

# His Water of Life

*by KellyH*

He seeks her once a month. She'll never be able to get away.

## His Water of Life

*Chapter 1 of 1*

He seeks her once a month. She'll never be able to get away.

Severus Snape looked down the long straight corridor to see if anyone was near. He didn't see anyone, and he hoped that no one was following him. He was only going into his private chambers, which would appear normal, but he had to be sure that no one noticed how much he had been going into his private chambers as of late.

Entering his room with a verbal command, he walked to the corner of his chambers that held a secret compartment hidden below the floor boards. Once inside, he climbed down the ladder that led to a locked room far below the castle.

Inserting the key into the locked door, he opened it to find that the bed sheets had been tossed, and the girl lay sprawled across it with her legs spread far apart from each other – just as he left her.

She lay unconscious, with only the movement of her chest to indicate that she was still alive. Not that he wanted her dead – far from it. But she had been unwilling to comply with his simple demand of not attempting to escape. When she had tried to do so, he had had to resort to using Garrotting Gas in order to subdue her.

He hated to think what the consequences would've been if she succeeded. It would have definitely exposed his condition, and he would have lost his position at Hogwarts. McGonagall had been good to him, and although she knew of his condition, she was unaware of how he calmed down his symptoms of madness. She had assumed he was subduing it with a potion, but he hated the synthetic taste of it and preferred the real thing.

Severus looked down at the girl who lie upon the bed in a peaceful slumber. He had such hatred for her at that moment that his hands clenched together. Had he not been kind to her? It could have been worse for her, but he accommodated his actions on how much she could not take. He had found her to be quite delicate; when he was of need of her body he made sure she slumbered, rather than endure it while she was awake.

And yet, she was not happy, crying out for escape, beating on the door when he explicitly told her to not make much noise. He had told her that he would let her go, and his intent was not to keep her locked forever in this chamber, but she would not listen. She forced his hand when she went against his wishes. He had no other choice but to subdue her.

He did not care to have her unconscious the whole time she was here, so unclenching his hand, he reached into his pocket, and brought a potion that he had brewed only a few short hours ago. The Ministry had forbidden this potion to be brewed, but Severus couldn't have cared less about that. He needed her to be compliant, and if this forbidden potion made her much like a victim of an Imperio, then so be it.

Moving quickly to the side of the bed, he uncorked the potion, and lifted her up. Pouring it into her open mouth, he waited for the potion to take affect. Slowly, her eyes opened, and Severus let go of her to place her back upon the bed.

Removing his teaching robes, he placed them upon the bed and harshly commanded her to move to the edge of the bed. She complied without any hesitation. However, she was sitting up rather than lying upon the bed with her legs far apart. He rectified that with a few words, and she got into the position that he needed her to be.

He had attempted other ways of doing this. In the beginning she had been awake, and when he had used the flesh of her wrist she had panicked. She had pushed at his chest, but she had been no match for him. She had not the strength to dislodge her arm from him. He had hurt her, but her whimpers did not bother him in the least. It was only the attempt on her part to get away that he had despised. He had wanted – needed her to be compliant.

He reasoned that in the end it was better to do it this way. He would no longer need to use Dittany to mend her marred flesh, nor would she have to feel any pain. Then, perhaps, he assumed he might not have to use any potion to subdue her. Perhaps she would even let him do this on her own accord, once she realized that it didn't have to be painful. Maybe, she might even come to him once a month when her body called to him.

Moving between her legs, he drank the *water* that soothed the symptoms of his condition.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione sat by the lake with a torch and lantern on hand. She was out at midnight to collect potion herbs needed for her morning class. As she was cutting the root with her knife, she felt a cramping in her lower belly. Her time was upon her again, and she made a mental note to consult with Madam Pomfrey soon.

Since she had returned to Hogwarts, she had found odd occurrences happening to her around that time of month. She became forgetful, and there were times for which she could not account. Hopefully, Madam Pomfrey would be able to explain why this was happening to her. But she could not worry about that now, she had work to do. She had to finish collecting the herbs for class, and then she had to revise her essay for Professor Snape before handing it in.

As she worked away she was unaware of a moving shadow behind her. The dark figure watched her a few short feet away, and he was ready to strike her at any moment.

---

AN: Melenka and Luvsev gave me the prompts of: Knife, water, Hermione, something moving unseen, a forbidden potion and locked door. Thank you rdholmantx for the beta! Yes, Robbie, I am evil for getting you to read this. :)