

# Second Thoughts

by chivalric

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## One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a sequel to my story "Detention", taking up the events about two weeks later. I recommend you read the first part ([Click here to read](#)) before continuing.

Thanks in abundance to my betas, Sgenevieve and Pookah, for taking care and patiently erasing my many mistakes.

Special thanks to notsosaintly. As always, she knows why. Hugs from currently Texas, dear.

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Hermione Granger didn't think herself to be a stupid person.

*Usually*, a tiny voice said inside her head. *Usually!*

But then, she didn't think herself to be someone who slept with a teacher, either.

*Usually!* Again. *Usually!!*

"You've slept with a teacher, girl," she said aloud. A disbelieving quiver shook her voice only so slightly.

*Not just a teacher*, mocked the voice. *THAT teacher!*

"Alright, alright," Hermione confessed. *That teacher*. The one teacher, out of all the possible teachers living in Hogwarts, of all the possible males living in Hogwarts, or even outside of Hogwarts. "I'm stupid. Mad. Out of my head. Could someone please hex me?" In despair, Hermione started to bang her head on the smooth surface of the table.

No one was around to listen and fulfil her wish. The tiny voice went on, cheerfully cutting the wound wide open *Headmaster, Headmaster, Headmaster*, it sang.

It was a nasty voice, and Hermione hated it. Unfortunately, it was right. She had slept with the Headmaster. Hogwarts *bloody* Headmaster. The sneery, snappy, growly, nasty, always-dressed-in-black Headmaster. The Headmaster who had ordered the seventh years to come back to Hogwarts after Voldemort's downfall to take their N.E.W.T.s; the one she had provoked into giving her detention. She had seduced him over two weeks ago. Now, quite unexpectedly, she couldn't get him out of her head. Though she tried, she never succeeded.

Damn.

The tiny voice wasn't satisfied. *Say his name, then, it demanded. Say it. Say his name. Say it! Say it say it say...*

"SHUT UP!" Hermione screamed out loud into the empty room. Well, nearly empty. The Bloody Baron indignantly left the part of the library where Hermione had been hiding since lunch time. He gave her a disapproving look, melted into the shelves, and was gone.

*Say it. Say his name. Say it! Say it say it say...*

"Snape. Severus Snape. I slept with the Headmaster, and his name is Snape. Severus. Severus Snape. Are you happy now? Yes? Or shall I go to the Great Hall and shout it out to anyone who is there? Maybe write an essay about it? Or tattoo it on my forehead?" Hermione hissed. She was in quite a nasty mood and hated arguing with herself. Even worse was losing against her own subconscious.

A small giggle was heard from the other side of the bookshelf.

What had she done? Gods, what on earth had she done? Why had she been so stupid? Why hadn't Ron been good enough? Why did she have to provoke the Potions master during class and force him into giving her detention only to decide that seduction would be the better way to spend the evening? And had it been necessary, for Merlin's sake, had it really been necessary, that he was so damn good in bed?

*Bang! Bang! Bang!* Banging her head didn't really help, but then, at least it distracted her. Briefly.

"Now that is a woman in distress, I say!" said a mocking voice that made Hermione jump, but it was only Ginny. Great. Another problem had arisen because of her day-old split with Ron.

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*"Come on, 'Mione, just a little kiss."*

*"I've got a headache."*

*"What! Again?"*

*"I don't pretend I mean, I don't have a headache often!"*

*"Yeah just last night and then the day before and Tuesday and last week and well, since your detention with Snape, actually. What has he done, beaten you on the head with one of his cauldrons?"*

*"Umm, something like that."*

*"Come on then, I'll make it quick." Ron smirked. He was good at quick. His hands slipped under her robes.*

*Hermione looked at him. "This isn't working."*

*Ron looked at her and stepped back, letting go of her. His hands dropped from her hips. No more mocking.*

*"It isn't, is it," he agreed. And a small, hopeful smile crossed his face.*

*She smiled back. "Friends?" she asked.*

*"Friends." He grinned from one ear to the other.*

*"No more snogging." She sighed, relieved.*

*"No way," he agreed.*

*"No more fumbling!" she demanded.*

*"No!" He nodded eagerly.*

*"No more secret meetings," she tempted.*

*He merely shook his head. "Just in the common room. When you help me with my homework." Then something struck him. "No more sex!" he cheered.*

*"Not with me, anyway," she teased, and he blushed.*

*"You knew?" he asked.*

*"I'm not stupid," she answered, smiling.*

*"What about you?" he wondered. "Someone else out there?"*

*"Sure," she breathed. "Snape."*

*And Ron laughed so hard that the bed shook. "Good joke," he managed, wiping the tears out of his eyes. "As if anyone would ever be stupid enough to touch that nasty bat." Sniggering, he got up and left.*

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"Saw that coming," Ginny said after Hermione had told her the basics, and only the basics. "I knew it couldn't work out between the two of you. I'm glad that you're back to normal behaviour. Seeing you snogging my brother yergs!" She took a seat opposite and looked intently at her very unhappy friend. Gesturing at the wood and Hermione's slightly bruised head, she said, "So you are not disturbing the quiet peace of the library because of Ron, I assume?" Not that she was curious. She just wanted to know.

Hermione shook her head. "Obviously not. Should have done it weeks ago. It's something else..."

"More a *someone*, by the looks of it."

Hermione groaned inwardly. Ginny was very perceptive, too perceptive for her own good.

"Who is it?"

Hermione thought fast, not wanting Ginny to suspect anything that was even near the truth. She blushed and said nothing, that at least being very unusual for her.

Without a pause in the conversation, Ginny pounced at the opportunity. "He's younger than you, isn't he," she guessed.

*Not really*, Hermione thought, but nodded. *Let the others make the conclusions in this case; it worked swimmingly with Ron. He had laughed his head off at hearing the truth. And Ginny suspects someone younger. Excellent!*

"How much younger?"

*Nineteen years older*, Hermione figured, but out came, "Just a few months; nothing really. But he's..."

Ginny grinned understandingly. "He's with someone else, isn't he?!"

Hermione grinned back and said nothing. *This girl is wonderful*, she admitted silently. *She makes up the perfect story!*

"So where's the problem, then?" Ginny went on. "I'm sure he will dump her for you."

"Of course he will," Hermione confirmed hastily. "But well... I don't know how serious he wants this to get." That was the truth, at least. Part of it, anyway she had no idea what Snape thought about all this. She explained, "I only saw him once, and I thought it would be a single time. Nothing special, you know?"

Ginny nodded. "I know everything about 'nothing special', dear."

"But then it became sort of different towards the end. I... I... well, I sort of fell asleep in his arms accidentally." Hermione blushed even deeper.

"Oooh!" said Ginny, impressed. Falling asleep after a shag they both knew that this was highly unusual at school, where anyone at any time could stumble over couples, wherever they might be hiding. So after a couple had done it, they very quickly separated again. This was how it worked, always, no matter what. Even between people who thought they truly loved each other. Harry and Ginny were also victims of that routine. Not even the Room of Requirement was safe enough to stay overnight. It was just too dangerous. Someone could find out and tell others. How embarrassing!

"Wow," Ginny stated, noticing the look on her face. "You obviously liked it. And him as well? Did he like it, too?"

"I think so... or I thought so. Since then I've heard nothing. He treats me as usual. As if nothing has happened. The other day, he just ignored me!" Hermione wasn't used to getting ignored. Not by someone she had slept with, that was. But with Snape, she was used to being ignored. That was part of the problem.

Ginny tapped her fingernail against her teeth. "Right," she pondered. "One night, special ending, then avoidance from his side. Seems clear to me you have to kick his ass."

"Certainly," Hermione snapped sarcastically. "It's just that easy. I don't even know how to make an appointment without causing an outcry. Because of this other girl," she quickly added.

There was more thinking from Ginny's side. "You have a few days to sort it out because then term will be over," she pointed out. Before she could come up with a brilliant idea of how to contact Hermione's crush, Hermione had come up with one for herself, as usual.

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Sitting silently in his study, Severus Snape corrected essays from one of his classes. Taking a sip of hot cocoa now and then, he wondered how it was possible to be in a very black mood and in an unusually good mood at the same time.

*Lousy description of a simple process*, he decided, marking the essay in front of him with a 'Troll'. Casting a look at the cover, he found that it was Ron Weasley's essay. For some strange reason he growled at the folder for a brief moment. Truly, he couldn't stand the boy. He had never liked him, of course, but for about two weeks he had felt like strangling him whenever he saw him. Peculiar. Very peculiar.

Snape drained his mug and wondered if he should give firewhisky a go. But then, he disliked the stuff immensely. On the other hand it would make him drunk quickly, and even he wasn't able to stay awake too long when he was drunk. He might escape his own thoughts for a while. But when he slept, he would dream, and dreaming was completely out of question. Why? Because *she* was there. Always. And this not too long after he had finally been able to peacefully bury that certain girl who had invaded his dreams for years. Perfect timing, really. From the fire into the frying pan Albus would have called that. Severus nearly saw his dead friend's sunny smile and twinkling eyes, happy about the fact that his former Potions master was fussing about a woman.

*Not a woman. A student*, he reminded himself.

*Just for three more days*, his traitorous libido whispered.

Damn. No firewhisky, then. He simply couldn't handle the dreams. They were worse than his wandering mind. That, at least, he could control on a certain level. Slightly. Not much, though.

Granger. Hermione Granger.

Damn her. He couldn't get her out of his head. Worse, he had to admit he couldn't get her out of his heart. That was what truly worried him, as it was more than obvious that for her he had been nothing but a single event: a distraction for one night, an adventure not to be repeated.

Damn! Fuck!

Snape threw his quill; it landed on the floor near the fireplace. But instead of summoning it, instead of going on with his corrections, he daydreamed.

He thought of the morning after, when he had seen her in class. Only a few minutes, really, after she had woken up in his arms.

He had found that he wanted to impress her. Silly thing to do, really, but if he was certain of only one thing, it was that men are silly creatures.

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"Good morning."

*Simple words really, but when said by the Potions master, they actually shocked the class tremendously. Snape wishing them a good morning could only mean that the world would be ending at any minute.*

*Hermione cast him a sour look. Maybe I should try to actually teach these little bastards, Snape thought.*

*Troubling idea. Since he had become a teacher, he had abused his powers and mistreated his students wherever and whenever possible simply because there was no other way for him to get rid of the tremendous pressure in his life. But now that Voldemort was dead, really dead, it might be worth changing tactics, if only to confuse them.*

A tiny little smile crossed his lips. Worth a try, he thought and started teaching. Real teaching. Good teaching, surprisingly enough, not only for his students, but most of all for himself.

He found out that morning that he actually liked to teach. That it wasn't absolutely necessary to scare the life out of his students, and sometimes it helped just to watch them to find out what had gone wrong when a potion they brewed exploded.

Unfortunately, it didn't help at all to watch her. On the contrary, he found that watching her made him want to touch her.

And so he did.

"What exactly do you think you are doing there, Miss Granger?" he asked in a slightly mocking and immensely annoying voice.

Hermione's head shot up. Snape had stepped silently behind her and destroyed her already fragile concentration. Bastard, she thought, fuming, and remembering his hands on her skin.

"I'm brewing a potion," she snapped. How dare he treat her as any other student after last night!

"Ah. I thought you were chasing off dragons."

Sarcasm. Great. She hated the sound of every single cool word dripping out of his bloody sexy mouth.

The others laughed. Snape had made a joke something to mark in red on the calendar. Hermione, close to exploding, put her wand down and turned to face him. She couldn't keep her eyes from falling on the mark on his neck, invisible to anyone who didn't know it was there. She had done this. He wore her love-bite on his neck and dared to throw sarcasm at her! He had moaned with pleasure just a few short hours ago. She nearly bared her teeth at him, now.

He demanded an answer. Like last night. Stop it! Stop thinking about last night!

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked acidly. She truly didn't know what was going on, but suddenly realised that she had been impertinent. She could hear her fellow students drawing in breath as one and taking a step back, simultaneously. Picking a fight with Snape she was dead.

But it was too late to budge now. She refused to look away and saw the thin smile upon his lips. Silently, she cursed him with every nasty word she knew.

He could see that she was furious. Though it amused him, it didn't help his problem of wanting to touch her. "It means that your excessive movement might be appropriate for a cheerleader, but not for a witch brewing a potion. Too much action disturbs the magic. Keep your arms down, move only your wrists it will improve your potion making immensely." With these words he turned her around towards the cauldron. Her first try was vanished with a swift flick of his wand. Thrusting his fingers into both her shoulders in order to keep her still, he ordered her to do the potion again.

Gods, how wonderful she had felt.

It had worked, if one was referring to the quality of the potion. It had deeply confused him to touch her, but on the other hand, it had massively annoyed her.

All in all, a dreadful morning.

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Snape snapped out of the memory and got up to get his quill. She had been furious, obviously because he touched her. He shook his head. This wasn't him. Therefore, he would just stop thinking about her. Now. Immediately.

He picked up the next essay.

Hers.

Well.

He read it, pretending that he wasn't looking for a secret message. And when he found it the word 'Tonight?' scribbled in the midst of an accurate description of how to skin Mandrakes he couldn't believe it. All colour drained from his traditionally pale face. She was playing a game with him, a game that he could only lose. She was trying to pull his strings, and that made him furious in a silent, dangerous way. No one played with him, especially a schoolgirl not worth thinking about.

He didn't finish correcting her essay that night.

He couldn't sleep, either.

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When she knocked on his door the following evening, she was nervous. More nervous than last time, and that was something to say as last time she had been about to seduce one of her teachers.

She wanted to see him.

"Come on, open that sodding door," Hermione hissed under her breath. Her teeth were chattering, although she was dressed this time. "What is taking you so long got to put some boots on first?"

Two weeks ago, he hadn't worn shoes at all and had been dressed just with trousers and a shirt. The sight of him being in such private clothes had taken her breath away. Pity that it had been nothing but a one-night stand.

I just want to see him to tell him that she reassured herself. If he manages to let me in sometime tonight!

His voice through the closed door called her in.

Great; you've managed to save me from freezing to death. Thank you oh, so much! Hermione thought grimly as she opened the door and stepped in, closing it silently behind her.

He was sitting at his desk, exactly as last time. The only difference was that he wore his robes tonight. Well, I'm wearing clothes, she thought. Coming closer, she regarded him; he didn't care to look at her. Instead, he seemed to be quite interested in the surface of the table.

"Professor?"

He just took her essay and tossed it towards her. "You could do better than that," he said, disinterested and dismissive. "Try to concentrate on what you are doing. It will

improve your work. You may go."

Stunned, she took the parchment. She admitted to herself that she had hoped for him to act differently or at least friendly. She had arranged this meeting, and after all, he had agreed to it by telling her to pick up her essay after dinner. Now the chill in his voice cut through her defences. "I beg your forgiveness, Professor," she said acidly. "I was distracted when I wrote it. Something unimportant, but nevertheless, it seems to have been bothering me. Won't happen again." She hoped he understood that she was talking about him, that he had distracted her. Turning, she headed for the door to leave.

Of course he got the hidden meaning of her words.

"Hardly," he agreed, just before she reached the door.

She turned. Stared at him. *Hardly?* she thought in disbelief. *That's all he has to say about a night of passion? After all he has told me? After watching over my sleep?*

Something inside her snapped, and she became nasty she hadn't known that it would hurt so much being ignored. Idly, she strolled towards him, looked him up and down, and smiled. "It really was nothing, that night with you," she said sweetly. "A one-night stand. Not worth mentioning, as expected. When I told Ron about it, he laughed his head off couldn't believe it. 'But no one gets near that nasty bat', he said. Ron sniggered all day and laughs at me ever since for having such bad taste." Teasingly, Hermione tipped her head, then turned around and stalked to the door again. *Got you there, you cold bastard,* she thought, fuming. *Caress me one night only to ignore me the next not with me!* Unfortunately, she wasn't happy at all with her words or with the fact that she was leaving. Or with him still being silent.

Though she lingered, he didn't call her back. Bugger. So she turned and looked at him. There was something like amusement in his eyes.

"Take a seat, Miss Granger," he offered, gesturing to one of the big chairs in front of the fireplace.

Confused, she obeyed. She had struck just to hurt him hadn't he got it?

Now he got up and stood in front of her, forcing her to look up at him. "Sleeping with me didn't mean anything to you, is that correct?" he asked as lightly as if he were talking of her homework.

Hermione blushed she hadn't expected him to refer to their shared night that bluntly. She wanted to answer, but he silenced her. His eyes seemed darker than usual, which was impossible because his eyes were of the deepest black even under best conditions.

His voice was cold now, and he pierced her with his eyes. "You came here two weeks ago, Miss Granger, and used me for your leisure, then told it to your petty little boyfriend and the gods know who else. Now you are here to mock me. Don't think I didn't get it or that your words didn't hurt they have. Even I'm not insensible to insults, especially when they come from you."

He had come closer and stood with his back to the fire. His face was covered with shadows. "I didn't think I taught you much over the years, but obviously you learned how to be cruel. Congratulations. Actually, I should be proud of you."

She had paled at his words. He had admitted that she had hurt him and pretty much admitted that she meant something to him and he had called her cruel. That didn't go well together. Damn, time to change tactics. She wasn't here to fight. Tomorrow the train would leave, carrying her away from school and from him. Tonight was her sole chance to sort things out.

When she tried to get up, he stopped her with one look. He was furious, she realised belatedly, and because he kept control of his rage, it was even more terrifying.

"Severus...", she stammered. This was all going very wrong.

He laughed, and it was a not a nice sound. It hurt to hear it. It obviously didn't please him that she called him by his given name.

"You remind me quite strongly of Albus, Miss Granger."

"I don't understand!" Hermione whispered.

"Albus was marvellous," he explained. "He had a great talent of using the people around him. He made them do what he wanted them to do, whatever the cost. In my case, he used me to spy for him, to lie for him. He didn't care if I got hurt, injured, or broken. In the end, he used me to obtain a clean death. He didn't ask my opinion of his plan. Nevertheless, when I gave it, he discarded my unwillingness as unimportant."

Snape got closer, bent over her chair, and put a hand on each armrest. She stared at him, unable to believe what was happening. This was getting out of control, and he was scaring her. She tried to move away from him.

Narrowing his eyes at this, he continued, "You seem to be able to act in a similar way, Miss Granger. I must admit, I didn't see that in you until tonight. What did you call me? An unimportant distraction? Nice wording, indeed. What do you want, what are you up to? A little blackmail? You know every scar on my body. Just call 'rape' and I'm in Azkaban, given my past." He pushed, hard. The chair was heavy, but it slithered several feet backwards.

She tried to say something, but being shocked to the bones made her unable to get a single word out.

This had started as an adventure. Hermione had noticed Snape watching her, had been attracted by him, and had thought that if Ron could cheat on her, she could certainly cheat on him. Snape had been the perfect target: single, interesting, different, scary and sexy all at once. So she had come up with a plan, had followed it, and had seduced him, just like that. It had been wonderful, and it had meant a lot to her.

She had fallen asleep in his arms. Something she hadn't done with Ron, wouldn't have liked to do with Ron either, but something she had massively enjoyed doing with *him*. Her Severus. With the man who was now out of his mind with fury.

For more than two weeks, she had mused about her feelings for him, his dismissiveness, his cool behaviour, and had grown angry with him. Now she found out that there were two people in the game and that she, mostly unintentionally, had hurt someone whom she had thought didn't, couldn't, shouldn't have any feelings at all. She realised that not only had he feelings, but that she had broken his walls with a few well placed words, some half lies, and a smile.

Wow.

Hermione was very smart. In fact, she knew that there was no one smarter, at least not amongst the students. She usually was proud about it, but now she wasn't. She'd been too smart here. She had tried to play a game of wounded pride only to find that she instead had deeply injured someone she cared about. She would never have believed herself able to hurt the Potions master that is, until she had done just that.

Realisation dawned. He hadn't ignored her since that night. He had been there, right in front of her eyes, and had waited for her to come back to him. As he was her teacher, he hadn't had another choice she had seduced him! He had fallen into her clever hands like a ripe fruit, but there was no way whatsoever for him to reveal his feelings for her. *How could I have been so blind. How could I have been so daft!*

She needed to fix this mess. Now, immediately, before he grabbed her by the collar and threw her out. Before he did something worse, like starting to truly hate her.

"I missed you." Her words fell into the silence like raindrops in a puddle.

He took a step back as if she had slapped him, then blinked his eyes and frowned.

"First: I am a lousy actress," she said.

"Secondly: I didn't tell anybody. Of course not!

"Thirdly: I only want to blackmail you into bed again.

"And last: I'm not playi..."

He moved fast. Before she even knew that he had moved, she found herself getting pushed into the wall next to the door. His hand, long-fingered and strong, was on her shoulder. There was murder in his eyes. "I'm not in the mood to play." A whisper. His voice was cold enough to make her shiver.

"Why are you here, Miss Granger?" His lips were close to her skin, and she wondered how she could have been stupid enough to underestimate him. How she had failed to see the obvious. How she had managed to gloriously ignore the fact that the Potions master had indeed very deep feelings... for her.

"I'm here... because... I want to be."

Wrong answer, obviously. He didn't believe it.

"I'm here because... I want you." Next try. Not good enough.

She couldn't even imagine how much she must have hurt him with her stupid words. *Tell the truth, then*, she decided. *If you want him, tell the truth.*

She focused on him, stared into his eyes and refused to be scared. She looked past his fury and past his fear. With a sudden movement, she put her hands on his shoulders and pushed. He let go of her and stepped back. She gulped in breath.

"I'm here because of you, you stupid idiot," she shouted. "Are you listening? I'm here because I have fallen in love with you, I'm..."

"Hermione..." he tried to cut in, but she didn't let him. This wasn't easy for her either. *The truth, then.*

"I'm here because it hurts! Severus! It hurts to think of you. Since I spent that night with you, whenever I think of it there is that pain in my heart. It was never there before. It's new, and you caused it. But you, you treated me as usual. I couldn't stand it. I didn't realise that you couldn't do anything else. I was so stupid, and that's why I am here. Got that, or do I have to write it down?"

For a moment, he looked completely lost. Then he turned and closed his eyes and couldn't help but clutch his arms around his chest for a moment.

Then he swirled round and pinned her to the wall again, but more gently. He allowed her to wrap her legs round his waist this time. "Say that again," he demanded, but his voice was not cold anymore and his words didn't cut. He looked at her and forced her face up in order to see her eyes. "Face me and say that again."

She shook her head slightly. "Why?"

There was a strange look upon his face. "I want to make sure that you know who you are talking to," he said, and his casual voice didn't betray how hard it was for him to say that.

She smiled for the first time that evening. It felt good. "Do you fear..." she started, but he wasn't joking.

"I am not a nineteen-year-old schoolboy, Hermione."

She shuddered. "Thank Merlin you aren't. And not a redhead, either! I just split up with one nineteen-year-old redhead, and I don't need another one! I don't want a schoolboy, either. I want you."

He breathed in her fragrance and whispered. "Do you really know who I am, what I am, what I have done and what I am capable of? I need to know if you truly mean what you say, if you really understand who I am. So look at me. Repeat it. Please!"

Now she understood. Luckily she had an easy answer. "I see you, Severus. And I fell in love with you."

Only when she felt his whole body relax did she tighten the grip of her legs around his hips and link her arms carefully around his neck. Then she leaned in and stole a kiss. She would have never believed that an ex-Death Eater could be so easily surprised by something as small as a kiss, but then, she would have never thought that kissing him could be so immensely satisfying. She found that kissing him was the one thing that she had wanted to do in the last few weeks. Well, that and other things.

She broke the kiss. He was looking at her intently. Time for another question, but now for one that worried her.

"Now tell me, Severus, whilst you are looking at me do you really see me? Or someone else?"

Only the smallest implication, but by the look in his face, he knew exactly who she was talking about. And he seemed to realise in that precise moment that he was not the only one who could get hurt. "Your eyes are the perfect colour," he said, looking into her absolutely not-green eyes. "I've fallen in love with you, and I really don't understand how I managed to deny it for two long weeks."

She was still pinned against the wall, and her legs were still around his waist.

"We should do something about this," she suggested, and he nodded without moving. So she unlocked her hands and forced him out of his robes, then ripped open his shirt, not caring that there were buttons one could use. Her fingers were strong, her nails, though short, dug deeply in his back. She left some nice scratches that would remind him not to ignore her again.

Hermione marked his shoulders whilst pulling him close, bit him, ran her tongue up his neck and penetrated his mouth only moments later. He could merely hold her up, but then decided that one hand was enough for that task. With his other, he peeled her out of her clothes, an intriguing thing to do whilst getting kissed so very passionately. Getting naked standing upright and not having both hands to do so was not easy, either.

But they managed it, and they managed it fast. He was mad for her, had wanted her since the moment she had left his bed. He had dreamt of her, had fantasized about her, and had denied himself the hope that she could feel the same towards him.

She had lain in her own small bed, sleepless, wondering why it was he she thought of, had been unable to forget his face or the feeling of his hands on her skin, and had denied herself the hope that he might also feel the same way.

Therefore, she was wet and hot and welcoming when he thrust inside her.

And he was hard and demanding and fast when she urged him on.

They stared into each other's eyes, melted together, their mouths locked in the deepest kiss. An eternity later he saw her coming and she saw him climax, and for both of them it was perfect. Here, in his study, with each of them knowing exactly who the other one was and wanting no one else.