

Frustrating Birthday Plans

by JTBJAB

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: A belated gift to Dicky... I hope you enjoy. And obviously, I do not own the characters of HP. JK does. However, plot is most definitely mine. Faults and all ;p

Hermione sighed. He was gone again. Oh, she knew that he had been engrossed in his research. That he didn't have the same free time they had five years ago, when they'd gotten married. But it still grated on her nerves that she never seemed to be his first priority anymore.

Rubbing her eyes, she looked at her watch. He was late.

"Where are you?" Muttering to herself, she brushed at her dress self-consciously. She'd been outside the restaurant for half an hour. He'd promised her that this time he wouldn't be late. Looking up and down the street, she swallowed down the tears threatening to fall.

She jumped as someone put their hand on her shoulder. "Sorry, miss, but will you be coming in to eat?" She looked concerned, but the spark of pity in the waitresses eyes fuelled her anger. "It's just the manager"

"No, I guess not. Thank you for your time." Wrapping her shawl around her, she stepped back out onto the street and started walking down. Her heels sounded oddly loud, and they jarred with her. She ignored the sobs threatening to consume her.

Reaching a quiet stretch of parkland, she spun and Disapparated.

Running at full speed towards the restaurant, he slowed just before he got to the doors. Stepping through, he rushed forward. "Excuse me, I know I'm late but my wife should be sitting at our table already... a reservation held for Snape."

The waitress who had been quickly leafing through the bookings stopped and looked up. "I'm very sorry, sir. Your wife... she left an hour ago. She never sat at the table. She waited out here for you."

Severus covered his face with his hands. "Not again." Pushing his hands back through his hair, he turned away and strode towards the door. "Thank you."

Hermione lay in bed, her back towards the door and the quilt drawn up and tightly around her. Her birthday had been ruined.

As she had walked through the front door, she had laid a surprise for him. Something that would get his heart beating faster... and not in the right way.

She wanted so badly to scream and yell. But she didn't ever want to be seen like the child he had once taught. She'd hold it all in and do it subtly. She'd be a Slytherin if she had to be. He'd taught her enough to do that.

Severus stepped through the door and heaved a sigh. She was home. Closing his eyes briefly, he quickly shrugged off his cloak and hung it up by the door. Kicking his shoes off, he moved through the living room when he suddenly noticed something was wrong. Pulling his wand out, he crouched low and took in the cozy room.

Her clothes were strewn about. And at first he thought she'd just randomly laid about, and he started to relax. But then he noticed the pattern. The way they led towards the stairs.

"Hermione?" His face tensed up as he noticed how many layers she had gone down. Her stockings were dropped on the stairs, her bra, and her knickers. He gulped and pushed down the feeling that his worst nightmare had finally come true. "Hermione?"

Hermione heard him enter the house, could imagine him pulling out his wand, the thoughts running through his head. She could see the crease on his brow.

Ignoring the tears filling her eyes, she turned onto her back.

Snape felt like his heart was breaking when he made it close enough to their bedroom for him to hear her moans.

To hear someone else moan.

"Hermione?" His voice cracked as he rushed to the top of the stairs. He stood frozen, his fingers just brushing the door handle.

Again, the voice. "Hermione... mmm..."

"No. No. No." He slowly shook his head, felt the anger boiling up inside him, before backing away from the door. The man's voice filled his mind with terrible images. "No. Expulso!" He roared as he stormed through the destroyed doorway. "How could you?!"

The image before him brought bile to the back of his throat, choking his words, making his throat burn; a muscular body, thrusting over his wife, her head thrown back in passion. Moans that were meant for him, ripped from her throat as he took her brutally.

"Hermione." They didn't stop; they didn't even seem to notice him. How could she do this to him? Why...? "Hermione, I love you." Still nothing. "Hermione, you are *my* wife!" He tried attacking the man with spells, but everything just seemed to dissolve into his skin, making him stronger. And her moans louder. Swallowing three times, he started to shake. She'd promised him. Promised him so much, and yet she was ripping everything away from him and all because of a silly little thing of him being late.

He felt like another moan could shatter him. Rushing forward, he put his hand on her shoulder. And as if he had imagined everything since he entered the house, it all disappeared, and he was looking down into his wife's glossy eyes, which were filled with tears. "Hermione?"

"Why were you late, Severus? Why do you always keep me waiting? Why are you never there when I need you?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's not good enough, Severus. It's so embarrassing going places; it makes it look like I'm being stood up."

"I'm sorry."

"Yes, I know, you think you're sorry. But you never prove it. You've never made up for it. You've broken my heart so many times that I really don't think it can be fixed any more."

"It can. I'll do anything to fix it." He stared pleadingly at her, his eyes searching her face desperately.

"You always say that." Hermione shifted so she could sit up. "And you never do."

Severus stared at her for a long time, taking in her tense face, her saddened eyes and her streaky make-up now all over her face. "I really am sorry." Pulling her in towards him, he wrapped his arms tightly around her. "Truly, I am." Nuzzling at her neck, he started kissing up and around her jaw, nipping lightly when he reached her lips.

"This won't work, Severus..." She sighed as his mouth covered hers and he cradled her head in his hand. He slowly lowered her back on the bed and pushed the covers to the side. Edging himself closer to her, he slipped a leg between hers.

"I was so scared..." He mumbled as he worked his way back down her neck, slowly undoing her soft pyjama top. Working each button loose gently, kissing the newly exposed skin as he went. "I thought I'd lost you." Pulling at her knickers he kissed her stomach. "Please forgive me, my Hermione." Whispering against the fabric, Hermione gasped as they dissolved away, leaving her open to his advances. "Please." Breathing softly against her, he waited for her answer, his fingers stroking up her thighs, stopping just before they reached her. "Hermione?"

She raised her head off the pillow to look down at him. "I guess I could let you try." She sighed as he continued, his fingers slipping inside of her, searching for her G-spot and playing with it. He smirked as he lowered his lips to her clitoris, circling it with his tongue, before sucking it into his mouth and humming. He felt her hips lift as he began thrusting in and out of her with his fingers.

Keeping his mouth on her, he looked up at her body, watching as her back arched and her arms reached back to hold onto the headboard. Releasing her clit long enough to whisper a spell to bind her wrists to the bar she was holding on to, he quickly returned to quell her groan of protest.

"Severus..." Her thighs were quivering, and he could feel her lifting and twisting her pelvis in time with his thrusting fingers. She was soaking now, and he smirked as he withdrew them. He watched as she opened her eyes, and as she licked her drying lips, he sucked his fingers into his mouth.

"Yes, my dear?"

"You're forgiven." Her eyes blazed with lust, and she arched her back with need. "Please..."

Slipping two fingers back inside her, he moved up her body. Kissing each nipple before reaching her mouth. Drawing her into a deep long kiss, he found her clit with his thumb and began circling it, thrusting his fingers in and out, curling them upwards as he withdrew each time. Pulling back from the kiss, he gazed down into her heavy lidded eyes. "Ah, yes, but you're not." Withdrawing from her completely, he stepped back from the bed. Leaving in his place, a cold rush of air.

"What! No, Severus, please!"

He watched as she writhed on the bed, her legs coming together and twisting, trying to bring herself relief.

"Severus, please don't leave me like this. I forgive you."

"You've said so already. I, however, have not forgiven you for practically giving me a heart attack when I walked in my own house. I'll see you tomorrow, Madam Snape." Stooping to pick up his wand as he reached the door, he turned to her with a smirk. "Never do that to me again, Hermione. You will regret it." With a subtle flick of his wand, Hermione found her legs drawn apart and her ankles tied to bedposts. Extinguishing the candles, he lit the fire to keep her warm. "Sleep well, Hermione." And with that, he slipped from the room and closed the door behind him, casting a silencing spell as he went.

Making his way to the spare room, he collapsed on the bed and drew down his zip, pulling himself out. "Delicious." He smirked as he imagined her fruitless attempts to finish what he had started. Oh, he would probably pay tomorrow, but it had been worth it. Gripping his cock in his hand, he groaned, and it took all his self control not to slip out of bed and back to be with her. "Happy birthday, Hermione."

Finis

AN: Thank you to my beta!