

A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes

by debjunk

Hermione prepares for her nightly visitor. Will she be able to make him stay tonight?

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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A Dream is a Wish your Heart Makes

Hermione Granger began her nightly ritual. Going over to her wardrobe, she perused her negligees. She pulled a satiny floor-length negligee in charcoal grey from the selection. Lifting it, she turned it from front to back. The neckline draped low and would reveal her assets nicely. She smiled to herself; it would be perfect for tonight.

Undressing, she slipped the elegant nightwear on and went over to the mirror. Yes, this was the right choice. She sat down to prepare her makeup. Most women didn't spend nearly as much time with their nightly routine, but most women didn't receive a nightly visitor either. Tonight, like every night, Hermione's dream lover would return to her again. Every night, Hermione would lie down in bed and fall asleep in anticipation. Once she was asleep, he would appear.

She closed her eyes as she thought of the man who fulfilled her every night. First, he would place tender kisses on her forehead until her eyes opened. Then, he would sink down on top of her and claim her mouth for his own. Her hands would snake around him and pull him closer, trying to take him into herself. She would weave her hands into his hair and massage his scalp as the two lovers would continue their passionate embrace.

Hermione threw her head back and closed her eyes at the thought of his lips winding down her neck. He would continue to kiss her... everywhere. Slipping her negligee off, he would caress her body and kiss every part of it. She would ease his white shirt off his shoulders and run her hands along his strong chest, feeling his skin quiver with her touch.

She would long for him to complete her then. He was always willing to comply, sometimes roughly, sometimes gently, but always passionately. They would join, and she would scream out his name as he filled her. Heaven and Earth would shake as the two of them would find ecstasy with one another.

He would crash down upon her and hold her in his arms until she fell asleep again while he nuzzled her all the while. When she would awaken later on, her dream lover would be gone.

Hermione raised her head and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her hair flowed around her as her eyes sparkled with the remembrance of his love. Yes, she would leave her hair down tonight, that way it would cascade over the pillow, and he would play with it as he kissed her.

A great ache filled her chest. She knew that her dream lover was only able to come to her at night... in her dreams. She knew she could never have him really in her bed. Tears rimmed her eyes. She quickly dabbed them away. She could never have this man because he was dead. He had been dead for five years, since the night of the

Battle of Hogwarts. He had been killed by his own master, left to die a lonesome death on the floor of an abandoned shack.

More tears came. If only she'd been able to do something more for him, but by the time the battle had ended, it was already too late. Running back to the Shrieking Shack after the battle, she'd found Severus Snape's body cold and dead on the ground. She had mourned for months, and her friends had never really understood why. They had not understood the depth of Hermione's relationship with Severus Snape. They had not known that he was her husband.

She had come to know the truth about him, you see, and it had created a love that she thought could never be silenced. The night that Harry had recovered the Sword of Gryffindor she had been walking in the woods and had spied Severus crouched behind some bushes. Wandering up, she'd surprised him and had earned herself a stunner. He'd dragged her off, revived her, and threatened her with death.

She'd taken one look at him and known he was bluffing. To this day, she couldn't understand how she'd known that. He was the ultimate spy, and he'd definitely had his poker face on that night. Somehow, though, she'd instinctively known he wouldn't hurt her and that there was more to Dumbledore's death than first thought. It had been as if a new understanding of Snape had enveloped her like a blanket.

She'd reached out and grabbed his hand then. He'd looked at her with wide eyes.

"Don't," she said. "Don't play the spy with me. Why are you here? Why did you really kill Dumbledore?"

Sneering, Severus looked her up and down. "You know why I killed him, witch."

"No, I don't. Why don't you tell me? It wasn't simply to get rid of him. I can see it in your face."

Severus rearranged his face, trying to make it more of a mask, but it didn't help.

"You're not here to do us harm either. Why are you here?"

As she watched Severus, he seemed to debate within himself what to say.

"Don't Oblivate me," Hermione cried suddenly. "I won't tell a soul about anything you tell me."

"Why should I trust you, Granger?"

"We're on the same side, aren't we?" she replied sagely.

Severus' shoulders fell as he looked to the ground. "Yes... yes, we are." He pointed his wand at her face. "You are to tell no one of this encounter, especially those two dunderheads with whom you insist on traipsing around. Is that understood?"

Hermione nodded.

Severus had given her a brief history of what had happened that night on the Astronomy tower and since. He'd left hurriedly after that, warning her again not to breathe a word of it to anybody. He'd seemed relieved, however, that someone now knew his secret. She'd smiled at him as he'd left and told him how brave she'd thought he was. He'd stared at her for a minute before turning and disappearing into the night. She'd thought, at the time, that would be the last time she'd see him before the imminent battle with Voldemort, but she'd been wrong.

While digging in her bag for a book, she noticed Phineas Black waving to her wildly. Curiously, she picked up the portrait and looked at it.

"Can you talk privately?" Black asked.

Hermione nodded her head. The boys were out of the tent, trying to catch some fish in a nearby stream.

"I have a message from Headmaster Snape," Black said quickly. "He wants to meet with you."

Hermione's eyebrows rose. "When?"

"Tonight, after dark. What time could you do it so that your friends don't find out?"

"Midnight would be best."

Black nodded his head. Hermione told him where Severus could meet her, and the former Headmaster disappeared from the frame.

The crack of Apparition made Hermione look up suddenly. In front of her, Severus Snape appeared, once again. He scowled at her.

"What have you done to me?" he asked as his scowl grew larger.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"Did you cast some sort of spell upon me before I Disapparated the last time we met?"

"No, I didn't do anything," Hermione said with a puzzled tone.

"I have found myself unable to think of anything but you since we had that encounter."

Hermione looked at him gravely. "I haven't gotten you out of my head either," she divulged. "Harry and Ron have caught me daydreaming repeatedly. I think they are wondering if I'm losing my mind. I must admit, I've wondered the same."

"There is something unusual going on here," Severus muttered, more to himself than anything.

"That night," Hermione interjected, "I felt something surround me. It gave me knowledge about you that I hadn't realized before. Even though you were not doing or saying anything differently, I could read you. I felt like I knew you... knew the truth about you... probably for the first time."

"Something magical must have formed between us that night, Miss Granger. I feel as if I understand you better also."

"Professor, these past few days since that encounter, I've felt that I should be doing more for you. I don't know what I could do from here, but I want you to know, I am willing to help you in whatever way I can."

Severus stared at the ground, his brows furrowed. "I have felt that you are someone I could turn to if I needed it also. Do you remember the last thing you said to me that night in the woods, before I left?"

She remembered all too well. "I told you that you were the bravest man I had ever known."

Severus turned his head now so he could look upon Hermione. "You are the only person who has ever said that to me."

Hermione looked at him with a puzzled expression. "Surely Dumbledore..."

"He never said anything remotely similar. I was simply a chess piece to him, completely expendable if necessary. He never recognized the things I'd had to go through. In a matter of minutes, however, you did. Somehow, in that short conversation, you understood how difficult everything had been for me. No, you didn't say that exactly, but your words spoke more than what that simple statement seemed. From that conversation and the feelings I've had since then, I feel that you might be the only person who could understand the fine line I walk upon and the feelings such a tightrope brings."

Hermione reached out and touched his arm. "Tell me about it."

And he did.

That was one of many midnight meetings they'd had during Hermione's time hiding in the forest. Their friendship grew as they confided in one another. Severus unloaded his feelings about killing Dumbledore, working for Voldemort, and the reactions of his once-friends and those who'd always been his enemies. Hermione revealed how frightened she was about the future and how she wished she could do something more for her friends. She listened to Severus without judging him and helped him to see himself as she did.

One night, things progressed to a new level for them.

"Miss Granger," Severus said.

She placed a finger over his lips. "Shh... my name is Hermione."

His hand came up and clasped hers.

"Mine is Severus," he whispered.

He looked deeply into her eyes. She was unable to look away. Without a second thought, she leaned into him. His lips met hers as they shared a blissful moment together. Forgetting there was a war, forgetting her friends nearby, forgetting his enemies that were everywhere, they just existed for each other. Of all the awful things this war had brought about, here it had finally given the two of them something to rejoice over.

After that, their relationship progressed from innocent kisses to declarations of love. Several nights after the trio escaped from the Malfoy's mansion and the cruel, torturing hand of Bellatrix Lestrange, Severus arranged a meeting with Hermione on the grounds of Shell Cottage.

She waited near the cliffs, gazing out at the sea until she heard the crack announcing his arrival. She'd barely had a chance to turn when she felt his arms around her. Severus pulled her close and hugged her fiercely.

"I could feel when Bellatrix was torturing you. Fear settled in my heart, and I thought I would lose you!" he whispered in her ear, barely able to voice his feelings.

"It's all right. I'm all right. We escaped, and I'm fine," Hermione assured.

Severus' grasp tightened. "You were badly hurt. How can you say you're all right?"

Hermione pushed away from him and looked into his eyes. "Because I have been cured. I'm fine, Severus."

"Hermione, I can't take this anymore. I want you with me."

"Severus, I can't abandon Harry and Ron. They need me."

"Hermione, I need you alive."

"I will do my best to stay that way."

"I need you to be mine always."

Hermione's eyes filled with tears. "I will always be yours."

"Marry me."

"Severus?"

"Marry me, Hermione. I want to commit my love to you forever. Become my wife."

"How can we do that, Severus? Who will marry us? How can we live as man and wife when we are constantly separated?"

Severus took her face in his hands. "I don't know, but I've never been surer of something in my life. When I felt you being tortured, my heart almost stopped. Maybe if we're joined I can help to keep you safe. Maybe this special magic we have between us can protect you better if we're bound together in marriage. Marry me. It will all work out."

Tears coursed down Hermione's cheeks. "I will. Just tell me when, and I will marry you."

Severus pulled her to him. "I will work everything out."

Later that week, Severus arranged for an Imperiused Ministry official to marry them. Everything was done secretly. The official was Obliviated, and the true words on the marriage certificate were hidden by a charm that would only dissolve once the war was over.

Severus and Hermione began their secret life as man and wife. The joy they felt at their joining was only tempered by their inability to be with one another constantly. Hermione continued her midnight meetings with her husband, drowning herself in his love for the few short hours they had together. She always left him with a kiss on his forehead, to keep him happy until she could steal away again.

Severus' death had taken a great toll on her. She was never able to voice the truth to her friends. Just the thought that her husband was dead had been enough to send Hermione into a fit of tears. She found she was incapable of uttering the words aloud.

A few months after all of the burial ceremonies and parties for the victors, Hermione began having her dreams. They started out subtly, with Severus coming to her and only kissing her on the forehead. From simple kisses on the forehead, he'd graduated to kissing her mouth, and then joining her on the bed where they would kiss passionately for a while. As time progressed, so did their relationship, until her nights were filled with the steamiest lovemaking she could ever imagine. It was like he'd been right there with her, like he'd been in life, their passion renewed through her dreams.

Hermione bit her lip as she applied some blush to her cheeks. Her heart ached for him to be real. Her breath caught in her whenever she thought of him really doing all of those things to her.

Placing the makeup brush down, her hand wandered over to a small vial. She lifted it and looked at its contents. The liquid was a sky blue... *The color of dreams*, she mused. She turned the vial this way and that. The light from the room shone off it and made the potion seem more ethereal.

This potion in her hand would hopefully make her dreams come true. She'd stumbled across it a month ago. Well, if you call a year-long search *stumbling across something*.

She'd perused every Wizarding library across the globe until she'd found this potion. *Dream Maker* was the name. It had been hidden in the depths of a huge tome on Dark Magic. At first, she'd wondered why a potion that could make dreams come true would be considered Dark Magic, but her sharp mind had quickly thought up all the ways a dream could turn sour.

Yes, she'd done her homework. She'd prepared the potion, made sure that no aspect of the dream could go awry, and readied herself for the materialization of the man she loved. She was ready, and tonight was the night that her lover would come back to life.

Pulling the top off the vial, she eyed it once more. Looking in the mirror, she toasted herself.

"To a future of happiness," she said as she lifted the vial.

She downed the potion in a swift gulp and placed the vial on the dresser. She rose and went to the bed. Slipping under the covers, she got comfortable and closed her eyes. The next time she opened them, she knew her husband and lover would be leaning over her with fire in his eyes.

His kisses awakened her as a small moan escaped her mouth. Her eyes fluttered open, and there he was. Severus Snape looked down upon her and gave her a slim smile.

"Severus," she gasped.

"Hermione," he responded before consuming her mouth.

Their lovemaking was tender and sweet. Severus caressed her body as if it were a treasure. She reciprocated, running her fingers along his jaw line and down over his chest.

Please let this work... please let this work, Hermione chanted in her head as Severus worshipped her body.

Finally, they came together and moved as one. Severus opened his eyes and stared into Hermione's. She was unable to look away. She heard one word repeated in her mind over and over again. *Forever*.

Light streamed in through the window, shining onto Hermione's closed eyes. She squinted slightly to block it out, not wanting to awaken quite yet. Suddenly realizing what the morning would bring, her eyes popped open. She was on her side, facing the window. She need only turn over to see if the potion worked... to see whether Severus was still in the bed next to her.

Her chest tightened. Part of her wanted to summersault around and see if he was there. The other part of her feared what she would find. Would he be there? *Please, oh, please, let him be there!*

She slowly turned her body to face the center of the bed. Her eyes grew wide. Staring at her with his head propped up on his elbow was Severus Snape. Hermione gasped involuntarily.

"What did you do?" his low, rumbling voice asked.

Fear gripped her. Would he be angry with what she'd done? Had he been happy as a dead man? Had she been incredibly selfish to take such drastic measures to resurrect Severus from the dead?

"I..." At first, she looked at him with trepidation, but that look of fear quickly disappeared. She stuck her chin out and looked at him defiantly. "I used the *Dream Maker* potion."

Severus arched an eyebrow. "That potion has been lost to our world for centuries," he remarked.

"That's probably why it took so long to find," Hermione explained with a smirk on her face.

Severus stared at her for a long while. "You really wanted me to be with you so much that you dug up that potion and took it, not knowing exactly what the repercussions would be?"

Hermione nodded her head.

"What if I came back as an Inferius?"

Hermione looked him over. "You don't seem to be an Inferius to me."

Severus moved his elbow so it propped him up more. "But what if I had?"

In a flash, Hermione had whipped out her wand from her headboard and silently cast a spell. A long jet of fire shot from it. She stopped the flame before it came close to anything in the room.

"I had thought of that," she told him. "I was hoping for a better outcome."

Severus was silent for a moment. He looked over Hermione and settled on her eyes. Reaching out, he caressed her cheek.

"You did this for me?"

Hermione smiled at him. "I did this for us."

"You knew I was more than a figment of your imagination," he stated.

"Yes, from the very start. Everything was too intense. Your touch felt too real. How did you manage to come to me every night?"

"Dumbledore owed me a favor. He showed me how to appear to you."

"The man finally did something worthwhile," Hermione mused as she studied Severus' face.

Severus turned his head and gazed at the foot of the bed. There was a small padded bench there, where Crookshanks was curled up, fast asleep. He stared at the cat for a while before speaking.

"Even in death, I could still feel our bond, Hermione. When I went to the beyond, I watched you. I saw you mourn for me. I felt your sorrow and knew that you felt the bond the same way I had."

Severus pulled Hermione to him and embraced her. They lay together, wrapped in each other's arms. "I mourned too, bemoaning the fact that I had been killed and missed the opportunity to see where that bond and our love might bring the two of us. I truly began to long for you."

Severus kissed the top of her head. Hermione snuggled in closer to him and rubbed his chest as he continued to speak.

"I mentioned to Albus how I'd felt, and he suggested that I visit you. He showed me what to do. I came to you that very night. Those first nights I just watched you. The bond drew me to you. I found I couldn't keep away. Then, I couldn't keep from wanting to touch you. I would caress your cheek, and then later on, your lips. Finally, I worked up the nerve to kiss your forehead. You actually murmured the first time I did it. I was so startled that I didn't come back for two days. That was the longest I could stay away, though. I soon returned and haven't left since."

"I don't remember you touching me like that," Hermione told him. She lifted her head and propped herself up to see him better. "I just remember when you kissed my forehead. The first time, I was a bit shocked, but it left me wanting more from you."

Severus was quiet for a while. Finally, he sighed. "I wasn't going to return after last night," he admitted. He looked away, seemingly embarrassed.

Hermione's eyes went wide. "What? Why?"

"Hermione, you can't live for a dead man. You were building your whole life around me. I was being selfish. I felt you needed to find someone alive to fall in love with."

There was pain in his eyes. She looked deeply within them and saw how hard his plan to leave had affected him. No wonder he'd been so amazingly loving the night before.

Hermione reached for him and pulled him down against her. She buried his face in her chest. Her eyes closed in relief at the realization of just how closely she'd come to losing him entirely.

"I'm glad I used the potion, then."

Severus picked his head up and looked at her. He took his finger and traced her jaw. "I thought you'd never find it."

Hermione gave him a shocked look. "You knew I was searching for it?"

"I know you are the most intelligent woman I have ever met. If anyone was going to find it, I knew it would be you."

"You wanted me to do this for you?"

He smirked at her. "Of course, how else could I be with you forever?"

Hermione looked startled. "You put that thought into my head last night! Why did you say it, when you knew you would never return to me?"

"Hermione, I will love you forever. It didn't matter that I was not going to return to you. I wanted you to know that you would be in my heart forever."

Hermione's eyes filled with tears. "Severus, you are my heart."

Severus' hand went to her neck, and he pulled her close. "Thank you, Hermione, for finding it in your heart to love me. You have rescued me from an eternity of loneliness. Thank you for being the beautiful witch that you are."

Hermione's breath caught as his lips touched hers. She felt his love and reverence for her. She returned his feelings, helping him to know just how in love with him she truly was. Lying back, she pulled him over her, never separating herself from his soft, sensual lips. They finally broke apart and looked into each other's eyes. Severus' eyes shone with love for her. She felt herself fall into him and become his completely. She willingly released herself, joy filling every part of her. A future together was finally undeniable.

"It's good to be back," Severus murmured.

The End

Here's the prompt:

8. Dream Lover

a. When the lights go down, the dream lover comes for a visit. What the heck is really going on: Subconscious?

Magic? Nothing?

A huge hug and a ton of thanks to my beta, Lilith Kayden. I appreciate all you've done to make this story better.