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by Past

End of the world 2012. The hype over the end of the Mayan Calendar, 2012, in certain Muggle circles reaches the wizarding world.
My response to the end of the world challenge on Potter Place.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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December 31, 2012-

Hermione was sitting on her couch all alone on New Year's Eve. She had broken up with Ronald; she had fed the fool some shit about loving him as a friend and blah, blah, blah. Truth be told, he was immature, his ham-handed groping did nothing for her, and she could have better conversation with a house-elf not that she wouldn't talk to an elf.

Harry thought she was at home, grief-stricken at the failure of her relationship. Really, she did not want to deal with the hassle of going out with them. Ronald would surely do something to embarrass himself. Last time they went to the pub, he got so pissed he started a fight with the bartender for trying to chat-up his girlfriend. In all fairness, Hermione could see how Ron could be jealous of the bartender, the bartender being able to form complete sentences and all.

Yet, it was New Year's Eve, December 31, 2012. And according to the Muggles, tonight would be the end of the world. She could not help her scholarly mind from wondering... if the world would end in one big bang or in a gradual process, starting with the countries that hit midnight first. She looked at her clock. It was seven o'clock; she contemplated grabbing her broom and flying to Nepal to see if it was still there.

She did realize that the Mayan calendar ended around the 21st, but then again, their calendar was round, so did it truly ever end? The bottom line was: the Muggle fanatics were convinced this was the end. And the Wizarding world, well, the Wizarding world was using it as an excuse to justify getting extremely intoxicated and behave foolishly.

As she walked into her kitchen, she thought, *might as well get pissed, might be my last chance.*

She poured herself a glass of Merlot. Instead of using her nice crystal, she opted for a 16oz tumbler. She added some ice to the glass, convincing herself that there really was not that much wine in the cup; it was mostly ice.

As she sat back down, her thoughts traveled to Severus Snape, her mentor and friend. She had not had the chance to tell him that she had broken it off with Ron. He'd never actually told her that he did not approve of the relationship, but he would frown and give her generally disapproving looks whenever she brought him up.

As she sipped her wine, she could almost hear him reprimanding her. *Hermione, red wines are meant to be enjoyed at room temperature* "Well, I like my red wine bloody cold!" she voiced out loud. Maybe she should Floo him, let him know she had broken it off with Ron. No, he wouldn't care, and he was probably at the staff party.

She was startled out of her thoughts by a knock at her door. As she opened her front door without even looking up, she started, "Harry, I am really in no mood to go out with the lot of you tonight."

"I am glad to hear that, Hermione," the silky baritone voice of Severus Snape answered back.

Her eyes went wide. "Oh, Severus, what are you doing here?"

"May I come in, Hermione?" She stepped to the side to allow him entry.

"You know, Hermione, occasionally I think that Potter may not be as dim-witted as he lets on. You see, he felt it necessary to inform me of the demise of your so called relationship with the Weasley dunderhead. He thought I may be interested in knowing."

"Oh," was her only reply.

"He thinks you are sulking. I told him I doubt that. Do you have any plans?"

Not wanting to seem like she had nothing better to do other than sit around and get pissed by herself, she said the first thing that came to mind. "I was thinking of flying to Nepal."

"Nepal?" he repeated with a raised eyebrow.

She blushed. "Well, yes, it being the end of the world and all... I was just wondering if..."

Before she could finish, Snape start laughing, a fit of mirth straight from his belly. It was music to her ears. As his laughing subsided into chuckles, he questioned, "You were going to see if it was still there?"

She pulled her bottom lip under her two front teeth and began chewing. He raised his hand up and gently caressed her bottom lip with his thumb, successfully stopping the action.

"Hermione." He stepped closer to her, looking deep into her eyes. It felt like his dark eyes were piercing her soul. Her breath became shallow as she felt the heat from his body against her breast, his long black robes brushing against her ankles.

"You know, I am not inclined to believe that the world will end tonight."

"No," she breathed.

He lowered his head down to her ear and murmured, "But then, I got to thinking, what if this was my last chance?" His silky voice wrapped around her like a down blanket on a cold winter's night. Her head instinctually leaned closer to his mouth. She wanted to feel his lips on her ear, sucking and nipping.

He continued to murmur, "You see, little one, I have been waiting for you to drop that parasite of a boyfriend. I have been waiting for you to see him for the infection that he is."

She did not wait for him to finish. She stood on her tip toes and turned her head to capture his lips. As she threaded her arms around his neck, her tongue gently grazed his bottom lip, seeking admittance. His arms wrapped around her waist; he let out a soft growl of arousal as he opened his mouth to allow her entry.

He gently backed them through her living room and down the hallway, entering her bedroom, never breaking the kiss. He was afraid that if he broke it she would come to her senses and throw him out.

When the back of her knees hit the bed, he pulled back and noticed the tear trailing down her cheek.

"Hermione?" he questioned as he wiped the tear with the pad of his thumb.

"I just never thought you would want me," she whispered sadly.

"I have wanted to be with you for a long time now, little one."

He bent his head down, licking and nipping at her neck. He untied the sash of her dressing gown to reveal her short silk negligee. He slowly ran his hands up and down her sides and murmured, "Beautiful."

She sat on the edge of the bed and started unbuttoning his robes. By the fourth button she was so frustrated that she stopped, and with a wave of her hand, she wandlessly disrobed him. Standing in front of her in only his boxers, he muttered, "Show off."

He lowered his hands to grab the hem of her nightgown and slowly pulled it up over her head.

As she lay back on the bed, he gently covered her with his body, being careful to rest his weight on his elbow next to her and settling himself between her thighs. She seemed so small beneath him; he was afraid he would crush her.

He gently lowered her head back down to kiss her. She reflexively lifted her hips to meet with his boxer-incased arousal. She purred as contact was made, the heat pooling in deep within her abdomen. He growled in response. His hands moved to her breast, gently caressing. He lowered his mouth and captured her nipple, licking and sucking as she arched into him. Her mouth seeking, licking, and nipping any skin she could come in contact with.

His hand reached down between her thighs, gently separating her nether lips. His finger circling her pleasure center, she cried out, "Please, Severus!"

He sat up and pulled off his boxers, placing himself at her core and staring into her eyes as he slowly entered her. "Oh, gods," he moaned.

He watched her eyes close as a look of unadulterated pleasure appeared on her face. She lifted her head to kiss him, tongues dueling slowly, his pace matching. Submerging himself deeply within her, setting an excruciatingly slow pace.

Her hips rose to meet each one of his strokes. He filled her completely. He took care with her, gently caressing her. She felt worshipped, treasured. All that could be heard were the soft moans of pleasure coming from the both of them.

It did not take long for the pace to increase, and soon they were calling out each other's names as they each reached their climax.

Severus kissed her again, a slow languid kiss. He rolled off to the side of her and cast a cleaning spell on the both of them. He reached his arm out and pulled her close to his side.

Her eyes opened, and she smiled at him. "I'm glad you did not want to risk the world ending and missing your last chance."

He chuckled in response and caressed her cheek. "You have to admit, it was quite the pick-up line. Do you still want to fly to Nepal? Or is there something else you would rather do?"

She smiled. "Well, I have a bottle of wine in the kitchen and a bath tub that is large enough for two, if you are interested."

"I shall get the wine if you draw the bath." He smiled at her.

She could never get enough of his smiles. She knew she was one of the few people that were privy to them, and they meant the world to her.

As she padded into the bathroom, she lit some candles and started filling the tub. She smiled as she heard Severus call from the other room, "Hermione, please tell me this is not a glass of Merlot in a tumbler with ice in it. How many times have I told you...?" He reached the bathroom door and shook his head at her smile.

"You have told me many times, Severus. Now, let's get in the bath before the world ends."

~Fin

Thanks you to my beta SeverusLovesUs!