count on me for anything, right? You can trust me.”

He just looked impassively up at her, then grabbed her hip and pulled her to him. He still sat on the sofa, while she stood in front of him. As he touched her, she winced as if in pain. He raised a curious brow at her and lifted her skirt. The right side of her hip was purplish, bruised.

“Out with friends, I see.” He said with his eyebrow still raised, then he scoffed. “Right.”

She smiled. He was being a bit possessive. Getting jealous. That must mean he was attached somehow. That thought made her stomach flutter.

She playfully pushed his shoulder back. “I told you I was, you thick skulled wizard. No need to get jealous.”

“I am nothing of the sort. I just do not appreciate being lied to.” He gently tapped his finger to the bruise, an obvious sign of rough sex.

“This… was made by you. Yesterday. Remember? You came so hard I think you didn’t realize how hard you gripped me.” She smiled.

Understanding flooded his eyes as he remembered. He quickly pulled her down to mount his knees as he held her chin and turned her head to analyze her neck. He had choked her as well, he recalled.

“Hey, hey, Snape…”

“I did not intend to…”

“Shhh. I’m fine. I really enjoyed myself.” She smiled widely and pecked his lips. “You’re a sex god.” She still smiled.

He snorted in an attempt to hold back laughter and ended up curling up his lips as well. Though it was not a proper, full smile, it was more than she had ever seen on him. And she caused it. Her heart swelled.

“I have something for that in my bag,” he said, caressing her almost bare hips, but for the strings of her knickers, as her skirt rested on her midsection.

“No, I’m fine. Really. It’s a nice souvenir.” She kissed his lips and lingered there. “Are you staying?” She asked as they broke apart.

“May I?”

“Of course. But what about… you… the business you had today.” She looked at him warily.

“It was tended to yesterday.”

“Alright.” She stood and pulled him up by his hand, pulling him into the bedroom. “Come on then,” she smiled cheekily.

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Severus Snape lay awake in the darkness of her room. A few streams of street light shone in through the thin curtains that covered the windows over her bed. He had been asleep moments before, spooning her, but now he lay on his back as she lay beside him on her side, with her back to him, fast asleep, and he watched her. He was now apparently a cuddler. Never in his life would he have thought he would have been able to sleep properly while entangled with some chit. But he actually slept better. This chit… was different.

He shouldn’t even be there. He had shagged her the previous night; he didn’t need to shag again. He had never shagged this often. He had gone years on end without shagging, during the first years after Lily’s death. A sort of mourning period, he supposed. But though he considered himself a much superior – if only in few key aspects – controlled, and restrained sample, he was only human. And he realized that had it been the other way around, Lily would, unfortunately, not give a fuck about his death. He was already trying to correct his mistakes by other means. And his heart would always be hers, even though she had never wanted it. But his body… could indulge in some much needed release. And so he did, on occasion, when he had the need and the time. Still, it wasn’t often at all, and it was enough for him. Nothing like when there were atrocious Death Eater gatherings where one had to indulge and prove themselves or be ridiculed or even punished, depending on how distrustful Riddle felt. A good thing Snape had found an older, willing muggle girl to be his first and teach him a few things before he had to attend one of those. Good thing he was a quick study too.

After the nightmare of war had ended almost two years ago and he had survived, he started to indulge more. His newfound fame and hero status helped, of course. Still, it wasn’t as bad or often as the Prophet made it out to be. But now… here he was, seeing Hermione Granger two times a week. Three this week. And thinking of her on the days he was not there. What was it with this chit?

There was something. It was supposed to be just one night. Period. Just because she was there and so obviously willing and craving it, and he had had a hard week and needed to blow off some steam. And he was certain she wouldn’t tell anyone. She didn’t care for the limelight, and would certainly be ashamed of shagging an old man, her old greasy git of a Professor nonetheless. But she was very, very willing.

It wasn’t the most mind blowing sex he had ever had at first, but he could not deny it did the trick. And he had rather enjoyed feeling her under him, whimpering, quivering, shyly moaning his name and begging him to continue. It was power. It felt good. And so what was supposed to be one night grew into… more… and more constant ones. And after she had let go completely… fucking her became absolutely marvelous. The best he had ever had.

She had grown rather nicely. In truth, the only thing that had made her less than pretty were the teeth, which weren’t evident anymore, and the bushy hair, which honestly didn’t bother him. Only stupid kids would care about such a thing. Though bushy, her hair was soft, and it smelled so good. He could smell it right now. So sweet. And now she had a grown woman’s body, and a mature mind. It always had been advanced for her age, of course, he knew even if he never gave her the benefit of a compliment. But war had made it… more mature. At a level with his. He had to admit he enjoyed her company.

But he shouldn’t. He couldn’t. He shouldn’t be there. He could lead her to danger. He was being selfish. He could not lower his walls like this. Spend the night? This is insane, foolish twit. She would come to hate him, he was certain, they always did, and he would once again be left broken and alone. No one worth caring for stuck around him. That… that wasn’t in the cards for him. Being liked. Loved. Ever. He did not have qualities worth that. She was already much too beautiful for him. He would hurt her, and she would hurt him in turn. Leave. Stop this foolishness. You
Hermione stirred in her sleep. She turned to face him, still asleep. The nighty she had pulled on after they had had marvelous sex, after she had showered, while he heated some food up for them in the microwave, rode up, and it exposed her hips, covered in nice and comfy cotton knickers. And the bruise he had left there the previous night. See, you hurt her already.

He watched her. So beautiful. He was content just being there, next to her. It wasn’t just the sex. It hadn’t been, since the first time, if he were to be honest. There was something about her… It was as if she had been open, since the beginning, to him. All of him. Come what may, she wanted to know, try, work on it. Talk. Her eyes were open and trusting even after all she had been through. Trusting of him, even with all she knew he had done. She doesn’t know it all… It’s precisely for that she can never know. To lose that… the soft way she looked at him…And her kiss… her body… Such abandon he had never felt. No one had displayed it, not with him. Not ever, even in situations that did not involve sex. It was bewitching.

She stirred and whimpered. Her eyes moved rapidly under her eyelids. A nightmare. It seemed to be getting worse for a moment, but then her hand found his chest and rested there. And her breathing evened out and she was peaceful in her sleep again.

That was new as well. He had never, to his knowledge, been a comfort to anyone. It felt nice. Heartwarming. And he slept better when next to her as well. He hardly ever stirred or had nightmares, though he had plenty of reasons to. She scooched closer to him, very close, and he couldn’t help but breathe in the scent of her hair and rest his hand over hers, the one on his chest.

After a moment or two, he wandlessly summoned a phial from his overnight bag and poured it on his hand, careful not to wake her. Then he rubbed it over her bruise, sticking his fingers under the hem of her knickers.

The coldness of the goo woke her. “What? Hmm? Are you leaving?” She gasped in a slurry voice, sleepy, eyes still closed.

“Hush, witch. I’m not leaving.” Not now. I should. I will. First thing in the morning.

“What is that?” She asked, still sleepy.

“For your bruise.”

She groaned and pouted. She quite liked it. It was proof she could make Severus Snape lose control. Make his walls come down, even if just for a second. Of course she could not tell him that. He was probably not even aware, and would not like the thought of his walls coming down, of being exposed to someone.

She stretched up and pecked his lips, eyes half open. “Thank you.”

That was another thing. He had never been kissed like that before. With no strings attached, no ulterior motive. Not to initiate sex. Just a simple expression of gratitude. Of… affection? She had been the first, and only. This chit is really pulling a number on you. Get out.

“I’ll just have to make you come hard again. And again. That was my trophy.” She said, smiling while her eyed were half closed, begging her to return to sleep.

“Your trophy?”
“Proof I’m not such a horrible shag,” Hermione said, settling into him to sleep again.

He snorted. “Would I be here if you were a lousy shag, witch?”

She smiled and kissed his chest, her arm around him, hand on his opposite side, holding him close. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders, reluctantly, and soon fell fast asleep once again.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

This might be my favorite chapter. Read it with love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snape woke up before her the next day. He made her some coffee and left, determined to never again come back. It helped that her big whiskey eyes were not open to look at him gently and weaken his resolve. Not having her kiss him goodbye was good too.

Except it wasn’t. It was no use. Her pull was strong, stronger than his resolve and his years of being a spy and being composed and closed off. He kicked himself for it, but he was at her door again on Tuesday. And then again on Friday.

But Friday had been a rough day for Hermione. She had found out that even though she was the one doing the bulk of the work in her department, and doing it really well, redoing all fuck ups from her co-workers and putting up with her boss’ crap with as much grace and calmness as she could muster, she hadn’t been the one appointed to go on a really important trip, one that was career changing and indicative of a promotion. Hermione was really looking forward to it, and was sure she had earned it. It would mean making more money and having more prestige. And she would be able to pop in and visit her parents during that trip. It had been a while. She would be traveling more in general with the promotion, being able to see her parents often. But instead, she was stuck there with her boss, still, and an idiot who didn’t work half as much as hard as her, nor as long as she had worked there, for that matter, had gotten her trip and her promotion most likely.

She was very sad, angry, frustrated. And felt an anxiety attack coming on. So she faked an illness and got off work a little over an hour earlier. She walked home and cried, let it all out. But it wasn’t enough.

When Snape knocked on her door after finding it very strange he had not seen her at the corner grocery, she was changed into jeans and a jumper and trainers, ready to go out and walk some more. Find something to do, try and distract her mind. She had even forgotten he usually stopped by on Fridays. But there he was, carrying a pizza.

“Please take me somewhere!” She blurted out, desperate and exasperated, as soon as he stepped inside. She was on the brink of tears. It felt like those walls were closing in on her. She couldn’t be there in that flat.

He raised an eyebrow and shot her an inquisitive look. Before he could form words, though, she continued.

“We don’t have to be seen, or really stop anywhere. Just take me on a ride or something. Please. Anywhere. For however long.” Tears were rolling down her face and she had a bit of trouble breathing, due to her anxiety.

“What is the matter, witch?”

“I don’t want to talk about it right now. I just need to distract my mind. Get out of here. I’m
feeling suffocated.”

He couldn’t very well demand she talk when he himself wasn’t sharing much. He took comfort in the fact she wanted to leave with him, and didn’t seem upset at him. He breathed easier.

“Fine. Okay. But… can we eat first? It will get cold.” He set the pizza on her coffee table and glared at her, waiting for an answer.

She just nodded stiffly and sat to eat. That was done quietly, and in a great hurry on her part, unlike he had ever seen. Anxious indeed. He could see she was sad, and restless, having some sort of anxiety attack. Yet another point they had in common, then. He wasn’t a stranger to those. But unlike him, she didn’t close herself completely off, nor was she rude and snarky as a defense mechanism. Good. He could… try to help. Why do you care and want to? Fucking idiot. You are getting in far too deep.

When he finished eating, after she did, he stood and pulled her to him. With the excuse of apparating her somewhere, he held her close, very close, and tight, just one arm around her. He had never… hugged anyone before. Nor had he been hugged. Yet, he had the impression it would help. If only he had someone to hold him when he had such attacks.

Even thinking it would help, he didn’t quite know how to go about it, or if he was the hugging type. If his hugs would be any good. Or if she would want one, from him of all people, at a time where she felt ill. So he did it stiffly, awkwardly. But she breathed deeply and relaxed against his chest. She seemed soothed. As she was when they slept. He breathed deeply too. And after a long minute, and after he exhaled, he disapparated them.

They apparated to an alley Hermione didn’t remember ever seeing. It wasn’t too close to her flat, probably. It was there his motorcycle was parked with a concealment charm over it. He handed her the helmet that was strapped to the back.

“What about you?” She asked.

“I have been told I have a thick skull… I should be fine.” He smirked and mounted the bike, waiting for her to strap on the helmet and get on behind him. She sniggered a little at his comment before she pulled the helmet on.

He rode off, Hermione clinging to his stomach, sitting oh so very close to him. He didn’t drive too fast, and she could observe the nice neighborhoods they passed by, the busy streets in central London, all gridlocked as he made his way in between the cars. And then suddenly they were away from rush hour, from the hecticness of it all, as the buildings started to give room to green fields and woods. They rode for well over an hour, and finally he stopped, in a narrow dirt road. There were green fields everywhere, and a big, posh Regency style country manor could be seen in the distance, like one of those you usually only saw in movies. It certainly had belonged to some lord some 200 years ago. It probably still did. Smaller houses, cottages, if compared to that manor, specked the green scenery here and there, also in the distance. It didn’t seem like they were on anyone’s property, though. Way up ahead, down the road, there was what seemed to be a very thick, closed off woods. It was all very beautiful. A stream ran close by, with a little stone bridge over it. All very soothing.

Hermione took off the helmet and dismounted the motorcycle to have a good look around. As she spun around slowly, taking it all in, he took the helmet from her hand and shrunk it with a tap of his wand, sticking it in a compartment in the bike’s seat.

It was a good thing that it was spring already and the sun still shone bright in the sky at that
hour, so she could take in all the beauty. It was, in fact, a little too warm, so she pulled her jumper off and tied it around her waist. She wore only a white tank top underneath, her breasts and nipples very well marked. But no one was around. What did she care.

Snape rose an eyebrow and looked her up and down, paying close attention to her breasts. Yet he kept his face impassive.

“It’s so beautiful here!” She said. “Peaceful.”

“Yes. You looked like you needed that.”

She breathed in the fresh air. “I did.” She smiled.

“Have you ever driven one of these?” Snape still leaned on the bike and taped its shiny black metal body.

She snorted. “No. I don’t even know how to drive a car. Or remember how to ride a bike properly.”

Snape stood, making room for her. “Hop on,” he pointed to where he had been leaning on, where the driver should sit.

“Oh no, what if I… crash it or something?”

“Hush, Granger, and get your sexy arse on the bike.” He smirked.

She blushed and smiled, and cautiously walked up to the bike and swung her leg over it.

He quickly made his way to sit behind her, snuggling up very close.

“First,” he said close to her ear in that sexy silky voice of his, “pull the bike upright and feel it, it’s weight, find your balance on it.”

“Kay,” she said smiling giddily, and with her feet on the ground, she made the bike stand upright in between her legs, holding the handle bars. Snape stood so he would not be in her way, still close behind her though, the bike in between his legs as well.

“It’s heavy,” she mentioned. “Kinda weird to have in between your legs.”

“I’m heavy and weird and you handle me fine in between your legs,” he whispered.

She laughed softly, snorting a bit. “You are not weird,” she said.

“Well…” he scoffed.

“I only handle you fine? Fine?” She asked, feigning a bit of outrage.

“You handle me wonderfully well,” he admitted a bit begrudgingly. This was being too open. Showing too much of himself.

“Oh. Good,” she smiled.

“It’s in neutral,” he proceeded in his teaching, “so you can walk back and forth with it, to better feel it.”

“Okay.” And that she did for a little while.
“Feeling more sure?” He asked behind her when she stopped.

“I think so, yes.”

“Right. Then let’s begin. The ignition is here,” he showed her a spot on the body of the bike, under the handlebars. She leaned to observe it. “This,” he flicked a switch on the right handle, “is the kill switch. And this right here next to it is the start button.”

He showed it all as he sat behind her, legs on either side of her, speaking softly next to her ear. She was so petite when compared to him that she wasn’t really in his way at all. “Still here on the right handle, if you twist it back here, it’s the throttle.” She watched, focused, even though his body rubbing up against her back and his voice in her ear were really distracting. “This lever,” he pulled on the lever with his right hand, “is the brakes. Front brakes. Right foot,” her eyes dropped to the ground, to his foot, “rear brakes.” She observed his foot, clad in black combat boots, push down a pedal next to her comparatively tiny foot.

“You following, Granger?”

“Yes sir,” she smiled.

“Cheeky witch,” he smirked. “Do you have a little teacher fantasy?”

“I might…” she said shyly.

He gave a low, sexy growl. “We will deal with that later,” he rumbled. He gently ran his fingers on her right thigh, up, up, grazing her mound as he softly blew in her ear. She quivered and every little hair on her body stood on end. She didn’t even remember how bad a day she had, or being upset anymore.

“Left side,” he continued matter-of-factly, as if nothing had just transpired. “Clutch,” he pulled the lever on the handle, “and down on the foot,” she looked down to observe his booted foot once again, “gear shift. Now, it’s in neutral. One click down,” he pushed the pedal down, “first gear. Up past neutral,” he hooked his foot under the pedal and pulled it up, “second. Up again, third. Again, fourth. Once more, fifth.” He said as he pulled the pedal up repeatedly. “But you will not get that far today,” he spoke into her hair.

“Maybe I will. I have been known to be a fast learner, you know… sir.”

“Don’t you give me cheek, witch,” he rumbled in her ear. It sounded threatening, but in a delicious way. She knew he was saying it playfully. She sniggered. “Now, you try shifting the gears,” he commanded.

Hermione pulled on the clutch after Snape had kicked it into neutral again and given her space. She shifted the gears, one by one, without much difficulty.

“Ready to try it?” He asked once she was done.

“I think so, yes.”

“Turn the key in the ignition.”

She did as she was bid.

“Kick it into neutral.”
She pushed the pedal to neutral while pulling the clutch. The little light indicated it was indeed in neutral.

“Good. Now flick the run switch,” she did, “and press the start button. Keep pressing until it does… start.”

She pressed and the engine came to life in between her legs, vibrating and growling softly. It felt good. Exciting. She even felt a bit powerful. That’s probably why he liked having the vehicle. As if he had read her mind, he asked.

“How does it feel to have this machine roaring in between your legs?” He smirked.

“Good. Very good. Not as good as having you in between my legs though.” She smiled. And she thought, that for the briefest second, she had gotten a glimpse of him smiling, actually smiling, as she watched him in the rear view mirror. But he turned and her bushy hair hid his lips, and she couldn’t be sure. Still, her heart filled with warmth. It was a beautiful smile.

“Now, kick up the kickstand,” she did, “find your balance… kick it into first gear,” Hermione pressed the clutch and kicked it into first, “and slooowly let go of the clutch.”

The motorcycle started moving as she let go and Snape took his feet off the ground, as did she, putting them up on the support. “Good,” he rumbled in her ear, his hands resting on her thighs. “Now give it a little throttle.”

She twisted the handle excitedly, more than she should, and the bike roared loudly, and lunged forward. He quickly stepped on the brake pedal as he pressed the brakes with his right hand and the clutch with the left.

“Easy, Granger. Don’t be greedy.”

“Sorry,” she said shyly and slightly exasperated at herself.

“It’s fine. Let’s give it another go.” He kicked the gear into neutral and let everything go, giving her the room to try again. “Go on, from the top.”

Again she got it going and this time, it went more smoothly. She slowly rode up the road, feeling wonderful, having fun, with him close against her back, his voice encouraging her and giving instructions in her ear, his hands either on her thighs or on her waist.

They were so focused on their activity, having fun, lost in each other, that they did not notice the skies turning grey and darkening, and a thunderstorm approaching on the horizon. They only noticed when a thunderous sound split the peaceful country quiet and assaulted their ears, and instantly, thick, heavy raindrops fell on them. He instructed her to brake, and she did.

“Feet on mine,” he said, and she supported her feet on his boots as he took over the pedals and the handlebar, riding with more speed than she knew how to. They rode up, over the stone bridge, to and then around the edge of that densely wooded area she had seen from afar, rain soaking them, until he turned sharply at one seemingly random point and the trees made way for them, forming a sort of tunnel over a narrow dirt road.

They came out on the other side in a relatively large clearing. There was a beautiful garden, with what seemed to be a pond and a sweep that led to a beautiful and big country cottage. He rode the bike into a shed near the exit of the tunnel the trees had formed, which now had closed behind them.
He stored the bike, dryly and safely, as she stood near the shed door and admired the place outside. It was beautiful. What was this place? She was a bit chilly now, and rubbed her bare wet arms. He took off his leather jacket and held it over their heads.

“Ready to make a run for it?” He couldn’t apparate her inside because the place was warded against apparition, much like Hogwarts. And the cottage, unfortunately, was a bit far from the shed.

“Yes,” she said.

They sprinted towards the house as he tried to protect them from the rain, holding the jacket over their heads. It didn’t work much. Both got wet, though less wet than what would have been. They were already wet to start with anyway.

He pointed his wand to the door before they got there and it swung open, allowing them to run directly inside.

Once inside, he shut the door, leaving them in the dark foyer, lit only every few seconds by the lightening outside, to catch their breaths. She was soaking wet, her white tank top clinging to her skin, revealing more of her nice, small breasts and her pert nipples. His black T-shirt clung to his skin as well. But she shivered, a bit cold.

“Upstairs, go on,” he said, pointing straight ahead to the stairs. “Bathroom inside the bedroom to the right.”

She climbed the stairs and he was right behind her, admiring her figure, clothes wet and clinging to it. He was getting aroused.

He guided her to the bathroom in the suite, and flicked a switch, and lights came on. “You need a hot shower,” he said with no malice, pointing to the glass doors around a large tub in the corner. But she watched him as he leaned down to get a towel under the double sink. He was soaking wet. His already tight T-Shirt clung to his body. It revealed 2/3 of his tattoo, and droplets of water ran down the dragon’s tail and the panther’s paws. Droplets also dripped from the tip of his hooked nose, and of his long jet black hair that clung to his face. He was so damn sexy. And being strangely sweet throughout this evening. He worried about her, her being wet and cold. Sweet. Thunder struck nearby and she jumped and let out a little yelp.

He raised an eyebrow as he left the clean towel on the sink.

“Sorry,” she sniggered.

“Do you want me to turn on the hot water for you?” He was actively trying to not get pulled in by her pert nipples peaking under her white shirt. It was very hard. But she had had a bad day, and probably didn’t feel quite so comfortable right now. He shouldn’t be a creepy, selfish pervert and impose his lust on her.

Are you hoping she will put up with your sorry self longer if you are considerate? Pathetic.

“I want you to join me. In the shower.” She bit her lower lip as she smiled.

He looked her up and down, and wet his lips. She untied the jumper from her waist and let it drop to the floor. He stepped closer to her and still looked down at her body, breathing heavily. His hand came to her side, his thumb sticking out onto her nipple, just barely grazing it, making her shiver even more as her eyelids fluttered and she hummed. His thumb circled her nipple more firmly, and she whimpered, eyes still closed. He claimed her lips, softly at first, savoring them, the
tip of his tongue teasing her plump lips open, then sinking into them and wrestling her tongue. His lips then became hungry, as his hands brushed her soaking wet hair from her cheeks. She reached to un buckle his belt and undo his trousers, and got halfway done before he pulled away from her and quickly undid them himself, dropping them to the floor, pulling off his boots and T-Shirt, all in swift movements, as she managed to take off her jeans and sneakers.

She stood before him, white cotton knickers and the white little tank top, both transparent with how wet they were. He took her lips with his again, pulling her by the waist so her barely covered mound could rub on his completely bare cock. His lips them trailed down to her neck, gently touching it in very small intervals, then her collarbone, and finally, amidst her whimpers, and quivers that shot through her body, he took a cotton covered breast into his mouth as he kneaded the other. His tongue teased it around her nipple, then his teeth grazed it and lightly pinched it, her moan now evident and un contained, before he hoisted her off the floor and carried her into the shower.

He turned on the hot water and as it fell over them, he took her lips once more, passionately and slowly this time, his hands gliding over her wet shirt, down to her bum, pulling up a leg and holding it against his hip as the other held her close to him by the waist.

His mouth lowered to her neck again, then her collarbone, as she threw her head back and allowed him full access, whimpering and humming all the while. His hand slid up again, lifting her shirt with it, pulling it over her head and throwing it to the floor of the tub. He cupped a breast and took the other breast in his mouth.

Hermione moaned, rejoicing in the warm water that fell over their heads, and his big hand covering all of her breast as his lips and tongue teased, sucked, licked, and nipped the other one. It felt so damn good.

He let go of her breasts and touched his hand to the tiled wall behind her, casting a warming spell. He pushed her against it, claiming her lips as his hand now made its way in between her legs, to hold her mound and gently caress it, run his fingers along her inner thigh and slit through the leg hole of her cotton knickers, teasing her labia and the very short and neatly groomed hair there. He kissed her lips, swallowing her moans all the while. He clung to his neck, and slowly rolled her hips, trying to get his finger inside her. It did sink into her slit to gently rub her clit in small circles.

She wanted him so bad, his fingers on her felt so fucking good, his kiss, encompassing her whole mouth, her whole being, expressing such passion and want for her. She began to roll her hips more desperately, chasing her orgasm, but at the same time she wanted to please him too, make him go insane with her as she was going insane with him. But he pressed her to the wall, hungrily nipping her neck now, and speeding up his fingers’ movements. She could feel his long, hard cock against her thigh, so fucking delicious, but all she could do was cling to his shoulders, embed her fingers in his wet hair, as she moaned and bit her lips, bucking her hips into his hand.

In a moment of extreme arousal, she managed to break free from him, as she moved rapidly with him, and she did not hesitate for one moment before taking his cock in her grip and stroking it slowly, squeezing it gently. He lost focus for a minute or two as he felt her soft, delicate hand slide around his girth so deliciously slow. It was enough for her to get down on her knees, his cock at eye level.

“Granger...” he warned. But it didn’t come out as strict and menacing as it once would have. As he could be.

He didn’t like giving control up like this, being at someone’s mercy. He never in his life had had a relationship of any kind where he felt he could trust, be himself completely, give himself
completely. He was taught only fear and hate and distrust and distance from a very early age. The only time he had been ready, willing, on the brink of actually letting go, he had fucked it up. The despair that had followed, the fear of losing Lily, her friendship, had forced him to be completely open and himself, pour his heart and soul into his apology attempts. But it amounted to nothing. So no. He did not like having his guard down. It was not prudent, nor wise. It was in fact, useless.

Yet this witch… this witch on her knees in front of him… What was it about her? She looked up at him with her big amber eyes, something devilish yet sweet playing in them, making them glint. She made him weak. She made him soften. There was nothing soft about his cock though, which she pumped and squeezed with one hand as the other held and caressed his balls. She licked his underside, slowly, up to his tip, which she kissed tenderly. She savored him. Enjoyed it. Seemed aroused by it. He huffed as he tried to manage all he felt, tried to master himself and pull her up from the floor and not allow her to make what she would of him. But she ensnared him. His want to let go, give in, was greater than his prudence.

His cock felt delicious in her palm, against her lips. His reactions to her, his heavy breathing, the way he braced himself on the tiles and the glass divider, and looked down at her intensely… that alone made her heart pound warm and her pussy burn hot. She was doing that to him. Making him lose control completely, tearing his walls down.

She guided his cock slowly into her mouth. He let out a groan as he felt every inch being encompassed by her warm, wet breath. Her tongue rolled on his tip while it could, but soon his tip was hitting the back of her throat. She held both sides of his hips, pulling him out and pushing him back into her mouth, slowly at first, as her devilishly sweet whiskey eyes locked with his and seemed to smile.

He caressed her soaking wet mane, and brushed back the locks that clung to her cheeks with one hand as he braced himself on the tiles with the other. And then, she started pulling him into her mouth faster.

His hips started to move of their own accord to gently fuck her mouth. Still she held him, guided him, controlled him. He embedded a hand in her hair as they moved at an increasingly faster pace, and he gave in completely. It was all he could do now as her warm, plush lips slid up and down his cock.

“Fuck, Granger,” he grunted as he closed his eyes for a second. “Yesss,” he then hissed. He opened his eyes again and they pierced hers. He still gripped her hair and fucked her mouth, or she sucked his cock, he couldn’t tell the difference anymore, they both happened simultaneously. “Do you like sucking my cock?” he growled, but gently, in an attempt to regain some control and composure.

“Mmmhmmm,” she hummed around his member, and the vibration brought him to the very edge.

“Fuck, Granger, I’m going to come,” he tried to warn, but he started to shoot his load as he was halfway out of her mouth.

She swallowed what she had in her mouth and licked her lips with a mischievous smile to gather what had fallen there as well, as she continued to stroke and squeeze him and aim whatever he had left in him at her wet breasts. There was quite a bit still. He groaned and bucked his hips as he watched his essence squirt on her soft, porcelain skin. When he was done, she kissed the tip of his limp cock and spread his cum on her chest, smiling. Bloody hell… this witch. She then rose, pulled off her knickers, and washed herself under the still running hot water as he tried to catch his breath, and his mind, both escaping him.
She lathered herself quickly and he watched, and surprisingly, his cock tried to twitch again. Easy, boy. Once he was in his right mind again, which didn’t take very long, she was washed and claiming his lips softly.

She hadn’t brought her shampoo, so her hair would be a fucking horror show when it dried. She intended on trying a few spells on it as he lingered in the shower, and maybe try to explore his place as well, before he took her home. She had no idea what it was, this place. Was it his? Then maybe, when he got out, she would have her turn. She had interrupted it to take control and do what he never let her do. He seemed to have enjoyed it, at least.

When their lips parted, she turned, about to step out of the shower. He gripped her arm and pulled her back in. “Where the fuck do you think you’re going?” He kissed her neck from behind and nibbled her ear. “You don’t think I would let you go without you getting your turn, did you?”

She smiled, and before she could answer, his lips were tracing a path down her spine. It made her quiver and squirm and lean on the glass in front of her. The dormant arousal pulsated quickly once again in her pussy. And suddenly there he was, on his knees, spreading her ass cheeks and licking her slit up to her bumhole, making her squirm and whimper and hold his face to her, her fingers sinking in his wet hair.

He licked her from behind like that, his tongue sinking into her folds, then her puckered hole, for a little while. She moaned and scratched the glass, trying to brace herself, as her fingers in her other hand intertwined with locks of his hair.

Snape then turned her to face him, pressing her back to the glass and hoisting a knee over his shoulder. And there he had complete access to make her go insane. He rubbed her clit with two fingers, gently, and put in a couple of licks in between the rubbing. She whimpered at his ministrations. His tongue took over completely, lapping on her clit, lavishing it with attention, catching it in between his lips at times, sucking on it with hunger. She swelled so much for him as she moaned loudly and gripped the edge of the glass, where it opened out to the rest of the bathroom, she could feel herself tingling. And suddenly, there was so much more of her for him to lick and suck.

He rubbed her clit with his middle and ring fingers before he slid them down and sunk them into her folds. He flexed them inside her and rubbed that magic spot as his tongue returned to licking her clit, teasing it up and down.

“Oh, fuck yes, Snape, right there! Like that. Please.” She was loud. Maybe uninhibited because she knew absolutely no one else was around, maybe because she felt he had trusted her a bit more today, and had let go.

He rubbed his nose on her clit as he licked her labia, his long digits still working their magic inside her. It made her wail. He then sucked her clit and turned back to licking it as his fingers fucked her.

“Fuck yes, fuck yes, yes, yes, oh fuck yes,” she whimpered as her hips now rocked onto his fingers and tongue and she held his head, gripped his wet hair.

“Yes Snape, please, fuck yes, I’m so close, fuck, fuck, FFFFFUUUUUUCK.” And she came, wetting his face. He didn’t stop though, ripping more waves of pleasure from her, until nothing else was left to give.

She stood there, bracing herself on the glass, catching her breath, as he rose and turned to the spray, which had been running all this time. He washed himself and in a minute the water
stopped running. He guided her still limp body to step out of the shower and took the towel on the sink to dry her off.

He did it in the most sensual way known to man, especially when he reached her privates. She knew this because she got horny again. She’d thought she had given all she had to give as he ate her out in the shower, but apparently not. He quickly pulled the towel to him, and when he wrapped it around his back to dry it, she felt his hard cock poking her bum. A string of excitement pulled on her navel and core.

She turned around and jumped on him, wrapping her legs around his waist and hungrily claiming his lips. Hungry he was too, as it showed in the way he devoured her as he carried her into the bedroom.

The storm still raged outside, but the thunder did not startle her anymore. Lightning lit the dark room constantly. He threw her on the bed and quickly climbed over her. He guided his cock into her, looking deep into her eyes, and began to slowly move inside her. She smiled as she bit on her lip. She felt a bit giddy as he looked her in the eyes. This felt different from other times. Deeper.

One of his arms cradled her head as he supported himself on the mattress. His other hand grazed light fingers on the side of her thigh, slowly, before lifting her knee and hooking her leg behind him, all the while his hips moved at an enticingly slow pace, triggering her hips to move against his as well. A thumb came to her lips, to slowly caress it, his deep dark eyes looking into her amber ones still. His lips came down to meet hers, and they shared a slow, passionate kiss as they moved as one, her hands sliding up and down his back and sides, his arm still cradling her head as the other held her leg up, foot hooked behind him, resting on his bum.

He moved faster, they moved faster, in synchrony, and as thunder struck nearby it seemed as if electricity ran through their joined bodies and triggered them to climax together right there.

He stayed on top of her, catching his breath, for mere seconds, resting his forehead on her chest. But it left her giddy, because it was mere seconds more than he ever had lingered like that. He rolled to her side, laying on his side, watching her. She turned to face him as well. She was tempted to trace his tattoo, but didn’t want to ruin the moment, make him get up and leave quickly. She wasn’t sure if they would even be staying there the night. But it was still raining, so they probably would have to. A rush of emotions crossed her head, a strong one in particular she was afraid to feel. Would he even welcome that? They didn’t even ever leave her flat, really go out together. But she did feel it. There was no denying it. It assaulted her being all at once tonight. There were so many things she wanted to say, to discuss, to ask him. Her busy, anxious brain, as always, working away. She wasn’t able to stop herself and just be quiet. She needed to speak. Say something. Anything. But as lightening lit the room, and his features, she saw he was peacefully asleep already. Maybe it was for the best. She wedged her arm in between his arm and his side and pulled herself closer to him. He moved, and adjusted to her automatically. They fit perfectly, and she fell asleep nuzzling his chest.

Chapter End Notes

I've never ridden a bike in my life. I only drive cars. Stick shift. So forgive any mistakes. But I think I did pretty good research.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Pretty long one. Call it a Halloween present. Send me candy, since there is no trick or treating around my neck of the woods and I miss it - in addition to being too bloody old for it, of course.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hermione was slightly awake, slightly aware, but hadn’t opened her eyes yet. She remembered everything that had transpired the previous evening and smiled. She then remembered where she was, and the urge to explore the place, know more of it, made her open her eyes. She hoped he wouldn’t drag her away before she had a chance to.

First thing she saw was light. It was a sunny, bright morning outside again, and light came in through the ample window beside the bed, which she faced, though the sunlight did not reach her eyes directly. She turned, belly up, and noticed it was a four poster bed, like the ones in Hogwarts. Only it was king size, and the drapery was a nice velvety black, not crimson like her dorm in school. She honestly hadn’t even seen that the previous night. She then turned her head to the other side and saw he did not lay there beside her, though the covers were stirred and still relatively warm. He wouldn’t just leave her there, would he? He wasn’t opposed to rushing out of her flat in the mornings, but there… she didn’t even know where she was.

She sat up, to further look at the room. It was hard to, because the covers he had pulled over her during the night were so soft and comfy. The sheets were good and posh. She had to convince herself to not stay there in bed all day.

The room was huge, but simply decorated. At the foot of the king sized bed, there was a large, antique chest, and further ahead, two tall wingback chairs facing the fire. There was one window on one side of the fire, and the wall beside the bed was almost all windows, wooden, with French doors in the middle that led out to a balcony. The curtains were white and thin and flowy. On either side of the bed, nightstands, also antique, and on the wall on the other side of the bed, opposite the windows, the door to the bathroom she remembered very well. There was also an armoire that matched the chest and nightstands, and its door was slightly open. She stood to go to it, curiosity filling her. The floors were hardwood, but the bed sat on the middle of a large rug with crimson and gold patterns, and the wingback chairs sat on another. The walls were stone, much like the outside.

She opened the armoire and inside sat a couple of outfits like the ones Professor Snape would wear. No leather jackets or black denims. Just a frockcoat, two white dress shirts, two trousers, and a pair of the fancy dress shoes he would wear when teaching. Curious. Very curious. The armoire was charmed to fit much more outfits, and there were numerous hangers there, empty, as if it once held more than just that.

She remembered she was extremely naked and her clothes were probably still wet and unwashed. She would have to at least dry them out with a spell and cast a bit of a cleaning charm on them. But she was hungry, curious to see the rest of the house, and most of all, nervous to find Snape, hoping he was in fact still there. So she took one of his shirts from the armoire and buttoned
As she sat there tinkling, she noticed his boots were clean and dry, sitting by the door. His jacket hung in there as well, behind the door, also clean and dry. And his clothes sat on the large sink, neatly folded as if just laundered. So he must be there somewhere. Her clothes sat neatly folded beside his, and her wand on top, since she had left it among the pile of wet clothes the previous night. She finished her business and as she washed her hands, she saw in the mirror that her hair was just as atrocious as she had foreseen. “Sweet Circe, I hope he didn’t get a good look at me when he woke!!” She took her wand and charmed her hair into a nice, firm, bun atop her head. Then stuck her wand in the little holder his shirt had, on the inside of the sleeve.

Across the hall from what she assumed was the master bedroom, in which they had slept, were two doors. One led to a smaller room. In it was a single bed, stripped of sheets as if it hadn’t been used in long. There was a bookcase, mostly empty, and an armoire, along with a few boxes scattered on the floor. There was also a bathroom there.

She noticed that apart from the bathroom in the master suite, there didn’t seem to be electricity in the house, as sconces were everywhere along the walls – which in the hallway were curiously half wallpapered and half wooden. Of course there was no electricity. This wasn’t a muggle home. *The trees stepped aside for you to come in, for Merlin’s sake.*

The other room was a sort of study, but again, things were scattered, as if being packed or unpacked, and a few of the pieces of furniture were covered with white sheets.

As she came down the stairs with light steps, she found a beautiful living room, open to the foyer. The walls were wooden; the fireplace, stone; and the furniture was all brown or dark, the sofas and chairs leather; a man had definitely decorated it alone. But it was cozy. Behind the sitting area, there was a wall that was all bookshelves, top to bottom, and they were filled with books. And a beautiful black grand piano sat there in the middle, its back half covered with a white sheet, the only part exposed the one one would open to expose the keys.

To the other side of the wooden staircase, you could see double doors that led to a large dining room, fit for maybe twelve people, all done in wood as well. As she approached, she heard voices from what she assumed was the kitchen, somewhere behind the dining room but not visible from the stairs or the foyer. Snape was talking to someone.

“… Twinky is so sorry, master Snape. If she had known you were coming, she would have done more. But you never come, master. And with a guest… Twinky is a bad elf and must punish herself.” Hermione heard an almost childish voice say. She almost burst in to stop the elf.

“No!” Snape said before either of the girls could do what they intended. “Twinky, just the laundered clothes… and this very… full breakfast is more than enough. You did a wonderful job.”

“Twinky likes to please and serve master Snape. Twinky is happy she was finally needed and that master Snape allowed her to help. Twinky was very sad, afraid she was not a good elf.”

“You are a wonderful elf, Twinky. Had I known I was coming, I would have called sooner. To help make the place more… presentable for my guest.”

“Twinky can do it now, while mistress sleeps.”

“No, that won’t be necessary. She will be up at any moment. I think you should return to you friends at Hogwarts. I will call if I need you.”
“As you wish, master.”

And Hermione heard a loud pop. She walked into the kitchen and saw Snape, his back to the door, pinching the bridge of his nose, and then massaging his temples. He was dressed in trousers and a shirt like the one she took. His hair was not tied back, and looked shiny and a bit dry even. Probably courtesy of not having a proper wash the previous day too.

The kitchen had electricity as well, as she saw a few muggle appliances around, alongside a few magical ones. The broad windows let sunlight in, and on the island that separated her from Snape… So much food. Bacon, eggs, pie, sandwiches, fruit, three different varieties of juice, coffee, tea, cream, sugar… toast, French toast, cake, scones… the list went on.

She cleared her throat to announce herself. “Good morning,” she said as he turned around. She smiled shyly, pulling on her fingers.

“Good morning.” He looked her up and down, assessing her chosen outfit and most of all, her bare, sexy legs.

She looked down at what she wore and pulled it out, away from her body. “I… I hope you don’t mind,” she bit her lip apprehensively. “I hadn’t noticed the clothes were dry when I took this. And I was in a hurry to get down because… well, I’m a bit hungry.”

He just shook his head, a bit stoically. The smell of her skin would be on his shirt. Good thing he didn’t really wear them anymore, or he wouldn’t be able to get his mind off her all day. Something inside him stirred, making him think he maybe should wear them again.

She noticed his shirt was a tiny bit tight, around his chest and shoulders especially, since he had put on some weight after the war. All to his advantage, she thought.

“You… you have a house elf?” She asked, surprised, looking at the food on the counter and trying to get him talking. Also, she thought only wealthy people had them, or those who inherited them.

“Yes, I believe I do. She… came with the house, so to speak.”

“So this is where you live, huh?” She asked, surprised, looking at the food on the counter and trying to get him talking. Also, she thought only wealthy people had them, or those who inherited them.

“Yes, I believe I do. She… came with the house, so to speak.”

“I do not. The commute alone would be nothing short of a nightmare.” He rolled his eyes.

She sniggered. “Well… it’s pretty nice and quiet here. I think it would be worth it. Or, you could floo or apparate to work.”

“And just give up the bike? Which I very much like, I might add.”

“You could just ride it on weekends, for fun.” She smiled.

His own lips curled up slightly as well.

“I’m being rude. Sit. Eat.”

She pulled out a barstool and looked at the copious amount of food on the island, amazed, but also wondering where to start. He sat across from her.
“Why did you tell her to make so much food?”

He narrowed his eyes and smirked. “Still looking to free all elves, Granger? How’s that going for you?”

She rolled her eyes. “I am not. I quite understand it is their nature now. I just take issue with those who mistreat them.”

He poured himself some juice and his lips were curled up, showing amusement still. “I did not tell her to do this. I called upon her to properly wash your clothes. I am ashamed to say that is one of the few tasks I do not master fully, neither magically or in muggle fashion, since it was done in Hogwarts for me most of my teenage and adult life, though I manage well enough for myself.” He sipped his drink. “She just very much liked to be of help and wished to cook this as well.”

Hermione listened intently for a while longer before she realized he wasn’t saying anything else. Which was too bad, because he seemed willing enough. Open. Maybe now would be a good time to poke him for something.

“And… why so much? Do you usually have this many people over?”

He raised an eyebrow, telling her he was onto her. Her jealousy. “She… was probably excited, for I don’t come here often. And I do not ask much of her when I do. So I just allowed her to cook. She was, indeed, excited, as we may see.” He looked at all the food, and sighed.

“I… I heard you sending her to Hogwarts?” She tried.

“Yes. That is where she stays most of the time, since I do not have need of her here.”

“Why?” She was probing slowly, carefully. But he was giving in, without noticing, without fighting it.

“She… is a Hogwarts elf, in truth. But… she tended to me there, and I imagine she cannot be assigned to another professor since… she is now tethered to me.”

My, my… wasn’t he chatty today? She liked it. Those walls weren’t so firmly in place anymore, it seemed. At least not today. And she didn’t mind discussing the elf. She had long learned, more so with her education in magical creatures, that the elves really did enjoy serving, it was their purpose, without it they could not be happy. She still thought a perfect world would have them compensated, and she wanted some laws for them not to be mistreated… but she would get there. Make that change someday. For now, she took solace in the fact that at least the elves in Hogwarts were paid, and that people she knew had one, like Harry, treated them very well. And Snape. Snape spoke sweetly to Twinky, and let her feel useful, and did not allow her to punish herself. Hermione smiled. He was a good man.

“So… if she was assigned to you all those years… she must miss you,” said Hermione.

Snape looked at her with puzzlement. The idea of some living creature, whatever they were… missing him was very, very foreign. That surely could not happen. He really didn’t even know what to say.

“If this is not where you live…” Hermione continued cautiously, trying to lure him into sharing more, and afraid this openness would end at any moment. She also chewed on some delicious cake. “… what is this place?”

“I think it is obvious it is a country cottage.”
She slumped her shoulders and sighed, rolling her eyes. But tried to continue anyway. “Yes, it is pretty obvious. But you will have to agree with me that not all aspects are obvious?” She asked sweetly, hoping he would continue on his own.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, and she feared she had already gone too far. She was about to take the question back when he sighed and started his explanation.

“Dumbledore… left it to me, after…”

She nodded, indicating he need not finish that sentence.

“I… it is not as properly kept as it should be because there were of course troubles with that part of his will until… I was acquitted. And then, I did not really want it seeing as…” He sighed. “Anyway, I have only recently started to try to make it presentable, sending away his many strange knick-knacks to Hogwarts, changing things to my liking… for what, I do not know exactly.”

“It’s a very nice place for you to spend weekends and holidays, at the very least.”

He shrugged. “There are issues I have to resolve. I have started to wire it for electricity, the loo and the kitchen, so I can at least have a decent cup of coffee and tea without having to resort to… the elf or waving my wand about at all time. I installed a shower because taking baths every night is really…” he rolled his eyes. “And cleared out some of the old man’s clothes and Gryffindor colors.” Again, he rolled his eyes.

“Hey!!” She protested teasingly. He then remained in silence again, so she probed a bit more. “You have done a good job. It already feels cozy and I…” She was going to say she would love to spend time there, but stopped herself. “…don’t think there is much more to be done, really. What other plans do you have for it?”

He looked up over his glass of juice to her and analyzed her for a while. Before he could stop himself, he was talking more. Staring into those whiskey eyes right then just made him feel what he felt while staring into them the previous night, being inside her, having them so open and swimming in… tenderness, while looking at him in that room lit only every so often by lightning. “It is… linked to the castle. Hogwarts. The wards, and security. Dumbledore was neurotic that way. So I can’t apparate here, which is a pain in the arse. The floo is only connected to what is now Minerva’s office. Perhaps it’s best I leave it to her.”

“I think you should take it. Keep it. Make it your own. You deserve it. It was the least the arse could do, really, after everything he put you through, and after all you did for him, in his service,” she said, a tiny bit disgusted.

Snape narrowed his eyes at her, bewildered. He was surprised at such comments. He never thought any one thought of Albus as anything short of a saint, so he always swallowed his resentment and hurt towards the man, never talking to anyone about it. What would be the point? He was the one most likely to be considered an arse, and wrong. He was amazed that of all the people he knew, the Gryffindor princess, brains of the Golden Trio, would be the one to share his views on Albus Dumbledore and sympathize with what he had been through at the hands of that man. His lips curled upwards slightly.

“It seems, though, that he had one last blow to deliver, even in death.”

“What do you mean?”

“This… is where he would send me. After… meetings with the Dark… Riddle,” he
corrected himself. “To convalesce, when needed. So my screams would not disturb the castle.”

Hermione gasped. Would he be here, hurt, tortured, and… alone? Dumbledore was even more of an ass than she thought.

As if he had read her mind, he said: “He would send Poppy every few hours. And Twinky would always be here… But still. I wonder if he thought it would be poetic for me to have it. Or if he intended for me to relive the joyous memories every time I set foot here.”

“Well… It’s a beautiful place, and if you make it more your own, you should be able to… But if it’s too hard, you shouldn’t martyr yourself.”

“It’s fine. I would hardly ever leave the room. And it was not the master bedroom I had the privilege of staying in.” He was kind of grave and quiet for a few minutes, just angrily spreading jam on his toast. It took her a moment, but she finally had an idea of what to say, a suggestion that might get him back in a better mood.

“It’s a shame to waste all this food Twinky slayed over, and it’s such a beautiful day out… what do you say we take it outside and have a sort of… picnic?” She smiled shyly.

He stared at her silently for a moment, his impassive mask on. She was afraid she had said something stupid. Then he stood and opened a cupboard door… and took out a picnic basket. From a drawer he took a red and white checkered towel. The basket was enchanted, of course, and with a wave of his wand, all that was set on the island top packed itself in the basket. He started to walk towards the door.

She just stood in awe that he had actually accepted her suggestion. That he wasn’t rushing to get her out of there.

“Well, come on, Granger, we don’t have all day.” He said over his shoulder.

“Uhmmm, let me just get my jeans on?”

“Why? We’re alone here. No one will see your sweet arse but me.”

She just smiled as he held the front door open, and she rushed to join him. Good thing she had pulled her knickers on in the loo upstairs.

They lay the towel on the neatly mowed lawn – certainly charmed to remain that way – by the pond. She could see now, in the brightness of sunlight, that it was a spring, the headwater for the little stream she had seen out by the road yesterday. She saw some fish swam in it. It must be charmed as well, because even with the thunderstorm of the previous night, the water was crystal clear. The sound of the running water added to the peaceful sounds of the chirping birds and the trees rustling in the breeze. It was really a lovely place. There were several flower beds, a few bushes, and trees – besides the tall wall of them surrounding the whole property. There was also a sweep of dirt road around the spring, leading from where the trees had opened up for them to the front door.

They sat on the towel and he waved his wand, making all the packed food spread around them. They then commenced nibbling on the food as she looked around, admiring the property and making the odd comment, which he only nodded to, and said few small words.

He had been too forward and open. He really should police himself around her. He couldn’t let his guard down and let himself be pulled in like this. He shouldn’t even have brought her here. Stupid idea. It was one more memory in that house that would be painful once she came to her
senses and left him, ending this… whatever this was. And don’t forget, every minute you spend with her can be putting her in danger, as cautious as you are. Fool.

“Perhaps we should go,” he offered.

She looked at him, trying to hide disappointment. “Do… do we have to? I… was enjoying this… it made me take my mind off…” She trailed off. “Anyway, if… if you don’t have anywhere else to be or anything, I would appreciate staying a bit longer? Maybe… riding your bike a bit more? I think I was making good progress.” She smiled shyly.

He tilted his head and stared at her for a moment. Her eyes darted to the water.

“Are you ready to tell me what happened yesterday?” He asked.

“What… what do you mean?” She tried to sound nonchalant.

“Don’t play coy with me, Granger. It may come as a surprise to you, but I do possess… some observational skills. Not that you weren’t very obvious. You were not well at all at the beginning of the evening. Something happened. I am not in any way demanding you tell me, but if you do wish to speak…” he shrugged. He instantly berated himself. You care how she feels, what happens to her. You should not. End this before something worse happens. He bit into a piece of cake and forced his gaze away from her. Just for a moment.

She smiled softly in the sunlight, wearing nothing but his shirt, so it was hard to, though. So he glimpsed back. She was being pulled in deeper in that moment, her stomach fluttering at the thought that he cared what she felt, what had happened. Of course he did. He brought her here. When he arrived the previous day and she wasn’t very much herself, he could just have left. But he helped. He had even hugged her, she now remembered.

“I…” She sighed. “I was upset – I am upset because I am taken for granted… at work. I do everything right, and better than most there, but this…” she was getting a bit angry, “…fucking dimwit who does nothing right and who does not deserve it, got appointed to go on a trip I should be on, and that most likely will lead to a promotion.”

He watched her, quietly listening.

“It’s stupid, I know…”

“It is not. Life… is not fair. And I do understand how frustrating it is.”

She smiled softly.

“My offer of… scaring your boss a bit still stands.” He smirked.

She sniggered. “Thank you. Would… that entail physically hurting him?” She asked, a bit more interested.

He raised an eyebrow. “Perhaps… if you so wish.”

She laughed. “No, let him be his asinine self. If I continue to work hard… I’ll get there.”

“You know Kingsley would deal with it in a heartbeat if you talked to him.”

“Probably… but… I don’t want to be that girl, you know? Might get people hating me more.”
He just hummed and raised an eyebrow.

She crawled up to him as he watched, both brows raised now. She wore a mischievous smile until her lips finally touched his.

“Can we stay a bit more?” She kissed him again and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Please?” She wedged her way onto his lap, sitting on it as she still pecked his lips, chin, cheeks. It warmed his heart, strangely. He held her.

She deepened the kiss, and he allowed her to lay him back on the towel as they savored each other’s lips. She lay on top of him, kissing his sweet, soft lips, caressing his hair. He didn’t let her be there for long, though, as he rolled her over so he could be on top. And very quickly his hand slipped down her side and over her bare thigh to rest in between her legs, gently caressing her cotton covered mound.

“Snape,” she whispered.

“Hmmm.”

“What’s your rush?”

He pulled back and looked at her, puzzled.

“Look at where we are… just relax. Calm down. Enjoy,” she smiled, and pulled his lips back to cover hers.

There she was, with those kisses. No ulterior motives. No sex initiation. Not just yet, anyway. Just appreciation. Affection. Kissing for the sake of kissing. Snogging like virgin bloody teenagers. Not that he had ever done it, even when he was of an age to. No one had ever shown interest.

He gave into the witch under him, slowly teasing his lips for no reason at all. Just to enjoy him, the scenario, nature. The calmness. The bubbling of the water. And there they stayed, snogging away for a good while, his hands gliding all over her body, but with no real malice, her hands in his hair, on his shoulders, on his back.

“Granger,” he said at one point, in between kisses. “We should stop.”

She did with a bit of sadness in her eyes. She guessed he wasn’t into that. It was too personal. Too much closeness. And he had wanted to leave about 40 minutes ago already.

“Not enjoying it?” She couldn’t help but ask. But she managed to smile shyly.

“Witch… I am enjoying it too much. If we don’t stop… or continue properly, my balls will be bluer than the Ravenclaw house banner,” he rumbled.

She laughed, relieved, happy, amused with his comment and little joke.

“Okay. Let’s go inside then,” she smiled mischievously and sat up.

They went into the kitchen to put all the food away and wash whatever dishes that needed to be washed. She was really proud that he didn’t call on Twinky for every little thing, but was also worried if the house elf felt neglected or like she did not do a good job. She must really have a connection with Snape, having seen and taken care of him in what she imagined were the most deplorable states of pain and hurt, based on the scars that still lingered on his body and on the fact
he had to be sent away from Hogwarts to not scare students. Just thinking about it made her want to go up to him at the sink and hug him from behind. But she refrained.

While he finished the dishes, she went into the other room. Her feet took her to the piano. She stood beside it, her fingers gently caressing the shiny black gloss of the wood. What was exposed of it, anyway. She then lifted the lid that protected the keys, and pressed one, two, three, without much rhyme or reason.

Hermione, despite her trance as she admired the instrument, heard Snape come into the room and stand behind her.

“Do you think Dumbledore played properly? I’ve always wanted to learn. Always thought it was so lovely.” Her parents would have paid for lessons too, if she hadn’t gone off to Hogwarts and life hadn’t become so complicated.

Snape sat at the instrument and positioned himself as if he knew how to play. She smiled. He couldn’t… right? That was so not Snape-like. He pressed a black key – B flat, though she did not know that of course – and she thought he was just joking, since it took half a second from him to press another, and add his left hand to the mix. And then, suddenly, a beautiful, slow, and soothing song was being played. She was in awe. She leaned on the side of the piano, careful to not disturb him, and watched, admired his large, strong hands softly pressing key after key with dexterity.

His hands were soft, she knew, she had felt them against her skin countless times, but they were also firm and strong. That fact could be perceived by the veins that popped out of the back of it, and ran up to his forearm – though there they didn’t pop as much. But even though she knew he could be soft and tender at his touch, it left her in awe that he could play like this.

And the feeling that it must take to play such a song. So beautifully. So soothingly. It was a classical piece; she knew that much. She had heard it before somewhere, on the telly probably. She didn’t know it was Chopin. She just knew it was proof that he indeed had it inside him to be so sweet and sensitive. Loving.

The song grew, and soon it ended. He looked up at her and she had her jaw slightly dropped in surprise.

“How did you… when did you…”

“I was around snobs a lot…” Of course. Every Death Eater was pure blood and rich. “…it was important to have a few… abilities. Tricks. So it looked as if I belonged.” He didn’t though, piss poor as he was. And it never became less evident to him that he didn’t belong. He was always painfully aware.

“But how… when did you learn?” She knew of his background, and that lessons weren’t cheap.

“I taught myself.”

“You… you taught yourself??” Her eyes went wide. “Merlin! Aren’t you talented!”

“It’s a worthless ability, really.”

“It is not! It’s beautiful.” She made her way onto his lap. “Very hot,” she whispered in his ear before she pecked the corner of his lips and smiled. “Doesn’t it make you feel at peace when you play?”
“Not at this particular moment, no. With a sexy witch that mauled my lips for half an hour outside now sitting on my cock and whispering I’m hot in my ear.”

She smiled. “You are hot.” She kissed him. “Sexy.” She kissed him again. Sweet, she wanted to say, but that could piss him off. “I think playing an instrument is a very sexy skill.” Her kiss was deep this time, and lingered as her arms draped around his neck.

He let one of his hands slip away from her back to close the lid over the keys. She pulled away from his lips to see what was happening behind her, and he held her by the waist and sat her on said lid. He admired her for a second before popping the top buttons of her shirt open and pulling it aside, so he could look at one of her breasts. He palmed it, and with his thumb and index finger, he teased her nipple a bit, making her smile and wet her lips as that direct line to her core tightened.

His hand slipped down her waist to her cotton covered mound and teased. She bit her lips and moaned, and gently rolled her hips toward his hand. She leaned down to claim his lips, and as they tasted each other, his fingers continued to tease her mound and labia. His lips dropped to her breast, and sucked on it whole, his tongue rolling on her pert nipple. She moaned and her fingers sunk into his hair, caressed it, encouraged him.

Snape hoisted her to sit on top of the piano. His hand teased her mound as his tongue teased hers. He pulled her knickers aside, and touched her skin, played with her neatly trimmed hair. She moaned, and he swallowed it.

They broke apart, and his hand pressed down on her chest, gently forcing her to lay back on the piano top. She did. He slowly pulled her knickers off and tossed them back over his shoulder, spreading her legs further apart after doing so.

His fingers grazed her labia up one side… and down the other, slowly, maddeningly. They then dipped into her slit and caressed her clit up and down, once, before he sucked on his fingers to continue the deed, up and down, from side to side. He admired the view of what he was doing, of how she squirmed on top of the piano and moaned, as he circled her gently. He then dipped down to her folds, caressing her swollen privates slowly, making her squirm more, his eyes never leaving her open pinkness. He then came forward to touch his lips to her mound.

He never much enjoyed doing this, eating women out. Not for the task in itself, but for the intimacy he thought it represented. It was one more reason why he almost never let them blow him. So he didn’t have to reciprocate. But this witch... fuck, he could eat her out all day. He had been the first to do so, he recalled, and smirked against her, his tongue now lapping lazily at her clit as she let out gentle moans. His mind betrayed him and began to think perhaps he could be the only one to ever do this to her. He got so hard at that thought, and at how well she reacted to his ministrations, how hard he could make her come. He was in too deep already, in so many aspects.

He lowered his tongue to tease her folds, dip into them, and as he did, he shook and nodded his head on purpose, so his nose would rub her clit. Her legs trembled a bit, and threatened to shut on him. Always a good sign.

“Oh fuck... yes,” she moaned quietly as her feet rested on the lid over the keys, knees up, spread wide.

Then his lips traveled up to her clit again, and latched onto them. He sucked relentlessly, never coming up for air, like a hungry babe at his mother’s teat.

“OH ffffuck,” she screamed in surprise, gripping the sheet that lay under her and over the
piano. And as he sucked, marvelously hard on her bud of nerves, her hips rocked without her consent, her legs trembled as he held them open, she struggled to keep her eyes from rolling all the way back into her head.

“Fuck, fuck, Snape! Yes! Fuck, don’t stop,” she yelled almost ripping the sheet that protected the instrument she lay on, her orgasm building ridiculously fast.

He sucked more deliciously and hungrily than toys that were fucking built for that, she imagined, and before she was able to hold his head and rock her hips harder against his face like her instinct begged her to do, he made her come ridiculously hard, so hard she bit her tongue.

“Oh gods… you feel so bloddy good,” she panted, still trying to recompose herself after that orgasm. He thrust into her slowly, allowing her to feel every inch of his cock slip into her, then out, only to go back in again, as she gripped the glossy black edge of the piano and moaned.

One of his hands slipped up from her hips to palm and massage a breast, and it didn’t take long for her to crave an orgasm again, as mind blowing and draining as the last one had been. He helped that craving – and her pleasure – grow as he lowered his hand to her mound and rubbed all four fingers on it, her swollen clit being teased underneath.

She wanted to come badly, so she bucked her hips back into him, meeting his thrusts in the middle, accelerating the pace in which his cock hit that spot inside her. He grunted and hissed as it became harder to fight his own orgasm. He gripped her hips to try and slow her down but she wouldn’t be tamed, and there was nothing he could do but speed up to match her.

He was soon fucking her hard, so hard, and she liked it, loved it by the way she screamed and slammed back onto his cock. He felt, by her breathing and how her body tensed, that she was on the brink of orgasm again, so he decided to let go as well. He was going to come bloody hard. This fucking witch… such a fast and excellent learner.

He tried to let go of her hips and grab the piano instead, as to not leave any marks on her, but she held his hand in place, intertwining her fingers with his and squeezing as they both came. He bit on her shoulder, over her shirt as he did, in addition to bucking repeatedly into her. They even pushed the piano out of its spot a bit.

He had to lay on the floor to recompose, and he pulled her to lay under the piano with him. She dozed off, contemplating how he would now want to take her home. There was nothing else she could do to stall him, and he didn’t like it much that she was in his privacy, she knew.

But when they woke up from their nap, it was still midafternoon. There was time for
another little drive on his bike, which they did around the spring. As she got better, he allowed her out of the clearing and up the road a bit more, to see more of the countryside and the beautiful mansions around.

And then they spent the night. It would be a shame to waste all that food after all.

Chapter End Notes

The song Severus plays. One of my favs, the one I'm currently trying to master and not succeeding at it. lol.
To help with the hand image/fantasy:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2Zy0yQzErs (copy and paste, it's worth it, in case the one I tried to embed below does not work
They slept in on Sunday, and when they finally woke up, they had the leftover breakfast from Saturday for lunch. Then, reluctantly, Hermione got dressed and came to terms with the fact she would have to let him take her home, although she very much wished to just stay there with him, and just him, forever. Especially the version of him that had accompanied her this weekend.

He let her drive the bike half of the way to her place, while they were still outside the city and any damage could be more easily fixed. But she had picked it up fast, as of course she would, and was driving it rather well, he had to admit. Still, when they approached the city limits, he traded places with her and drove the rest of the way to the alley he parked – or more like hid – his bike in. She didn’t understand why he could not just leave her at her door, or park nearby, but right then, she didn’t care and would not contest it. It had been a perfect weekend, he had finally taken her somewhere, and very private to him… progress was made. She would be happy with that.

They both dismounted the bike in the dark and damp alley – even though the sun was now out. Before she could apparate back to her place, she looked up at him, a bit shyly and stepped closer.

“You probably have something else to do and some other place to be, so I’ll just get out of your hair. But I would like to… thank you again. I had fun this weekend. And it made me forget about… well, you know. So thanks.”

He just stood incredibly upright and tense, looking to her stoically and nodded once. He still wasn’t very comfortable with her constant gratitude. No one had ever thanked him for anything before. He didn’t know how to respond.

Since they were in that deserted alley, she thought there would be no harm in kissing him. He wouldn’t flinch away or anything. At least she hoped. So she wrapped her hands around his neck, one hand holding her opposite wrist and quickly pulled him down to her lips. She claimed them as hungrily as he had been claiming hers all weekend long, and he returned in the same intensity. When they finally parted, she smiled widely.

“See you on Tuesday?” She asked. Their regular days had been Tuesdays and Fridays for a while now, mostly, although she now hoped spending the weekend would become a habit. She wanted to visit his cabin again, help him work on it, ride his bike, listen to him playing the piano… Maybe have him teach her. She wanted the more unreserved Snape that seemed to come about under the wards of that place.

“Yes,” he said after nodding once, despite himself. He was enjoying the routine he had established with this witch, much more than he should. He should stop himself.
“Okay.” Her smile was almost contagious, but he managed to restrain himself and just gazed at her stoically. “See you then. Have a nice rest of the weekend.” And she disapparated.

He was loath to admit it, but the rest of the weekend would not be nearly as nice as it had been so far, with her. There was no way it could be.

Tuesday evening had Snape fighting an internal battle. Part of him had gone completely rouge and stubbornly looked forward to racing to that witch’s warmth and bed. Fortunately, he still retained some rational thought and was able to control his clearly demented half that even wanted to leave work earlier. He rode to her at the usual time, at a reasonable speed, respecting rules of traffic, though he really didn’t want to. He would not show excitement, he would not be carried away and changed by the witch’s perkiness and the fact she seemed to enjoy more than just sex with him. No. He would maintain his composure because if there was anything in his world he could do, it was certainly that. He held strong until he apparated into her sitting room.

She was waiting for him, in her school uniform, sort to speak. The skirt was tiny, absolutely scandalous. The shirt hugged her body in ways that could have made it completely impossible to ever teach a class again for another day in his life, if he hadn’t already given it up. And the buttons were open, the first three, making her cleavage highly apparent and desirable. The knee high socks were on, but there were no shoes. And her hair was charmed into smooth large waves, and it was tied in a pony tail that already had him thinking how fucking easy it would be to take control of her as he fucked her tight pussy doggy style.

“Professor. Hello,” she greeted him, smiling cheekily.

He grunted, wishing he had the mindset to disapparate right out of there. This was very fucking wrong. He should not be aroused by this. Yet, his cock disagreed with him. Very much.

She walked up to him and took off his jacket. She did this as he stood there, clenching his fist, trying to fight the strong urge of fucking her senseless while she wore that.

“Have a seat.” She pushed him into the recliner that had already been support for their screwing before, and he sat, looking up at her very seriously.

“What the fuck is this, Granger?”

“Well,” she straddled his lap. She was very nervous that he would leave, be angry or disgusted by this little role play. He did look angry, but that he had not left immediately was a win. She would push forward with it. “Remember that we discussed how I very much like authority figures… sir?” She said it in hushed tones, very close to his lips, teasing and taunting him as she gently rolled her hips on his slowly but surely hardening cock.

“Yes…”

“Then there you go…” she caressed his shoulder, then down his arms, and suddenly a silent spell stuck his hands to the chair, again, just as he was about to grab her ass.

He took a deep, controlling breath. “And what is the meaning of this, Miss Granger?” He hissed. “I am in charge here.” He gave into the fucking role-play. Shame on him.

“Well, yes sir, but I do feel it is very inappropriate for professors to touch their students, don’t you?” She looked absolutely mischievous, still straddled on his legs.
“Cheeky witch. I will have you spanked for this.” He was genuinely angry for being tied up yet again, but his cock and the memory of what had happened last time made him play along.

“Oh, I do hope so,” she smiled. “But I need to earn such a spanking, sir. And you… need to pass some tests to teach this class as well.”

She rubbed her core on his groin, slowly, enticingly, as her parted lips breathed her warm breath on his skin. She scratched up his sides as she nipped his earlobe.

“What… tests are those?” He was gritting his teeth.

“Well…” she whispered next to his ear, “we need to test your self-control, sir. Your cock must not get hard for at least ten minutes.” She pulled back to look into his eyes and bit her lips, smiling. “So that we are sure you are trustworthy around your innocent… pure students.” She smirked.

He grunted, and she continued to rub herself on him. She then pulled his face in between her breasts, rubbing them against him as well. She nuzzled his neck, his scar, and licked it up to his earlobe. “You smell so good, sir,” she whispered. “It makes me crave your cock ramming into my tight little pussy,” she moaned, and the self-control that he had been able to maintain until this moment, keeping his cock only slightly aware of what was going on, broke a bit as he twitched and he felt blood rushes to his member.

She stood in front of him and turned around, sitting facing forward now, to rub her bum on him as she supported herself on his knees. Every effort was useless on his part. His cock was rock hard in seconds and being painfully restrained by his denims.

“Uh-oh. Look who it is,” she rose from his lap and turned around with a smile. “I think you should be punished now, sir.” She undid his trousers, very carefully, smirking, not touching him at all, just enough to allow his cock room to breathe, but not to give him release in any way.

“What does this punishment entail?” His teeth were still gritted, as he was dying to get his hands on her.

“Don’t worry. It won’t hurt.” She turned her back to him again and crawled up on the coffee table before him. And only then could he see, as her tiny skirt rode up, that she wore no knickers over her swollen pinkness. She spread her legs further apart on all fours, giving him a killer view, and her hand reached in between her legs to rub herself. “You just have to watch… and not touch,” she breathed, already very aroused with her fingers gently caressing her clit upward. “For double the time there was still left for your ten minutes to be complete.” She slowly wagged her bum and he salivated so much he could drool right there.

“Uhmm… do you like the view? My little clit feels so good,” she moaned. Her fingers dipped into her and spread out moisture, making her folds glisten. “Hmmm… look at how soaking wet I am. Oh yes, this pussy needs to be rubbed so badly… plundered, I would say.”

He growled, and she turned around to face him, sitting on the edge of the coffee table. So close, yet so far. She licked her fingers, looking him straight in the eyes, and then took them to her clit again, rubbing it in small, slow circles as she bit her lips. She then hoisted her feet up to rest on his knees, one on each, and he began pulling his hands, trying to cut free and reach for her feet, and more. His eyes stared fixedly at her snatch, spread open before him, her fingers rubbing her clit increasingly fast.

She lay back on the coffee table while her feet were still on his knees, and one hand
reached under her and around so her finger could sink into her bum hole, as the ones that rubbed her clit sank into her folds. They began to thrust in and out of her, making a slushing sound that drove him insane with lust.

“Oh fuck… yes. Yes. This feels so good. I want to come so badly.” She thrust her hips up to meet her hand, and her clit bumped into her palm, increasing her pleasure.

She then gave up fingering herself completely and just rubbed her whole palm on her mound eagerly, from side to side, as the pain of desire was now too great to allow her to rub her clit directly.

She was lost in her own pleasure, squirming on the table, and did not even feel when his knees gave out from under her feet as he rose, having managed to free himself. He spread her legs wider and fit himself in between them, hovering over her as he pushed her hand brusquely aside and took over rubbing her.

“I will make you come. Hard,” he said. She saw his face in between the slits that were her eyes as her orgasm crept up on her and she trembled on the coffee table, her toes starting to curl up. “But make no mistake, witch. I do this because I want to watch and have this control over you. You will pay for having tied me up.” His hand never stopped its vigorous rubbing during his speech, and she just nodded as she clung to his neck, hips bucking furiously into his hand, seeking the pleasure they provided. It hit her hard, so very hard, within seconds, and she hollered loud and continuously, very much like an ambulance siren.

She tried to touch her lips to his but he pulled away.

“Oh no, Miss Granger. Your behavior warrants punishment.” He said it seriously as he pulled himself to stand, one arm around her waist pulling her with him. She still clung to his neck, and even though her legs were still limp and weak, she managed to lock them around his hips, allowing him to easily carry her to her bed.

He tossed her onto it, and as she bounced on the mattress, and tried to regain balance, she saw as he pulled off his black and tight T-shirt by the back of the neck. That was so fucking hot. She watched his chest and arms tense up so sexily, his tattoo slightly bulging out, as he angrily and hurriedly unbuckled his belt and finished undoing his black jeans. He kicked off his boots and pushed the trousers down, freeing his cock up completely, making Hermione lick her lips and smile.

“Turn around,” he ordered brusquely. His tone turned her on.

She turned, and before she could hoist herself up to be on all fours, she felt his palm meeting her barely covered ass, making it burn so deliciously. A loud moan escaped her lips.

Before she could catch her breath, he slapped her again, repeatedly, alternating cheeks, various times.

“Oh!” She screamed and managed to push her bum up, making the skirt ride up and expose her – all of her – even more.

His spanking became more paced, and every couple of blows, he would also tap her pussy, which oozed arousal, wetting it even more than her mind blowing orgasm had already.

“This… is what… you get…” he said as he firmly touched his cupped hand to her ass cheeks, “for being… a stubborn… naughty… witch.”
“Uhhmmm… yes. I’m soooo naughty. Punish me, sir,” she said as she slowly swayed her bum at him.

He kept on his spanking of her as she enjoyed it, vocally expressing it. When her bum was red, marked by his palm prints, and her pussy craved more contact and friction than just the occasional tap he gave her, she cried out on what would be the last smack he gave her. It was drawn out and loud, her cry, and it worried him, being somehow different and more desperate than the rest.

“How does it hurt, witch?” He had tried to control his force and not actually hurt her. She wasn’t used to this type of play, unlike other experiences he had had.

“Yes,” she cried.

“Where?” He caressed her cheeks, preparing to summon an ointment from his bag.

“My pussy… is aching for you,” she breathed sensually and rubbed herself up against his hand.

He smirked at her sense of humor and complete and utter need for him. His hand rubbed her slit up… and down, his hand dipping in between to caress her folds and clit, making her moan in relief. She was so very wet, he just had to have her. And it would have to be slow and paced, or he would constantly slip out of her, so fucking soaking wet she was. He had tortured her – and himself – long enough.

He held her hips firmly and sunk his cock deep into her. Slowly. Groaning at her warmth and moisture. She moaned as well, to finally have his cock stretching her so deliciously. He thrust so very slowly, savoring her, trying to make her beg. But it would be useless, he knew, because he was desperate for more himself.

One of his hands let go of her hips, and he twisted her long pony tail into his grip tightly, pulling her head back gingerly, making her whole body quiver and her core clench once around his cock.

A low, guttural growl escaped him, and his pace began to increase despite himself. She pushed back onto his cock, meeting his thrusts halfway. That made him pound her even harder, pulling her hair as if it were reigns to a wild, untamed mare, which she very much acted as, screaming with his cock sliding rhythmically into her.

Her moaning was growing louder and more constant, vehemently agreeing with his treatment of her. Her breathing was heavy. Her cunt was burning hot on his prick, and her legs weak, trembling, almost giving out under her. So much so that he had to wrap his hands on her waist to support her. She was on the edge, her could feel it, about to come at any moment. So he stopped, and pulled out of her.

She whined in complaint. “Snape! Please!”

He smirked, turning her around to face him. “Snape? Is that any way to speak to me, Miss Granger?”

“Sir. Pleaaase.” She had mischief in her eyes as she wrapped her legs behind him, trying to make him fall onto her, but he remained firmly knelt in between them, gazing at her open, slick pinkness calling to him. “Please, sir. Make me come. Fuck me.” She rolled her hips. He pushed her tiny skirt up, because it had fallen down to cover her again. He then brushed the tip of his cock up
and down her slit, and she quivered and whimpered. He pulled at the knot that tied her shirt, opening it completely and exposing her marvelous tits, her nipples hard and pricked. He palmed them lightly pinching the nipples. She observed that his eyes, fixed upon her, did not only have lust in them, there was a certain softness to them. It filled her heart with… something.

He leaned himself down to take a breast into his mouth, gently sucking on it, rolling his tongue over her nipple. She arched her back to meet him, moaning softly. Snape then gingerly slid into her once more, pulling her skirt roughly off at the same time, staring into her eyes. His were dark and deep, like a petroleum pool, she observed as she stared back and smiled.

“Hmmm,” she hummed, rejoicing in his slow thrusts. “Kiss me,” she requested. He hadn’t since he arrived, and she very much craved to taste his lips.

He consented, tenderly yet hungrily sucking on her lips, slipping his tongue in between them, ravishing them as his cock did her center. They parted, allowing them room to breathe. But he still pecked her lips, her cheeks, rubbing his hooked nose on her skin as she heard his heavy breathing mixed with hers, their pleasures mounting again.

This sudden tenderness made her recall the weekend, how he had sex with her while looking into her eyes, caressing her lips… made love, maybe. It was what was happening now, again. She felt it. Love. Consuming her from within.

She sunk her fingers into his hair, moving her hips up against his in the smoldering pace he set. She bit her tongue as to not say anything she shouldn’t as he now gazed at her again, that softness, so foreign to his eyes usually, yet that was very befitting to him, belonged there even.

A harder thrust made her climb fast to the top. It would not be long before she was pushed off that cliff. She held his face in between her hands, pushed a lock of hair back from his forehead, and just could not contain what was ready to explode inside her chest.

“I love you,” she let slip through her lips in a moaned whisper as his cock hit the right spot and her head rolled back.

His stomach dropped at once. He was amazed. Fearful. Confused. It should have made him go soft immediately, hearing that. But it made his excitement peak, and he bucked into her once, twice, losing control of his hips and the situation, and he came. Hard. Groaning loudly. It was such a fantastic orgasm, so fucking sweet to spill inside her like that, and so sudden that he did not even know if she would come, if she was there yet, nor had he noticed she did come, moaning softly, exactly at the same time he did. It was probably the best orgasm he had ever had, strangely. Why was that?

She looked blissful under him, smiling, eyes closed as she tried to recompose. He pushed himself off her as if she were made of barbed wire, cutting through his skin, through his armor, and found his jeans on the floor. This was wrong. No. No. He shouldn’t have let it come to this. He shouldn’t have been excited by it. Liked it. Fucking idiot. You should never have come here. Never had stayed. Never had stopped to help her that damned day.

“Snape?” She pushed herself up onto her elbows and watched as he pulled up his trousers faster than she even had known possible to man. He looked very stoic, grave. Closed off again.

“I need to go.” He pulled on his shirt and walked out into the sitting room.

“Wait,” she called out, getting up, “can’t you at least eat something first?” She made her way around the screen to see he had already disapparated. She was left to wonder if it was
whatever pulled him away from time to time, or if it was what she had said.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Monday... such a fun day.
So here’s some angst, to add to your own.

It had been a week. A week, and he did not come back, not even once. He hadn’t even ridden by in the street anymore. If that wasn’t an answer to her doubts, nothing else would be.

She had never been sadder in her life. Not even realizing she would have to give up hope on restoring her parents’ memories had been this sad. She missed him. She didn’t want to be so appalling to anyone that they would run from her like that, much less him. She did love him. Stupid, hopeless romantic, can’t even keep a good thing going. Just relax and enjoy, and not get attached. She didn’t mean to blurt it out like that, in the middle of sex no less. She had to think of a proper time, and prepare him. Say it calmly. Explain she did not expect to hear him say it back. Because she really hadn’t expected it. Not right then, not in the beginning. Maybe the idea would grow on him, gently. She was so fucking stupid.

She cried herself to sleep every day. It felt like her heart had been ripped out. She still walked by the grocery store in the hopes he would ride by, but he never did. One day, Cindy commented on the fact he had been MIA and playfully asked if they had had a lover’s spat.

“Cindy, for the millionth time, I do not have anything to do with him!” She said. But if Cindy wasn’t already convinced she lied about that, the tears swimming in her eyes, contradicting her forced smile right then, surely gave her away. As did her annoyed tone.

She could go to St. Mungo’s to find him. But no. She wouldn’t sink so low. If he did not want to see her, she would not force herself on him.

The only thing that cheered her up slightly was the fact that she would be going on a work trip. The annoying and stupid workmate who had gone on the last one had apparently screwed up. Of course she had. Hermione was not there to clean up her messes. They would not disclose what she had done, but apparently it was so big that she was demoted. The order came from above, of course, because her direct boss would never admit to error, nor would he send Hermione on a trip willingly. She wondered if Snape had said something to someone, like he had offered to do a couple of times. Why would he, though? The trip made her happy, but also made her sad, because she wanted to share everything that happened to her, good or bad, with him. And this was big.

So on the following week, she was off to Romania to deal with dragons, and help close some new agreement with the government there that would benefit Britain. She would have Charlie’s help once there, he guaranteed it. This had to work. It simply had to. Something needed to go right in her life. She had to excel at something. And if she did well on this, her boss would have no choice but to promote her, and she probably would never have to look him in his ugly face ever again.

She took a portkey to Romania on Sunday, and had time to rest a bit before she started her activities on Monday. But time alone, with nothing to do, was not beneficial to her these days. It only made her obsess about Snape and miss him, in addition to feeling shitty that she wasn’t good
enough to have left any kind of impression on him, that he wouldn’t miss or want to see her at all. So all she did was cry herself to sleep, after having walked around town just a bit, trying to get her mind off of him.

Monday and Tuesday were full days of handling what needed to be handled about work. It was a good thing she had Charlie to walk her around and translate for her. And company always helped when one was so emotionally screwed up as she was. So she slept soundly for the first time in days, so tired she was, and didn’t even have time to much think of Snape. He was always in the back of her mind, though, a dull pain underlying her every move.

On Wednesday, she worked for half the day and managed to get what needed to be done, done. She was pretty satisfied with herself, confident that this time her work would be recognized and properly rewarded. That made a spark of joy light up in her. Just a tiny bit.

She managed to find a portkey that left for Australia, on which she could hitch a ride. She got there in the wee hours of Thursday morning, and found a hotel room to crash in for a few hours, until her parents’ practice opened. In under 5 hours, there she was, at their door. She sat there in the waiting room, watching as they called in patient after patient, waiting to see if they would be able to fit her in their schedule, just taking in their presence. Refilling a bit of the void their absence had left in her.

Once again, Hermione got sad, and it was only worsened by the fact Snape kept popping into her head again. She wanted to be able to bring him here someday, introduce him to her parents. So fucking delusional, Hermione.

They managed to squeeze her in only at the end of the day, but she didn’t mind. Since she had been there, they invited her out to lunch. She got to talk to them. It soothed her. She even managed to tell them a bit about Snape, since they noticed she was a little blue and asked why. They asked why she did not warn them in her letters that she was coming, and she said it was a bit last minute. She got her teeth cleaned at the end of the afternoon, after sitting more in their office and watching them. They offered to make her a proper dinner next time she was in town, if she gave them a bit of notice. She agreed, happily. They bid her goodbye, her father warning her to lay off the sweets, and she smiled shyly, remembering he always had said that, and refraining from telling him that for the last couple of years, sweets were the only thing that brought some joy to her every once in a while. That, and being with Snape. Well… just the sweets now, then.

She headed to the Australian Ministry for Magic to catch the portkey she had managed to arrange for her to go back to London, crying her little eyes out, wishing she could just knock on her parents’ door and ask for hugs and comfort, and just to stay there and be taken care of again. But within the hour, she was in London, in her little flat, where she would be alone and have to fend for herself for the rest of her life. It was early Thursday morning now, again – damned time zones – and she would have to be at work in the afternoon. This time zone thing was rather tiresome. She would lie down for a few hours.

But she woke up in one hour, feeling that maybe she wouldn’t make it to work after all. She felt like shit, not only emotionally. She felt feverish, queasy. The sadness, the hard work she had done and all the stress that came with the pressure of succeeding in it, along with the jetlag, must have lowered her immune system, making her more susceptible to something. The purple and green rash that had broken out in between her toes at some point, which she had only noticed now, told her she should get to St. Mungo’s right away. She had probably contracted Dragon Pox.

With her head pounding and her stomach churning in queasiness, she dragged herself out of bed and managed to put on some clothes. She put on a heavy coat, even though it was quite warm
out, it being spring and all. But she was shivering, her fever probably running high. She then focused as much as she could to disapparate to St. Mungo’s and not splinch herself. It was times like these that having someone to care for you really came in handy, and made you feel extra shitty for being alone. At least if she splinched herself, she would be at the hospital already.

She apparated to the alley where the front entrance of the hospital could be found. She thought of going through the back, as she had with Snape, but didn’t know if she could without him. Even if she did manage to open that door, she would have to walk past his lab – or what she assumed was his lab – to try and find her way to the emergency wing. She could not handle seeing him right now. Nor did she want him thinking she was stalking him.

But as she dragged through reception to the counter to talk to someone, and heads turned as she was recognized, she regretted her decision. Well, at least the press wasn’t there. Yet.

She filled out the forms and sat in a corner to wait to be called by someone. The whispers in the waiting room grew, people spreading the word she was there, and they seemed extra loud to her sensitive, thumping mind. It didn’t take long for her to be called, but to her tired and ill body, it seemed like she had sat there for a decade.

When she was called and stood to go in, she could see the flash of the first reporters who had already arrived, and yells that asked her what she was in for. Thank Merlin they only got her back and bushy hair in the pictures.

Once inside the examination room, she heard a familiar voice call her.

“Miss Granger!!” It was healer Grey. Hermione cursed her luck that out of all the healers in this goddamn hospital, Snape’s fuck buddy would come see to her again and make her feel worse. If she wasn’t his fuck buddy, she was his friend, which was more than Hermione could get from him.

“What is the reason for your visit today?” Healer Grey asked as she indicated Hermione sit down.

“Uhm, fever, head pounding, queasiness… my recent dealings with dragons and the green and purplish rash on my feet tell me I might have contracted Dragon Pox,” Hermione said in a small voice.

“Okay. If you would lay down on the gurney so I can examine you, please.”

Hermione did as she was bid, and healer Grey first cast a spell to verify her temperature and blood pressure, along with other vitals.

“Does Severus know you are here?” She asked as she examined.

Hermione shook her head. “No… I… doubt he would care.” She couldn’t help the tears that swam in her eyes as she said this.

Alice Grey lifted an eyebrow at her answer. She seemed a little shocked. She moved to take Hermione’s trainers off to exam the rash. It had spread a bit. “Weren’t you… involved with him?”

Hermione sobbed once, then bit her tongue to control herself.

“I’m sorry, I don’t mean to pry.” Healer Grey said. “Please lift your shirt.”

Hermione wanted to die. She would have to show her tiny body, tiny breasts, to this bombshell of a woman with great, round breasts… that have probably been in Snape’s warm,
delicious mouth. Hermione shook her head to try and chase the thought away, and after a deep breath, she pulled up her shirt.

“Have you?” She found herself asking, without her mind’s consent.

“What? Been involved with Snape?” Healer Grey laughed. “Oh no, no. We are just friends. I would never… no.” She was still chuckling. “You have some marks on your chest as well. Were these there earlier?”

“No,” Hermione answered, not content with the healer’s dismissive answer about Snape and their involvement. Well, she couldn’t care now. He could be involved with any one he liked.

Lastly, Alice pricked Hermione’s finger with the tip of her wand, collecting a bit of blood, which the wand scanned to then produce a full blood work immediately. It was projected in the air in front of them, a wall between them, a sort of hologram from the tip of her wand, and Alice read through it.

“Mhmmm, yep. Looks like Dragon Pox alright. It’s in early stages, and you are not contagious…. Yet. But it’s spreading. I will have to admit you to the second floor.”

“I… was hoping that would not be necessary.” Hermione interjected quickly, but shyly.

Healer Grey lifted an eyebrow.

“I mean, you said it yourself, I’m not contagious. If you administer the potion right now… It would be just bedrest until it recedes in a few days. Right? I can do that at home!”

Healer Grey just crossed her arms and stared Hermione down. Were all Slytherins this intimidating?

“Plus, the press was already in the lobby. They won’t even let you guys work properly. Or let me rest.” Hermione looked at her pleadingly. She still had tracks on her cheeks from the tears she had shed when talking about Snape.

Healer Grey finally sighed and said “Okay. I’ll run it by my supervisor and see what he says. Stay put!”

“Thank you!” Hermione smiled shyly as Healer Grey opened the door.

“I’ll be right back.”

Minutes went by as Hermione lay alone in the brightly lit room, her fever making her shiver, the brightness hurting her eyes. She hoped to God Healer Grey did not run off to tell Snape and make him go there. Well, it wouldn’t make a difference. He wouldn’t care and wouldn’t show up.

Healer Grey came back with an older man, who looked less friendly. Or maybe just more tired.

“Good morning, Miss Granger,” he said.

“Good morning.”

He silently ran his own examination of her, and then spoke again. “Very well, Miss Granger, I will grant you your wish. Working with those hounds in the lobby and entrance does
prove to be tiring and trying.”

Hermione exhaled in relief.

“But you will need to sign some forms before you go, confirming you refused admittance, and taking full responsibility for the consequences of your actions.”

“Yes. Of course.”

“You will also need to assure to me that if the symptoms get worse by tomorrow evening, you will come back.”

“Absolutely.”

“And I would feel better if Healer Grey accompanied you home, just to see if you get there safely, and to accommodate you. And report back to me.”

“Su… sure, she’s welcome to.” Hermione said a bit shyly.

“Alright then. Healer Grey, you may proceed.” The older man left the room.

“Sorry,” Hermione started. “I did not mean to give you extra work.”

“Child please! I would love nothing more than to see the outside of these walls a bit. I will take my sweet time in getting you settled, and maybe I’ll get back just in time to clock out.” She smiled and winked as she put Hermione’s trainers back on. “I’ve been here all night.”

Healer Grey got her the phial containing a dose of the purple potion. She drank it. Then the healer produced the papers Hermione needed to sign with a wave of her wand. And sign she did.

Healer Grey helped her up and escorted her down halls only staff could walk, so the press would not bother her. She had a feeling she knew where they were going.

“Could we… not go out the way I came in last time? Is there… is there another exit?”

Healer Grey smiled. “Sure, honey. But if it’s Severus you worry about, I’m sure he would want to know.”

Hermione shook her head, and started crying again.

“And his door would be closed…”

“I… would rather not.”

“Very well.” Healer Grey took her back a few steps and turned down another hallway. They went up, coming out on an abandoned rooftop.

“Here we go. Where are we going?”

Hermione gave her the address, and she apparated both of them there.

As she had Hermione on side-along, Grey was able to get past Hermione’s wards. She helped Hermione into comfy, warm pajamas and saw her to bed. Then she made a sandwich and left it on the bedside table, for her to have for lunch in a couple of hours.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay here?”
“Yes,” Hermione answered in a small voice, from under her covers.

“Okay. I’ will be back tomorrow evening nonetheless, to run another exam. Unless you feel like going back to the hospital before then.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said.

“Severus’ friends are my friends,” she smiled, then made her way around the screen to the sitting room and the front door. She did not know that her comment left Hermione to cry herself to sleep yet once again.

She slept through the morning. That potion really knocked one out. She woke at around noon, but was not hungry. She just dragged herself to the loo, then fetched a glass of water. Then back to bed it was. She wasn’t shivering as much, but still felt shitty. And the potion was still having an effect on her, it seemed, because her head was heavy with sleep, and light at the same time. She wasn’t quite aware of dimensions around her, as if she was high. She just wanted to lie down. He eyes were barely opening, really.

What she really wanted was just someone to care for her. Her mother used to do that really well. But that was no longer an option. Her friends had lives of their own, significant others, they would not get off work and just abandon their partners to crash with her a few days. The best option was really to have someone of her own, who loved her and would be willing to just be there the whole weekend and take care of her. There was no such person either. She just had to get used to being alone and getting around on her own, because that is what there was for her. Perhaps she could get another cat.

She thought she heard the doorbell. But it seemed lower than usual. She couldn’t really be sure. Probably a hallucination, fever induced. Or a moron that just leaned on it for a smoke. It was still some time in the afternoon, she thought, if the sickness and sleepiness had not stolen her sense of time. No one would look for her at such a time. She was supposed to be at work or at the hospital, where the people at work were concerned. Had she even notified them? She needed to remember to check that. Later. The doorbell seemed to ring again. Or maybe it was just ringing in her ears, due to the headache. Healer Grey wouldn’t be back so soon…

She was coming in and out of consciousness due to that potion, trying to keep her eyes open but unable to. She didn’t hear the doorbell yet again.

Sounds about right. No one would be looking for her. She wished she could call Harry, or Ginny. They were the most dependable friends she had. But really… who would want to lose their weekend caring for someone who wasn’t even family, and who might be contagious even? They had never gone to her flat for a meal or anything, when she was healthy, why would they come now? No, it would be too pathetic for her to ask. She needed to learn to handle things on her own. She should have stayed in the hospital if she wanted care… but that would just be annoying and sad, really. It wouldn’t make her feel any better.

After what seemed like hours to her, but were actually only two minutes, she heard a knock. But it seemed so far away… probably something being knocked over in the distance somewhere. Her mind just slipped back into sleep.
Chapter 17

At some point during the afternoon, Hermione opened her eyes again. She was still very
groggy, eyelids heavy with sleep and head heavy due to the illness that assaulted her. She was lying
on her side as she stretched a bit. It was the only way she could manage to sleep, especially after
learning to sleep cuddled with Snape. And as she opened her eyes, she saw no one other than him,
lying there beside her, watching her. It was as if she had been doing just that, sleeping
with him. Except for the fact that he was dressed, in his black denims and black T-shirt. Hermione
smiled. Out of all the hallucinations her fever could give her, this was definitely the best one. She
missed him so much. It could only be made better if he had no shirt on.

She reached out slowly, afraid to wake up, afraid to chase him away in her drug induced
visions as she had in real life. But her hand managed to touch his stomach, caress it over his shirt. It
felt very real. She loved dreams like that. Dreams, not nightmares.

She pushed it up, his shirt, and made his stomach visible, so she could caress it, caress his
bare skin. He just looked down at what she was doing, his brow slightly arched. It was her dream.
She was in charge and there was nothing he could do about it. Her fingers glided down to the hem
of his jeans and teased him there a bit as she stuck her fingers in the hem and traced it over his
stomach.

“Granger, you are ill. I do not think it would be in your best interest to do such things,” his
silky, smooth voice said.

“Shush. This is my fever dream; I will do whatever I want. You’re not really here.” She
wondered for a second if she could make dream Snape say he loved her.

He took her chin in his grip, gently, and lifted her gaze to his. “I am very much here,
witch,” he stated, his deep dark stare penetrating hers.

She looked at him, puzzled, despair also beginning to fill her as she tried to make sense of
all of it. He then pecked her lips and she felt it. She felt it. She felt his hand on her chin. He was
there. Oh shit.

She pushed herself back in surprise, and a bit of anger. “What are you doing here?”

He just shrugged. “I thought you might need some help.” He tried to play it cool but was
very aware of the fact he had fucked up. Royally. Her statement the other day had freaked him out,
yes. He had never heard such words directed at him, nor did he ever expect to hear them. Anymore.
He wasn’t sure he would ever manage to say them back. Not because of her. There was absolutely
nothing wrong with her. Because of himself. He shouldn’t have let it get this far. He was being
selfish. It would be best for everyone involved, especially her, if he just made himself scarce. He
should have nipped it in the bud. But now he was here. It was already too deep. He would hurt her
either way. He didn’t know what to do.

The days he had spent without laying eyes on her only served to confirm that indeed there
was nothing wrong with her. He missed her. But he had to be strong, for her sake. But when he ran
into Alice as she left her shift 2 hours ago, and she said Granger had been in with Dragon Pox, his
blood ran cold. That could be potentially fatal. The utter need to see her overtook him. And it was
only made stronger by Alice’s further report that she had asked to be discharged to nurse herself at home, alone, and that she had cried, twice, at the mention of him. *What did you do to that sweet girl, Severus?* She had asked. *Don’t be a cunt. I can see you like her too. She has come up unexpectedly in every single conversation we have had since the day she broke her leg. You try to hide it, but I can see it,* she had said while she poked her finger in his chest and his mind raced, trying to figure out his next steps. *She even asked if you and I were a thing. That’s fucking absurd. Go fix it.* Merlin, he hated when other people were right.

“No. No! You can’t do that!” Hermione started to cry and smack his chest, albeit very weakly, due to her condition. “You can’t just not show up for two bloody weeks and just return like nothing has happened! No!”

He pulled her to him, and she tried to get away. “No!” She cried, but he was stronger than her, and he held her head to his chest, resting his chin on her bushy hair. She tried to push him away again, but he just held her, caressing her hair, her back, hoping that would be enough. More than the words he could not say. She cried against his chest as she accepted being held.

“I was an arse, I know,” he finally managed to form the words.

When she calmed down, after long minutes, he allowed her to pull her head away from him.

“You can’t be here. I might be contagious,” she said in a small voice.

“Don’t worry about me, witch. I’m a potions master. I took precaution.”

“Who says I’m worried about you? I signed papers at the hospital which hold me responsible for anything. There cannot be an outbreak of this.” She smiled just a little bit.

He would let her have that one. “Right. Well, no need to worry about that either.”

With his stoic look about him, his lips pursed, he touched her forehead, then her neck, checking her temperature. “How do you feel?”

“Uhm… fine. Still queasy. Head hurts. But not as cold as I was.”

He sat up and moved to check her toes. Her rash. How did he know all this? Healer Grey ratted her out. He lifted the leg of her pajama trousers to check if the rash had spread up.

“Are you here just because Healer Grey told you to come?” She asked to his back as he checked her.

He snapped his head back to look at her. “No. She asked no such thing of me.” He moved to face her again. “Now, your shirt please.”

They were baggy, her pajamas, so she just lifted the shirt without unbuttoning it. She did so slowly. Shyly. And only showed her stomach.

He narrowed his eyes at her, his lips still pursed. “It’s nothing I have not seen before, Granger… not to mention other activities.”

“Yeah, but not like this…”

He just rolled his eyes and gently pushed her hand aside, taking his to unbutton the shirt for her. She let him, but still flushed bright red as he examined her breasts and the marks on it. Thank Merlin it had not spread to her face.
“You seem stable, as far as I can tell. You need to rest more,” he said as he buttoned her up.

“Don’t you need to be at work?” The sun was still out, she could see, so she hadn’t slept that long.

“Stop trying to get rid of me. When you are completely healed, and only then, are you free to kick me out.”

She smiled a bit as he helped her back under the covers. “But seriously, what time is it? Shouldn’t you be at work?” She asked after a moment of silence.

“It is 3 p.m. and I am right where I need to be. Hush witch and go back to sleep.”

She did, smiling, as he lay beside her, not daring to touch her, but wishing he could hold her easily again, as he used to.

Hermione woke up again with noise coming from the kitchen. And also a very nice smell. Too bad she didn’t feel like eating. At all. Her head still throbbed, lightly, but she managed to drag herself out of bed and into the kitchen. She saw Snape at the stove, actually cooking something.

“You cook?” She asked with a hoarse, small voice, eyes tiny slits because the light made them hurt. As did the effort of walking. She was surprised at this revelation because he only ever chopped something or other for her while she cooked, and made eggs in the morning. That was about it.

“I brew, don’ I? Same thing.”

You could have cooked me something some time or another, instead of bringing me take out every day, she thought, but refrained from saying it. He was cooking for her now. “Well, if you are doing it for my benefit, I am not hungry.”

He just raised an eyebrow. “And have you eaten at all today? I noticed an untouched sandwich on your nightstand.”

“No, but I…”

“Then you are eating.”

“She did not argue any longer, and he turned to the stove again. It warmed her heat that he was taking care of her like this. So much that she wanted to cry a bit. But that would only make her head hurt more. It must mean that he cared for her to some extent, right? Maybe she should just enjoy it, and not push him for anything else. And police herself to never say she loved him again. Truth be told, she’d rather have any piece of him she could get than have nothing at all.

She hugged the pillar next to the counter that separated the kitchen from the rest of the flat, and watched him for a few minutes. Chopping, slicing, stirring.

“What are you making?”
“Chicken soup.”

“Was there stuff in my fridge to make chicken soup?” She asked, surprised.

He snorted. “No. There was barely water in your fridge. I had to go to that grocery store
“No he doesn’t,” she tried with a smile.

“I am a Legilimens. He does. And you should talk about your fridge situation. How is it you survive on an empty fridge? Just on frozen dinners and take out?”

“Hey! I make stuff. I just buy it as I go along… plus, I wasn’t here the last few days.”

“Yes. Right.” He turned around and saw she was barely able to stand on her feet properly, hugging the pillar. “Woman, go lie down. I will take this to you in bed.”

“I’m okay.” She didn’t want to be away from him. Merlin knew how long this would last, how long he would stay.

He walked over to her and easily picked her up, as if she were a rag doll and weighed nothing. She couldn’t help but giggle as she held onto his neck and was carried in his arms. He places her in bed. “Stay. I’ll be back.”

He took her soup and bread. She ate a bit alone, but he had to feed her so she would eat a bit more, eat properly. He was a very good cook, she found. The soup was delicious. He then ate at the counter, and she could see him if she lay at the edge of the bed. That she did, to watch him.

He finished and banished the dishes to the sink to do themselves. He walked back into the room and stretched out his hand, as if offering it to help her get up. She looked inquisitively at him and he beckoned her.

“Shower,” he said.

“Oh.” She smiled shyly and took his hand to rise from the bed. He escorted her to her loo.

Hermione sat on the toilet lid to begin unbuttoning her shirt. The dammed rash made her feet sensitive, and that along with the illness and the general feeling of sickness that weighed on her made the act of standing for too long a challenging one.

She unbuttoned the shirt slowly as he watched, arms crossed, by the door. She stopped. “Can you not look?”

He raised a brow. “Will you be able to shower on your own?” He knew very well how all the symptoms could tire one out, and how the rash could make the affected body part ache to the mere touch.

“I… I think I can manage, yes.” She said a bit unconvincingly. He just stood there, eyes fixed on her, waiting for something more or further explanations.

“I just… I really don’t want you to see me like this, rash and spots… you… you used to think that I was at least mildly desirable judging by your actions, and I would like for that not to be ruined.” She wanted to have at least that.

She finished her talking while not looking at him at all, just staring forward to the white tiles on the wall.

Snape took a large stride to her and took her chin in his hand, lifting it up to him. There was not even time for her to see him properly, for his mouth covered hers, and showed her just how desirable he found her still, by kissing her hungrily. She felt a string pulling her stomach down to her core, as if it were the first time he had ever kissed her.
As their lips were still locked, his hand deftly zigzagged the buttons on her shirt, making them all pop open.

“Stop your nonsense, witch, and undress so we can get in the shower,” he said as their lips parted. He then took his shirt off himself.

Surely she did not actually need him to bathe her or even with her, but he would take every opportunity of closeness he could get. He wasn’t sure if they would ever happen again after the illness subsided, and he needed to placate his need of her. Her insecurity provided for the perfect excuse now. It would also serve to show her he still wanted her.

Hermione shyly pulled her trousers off, then her knickers, which she placed in the hamper under the sink, and the shirt he had already unbuttoned. She hung her pajamas and stepped into the shower. He reached in right behind her, and turned it on before unbuckling his belt and taking his denims off to join her.

They both lathered themselves, with the difference that Hermione would lean on him from time to time, especially to be able to soap her legs and feet, but also just to rest her aching feet a bit, her achy body. He let himself be her crutch. Gladly.

He showered quickly enough, not washing his hair – neither of them did – and stepped out before her, leaving her to take support on the glass door for a moment. He summoned a towel from outside the loo. It was when she saw his packed bag at the foot of her bed. It was rather large. Enough to last him the whole weekend, she would say. He really intended on staying. She smiled.

After having dried himself off, summoning pajama trousers he pulled on, he took her towel to involve her with it, helping her step out of the shower. Once she was dry, she sat on the toilet again. He handed her the pajama shirt and she buttoned it on.

“Knickers?” He asked, referring to where he could find fresh ones to fetch for her. But she shook her head. “Oh. Naughty little Gryffindor,” he teased, smirking as he helped her pull her trousers on. She sniggered, gently squeezing the shoulder she took support on. The one marked by ink. The one his scar descended to slightly.

She went back to bed, and he rummaged through his bag, taking out a jar with an oily greenish substance.

“Lift your shirt,” he ordered.

She did, baring all the area that had the marks she so feared would stay, making her more unattractive than nature had already seen fit to. “What is that?”

“To avoid scaring,” he answered as he rubbed it gently all over her stomach and chest.

“Oh? I didn’t know that existed.”

“Ever since I started working for the hospital it does.” He still rubbed.

She smiled. Snape then turned to rub the ointment on her feet. She inadvertently took her hand to his back, caressing him, scratching him lightly as he treated her. He reveled in her soft touch. He was still very scared he had screwed everything up too badly, and that he would not be privy to her… intimacy any longer.

She pulled her feet away from him when it tickled, sniggering, and he smiled gingerly himself, though she could not see it. Snape then put the jar away, went to the loo to wash his hands, and came back to lay beside her, facing her, watching her, craving her, but keeping his hands to
himself.

After what seemed like endless minutes, she put her hand on his waist. “Can I cuddle? I’m still a bit chilly,” said Hermione a bit shyly.

He pulled her to him at once, such relief washing over him, and embraced her with all that he was, his chin resting over her head. No such excuse was needed.

Chapter End Notes

Ironically, I'm a bit sick myself, with spots all over my body, bit feverish, etc. The doctor thinks its just allergies, but I never have had the chicken pox (which is ridiculous at my age) and I'm not sure that vaccine was available when I was young and being vaccinated and all... So if I take a bit longer to post the next chapter, forgive moi. Especially since I don't have a Severus to take care of me. I might get a little down. hahaha.
Hello, folks.

Turns out, yes, it is chicken pox. The first doctor I saw was just a real ass and barely looked at my symptoms. They were weak, and I had very few spots, but I rushed to the ER precisely because I knew I never had had it before, and I had been in contact with a child who was with it. But he didn't listen to me, said I had probably had some silent form of it when I was a child, from being in contact with other children, and just prescribed some medicine which made my stomach ache horribly, and an ointment to apply which made the blisters spread in the speed of light. I had very few on Sunday evening when I saw him, just a little trail down one side of my neck, a few on my scalp, and about 10 on one side of my stomach. Once I applied the allergies ointment, I woke up with my whole scalp, face and neck covered in them, chest and stomach, and they were starting to break out on my back and arms. I looked like Freddy Krueger. So I found a better doctor at the same ER, and he was sweet and listened and prescribed the right things, and after a few days of being horribly sick and in PAIN (doesn't itch that much, but it does hurt), I feel human again, despite still having all the marks (drying up). So I came to deliver a chapter to you.

And unlike what some of you believed, I did not use my symptoms on Hermione! This was written months ago, in August (I just type them up slowly). I am now actually trying to work on chapter 25. So... it was just life being funny, really.

Thank you for your concern and well wishes, and I hope you enjoy this one.

When Hermione woke on Friday and did not feel his arms around her, nor his body against hers, she despaired just a tiny bit. Had it all been a dream? Or had he scared again and fled? But soon she heard the sound of something hissing in the kitchen, and the crackling of a skillet, and she breathed easier. It smelled good too. Eggs and sausage. She felt hungry. So she must be better. But when she tried to stand, she noticed she still did not feel all that well. Her head was heavy and her stomach sensitive. Her feet also still hurt. And she sneezed a lot. Her fever would probably be back in a while – even if milder – and so she would eat while she felt the urge to. Hermione stalked into the kitchen just in time. He was pushing eggs into two plates, and instead of taking hers to her in bed, he need only turn and place it on the counter before her when he saw she was already perched on a barstool.

“Good morning,” Snape bid.

“Good morning.” She smiled.

He made his way around the counter and sat beside her. Before he started to eat, he touched her neck and forehead, checking for a fever. “How do you feel?”

“Better. Hungry.”

“Good,” he smirked. “Eat,” he tapped the counter next to her plate and picked up his fork.
After several minutes of quiet chewing, Hermione spoke. “How much exactly did you spend shopping for me?”

Snape just shrugged as he chewed.

“I need to pay you back. Tell me.”

“Hush woman, and eat.”

After a while, she spoke again. “You are a really good cook. Thank you for this. Taking care of me.”

It still felt uncomfortable, being appreciated. But he did like it. Wanted it, even, from her of course. And yet he felt he was not doing much. Just what he should. What she deserved. What he wished he had had from someone other than a house elf.

“It’s nothing,” he managed to say, and they continued to eat in silence.

A little while after they were done, she began feeling queasy again, and felt she needed to lie down. He fed her the healing potion once more, the dose Healer Grey had said she would be back to provide her with later that day, and he lay down with her. Of course he was in constant contact with Healer Grey, over the phone, every time Hermione was sleeping, to ensure he was doing everything right and that her condition was indeed improving. Her fever was subsiding and the rash and spots receding, though none were completely gone yet. All was as it should be.

Since her head hurt and her stomach was a bit sensitive, Hermione lay quietly beside him, on her side, facing him. He faced her too. And incredibly, he was the one to strike up conversations after long minutes of just staring at each other.

“You got that promotion you wanted, I see. Congratulations.”

She looked at him, surprised. How did he know? Had he really talked to someone as he had offered a few times? Even when he had run away from her? Her heart thumped wildly in her chest to think he had. That could mean so many things…

“How do you know? I haven’t heard anything, since I haven’t been back to work after the trip… so I’m not sure.”

He shrugged nonchalantly. “I just assumed, since you said you were on a work related trip, and had already mentioned those were only given out to people higher up. Or on their way there.”

That was how he tried to prevent giving himself away, because he actually had spoken to Shacklebolt. The Minister was nice enough and had always shown him respect. Besides, he wasn’t too keen on being in anybody’s business, since he had plenty of that to take care of. So he would not care how Snape knew of the situation with Granger or why he cared. And he did care, despite trying hard not to. Shacklebolt would just look into the department and verify if indeed there was unfair treatment. He would make it look like it was just a routine check, so that Hermione’s boss would not think she was crying for help or preferential treatment and make her life harder. The fact that her co-worker fucked up on a trip, and fucked up royally, was just divine providence, to make it all fit perfectly and smoothly. So Snape did know for a fact the promotion was hers. As she deserved.

Hermione did not care if he had or hadn’t talked to anyone. The mere fact he actually listened to what she said and remembered details of it, as he proved with is words just now, was enough to make her heart swell in joy. She smiled.
“But I didn’t even say I was away on a work trip,” she said, her finger teasing at his bare chest.

“Then Grey must have said so,” he tried to cover his own ass again. “Plus, Dragon Pox… you work at the Magical Creatures Department… There are no Dragons in England. Unless you helped your friend Hagrid smuggle one in again. Or decided to pay a visit to a Gringotts vault and free that one… again.”

She sniggered.

“No work again today?” She asked after a few moments of silence.

“No.”

“Won’t St. Mungo’s run low on potions supplies? That is what you do, right?”

“Yes,” he answered after a longish pause. “I supervise idiots who brew batches and batches of what is needed.”

Hermione smiled with her little win. He opened up another piece of himself. “Well then… if they are idiots, all of wizarding Britain will be sick if you keep missing work.”

He slowly took his lips to her ear to whisper “I don’t fucking care about the whole of wizarding Britain. I am where I am needed the most.”

She smiled and wedged her arms around his chest, to hold herself close to him, trying to hold back tears at his words.

After lunch, she felt better again, and wanted to watch the telly, which was in the living room. He begrudgingly agreed to watch with her after he finished cleaning up the kitchen, and while he did the dishes and waved his wand for them to float into their rightful places, she sat in her dad’s recliner and turned on the telly to find a decent movie to watch. He finished the dishes and made his way into the living room, and sat on the sofa.

“No!” She whined despite herself. “Sit here, with me, please,” she said in a more dignified tone.

He huffed and stood, and she sat almost on the arm of the chair to make room for him. He sat on the seat properly, and she slid onto him, and they fell into a comfortable position together. She of course sat mostly on his lap, and she reached over him to pull the chair to recline. There they lay, cuddling, and watching the movie until they drifted into a light sleep.

Hermione woke up a bit chilly, despite being in his arms. The telly was still on, and Snape was still asleep. She lay on him, admiring how peaceful he looked, not finding the courage to get up and fetch a blanket, for it would disturb his sleep. She didn’t have the strength to do so either. Nor was her wand on her, to summon one. So she just lay there, looking at him, and her hand wandered from his chest, up to his shoulder, up to his thick and angry scar, which she traced from end to end up, then down, and her hand slid slowly down his arm, as she absently traced his tattoo. The head of the dragon. The head of the black panther. Its fierce and angry snout. The dragon’s body, wrapped around the panther’s, the panther’s black paws trying to tear at it, claws out. She then came to his forearm, to the inner side of it, where the dragon’s tail ended… in the skull and
serpent that had terrorized her sleep many nights, and many of her days as well.

Her eyes had followed her tracing fingers, and she saw his hand clenched into a fist. She looked up to find the dark pools that were his eyes piercing hers. She quickly pulled her hand back, tucking it in between her legs.

“I’m sorry. I know you don’t like it when I… touch it. I shouldn’t have.”

But there was no anger in his eyes. Perhaps a touch of worry. Regret. Something she couldn’t quite put her finger on.

She tucked her head on the curve of his neck and shoulder, trying to ride out the awkward silence.

“It’s me. Fighting my masters.”

“What?” She looked up at him, a bit confused.

“The tat. You wanted to know what it represents?” She just nodded slowly. “The panther is me. The dragon represents the masters I struggled to get away from.”

She smiled shyly and traced the panther again. She could see it. Black panther, his jet black hair. Strong and fierce, like him. It was a good representation of him. Excellent. She then traced the dragon wrapped around his arm.

“It’s a great tattoo. You really do look like a panther. But… why is the panther still struggling to free itself? You are already free.”

He sighed. “If only it were that simple,” he said under his breath.

She didn’t quite catch it. She was distracted, tracing the tat, rejoicing in the fact he had opened up and allowed her to touch it. Plus, her fever and sneezing had made her ears slightly plugged.

“Huh?” She asked, shifting her gaze to his again. He managed to curl his lips upward slightly, in an almost shy smile.

“And what would you have me mark my body with? Just a panther running free? It wouldn’t make as nice a tattoo.” He said more audibly.

She sniggered. “Well, you are right in that.”

The rest of the evening was pretty much the same as before. Except she felt better and had more of an appetite. So instead of soup, he made her spaghetti Bolognese. And she managed to help him by chopping ingredients for the sauce.

She felt well enough to shower on her own as well. So he respected her space and just hung around the bathroom door, in case she needed him. The truth was he was a bit fearful that she had taken advantage of the fact he was there and willing to help while she was sick, but that as soon as she was completely healthy again, she would remember what he did – or better yet, what he did not say – and wouldn’t forgive him. Would kick him out. She was also fearful, that he was only pitying her because she had no one to care for her and help her, and that once she did not need it anymore, he would leave and she would never see this side of him, so nurturing and open, or any side of him,
ever again.

He showered after fetching her some fresh pajamas. Afterwards, he rubbed the ointment he had the previous night, on her marks and rash, which had significantly faded already. They then fell asleep quickly, once again in each other’s arms.

The sun hadn’t even risen yet. It was probably about 4 a.m. and Hermione woke. They had gone to sleep really early. And she was feeling kind of hot. In more ways than one. Her fever had definitely broken, and the pajamas she had on were not appropriate for spring. They were too warm. She felt good. Really good. Like herself again. And she needed him, so much. So much.

Before he up and left her alone again. But he wouldn’t leave so early in the morning, while it was still dark out. Would he?

She once again traced his tat as he slept, the memory of how open he had been and how he finally had told her what his ink represented causing her to smile. Her hands traveled up his arm, to his shoulder, then down his chest, tracing some of the scars that marred his body.

“Granger,” he uttered in a sleepy voice, eyes still half closed. “You okay?”

“Yes.” She smiled sheepishly. “Like myself again.”

His hand came to feel her neck, eyes still heavy with sleep. “You feel a bit warm.”

“I can assure you that is not a fever,” she said and his eyes widened as he woke up properly and raised an eyebrow to her.

“Let me show you just how well I feel,” she whispered, hoping to God that he would not reject her as her hand snaked behind his neck and pulled his lips to hers. He let himself be pulled, but took over control of the kiss, his large hand holding her cheek and his tongue invading her mouth. He wanted her too. He had two weeks’ worth of want pent up inside him. He had missed her, though he wouldn’t admit to it.

Heat rose up in her and she began to undo the buttons of her pajama shirt. He managed to pry away from her lips and as he traced it, her buttons popped open effortlessly. His hand immediately found a breast and palmed it as his lips claimed hers again.

After a long, breathtaking kiss, his lips parted from hers, causing her to whimper, and they immediately latched onto one of her breasts, the one closest to him, as his hand palmed the other. He sucked on her nipple, making both of them pert instantly. Excitement pulled at her core and a shiver ran down her spine as she moaned ever so sweetly. His tongue traced her areola, his finger mimicking the movement on her other breast, and she arched her back. He then caught her hard nipple in between his teeth, gently, as his thumb and index finger rolled on the other, and she hissed in delight. Delight not only in his movements, but at the fact that the light marks that still tainted her otherwise porcelain skin did not seem to repulse him in the slightest. He kissed her breast, suckled on it, rolling his tongue on her areola, making her go insane. If he would just touch her center, she could come so easily…
She finally couldn’t take it any longer, and managed to lower her pajama trousers a bit, below her buttocks, then kicked them off the rest of the way. She moaned and breathed heavily as she did, his lips still pulling that invisible line that connected her core to her tits. She spread her legs wide, and just the feeling of having her cunt thus exposed excited her even more. She took her hand to her quim, eager for friction, but only managed to graze her labia before he grabbed her wrist and took her hand away. She was so wet it oozed out of her, she could feel it, spreading all over her pussy and down her inner thighs all on its own. Her fingers glistened with it. He took her fingers to his lips and sucked them clean. She moaned, whined, pleadingly.

He planted small kisses on her collarbone, neck, then nipped her ear, all while still holding her hand, preventing her from sticking her fingers in her wet, sticky pussy, from rubbing her sweet little clit like she desperately wanted to.

“What is your rush, witch?” he rumbled in her ear. “I am here all weekend.”

Her heart filled with warmth at those words. So he would stay. He would stay.

He nipped her ear again. “Lay back and enjoy the ride,” he whispered. That only made her crave his long fingers rubbing her clit even more.

He did touch her, finally. But his fingers were light, only grazing her inner thigh, her outer labia, her mound. She bucked her hips, trying to get him to touch her more, but he remained calmly teasing her while he kissed her neck, her cheeks, sucked on her lips.

Until suddenly his hand was covering her pussy completely, and his middle and ring fingers sank into her folds as the heel of his hand rubbed her swollen clit slowly, gently, fingers pushing in and out of her. She exhaled loudly in relief of finally being touched.

“Oh fuck yes,” she let out, she salivated so much she almost drooled. And she was so fucking wet, his fingers made a slushing sound as they slowly fucked her.

“Does this feel good?” he asked in a naughty rumble.

She just nodded, swallowing her own saliva and then biting her lips. She reached for his cock in his black sweatpants. It was hard, and she needed only pull on the waistband for his tip to poke out. She stroked him as well as she could, as the rhythm of his fingers fucking her and the heel of his hand hitting her clit increased and made her lose focus.

“It doesn’t feel as good as your cock, though,” she uttered breathlessly.

Snape smirked. “All in due time.”

He thrust harder, his palm tapping her clit fast and hard, his flexed digits hitting that spongy spot inside her only he could ever find, all making her roll her eyes into her head and brace herself on the headboard, then on his arm, holding the dragon and the panther’s tails, trying to pull him away from her because it was so fucking good and so fucking fast, she felt like she might explode.

Before she could even exhale properly, her body was exploding in sweet sensations as every muscle of hers tensed, and her pussy trapped his fingers in her, releasing so much of her essence she wet his hand and her inner thighs.

He slowly pulled away from her sensitive, swollen bits, and his fingers came to trace her lips slowly. She parted them as she tried to catch her breath, and took his fingers inside, sucking them, tasting herself.
“Are you sure you are completely recovered?” He asked, still in a naughty and teasing tone.

“Yes,” she breathed.

“Can you take my cock pounding your tight little pussy hard?” He asked in a whisper next to her ear.

“Oh fuck yes. Please.”

He pulled off his sleeping trousers and placed himself in between her legs. He held her knees to her shoulders, spreading her wide open, admiring her swollen pinkness calling to him. Her eyes too pleaded him to fill her up, and that he did, slowly, making her quiver with every inch of his cock, due to sensitivity and desire.

He rolled his hips, gingerly, still holding her legs up.

“Oh, bloody hell, Snape…” she moaned. “Uhhhhmm. You’re gonna kill me. Just fuck me hard. Please. Slam your delicious cock into me,” she pleaded, trying to grab at his sides as he rocked into her.

He smirked and heeded her request, increasing his speed exponentially until it quickly hit the right speed that made her hips roll desperately against his involuntarily. He leaned down, her ankles on his shoulders, and he mauled her lips, nipping her lower one when they parted. She whimpered and whined as desperately as her hips bucked into his. Fast. And hard. Just as hard as he piston into her. His thumb added to the sensations when it frantically rubbed her slick, protuberant clit, making her legs tremble, one on his shoulder, the other in his grip next to his hip.

“Fffuuuck… oh fffuuck!” She screamed, once again trying to pull his hand away because he was making her hurt in the most marvelous way. But he kept strong, pounding and rubbing her fast until she went blind and hoarse with pleasure, milking his cock into limpness in the process.

He pulled out of her and as she tried to recover, he spread her juices all around her, making her quicken limply at his touch. His hungry and caressing fingers lowered to her bumhole, and as he circled it, he murmured a cleansing spell. He spread her juices to it, and gently sank a fingertip into her puckered hole.

“Snape,” she panted. “What are you doing?”

He wasn’t done with her yet. No. How could he be, when his mind – and his cock – was on her – throbbed for her – craving her and nothing but her for two whole weeks?

“I… am going to eat you sweet little pussy and your tight little arse until you squirt all over my face.”

“Oh no, no, I can’t,” She said in a hushed and tired tone, but his mere words made a surge of energy run through her. It seemed her body did crave more.

He paid her words no heed and soon his face was buried between her thighs as he sucked on her folds and dipped his tongue into her pussy hungrily, like he got to have seconds in pudding. Her legs threatened to pin his head, but he held her open and wide as his tongue descended to her bum and thrust in and out of her there too. She arched her back and gripped the pillow case of the pillow that supported her head. Again he sucked on her folds, on her whole pussy, his tongue sinking into her as his nose rubbed on her large sensitive clit. Then he sucked on said bud, making her holler in pleasure and pain, and start to roll her hips towards him once again. She had no choice.
Her hand, the one not grabbing at the pillows and almost ripping them apart, came to her mound, to spread herself even more, lure out her clit as much as it would rear itself, so he could lick her blind, but his hand took hers, their fingers intertwined, and it was his hand she squeezed as he licked her nub at just the right pace.

He went back and forth between sucking her pussy and her arse, and licking and sucking her clit, never letting go of her hand as his other hand hooked around her thigh, until her legs trembled and her hips bucked so hard that her pussy exploded once again, this time on his face, and not as much as before. He happily drank it all the same, as he sucked more waves of pleasure out of her.

He rose from her core and knelt in the bed in between her legs. She looked at him, hazy trying to bite her tongue so she would not say what had scared him away last time. But it pounded in her chest nonetheless. The truth was he wanted to hear it again, despite not intending on saying it back. He had never heard it before, ever. He wanted to know if it was true. It was selfish of him, yes. Especially since he did not know if he would ever be able to say it to her. He didn’t know if he was capable of feeling it properly. He was never taught how. And for couples to work, there could be no secrets. And his would drive her away. He would not have his heart torn like that ever again.

As she watched him sitting between her legs, she could see he was getting hard again.

“Bloody hell, Snape,” she smirked and licked her lips as she gazed at his half hard mast, almost pointing skyward.

“What are you going to do about it?” He asked, a mischievous smirk on his face.

“Whatever the fuck you want me to do. How can I say no to that delicious cock? And after you made me come so fucking hard, three times. I have never… that has got to be some kind of record.”

“Well, we’re going to break it right now. Turn around and let me see that delicious arse of yours.”

That she did, slowly, until she was lying on her belly and wagging her bum to him, looking over her shoulder and smiling.

He spread her cheeks and after pumping his cock a few times, to get it harder, he plunged it into her sweet pussy, made even tighter by that position. He groaned rather uncomposedly as she braced herself on the covers, gripping them.

He pushed in… and out, slowly at first, as he used his thumb to play with her puckered hole. Hermione’s grip did not loosen on the covers as her cheek pressed up and down against them with his movements. He was making her pleasure mount yet again. All this hunger for her… could it mean… he missed her?

But he had no more self-control to fuck her slowly. So his hips, almost of their own accord, started to buck into her, pushing her into the mattress, the mattress bouncing her back onto his cock. She also pushed back onto him herself.

Snape smacked her ass cheeks a few times as he pounded her, which only made her hornier, her breathing heavier, and her ass pushed back onto his cock harder as she gripped the covers and whimpered, moaned, hollered. He gripped her waist, pulling her to him, then her shoulders, fucking her faster, harder, like she pleaded him to. He grazed his teeth on her back and shoulders as he fucked her, then hooked his tattooed arm around her neck, pressing his body against hers completely as they moved in synchrony. His parted lips rested on her cheek, him breathing heavily
against it, grazing his teeth on it at times, and his hair curtained down on both their faces as its tie had slipped off somewhere along the way. Hermione thoroughly enjoyed being pounded this roughly and verbally expressed it consistently, though it came out mostly in incoherent mumbling. She only wished she could reach her clit and rub it. She wanted to so badly. As crazy as it seemed, she needed to come…. Again, and if her clit was rubbed as fast and hard as he fucked her, she would definitely come so fast.

Still, she did come. She didn’t think it would be as hard as it was, but it was magnificent. He came with her, filling her quim for a second time, then crashing down onto the bed beside her. It took both a long while to catch their breaths.

“I think you need to take me to the hospital again,” she said as she still lay on her stomach, head turned to him, and smiled.

“And why is that?” He smirked. But it was softer, and could almost be mistaken for a smile.

“Well, for one, I don’t think I can walk.” She sniggered.

“And do you wish to treat that ailment, or to rub it in?” He asked as he pushed her hair back from her cheeks.

She furrowed her brow. “What do you mean?”

There was a moment of silence as he gazed at her with soft eyes, unlike she had ever seen on his features. “Alice told me you were… somewhat jealous of her? Asking if we had anything.”

“Oh… I knew she had snitched on me.” Hermione’s smile faded, as did some of the delight in her eyes. “Well… do you? Or did you? Have something with her?” Her questions came in an insecure tone.

“No. I had told you already there was nothing between us.” He would not remind her that she had said she trusted him, because he certainly had not done enough to deserve that trust. “I have all the pussy I need and can handle right here,” he said smirking, tracing his long digits down her crack. She sniggered and smacked his arm, turning to lie on her side. Those weren’t exactly sweet, romantic words, but it was the closest he had ever come to saying he was just hers. She would take it… for now.

“Did you only come here because Healer Grey told you to?” She asked seriously.

“No. She bid me no such thing.”

“Were you… worried about me?”

He clenched his jaw. It was so hard for him to confess to such feelings… what if he opened up, made himself vulnerable, and then she left… Oh she will leave, have no doubt. But then he remembered Alice said she had cried. She had cried right there in front of him as well, when he arrived. He did not want to be the reason she cried. “I was, yes.”

Her smile returned, and his heart beat easier.

“And… did you mean what you said, that you would stay all weekend, even though I’m better?” She had pulled herself closer to him and spoke to his chest, tracing lines on it. Abashed she was.

“Yes. Unless you kick me out.” He took his hand to caress her hair.
“Good,” she said, then bit her tongue to not say what she longed to say and what he stubbornly longed to hear, in fear he would run again. *Just pretend it never happened.*

She cuddled closer to him, burying her face on his chest as he wrapped his arm around her, after lifting her leg to rest on his hips. And as the sun shyly began to show itself on that fine Saturday morning, they went back to sleep in each other’s arms.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

I'm making a bit of a mess out of "ass" and "arse", but the general idea is that when
they are talking and or more directly thinking it, it's British. When it's the narrator
(me!) saying it, it's ass. Cause arse is weird for me, but now I also find it weird for
them to say ASS. I just hear it so American in my mind, it makes me laugh to picture
Alan Rickman saying it.
Anyway, it just bothered me while I was editing, so I shared.

He did stay for the whole weekend, up to Sunday evening. He only went home because he had no
clean clothes to wear to work the next day. And Hermione was healed and well on her feet. There
was no need for him to dote on her any longer, though she really had enjoyed it.

He asked if he could come back again, some night during the week. He was afraid she
wouldn’t have forgiven what he did, his disappearing act, especially since he didn’t actually make
up for it. He was afraid she wouldn’t be able to keep seeing him due to his emotional handicap. He
could not say what she probably wanted to hear. Maybe she doesn’t even want to hear it. Not
anymore. Don’t flatter yourself. He had, except for the small acknowledgment upon his arrival on
Thursday, pretended it never happened, to add insult to injury.

Hermione let it go, though. She figured it was better to have some piece of him than
nothing at all. Besides, the way he had stopped his entire life to take care of her, be by her side, the
way he had kissed her when he came back… the words he had said. They showed he cared, at
some level. Maybe he would get to her level someday. She needed to be patient. And she didn’t
want to be the bitch who held a grudge and did not forgive. She did still love him, despite
everything. And he had had enough of that in his life. Not being forgiven, that is.

So he came back, and they fell into their old routine. Twice a week he stayed over. Except
now he did not rush as much to get home on the weekend. He even took her back to his cottage
once more, and they had as much fun as they had had the first time. On that first week though, she
learned that she had indeed gotten the promotion, something he already knew. She wondered about
that, but didn’t ask anything. She was probably being too dreamy, thinking he would have done
something like that for her, after running away from her, and without her asking him to do it. To
celebrate, he cooked her dinner, and then they had a mind blowing shag-a-thon again. He did run
out on her on one of the nights he had stayed over, out of the blue again, but that same night, after
she had cried herself to sleep, she felt the mattress moving under his weight in the dead of night. As
if he had known that she had cried – perhaps her face was still puffy – he apologized profusely,
kissing her passionately. He stayed the rest of the night, spooning her as they slept. Still, he gave
no explanation as to where he had gone and why he had to rush out.

Three weeks passed. It was a Friday, and they were having dinner. He had cooked for her
again, and they both were already in their pajamas as they ate. It was when she finally plucked up
the courage to ask him.

“Are you… going to the gala next week?”
There was a ball now once a year at Hogwarts, to celebrate the end of the war, to pay homage to the heroes, things like that. He had not been last year, even though the Ministry sort of politely forced every key fighter in the war to go. It was good press, showed things were happy and safe. She had gone to that first one just to help Kingsley out, but it turned out to be fun, after all the speeches and bullshit formalities were done with. She had danced the night away with her friends and gotten pissed. Now, for the second one, she was hoping she could somehow go with him. It was supposed to have taken place on May 2\textsuperscript{nd}, of course, but that would disrupt the students. So they pushed it back to when they would be out for the summer.

“Unlikely,” he snorted.

“I was hoping to go… and I… would like you to go too.”

He raised an eyebrow at her.

“We don’t have to go together. Just, you know… meet there. Casually talk. No one would be the wiser,” she tried.

There was silence. “I do not feel comfortable with the press, and being expected to give a speech…”

“You won’t! That was last year, with it being the first one and orders of Merlin being handed out…” he didn’t even go to accept his Order of Merlin, why would he go for you? “I expect this year to be less… formal and boring.” She smiled shyly.

“Hmmm.” Was all he said as he chewed his risotto.

“Will you?”

“What?”

“Go.”

“I will… think about it.”

“Please do. You deserve it. Praise and recognition. And to have a bit of fun.” Again she tried to encourage him with a smile. He said nothing and just chewed.

The day of the ball arrived and she had not gotten a straight answer from him. She did not know if he was going to show or not, and she didn’t want to push him too much and annoy him. But she very much hoped he would turn up.

She chose her dress and hairdo with that hope in mind. Not that she would go looking like rubbish if him going wasn’t even a possibility, but having him on her mind made her take extra time and care. She wanted to be a knockout, make him see he could be proud to be seen in public with her. She still didn’t know what all the secrecy was about. She wasn’t sure if he was embarrassed of her, but if it was that, she wanted it to end tonight. Hermione also planned on getting a dance with him, one way or another. No big deal in a former student asking a teacher who she had not seen in a long time and who had had a hand in saving her life for a dance. She was a bit chummy with every other teacher, why not try to be friendly with him? But could he even dance? Well, if he learned to play piano to fit in with the snobs, certainly dancing must have been a part of the program.
She apprised to the Hogwarts gates and made her way inside. It looked much like a muggle award show, the long path up to the Castle doors, lined with carpet, as to not get all the gowns and dress robes filthy, and photographers and reporters everywhere, blinding them with the flashes of their cameras. There were those who liked the limelight and the attention, and therefore gave interviews. Hermione was not one of them. She would open an exception for Luna if she ever wished it, but Luna would never ask such a thing, not to talk about the war or Hermione’s personal life. Hermione did pose for some pictures that night, though, unlike the previous year when she walked straight through. People only managed to get a good picture of her inside, with the boys. She posed today because she was feeling pretty damn sexy. That was not an everyday occurrence. The photographers who screamed for her attention told her as much, but the ultimate test would be… well, she didn’t even know if there would be one.

She made her way inside, past the Entrance Hall, where a few people still stood, talking, waiting for someone or other, having a drink. She of course looked for him – and for her friends, but mostly for him – but he was not to be seen there. So she moved on to the Great Hall, where the party really was. Again she looked around, but all she found was Harry, Ginny, Lavender and Won-Won at the bar, waving her over.

“Damn, Hermione, you look hot,” Ginny said.

“You really do,” Harry grinned, looking her up and down. Ron could not say anything because Lavender was giving him the cold eye. Still, he could not help but gape at her. Hermione smiled. Her effort had been recognized. Good.

“Thanks, guys.”

She ordered a drink and joined them in waiting for the event to start. People were just walking around, talking, getting reacquainted, waiting for everyone to arrive. The Hall was beautifully decorated, all in black and white. The large house tables were nowhere to be seen, giving room to small cocktail tables, a dancefloor, and a stage for the band and whatnot, where the Head Table would have been. Luna and Neville joined them at one point, and both complimented her as well.

“So, still shagging that mysterious superman who always makes you get off?” Ginny asked in a whisper when the other’s conversation got loud enough that they wouldn’t notice.

Hermione choked on the drink she was sipping, as Ginny grinned.

“Yes… yes,” she answered shyly.

“So… it’s serious? It has been long enough for it to be. When will we meet him?”

“I… I don’t know.” She was feeling rather bad about the situation now. But a generalized silence seemed to befall the room, then, murmuring ran through it, interrupting them. The friends looked at each other in confusion until the information finally reached them, through Harry’s lips.

“Seems that Snape showed up, and is walking up right now.”

Hermione’s heart skipped a beat as she tried to prevent the excitement from reaching her face.

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He rushed up past the gates, trying to avoid the photographers as much as possible. He had hoped that by arriving late he could avoid them, but the vultures still hung around. Of course. Plagues could not be easily avoided. He heard the wave of whispers that past him faster than he walked, up towards the castle, and it would certainly arrive there before he did. He shouldn’t have come to this damned thing.

But he had to. She had asked. It wasn’t such a hard task. He had already hurt her once, majorly, and though she seemed to have forgiven and forgotten, he could not take chances. Forgiveness did not come easy, he knew well, and he didn’t know if she would have it in her to give it to him a second time.

He cared for the chit. He could not deny it any longer. She had sucked him in. But he would only stay in this event long enough so she could see him, see he went, see he cared, and hopefully the rest could be made up to her later that night.

He stepped into the Great Hall, and there seemed to be a split second of silence as they all looked to him. Then they were decent enough to just carry on.

Snape was looking around, discretely looking for her, to get out of there swiftly. But he could not find her. Had she given up on going, thinking he wouldn’t? He would have to find Potter then, to confirm.

Slughorn approached him and started yapping. The old goat really did like a party. And some famous faces would get him off his retired arse quickly enough. Snape made conversation with the old man. He had been his teacher after all. A tray floated by and he took a glass of scotch and downed half of it at once as he listened to the man yap away. He would only talk whenever he could get a word in edgewise, or was required to. At least he was being pleasant, and had cared enough to come up to him, unlike the rest of the whispering morons that surrounded him.

Still, his eyes would wander, looking for a certain feisty Gryffindor. And that he saw. Minerva McGonagall, hasting her steps to come to him. Oh lord, he would be kept there longer than he would like. As he consigned to his fate and watched Minerva come his way, holding up her skirts slightly, he saw as she passed by someone at the bar who stared at him intently. He did a discrete double take. Granger. A grunt caught in his throat.

She looked… fucking hell. He wished he could go up to her and wrap her around him right now. She wore a black tulle gown, with a plunging V neckline. That marvelous chest, those marvelous tits, teasing an escape from under the fabric, beckoning him. There was that grunt again, deep in his chest, wishing to escape. The fabric was beaded, some scattered yet well placed silver that ran down the two strips of cloth that covered her down to the waist. The beading grew closer together down at the end, spilling a bit down past the waistline. Her hair was half up, half down, in long, wide, smooth curls. And she looked almost innocent, were it not for the glint in her eyes he knew so very well. And that dress. Sweet Circe.

She turned around to place her empty glass on the bar and he could see the dress was opened-back. That soft, porcelain skin of hers, which he had licked, and bit, and pressed to his marred chest, all exposed for everyone to see. When she turned back around, her slightly puffy skirt moved in such a way that the thigh-high slit he had not known was there revealed her soft, gorgeous leg, black pump at her foot, a strap securing it around her ankle, covered in stones.
It made him jealous. That much of her, exposed for the dimwits in there to see. But it also made him proud. It was he who sucked on those glossy, pink lips, and those marvelous tits, which wanted to burst out from their prison. He wanted nothing more than to free them, with his teeth. It was around him that those legs wrapped, be it closing in on his cheeks as he feasted on what the dress did hide, be it around his hips or waist, nudging him further into her, begging him to piston faster, harder. Either way, those legs were always trembling in desire. The bare back, that soft skin he would kiss, nip, smell, as he buried himself into her, pinning her to the bed. And she couldn’t take her eyes off of him either, as she talked to her friends. These idiots could ogle her all they wanted. He was the only one to touch her. *Mine.*

“…Severus?” Minerva had been talking to him already and he hadn’t even noticed. “…could at least have the decency to answer me when I bid you hello.”

“Hello, Minerva,” he drawled. “Forgive me.”

“What brings you by?”

“I was under the impression I was invited.”

“Of course you are. But you were last year as well and that and an Order of Merlin 1st class apparently weren’t enough to get you here.

“Well, I had no plans this evening,” he smirked as he sipped his scotch.

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When he walked in the whole room stopped for a moment, but Hermione had already been holding her breath, waiting for a few minutes. She exhaled when she saw him, and hoped her friends did not notice. He looked fucking gorgeous in his dress robes, jet black as his hair, white shirt, black bow tie. For a moment she was worried he would show up in his old faithful frockcoat. Good thing he didn’t, because he looked so handsome in the dress robes, his hair pulled back. They would make a charming couple, if she could walk arm in arm with him. She hoped she would at least get the dance she wanted, somehow.

“Oh wow, look at him!” Ginny said. “The years have certainly done him well.”

Hermione was feeling a bit of pride and happiness at that comment when Ron’s voice cut in.

“What is that old git doing here anyway?”

Everyone, except for Lavender, looked at him indignantly and reproachfully, but Hermione was the one to speak up, pure rage boiling in her.

“He has as much right to be here as you do. If not more.”

“What are you going on about?”

“Well, I don’t know, Ron,” Hermione uttered scornfully. “How about the fact he did no jump ship for one moment, and fucking endured horrible things without ever whining about it or bragging of it afterwards?”
“Hey!” Lavender stared at Hermione angrily.

“No, both of you, shut the fuck up. You wouldn’t even be alive if it weren’t for him being headmaster, Lavender. You think you would have endured the Carrows or any other psychopath Voldemort put here if he wasn’t there doing his damned best?” She said it all angrily, exasperated, but in a hushed, controlled manner. The chatter and low music made it imperceptible to anyone else.

“And you, Won-Won, I won’t even list the shit he got you, us, out of for six fucking years. And never did he ask for credit or recognition. Always done quietly, in the shadows, while enduring everyone’s hate and judgement. And now you complain because he showed up to a gala to have a bit of fun, perhaps get a small bit of much deserved praise?”

They both remained quiet, with bitter scowls, and Ginny and Harry snorted, holding back chuckles at the pair’s faces and at how Hermione had put them in their places.

Hermione then noticed he had finally spotted her, and try as he may, he could not keep his eyes from her. The dress had definitely paid off, then. She kept eyeing him as conversation continued amongst her friends.

“He always did have a white aura about him. It made me sure he was on our side,” Luna said dreamily. “I thought it was quite obvious and perceptible to everyone.”

“It really wasn’t, darling,” Neville said. “Still, his rigid methods did get me to learn potions, and made it possible for me to be as close as I am to being a Herbology master.”

“I think I’ll go talk to him,” Harry said. That made Hermione break eye contact with him and pay attention to Harry.

“What?”

“He disappeared after he was released from the hospital and I never really got to... you know, talk to him, try to mend fences, thank him. He did look out for me, despite everything, and well... he did love my mum.” That stung Hermione right through the heart. “Maybe someday, if we can get friendly, he can tell me a bit more about her as a kid or something.”

“I think that is a great idea, Harry,” Ginny said and rubbed her fiancé’s arm.

Hermione placed her glass on the bar and turned to gaze at him again. Could he still love, truly, Lilly Potter, and only her? Is that why he didn’t open up to her? But he had, he had opened so much already. You just keep wanting more and more.

“Okay, I just need to pluck up some courage. He is still pretty damn intimidating.”

“I’ll go with you,” Ginny said.

“I will too. I want to talk to him as well, make him feel welcomed, maybe,” Hermione said, “Instead of just gawking at him from afar as most are doing.”

“Okay then,” Harry offered one arm to each of the girls, “let’s go.”

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Minerva was saying something about him saying a few words up on the stage.

“Absolutely not.” This is precisely why he shouldn’t have come.

“You were the only one who did not speak last year, that did not even show up…”

“And there were many reasons for that. Chief of them being not having to speak to a crowd of halfwits.”

“Severus!”

“No. I will be going soon anyway.”

“Why?”

“Because you are badgering me to make a bloody speech, that’s why.”

Oh bloody fuck, Granger was coming his way. Alongside Potter and the she-Weasley. The way she moved… That dress… the slit revealing her leg with every step. *You will not get an erection in the company of Horace and Minerva. You will not get an erection in the company of Horace and Minerva. You will control yourself. You are not a bloody teenager.*

“Severus!”

“Minerva, no.”

And there she was, right next to him. Her smell, divine. He wanted to bury his nose in her hair. Other parts of his body in other parts of hers. *Fuck, fuck.* She smiled a bit cheekily to him. He spied her hand in Potters arm and raised a jealous, warning eyebrow. She held on tighter, and her eyes seemed to say ‘this could be you, if you wanted it to be.’ Fucking hell.

“Professors,” Harry said with a nod, and the girls smiled to all of them too.

“Hermione, dear,” McGonagall started, “I hadn’t seen you had arrived.” She took her in an embrace, being the only former pupil she hadn’t said hello to yet. “You look stunning, dear!” She said as she let go.

“Thank you, professor,” Hermione smiled shyly.

“Oh, pish, I’ve told you, none of that Professor nonsense. Minerva, please.”

“It just feels very awkward to not refer to you all as professors.”

Snape scoffed. The irony. The things she had said to him, in bed, while he had his raging erection inside her… asking him to fuck her in so many ways… awkward to not call him by a title. *Really, Granger?*

Everyone looked at him. “Oh, I’m sorry. Have I offended someone?” He drawled sarcastically, then sipped his scotch, unfazed.

“Professor Snape, nice to see you here,” Harry tried. “We missed you last time.”

“I very much doubt you did. But thank you, Potter.” He had to try to be nice to her friends. “Miss Weasley, *Miss* Granger… both looking… lovely.”

“Thank you, professor,” Ginny said. Hermione just blushed as he looked her up and down,
hardly even looking at Ginny as he said it.

“Snape is fine. I am no longer a professor.”

“I was just trying to convince Severus here to say a few words. Maybe you can talk some sense into him, Potter.”

This time, Harry scoffed. “If you were unable to convince him, I very much doubt I can,” he grinned.

“I don’t think Professor Snape should be coerced into doing anything he doesn’t want to. We want him to come back, don’t we?” Hermione smiled.

“Certainly.” Minerva said. “He says he will leave soon otherwise.”

“Already?” Hermione couldn’t help but exclaim. Snape just raised a brow.

“Well, I know when I’m beaten. I should go get the festivities started. At least come up front, Severus, to a place of honor.”

“Actually, I would like to talk to Prof... to Snape for a moment, if that’s okay,” Harry said.

“Very well,” Minerva said. “Come Horace, let’s leave them to it.” She pulled him away. The old man of course had stood there all this time, loving celebrities as he did.

“What is it, Potter?” Snape asked as his former colleagues left.

“I would just like to say thank you, you know, for everything, since I didn’t have the chance to before… And that I hope that going forward, we can have a… well, some sort of decent relationship. I think… I think my mum would have liked it.”

Snape was taken aback for a moment. He then just quietly nodded once.

The lights were dimmed. The headmistress and the Minister would probably give their speeches now.

“Right then, shall we go up to the front?” Harry asked.

“I am fine right here,” Snape said.

“Then I guess we will see you later?”

Snape shrugged.

“Right then. I hope you do enjoy yourself.” Harry turned to leave.

“See you later, Snape,” Ginny grinned.

Hermione was hoping to have a moment alone with him, but Ginny stood a little way behind her, waiting for her. And still, he looked her up and down, eye-fucking her. She liked it very much.

“See you, Snape.” She said shyly, and left with Ginny.
Hermione was bored. Shacklebolt kept going on about the feats of everyone and how hard the war was. And all she thought of was how she wanted to find Snape and make sure he did not leave. She still had a dance with him. She needed it. The not knowing if he had already left or not was anguishing her completely. And the damned speeches wouldn’t end.

“I’m going to the loo,” she whispered to Ginny and Luna, and turned to quickly make her way through the attentive crowd that stood on the dancefloor and around the high cocktail tables that framed it. She discretely made her way to the back, where he had been. There, they would be able to talk in privacy, since everyone faced the front of the hall, including the few – very few – reporters with credentials.

But she arrived at the back and he was nowhere to be seen. Had he left? She faced the Great Hall again and tried to spot him in the crowd. She was too short to see much past the few people that hushedly exchanged some words in the back.

And then she felt his silky voice in her ear, wet lips pressed to the rim of it. “Meet me out in the halls, gorgeous,” he rumbled as light fingers glided over her thigh, exposed by the slit in her dress.

Just as she quivered and excitement pulled at her core, the hand was gone. She quickly turned around and he was not there anymore.

She stepped out into the Entrance hall. No one there. The doors to the outside were closed. Certainly reporters would still be there, waiting for the end of the night. She looked to the sides. Nothing. Would he have gone up the stairs? Or down? She decided to walk a bit down the hall at that level, which stretched along the stairs. There wasn’t much there, just the loo and some unused classrooms – at least in her days - but maybe that was the point. No one would go there.

She walked and walked, and did not see him. She was about to turn back and try going down the stairs, to where he so often was when he taught there, when she was pulled into a nook behind a tapestry. She only felt as she crossed the barrier of a muffliato spell and then there was no time to see or say anything. Hungry lips were covering hers, and a large, tall body pressed hers to the stone wall. She wouldn’t be able to see much even if she hadn’t been attacked, in that dark nook. But she recognized his taste, how their bodies fit comfortably together, his smell, and she gave in to it. He pulled her leg through the slit and hooked it behind him. His hand then slid up to her waist, pulling her closer. His other hand held her cheek, as his lips ravaged hers. Both her hands were cupping his face, pulling him to her.

They finally parted and he rested his forehead on hers. “You look stunning, Granger,” he panted.

“You like?” She smiled. “You don’t look too bad yourself.”

He let a low growl escape his throat. “Like? I’ve been fighting an erection just watching you. What I don’t like is that half of that ballroom is doing the same.”

She smiled, caressing his cheeks. “They can all look, but you’re the only one who can touch me, whenever and wherever.”

He liked hearing her say it. Confirm his earlier thoughts. He liked it so much that even in
the shadows of that nook, she could see his ebony eyes glistening.

“Yes…” he breathed as he nuzzled her neck and took in her smell. “Mine,” he growled against her cheek, against the corner of her mouth, before taking her lips with his again. Her heart pounded hard and fast in her chest at his words, and her lips hungrily responded to his kisses.

Suddenly, she felt the hand that held her right cheek, his left hand, flinch, then let go of her and clench as his lips pulled away from hers. He pounded his clenched fist on the wall behind her, next to her head, and gritted his teeth.

“Fuck,” he snarled.

“Snape, what is it?”

He managed to soften his features to look at her, though she could see it wasn’t so easy to. He still felt uncomfortable for some reason. Like he was in some pain.

“I need to go,” he said, and pecked her lips, lightly caressing her cheek.


“I’ll meet you later? Back at your place? Wait for me,” he said as he pulled away and was heading to pull the tapestry open. “And do not take that dress off. I want to do that.” He yanked the tapestry away and vanished behind it.

She hurried to follow him, but could only see his robes flapping as he turned the hall to head to the grounds out back. He would probably disapparate somewhere in the forbidden forest.

She headed back to the Great Hall, a bit saddened that he had left and she still didn’t know what that was all about. But he had come, at her request. He had called her gorgeous. He had called her his. That kept hope alive in her heart.

She entered the Great Hall to hear everyone applauding. So the speeches had ended, finally. What good was that if she could not dance with him?

She suddenly noticed Ginny was right there, next to the door. She was smirking at her. “So,” the redhead said in a hushed tone. “Snape is the mystery shag?”
Ginny closed and warded the door to the girls’ bathroom.

“Ginny…”

“Shhh!” She then proceeded to checking every stall and corner of the place.

Hermione had been caught off guard and had stood there, looking dumb, while her brain tried to work something out. So Ginny dragged her to the loo, Hermione’s brain still trying to make sense of it all, and now there they were.

“Okay, spill it,” Ginny said once she had certified that they were alone in there.

“I don’t know what you are going on about, Gin.”

“Hermione… Herms… I may not be the brightest witch of my time, but I’m not stupid either. Don’t play coy with me,” she smirked. “I saw the way he was eye-fucking you as soon as he spotted you. Also how you couldn’t take your eyes off of him.”

Hermione was going to protest, but Ginny ploughed through. “And how fiercely you defended him to Ron and Lavender of all people. I mean, arguing anything to those two is a waste of breath. But if it were someone I…. felt strongly about deep in my heart, I would understand the urge.”

Hermione took in breath to speak again, but once again did not get the chance.

“And finally, before you make a fool of yourself, I followed you, because I actually wanted to come to the loo, and I saw him feeling you up at the back of the Great Hall and then both of you disappearing into the corridor.”

Hermione sighed, defeated. “Gin, please, he’s really weird about keeping it a secret. It’s like he’s ashamed of me or something.”

Ginny snorted. “Is not. By the sparkle in his eyes today, I bet he would love to let everyone know he’s with you.”

“Well, we never leave my flat, and he hardly shares… I think I’m just his fuck buddy, nothing else.”

“How long have you been at it?”

“About five months.”

“And do you… want it to be more?”


“By the looks he gave you tonight, I very much doubt he only sees you as a fuck buddy. I mean, I bet he wouldn’t even have shown up if it weren’t for you. He feels something too.”
“Yeah? He still rushed off and just abandoned me here.”

“No explanations?”

“Nope. Just said he would meet me at my flat later.”

“Hermione, he’s a complicated man. He’s been through a lot. You’ll have to be patient, persistent… creative maybe. But you know that if you break those walls, he’ll be loyal as fuck to you. I mean, just look at…”

“I know, I know what you mean,” Hermione stopped her before she mentioned Lily.

“Have either of you been seeing anyone else?”

“He says he hasn’t, but… I don’t know… where would he disappear to?”

“I don’t think he would flat out lie to your face. He wouldn’t. He may omit, but if you asked point blanc, and he said no, he’s just seeing you.”

“But what the hell might be happening then? I’m losing my mind here.”

“I don’t know. What I do know is that if you love him and want this, fucking fight for it. I think you have a pretty good shot and he’s close… you just need patience. Or maybe aggressiveness?” She raised both eyebrows.

Hermione was still a bit saddened and discouraged. “Well… he does care. I think. I mean, he nursed me back to health when I had Dragon Pox…”

“What?? You had Dragon Pox??”

“Yes…”

“And he nursed you?”

“Yes. He showed up at my flat and stayed the whole weekend, cooking for me, feeding me the potions I needed… watching movies…”

“Oh, Hermione, that’s love right there. When I had the flu, Harry barely came close to me. He just called my mum to take care of me and left her to it. He says he doesn’t know how to be a proper caregiver and that I deserve the best.” Ginny rolled her eyes.

Hermione smiled softly at the thought Snape might actually feel more than he let on.

“Come. Let’s go eat, dance a bit, have some fun… Then you’ll go home and show him you care, that he can trust you… fuck him into submission.”

“Ginny!”


Hermione just shook her head, smiling.

“Let’s go,” Ginny said as she opened the door.
She stayed for a little while. Ate, drank, danced. But everyone had a date. She once again was the fifth wheel. So when the slow songs started, she left. She had already been humiliated enough when they called the war heroes to dance a waltz to open the dancefloor and get the party going, and she had no one to waltz with. That would have been the perfect moment to dance with Snape. He wouldn’t have anyone else either. It took a minute that felt like an eternity for Seamus to get consent from his girlfriend and leave the watching crowd to take her hand to dance.

She arrived at her flat before he did. She was worried to pieces about what the hell it was he was doing. She agreed with Ginny, she didn’t think he would lie to her face. And he did feel something for her. He cared. He had shown it in many little ways. So that left her to worry he was doing something that would put him at risk. She didn’t know what else to think. But she could not be harsh with him, corner him. That could make him bolt. She would have to be sweet, perhaps aggressive about it, as Ginny had suggested.

Hermione didn’t have to wait long. When he popped up in her sitting room, she was seated at the couch, legs crossed, the slit parted, showing both her legs. He grunted the moment he laid eyes on her. He was still in his dress robes, and took off the cape to rush to her and kneel at her feet, caressing her legs, kissing her thighs.

“Snape… where did you run off to?” She caressed his hair as he kissed her crossed thighs, worshiping at her feet.

“It is not of importance. I am here now.”

“But it is. I was left alone, worrying about you. I had no one to dance with… I felt abandoned. I thought that you wouldn’t be ashamed of me for once tonight…”

“I have never been ashamed of you, witch. I’ve said so. How could I fucking be? Look at yourself.” He still felt her thighs up, planted little kisses on it, let out little growls of desire as he looked at her. “Gorgeous. Sexy. It is not about that. Please trust me. If anything, you should be ashamed of me.”

“I am not. So much so that I was really hoping to dance with you tonight. Have everyone looking at us, together, even if they didn’t properly know we have been… together.” She caressed his cheek. “I was very disappointed you left without giving me that dance. I had no one to waltz with at the opening of the festivities. It would have been the perfect opportunity for us to do it, and not raise any suspicions, instead of me standing there like a fucking idiot, as usual.” She was very upset, and pouted a bit.

He took her hand and brushed his lips to the back of it. Then he stood and pulled her to join him.

“What are you doing?” She asked seriously as he pulled on her hand, leading the way to the bedroom.

He wanted to make it up to her somehow. So he pulled her to stand before him in the little open space there was between her bed, the closet, the loo and the kitchen. He pulled out his wand and flicked it at the radio she had on her dresser, and was very pleased to find that her station of choice was a classic rock one. He raised an eyebrow and curled his lips a bit as a Queen song played out and the announcer came on.
“What?” She started, smiling at his reaction. “You expected me to listen to rubbish?”

He snorted and flicked the wand at the radio again, and the dial started to roll, as he looked for a soft rock station. He finally found one on which a slow song, romantic, was starting to play.

“You wanted a dance?” He offered his hand.

She smiled and took it, and he pulled her to him, wrapping her arms around his neck to then lower his arms to encompass her waist.

They swayed, slowly, looking into each other’s eyes for a few moments. He felt… shy or something, with her wide, open, soul bearing chestnut eyes on him, so he shifted to nuzzle her neck, smell her hair.

Even though the song had no words to it, it expressed so much love and meaning. It filled Hermione’s heart with joy. And love. She loved him. She really did. She hoped she could one day say it to him again. Perhaps even… have him say it back?

His nose rubbed, caressed her neck, her cheek. He kissed her, small, tender pecks that made their way to her lips and took them with ease, and softness as they still swayed to the song that filled her room. His hand lowered from her waist to the slit in her dress, finding her leg to caress, as the other went up the bare, soft skin of her back lightly, making her quiver.

“I need you,” he said close to her parted lips as they parted from his.

That only served to make her heart swell more in her chest. She just nodded and touched her lips to his again before she said something stupid.

He pushed her backwards, until her knees hit the bed and she fell back onto it, smiling. He undid his bow tie and dress robe paraphernalia, dropping it to the floor. He remained only in trousers as he laid atop her.

They resumed their passionate kissing as the song played out. When the announcer came on, Snape waved back at the radio and it shut off, his lips never leaving hers.

But then they did. He looked down at her dress again, admiring her, taking it all in. His fingers traced her plunging neckline slowly.

“Does this dress not go with… I don’t know… a pearl necklace?” He asked, cheekily dipping his fingers under the beaded cloth to tease her small peaks.

Hermione sniggered. “Not unless I want to look like an 80’s pop star.”

He lowered his smirking lips to her breast, which he had exposed by pulling the strip of cloth that covered it aside. “That’s too bad.” He sucked on her nipple, causing her to arch her back and moan softly. His hand then dipped into the thigh-high slit and rubbed her mound over her skimpy knickers in slow circles, using four fingers. She bit her lips and then moaned with more heart. He continued at it, and her hips slowly moved against his hand. He just smirked as he watched her taking pleasure in it all. Her hands moved to push her dress off her shoulders.

“Tut, tut,” he said. “I take it off.”

“Then please do,” it came out in a pleading whine. “Please.”

He flipped her over and traced light patterns on her bare back, with his fingers, with his
tongue. He kissed it, every inch, as she rubbed her bum on his cock. Until he finally pushed the
dress off her shoulders and pulled it down past her hips to the floor, leaving her in heels and
knickers. She turned in between his legs to face him again. He was caressing her stomach, his hand
reaching her pussy, which he could feel burning hot already.

“Wait,” she said. He raised an eyebrow. “You said you needed me?” she asked cheekily.

He shouldn’t have let that slip. She was going to hold it over him now. He couldn’t show
that much of himself. But it was getting too damned hard…

“Then let me take care of you,” she said, eyes full of mischief as she unzipped his trousers
and pulled his cock out, licking her lips.

She pumped it a few times before she ordered “take those trousers off.”

He did, hurriedly, as she leaned back onto the pillows on her bed and stretched out her hand
to the wardrobe. She didn’t know where the mock pearl necklace was, but she had gone through
some bracelets as she considered what to wear that night… they zoomed into her hand. Two pearl
bracelets that would fit comfortably, snugly, perfectly, around his cock. They had a larger bead in
the middle, the rest normal-sized.

“So you liked my trick with the pearls?” She asked as the bracelets dangled from her index
finger, with which she beckoned him closer. He came hither, knees on either side of her, eyes
sparkling. He was giving up control, he knew, but he could not help it.

His cock was at a perfect height with her face. Rock hard. She stroked it. He grunted. She
licked his tip. He groaned. She drooled all over him as she engulfed him, throat deep.

“Fuck, witch,” he growled, then hissed when she pulled him out.

She summoned the lube in her nightstand – she now took to playing with herself more
freely than she had before reencountering him, but she never got as wet as she did with him – and
slathered it all over the bracelets. She then rolled them onto his cock, large beads upward, and just
that movement made him hiss and grab the headboard above her.

She stroked him… up…and down, the smooth beads under her grip.

“Fuck yes,” he grunted, still bracing himself on the headboard.

She twisted her fist counterclockwise and back, the beads rolling with it.

He hissed, and his cock twitched. “Fuck, witch… you’ll kill me.”

She just smiled cheekily, looking up at him, and touched his pink wet tip to her lips, licking
it, his essence, slowly, as her hand still stroked. Then she sucked, just the tip, and he was about to
go insane, that much evident in his hungry eyes that rolled into its sockets, and the firm grip he had
on her wooden headboard. She then took more of him into her mouth, her hand always rolling the
lubed beads, now closer to the base of his cock. It was so much stimulation. He couldn’t help but
sink his cock slowly but further into her mouth, then pull it back only to sink it back in again. She
helped his fucking of her mouth as she held his thighs, encouraging him, her lips now responsible
for also moving the beads to roll against him and further entice him. He was letting himself go
completely, giving in to the pleasure.

Seeing her have that power over him, hearing the grunts he let out, his huge delicious cock
in her mouth, made her want, need some pleasure of her own. So as she sucked him off, she spread
her legs, her skimpy lace knickers nudging to the side all on their own, and she started to rub herself. When she rubbed her little clit just the right way, she groaned on his cock, and the trembling on the back of her throat on his tip almost made him lose control. He pulled out completely, beads still around his cock.

“Get that cock back here,” she teased as he sat beside her and pushed her hand away to take over rubbing her.

“I can’t have your delicious little pussy neglected while my cock is so willing and able,” he said, and swiftly pulled on her legs, so she could mount him. So swiftly it felt like she flew for a moment.

He pulled on her knickers and ripped them off just as he was pressing his tip to her folds and quickly pulled her down to him. She yelped in relief and bit her lips, supporting herself on his shoulders as she started to move at a rhythmic pace. The beads were still around the base of his cock, teasing her folds, the larger beads aligned just right to rub against her clit on the downstroke. Her eyes rolled back into her head. She began to bounce more vigorously on him.

He was already on the verge of coming in her soft lush mouth. Now that her burning hot, soaking wet pussy swallowed him, the beads still stimulating him as well when she moved, he was going to fill her with himself very fast.

He wedged his hand in between their bodies and managed to lead his thumb to rub her clit up and down, and fast. On the downstrokes, when her clit hit the pearls, he rubbed that on her.

“Oh fuck Snape. Fuck. Fuck yes. Fuck me good,” she panted, fingers intertwined behind his neck as she bounced faster on his cock.

“Come for me, Granger.” He panted. He was finding it so very hard to postpone his orgasm. She needed to come now.

“I’m coming,” she moaned, her tits bouncing up past his face and down again.

“Come for me, witch.”

“I’m coming.”

“I need that pussy squirting all over my cock right now, you delicious fucking witch!”

“Yes. Yes. I’m coming! I’m coming hard for you!”

They came at the exact same moment, her juices flowing down on him just as he had asked, while he filled her up, holding her down to him as she still rolled on his cock, triggering more waves.

She still sat on him, with him inside her, as they both caught their breaths, their foreheads touching as he gripped her hips.

When they pulled apart, they lay next to each other, and he pulled the bracelets off his limp, happy cock. “These need thorough washing,” he teased, then dropped them to the floor. She sniggered. “Where did you get such a brilliant idea?”

She shrugged, pulling herself closer, to cuddle him. “Girly magazines.”

He snorted.
They remained in silence for a few minutes, him caressing her hair, she, his chest.

“Snape?”

“Hmmm”

“What’s going on?”

“What do you mean?”

“Where do you disappear to every once in a while? Like tonight.”

He huffed and took his arm away from under her, gently, and sat up. He summoned a pair of sweatpants he had taken to leaving there, in one of her drawers. So he’s not running out just yet. Good.

“Please, tell me.” She tried as he pulled his sweats on.

“Let it go, Granger.”

“No! I mean, I… I want to know. I think I have a right to know by now.” She stood and strode to the wardrobe to fetch a robe. “I worry every time you do that. I don’t know if it’s something I did, if it’s just me… if you are in some kind of danger! And I don’t know what this is, what we are. I think you feel something for me, even if small, something other than just the urge to fuck, but you almost never open up…” She was pulling on her robe, her back to him.

“Granger, don’t…” He sounded annoyed.

“You can’t keep treating me like this. Please. It hurts, you know. You can trust me. I can be more than just a fuck buddy…”

“Hermione.”

That gave her pause. He had never called her by her name before. It filled her with joy. And dread, at the same time. It sounded… pleading. Like this conversation hurt him, and he was imploring her to stop. So unlike him. She turned to look at him. He sat on the edge of her bed, looking at her, all kinds of feelings dancing in his eyes, but most evidently, he seemed distraught.

“Please, just don’t,” he said. He seemed to be holding back tears.

She rushed to him and straddled his lap, holding his cheeks in between her hands.

“Severus. Severus,” she savored his name on her lips, and felt relieved he allowed it. She then lifted his chin, raising his eyes to hers. “You can trust me. I am here for you. Through anything. Please, let me in.”

He sighed. “I don’t… I don’t want you to hate me.” He didn’t. He had never been loved before. He did not wish to lose it.

“I won’t,” she said, mind racing, trying to figure out what the hell it could be.

“You will.”

“Severus…” She looked at him lovingly, brushing his hair from his eyes. “Just be honest with me.”
He nodded, and took a deep breath.

Chapter End Notes

I thought of THIS song for the dancing when I first wrote it. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=naQ13ZwwcDo=&list=RDnaQ13ZwwcDo=&start_radio=1
But as I edited, THIS one came to mind. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OOO4ROO_sPM

I tried countless times to insert as a link, I really can't. So sorry. Copy and paste if interested, please. And if anyone can help me with that, I will absolutely need it for my next fic.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's not as early as you, or I, had wished, but here it is. I reeeeaaaally hope it doesn't disappoint. I wanted to change it ALL as I edited. Ugh.

Merry Christmas to you all, as I will probably only be back (to THIS story) at the end of the week again.

Snape lifted Hermione from his lap and sat her on the bed, beside him. She watched him, waiting for him to speak. He put his face in his hands, rubbed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his nose. Then he got up. All in deafening silence. He walked to the kitchen and she followed. He randomly opened cabinet doors.

“Severus…” she said, a little frightful that he would back away from using first names, from opening to her, but savoring his name on her lips at the same time. Still he said nothing, and opened and closed cupboards.

“Severus!” She called a little more energetically.

“Do not rush me, Hermione, please,” he said quietly as he finally found a bottle of vodka and poured himself a glass. He downed it, pouring another.

“You’re scaring me!” Her mind raced, not even able to fathom what it was he was about to tell her, questioning her decision to push him. Would it be better if she never even knew?

He ran his fingers through his hair. “I don’t know where to start.” He sat on a barstool and placed his glass on the counter.

“Just start. Where do you go when you leave me in a hurry? Where did you go tonight?” She sat on the barstool next to him.

“I… met with… Lucius Malfoy.”

“What?!” She couldn’t have heard that right.

He just looked at her, sorrow and annoyance in his eyes.

“You… you do know he is wanted all around the wizarding world, right?”

He sighed. “Yes. I’m very fucking aware. That is why he has me brewing him polyjuice.”

“What?!” She couldn’t help but let out again in a high pitched squeal.

“And did you say you were brewing him polyjuice?!”

“Could you please stop that?” He asked, exasperated.

“Okay. But please, explain.”

He sighed again. Then massaged his temple. “I give him a batch of polyjuice every two weeks or so. He has… managed to tap into the magic Vol… the Dark… Riddle used with the Dark
Mark, and... *summons* me when he has need for more. I have to brew batch after batch and save it to tend to his demands.” He said it dispassionately. Even disgusted a bit.

That explained the rushing out... and probably the impression she always had that he was in pain just before rushing out. But it brought dozens of other questions. By the way he spoke of him, it was not out of love or friendship he did this. It wasn’t because he believed Lucius had changed and deserved a chance, which she could even understand a bit. The guy did look broken at the end of the war, from what she saw of him.

“Why? How? Since when? ... Why?” She looked utterly puzzled, and Severus even saw a bit of disappointment, and a bit of disgust in her eyes, he thought. He knew this would happen. Sadness and self-loathing began to surround his heart.

Snape sighed as she looked at him inquisitively, completely at a loss. At least she didn’t look angry or too disgusted. Yet. Or maybe he couldn’t tell, because he was drowning in his own sorrow, self-loathing and fear of her leaving, trying to make none of it show. “As... well as I have kept from the public eye, trying to maintain my privacy, he accosted me about a year after the war ended, just as I had been... acquitted from everything, in the wizengamot. He thought the dust had settled enough so that he could... walk around and... live properly. Tired of life on the run, and missing the... riches he was accustomed to. He thought polyjuice might do the job nicely. So he had me... brew him the potion, adding something from some unsuspecting muggle, a different one each time, so he can enjoy freedom.” Severus looked down at his glass, swirling the liquid inside. He could not look her in the eyes.

“And his family? Why not seek them out?” She was just trying to make sense of everything as her mind raced from question to question, trying to place pieces together. “To protect them?”

He scoffed. “If you prefer to think of him like that, sure. But I doubt he actually cares what being linked to him once more might do to Narcissa and Draco. As I’ve said, he likes freedom. That would include... release, with an array of different women. Muggles do make that easy with their nightclubs and what not.” He drank, and poured him more of the stiff drink.

“But... why would you consent to this?”

There it was, the clear disappointment in her eyes. He drank more of his glass.

*Was he so loyal?* Hermione thought. Could he think that Lucius was a true friend, still, even after dragging him to join... *them*... and after... *everything?* Was there still a confused teenager in there, searching for acceptance and friendship? But he seemed ashamed. And disgusted. He drank, he didn’t dare look her in the eyes. He didn’t speak fondly of him, nor did he seem like he was happy to do this. Unless...

“Severus?” She asked softly, touching his hand that rested around the glass he stared into. He finally looked up at her, worried, ashamed eyes. “What is he holding against you, to blackmail into doing this?”

He just stared into her eyes for what seemed like forever.

“It’s okay, Severus, I am here for you.”

He wanted to kiss her. It might be the last one. He wanted to get lost in her and just savor her, to hold that memory forever. But he didn’t. He didn’t have the courage to. Not now, as she found out revolting things about him and probably would wish he had never even touched her. This is exactly why he shouldn’t have gotten too close.
“Do you… remember when Shaklebolt took over office, he… made it known… you probably know this better than I, since you work at the Ministry…” He sighed. “I digress. It was instated that all Death Eaters who were caught should be questioned, thoroughly, for among all other obvious things, he wanted to know if it was indeed Riddle who personally killed Scrimgeour.”

“Yes, because if it was someone else who was still alive, he wanted to make an example out of them, and they would be kissed by dementors no matter what, for having made such a horrible attack on democracy and…” She looked at him. He looked pained. “Severus? No it can’t be. It was Voldemort…” Severus flinched, “… himself. All the captured Death Eaters confirmed.”

He shook his head. “Because that was what they believed. What they knew. Because it was the original plan.”

“It was you?”

He nodded in shame, but was quick to explain. She couldn’t think he was that evil. She would think less and less of him as this evening progressed, surely, but this he could make less bad. It was the truth he would tell, nothing more.

“Dumbledore’s brilliant plan of having me kill him proved to be more to lessen his pain and humiliation than to secure Riddle’s trust in me once and for all. At first, he was simply furious that I stepped in to perform a task he had specifically handed to another, with his own purposes in mind. I got in the way of that. And for that I was punished. Then, his paranoid mind thought there was perhaps a deeper reason than wanting glory for myself, and wanting to please him, or seeing that Draco did not botch it. So his trust lessened. I felt it.

“I overheard him one night, as he spoke to his despicable snake in Malfoy Manor, while he thought all slept or were elsewhere. His intention was to kill the Minister… and with that create another horcrux, since the one he had handed to Lucius for safe keeping was gone. So in addition to trying to save the Minister, I wanted to prevent him from creating yet another horcrux, making our jobs fucking harder. Of course at the time I wasn’t entirely privy to the fact there were six more. Dumbledore had not shared.” Severus looked annoyed. “I suspected the Snake was one, because it was always around, and after Dumbledore’s orders of going to Potter and explaining it all when Riddle started to keep it protected, I was sure. That ring Dumbledore put on his blasted finger was also fairly obvious. And Potter… when Dumbledore informed me he had to die. I thought that was enough ripping of the soul for one person… I of course, should have known better.”

Snape sipped his drink and watched her eyes. They burned with a mix of emotions: confusion, patience, support, anger… sorrow. Still, no utter hatred. Nor the disgust he had thought he saw earlier. It was in fact, never there. He felt distressed, agitated, and stood, walking to the sofa as he continued to talk. She followed.

“After he announced that we were to take over the Ministry and kill all who posed opposition, but leave the Minister to him, I, foolishly, went to him in private to try and dissuade him. If I could get him to simply Imperius Scrimgeour, the rest could be dealt with later. So I suggested it to him, that Imperiusing the present Minister would be much easier. People would believe the established order was untouched. And he could control them all with a lot more ease.

“He did give up on the idea. Only I was to be the one to kill the Minister. To prove my loyalty to him. I had no choice… If I refused… he would kill me. Not that I was afraid to die at that point. I would welcome it with open arms. But my work was not yet done. So I just focused on the fact that at least he wouldn’t make another bloody horcrux.”
He seemed like he could cry, so Hermione held his cheeks and caressed, forcing him to look at her. “It wasn’t your fault, Severus. You did what you had to do. You had the best intentions at heart.”

Her acceptance made him breathe a little easier. “I… made it to his office first. He followed me, to ensure I would not let Scrimgeour escape – which I had hoped until the last minute I could do. We were the only ones there, and since he had made it clear to the others the Minister was for him, all assumed he indeed had done it.”

“Then how can Lucius know?”

“Even after… *proving* myself, Riddle saw fit to punish me for presuming to counsel him without his request. Since it was the umpteenth round of torture that week, I was too weak to crawl to Hogwarts and ask Twinky to care for me, take me to the cottage. In any case, Poppy would certainly had not cared for me.”

Hermione whimpered at the thought of him going through that alone.

“I had to convalesce at one of the rooms at Malfoy Manor.” He sighed. “I assume it was because he felt his situation was delicate, dire, as indeed it was, especially after Draco did not go through with Dumbledore… that Lucius went into my mind as I was unconscious in one of the beds in his house, to look for something he could use. Since that particular memory was fresh and not yet secure behind Occlumency walls, it was the one he took.”

“But you can explain all this to Shaklebolt, surely he…”

“No, Hermione, you don’t understand. I wasn’t simply killing… Riddle wanted to know where Potter was. That information had… to be acquired, at any cost. And it had to seem to him that I enjoyed it,” he said desperately.

Torture. Of course.

Severus was holding back tears, to have to relive this, recounting it to her of all people.

“But you can explain it. Kingsley knows you, he knows you were a spy…”

“If he made exceptions for me, to a rule he himself set, it would weaken his position. And you can be sure Lucius would hand it over to the press first. That would surely force Kingsley’s hand.”

She sat quietly, trying to think.

“You don’t know where he keeps it? Your memory? Where he stays?”

“No. We meet in random places.”

“We can come up with a plan…”

*We.* She still planned on staying?

“I’ve tried, Hermione. He’s being very smart about it.”

“But if we put our heads together we can certainly outsmart him.”

“I think I have to turn him, and consequently myself, in.”

Such a shame. He was ready to die in the war, as long as he saw his tasks through. He thought he
deserved to, after everything. But he survived. He was acquitted. He learned to take some joy in life. Especially now. With her.

“What? Why?” Despair filled her heart.

“He… he now wants to force me to create a potion that will permanently turn him into someone else. A wizard, this time. One in a place of power, which he so likes to drink. It would mean killing some authority so he could permanently take his place. I’ve been biding time… but he grows impatient.”

“No, no. We’ll think of something. Bide more time, we’ll come up with something. We have to. We have to.”

We. There it is again.

“You are not… disgusted? By me? By this?”

“No! Severus… we were at war! You were a spy! And now… well, it’s only natural to want to live. You can’t be expected to sacrifice yourself every time.”

There was silence as her brain worked on, trying to think of a plan, desperately. He just sat in awe of her attitude. Her support of him.

“You… now understand I couldn’t risk being seen with you, having him know… it would put you in danger, give him something else to use against me. It is not due to shame of you, of this, as you seem to have convinced yourself it is.”

“Yes,” she said shyly. It seemed so obvious now. She scooched closer to him and claimed his lips softly, lovingly. “I understand,” she whispered to him.

She stood suddenly, just as he was getting completely absorbed by her scent, her skin, and hair close to him. Her utter acceptance of him, and his shortcomings. Never in his life had he experienced this. He was sure she would shun him once he told her the whole truth.

“I can’t think right now. I just can’t. I need to sleep.” She started heading to bed.

He just sat there, not sure if he should follow, if he should leave, if she would accept him in her bed again.

She took his hand. “Come. Let’s go to bed,” she smiled. “We’ll need a clear head to come up with a plan.”

He stood, finally, and followed her. They got into bed, and before he had even properly laid down, she cuddled up to him. He wrapped his arm around her, exhaling in relief. She was really okay with it. She felt nothing… negative about him. How could that be? Did he even deserve that in his life?

“I’m sorry, Severus,” she said, and he stiffened. Was this it? She couldn’t carry through with it and would now finally push him away. “I’m sorry you have to go through this. Still. You deserve to be free, in peace, and lead a happy life.”

He huffed softly.

“You do! And nothing changes, with regards to how I feel about you. I admire you, think you are so brave. And I know you have a gentle and kind heart, and soul. No matter what mistakes you may have made in the past, you do not deserve all you suffered.” She was gently caressing his
chest, tracing the scant hair and all the thin scars. He felt soothed, calm, like he wanted to just lie with her there forever more, and everything would be fine. Everything would work itself out.

“I… I know you don’t like to hear this, and that you won’t say anything back, but I just feel an overwhelming need to say it. Please don’t run out.” Her eyes looked up to his, pleadingly. He looked at her over his hooked nose, a little curious, a little fearful.

“I love you, Severus. I do.” She said, and quickly touched her lips to his, her grip strong on his shoulder, her leg hooked over his, a feeble attempt of holding him there, should he wish to leave. But there was no need for that. He kissed her back, and when they parted, he touched his lips to her forehead. He then held her head to his chest, caressing her hair, and there they lay until a light, agitated sleep befell them.
Severus woke from his troubled sleep before the sun had come up, and felt the bed was empty beside him. The worst came to mind. So instantly he sat up, pulling his wand from under his pillow.

“Hermione?” he called out.

“In the kitchen,” she answered, not sounding distressed. He breathed in relief. She was, in fact, smiling, though he couldn’t see it. She very much enjoyed the fact they were finally on a first name basis, and that it seemed to have come to stay and not just because of the distress of the previous night. It was just one more sign he was opening up to her. She clung to the hope that after they resolved this, that after it had stopped weighing on his mind, he would be free and willing to take one more step forward with her. But they needed to deal with this, and quickly.

She was nursing a cup of coffee, sitting at the counter, a notepad in front of her, a few scribbles on it. He couldn’t help but smirk as he poured himself a cup.

“Why haven’t you obliviated him?” She asked.

“Good morning to you too,” he said sardonically. “I need coffee in me first before returning to that matter.”

“Good morning,” she replied and almost climbed over the counter to peck his lips. His heart warmed at that. He didn’t quite know how to react to this. He had never had this, anyone feel this way towards him. He was afraid of it being ripped away from him.

“He always has the upper hand.” He answered after his slight shock had faded. “He knows I am coming, but I never know where exactly he is coming from. He holds me at wandpoint from behind most times.”

“Hmmm.”

“And even if I did manage, there would be the little problem of my memory in his living facilities somewhere, to be found by him again, or by Aurors.”

“Right. Poison?”

He looked at her with both eyebrows raised, surprised she would suggest murder.

“What?”

“Nothing… I just didn’t know Gryffindors would dare resort to that,” he smirked. “It wouldn’t work. He of course analyses the potion and demands I drink a fraction, just in case I add an undetectable poison.”

“Hmmm.” She stared fiercely at her notes as she placed the cup of coffee on the counter.

“And mixing the potions might influence the poison’s action. It would be unpredictable. Besides, the problem of my lost memory would remain.” He sipped his own coffee, admiring how
hard she was working for his benefit. If only he had someone like her on his side during the worst
days of the war, the darkest ones.

She tapped her pen on her lips, thinking. Then something struck her. She widened her eyes.

“What if… you took the poison in a different phial, saying that you were developing the
potion he asked for, but he needs to try it and tell you how long its effects last, so you can adjust
the ingredients.”

“Hmm,” he said, showing he was following.

“And it would be some sort of undetectable poison, and a slow working one. So when you
took it, you would have time for me to take the antidote to you… and so he wouldn’t feel its effects
right away. We can follow him and wait for it to take effect to ambush him. Veritassserum to know
where your memory is, the antidote so we don’t commit murder, and we tie him up and obliviate
him and hand him over to the Aurors.”

“Hmmm. Only two problems with that.”

“What?”

“One, he might know how to fight Veritassserum. Might. I learned, for obvious reasons, and
I think anyone with half a brain working for that maniac would learn as well. However, I’m not
sure he has half a brain.”

“Okay. We can work around that. What else?”

“I will absolutely not put you in danger, letting you follow me with the antidote. That is out
of the question.”

“I won’t be in danger!”

“Excuse me?”

“I can handle myself, Severus!”

“I’m not saying you can’t.”

“And you can feel where he is calling you to, right? You tell me where it is and I apparate a
block away. Just close enough for you to get to me.”

“And what about following him?”

“He would be growing weaker by the minute. I can certainly handle that!”

“No, I don’t like it.”

“Well, that’s too bad, because we don’t have a better plan, do we? And I’ll be damned if
I’ll just sit around and watch you get screwed over yet once again!” She screamed. “I want to help
you, I can! Please let me!” She breathed deeply to calm herself. “Please Severus!” She said more
quietly. She wanted to say she loved him again but refrained.

He was touched by her passion, again taken aback that someone could feel that towards
him. He pinched the bridge of his nose, inhaling and exhaling deeply. She knew he would give in
just by that, so she spoke.
“I’ll look for something in my books, but you should definitely go look in yours, for a slow working poison or at least something that numbs the mind a bit. Although the poison might give us leverage, trade the antidote for the memory. Come back when you have something, yes?”

He sighed. “Very well.”

It had taken him the rest of the morning and a good portion of the afternoon, but he had found a potion he thought might work perfectly. Well, suitably. He still wasn’t too sure about this, about letting her participate. But what choice did he have? He had grown selfish, he had, and had had a drastic change of heart.

When he woke up in the hospital after the final battle to realize he was still alive, he cursed his luck. He was to die, and he had accepted it. He craved it. There would be no reason to carry on any longer. What the fuck would he do in this world now? But he carried on. He had no choice, because he was not a coward, not to the point of taking his own life.

Slowly, he found that there were joys to be had. Though small, they made the days more bearable. The joy of knowing he was truly irreplaceable in his job, which he was superbly good at. No one could brew the potions perfectly as he did, nor create the potions he did. The hospital director had informed him that the convalescence rates had never been higher. His potions worked better and faster than the usual recipes, and the ones he created… dealt with issues that never had they been capable of dealing with properly. He helped people. Yes, that brought joy, though half the people who took advantage of that help didn’t recognize it, didn’t acknowledge him, his hard work, his intentions. Still, it was good. And it made up for the bad he did. Maybe someday he could even the score.

Then, there were the things he could do for himself. Buy a bike. Have a tat. Read muggle mystery novels. Read leisurely, not needing to find something that could serve to save the whole fucking world. Indulging in his primal desires and having the satisfaction of beautiful women look at him with some spark of admiration or simply a mildly positive feeling, even if for a moment, just because he gave them pleasure. If it weren’t for that, women would not look twice at him. Those were all small pleasures that made the day go by tolerably enough. It kept the sorrow and darkness inside at bay.

But now, this chit. She made her way in. And he did not feel like the bad was just under the surface, waiting to come out. The mere prospect of seeing her made the day more than tolerable. So he wanted to live. He wanted to be able to try and be there for her. See if he was capable of making her stay. And even though he basically knew he would never be good enough for her, and that when she realized that and she left he would be completely broken, he felt it would hurt more if he didn’t risk heartache. So he absolutely needed to try something even if only to remove her from the danger he allowed her to get involved in by simply giving in to his weakness and returning to her at every turn.

He apparated to her flat with his notes and called out to her. She was not there. He tried not to think the worst. She might have gone to a library, or to Diagon Alley to purchase something, or simply for a walk to clear her head. He would wait. Calmly. Patiently.

But the more he thought of it, the less sense it made. She had more than enough books to occupy her for the day. She knew that he certainly would have all books on potions that they could need. She had told him to go to her. She had urgency in resolving this. She would wait for him. And she knew he would assume the worst. She would have left a note. There was no note in sight.
He walked down into the street, cautiously looking about him, wand tucked under his sleeve, ready to be used if needed. He walked down to the little grocery store she always stopped by, hoping she would be there. She wasn’t. But that girl she talked to who worked there was. He cleared his throat, and she turned to him. He saw her name tag.

“What’s up?”

“Yeah. How may I help you?”

“Have you by any chance seen Hermione today?”

The girl smiled knowingly. “No, not today.” She kept on stacking things on the shelf.

“Where is your co-worker? Could he have seen her?” The boy obviously hated him, he had noticed when he came in to shop while Hermione was sick. He didn’t quite know why that was. He was used to getting those looks though. Perhaps he had intentions with Hermione, and her gawking at him as he rode by made the boy jealous.

“Oh, he came back from lunch looking weird and said he needed to go home. Since he was creeping me out, I said I would cover for him. He did look sick.”

Snape narrowed his eyes. “Weird… how?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. Glassy eyes. Pale. A bit… I think stiff is the word.”

Snape’s brain started to race. The glassy eyes and stiff manner could be the Imperius curse in action. The paleness could be accounted for by a round of Cruciatius perhaps, and having vomited afterwards.

But why? How could the connection between the muggle and Hermione be made? Why would the muggle be needed? How would the connection between himself and Hermione be made? He had been careful. So careful. Not to be followed. Not to be seen. Even last night, after leaving Lucius in an incredibly foul mood after having once again not given him the potion he wanted and handing him only the polyjuice and excuses, he had apparated all around London, to lose him if he decided to follow, before apparating to Hermione’s flat. Could he have found out somehow? Fuck. You should have left her alone from the start, you selfish, weak git.

As he tried to make sense of it all, Cindy spoke again. “Oh, and someone came by asking about you.”

“What?!?” he barked.

Cindy looked at him, frightened.

“I’m sorry. Who was it? It is important you remember,” he said more calmly.

“Oh, I couldn’t forget. He was very strange. Very thin and sallow. Creepy grey eyes. Long blond hair that frankly could use some conditioning, asking about a guy on a motorcycle and if he rode by, if he ever stopped here. He also had a sort of pimp cane.”

Lucius. He came un-polyjuiced. He wanted word to get to Snape. Doesn’t this stupid girl watch the news? The Ministry had made the appearance of every Death Eater fugitive known to muggles through the telly, saying they were a gang of bank robbers, armed and dangerous. Of course over two years had passed, but… Lucius was still in the wanted lists all over muggle police departments.
“What did you tell him?” Snape asked through gritted teeth, trying to control his anger and not wring the girl’s neck.

“I told him nothing. Did you not hear me say he was creepy? Plus, I don’t actually know much about you. And Hermione is so weird about denying and keeping the fact you guys are obviously shagging a secret.” She shrugged.

Good girl, saying nothing.

“But Max…”

Snape pursed his lips. “But Max… what?” He asked, pushing down his rising anger for the dimwit.

“Well, he butted in as I was talking to the guy and said ‘oh, Hermione’s friend.’ The creepy bloke seemed interested upon hearing her name, asked if it was Hermione Granger. Max told him about how he thought you guys were a thing… I tried to shut the git up, but he wouldn’t take my hints. He could just about cry to anyone about how Hermione blew him off.” She rolled her eyes.

“But then the guy smiled and seemed kind of charming even, and just asked us to tell either of you that he was trying to get in touch with you, but he didn’t leave a name.”

“Fuck!” Snape slammed the counter beside him and took off in a hurry.

“She’s not in danger, is she?” The muggle girl called behind him, but he ignored her as he pressed on. That fucker must have been watching him, or managed to track him to the neighborhood. All his sneaking, parking the bike elsewhere, avoiding being seen with her… breaking her heart. All for absolutely fucking nothing. He should have stayed away, from the beginning, never given Lucius a chance, not have given him one more weapon to get to him. He only hurt those he cared about, since always. He knew this. He should have stayed away.

He slammed into her flat. Could she have by any chance left a hidden message? Where he was taking her? Where did he even approach her? No. There’s nothing here. You need to calm yourself and thing back to the places you met him in. Figure it out. Where did he take her? Why didn’t the fucker summon him now? Could he tap into the Mark and track him? He had tried before, to no avail. And it would only warn Lucius he was coming. He just needed to figure out where to start. But before he went to her rescue, there was one thing he needed to do.

It was almost an hour later that Snape apparated back to the alley where he had left his bike when he had come back to her that afternoon. Now he needed to find her. Save her. He wouldn’t be able to live with himself if he didn’t. She must be alive, still. She had to be. Lucius would try to use her to convince him to brew what he wanted. He must have realized that if he killed her, Severus wouldn’t do shit for him. No. He needed her alive.

Snape was opening up the compartment under the seat of his bike, to fetch something before his hunt began, when he felt a wooden tip being jammed into his neck from behind. There was no time to react. Everything suddenly went dark.

Chapter End Notes

Uhm... Happy New Year? Haha
And sorry!
Chapter 23

When Severus came to, he was tied to a chair, still feeling a bit blurry. He had obviously taken a blow to the face, as his eye was swollen, he could feel it, and had taken another blow to his ribs, which might very well be broken. He looked around the room, and though it was dirty, looking very much like it belonged to an abandoned house, he recognized it immediately as being one of the many upstairs rooms in the Malfoy Manor. Had this been where the bastard had been staying all along? Damn him to hell! Snape had discarded that as a possibility almost immediately, believing Lucius would not be so very dumb and predictable, and also believing that the Ministry had Aurors watching the place, considering it was abandoned – since the Malfoy fortune had been significantly diminished by the Dark Lord and his and his followers’ lavish, extravagant ways – and there were several Death Eaters on the run still, including the goddamned former owner of the estate. Not to mention this had been the headquarters of the great evil bastard. He never even considered checking it because if the Aurors were keeping surveillance on the place, it would look very suspicious to be seen there.

He harrumphed softly. That is what you get for underestimating others’ stupidity. Apparently, after the Aurors ransacked the place and taken what they could use, they just let it be. Narcisa and Draco were not able to maintain it, since Voldemort had consumed the Malfoy wealth, and it could not be sold because no one in their right mind would touch it. Not this soon after the war. So here it sat. So obvious. He could kick himself weren’t he tied to a fucking chair.

And then his eyes landed on her. Sitting right before him, tied to a chair as well, looking pale and already bleeding from somewhere under her hair, it seemed, since there was blood smeared on her face. Her face was also heavily bruised on one side. She looked at him apologetically, on the brink of tears, as if she were trying to apologize for being stupid and ruining everything. The urge to go to her and hold her was overwhelming, to caress her now matted hair and tell her it was not her fault in the slightest. It was his. He should be the one to apologize. For putting her in danger just because he selfishly wanted… to be with her.

“So nice of you to join us, Severus,” Lucius’ drawl reached his ears as he looked Hermione in the eyes, trying to convey what he wanted to say but would not dare in front of vermin, not even through legilimency.

“What the fuck is the meaning of this, Lucius? Why am I tied up? Why is this girl here?”

“Oh please, Severus don’t insult my intelligence. You went to the ball yesterday, judging by your formal attire when you came to me. And anyone who has spent a minimal amount of time with you would know you absolutely abhor such events. So I asked myself, what could possibly be the motivation for him to go? The only explanation was of course, some uncommonly delicious tail.” Lucius smirked. “I would just never suspect it was of the Gryffindor Mudblood variety.”
Snape inhaled deeply, to control his nerves and not lash out at him for using that word.

“Then again, it would appear that is your recurring preference.”

“I would refrain from spewing your ill formed opinions if I were you,” Snape sneered.

“And then I found out you whisked her off to the hospital, you attend balls for her benefit… and you shop for her, like a fucking house elf? Really, Severus? Is Mudblood pussy that good?”

“Use that word again and I will fucking kick your teeth in,” Severus let out through gritted teeth.

Lucius just chuckled. “I apprehended the muggle over there,” he pointed disinterestedly and it was only then Snape saw Max passed out and tied up in a corner, “to use as a little test run for the potion you will brew me. He’s quite handsome, like myself, don’t you agree? Blond, blue eyes… and young. I wouldn’t mind spending some time as him. I would certainly make better use of his attributes. But perhaps, I should obliviate the… 

Mudblood,” he sneered, provoking Severus, “and pose as you, just to try a piece of this… magical pussy it seems. If she proves as feisty as she was to apprehend, it should be delicious indeed.” Lucius smiled sickeningly. Snape just quietly counted the minutes to get his hands on him and make him pay.

“So, Severus. How much damage should she suffer before you give into my wishes? I apologize for having started already, but as I’ve said, she proved difficult to contain.”

“Don’t do anything for him, Severus!” Hermione cried out.

“Crucio,” Malfoy spat, and Hermione contorted in pain before Severus’ very eyes, his heart seeming like it would be compressed until it exploded right inside his chest. Still, he tried to maintain his composure.

The round of torture stopped. Hermione was limp, whimpering, dry heaving as her body wanted to expel whatever there was inside but couldn’t. She had already thrown what little she had eaten that day up. He could see the stains on her clothes.

“What will it be, Severus? Will you brew me the potion?”

“Yes,” he said, trying to bide time. “But you have to be patient, Lucius. Developing greatness takes time,” he drawled, trying to sound indifferent. “There really is no need for this sad little display.”

“I believe…” Lucius twirled his wand idly between his fingers, “… I do not need to be patient.” One lazy flick of his wand as he stared Severus in the eye and a gash opened on Hermione’s cheek. Blood poured out generously as she cried.

“Lucius…” Snape said warningly, his temper getting away from him. Malfoy flicked his wand again, and a cut opened on her neck, making her bleed more.

“If you kill her, you sick fuck, you won’t get anything from me, do you hear me?” Severus barked, pulling furiously on his arms, trying to break free.

“Don’t insult me, Severus! I know how to torture. I’ll carve her up…” he flicked his wand once more and a slit opened on her thigh, through her jeans “… just enough…” another flick, another cut on her thigh and an agonizing cry from her lips “… to make you break to my will. If you stop being stubborn, she might still be a bit pretty when I’m done,” Lucius smirked. “So, how long will it be?”
Snape just huffed angrily and pulled at his magical binds, looking at Malfoy with murder in his eyes.

“Crucio,” Malfoy said with no emotion, and once again Hermione contorted in pain.

“I will fucking kill you for this, Lucius, I swear to Merlin!” Severus screamed. “I will flay you alive and feed you your own skin,” he finished in a menacing bark.

Lucius chuckled as his curse came to an end. “Yes, and you would enjoy that, wouldn’t you, you twisted little fuck? We know that too well,” he sneered, referring to what that awful memory that was stolen held.

Hermione was crying, blood, sweat and tears, all tainting her beautiful face. She was so fatigued she could hardly sustain the weight of her head anymore. The only thing keeping her sat up were the invisible binds around her.

“Hermione, Hermione, look at me. Look at me, gorgeous,” Severus called a little desperately. She managed to turn to him, eyes puffy red in tears. “You trust me, don’t you?” He asked. She nodded feebly. “I’ will get you out of here, okay?” Again she nodded, and her limp head fell to her chest.

“Aww, isn’t that sweet?” Lucius said mockingly. “I thought you were supposed to be a bright witch,” he said, turning to Hermione, his back slightly to Severus. “You trust a murderer? A liar? A turncloak? Really? That isn’t very wise of you. He may lie pretty well to save his own hide, but he is a monster. Whatever he says, I was there and witnessed it all. He did nothing because he had to. He enjoyed it all.”

Malfoy twirled his wand in between his fingers as he spoke to her mockingly. Hermione looked up to him to try and answer, to try and defend the man she loved, and she saw the tall, dark wizard come up behind the torturer, locking an arm around his neck as the other hand brought the wand he had held limply to touch his own temple. He had broken free, much as he had before, in her attempts to dominate him in the bedroom. Lucius’ eyes went wide in astonishment.

“That really is poor wand etiquette, Lucius. Petrificus totalus.”

Snape let the blond wizard’s petrified body fall to the floor. He fell face first, unable to break his fall, obviously. The crack of his nose and a few teeth breaking could be heard as he hit the floor.

“That is for saying that damned word,” Severus said as he went through Malfoy’s pockets and found his own wand and Hermione’s. He pocketed hers and took his own, throwing the other, Malfoy’s, to the floor and stepping on it for it to crack in half. “Now, for my other promise…” he sneered, looking at him with hatred and murder in his eyes, lifting his wand. Fear could be seen in Lucius’ eyes.

“Oh Severus,” Hermione’s soft, pained voice came to his ears. He looked at her at once. “Don’t,” she said, and spat a bit of blood, her head still hanging limp.

He growled in frustration. “You’re lucky the lady has a kind heart, Lucius.” His heavy boot stepped on Malfoy’s wand hand, breaking it. Pain surged through the wizard’s eyes. “That will have to do.”

Snape then swiftly took his wand to Lucius’ temple and murmured obliviate, erasing the memory he stole from Snape and the fact he had stolen it, and hopefully, anything else related to it.
Any trace. He was distressed for Hermione, so he could not be sure it worked well.

He then hurried to Hermione, to untie her. He needed to find his memory, but there would be no time. She needed to be taken to the hospital.

“Hermione, Hermione,” he called as he untied her. She lost her only support, the ropes, and was going to fall over from the chair, but he held her. “Hermione. Stay with me. Please.”

At that moment, hurried steps could be heard outside the door. Dozens of them. The door was kicked open. It was Potter, leading a team of Aurors. They had wand in hand, ready to attack, but once they saw Malfoy on the floor, their urgency diminished.

“What the fuck took you so long, Potter?” Snape snarled angrily, lifting Hermione up into his arms after having sheathed her wand in her jeans. She had passed out, and rested limply against his chest as he held her, one arm around her back, the other around the back of her knees. Snape had gone to Grimmauld Place before being snatched in the alley, and told Harry the essentials, that Lucius had probably taken Hermione and he was going to find them. He then allowed Potter to place a trace on his wand, and made him promise to follow and bring the cavalry wherever he stopped. Harry didn’t much understand, but the urgency in his voice and the fear for Hermione’s life made him do as he was told.

“I had to go to the Ministry and bring the cavalry! What the hell happened here?”

“You’ll know soon enough.” He would. He would find the memory. It would be Snape’s end. He just hoped he could kiss Hermione’s lips one last time.

“Hermione needs to go to the hospital!” Harry warned as Snape started to walk, carrying her, and Aurors filled the room, restraining Lucius, searching it all, seeing to the muggle.

“That’s precisely where I’m taking her,” he said as he ran towards a window and jumped out. Harry ran behind him, shocked, and looked down. But they weren’t on the floor. He saw what looked like black smoke traveling fast through the dark skies, making its escape as Harry remembered seeing once before.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

This will totally fuck up my posting schedule, but it's Snape's birthday. I just had to.

I hope the chapter is acceptable, as I have a hard time making wounds go away quickly with magic because I'm needy and I like being taken care of. Hence I like writing people being taken care of. Hahaha. So I don't know if it will make sense, or if there is a simple spell that would make it all go away and my chapter useless, but here it is.

Severus landed in the damp alley that hid the back entrance to the hospital, Hermione in his arms and passed out. He pulled the door open and rushed to his lab, all in swift, desperate motions. He laid her on one of the steel workbenches and held her chin, calling her, trying to wake her. Nothing. He could though tell she was breathing. Slowly. Lightly. He began to assess her wounds. There was a head wound, which made her hair damp and matted in blood. He had not seen how and when that wound had been made. It was surely what made her so weak, in addition to the Crucius of course. Before anything else, he had to call for Alice.

He waved his wand in the air to cast his Patronus, to send Alice a message. And out the tip of his wand came the silver... happy little otter? Snape was dumbfounded for a moment, but there was no time to figure out what the fuck had happened or process any of it. He sent the message and quickly returned his attention to the witch on the bench. She looked so small and helpless, but he knew she in fact wasn't.

In addition to the wounds he saw being inflicted on her, he noticed her wrists were burnt. The fucking asshole must have used ropes charmed to heat when one tried to escape. He hadn't even felt it on him, so desperate he was. There was also a burn mark on her blouse, on her stomach. He would have to strip her to see everything the bastard had done to her.

So that he did, waving his wand to cast a seam-splitting spell on all she wore, then charging to desperately pull the clothes from her. It was then he saw it, lodged in her bra, in between her breasts, a phial containing a swirly silver liquid. A memory. Did she...? How? He took the phial, his possible salvation, from the safety of her bosom to store in his pocket for later consideration. Right now he needed to treat her, save her, ease her pain.

Once she was in only her bra and knickers and he had certified that he had found all the wounds – the one on her head, the cuts on her cheek, chest and thighs, and the burn on her stomach and around her wrists being all he found – he rushed to his cabinets to retrieve every potion, salve and ointment he could possibly need and set to treating her wounds. Every so often she would spasm, still unconscious. Aftereffects of the Crucitus, he knew too well.

It was useless to try Vulnra Sanentur on the cuts. Malfoy had designed his own cutting spell, Severus remembered well, and only the proper counter-spell could heal them immediately. He unfortunately, could not remember what is was. Were he or anyone else in this world the injured one, he would be calm, focused, thinking straight and on his feet. Cold, like the years and the dangers he had been through had taught him to do. But it was her. It made him desperate, unfocused, useless. It was scary how she could have this effect on him. How when she needed him the most, when his being cold and heartless could actually be useful, he could not do a simple
thing as remember that fuckwit’s spell. Luckily, he was just that, a fucking imbecile, so spells of his creation were not as dangerous as Severus’. And having been tortured by Lucius at the Dark Lord’s command more than once, he knew that his potions would work on the wounds just as well, only slower.

It was then Alice barged in.

“What the hell took you so long?” he barked.

As the healer assessed the scene, her eyes widened. “What in Merlin’s name happened?”

“She was tortured. Lucius Malfoy.”

Alice looked inquisitively at him as she set her little first aid kit next to Hermione’s head and waved her wand to run a diagnosis. Severus stepped back and allowed her the room she needed. He still looked to Hermione with agony and despair in his eyes though.

“She has a concussion. And she lost quite a bit of blood.” Alice reported. Severus stalked to the cabinet and pulled out a few phials of Blood Replenishing Potion. “She is also under distress, from the Cruciatus.” He then leaned back on a counter, gripping it in angst, trying to control himself, and watched as Alice finished conducting the diagnosis. He crossed his arms over his chest but it morphed into holding himself slightly. “But she should be fine, after much rest.”

Severus exhaled in relief. It seemed he had been holding his breath for all this time.

Once Alice’s wand came down, he went back to disinfecting the gash on her cheek. Alice took over the head wound. It would need to be disinfected and bandaged, and would only be closed completely after applying a potion Severus himself had developed, while he still convalesced from Nagini’s bite so painfully and bitterly. But of course Alice would cast a charm that worked much like muggle stitches, to minimize the blood loss and life risk. It would just reopen every once in a while, albeit less than Severus’ neck had, since the magic that caused this wound wasn’t as dark as Nagini’s.

“Care to tell me what happened?” Alice asked as she worked.

“It’s… a long story.” Snape was finishing up Hermione’s cheek to move on to her neck. He caressed her other cheek lovingly before he did, though. Alice smirked a bit.

“I have time.”

Severus sighed. “Lucius used her to get to me. He wanted me to create a potion for him to roam free.”

“Oh. Not that long then. And where is he now?”

“Hopefully on his way to Azkaban if those dimwit Aurors did their job right.”

“Aurora was called to Azkaban a few minutes before you arrived, to check on an inmate. Might it have something to do with this?” Alice smirked, very much aware of the answer already. She knew Snape. She had seen him brood silently, sorrowfully, for the Evans girl. And this, right now… his eyes… he loved Hermione. Not to mention the fucking otter that came to her and she almost didn’t recognize it was a message from him, weren’t it for his voice. He of course would have injured Lucius for doing this. She was surprised he hadn’t killed him.

“He might need some mending, yes.”
Again Hermione started to spasm and Severus held her, shushing against her cheek, trying to calm her down.

They went back to working in silence, Snape on the cuts on her chest and Alice on the burns on her stomach and wrists.

“Sev…erus? Seve…rus?” Hermione called feebly, with a touch of despair, as she opened her eyes into slits and tried to sit up. He gently laid her back down.

“I’m right here. Just lay back. You need to rest. You’re safe.”

“Are you okay?” She asked in a small voice.

“Don’t worry about me, witch,” he said, a bit emotional that she would think of him when she was like this. People hardly ever thought of him at all. “Just rest.”

“My body aches…”

“That will be over soon. We just need to finish dressing your wounds and then you’ll drink a very nice little potion and relax, okay?” He smiled feebly at her.

“We?” she asked, looking around, slowly. “Oh. Healer Grey.” She tried to smile but winced in pain.

“Just be still, Miss Granger. We’re almost done. Then we’ll move you up to a room.

But by the time she finished the sentence, Hermione was passed out again.

“I’ll be taking her home,” Severus stated.

“If you keep her here, no one will be able to work. Especially since I will not be leaving her side. Reporters will flood this place. Even if you put her in an isolated room, everyone will know by the morning, since I have no clue what the Aurors will say to the press. Just let me take her home, please. I have this place that is peaceful, and she will get everything she needs there. I will call you if I need you, and I would even appreciate if you paid visits. To check on her.”

His eyes were pleading. She had never seen him quite this… deeply involved. Distraught. Regretful. Tender. He then finally let out a small hiss, in pain, and winced, touching his side.

“Fine. But you’ll deal with my supervisor.”

“Send the git my way, by all means.”

Hermione’s wounds were already dressed.

“Now, let me see your wounds,” Alice said.

“I’m fine.”
“Severus, sit the fuck down. Your ribs are probably broken, since they are bothering you and your pain threshold is pretty high.”

Snape sat down, scowling, and lifted his shirt for her to see. His side was all bruised, very ugly and she could easily feel the break. She fixed it, and he quickly pushed his shirt down.

“That also needs rest.”

“Fine.” He was getting up.

“Let me see your wrists at least.”

“I need to take Hermione home!” He barked desperately.

Alice looked at him very seriously. “If you don’t take care of yourself, you can’t take care of her properly.”

He huffed and sat down again, stretching out his arms. She treated the burn with his potions, and dressed them. Then Severus finally got up, walking to his cabinet and taking out a small suitcase with individual spaces to hold potion phials. He packed many, every single one he would need, could need, to compliment the ones he would go to his flat at some point to get. He then gave her a phial of sleeping draught, so she would not be perturbed during the journey. He shrunk the bag and put it in his pocket, to then take her in his arms.

“Severus, you can’t carry her with broken ribs!”

“I’m fine.” He was already walking out with her in his arms.

“You’re not going to take her on your bike, are you?” She asked, alarmed.

“No. I’ll send you a Patronus with the location tomorrow morning,” he said as he carried Hermione down the hall and outside to disapparate.

He apparated outside the dense woods that surrounded his cottage. A small wave of his hand, as he still held her, was enough to lift the wards, and he made his way through on foot, through the gardens, past the spring, all the way up to his bedroom, to lay her down in the canopy bed. She wasn’t quite as restless as she had been in the hospital, but her body still spasmed lightly. He kneaded her muscles into relaxation before fetching a potion of his creation, precisely for those purposes. It would relax her even more, during these first hours after the attack in which the spasms were prone to be more intense, and send her into a deeper state of sleep, so she could truly rest and recover. There was still one thing he could do to make her more comfortable though.

With legilimency, he slipped into her mind. The memories of being tortured all came rushing at once towards him. Of course they would, having just happened. But the pain and anxiety of having those in the forefront of your mind constantly also hindered sleep and recuperation. He could, slowly, build occlumency walls around them, to give her more peace of mind. And so he started now, doing just enough to allow her to sleep a bit more soundly and recover. If she wanted more, he would wait for her to ask.

He took the opportunity to find out how she had retrieved that memory in his pocket, the one he wasn’t even sure was his. It didn’t take much searching for him to find his answers.
She woke after being taken by Lucius in the street, pulled into an alley and stupefied. She woke but did not give away she was already conscious. Malfoy had stupidly believed she was no match for him, so he hadn’t even cared to tie her up yet, also believing he would have more time before the spell wore off.

So she stayed quiet and listened for a while, daring only to open her eyes a tiny bit to assess the room she was being held captured in. She jumped up once he had his back turned to her, and managed to take her wand from a dusty surface nearby. Charms were exchanged as she ducked and shielded herself from extremely harmful ones and even unforgivables, though a burning spell hit her abdomen, and a cutting one her chest. He managed to deflect her advances as well, until she finally hit him with a stupefy square on the chest.

And then, instead of running, saving herself, she thought of him first. She needed to find his memory. She looked around, trying to rationalize where Lucius would keep it, searched avidly and of course that with her smarts and intuition, she found it in no time. Still, there wasn’t enough time left for her to escape. Lucius rose, and having not seen she had found the memory in a small wooden chest over a mantle and had stuck it in her bra, not even believing she knew of such a memory, he managed to seize her again in a moment of distraction, as she looked for an exit. He struck her with a non-verbal spell, the one that caused the wound to her head, and he was of course more careful this time, and she didn’t manage to escape again.

Before pulling out of her mind, Severus decided to search for happy memories, to bring to the front of her mind, to aid her dreaming. The memories she considered happy, in addition to her parents and childhood, contained him, their rare talks, him lying next to her, asleep, holding her. It took every fiber in his body for him not to get emotional right there.

He pulled out of her mind as to not fatigue her all at once. The work he had done helped, and she seemed to rest peacefully. He was in awe of how she had put him first, fought to free him. Never had anyone done that for him. Never did he think he could spark such feelings, pure feelings, in someone so intelligent and kind. He just hoped she would forgive him yet again, and still wanted to be with him. But would she? Fleeing when she declared her feelings was bad enough, but this… getting her tortured… surely was unforgivable.

He kissed her forehead, then a hand, then the other, and pulled the duvet over her, tucking her in before he walked to what was once Dumbledore’s study. The old goat kept a pensive there, and he needed to make sure that was his memory, the right memory, or if he would have to prepare himself for the Aurors to knock on his door at any minute. The worse part would not be being fed to the dementors per se, or dying. It would be not seeing the witch sleeping on his bed right now ever again, not feeling her touch, hearing her voice… leaving her here, perhaps brokenhearted, to be loved by another, and not be given the chance to redeem himself in her eyes. Though that would be all the better for her, being able to find someone better, more worthy of her.

He opened the cabinet in the study, and pulled out the pensive to carry to the desk. He sat before it for a good long while, just staring at it in the dark, moonlight the only thing brightening the room a bit. He tilted the phial with the memory in it, this way and that, staring at it, it’s silvery fluid mesmerizing him, until he finally had the courage to pour it in the pensive and stick his head in it.

And there it was. All of it. How he tortured the Minister until his body was weak, broken, contorted, and he was pleading for his life. How he had to put up occlumency walls to try and not be there completely, and just handle it matter-of-factly, as if he was making tea. How that monster
with a snake-like countenance watched all of it smirking, truly enjoying it, laughing sickeningly when that green ray of light escaped the tip of Severus’ wand and provided relief for the mangled man on the floor.

Reliving that made him nauseated. He felt like shutting himself from the world and waiting for death. Perhaps she should turn himself in. He deserved whatever they decided to do to him.

Or perhaps he should crawl into bed with the witch who saved his life. Her smile alone would comfort him. Would she reassure him when she woke that he wasn’t that man in the pensive? Would she let him hold her, and would she say those words he never had heard before and didn’t believe he was worthy of hearing, but that he now found himself longing to hear?

When he lifted his head from the pensive, there was a strong silver light in the room. He saw it was a stag, the match to his doe which always had filled him with sorrow to see or think about precisely because of what that match implied. But it didn’t match anymore, did it? That had slipped his mind. But it was something he should check on.

“How the hell…? Oh yes, The trace on his wand. He should have that removed. But the real question was who was “we”, and if they were there to see their friend, or to apprehend him. Had they, Hermione and he, somehow missed something? There was only one way to find out.

He sighed and stood. His wand to the pensive, he pulled the memory out. The wand then touched his temple, returning the dreadful memory to its home. To where it would be safest. Before going outside, he checked on the sleeping witch in his bed. She was peaceful. He caressed her forehead.

As he took long strides across his ample garden, the silver stag accompanied him, a constant reminder that there were people outside he should tend to. He waved his wand flamboyantly, to see if the silver doe would come out, to be reunited with its true pair, trot along with it for a few moments before he lifted the wards for the visitors. But indeed, only the happy otter made an appearance again.
Chapter 25

“Oh look, it’s the Potters,” Snape said sardonically, a bit relieved it was only Potter and the female Weasley at his door and not the cavalry. They rolled their eyes and stepped forward into the dark tunnel the trees formed, Snape’s wand lighting the way as his happy little otter was extinguished before anyone else could see. The trees closed behind them.

“Is this a social visit or a business one,” he asked, noticing Potter still sported his Auror badge.

“Both, actually.”

“Where’s Hermione, Snape?” Ginny asked a bit desperately. “Harry said she was badly hurt, and that you were taking her to the hospital, but then we get there and there isn’t even a record of her being there!” Ginny was crying.

“Calm down,” he said stoically. “She is here. I work at the bloody hospital and got her the treatment she needed in a discrete manner. What she needs now mostly is rest, so I brought her here.” They had finally exited the tunnel into the clearing, and both visitors could see why that would indeed be a proper place to get rest. They looked around in awe.

“A healer I know has agreed to check on her. She is well, considering…” he trailed off and looked down, letting a bit of shame come through his walls. Ginny saw it, and the underlying anger she had felt at him for putting her friend through this, faded.

“We are sorry to show up unannounced like this. It’s obvious you like your privacy,” Harry looked around, “… but when you weren’t at the hospital, I used the trace on your wand…”

“Yes. That will have to be lifted.” Snape recommenced the walking, leading them to the cottage’s front door.

“Of course,” Harry said as he hurried his steps to catch up, along with Ginny.

Once they were in the foyer, Potter spoke again, before Snape could reach the bottom step on the staircase. “Is there a place we can sit down first, before we see her? I… I need to get a deposition from you.”

Snake raised an eyebrow. This was it. If they suspected something, if Lucius had remembered anything, he could be taken in. He wouldn’t dare dive into Potter’s mind. He might have been a subpar occlumency student in his fifth year – in fact, he was subpar at everything – but Auror training must have taught him something. And if he felt Snape snooping around in there, it would be further cause for him to think – know – he was hiding something.

“Through there,” Snape pointed the dining room door and waved his wand behind Harry to light the sconces.

Harry and Ginny sat, as did Snape, grabbing his side gently as he did. It was where he supposed Lucius had kicked him, where his rib had been broken. Harry pulled out a self-writing quill and some parchment, and set them up. He then stared at Snape for a moment. He sat very rigidly, looking impassive. Much like he always did at the Head Table at Hogwarts.

“So… what happened?” Harry asked and the quill scribbled away.
“Quite simply, Lucius had been harassing me to… create a potion for him, one that would enable him to permanently transfigure into someone else and live freely. As I denied him, he tried to use Hermione to persuade me.”

“You say he had been harassing you… as in, continuously?”

“Yes.” Snape answered simply. Always with no hesitation. He was well trained at that.

“Why didn’t you contact us?”

“It was always he who found me, at any given time or place. I never had the chance to follow him or figure out where he was hiding. I thought that without that, it would all be useless to you.”

“And how was it that Lucius knew of your liaison with Hermione? It was not of… general knowledge.”

“That… is something I would like to know as well. I was careful to keep it from public knowledge for… precisely such reasons, in addition to enjoying my privacy. I suppose he followed me.”

“And how long have you been seeing Hermione?”

“Five months.”

“Five…!” Harry widened his eyes in surprise. Snape smirked.

“Is this for the statement or your own benefit, Potter?”

Potter composed himself as Ginny pinched him. She of course already knew, Snape could tell, since she had not shown an ounce of surprise.

“And how long had Mr. Malfoy been harassing you?”

“A little over a month,” Snape lied masterfully, “though in that time he only approached me three times, very briefly, prior to the kidnapping of Miss Granger.”

“And how is it you affirm you hid your relationship due to that? Were there others before him?”

“No. In the beginning I hid it for privacy, simply. Though I did fear the fugitive Death Eaters and my… history with them could pose a danger at some point.”

“Hmm.” Harry analyzed him. “And… when did you notice Miss Granger was missing?”

“This afternoon. I had left her in her flat in the morning and we had agreed to meet in the afternoon once again. She was not there. I went to the muggle shop around the corner where she could be frequently found and the girl who worked there informed me a man asked for me. I found it strange, since I do not shop there, I only ride by on my way home, or to Miss Granger’s.” Snape waved his wand and summoned a pitcher of water and three glasses. He poured himself one, and Miss Weasley did the same.

“The girl then described said man, and to me it sounded like Lucius,” he continued after he sipped his water. “The fact the muggle boy was missing was also suspicious. That is when I went to you.”
“I see… and how is it you found Mr. Malfoy?”

“He found me. Knocked me unconscious and took me.”

“And the muggle boy… it was who he wanted to transfigure into permanently?” Harry asked incredulously.

“At first… as a test. I believe the main goal was a position of power at the Ministry.”

Harry put the quill to a stop and handed it to Snape, for him to sign the statement. He did. Harry felt something was missing… surely Lucius had something more to push Severus around with, to only resort to kidnapping Hermione after a month… and for Severus not to go to the Auror office at once. But he could let it go. Snape had done things, he knew, but for the sake of the greater good, as Dumbledore had instructed them all to. No need to keep turning that rock over. Plus, everything was put to rest in his Wizengamot. They all just needed to move on. “You’ll need to go to the Ministry tomorrow and give another statement to whomever is on duty.”

Snape raised an eyebrow. “And this will go on… for how long?”

“No too long, providing both your statements match Hermione’s, when she is ready to give one.” Harry grinned. Snape did not look amused. “A mere formality, really. We already have enough to keep Malfoy in Azkaban until he rots without this.”

Snape remained stoic and unimpressed.

“Can we see Hermione now, please?” Ginny pleaded.

Snape stood. “Yes. Just give me a moment to… clothe her.”

Harry grimaced at the thought Snape had seen his friend naked. Countless times. For five months now.

Snape climbed the stairs ahead of them. When they reached the top, they waited at the hall for Snape to wave them in.

“The potions she took will keep her asleep for quite some time. To avoid distress.” Both Ginny and Harry caressed her hand. She looked peaceful, only wincing or twitching her face sometimes. She looked well cared for. They both felt relief.

“I will be coming back tomorrow to see her,” Ginny whispered.

“She won’t be well enough yet.”

“How do you know?” Ginny snapped. Snape only raised an eyebrow. She then recoiled, remembering the horrid stories she heard almost first hand, since Harry had had access to the Wizengamot files. He had been tortured too. Too many times.

“And when do you believe I can come back then?” She changed her tone to a calmer, sweeter one.

“In three days, perhaps.” He hated that he would now have to actually have visitors at this house. Anything for her, though. She will want to see her friends.

“Okay, we’ll get out of your hair then,” Harry said, pulling Ginny towards the door. “You look like you could use some rest as well,” Potter complemented as Snape once again took his
bandaged wrist to his side and winced, slightly as he followed them.

Harry descended the stairs first. Before his bride-to-be could follow, Snape called to her.

“Miss Weasley?”

Ginny turned, a foot down the first step already, her hand gripping the bannister. “Yeah?”

“Do you… happen to know what Hermione’s Patronus is?”


“Sheer curiosity,” he replied, his impassive mask firmly in place.

“Right. Don’t hurt her, Snape. And don’t hurt yourself either,” she said, and hurried down the steps. Snape was left to contemplate her words for a moment at the top of the steps before hurrying down to follow them out.

“Potter,” he called, and the boy turned to him from the front doorway. Snape just played with his wand in between his fingers while staring at him, an eyebrow raised.

“Oh, right!” Harry took out his wand and pointed it at Snape’s as he said “finite”. The white beam hit the grip of Snape’s wand as he rolled his eyes, amazed that even as a fucking Auror Potter had the need to enunciate every single spell, and loudly. How he hadn’t been killed was a fucking mystery. Hermione was the one who probably saved his ass at every turn.

“There you go.”

Snape scoffed as he made his way in between his guests to lead them out.

Severus took the white dress shirt her had put on her off. Despite having given her all the potions he could to alleviate her pain and discomfort, he knew they would wear off soon, and it was only safe to give her another dose in the morning. So there would be spasms, reminiscent from the Cruciatuius. And he knew all too well that discomfort. Not being restrained by clothes could make it marginally better. And although he had soothed her mind however much he could for the moment, she was still prone to horrible flashes of memories, and nightmares.

After stripping her down to her knickers again, he pulled the cover over her and lay beside her. He took a potion for his own pain, due to the broken rib, but still did not sleep peacefully. He nodded off every once in a while, but soon woke startled, remembering to look over to her and check she was well.

One of the times he was nodding off, he woke in pain. Something had struck his side. It was her hand, twitching as she spasmed. At least the sleeping draught was still in effect. But one could see by her fluttering eyelids and the distress on her face that she was going through it all again in her mind.

He held her whole body pressed against his as it spasmed. He tried to knead the knots he could feel on her back and shoulders as he embraced her and hushed close to her ear, trying to calm her down. She whimpered and even yelped a few times, thrashing against him, hitting his injured side a few times.

“Hermione,” he whispered in her ear, “it’s okay. Feel my heartbeat, let it guide yours. It’s

He didn’t realize he had said it, nor did he realize that her body only relaxed in his arms, back into peaceful rest, when he said it. He caressed her hair and kissed her forehead before laying her back on her side of the bed. He lay on his side, even though it hurt to do so, to watch her for a while. He then caressed her cheek. “I’m sorry. It is my fault this happened. I never intended for it to. I’m sorry,” he whispered, still caressing her.

Morning came and a not so rested Snape rose. After doing his ablutions and taking another dose of pain potion, he checked the hour and verified he could give Hermione another round of her potions. She had spasmed one more time during the night, but was still prone to it, so he fed her the potion to counter it, along with every other potion he had given her last night. He only gave half the dose of the sleeping draught, though. She could use a few more hours of rest, but keeping her under too long was not advisable.

After he managed to get her to swallow it all, he stood beside her and gazed at her lovingly. Her countenance was once again peaceful, at ease.

“Twinky,” Severus called. With a loud pop the house elf appeared, looking up at him with wide hopeful eyes, like tennis balls, as her hands were clasped together under her chin.

“Yes, master Snape?”

“I need to go into town for a bit. So I need you to stay here and take care of Hermione for me while I’m gone.”

“Certainly!” She said, excited. She still hadn’t noticed Hermione was hurt. “What does mistress need? Lunch? Clothes laundered? Cleaning?”

“No, Twinky. I need you to take care of her as… as you used to take care of me. When I was constantly injured?”

Twinky gasped and clasped her hand to her mouth, looking horrified at the memory of such times and such injuries. She then finally looked to the bed and walked over, taking Hermione’s limp hand in hers and caressing it.

“I will not be long. And she should stay asleep, peacefully, for the whole duration of my outing. But if anything – anything goes amiss, I want you to come to me immediately. I don’t care if I am in the middle of a muggle street, come to me and bring me here. Understand?”

“Yes, master,” Twinky nodded, still caressing Hermione’s hand.

Okay. Thank you. I should be back in three hours, time for lunch” he announced as he picked up his leather jacket and put it on. He hurried out and down the stairs. He didn’t want to be away from her for one minute more than necessary.

He went to the Ministry first. Good thing it was Sunday, and it was empty. He gave his deposition again. It wasn’t hard to remember exactly what he had said, where he had lied or omitted. It came naturally to him, having been a spy most his life.

He then went to his little flat, to pack a bag. He had sold that miserable house in Spinner’s End and acquired something smaller, and stripped of the miserable memories. He needed nothing that would add to the misery in his life.

Severus’ next stop was her flat. He packed her a bag. It took him a while to think of and
find everything he thought she could need, and not mess her flat up too much. He finally left, after having convinced himself he could come back if needed.

When he walked down the street to the grocery store to check all was well and the muggles suspected nothing, his bag and hers were shrunken in his pocket. Everything was well. Max had a hazy stare about him, as if he were hungover, which was what he believed he was. Cindy didn’t remember any of the events of the previous day either, and just gawked at him as per usual as he shopped.

Before his last stop, which was a small stroll down Diagon Alley to assess how things were, how much would everyone be whispering about him, and to pick up a copy of every single wizarding paper he could think of, he went to the alley where he had parked his bike, to check it was still there. It was, and whole. Driving it to the Cottage would take too long. Time he would prefer to spend beside her. So he just renewed his concealment glamour and apparated away.

Snape arrived to the cottage to find Twinky in the kitchen preparing lunch. He dropped all he carried, newspapers, magazines, groceries, along with his and her packed bags on the counter. He was tired. His side hurt. He should definitely lie down a bit.

“Twinky thought master would like some lunch after long outing. But Twinky has not neglected mistress, she checks on her often. Mistress is still asleep, and there have been no troubles. Did Twinky do well?”

“Yes, Twinky, very well. Thank you. I’ll go upstairs to check on her and then will be right sown to savor your meal. Once you are done, you may return to your friends at Hogwarts. I will be here for the rest of the day.”

“What of dinner, master Snape?”

“I don’t think it will be necessary. But I will call you if it is.”

He rushed upstairs with her bag and his, still shrunken. As he dropped them by the door, they were restored to their normal size. But he did not even look back as he rushed to the bed to gaze at Hermione. She had turned on her side, but did not look disturbed in any other way. He brushed a few tresses of her hair back, and then kissed her cheek.

Only then did he stalk back to their bags. He opened them, and with a wave of his wand, everything floated out of them to hang in the wardrobe, or folded itself to fit into drawers. All neatly separated, a side for him, and one for her. The few shoes were arranged at the bottom of the wardrobe, and the house slippers, on either side of the bed.

He then disrobed, throwing his beat up clothes he had worn since the prior day in the hamper next to the sink. He noticed Hermione’s clothes he had put in there last night – or what was left of them – weren’t there anymore. Probably the work of Twinky, who would have washed and mended it all. The elf is a fucking saint, he thought.

He took a quick shower, peeling off the bandages of his wrist injuries. They were still angry red. But they would not leave yet another scar, thankfully.

He pulled on a clean T-shirt and sweatpants and, after checking on Hermione yet again, went down to eat the lunch Twinky had prepared for him. She was still there, waiting to serve him a plate. She had, of course, put away all the groceries and had neatly stacked the newspapers and magazines on the dining table. She made him a plate, and as he picked up the utensils to eat, the elf saw his wrists and gasped.
“Would you like Twinky to bandage that, master?”

“No than you. It’s fine. I believe it needs to breathe a bit, I will tend to it later.”

“Twinky is so very sorry master has gone through this again.”

“It’s okay. I’m well, Twinky.” There was hope now this had been the last of it.

“Because master now has pretty and kind mistress to love him.” Twinky smiled.

Yes. There was that as well. Though something gnawed at him silently that she might not stay and put up with him after she had been tortured because of him, and him alone.

“Twinky remembers mistress Granger from Hogwarts. Many elves did not like her insistence in freeing us, but I knew she did not mean harm. Dobby explained to Twinky.”

Snape snorted, holding back laughter at the thought of her know-it-all little self infuriating the hundreds of House Elves at Hogwarts by simply being stubborn.

“Twinky, you know that if you are unhappy with your situation, you can talk to me, yes?” He didn’t want to offend her by bluntly offering to free her.

“Twinky is happy to serve master Snape. Does Twinky not do a good job?” The elf’s eyes became watery.

“Twinky does an excellent job,” he smiled at her, and even the elf was taken by surprise to see such feature on his face. “You may go rest now, Twinky,” he said, biting into his lunch. “The food is wonderful. Thank you.” The elf went away with a pop.

As he ate, Severus looked through the papers. There seemed to be nothing on them. He found it strange how Potter had managed to keep it all quiet. And he hadn’t even asked. But it was a load off his mind. Especially since Hermione appreciated her privacy as well, and he couldn’t bloody know if she would even want to be linked to him now.

But then, he finally laid eyes on The Quibbler. He wasn’t even sure why he picked up that lunatic’s magazine. Must be the rush he was in. But he was glad he did.

Miss Lovegood had been the only granted access to the story, it seemed. And staying true to her dreamy and sweet nature, had painted it in a rather nice, respectful way, giving the public the basic facts, but respecting their privacy, and portraying Severus as once again the romantic hero, who had been unjustly persecuted by the evil greedy Death Eater and forced to be face with the possibility of losing love once more, had risked his life to save the damsel. It wasn’t a lie, per se. Just embellished to hide his guilt in the events. It was better this way, though. He yearned for a chance to live free, and be happy, accompanied by this witch that came into his life in an unexpected way and had managed to make her way into his walls. If she would still have him.

Unfortunately, though, despite her friendly piece and the helping statements Harry had provided her with, both working to protect their friend no doubt, come tomorrow the vultures would put their own spin on it. But he was glad this was the first story published.

He took off his T-shirt and lay down next to Hermione. Just as he was beginning to drift
off, her sleep became agitated. Her breathing turned heavy in a matter of seconds, she whimpered and tossed and turned. He tried to hold her and shush her, but it only got worse, until she finally woke with a start, screaming and crying.

“Hermione, Hermione,” she heard as she pushed a hand off her, desperate and frightened. It fought her attempts.

“Hermione! You’re safe! It’s okay!”

She finally recognized the voice and her surroundings as just what he had said, safe, and looked at him. She still cried, but her breathing began to calm, and she let his hand return to her, to touch her cheeks and soothe her.

“It’s alright. It’s over. Nothing will happen to you. I won’t allow it.”

“Oh, Severus,” she cried, and despite her aching body, she managed to pull herself into his embrace. Without noticing or knowing he was injured, she pressed his broken ribs, and he groaned.

But she was too busy crying into his chest to notice. A huge surge of emotions made her cry. The pain, the torture, but mostly, the fear of losing Severus, of having him go to Azkaban and have nothing she could do about it. She realized she didn’t want to ever be without him, even if he could not give himself completely. She would work with what she had.

“I’m so sorry I put you through this. If it weren’t for me, this would never have happened to you,” he said into her hair.

“No, if it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have been saved,” she said, still in tears. She then gasped and pulled away from him, clutching her chest. “Where is it? I had it, I had it!” She was very agitated.

“Hermione, calm down. Breathe. Please witch, you’ll give yourself a heart attack.” He would have to give her more sleeping draught.

“But your memory…”

“I found it in your possession. It’s safe.”

“Where is it?”

“Back where it should be.” He tapped his temple.

“So it was the right one?”

“Yes.”

She breathed in relief. Her whole body relaxed.

“Why did you do that?” He asked. “You stubborn witch! You had the chance to run, free yourself, not have to endure…” he trailed off for a moment, “but you lingered there, rummaging for my memory. You should have left.” He caressed her cheek tenderly.

“I couldn’t!”

“Why not?”

“Because I….” love you, she would have said. But that fear of pushing him away stopped
her. “I had to. I had to get it.”

“It wouldn’t have affected you if you didn’t.”

“If you think that, Severus Snape, you haven’t been paying attention at all!” She cried.

He wiped away her tears with his thumb, both still in bed facing each other. And then, he smiled. He actually smiled, his deep dark eyes boring into her caramel ones.

That sight, his smile, his beautiful smile, was enough to set her heart ablaze. He touched his lips to her bruised brow gently. “I’m not worth it,” he whispered.

“You very much are, Severus. I would have done it all over again.”

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