

Revenge in Hot Blood

by septentrion

Severus is a vampire with an obsession: Hermione.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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I make no gain with this story, which was made a lot better thanks to Dacian Goddess's beta reading skills. It's the translation by myself of my French one-shot "Vengeance de sang chaud".

Warning: the story gets a bit gory at the end, and some readers might get upset by the death at the end, though it is neither Hermione nor Severus who die. Sort of.

"The Muggle police are on edge," Harry Potter said. He had a glass of aperitif in hand and was lounging in one of the armchairs of his friends Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger's lounge. "All those dead people, found completely drained of blood," he continued. "They don't know what to think. Their last theory involves a virus escaped from a laboratory and which would provoke a quick self-destruction of the blood cells..."

"A vampire?" Hermione inquired. She was lying on the sofa, and her position was enhancing her pregnant belly. She clearly wasn't far from childbirth.

Harry sighed. "That's almost certain. I'm in charge of the investigation, with Ian Tuxley." Obviously, he wasn't enthusiastic about hunting a vampire.

"You two are the best Aurors," Ron said. He was stuffing his two-year-old daughter, Rose, with cocktail biscuits. "That vampire can't escape you."

"I'd like to believe it," Harry retorted. "But this one is damn crafty. Tuxley suspects he or she isn't a vampire born but rather a wizard or a witch turned vampire, and I'm inclined to think so as well."

"Is there a difference?" Ginny asked. Harry's wife, who was sitting near him, was feeding a bottle to her newborn.

"Oh, yes. Vampires born are a bit more like animals in their way of living and acting," Harry explained. "They don't have any magical power that would allow them to use a wand, whereas a wizard or a witch turned into a vampire keeps their powers and their intelligence. Their personalities are different, but they combine the abilities of the two species."

"And you're of the opinion that your vampire was a particularly intelligent wizard or witch?" Hermione inquired.

Harry sighed again. "Sadly, yes. This monster's been running wild in England for a year. He, or she, has already killed about ten people around the country, but in fact appeared roughly nine years ago in France, near Calais. From there, they left a trace we can follow all around Europe. His or her victims are always randomly chosen Muggles."

A shiver ran over the small group of friends. The conversation promptly slipped to more mundane subjects. After all, it wouldn't do for Hermione, whose pregnancy had been difficult, to become worried at all, as her parents happened to be Muggles.

Being a vampire had its advantages, Severus reflected. He was in his usual hiding place, which he used to spy on the Weasleys. Said hiding place was actually the house of a retired couple he had had for a snack; they had had the bad luck to live across from the Weasleys' home. And among the advantages of being a vampire, sharpened senses were very high on the list: he didn't need binoculars to clearly see Hermione Granger through the French doors of her lounge. She was pacing around; it seemed that she'd gone into labour earlier than expected. Too bad for her that her husband was gone on a mission involving Cornwall pixies for Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes and thus totally deprived of means of communication: the pixies had the unfortunate habit of putting owls on their menu.

Severus had been watching the young woman for weeks. Carefully, he'd staged a departure to the Canaries for the old couple who had "lent" him their dwelling; they were believed gone for two months by everyone. As for Hermione, she'd been very easy to spy upon since her pregnancy forced her to remain lying nearly all the time. Thus she spent her days on her sofa, reading and sleeping.

Severus couldn't understand whence his fascination for her came. Was it the way her brown hair with its auburn sheen, a bit less bushy than in his memory, spread out on the cushion supporting the nape of her neck? A nape he wanted to touch, stroke, graze with his canines, so much so that he sometimes woke up with a persistent erection if he was unlucky enough to dream about it. Or maybe the culprit was that lower lip she bit so often, a lip so full that he was sure he could drink in gulps from it? Or her feet that inflamed his imagination, so elegantly flattered by the crimson cushion they were resting on?

It had all begun innocently enough, a few months after his return to England. The announcement of Albus Severus Potter's birth in the *Daily Prophet* had irritated him to no end. In fact, it had even re-awakened his hatred for the scar-head idiot. He didn't have a precise idea which punishment he would inflict on Potter, but he wasn't going to let that idiot use *his* name without retaliating. That was how he'd found himself tailing Potter daily, so that he wouldn't miss an opportunity to make him pay for his blasphemy. Severus wasn't in a hurry. He would find the favourable moment for attacking that idiot. Though he was an Auror, Potter's life was as regular as clockwork. He left his house nearly always at the same hour, kissed his wife on their doorstep, Apparated to the Ministry, which he left nearly always at the same hour...later than the other employees though. Probably the price to pay to be the chief of the Aurory. It was by following this routine that Severus one day found himself following Potter, his pregnant wife and their elder child on their way to the Weasley home for a friendly Sunday meal. And all his projects of revenge flew out of the proverbial window as soon as he saw Hermione Granger, pregnant up to her eyes and as ripe as a fruit ready to fall from the tree.

Granger had made the effort to come and open the door to her friends herself while her husband, as far as Severus had understood, was taking care of their older daughter somewhere in the house.

"Harry, Ginny, come in!" she'd exclaimed while withdrawing from the door to let them in. Her voice had matured. She was a bit unsteady on her feet with the child's weight, but the move was gracious. Granger was made of curves, very womanly and motherly curves that tempted Severus very badly; he wanted to plunge his canines in those curves and to taste the delicious blood of the mother-to-be; he wanted to push his hard sex into her and find oblivion in her heat. The atavism of the vampires had just designated to him his ideal companion for the centuries to come.

He wanted her, and he would have her. He'd watched her without interruption since that first day, except for when he needed to feed. She was often alone: her husband's profession frequently led him to leave for days, and her friends and family had their own lives to live. Severus had reluctantly dismissed the idea of following Ron Weasley and of getting Hermione rid of him. He wasn't sure his gesture would have been appreciated. He didn't want to be rejected by the object of his lust. He wasn't sure he wanted to taste Weasley's blood either.

Severus could see Weasley touch his spouse in spite of her big belly on the days when he was at home. He envied the imbecile she was allowing to have pleasure with her body, a body Severus considered as belonging to him already. It was lucky that the redhead couldn't make love to Hermione without endangering the baby and had to content himself with caresses and kisses, for Severus wouldn't have tolerated seeing another one encroach that much on his territory. But how to get near her? She never left her home, and he couldn't get in without being invited. No, it was better to wait for the right moment. The Aurors and the Muggle police were already searching for him; there was no need to volunteer his location. But today, he had the opportunity to make her his without turning back.

"Quick, she's got a haemorrhage," cried one of the St Mungo's Healers. "She needs Blood-Replenishing potion NOW! Hold on, Mrs Weasley," he added while turning to the parturient in the labour ward.

"Ms Granger," Hermione grumbled between her gritted teeth. Even suffering martyrdom wouldn't make her give up her principles. Whether she was married or not, she was still a Granger.

"What's he doing?" muttered the Healer when his colleague failed to come back. The minutes were passing, the baby was already crowning, and the patient was losing more and more blood. Fucking placenta, too low to allow a proper childbirth! And why wasn't the traditional bottle of Blood-Replenishing potion on the potions shelf? Once more, someone had used the last bottle and neglected to replace it. Well, someone would get a good tongue lashing later!

A baby's cry resounded in the white-tiled room.

"Your baby, Mrs Weasley. It's a boy," the Healer said.

At the same time, Hermione was losing consciousness. She was weak with blood loss and hours of labour. When he saw that, the Healer put the newborn baby in a cradle. He was about to cast a spell on Hermione to stabilise her condition during the time it would take him to look for the potion and give it to her, when, inexplicably, he lost consciousness too. The young woman didn't notice anything; she was already far away.

Severus watched his former student lying on the delivery table, her legs spread as if she were offering herself to a man. He waved his wand roughly in the direction of the newborn baby, who was crying. The child fell asleep, Stunned. Severus's eyes never wavered from the spectacle that was the woman offered in front of him. He was but a vampire, after all, but an obsessed one, and here his obsession was within canine reach. A strong smell of blood, tainted with sweat, had spread all over the room and was making his head spin like the headiest perfume. Hermione Granger's exposed intimate parts and thighs were streaked with red blood; she was beautiful like a contemporary work of art, one that fascinates and captures your eyes even though you couldn't explain its meaning with words.

Her heart. Her heart was beating more and more slowly. Severus's vampire senses could perceive its dull beating as if a church tenor bell was ringing out near his ears. He knew then that he had to act quickly. He came near his future companion and promptly sank his canines into her jugular. He swallowed the already too thin stream of blood until Hermione reached death's door. Next he completed the ritual that would make her a vampire by giving her some drops of his own blood through an incision he made at the bottom of his thumb. His work done, he cancelled the Stunning Spell he'd cast on the baby and slipped out of the hospital discreetly. He managed to avoid the Weasley tribe in the waiting-room and fed from a nurse who was passing by. Blessed be magic and memory charms.

"Mum is dead," Dad had said. Rose didn't exactly understand the meaning of that except that she'd never see her mum again. Never again. The adults had explained her that the box in which her mother was sleeping would be closed, never to be opened again because her mother would never wake up. She was sad to never see her mum again. Because a baby had killed her.

When Hermione came back to consciousness, she felt another presence outside of her coffin. Coffin? She didn't have another word for the padded box in which she was confined. Was she dead? She had to believe it. The living weren't put into coffins, unless there'd been a human mistake or because a psychopath had shut them into one. But she didn't feel alive, either. Her heart wasn't beating; she'd checked by sliding her hand along her chest. And there was the fact that she didn't feel anxious for being locked inside a coffin. Shouldn't she have had a panic attack by now? But no, she was only thirsty. And hungry. As if thirst and hunger were the same thing.

The mysterious presence was still there, and not alone. Something alive was with it. Hermione licked her lips with her tongue; she scratched it a bit on her canines, and a drop of blood dropped into her mouth. Merlin, Viviane, Circe, that was good! She recognised at once the taste of what she needed *right now*: blood, she needed blood. And a living being, filled with blood, was on the other side of the wooden, padded box. She started to push up the lid of her coffin frantically, she was so anxious to get access

to her meal. She didn't linger to think how strange it was that she could push up the lid so easily; she didn't have time for that.

The first thing she saw in spite of the deep darkness of the tomb was Severus Snape's face, reputed dead nine years ago. He was alive, or at least he looked alive. A smirk was gracing his features. A deep malignity was emanating from him. Yet, it wasn't directed at her, of that Hermione was persuaded. He held out to her a bundle of blankets that was in his arms.

"Your first meal, Miss Granger," he said with a mellifluous voice that would have convinced the most virtuous Saint to follow him to hell.

Sitting up, Hermione took the bundle and saw a newborn baby's face. She frowned.

"Do I know it?"

She softly stroked the tiny head. She could feel the heat of the baby's blood until the very core of her own being.

"He's yours, Miss Granger. He might be very small, but he nearly killed you when he was born. In a way, he's responsible for your current condition."

"I'm hungry."

Only that counted now. She raised her eyes to meet his.

"May I eat?"

He invited her to just do so with a wave of his hand.

"I brought him to you so that you would feed. You're a newborn to unlife, or undeath depending on the point of view you choose. You're still too weak to wander alone in search of a prey. I thought you would need to build up some strength before you went to discover the world of darkness."

Hermione brought her attention back to the baby and shrugged.

"It's true. Without him, I'd still be alive."

Without another word, she sank her long canines in the small body and drank greedily.