

What Women Want

by luvsev

Severus has a new ability.

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Chapter 1 of 8

Severus has a new ability.

What on earth do women want? Severus mused as he drifted off to sleep whilst in the hot, steamy water of his clawfoot tub *Maybe if I knew what they wanted, I might know what to say.*

The next day as he was sitting in the Great Hall, there was more noise than usual. In particular, he heard more women than men. How unusual.

Oh, he finally decided to deign us with his presence.

Suddenly jerking his head, he asked, 'Did you just say something, Minerva?'

'No. Why?' Minerva cocked her eyebrow at him.

'N... No reason.'

Shaking his head and causing his hair to fall in his face, he rose from the table and stalked out the teachers' entrance, but not before he clearly heard: 'My, he's in a snit this morning. I wonder what crawled up his arse and died.'

His day only got worse from there. In his class of sixth years, one girl had the nerve to say *Gods be damned. Doesn't the greasy git ever take a day off?* When he snapped and took fifty points from his own house, the teary-eyed girl frowned at him.

That was totally unfair! Rose didn't even say anything to him, and he just goes off. Yikes.

He just needs to get laid once in awhile. If he did, he wouldn't be so bitchy all the time. You'd think he was on the rag with the way he acts.

'Detention tonight with Filch, Miss Adams!' he roared.

'But—' She looked at him wild-eyed.

'No arguing, you insolent girl! You know what you did.'

Dinner wasn't any better than his last class, which resulted in a round two hundred points being taken from all the houses.

As Hermione took her seat next to Flitwick, she glanced at Severus. *Why must he keep so buttoned up all the time? He has a great body, and he should show it off more. I could help him with that if he would ever stop seeing me as a child. I am a woman, Severus! I ceased being a child ten years ago.*

Wait a tick... she likes me? When did I miss that memo? Severus thought and then winced at how loud she came across. It was then he realised he was hearing women's thoughts. Hermione would never say that out loud, especially to Filius. They were close but not that close.

Rising from his seat at the end of the table, he strode to where Hermione was sitting. 'Hermione, may I speak with you a moment?'

When did he start calling me Hermione? Shit. Heart, you need to slow down a bit. Oh, but he's so sexy.

'Yes.' She followed him to an empty corridor. 'What do you need, Severus?'

'Just this, Hermione.' He leaned in and kissed her softly.

How long have I wanted him to do this? Oh, Merlin, this is perfect! So worth the wait.

A/N: Thanks to Southern_Witch_69 for the following prompt: Remake What Women Want (Snape style).

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Chapter 2 of 8

Severus's gift gets tiresome.

He seems different today. What the hell happened?

Bloody hell, is that a smile I see? Nah, I must be hallucinating. The bat wouldn't smile... unless he was plotting something.

Oh, shite. We're in for it with that smirk. Someone's in trouble or they are going to be very soon. Eep. I hope it's not me.

Don't they ever stop? Merlin, they're driving me crazy! Severus thought as he passed the Great Hall, deciding not to enter for dinner.

He walked back to his rooms and nearly fell onto his couch, fuming at the gift which had become his source of frustration. *Why did I ask to hear women's thoughts again? Surely I couldn't have been doing so badly as to warrant this. Oh, that's right. Twelve straight years of striking out with women. I should have thought only to have it aimed at Hermione.*

A knock at his door interrupted his thoughts.

'Enter!' he barked.

As soon as Hermione entered, she noticed his black mood. *Why is he in such a bad mood? It can't be me, can it?*

'What's wrong, Severus? You seem disgusted.'

'I've had a bad day. No, scratch that. I've had a bad week, and it only seems to be getting worse.'

'Anything I can do to help?'

I really hope he takes me up on my offer because I have a few things that could make him feel better.

He raised his eyebrow at her and murmured, 'Depends what you have in mind. I could always use—'

Licking her lips, she sat in his lap. 'I heard that. What could you use?'

'I intend to show you.' He flashed her an evil grin.

Oh, say that again, only slower and with your pants off.

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Chapter 3 of 8

Hermione eases Severus's mind.

Hmm... She wants me to remove my pants? I can arrange that, but it will be more fun if I can get her to do it for me—preferably with her teeth.

'What are you thinking about, Severus?' She wiggled her arse in his lap, eliciting a deep groan from him.

Breathing deeply, he said, 'I'm not thinking about much because you're intent on getting *arise* out of me.'

'Oh, I'll get much more than that out of you, if you'll let me.'

'Let, my dear? I don't think it has anything to do with let.' He grinned wickedly and gripped her hips, shoving her firmly down onto him.

He certainly has risen to the occasion—amazingly so. If this is any indication, I'm in for one hell of a ride she thought as she once more ground against his rapidly rising erection.

Her thoughts are such a turn on; gods, does she realise what she's doing to me?

'How about we adjourn to the bedroom, Severus? I want to take your mind off your bad day, and I think a romp will do nicely, don't you?'

'Then you're going to have to get off of my lap so that I may stand. And believe me, my mind is anywhere but on the day I've had. It's right here.' He nipped her neck and unzipped her skirt, causing it to slide ever so slightly down her hips. 'Well, are you going to move, or do I have to carry you to my bed?'

Severus, you have no idea how much I want you to take me right here on your couch she mused and removed herself from his lap.

As she stood, her skirt fell to the floor, revealing a thin scrap of black lace that looked entirely too skimpy to be knickers. Severus let his gaze drop to the material and the patch of skin barely visible beneath it.

'Are you coming?' She traced her tongue along her bottom lip before slowly drawing it between her teeth.

'No, but we both will be shortly.' He rose from the couch and followed her into his bedroom.

I hope so.

There is no need to hope, love. I'll deliver on that promise and you'll not be disappointed, I assure you.

Hermione sat on the bed and gazed at him beneath her eyelashes. The image she drank in was appealing: his shiny, black hair barely grazed his strong shoulders, which were covered by a crisp, white shirt. His wool trousers were hanging loosely about his hips and appeared to be held up only by his erection.

Gods, look at him! He looks edible just standing there and looking at me intensely. I'd like nothing more than to rip his clothes off of him, lick him until he begs for me to stop, and then ride him until he comes.

Severus moved forward until his waist was at her eye-level. 'I want you to undress me, Hermione. Will you?'

Licking her lips, she stood and began to unfasten each of the tiny buttons on his shirt, pausing occasionally to kiss his chest. Once his shirt was open, she pushed it past his shoulders and down his arms. She gasped when she saw the faded Dark Mark on his forearm and then kissed it lightly before moving on to his trousers. She kneeled in front of him and kissed his erection through the woollen material.

Hissing, he said, 'You tease. If you want it so badly, why don't you finish undressing me?'

She unfastened the buttons along the front of his trousers with her teeth, taking extra care as not to bite him.

Sliding his trousers down, his cock sprang free and bobbed in her face. 'What, no pants?'

'I didn't feel like wearing any today.'

No wonder he keeps so buttoned up. I can see why...

Severus flew into panic mode. *Good lord, what if she doesn't like it?*

If he dressed in more revealing clothes, women would be all over him. I mean, damn. He's fit and has one hell of a tight arse, not to mention he's better hung than most men. Focus, girl. You can think later, for now he's right in front of you and ready for you to explore.

She dragged her tongue along his shaft and then took his head into her mouth, suckling it.

He lightly pushed her away. 'There will be time for that later, minx. Right now, I want you on your back with your legs spread for me.'

He's every bit as commanding and sexy as I thought he would be in bed.

Complying, she quickly lifted her shirt, which caused her breasts to bounce free. Once she was on the bed, she spread her legs and waited for him.

'Very good.' He kneeled and pushed the fabric of her knickers aside, revealing her closely-trimmed chestnut curls. He then licked her until she was moaning and begging him to enter her.

Sliding into her wet heat, he moaned loudly. 'Damn, you feel good.'

Oh, shite. Where did he learn to move and swivel his hips like that? Maybe I don't want to know, but damn, whoever taught him to do this deserves a prize. He's got me coming already.

Just as Hermione was about to come, he nipped at her breasts, which sent her over the edge.

'Yes, Severus. Come for me.'

Face contorting, he let out a long, low growl as he came deep within her. He cuddled her sweat-dampened body to him, and they soon dozed off into a peaceful, sated slumber.

When they awoke sometime later, Hermione tried to get out of bed, but Severus wouldn't let her.

'Where do you think you're going?'

'I was going to order some breakfast for us. I thought we could use the nourishment after the night we had.'

'Oh, I'm hungry all right, just not for food.'

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Chapter 4 of 8

Severus realises that he needs to come clean to Hermione.

He wants it again? Great Merlin, he is insatiable! If he keeps this up, I'll be walking funny in my next class.

'Damn right, I'm insatiable. And I've only just begun to show you, too,' Severus growled, crawling across the bed to her.

'Er... I didn't say anything.' Hermione tried to roll away from him.

'You didn't have to, witch. I saw it in your eyes. Now, stop trying to escape me; you won't manage it.'

Hermione grinned and giggled at him, rolling onto the floor with a heavy thud. 'Ouch! Damn it!'

'See, that's what you get for trying to escape.' Severus laughed as he helped her back onto the bed. 'Are you going to stay put now, or do I have to tie you to the bed?'

Hmm... Now that has potential, she mused and tried to roll away again.

'Do what you will, Severus.'

'Never took you for the type to like it rough.'

Laughing, Hermione said, 'It's apparent you have a short memory then. You found out just the way I liked it last night. Or you should have.' Her tone suddenly became more serious. 'Were you not paying attention, Severus? If you weren't, I'll have to take points from Slytherin.'

'Like hell you will.' He rolled on top of her, his face but an inch from hers, and he licked his lips. 'And what's this about my memory? Are you implying that I'm old?' he teased.

'Shut up and kiss me already.'

Not needing any more of an invitation, Severus kissed her roughly, his lips nearly bruising hers. After a few deep, rough kisses, they broke apart, both needing air.

'Rough enough for you?'

Not a chance. I want to see you let go.

'Not quite, Severus.'

She wants me to let go? She doesn't know what she's asking for; that's more than rough... it might just be impossible.

After a most enjoyable weekend spent secluded in Severus's rooms, Hermione returned to teaching students who, for the most part, behaved in her classes. Severus, on the other hand, was not so lucky.

James is smart, I wonder what his answer is for 14c. The dungeon bat is grading papers, so it should be safe to look and not be caught.

Severus kept still, only briefly flicking his eyes to the back of his dimly lit classroom. He wanted to see if the girl was indeed going to cheat. He watched her tilt her head slightly and her eyes dart to the boy's paper. Her eyes didn't linger long before she once more focussed on scribbling an answer on her test parchment.

I'm glad I looked at James's answer; it's different than what I had. Well, I had nothing, so of course it was different. I also can't believe Snape! He didn't even so much as glance at me. If cheating in his class is so easy, I might do it more.

She thinks she's going to get away with this? Not a chance.

'Miss Stevens, I'd like you to come to the front of the class.'

The girl who had cheated sat frozen in her seat. *Oh no!*

'Now, Miss Stevens! I don't have all day.' His tone was stern and not one to ignore. 'And bring your test paper as well.'

Her chair scraped the floor as she rose from her seat, drawing curious looks of all of her classmates. Clutching her test paper, she made her way to the front of the class with her head hung low.

'You are to sit here,' he gestured to a chair next to his, 'and finish your test. Once the class has finished, you and Mr Johnson will remain. Is that clear?'

'Yes, sir.'

Why did I do it? I should have left the question unanswered. Losing a few points wouldn't have hurt my grade. And now I may have gotten James into trouble, too.

A little more than a half hour later, students turned in their papers and cleared their workspaces, packing everything away before making a hasty exit. All who remained

were the two students who had been asked to stay.

'Sir, did I do something wrong?' James asked in a small, polite voice.

'No, you didn't, Mr Johnson, but your classmate did. She cheated off of you. I want to compare your paper to hers to be sure I am not mistaken.'

James set his paper on the enormous oak desk for Severus to examine. He watched the professor flick his eyes across each test, ascertaining which answers had been copied.

'It is clear that you have cheated, Miss Stevens. I cannot remove you from my class but the headmistress can. Punishment will be her decision, but I guarantee that you will not receive credit for this exam.'

The girl began to cry and Severus glared at her, his lips set in a firm, thin line. 'Save your tears, girl. They don't affect me.' He walked to the fireplace and called for Minerva to come to his classroom.

'Minerva, I have a situation that you need to deal with. Cheating.'

Someone had the audacity to cheat in Severus's class? I'm surprised this girl is only crying. He must be feeling generous to let me deal with her. Not that she'll fare any better with me, she thought as she led the girl to her office.

'Merlin, will this day ever end?' Severus yelled as soon as he was in the privacy of his rooms.

He's had one hell of a day, I bet. He heard Hermione's thought.

'Hermione, you're here?'

Coming out of his bedroom and walking toward him, she said, 'Yes, I was trying to surprise you, but I guess you heard me anyhow.' She wrapped her arms around his waist and pulled him close to her. 'You've had a bad day, I take it.'

'Worse than usual, too. I caught a student cheating on an exam.'

'Oh, my. How?'

'Before I go into how I caught them, I need to tell you something. But before I do, I need you to promise me you won't be angry with me or think I've gone round the twist.'

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Chapter 5 of 8

Severus comes clean.

Oh, dear Merlin! What does he need to tell me? Is he seeing someone else? And why do I have to promise not to be angry? Isn't he asking a lot from me? Okay, calm down, girl. It might not be anything too serious. Sitting down, Hermione tried to compose herself by folding her hands in her lap and slowly meeting Severus's intense gaze. His eyebrows were furrowed, and anxiety was etched on his pale face.

'I'll try my best, Severus, but I can't promise. You just have to say what you need to. We'll worry about my reaction later.'

Go on and say it. What's the worst case scenario? She could leave. The risk might be too great. He pushed his hair back out of his face and very slowly opened his mouth to speak.

'Hermione, you're going to think what I have to say is bizarre.'

She leaned forward and placed her hands in his. 'Severus, look at the world in which we live; the bizarre is popping out all around us, yet we still manage to survive. Surely this can be no more shocking.'

'Indeed.' Breathing deeply, he continued, 'I can hear people's thoughts.'

'Of course you can—you're a Legilimens.'

'I am, but this is different. I only hear women's thoughts. If you want, I can demonstrate for you.'

'What should I do, Severus?'

'Think something... anything. Though try not to jumble your thoughts—you'll give me a headache.'

Cat. Hermione smirked and waited for him to speak.

'You thought "cat." How about something more complex? I know how you are. You think I simply guessed, so try again.'

I have wanted to kiss you since I was seventeen.

'You've wanted a simple kiss for nearly eleven years?' he asked, a note of curiosity in his voice.

Hermione blushed and nodded at him. *Shite... he really can hear me. I should be angry, but I'm more fascinated than anything else.*

'So, you're not mad, and you don't think I've lost my mind?'

'Honestly, I should be. I mean, you could have told me sooner, but I am not going to be upset over something that ultimately brought us together. If you hadn't received this gift, you may never have acted on what you felt.'

'I wouldn't say never. And this gift, as you call it, feels more like a curse. It may have let us find one another, but I have to put up with more than I ever have. I know what every single woman in this school thinks of me, what they're going to do, and when they're going to do it. I just want peace, Hermione. Certainly, I catch miscreants, and I am occasionally able to prevent some misguided youth from making a terrible decision. I want to help everyone, and I can't.' He sighed deeply and hung his head.

'Severus, you can't save everyone, no matter how much you may wish. Is there anything I can do to give you some peace? A night alone... a spell... anything?'

'I appreciate the offer. I have the feeling this clairaudience will have to fade on its own.'

Hermione gently squeezed his rough, calloused hand. *I know you are going to hear this anyway, Severus, but I want you to know. I will help you. I will find a way.*

A/N: Thanks to my incredible beta, kittylefish.

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Chapter 6 of 8

Hermione talks to Filius.

I'm not sure how to help him. How do I begin, and whom should I go to? Maybe Filius will know how to guide me here? Even if he doesn't exactly know how to help Severus, he will be able to point me to someone who can. What will it hurt to have a small chat with a trusted advisor? Hermione made up her mind and went to find the one person who she thought could help. After rapping on Filius's door and receiving no answer, she began to pace, waiting for him to return from wherever he was.

'Miss Granger, I hope I've not kept you waiting long,' the diminutive professor said from behind her. 'I had a last minute meeting with Minerva—she needed advice on what to do with a student.' He waved his wand at the door to his rooms, and it promptly swung open to admit them.

'I was wondering if I may ask you something, Filius. I have a problem, you see. Before I go into what my problem is, I need to know what I have to say will stay between us. It's a rather sensitive matter.' She watched him put on a pot of tea and set out cups, sugar, and cream.

'Of course, Hermione. Do go on.'

'Severus has a problem—'

'If Severus is the one who has the problem, why are you here in his stead?'

'Patience, Filius,' Hermione snapped. 'I am here on his behalf. In fact, he doesn't know I have come to you for help. He hears women's voices, and he's not handling it well.'

'How is he hearing them? Are they out loud, or are they inside his mind? It's important you tell me.' He heard the whistling kettle and rose to fetch the now boiling water.

'I don't like what you're insinuating.'

'Nonsense, Hermione. I'm merely trying to ascertain the cause of his *newability*.'

Hermione gritted her teeth, trying to settle herself. 'He hasn't gone round the twist, Filius. He's actually caught girls doing the very things they were thinking of. Take this for example: Yesterday, he caught a girl cheating on an exam. He was livid, and instead of dealing with her, he sent her to Minerva.'

He nodded, and a wave of understanding washed over him. 'Severus was the one who caught her? Minerva didn't mention who had. How long has he had this problem now?'

'A week, maybe a little longer. It's definitely been long enough to take its toll on him.'

'Has it become any better or worse in that amount of time?'

'No, it has remained the same.' Hermione looked at him, trying to discern what he was thinking.

'I doubt this is a new talent, Hermione. If I had to venture a guess, I'd say someone did this to him. Why it was done, I can't say.'

'I'm not asking for a motive, Filius. I'm asking for what can be done to either help him or cure him—preferably the latter.'

'I'm not sure what, if anything, can be done.' He sipped his tea, and his eyes lingered on her pretty face. Her eyebrows were creased, and her lips were set in a thin line. He could plainly see the concern she had for her colleague. With how protective and worried she was over Severus, he wondered if there was something more going on—something more than what she had let on. If something was between her and the Potions master, it was about time. He had seen the way they had looked at each other when they didn't think the other was paying attention.

'So, I'm supposed to just sit back and watch this play out while he is suffering? I hate being unable to help him. Sure, he's helping others, but it is at great personal cost. I fear what will happen if this keeps up. Can't we do anything?'

'I'll see what I can find, but I'm making no promises.'

Standing, Hermione drained the last of her tea from the tiny, porcelain cup. 'In the meantime, Filius, what can I do for him?'

'I suppose all you can do is comfort him and listen to him when he needs it. I'll let you know what I find in a few days. Until then, try not to worry so much. It's not the end of the world.' He led her to the door, bidding her a pleasant evening as she left.

What have I done, and how do I remedy it without revealing my culpability? I only wanted to push him in the right direction with Hermione. I knew if he could hear her

thoughts, he would make a move so they could be together. I never dreamt it would turn out like this. Filius heaved a heavy sigh into his empty cup.

A/N: I'd like to thank my magnificent beta, kittylefish, who has superior skills. Also, I'd like to extend a special thanks to braye27 for an idea she inspired.

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Chapter 7 of 8

Severus has a theory as to who is behind his curse.

Why did Filius tell me it's not the end of the world? It seems a little harsh to say to someone who's trying to solve a problem. It's not like him, that much is certain. He's either having a bad day or something else is going on. I wonder which it is.

'Hermione, you're thinking awfully hard about Flitwick. What did he say to you?' Severus asked.

Hermione folded her arms across her chest and leaned against the door to Severus's rooms. 'He thinks a curse is responsible for your clairaudience.'

'I could have told you as much. How someone could have done it is beyond me—my rooms are warded against intrusion. Is that all he had to say?' He would have heard the answer in her mind except her racing thoughts were preventing him from making sense of anything. 'I hate to say this to you, but would you settle your thoughts? It's distracting.'

She tried to picture a clear, peaceful lake before she spoke. 'Sorry. I'm trying to make sense of Filius's actions; I suppose I'll do that on my own, though.' Looking up, she noticed him frowning at her, and she corrected, 'I just don't want to irritate you further. Filius said he didn't know if there was a counter-curse, which struck me as odd—he's always so knowledgeable. It bothers me that his reaction seemed calculated and he wasn't eager to help. The latter could have been because he might not want to get involved.'

Severus nodded. 'Indeed. I wonder, Hermione, if you might do me a favour.'

'Depends if I am able, Severus.' She crossed her legs and sighed.

'Would you show me the memory of your meeting with Filius?'

'Yes. What are you thinking, Severus? I know you must have formed an opinion already.'

He lifted his finger to her chin, gently brushing the soft, pale skin, and tilted her face to his. 'I'll refrain from elucidating until I've seen your memory. Bring the encounter to the forefront of your mind; I don't want to pry any further than what I must.'

Closing her eyes, she heard his whispered '*Legilimens*', and she felt the pressure of his mind in hers. He was only there long enough to view the memory and leave.

'Thank you, Hermione.' He kissed her lips.

'Did you find what you needed?'

'Yes. It's as I thought, too.' He didn't elaborate.

'Are you going to tell me your theory, or do I have to pry it from you?' she joked.

'I thought he had something to do with it, and from your memory, it appears as though I am correct. You were right; his behaviour doesn't make sense, and I want to know why. If he truly is the one who cursed me, Merlin help him because I'll—'

'Don't do anything you'll regret—or better yet, don't do anything that will cause trouble. I want to know what happened as much as you do, but I don't want to see either of you hurt because of unrestrained anger.'

'I'm not promising anything, Hermione.' His hand was on the burnished gold doorknob when she tugged on his arm.

'Look, Severus, whatever it is, give him a chance to explain. I'm not saying it'll even be worth hearing, but it will give you a chance to understand.'

'I'm past the point of wanting to understand; I want answers! I want this blasted curse gone so I can have peace!' he shouted and yanked the door open, causing it to bang into the stone wall.

Hermione winced at the sound. 'I'm coming with you!'

A/N: Thanks to my amazing beta, kittylefish.

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Chapter 8 of 8

Severus and Hermione confront Filius.

Severus stormed up the many staircases to Flitwick's rooms, his robes billowing, and a very flustered Hermione followed closely behind. She hoped by tagging along that she would be able to keep Severus's anger under control.

He marched up to the door and banged as loud as he could. 'Flitwick! Open this door at once!' he roared.

A moment passed, then two. Rattling sounds came from within the rooms, and then a cheery voice called, 'Coming!' The door swung open, and Filius appeared, a red tea towel in one hand, a copper kettle in the other.

'Invite me in, Flitwick,' Severus said, his voice quiet but filled with anger.

'Severus, —'

'Invite me in, Flitwick, unless you want to have this discussion in the hall,' Severus pressed, his nostrils flaring, and his pale lips were set in a thin, tight line.

'I don't have long.'

'What you have planned will wait until I'm finished.' He sneered.

'You sound angry, Severus.' Filius stepped aside to allow Severus and Hermione to pass. He then set the towel and kettle on the bureau by the door.

'After what you've done, I have every reason to be angry—'

'Done, Severus? I haven't done anything,' Flitwick denied, slipping his shaking hand inside his cloak.

'You never were a good liar, old man, so stop the charade. I know you're the one responsible for my sudden clairaudience.'

'Preposterous!'

'Is it really? I'll tell you what I know, and then you can explain. My enemies, Filius, are all outside the castle. I'm mainly a solitary man who doesn't associate with others much. So, I began to think, searching my recent memory of interactions with colleagues and students. The only one who came to mind was you. You see, the night before I developed this new *talent*, you and I met to discuss a student. My back had turned for a moment while you were there, and I thought I heard you mutter. I asked you, and you said I must be tired. It was, admittedly, very late, so I dismissed it and saw you out. The next day, I awoke with a new ability.

'Today, after Hermione met with you, she came to visit me to let me know what she had found out. I asked her to allow me to see her memory. What I saw in her mind allowed me to draw the connection to you. You are the one who did this. Don't deny it.' He looked up to see Filius's mouth agape.

'Why you saw fit to torture me, I have no idea, don't care, either. I just want it gone.'

'You may not want to know why he did it, Severus, but I do,' Hermione piped up from her semi-relaxed position in one of the chairs.

'I didn't intend to cause you harm, Severus. I only wanted to bring you happiness.'

'Sure, hearing women's worst opinions of me certainly makes my life easier. Everyone should be so lucky,' Severus retorted.

'I apologise for wanting to make things better. For months, you and Miss Granger have been trading longing glances, dancing around your attraction to each other. I knew neither of you would act, so I did something about it. I figured if you knew how she truly felt about you, you would do something, and you did, yes? Or am I mistaken?'

Severus shook his head, letting Filius know he hadn't been wrong. 'Is there a cure?'

'No. It has to wear off on its own. It should be gone within three months.'

Severus, shocked into silence, moved towards the door. Hermione rose from her seat to follow him, but before she left, she focussed her gaze on Filius, muttered under her breath, and then snapped her fingers.

'What did you do, Miss Granger?' Filius asked.

'You'll find out, I'm sure.'

A/N: A million thanks to Southern_Witch_69 for betaing this chapter.