

Transported

by shefa

A mysterious energy surge sends Hermione Granger abroad to investigate. An uninvited traveling partner comes along.

A drabble series written for Portus_Envy.

Set of 20 drabbles

Chapter 1 of 3

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She refused to acknowledge the dark figure occupying her doorway despite the almost physical weight of his presence.

Only her dogged movement around the room protected her from withering under his scorching glare.

Her hands shook as she crammed her satchel with the contents of an entire bookshelf. There wasn't much time to catch that Portkey, and there was no way that she'd give him the satisfaction of breaking their stalemate.

If he's got something to say to me, he can damn well say it.

"How many books do you intend to carry with you halfway around the world, Granger?"

His voice made her shiver.

Damn that man.

She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing her tremble, though her blood ran hot, both with longing and with the urge to shake him. The unexplained disturbance detected by the Department's sensors was rapidly gaining momentum, and there was no time to waste getting distracted by a man who had turned ambiguous and oblique communication into an art form.

"You're not doing this alone," he said as he swept into the room, "so we'd best pack together."

"Together," she echoed. "Now that's a word I never thought I'd hear you say."

Did I say that out loud?

Stunned into silence, Snape hesitated, and Hermione realised that she'd never before seen him at a loss for words. She sighed.

"I haven't got time for this," she grumbled. "The Portkey to Heathrow leaves in ten minutes, and I've got a long journey ahead." She reached for her bag, but he held it in his arms, clutched against him like a shield.

"Give me my bag, Snape." This time, her voice seemed to rouse him, and his penetrating gaze focussed on her again.

"I'm going with you."

This time, she couldn't hide her shiver.

"It makes far more sense to use a Portkey," Snape grumbled, glancing through the windows at the hulking airplanes littering the tarmac.

Considering their likeness to large, metal Thestrals, she supposed she could appreciate Snape's uneasiness.

"The Arithmantic calculations indicate that a Portkey is too dangerous to use," Hermione reiterated. "The magic emanating from the west is too unstable, especially since we don't know its source. Besides," she added, "nobody asked you to accompany me."

He snorted, but his jaw was clenched, and his brow furrowed.

"Don't tell me that the brave and powerful Severus Snape is... afraid to fly?"

Severus Snape in full snit was truly awesome to behold.

Hermione couldn't help but admire the sight, not least because it meant a reprieve from trying *not* to look at him.

Nostrils flaring.

Eyes flashing.

Muscles coiled, holding himself in check...just barely.

And that voice...low and dangerous.

The twinge of empathy she'd felt for the hapless gate agent had been banished by the woman's rapidly growing resemblance to Dolores Umbridge. Besides, this way she could drink in the sight of him, unchecked.

She smiled.

"Something amusing, Granger?"

Startled, she met his gaze head-on.

And fell into his eyes.

His mind was more chaotic than she would've expected from a man so disciplined.

Even five years as co-workers in the Department of Mysteries had given Hermione little insight into the inner workings of Severus Snape. Unfortunately, though, it had left her with an attraction to a man who had made it perfectly plain that he didn't reciprocate.

And now, thrust behind the barriers of this frustrating, *fascinating* man, into what appeared to be a cluttered chamber, Hermione felt saturated with *him*.

The gate agent said that they'd be delayed for hours. She might as well have a look around.

It was a large room, shelves and tables spilling over with...

Oh!

His thoughts, catalogued in books that packed the shelves and inscribed on parchments scattered around the room.

What I wouldn't give for a look at those.

Sorely tempted, but too principled to peruse his secreted thoughts without consent, she was distracted by heaps of brightly coloured stones, some glittering, others more muted.

Wishes...

Tucked into treasured niches and secreted in hiding places were jewels of all kinds. Rose quartz and raw moonstone sat alongside vibrant garnets and amethysts.

His glittering hopes and dreams, discarded, yet guarded.

It was the garden that drew her.

Lush and fragrant, its colours and scents flooded Hermione with sensation.

Delicate white blossoms of alysum and edelweiss, peppered with flaming tulip buds, surrounded scarlet blooms of rose-marrow.

Such passionate emotion...

As she revelled in the sensual pleasure, a gentle breeze caressed her skin, gifting her with the intricate textures of his joy and despair, his fear and longing. Eyes brimming with tears, she turned to see a humble elder tree, aromatic honeysuckle clinging to its trunk and twining through its branches.

Oh, Severus.

She slipped from his mind and into his arms.

Only to be unceremoniously removed from those arms by a firm set of hands.

"Severus," she whispered.

"Granger," he barked, eyes shuttered again, "we need to hurry and get to another door," he gestured vaguely, "so that we can get on another metal cylinder and hurtle through the air until we arrive in the United States."

Disoriented and slightly embarrassed, Hermione grabbed her bag while Snape strode ahead towards the airplane that would take them one step closer to their destination.

He didn't glance back to see that she followed.

"Snape," she growled, anger building. "I've had enough of this."

There was a split-second when she thought he might continue as if she hadn't spoken.

Camouflaged by the noisy terminal, he could sweep forward, parting the sea of Muggles like a vengeful god.

He had always had a penchant for absorbing ambient anger and wielding it as if it were his own.

She waited. Her own anger dissipated like fog in the morning light as she watched him decide.

When, finally, he turned to face her, she lifted her eyes to his.

Inviting.

Offering.

He showed his surprise only for a moment.

Then, soundless words.

Soon.

But first, come.

They hurtled their way across an ocean, cradled by voluminous clouds and the Muggle magic that kept airplanes up.

Neither spoke aloud as they made their way to their new gate. Even after boarding and departure, the cocoon of quiet expectancy that had captured them in the chaotic terminal held.

Sitting side-by-side, the witch and the wizard feigned indifference to their more than random brushes of hands or legs, as if their bodies knew what they had tacitly agreed to not discuss.

At last, lost in fitful sleep, she barely felt the tentative stroke of his fingertips against her cheek.

The first thing she noticed was the blast of cold air on her skin. After endless hours of travel in and out of blistering heat, it was like being bathed in ice. She sighed with relief as her body cooled, her eyes adjusting to the dimmer light inside.

This was *definitely* the place.

Noise, movement and a surge of *energy* poured through the double doors of what looked like a large meeting room.

Hermione marvelled that a group of Muggles could generate enough power to alarm The Ministry for Magic.

"What in the name of Merlin is going on down there?"

"Careful," he murmured.

Hermione nodded, walking alongside, only a hairsbreadth separating them.

Muggles, they're just Muggles. She tried to slow her racing heart as they inched down the hallway.

But when the shadowy doorway delivered a figure that, since The Battle of Hogwarts, she'd seen only in nightmares, she screamed.

And flung herself into Snape's ready arms.

Potions work had honed his ability to respond instinctively in emergencies. Indeed, the glint of malevolently red eyes and the movement of a long-fingered hand stroking the massive snake draped across his bony shoulders triggered every alarm in Snape's arsenal.

"It's not him."

His arms were powerful, and the sensation of his hands stroking her back, her hair, her neck left her heart racing despite his efforts to soothe her fears.

"It's not *him*, Hermione," he whispered into the tangle of curls framing her ear. "He is long dead. This is merely a man." He paused, considering the bone structure of the figure resembling his worst nightmare.

"Or, perhaps not a *man*..."

Safe in the circle of his arms, the steady beating of his heart and cadence of his breathing calmed her.

"Perhaps, just one more moment, then?" she whispered into his chest.

His arms tightened in response.

"Stay for as long as you need." His voice was gruff and Hermione shivered.

Barely moving, loath to lose contact with this man whose touch she had craved for so long, she looked up to meet his gaze.

Tender.

Protective.

Loving.

Eyes bright, she ran her fingertips along the strong line of his jaw, drawing closer to his lips.

"Why, Severus?" she whispered as she stroked his skin with greedy fingers.

"You couldn't want me," he murmured, "so I chose to stay away." He paused. "But I can't stop myself from protecting you from harm."

"Oh, Severus," she murmured. "You should have asked. You could have *asked!*" Her expression was stern. "Don't ever presume to know what I want without asking me."

He nodded tentatively, and she realised that he was still unsure of her.

"Severus," she said, "I want you. I have wanted you for... Circe, I can't remember a time *before* wanting you."

The transforming effect of joy on the visage of Severus Snape rivalled the most complex Transfigurations Hermione had ever performed.

A spark, newly alight in his eyes, lit a fire in her belly, and she leaned in to him again.

Never could Hermione have imagined that her first kiss with Severus would be interrupted by piercing squealing.

They were surrounded by women, at first glance, hundreds of them. And they all had eyes only for Severus.

Confused, Hermione turned and saw that scattered amongst the large group of women were several men dressed awfully like her black-garbed wizard.

She squinted. They even *looked* like him.

Despite the chaotic noise, she could have *sworn* that she heard his name on the tongues of these women.

These loud, Muggle women.

Oh, no. This would not do. This would not do at all.

Hermione Granger in high dudgeon was a vision to behold.

The trans-continental energy produced by the crowd was nothing to the surge of fierce possessiveness that ripped through her as she turned to face the mob.

Wand out, eyes flashing, she met the throng head-on. Standing in battle stance between the Potions master and the Muggle women, Hermione needed few words.

"This one is *mine*." Her feral growl saturated the room and left no doubt who would prevail should anyone challenge her primacy.

She felt Severus' wand arm move and felt the whisper of his spell from behind.

"Let's go, Hermione."

He swept her back into his arms, and she was conscious of how few wizards could have managed that feat without damage to wand or limb.

They moved swiftly until they arrived at the long counter, queuing up behind Muggles with suitcases and shopping parcels. Hermione's narrow-eyed glare kept the women from ogling Severus overmuch, but the urgent need to find somewhere private grew with each appreciative glance.

"A room for two, please." Hermione closed her eyes, appreciating the sound of his deep voice.

Music to her ears.

"We're completely booked, sir," apologised the clerk, "can I recommend other accommodations?"

"These will do," Snape responded, wand peeking out again from his sleeve.

Hermione furrowed her brow disapprovingly, but one smouldering glance from the wizard next to her drove all concern from her mind.

Key obtained, Hermione wrapped her hand around his larger one and led him to the lift.

It felt to her as if the air in the room was buzzing with the effort of keeping hands in decorous places.

She squeezed and rubbed her thumb over the rough skin of his thumb, and his sigh sent a bolt of lightning to her core.

"This is it," she whispered.

The Drabbles continue

Chapter 2 of 3

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In which we attempt to earn our rating.
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Hermione simply wanted to get into their room, behind a closed door.

Closed, and locked.

The Muggle standing in front of that door was impeding her goal.

His enthusiastic greeting included thrusting a piece of shiny paper towards them. His toothy smile didn't quite mask disapproval at their obvious intent to abandon decorum as soon as possible.

Severus looked the man up and down dismissively.

"Unnecessary. We've got plenty of reading material." He gestured to Hermione's bulging bag of books.

Hermione stifled a giggle and tried to steady her shaking hands as she struggled to unlock that damned door.

**

She felt the heat of his body behind hers. Her shaking hands fumbled, his steadied them.

Finally.

The instant the lock clicked shut his arms were around her again.

His were trembling, too.

She wrapped herself around him, her breath hot against his neck. She brought her lips to the juncture of his neck and jaw and impulsively swept her tongue across his skin.

Salty.

She heard his growl of pleasure in the same instant that she felt his hands move to cradle her face, thumbs stroking her cheekbones.

He looked like he was trying his utmost to restrain himself.

**

He has so many shields...

"Severus, come here." Hermione stepped away from him and tugged lightly on his hand.

Despite his confusion, he followed her into the large bathroom. Silently, she reached into the tub to turn on the water.

"What are you doing, Hermione?" he asked nervously.

"Well," she replied, "we've been travelling such a long time; I thought that bathing might be refreshing."

Before he could offer more than a startled nod, she started to unhurriedly unfasten her blouse. His mouth slightly agape, Severus stood, transfixed.

As the room rapidly filled with steam, they reached towards one another.

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Layer upon layer fell to the floor, fingers unfastening. Reverent.

Unlocking.

Uncovering.

Desire building, still they paused in awe and recognition of shields relinquished.

She drew her hands along his lightly muscled chest and traced the faint line of hair to his navel. He stroked her collarbone and ran his fingertips down her arms until he had both of her hands in his.

Eyes swept hungrily over flushed skin.

Her tongue darted out to moisten her lips. His breath grew ragged as his gaze followed her tongue.

His eyes glinted with anticipation as he led her to the falling water.

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The warm water flowed over them both, washing away residue accumulated over years.

Severus wrinkled his nose at the hotel soaps, but Hermione smiled and lathered him liberally until he did the same to her.

Under the flowing tap, drenched with the cleansing water, Severus threw back his head and laughed.

The rich, joyful sound of his delight sent a shiver through her and made her acutely aware that despite the intimacy of their current situation, they had yet to kiss.

She brought her fingers to his lips, stroking, questioning.

“Oh, yes, Hermione.”

He lowered his lips to stroke hers.

**

The first touch of his mouth was electric.

Oh, Circe...

Everything until this moment was preparation, prelude.

His lips were firm and warm, tender tracing of his tongue conveyed every nuance of his desire and bewilderment at his welcome. Each stroke of his tongue, each nip of sharp teeth drew a moan from a point deep in her core.

Primal.

She stood in the rushing water, swept away by the rhythms of their kiss and the tantalizing proximity of his bare skin. His body was so close; she wanted to feel every inch of him.

“Take me to bed, Severus.”

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He Apparated them to the bed.

“I love magic,” she murmured between ravenous kisses.

“Mmmm, love...” he echoed, distracted by his attention to the swell of her breasts.

It felt as if he was memorising her body, mapping her inch by inch. His mouth, that clever tongue, those nimble fingers—taking her in and worshipping her at once.

“Severus, please,” she moaned, incoherent with need. “Next time we’ll take our time.”

“Next time?” Wonder in his voice.

“Yes, next time. And the time after that,” she murmured, her breath hot. “I intend for this to just be the opening act.”

**

The heat in his eyes seared her soul.

His hands followed the graceful line of her thighs until they reached their juncture and, without breaking his gaze, caressed her until her moans reached a crescendo.

“Oh, please, please. Now, Severus. Now!”

At last, he moved to sheath himself inside her. Fingers laced, eyes locked, they found their rhythm.

At last.

“Oh, Hermione. Oh... oh!” His voice was rough, and his long groan of pleasure sent resonant shivers through Hermione.

Their voices mingled, cries of passion woven with whispers of truths untold.

“Never... never like this before,” he rasped.

“No, never.”

**

“Only you,” she whispered roughly, her lips brushing the shell of his ear as his thrusts became more erratic.

“Yes... yes...” he affirmed, his body shuddering with imminent completion.

Their bodies knew the dance. Bathed in him, she was all sensation. His thrusting body, the scent of Severus and soap, and the taste – oh, the taste of his mouth – drove all thought from her mind.

Then she was there, riding the crest, the intensity of her climax roaring through her as she cried out.

He was there, too, calling out as they both broke into a thousand shards of light.

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To be continued...

Transported, continued

Chapter 3 of 3

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They clung to each other far beyond the time it took to breathe again.

She felt each beat of his heart, each ragged gasp as they returned to themselves. She brushed her lips against the translucent skin of his neck. His pulse quickened; she smiled.

Growling, he brought his mouth to hers, drinking her in like a man long parched.

"Hermione?" She could taste her name on his tongue.

"Hmmm?"

"Just checking."

She tightened her arms around him, shifting to meet his eyes.

"I've wanted you forever." Her whisper hot against the sensitive shell of his ear. "Didn't you know?"

**

He paused, dark eyes shadowed in the fading light.

"It spilled from you—" His breath hitched, finger tracing the path of an unruly curl.

Exuberant.

Untamed.

"Your joy. Anyone who bothered to look could see. It was obvious." The edge of his voice cut through the darkness. "And I hated him. I hated whoever he was—the man you loved."

His hand clenched around the tangles and she whimpered at the force of his longing and his rage. Before the sound of her protest could gain shape, she felt him respond, sweet and low in the heavy air.

Wait.

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"When we'd work late at night, you'd become so absorbed in your research." His hand found its way absently into the bramble of ringlets at the nape of her neck. "I would watch you concentrating." His face softened, remembering. "I could see that you had forgotten where you were."

She felt his lip quirk ever so slightly, close to hers in the half-light.

"When you would look up and see me there, your face would..." he swallowed thickly, "... light up."

Tears burned her eyes for the man—

the boy...

the child...

--whose heart had seldom known such honest welcome.

**

"Your eyes shone." He brought his lips to the delicate skin of her temple. "And in those moments I pretended that your smiles were meant for me."

The tears in her eyes spilled onto her cheeks. She leaned greedily into his touch.

"You were especially harsh on nights like those." Her lips found the hand that had been lost in the tangles.

"It's a particular talent I have." He ran his fingertip along her full lips and she shivered. "To cut deeply enough to ensure that those who pity me or would try to save me will try only once."

**

Her voice was low, but its power was unmistakable.

"I'm not here to save you." She raked her hands through his hair and she pressed her mouth against the exposed skin of his neck. "And I certainly do not pity you."

His eyes fell shut as her tongue scraped his skin, and his deep moan filled the room.

"I know." His voice rasped as her lips and tongue moved along the line of his jaw. "It made you far harder to dismiss."

In the darkening room, she claimed him. Legs intertwined, she lay atop him, wrapped in his heat.

"Good."

**

