

Here and Now With You

by Subversa

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One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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She Apparated in stages, and when she reached Tahiti, her excitement made it difficult to breathe. She had left a wide and obvious trail all the way to Sydney, but from there on, she had made careful use of the Eradicator. *She* wasn't worried about being followed, but *he* had made her swear to do it, so she did.

She flipped the hinged cap of the device she had adapted from Ron's Deluminator, and a ball of white light floated from within; following her wand, it danced an ever-widening circle about her. Standing on the sunrise beach of Raivavae, she Eradicated all evidence of her magical presence, then Disapparated.

He had gone to an area so remote, reliable communication had been impossible. As a result, he had no idea of when to expect her. The last letter she had from him, delivered on Christmas Day by an enormous, exhausted Wandering Albatross (*his name is Albus*, the great git had written, and seeing in her mind the smirk with which he would have said it had left her ill with longing), had casually mentioned that he took his morning tea daily at the cooperative on Rapa Iti.

Arriving, she Eradicated her presence, then realised she was ankle-deep in sand. Removing her shoes and socks, she trekked barefoot towards the settlement, heart thundering with anticipation.

Seated upon an upturned bucket, far too pale to be a native, the bare-chested man with the long ebony pony-tail spied her soon after she saw him, and he began to walk purposefully towards her. The trousers he wore ended at mid-thigh, and the closer he came, the more clearly delineated were his calf and thigh muscles to her impatient eyes.

When she could see the scars, flesh refusing to tan upon his otherwise bronzed throat, she began to run. Now she was close enough to see his broad smile, his eyes crinkled, his face miraculously relaxed. She crowed for joy when they came together, and he lifted her from her feet with palpable strength and vigour. She felt no compunction about wrapping her arms and legs about him, and their lips fused.

His large hands cradled her bottom, palms to cheeks, and he kissed her with such a concentrated combination of hunger and reverence that tears ran down her cheeks, seasoning their embrace. Tongues touched and caressed, teeth nibbled, and for the first time in nearly three years, Hermione took a full, deep breath of unadulterated Severus Snape, all but swooning with the bliss of it.

At last, her legs slid down until her feet were upon the sand. He stared at her, drinking in her appearance from bushy head to sandy feet, as if he were replenishing stores of nourishment long depleted. She nursed his hand to her cheek and ran a fingertip along his jaw. 'You know,' she said softly, 'when I said I had always dreamt of travelling faraway, I never meant to Arse-End Antarctica.'

His eyes darkened at her touch. His expression suddenly intent, he pulled her against him and kissed her again, the joy of reunion segueing seamlessly into desperate need. She wrapped her arms about his waist, then slid her hands slowly up his back, marvelling that the skeletal torso of her memory had evolved to such supple muscles below the flesh. The reality of his hard body beneath her hands awoke an ache of desire like blood flow pinkening deprived tissue, tingling beginning from every spot he

touched, with all paths leading insistently to pool as molten want in her quim.

She tweaked a nipple, then moved her hand down his abdomen, ruffling through the narrowing line of hair disappearing into his trousers. His breathing became more ragged, deteriorating into a groan when she skimmed her palm lightly over his shaft, and she ended by cupping his scrotum through his thin clothing, gently hefting and rolling.

Burning kisses trailed down her throat, then he murmured into her ear as his hands reacquainted themselves with the curves and planes of her body. 'No one will ever find us,' he said, and she trembled to hear the caressing timbre of his voice. 'It's perfect. No wizards, five hundred Muggles, the only access by freighter boat...'

He lifted his face, midnight black eyes asking the question he could not voice.

'I love it, darling. I love *you*. There is nowhere on earth or in time I would rather be than here and now with you.'

Gathering her to him, Severus Apparated home.

Author's Notes: In spite of Hermione's teasing complaint, they are not in Antarctica; they are at the tail-end of the inhabitable places in the Austral Islands, in French Polynesia, an island called Rapa Iti. It is the only island in the group below the tropic line, and the temperature can actually become cold there (forty degrees Fahrenheit) during July and August, due to the winds blowing across the open sea from the South Pole. The island is three hundred forty miles from its nearest neighbour, has no airport, and can be reached only by the freighter which stops by with supplies every three weeks, even in 2008.

It seemed like the sort of place Severus Snape might choose to go after War Voldemort II.

This story was written for the Live Journal Community RomancingWizard 'Bring Out Your Dead' Challenge, which required the use of a wizard who died in canon, an original magical device, and a prompt. My prompt was 'travelling faraway'.