

The Foggy Dew

by Gardengrrl13

****AU since HBP** Romance based on a traditional Irish song performed by The Dubliners.**

Verse 1

Chapter 1 of 5

****AU since HBP** Romance based on a traditional Irish song performed by The Dubliners.**

A/N This fic was inspired by a traditional Irish song performed by the Dubliners. While it is not my first attempt at fanfic, it is the first I have posted on the web. Hope you enjoy it! Thanks to Nesscafe for encouraging me.

Disclaimer: Neither the song nor the characters are mine... damn.

The Foggy Dew

Verse 1

The three of them spent the summer before their seventh, and final-- thank God!--year at Hogwarts. The only two months of peace and quiet I have has been bugged up by the golden trio. (Whoever came up with that moniker deserves a resounding Crucioli!) It wasn't a total waste, as the three of them did occupy their time in some semblance of valuable pursuits. Dumbledore's doing, I'm sure. For all that he can come across as a dotty old man, he's been around children long enough to know that unless they're kept busy, a great ruction usually ensues, and we're left cleaning up after the insolent brats. They perfected their defensive spells and were working on offensive hexes and spells, at least the boys were. Albus saw fit to saddle me with the know-it-all. He seemed to think we could single-handedly restock every wizarding hospital and clinic in the U.K., and some on the Continent to boot. Truthfully, I was grateful for the help, though I would never breathe a word of it. Preparing healing potions for the aftereffects of war wasn't a chore I relished, but it was a very real necessity. I'd never tell her, but she's got a knack for potions, and should we survive the war to request an apprenticeship, I won't say no.

Normally, I would have relished the opportunity to terrorize an annoying student; however, the chit wasn't intimidated by me anymore. Merlin knows how she managed that, but being the consummate Slytherin--and I am the consummate Slytherin--I decided get my jollies that summer at the expense of dear Miss Granger's virtue. I considered it a honing of my skills at subtlety and persuasion. It wasn't a very ethical pursuit, but I'm not a very ethical man.

Ruddy tease that she is, she didn't give in. She kept me at bay throughout the summer, the school year, at Yuletide, and well into the spring. We continued working together for that entire time, and she was adamant about not capitulating to my subtle advances. But her breathless kisses, though infrequent, let me know she did desire me.

Now that was a heady sensation. Being the 'Greasy Bat' for more than twenty years doesn't do much for one's ego; yet somehow, that obnoxious girl knew that, and she used that information to manipulate me mercilessly. I thought I'd endured humiliation before, but that was nothing compared to the head of Slytherin House getting out-Slytherined by a Gryffindor who hadn't even sat her NEWTS. It was nothing overt, mind you, she was just nice to me. I am Severus Snape, feared Potions Master of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and unless you are Albus Dumbledore, whose sanity has at times come into question, you aren't nice to me.

But she was.

She smiled, joked, cajoled, led me into witty repartee and asked incessant questions about potions and alchemy. During the holidays she would sometimes spend entire afternoons in my laboratory, chopping, dicing, mincing, grinding, peeling... she was never more beautiful than when her delicate fingers were stained with the innards of some detestable creature stupid enough to get caught.

The war came home to her one night as her parents' house was burned to the ground. Thankfully, her mother and father were out for the evening and were, subsequently, whisked away to a safe location. She asked me to be the secret keeper. I was touched, but I declined. "I am put into dangerous positions far too often to allow it, Miss Granger. Choose someone who doesn't have regular meetings with a powerful, yet psychotic master Legilimens."

"Of course, professor," she managed a wry, watery smile at my logic.

She was beautiful when she cried. Her brown eyes shone through the tears like a fine glass of amaretto, and I was warmed to the core at the sheer force of my affections for her.

Tricksy little Gryffindor.

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*The Foggy Dew vs. 1*  
*When I was a bachelor, airy and young*  
*I followed the roving trade*  
*And the only harm that ever I've done*  
*Was courting a servant maid*  
*I courted her all summer long*  
*And part of the winter too*  
*But many's the time I roved my love*  
*All over the foggy dew, dew, dew*  
*All over the foggy dew.*

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## Verse 2

*Chapter 2 of 5*

Maudlin musings by our dear Potion's Master...

### ***The Foggy Dew***

Verse 2

Fridays were Hogwarts' version of the eighth ring of hell. Being Crucio'd was the seventh, if that gives you any indication of the pain involved. I believe the Chinese would have called it the Hell of the Inattentive Dunderheads and Exploding Potions. No student ever pays attention on Friday here are too many other important things on which to think besides a potentially life-threatening activity like brewing volatile potions... Please note my masterful use of sarcasm, I really am quite good at it.

Having survived my classes, barely, I was relaxing in my quarters with a glass of aged brandy much later that evening. Of late, I had indulged myself more and more in the privacy of my quarters. Silk sheets, rich food, the expensive bottles of liquor and wine I had hoarded. The war was escalating, it was going to happen soon--whatever *it* was. Potter would no doubt defeat that imbecile Tom Riddle, but what happened between this moment and that was conjecture, and I didn't want to meet my Avada with any regrets. As much as I would've liked to live to see the sun dawn on a day without that serpentine piece of shite wasting oxygen, I had my doubts.

I was interrupted from my maudlin musings by a tentative knock at the door leading from my office. Immediately enraged that someone not only broke through the considerable wards placed on my office, but decided to bother me as well, I answered the door ready to slice the offending party to ribbons with my tongue and send house points into the red. I choked back the harsh words as the singular most unexpected sight greeted me. My dear Miss Granger, pale and drawn, clutching her dressing gown at her chest as if it was some sort of woolen lifeline.

"Hermione! What on earth... come here this instant!" As her eyes widened in surprise, I realized I just called her by her given name for the first time, ever.

I watched her as she inhaled, and gathered herself. She stepped into my chambers with a steely resolve. Too bad her voice didn't match her face. Her trembling, "G-good evening, Professor," belied her calm facade.

Maybe I was too far in my cups, but I reached for her shoulder and gently clasped it. "Is everything alright? You look affright." Maybe it was my gentle tone, or the sincere concern that rearranged my severe features into something that wasn't out of a Gothic novel, but the dam broke. The sobbing young woman let herself be led to my sofa and drawn to my shoulder to cry it out. Considering the previous intimacies we've had, I had no guilt. Although, I did have a passing worry that maybe I was being too nice and she would suddenly ask me what I'd done with her potions professor...

Once she could speak, she told me brokenly that she was tired of being the strong one, being the one that Potter and Weasley counted on. She was scared to death of the impending battle, but she daredn't show an inkling of weakness to those two dunderheads she calls friends. "I can't sleep anymore, Professor. My nights are riddled with horrible nightmares, and that monster always finds me." She shuddered in my arms.

"And, pray tell, what monster would that be?" My attempt at wry humor fell flat.

Her fear-bright eyes said it all before she even finished her answer, "Y-you-Know-W-who."

I tightened my arms about her, "Never fear, sweeting, he can't get you here. I won't let him." That did the trick. She stopped her hiccupping, and gazed steadily into my eyes.

She initiated the kiss this time, and it was some moments later that I realized she was straddling me on the sofa, with her fingers entwined in my hair. How she could bear to touch it, I'll never know, but she kept running her deft fingers through my dank locks.

She broke the kiss for a breathless moment and looked entreatingly into my eyes. "T-tonight, Professor, can we finish this? I don't want to wait any longer and then regret it later," she finished in a whisper.

I noticed that passion makes her amaretto eyes shine even more than tears, and I closed my eyes and kissed her, again, before I lost myself in her pure, sweet soul.

"Severus..." I rasped out, "Please... Hermione. Call me Severus." She took it as the acquiescence it was meant to be and resumed kissing me with redoubled fervor.

Tricksy Gryffindor vixen!

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The Foggy Dew vs. 2

One night as I lay in my bed

A taking my pleasant sleep

This pretty young maid she came to me

And bitterly she did weep

She tore her hair and she wrung her hands

Saying: "Oh, what shall I do?"

For tonight I resolved to sleep with you

For fear of the foggy dew, dew, dew

For fear of the foggy dew."

Verse 3

Chapter 3 of 5

The love scene...

I was determined that we wouldn't consummate our passionate yearnings on my sofa, so when we came up for air, sometime later, I wrapped my arms around her bum and lifted her from my lap and our comfortable repose in front of the fireplace. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around my neck. Rather impishly, she began nibbling around my earlobe and down my neck.

"Dammit, girl! Do you want me to drop you?" I snapped playfully. I felt her smile against my throat before she blatantly disregarded my warning. Wench.

Shifting her weight slightly, I gave her a playful swat on her arse cheek. She started and then giggled against my skin. Her fingers resumed their explorations of my scalp and neck, and her lips and tongue mapped my throat and jaw. A pleasant chill stole up my spine and much to her delight, I'm sure, I shivered. Her fingers stilled themselves and she laid her cheek on my shoulder as we stepped through the door to my bed chamber.

"I must say, Severus," she intoned as she slid from my arms, "I'm glad I caught you without your frock coat on... If I'd had to undo all those buttons, we'd never get anywhere!"

"Hmmm... I've got a better use for that mouth than smart comments," I growled at her. It had the desired effect. Her soft cheeks were stained pink, and I reached out and traced her jawline. Her eyelids closed halfway and she swayed towards me. I drew my fingers down her neck and then reached to push her dressing gown to the floor. She inhaled sharply and with daring hands reached for the ties on my smoking jacket... Slytherin-green, of course. To my utter humiliation, I jerked and convulsed as she drew her fingertips up my ribcage.

"You're ticklish!! I can't believe you're ticklish!" she chortled and covered her mouth with her hand, but not really making an effort to hide her mirth. Menacingly, I crossed my arms over my chest and gave her my best Potions Master glare. It did *NOT* have the desired effect. She laughed even harder and then reached out to grab onto my shoulder because she could no longer hold herself upright. I waited for her to catch her breath, and to my surprise, once she wiped the tears from her eyes, she threw her arms around me.

"You've just not been touched enough, that's why you're so ticklish. You're not used to the contact. Come closer and we'll remedy that." I let her draw me into her arms as she worked my jacket off and kissed my chest.

"I still don't see what's so funny," I mumbled. She smiled against my skin and began licking her way down, her wicked little tongue wandering down my stomach.

"Whose leading this dance anyway?" I wondered aloud.

She smiled again and stood back from me, flushed and beautiful, with rosy lips and dancing eyes. I studied her for a moment, and then reached for the buttons on her woolen night rail. She laughed nervously and explained that we were in an old castle in Scotland.

"Do tell, Hermione," her name rolled off my tongue like dark chocolate. "I am very aware of where we currently reside," a bit of snark helped reset my equilibrium. She had the cheek to roll her eyes and smile back at me. Perfect sarcasm, perfectly wasted.

The thick wool parted down to her enticing belly. Slightly concave beneath her ribs with smooth pale skin... utter perfection. I pushed her gown from her shoulders and it slid heavily to the floor. As my gaze raked her body, it got stuck on her knickers.

"White cotton... waisties?!" I had at least expected something with satin... or a bit of lace.

Blushing furiously she attempted to explain comfortable sleeping attire and the different degrees of knickers... I'll never understand women. "I prefer to sleep nude, Hermione. Care to join me?" Miraculously, her mouth closed, although she still leveled a glare at me. Her arms crossed enticingly under her breasts as she gestured for me to undress first. Wench!

I gave her an artfully arched brow and smirk and divested myself of clothes. She visibly swallowed and seemed to devour me with her eyes. Yet another ego trip courtesy of my tricky Gryffindor. She crossed the few steps to me and folded herself into my arms. I returned the embrace long enough to be considered affectionate and then set about ridding her of those damn offending knickers.

The eroticism of our bare skin caressing before our lips met raised the temperature in the room exponentially. How we wound up on the bed is beyond me, but I think it had something to do with her knees giving way out of sheer passion. I knew I couldn't tell her that I loved her, or at least suspected that I did, but I did intend to show her.

There wasn't a safe or off-limits centimeter anywhere on her body. By the time I made it back up to her lips she was beyond speech, and if I say so myself, coherent thought. She tasted of the sweetest ambrosia, no matter where I kissed, and by the time I found my way to her heated core, I hung on to my control by hook and by crook. I needn't have worried for my lovely vixen; she matched me stroke for stroke and when I finally let go and spilled into her, she followed me into passion's throes soon after.

I covered her in kisses, pressed her head into my chest and covered our sweat chilled bodies with the sheet and coverlet. Wrapped in my arms, she sighed into sleep. I watched her for a bit, and like that bloody Grinch, my heart seemed to grow 'till it wouldn't fit in my chest anymore. Soon after I joined my Hermione in slumber.

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*The Foggy Dew vs. 3*

*All in the first part of that night*

*We rolled in sport and play*

*And in the latter part of that night*

*She in my arms did lay*

*And when broad daylight did appear*

*She cried: "I am undone"*

*"Oh, hold your tongue, you silly young girl*

*For the foggy dew is gone, gone, gone*

*For the foggy dew is gone."*

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## Verse 4

*Chapter 4 of 5*

The morning after...

Consciousness returned to me easy and slow. I opened my eyes and stretched languorously, mindful of the pleasant warmth snug against my side. I stole a glance and bit back a laugh. Her hair was sticking out all over, matted behind her head and looking, all in all, like a particularly creative rat's nest. Her face was peaceful and angelic, with her dark lashes creating perfect half moons on her cheeks. My stirring must have awakened her, because those soft, dark petals fluttered and opened. Sleep-drugged amaretto orbs gazed at me and I was treated to a soft smile. It completely melted the hard cauldron of my heart. What I should've realized is that an explosion always accompanies a melted cauldron.

My sweet-tempered Hermione sprang upwards. I had no idea she was capable of such athleticism, or what magnificent set of lungs she possessed.

"Oh My God! It's morning! Oh shite! Oh shite! I'm still here! Oh God... what are we going to do? I can't very well sneak back into my room now! I'll be expelled... you'll be sacked... Oh God... this is all my fault!!"

Truthfully, I was slightly disappointed when she finally ceased her ranting and slid to the floor with a sob. All that jumping around nude had my tadger trying to bore a hole through the duvet... She had wonderfully pert breasts. Tasty, if I remember correctly, but I was getting side-tracked. I narrowed my eyes and sat up as authoritatively as I could while hiding my arousal; she really had hurt my feelings.

"So, Miss Granger," I intoned coldly, "regretting your decision already? Can't wait to leave the greasy bat, can you..."

"Don't be ridiculous." She had the nerve to interrupt me in an irritable tone. "The only thing I'll regret is us getting caught." Her amaretto eyes flashed as she stood defiantly and jutted her stubborn little chin out.

Oh. I had to pause and collect my wits and make sure I didn't look the part of the surprised idiot.

"My apologies then, Hermione, but you have no need to worry. I will ensure no one finds out." Very good, Severus. Calm her down, she can be hasty with hexes.

She sank into the soft mattress next to me and drew her knees up, wrapping her arms around them. "Prof- Severus, you don't regret anything do you?" Her quiet voice cut through my thoughts.

"No, I make it a point to regret very little lately." Her small hand intertwined itself in mine. "I have some questions, though, as we were a might hasty last night..." She nodded. "Are you taking any contraceptives?" Her sharp intake of breath answered the question for me before she shook her head. "If something should happen, Hermione, you'd tell me, wouldn't you?" The thought of children put a damper on my amorous feelings, and the tented sheet smoothed out once more.

"Of course, Severus!" She seemed surprised I'd even ask. "Besides, I get the feeling you have a kind of fatalistic attitude about the war," her voice cracked. "It would be an honor to... to..."

"Shush, Hermione," I pulled her into my arms and kissed the top of her head. "Looking to carry on the Snape line are you? Plan on taking after Mrs. Weasley?" At that she sat up and glared at me. "Then let's not repeat this until after everything is over. If you still feel the same, and I survive the war to torment future generations, we can try again," I murmured all this quietly, baring more of my soul than I intended. Her eyes were sparkling through her tears as she nodded and leaned forward to kiss me.

"However, I will put a provision in my will to care for you if you wind up with my child." She looked surprised when I said that. I brushed her tears with my thumb and tried to smile in a way that wouldn't frighten her.

On the not so dark side... she no longer had the fear of death haunting her eyes.

My beautiful Gryffindor.

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The Foggy Dew vs. 4

"Supposing you should have a child

It would make you laugh and smile

And suppose you had another one

It would make you think a while

And suppose you have another one

And another one or two

It would make you leave off them foolish young tricks

And think on the foggy dew, dew, dew

And think on the foggy dew."

Verse 5

Chapter 5 of 5

The final verse...

The Foggy Dew

Verse 5

I've never forgotten the moment of pure happiness I experienced in her arms. The warmth of her gaze, her questing hands and eager smile. I've reflected upon the conversations we had and her innocent kisses. I was content; and during the final battle, I met my Slicing Hex a brave and redeemed man, ready for the 'next' adventure—or whatever it was Albus called death. You can't imagine my surprise when I awoke in St. Mungo's Spell Damage Ward a full year later. I was alive and almost healed. Of course, it might take a me a while to leave, but I didn't care. I was so pleased to be alive, I was even tolerant of that blond berk and his deplorable autographs for a full five minutes.

My beautiful Gryffindor kept a vigil by my side for many weeks, I'm told, before she succumbed to her grief. Alas, the seed of love planted before the war's end wasn't to bloom. Listen to me, waxing poetic in my loss. Bah!

I see her every now and again. She always has a sweet smile and warm words for me before that redheaded Neanderthal of a husband drags her away. Arse. I get the urge to lead him to the side and tell him I had her first, and then stick my thumbs in my ears and wiggle my fingers at him... but I couldn't do that to her—or my reputation, for that matter. I do wish her happiness, though. And I don't begrudge her anything. I wasn't supposed to wake up, and so she moved on.

It's been more than a decade now, and I still teach at Hogwarts. I've finally earned that DADA position, and I'm glad to say my standards haven't slipped a whit. I am still the strictest professor in residence, but I am no longer cruel... unless the little swots deserve it. I suppose I fit the role of the Defense teacher. I'm not as ugly as Mad Eye, but I'm catching up to him in the scar department. I lost an eye when that Slicing Hex nearly took off the top of my head. Of course, rather than get one of those ridiculous enchanted eyes, I now cut a dashing figure as a pirate look-alike with a black satin patch over the socket. I had the house-elves embroider the Slytherin crest on it. Minerva's just glad I finally added color to my wardrobe.

Speaking of whom, Minerva survived and is still hale and foreboding until you get some good scotch into her. She has taken up the post of Headmistress, as Albus mysteriously disappeared after the final battle. I'm not certain if he survived or not, but I suppose the man deserves whatever retirement he's set up for himself. The school's affairs were neatly in order and waiting for our Chief Lioness when she approached the gargoyle guarding the winding staircase.

Albus always did think of everything.

Me? I think of her every day... but I have no regrets of that night with my sweet, pure Hermione. No, none at all. My beautiful, tricky Gryffindor.

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*The Foggy Dew vs. 5*

*I loved that girl with all my heart*

*She's as dear as my lovely life*

*But in the latter part of the year*

*She became another man's wife*

*But I never told him of her faults*

*And I'm damned if ever I'll do*

*But many's the time as she winks and smiles*

*I think on the foggy dew, dew, dew*

*I think on the foggy dew.*

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**A/N--** Thank you for reading to the end. Sorry it took so long to get this chapter up, I agonized over it, and I hope you like it. I am sure some of you are disappointed that they didn't end up together... believe me so am I! All we can hope for is that she becomes a young widow and returns to her first love. Thank you to JackieJLH who beta'd the last chapter for me. Gardengrrl13