

For You I Will

by zyra

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none

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to my lovely beta, Septentrion, for reading this story through. She's fantastic, I'm telling you. :)

I breathe on reviews! So go read and then, well ... review!

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She turned slightly to look at him. He was staring up at the canopy with his hands behind his head. He looked content and peaceful.

In quiet times like these, Hermione could not stop wondering how her actions might have affected them all. Once she had sat down and tried to map the events out with her Arithmancy skills. But one thing had led to another and soon she had given up, feeling a massive headache coming. At other times, she'd just wonder how the others were faring, although she knew she shouldn't worry too much and let time deal with it.

But she couldn't help missing Harry and his bright green eyes, Ron and his healthy appetite towards anything edible, her parents ... Crookshanks ... her books. Homesickness tingled deep inside her.

When she had made the decision, she was determined to see it work. It had to. She wouldn't let this man waste his life away, and for what? The greater good? She scoffed at the idea.

"What's so amusing?"

She turned to him and smirked when his eyes immediately diverted below.

"I was just thinking how I could persuade you to spend more time in the sun. You're way too pale."

He snorted. "You can try but I doubt it would work."

"Is that a challenge, husband?" Hermione said and glided her hand below his naked navel. She was delighted at his approving groan.

"Witch," he said between gritted teeth.

"Yes, and you love me for it," she whispered. "Now catch me if you can!"

"Hermione, come back here and finish what you started!"

"You need to catch me first!"

Severus growled at the sight of his wife running outside their cottage, naked as on the day she was born. He went after her and quickly caught her wrist—matching the stamina of a man in his twenties—as they passed the old oak tree outside their home. Several charms later, both of them tangled themselves on the ground as he rhythmically pounded his erection inside her. He could never have enough of this woman who had mysteriously entered his life and seduced him with her brain. He was more attracted to brain than beauty.

As Hermione was nearing climax, the earlier homesickness died down to a mere blur. All she cared for was here and now, far away from Voldemort and Dumbledore. Far away from Lily. Far away from spying.

She licked the inside of his left arm, grateful at the unmarked pale skin. He increased his speed—it roused something deep inside him whenever she did that, although he wasn't quite sure what it was—and finally ejaculated deep inside her, taking her along the edge, screaming to fulfilment.

He slid on his side, panting hard on her shoulder.

"So." His voice was still hoarse, and beads of sweat formed on his forehead. "This is your idea of getting me outside? Sex in the front yard? Are you sure you weren't sorted into Slytherin?"

She smiled lovingly at him and stroked his cheek with her hand. She loved him and would do anything for him.

No, she would not feel homesick. She would instead keep this man happy and satisfied; away from heartbreak, away from loneliness and away from death, even if she had to keep a secret from him. She would do anything, as long as he was here. As long as he was alive.

As for Voldemort, well, she was sure Dumbledore could think of something.

Inside their cottage, deep at the bottom of her trunk, securely wrapped in a thick cloth, a time-turner was ticking softly.

~Fin