

# Things We Don't Want to Admit

*by KellyH*

Both Hermione and Severus have something they don't want to admit to. A dark twist to a prompt of: Moonlight, flowers and rain.

## Things We Don't Want to Admit

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Both Hermione and Severus have something they don't want to admit to. A dark twist to a prompt of: Moonlight, flowers and rain.

Disclaimer: I'm playing in JKR's sandbox. I may have built the sculpture, but in the end she owns the sand.

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She walked through the tall grass like she was paddling through water. Her hands continuously touched the rain-soaked grass as his hand on her shoulder gripped her. His hand not only imprisoned her, but directed her further into the field, toward a place she didn't want to be.

They were nearly in the middle of the field; she was fairly certain of it, despite the fact that she was unable to see beyond the tall grass. He didn't say a word to her. He just dug his fingers under her clavicle bone which irritated her more than pained her.

Suddenly she felt his hand pulling her back, and she stopped walking to look over her shoulder at him. He pressed on her shoulder, forcing her to drop to her knees.

In the distance she can hear Harry calling for her, her name being repeated over and over as he searched for her everywhere but in the field.

His wand dug into her back, between her shoulder blades, and onto her spine. She gasped from pain as she tried to move away, but he had a hold on her shoulder which held her in place.

"Why have you done this?" he asked with a voice filled with derision and pain.

She did not know how to answer him; she didn't know what she had done.

"Answer me!" His voice changed into something that was desperate and was verging on madness and anger.

Her mouth flopped open and close, attempting to voice anything that might settle him down, but for the first time in her life, Hermione couldn't answer his questions.

He removed his wand from her body although he still kept it pointed it at her.

He walked around her, facing her so that she no longer had to crank her neck to look at him, and as he did this she tried to think of the answer he sought.

Only ten minutes before she was walking along the outside wall of Hogwarts. She only did so to gain some privacy from Ron and Harry, whom she was upset with. It was only a trivial irritation on their part, but it was enough for her to want to get away from them.

She had just bent low to take a flower, when unexpectedly she felt hands groping her body, pulling at her robes and hair. She felt cold wet lips upon her throat, and she

screamed from the shock of it. Her scream was quickly muffled when she felt lips covering her mouth, and Hermione pushed, clawed, and hit at whatever she felt was solid. Yet, before her eyes she saw no one. She only saw a cloudy invisible barrier that she immediately knew was someone who was Disillusioned.

When the lips released her mouth she quieted immediately because of the voice that came from in front of her, and her thoughts halted as that voice started spouting words of love and devotion.

Professor Snape's words shocked her, froze her still, even when his lips once again descended upon her.

It took her a moment to regain herself, a moment too long because he was pulling at her to follow him into the field near the wall.

She shook her head, begged him to let her go, but he did not, and now she knelt before him on the ground, attempting to answer a question that she was unable to give.

Harry's voice was nearing, and she looked quickly behind her to see the stamped down grass erecting itself once more. She then felt his hand upon her chin, forcing her head to return to look at him.

Again he asked, "Why have you done this?"

Finally she answered, "I've done nothing, sir."

She felt his body on hers before she could register that he had moved. His weight caused her to collapse to the ground with him on top of her.

"Please!" she begged, pushing at his chest.

"Do not move. I will not hurt you," he informed her as he caressed his finger over her face. Tears leaked from her eyes, and like a nightmare she had as a child, she found herself unable to scream.

He kept his finger upon her face, playing with the tears that fell from her eyes. He leant forward and placed short kisses to her lips, chin, and then to her throat. She didn't want him doing this to her, but fear held her back from fighting. He, after all, was the one with the wand, and she hated herself for this helplessness.

Finally, just when his hands began to roam to places that caused adrenaline to course through her, he stopped. He pulled himself off of her like she just kicked him.

Through her tear-soaked eyes she saw him pointing his wand at her once again. "You gave me a love potion! You are conniving little..." Yet his insults never left his lips as he stumbled to get them out.

She tried to reason with him, make him understand that she had given him no potion, nor would she dare to try. And she wouldn't either, because who would want Professor Snape to love them – especially if he acted this way.

His only reply was, "We shall wait and see." And he settled in the grass in front of her, never taking his eyes off of her even when the light faded and moonlight shone down upon them.

She thought back to her readings on love potions and remembered the length of a love potion was based upon the person's weight and how attractive the other person was, and since she was not attractive, nor was Professor Snape a large man, she thought that it should have been over by now. Yet, he still sat in front of her, looking at her in a way she did not want to put into words.

A couple of times he reached for her before he stopped himself, and each time she drew back away from him, shuffling back just a little bit to stay out of his reach.

Near midnight she knew he realized the truth, and this truth haunted her because now she wished that it was a love potion. Now she realized how dangerous his infatuation was to her.

He raised himself above her, shaking his head as he ground his teeth, trying to suppress the growl that was in his throat. The pain that emitted from him did not make her pity him, but brought more fear to her already terrorized person.

His wand suddenly aimed toward her, and before she knew it he yelled, "Obliviate!"

Two days later Hermione walked down the hall with Luna by her side. Luna rambled on about nonsense that Hermione was not able to listen to as she kept looking over her shoulder.

"Are you looking for someone?" Luna asked.

"No, not really," she replied. "It's foolish, but lately I get this feeling that someone is watching me."

Prompt from Lyn\_F: Moonlight, flowers and rain. Thank you so much to Ladyinthecloak for looking over this. I promise to take your advice next time. XD