

# I'm Not In Love

*by neelix*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

# Is That Really You?

*Chapter 1 of 12*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: I don't normally like to write lots of notes before people have started the story, but I feel this one might need it.

Firstly, this story is over two years old. I wrote it at the start of my writing, and I think it is noticeable in part, so forgive me!

Secondly, the warnings are there for a reason. This story, especially from Chapter Three, contains graphic sex. Nothing unusual, but the description leaves nothing to the imagination, so if this isn't your thing I suggest you duck out!

Thanks to kizzy7 who beta'd this while in Italy... still not jealous, nope, not at all!

The story was inspired by the Tom Waits song 'I Hope That I Don't Fall in Love with You'.

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It had been a scorching hot day, and Hermione walked gratefully into the cool basement bar, pushing her hair back and tying it securely against the nape of her neck. She looked around as her eyes became more accustomed to the light. She loved it. It was dark and a little grimy, rock music pumping loudly from the jukebox in the corner. She smiled to herself and made her way to the long bar on the far side of the room.

A few customers were sitting at small wooden tables dotted around the room, and they turned to glance at her as she walked past. Most of the attention was male, but Hermione was oblivious to her effect on the opposite sex. The years had been more than kind to her since the war, and she had curves in all the right places. Her hair was long and lustrous, but she didn't see herself as beautiful. She just liked to make the best of herself. The skirt of her dark blue chiffon dress swished softly around her knees as she walked, and her heady perfume lingered in her wake.

At one table, a man looked up to stare at her. She was a vision. He smiled. She seemed to be on her own, and as he looked her up and down, he felt his crotch tighten a little. He wouldn't mind a piece of that. He stood and shrugged his black leather jacket around his shoulders, brushed his hair back from his face, and pulled his jeans up a little.

Hermione waited patiently as the barman served another customer, a ten-pound note clutched in her hand. What she needed was an ice-cold beer, and her mouth started to water at the thought of it.

'Hi.'

She turned at the voice and smiled slightly. The man was tall with dark brown hair and chocolate eyes that crinkled at the corners. He wasn't bad looking and seemed to have a ready smile.

'Hello,' she answered politely, looking away as the barman came over to her.

'Can I buy you that?' The man leant on his elbow as if he was part of the furniture, grinning at her.

Hermione was flattered and smiled warmly at him. She was on holiday. Why not?

'That would be kind of you. Thank you. I'll have a beer.... A cold one...'

'Make that two,' he said to the barman. 'I'm Rory.' He held his hand out to Hermione, and she took it, shaking it firmly.

'Hermione. Nice to meet you.' Her eyes met his, and she felt a small knot in her stomach. He was actually very sexy. Hermione had little real experience with men, but she knew enough to know a man didn't approach a strange woman at a bar if he wasn't a little interested.

Rory lifted their beers and motioned Hermione towards a table in the centre of the room.

'Not too close to the jukebox! Otherwise I won't be able to hear you talking.' He winked at her, and she laughed softly.

Hermione sat in the wooden chair and lifted her glass, drinking gratefully. She smacked her lips with a loud 'ahh!' and Rory laughed.

'You needed that, then? You're not a local, judging by your accent, are you?' He smiled warmly at her and started to explore her face more closely. Her mouth was wide, her lips soft and a little glossy. Her eyes were deep amber, wide and prettily edged with long eyelashes. She was more stunning than he had realised, and he thought perhaps he was out of his depth.

'No, I'm not local. I'm on holiday. You're local though.' She smiled at him.

Rory grinned at her. 'I am. I live just around the corner, actually.' He paused, and she looked at him, licking her lips slightly. 'What made you come here on holiday, Hermione?'

Hermione smiled and took another drink. 'My parents used to bring me to Cornwall when I was a child. It's a trip down memory lane.'

Rory nodded and drank his beer, looking at her thoughtfully. 'On holiday,' he repeated. 'Alone.'

'How did you know?' Hermione giggled a little.

'If you had a man, he wouldn't let you out of his sight,' he stated firmly, his chocolate eyes staring into hers meaningfully.

Hermione blushed and looked around the bar, tapping her foot in time with a particularly good tune. From where they were sitting, they could see people walking down the stairs from the street, and she watched as more customers started to file in. Lifting her glass to take another sip, she glanced as a tall man started to walk down the steps. His shoes and his suit were black. He had a white shirt, open at the collar, and his dark shiny hair was hanging in curtains around his face.

Hermione choked on her beer. 'Fucking hell,' she whispered, staring still.

She hadn't seen him in years, but there was no mistaking him, even in his Muggle clothing. She sat there, a little shocked, and so she didn't immediately realise that he had seen her too. He stared back at her, stopping mid-step, his mouth opening slightly. Their eyes met, and Hermione wasn't sure whether to wave, nod, or ignore him. She smiled slightly, and he acknowledged her with a small incline of his head before walking on towards the bar.

'Someone you know?' Rory was looking at her amusedly, and Hermione realised she had spoken out loud.

'I'm so sorry!' She put her hand over her mouth. 'Yes... he's one of my old school teachers, actually. I haven't seen him in almost ten years.'

'Unlucky, then, bumping into him when you're on holiday.' Rory laughed a little.

'He was one of my favourite teachers; I learned so much from him. Not that he liked me very much... .' Hermione drifted off slightly.

'You should go and say hello.' Rory lifted his beer, draining his glass as he looked at her.

Hermione's eyes kept drifting to where Severus Snape sat on a tall bar stool, his elbows on the bar as he drank what looked like a pint of Guinness.

Hermione looked at Rory for a moment. If she had been on her own, perhaps she would have gone over to say hello, but now... She wasn't sure. Should she?

Severus was watching her in the mirror that ran along the back wall of the bar. She kept glancing in his direction, and he wondered if she would have the nerve to come and talk to him. He had certainly been surprised to see her. She had turned into a beautiful young woman, too. Why that had shocked him, he wasn't sure. In his head, she had stayed the same know-it-all Gryffindor, all bushy hair and schoolbooks. Of course, that had been some years ago. Natural that she would grow up, fill out, and nab a handsome man for herself in the process. He wondered briefly if he should go and say a quick hello. Not that he was any more sociable these days, but they did share a history of sorts. He turned and looked at her a little, catching her eye. He looked at her steadily, unsure of what to do. In need of some thinking time, he put his pint down, glancing around for the gents. He saw the door in the far corner and got up, heading towards it.

Hermione didn't notice Severus move from his chair. She had turned to Rory, trying to divert her attention back to him a little. They chatted about his work. He ran a motorcycle repair shop. Hermione's mind kept wandering, her eyes glazing over slightly. Rory noticed, and he knew he was onto a lost cause. Hermione smiled at him a little.

'I need to pop to the ladies. I won't be a moment.' She stood, throwing her handbag over her shoulder, and walked in the direction of the toilets.

Rory watched her as she left and glanced back at the bar. Severus was back on his stool, and he was watching her as she walked. Rory grimaced a little. 'Damn it,' he thought. He stood and lifted his glass, walking towards the bar. He placed the empty glass beside Severus and looked at him. He was so much older than Hermione. And yet there was obviously something about him that had distracted her since he walked into the bar.

Severus stared at him. He wasn't as handsome as he had originally thought when he first saw them together and he was surprised she hadn't done better for herself.

'She's all yours, you lucky bastard,' he whispered in Severus's ear.

'What?' Severus muttered, his hand instinctively reaching into his pocket to grip his wand.

Rory shook his head and walked up the stairs and out of the bar.

Hermione walked back to the table she had been sharing with Rory and sat back down. She thought perhaps he had gone to the toilet too, and she waited patiently for a few minutes, finishing her beer. She stared at her empty glass, looked around the bar and realised that she had been waiting too long. He had probably left. Feeling a little awkward and embarrassed, she glanced over to where Severus was sitting and saw him looking at her.

Severus turned to the barman and ordered two whiskies. He paid for them and carried them over to the table.

He was too late. Hermione had gone.

# Fancy Seeing You Here.

## Chapter 2 of 12

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

Hermione hadn't slept well, her sleep broken by odd dreams. Once awake, snatches of old memories she had thought long forgotten as well as the most recent memory – Severus in his black suit – kept coming back to her over and over again. She should have said hello, and she was beating herself up about it. What must he think of her? But she was so embarrassed to be so obviously stood up by Rory that she had left as soon as his back was turned. He was probably laughing at her anyway, she mused.

She threw the bedclothes back and wandered into the bathroom, turning the shower on full, letting the steam fill the room and start to frizz her hair. It didn't matter; she was going to wash it anyway. She stared at herself in the mirror. Her face was lightly tanned, and the sun had streaked her hair with blonde highlights. She wondered what to do with her day and remembered the old bookshop her dad had found. Smiling and pleased she had a purpose for her day, she stepped under the water and allowed it to pound her flesh.

Wrapped in a towel, her hair still dripping, Hermione parted the curtains of her suite to look at the weather. It wasn't as sunny as the day before. Darker clouds were on the horizon, and the sea looked a little choppy. That was okay. She only needed to know what to wear. She pulled her jeans from her bottom drawer and grabbed her pink t-shirt and matching cardigan. She lifted her wand and cast a drying spell on her hair, deciding to leave it naturally curly for a change.

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Severus closed his front door and wordlessly locked and warded it. He knew it wasn't necessary. No one of any significance knew he had a house here, but it was a habit he couldn't break. He fastened his jacket and put his wand into the front pocket of his jeans. He turned and walked down the street, the tang of the sea hitting his nostrils as he inhaled deeply. It had been good for him, spending time by the coast. For a few years, he had actually been content to spend his holidays here, totally cut off from his normal life.

The wind started to pick up, and Severus increased his pace. His mind was invaded with thoughts of Hermione's sudden disappearance the previous night, and he wondered if she had made it up with her boyfriend. He hoped he deserved her. She certainly had grown into a beautiful witch.

He reached the shop he was heading for and pushed the door open, the small bell attached to it tinkling over his head. He scowled. It irritated him no end, but it had been the same since he had first visited. He was sure that George wasn't going to get rid of it just to please him, even though he was undoubtedly his best customer.

'Mr Snape.' The round, friendly man behind the counter smiled at him and reached to the shelf below, lifting a large parcel wrapped in brown paper and string.

'George,' Severus intoned. 'Mine, I assume.' He nodded at the parcel.

'That's right. Arrived this morning, although I don't know why you don't just put your own address on the parcels, then they can come straight to your door.' He beamed at Severus jovially. It was a regular conversation between them. George obviously thought he was a mysterious man, trying to keep his location secret. George and his wife had many theories, and between them, they joked that he was probably a spy. They didn't know how close to the truth they were.

'I prefer privacy,' Severus offered him by way of explanation, lifting the parcel from his hands. 'Thank you.' He nodded and turned to leave.

Hermione shoved the door open, clutching her cardigan around herself as she was battered by the now blustering wind. Her hair had blown over her face, and she walked on blindly, forcing the door closed behind her as she tried to push her curls from her eyes. She took a step forward and found herself being stopped by a firm hand on her shoulder. With a gasp, she saw a pair of black leather shoes and looked up slowly into his eyes in surprise.

'Professor!' she exclaimed. 'I'm sorry. I didn't mean to walk into you.' Hermione tried a small smile and was rewarded with a smirk.

'I see you still have difficulties controlling your hair,' he said smoothly, removing his hand.

'Nice to see you too.' She flashed her eyes angrily at him. 'Obviously, if I had I known I was going to walk into you, I would have tied my hair back especially.'

There was an awkward silence as Hermione glared at him and Severus stood looking at her, clutching his parcel. George stood behind the counter and smiled at their exchange. Professor, eh? He made a mental note to tell his wife later.

'I bought you a drink last night, but you had already left,' he stated.

Hermione's eyes widened a little. 'Did you? Oh... That was nice of you. I had to go...' She drifted off. In her head, she kicked herself for not staying.

'Naturally. I hope you were able to resolve things?' he answered her. He was in no hurry to leave, for some reason.

'Resolve things?' Hermione's forehead creased. What was he talking about?

'Your boyfriend... he left without you?' He looked at her, incredulous. Was he really talking to Hermione Granger about her love life?

'I don't have a boyfriend. I met Rory last night, and he bought me a drink. I'm guessing that when he realised he wasn't getting anywhere, he gave up.' Her lips pursed, and she frowned at the memory, her cheeks reddening slightly.

'Do you often accept drinks from strange men in bars?' He sneered at her slightly.

'The only "strange" men I've seen in bars recently have been Potions masters,' she responded and laughed at him. His sneer had no effect on her now, and she couldn't help but feel smug as his mouth twitched at her smart retort.

'Well...' Severus motioned towards the door.

'Yes, well...' Hermione stepped aside to let him pass. 'Seriously, it's nice to see you looking so well, Professor.' She smiled at him warmly, and her eyes brightened, lighting up her face.

Severus paused and looked at her.

'And you, Miss Granger.' He smiled lightly and opened the door, stepping out into the inclement weather.

Hermione watched the door close behind him and sighed. She bit her lip thoughtfully and opened the door, running down the road after him, the wind hitting her with a blast.

'Professor Snape!' she shouted. Damn, he could walk fast.

Severus heard her shout and spun round to face her. He was irritated. He was plain 'Mr Snape' here, and that was how he liked it.

'Miss Granger, if you must insist on shouting at me, drop the 'Professor,' if you please. I prefer to keep that side of my life separate.' He looked down at her.

Hermione was out of breath and gasping slightly, her breasts rising and falling. The cold wind had made her nipples erect, and Severus licked his bottom lip, unable to draw his eyes away from her chest.

'I'm sorry, sir... I mean... Severus?' She looked at him, and he nodded permission.

He liked the way she said his name, enunciating each syllable.

'Was there something?' he asked her, patiently. He was content to stare at her breasts while she decided to speak.

'Yes... I was just wondering... will you be at the bar again tonight?' She looked at him, her eyes wide.

'Only... I'm here on my own, and, well... I could use some company.'

Severus looked at her, and his mouth opened slightly. She must be desperate, to want his company. 'I usually visit the bar most nights.' His smooth answer was non-committal, but Hermione didn't care.

'Great! I can pay you back for the drink I missed.' She smiled brightly. 'See you later, then... Severus.' With a small wave, she trotted back to the bookshop, looking back over her shoulder once.

He stood staring at her until she had disappeared and shook his head slightly. He smiled and wondered what she would be wearing.

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Thanks to kizzy7 for super-fast beta'ing!

## Here We Are Then...

*Chapter 3 of 12*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: The rating for this fic is particularly (but not only) for this chapter. You have been warned.

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Severus went to the bar earlier than was his usual habit. He was wearing a black v-neck cotton jumper and his black jeans; the black leather boots he usually wore under his teaching robes finished off his outfit. Severus had his Muggle wardrobe down pat, but despite his efforts to fit in, he still cut a striking figure as he walked around the town, causing many female hearts to beat a little faster. His dark hair was a statement in itself; his glittering, black eyes held mystery and untold depths, not to mention the way his jeans clung tightly to his nice, firm arse. He wasn't conventionally handsome, in the Rory sense, for instance, but he turned heads. And right now, he was turning the head of a certain ex-student who was walking down the steps into the bar, her heart in her throat as she caught sight of him.

'Oh, gods,' Hermione whispered under her breath. When did her Potions master get so attractive? The dim lighting that bounced off the mirror behind the bar put his profile into sharp relief, making his skin appear smooth, almost luminescent. His hair shone, and she noticed it almost reached his shoulders. It was much longer than she remembered it from school. Her eyes skimmed over his clothing, and she smiled slightly. *Nice jumper*. It was quite a snug fit, and she could see what promised to be a six-pack under the fabric. He was sitting on the same bar stool, and his jeans were pulled tight across his thighs.

Hermione's breath hitched in her throat, and she glanced down at herself quickly. Her black v-necked blouse was almost like a bodice, holding her in tightly at the waist. This subtly highlighted her décolletage, and it was sexy without being wanton. She was also wearing black skinny jeans, and she had tied her hair back with a black scrunchie, applying a little make-up to her eyes and lips for contrast. She found herself hoping he found her as attractive as she did him and laughed at herself. This was Severus she was thinking about, for goodness sake. He wouldn't look twice at her. Not in that way, anyway. Hermione made a mental note to use her vibrator later; she was horny as hell and needed to take the edge off it before she did something stupid. Like the one night stand the previous month. A smile twitched around her mouth. It was fun, she remembered. But it wasn't her usual practice, and she didn't want to make a habit of it.

Severus saw her approach out of the corner of his eye and turned to face her. He noticed her blouse immediately. No man would have been able to stop himself from gazing at her delicious looking breasts, as they were almost begging for attention. Dragging his eyes away reluctantly, he caught her eye and tried to smile at her. The effect was lop-sided, but she responded with a wide grin.

'Hi!' she said brightly. 'What are you having?'

Severus openly looked her up and down. Hermione caught him looking at her and smiled.

'To drink, Severus,' she said softly.

'Whisky... it's passable here.' He waved his glass at the barman, who walked over to them. He was glad of the work; it was a slow night.

'Two whiskies, please.' Hermione smiled at him, and his eyes met hers. He grinned at her and walked over to the optic, glancing back over his shoulder.

Severus's eyes narrowed as he watched the barman flirting with Hermione.

'You seem to have a talent for picking up men in bars.' Severus glanced at her sideways.

Hermione bristled a little. 'I wish you would stop saying that. They only look at me because I'm on my own, and they think I am here for sex.' She smiled at him coldly and paid the barman without looking at him. 'I am not a whore, Severus. Let's sit at a table.'

Severus raised his eyebrow at her. 'I am content here.'

'With the barman eyeing me up like a piece of meat? I don't think so.' Hermione put her head in the air, lifted their drinks and walked over to a table in a darkened corner of the bar, sitting pointedly with her back to the barman and Severus.

He sighed deeply and shrugged his arse off his seat, walking over to where she was sitting, and he folded himself into the chair opposite. He looked at her slowly and lifted his glass, tipping it towards her.

'Your good health,' he murmured.

Hermione stared at him. Gods, he was gorgeous. Why hadn't she noticed that before? Her hormones went into overdrive, and she felt her crotch moisten. She shifted a little in her seat and lifted her own glass, taking a long sip and swallowing slowly, allowing the warmth to spread around her stomach.

'How did you survive, Severus?' she asked him.

'Very direct, as usual, Miss Granger.' He frowned and stared into his glass.

'You make me feel like a child when you call me that. Just call me Hermione, please.' She smiled at him. 'I was glad, actually, when I heard you were in St Mungo's.'

'How nice for you.' His lips went thin, his eyes glittering dangerously, and she recognised that look from so many years ago.

'Oh, Severus, don't be so thick! I meant that I was glad you were alive!' Hermione laughed lightly.

Severus looked at her. 'Ah... I see.' He did feel a little stupid suddenly. He wasn't usually so tongue-tied, but he couldn't stop looking at her and trying to equate this woman with curves with the bushy-haired child from school.

'In answer to your question, Hermione, I was able to swallow a bezoar and Apparate to St Mungo's. I was just in time, apparently. I lost a significant amount of blood.' His hand drifted unconsciously to a small scar on his throat.

'I don't think I've heard you say my name before...' she said softly, running her tongue over her bottom lip, her face flushing slightly as she gazed at him. His voice was like hot chocolate. She hadn't noticed that before, either. Gods, she was soaking wet.

Severus watched her with amusement and wondered how long it had been since she had been fucked. He recognised her arousal and could almost smell her sex from where he was sitting. Surprising. He wondered if it was him, or just her own need fixing on the nearest available male. He sat forward, leaning his elbows on the table and bringing his face closer to hers, staring into her eyes.

'It was never appropriate to call you 'Hermione' before,' he answered her quietly.

'And now?' Her lips parted gently, her pupils dilated and she stopped breathing for a moment.

'I will call you whatever you want,' he breathed as he brought his face even closer. Her lips were so full and soft. He wanted to taste them and stared at them pointedly.

'Oh!' Hermione gasped a little. His lips were within reaching distance, but in the back of her mind, she was aware he was her old teacher. They were in a public bar.

And a kiss was not enough.

There was a pause in proceedings, two heartbeats of time where they stared intently into each other's eyes and recognised each other.

'Let's go,' Severus whispered. Wordlessly, Hermione nodded and stood as if in a daze.

Severus held his hand out to her, and she took it, allowing him to wrap his fingers tightly around hers and pull her along with him to the steps. Her heart was almost beating out of her chest, and she had to walk quickly to keep up with him.

Severus kept his eyes on the door as they walked, and as he stepped out onto the street he dragged her with him, very aware of her smaller hand, warm and tight in his. He glanced up and down the street. It was deserted, and he couldn't wait any longer. He turned and wrapped his arms around her, pushing her softly against the nearest wall, allowing his body to mould against her, his erection throbbing along her thigh.

Hermione gasped as she felt his firm body against hers. She looked up at him and tipped her face to his, her nostrils flaring as she inhaled his maleness. He caught her mouth with his and kissed her gently, savouring the taste of her lips. Hermione sighed and opened her mouth, allowing him to slip his tongue slowly inside. She pushed her tongue tentatively to his, and they jostled softly for a moment. Hermione slid her arms around his waist and lifted his jumper a little, her fingers sliding over his smooth skin. He hissed and deepened the kiss, thrusting his tongue firmly into her mouth. She met his fervour with her own and moaned. She wanted to come already and couldn't wait to have his fingers in her pussy. Severus pulled away firmly and stared at her.

'Come,' he spat at her, his lips swollen from her kiss, his face flushed and his cock hard and painful. He needed to get out of his jeans and into her, quickly.

Hermione grabbed his hand without waiting for him to offer it. 'Hurry, Severus,' she said softly. She felt faint with lust and followed him blindly, her lips still burning from the feel of his. He grasped her hand, and they almost ran down the street and around two bends until he stopped abruptly, pulling his wand and opening the door of his house quickly.

Hermione stared at him. 'Where are we?' she asked him.

'My house. Go in.' He nodded, and she stepped ahead of him, shaking slightly. Severus stepped in after her and warded the door, silencing the house as he did so. He had nice neighbours; he didn't want to scare them. With a flick of his wand, a small lamp was lit at the side of the room, revealing a very large and conveniently placed couch.

Severus walked towards her as she looked at him and took hold of the bottom of her blouse gently, rubbing the fabric with his fingers.

'Shall I get rid of this the Muggle way... or our way?' He raised his wand slowly and bent to kiss her lips softly.

'Our way...' she answered him with a strangled whisper as she tried to keep her lips on his, her breath coming in short bursts.

'Right answer.' He smiled against her mouth slowly, and with a flick, they were both naked. Severus dropped his wand and brought his hands up to cup her breasts, bending his mouth to capture her delicate, caramel tips with his mouth, laving them with his wet tongue. Gods, she felt amazing under his mouth, and he pushed his cock between her thighs, feeling her soft triangle of hair damp with want.

Hermione moaned and arched her back, forcing her nipples into his mouth firmly. She was lost to his touch, and her legs were shaking.

'Bite me,' she hissed.

He raised his eyes to her face and grinned. She looked wild, her eyes closed, her head tipped back, and her mouth open as she gasped her request. Who would have

known the know-it-all would turn into such a woman? He moved his lips back to her and sucked hard before running his teeth across her nipple, biting gently.

'Oh fuck, yes!' she cried out, coming hard as he continued to bite her and suck at her breasts, holding onto her so she wouldn't collapse, her juices gushing over the top of his cock deliciously. He moved back to her mouth and kissed her passionately. He had never had a woman come from his attention to her nipples before. He wanted to see what his cock would do to her. Hermione returned to him, her mouth moving softly against his, her tongue exploring and searching, her hands drifting to his buttocks and pushing his cock between her nether lips.

He pushed her against the wall and pinned her firmly, lifting her thighs around his waist. With his fingers, he explored her soft, wet pussy. She felt delicious, and he bet she tasted as sweet, but now...He needed to fuck her. He inserted a finger into her hole and thrust gently against her G-spot. Hermione moaned and her head fell against his shoulder, her teeth grazing him gently.

'More... I need more...' she hissed.

Severus groaned at her voice and shifted his cock at her entrance. 'I hope you're ready for this, witch.' He gasped and thrust hard, forcing into her tightness with a cry.

Hermione moaned, and her head lolled back, her eyes rolling and her legs tightening around his waist. She ground her heels into his buttocks, pushing him deeper into her. Fuck, he was huge; she could feel him filling her to her limit. It was the most exquisite feeling she had ever experience.

Severus grunted as he began to fuck her, ramming her hard against the wall. He was distantly aware that she would be bruised by his exertions, but he was too far gone to stop. Gods, but she was tight and wet. Her breasts were crushed against his chest, and he could feel her nipples rubbing against him firmly. Sweat was beginning to run from them both, joining where their bodies were beating against each other and running between her cleavage. He opened his eyes as he watched her. He could feel her vagina caressing him as he thrust in and out of her wetness, the soft squelching sound like music to his ears. He needed to come.

'Come on...' He thrust hard. 'Come on, witch...' He rammed her harder, and she started to shake.

'Oh!' she gasped. Her clit was hard, and he was pushing his groin against it with each thrust, grinding against it as he rammed her, fucked her. 'Oh ... oh... oh...'

'Come ON!!!!' he roared in her ear. 'Come on... come on....'

Like a mantra, he shouted, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt his balls tightening.

'Yes!' she shouted back at him.

'COME ON! COME ON!' He fucked her harder, short, thick thrusts. His cock was on fire, and he was so close. He bit his lip.

'YES! YES!' She was screaming, tears rolling down her cheeks. 'YES!' She orgasmed like her life depended on it.

'YES!' he roared at her, their eyes meeting as they both came together, her pussy clamping down on him hard, milking him as he shot his come deep inside her quivering vagina. Severus bucked hard, burying his cock into her fully and gasping as he slowed his movements gently, cradling her head against his shoulders and stroking her soft hair with his fingers. It had fallen loose, and suddenly, it didn't irritate him any more.

Hermione sobbed and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. She couldn't control her legs and felt them slipping down his body, his cock sliding out of her as she did so. She felt bereft of him suddenly and sobbed harder, leaning against his chest, feeling his fingers in her hair, gently caressing her shoulders and then moving to her chin and tipping her face to his. He bent and kissed her lips softly, tasting salty tears as he brushed the rest away with his thumbs.

'Don't cry, witch,' he whispered, smiling down at her. 'Come to bed.'

He held his hand to her, and she took it.

## I Want To...

### *Chapter 4 of 12*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

Hermione lay in Severus's bed, the covers pulled over her breasts tightly as she stared at the ceiling. He was sleeping beside her. They had curled up to each other tightly, and he had wrapped an arm around her waist, his chin resting on her shoulder as he kissed her cheek softly and wished her goodnight. She had felt him smile as she said, 'Goodnight, Severus,' and it had made her smile back at him.

Hermione turned her head. He had his back to her, and in the half-light, she could just make out a lattice of pale pink scars across his shoulders, his long hair softly falling past the nape of his neck. She reached her hand out and took a few strands between her fingers, feeling their silky softness before letting them fall again.

She thought about the sex, running through everything in her mind and trying to work out the why and the how. She shook her head and resolved not to over analyse it, but every time she closed her eyes and tried to sleep, she could feel his cock inside her all over again. It was absolutely the best sex she had ever experienced. She sighed softly, listening to Severus as he slept, his breathing even and soft. She wondered what would happen now.

Severus knew she was awake. He had sensed it and had felt her fingers on his hair. He wondered if she was in pain. His cock hardened as he thought of her, lying in his bed, naked. The memory of her nipples made his mouth water. Slowly, he turned to face her, raising himself up on his elbow to look at her.

Hermione turned to look at him and smiled softly.

'Did I wake you?' she asked him.

'I sleep little, so no, you did not wake me.'

He looked down at her face and explored it, first with his eyes, taking in her full lips and soft skin, and then staring into her deep amber eyes, so open and honest. He lifted his hand and traced her cheekbones with his fingertips softly, passing his thumb over her bottom lip and tracing her top lip with his index finger. As he reached the bow of her mouth, her tongue snaked out and licked it, and he smiled at her.

'When did you grow up, Miss Granger?' he murmured, his voice smooth and sexy.

Hermione smiled at him and placed her hand on his chest, teasing the hairs that curled around his pale pink nipples and tracing a line down to his navel with her nails.

'About four hours ago, I think.' She looked up and caught his eye. Amusement shone in them, and he couldn't stop the grin from spreading across his face.

'You were quite amazing, witch,' he said softly, his grin softening to a smile.

'You too.' She smiled and felt suddenly shy. Was she really having this conversation with her ex-Potions master?

'Hermione,' he breathed, staring at her face and willing her to look him in the eye.

'Yes, Severus?' She looked up at him and he held her gaze intently.

'I want to eat you. If that is acceptable to you?' he whispered softly, his hand pushing the covers from her breasts and his fingertips gently caressing her erect nipples.

'Eat me?' Hermione looked puzzled for a moment, and his eyebrow arched comically until the penny dropped. 'Oh... Oh, I see...' She smiled at him.

'I think I will assume that is a yes.' He chuckled softly and bent his head to hers, kissing her deeply and sensuously, sliding his tongue into her wet and willing mouth.

His hand slipped beneath the covers, drifting across her abdomen and down to her soft pussy, where his fingers parted her labia gently, and he wet his fingertips in her juices. Slowly, he probed and found her clitoris, circling the erect nub softly. Hermione gasped into his mouth, and he smiled. She was very responsive to his touch, and he wondered how loud he could make her scream. Severus slid his body over hers, his tongue still playing in her mouth, her hands running gently over his shoulders and lingering as she felt his scars. He lifted his head slightly, and she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

'It was so cruel,' she whispered, and two small tears ran from the corners of her eyes.

'It's over, witch. This is what matters now.' Severus felt his heart expand a little at her tears for him and bent his head to hers again, pushing his tongue firmly into her mouth and reminding her that he was here, he was alive, and he was about to make her come deliciously. He lifted his head and ran his tongue across her throat, kissing her tender flesh softly as he moved over to her full breasts. He lingered on her nipples and lavished them with kisses, small licks, and tiny bites that had her running her hands through his hair and gasping. He didn't want her to come without his lips on her pussy, so he lifted his head and licked a trail over her belly, circling her navel and making her giggle softly until he buried his head in her crotch, hooking his forearms under her slim thighs, bending her knees slightly.

He lifted his head and saw her propped up on her elbows, watching him.

'No one has ever done this for me before,' she said softly, her innocence obvious despite her twenty-eight years.

'Then we are both fortunate tonight.' He smiled at her, his eyes bright. The thought that he was the first was an aphrodisiac to him, and he licked his lips softly.

'Forgive me.' Severus looked at her and paused slightly. He closed his eyes and thought 'Accio Wand' silently. With a swift grasp, he caught his flying wand in mid-air, and Hermione laughed loudly.

'What are you going to do with that?' She was still grinning at him.

Severus smiled at her slowly. 'Lumos,' he whispered, and his wand lit up, casting light over Hermione's nether regions. She blushed furiously.

'Do you have to?' she asked softly, her eyes closed with embarrassment.

'Yes, I have to. You are beautiful. All over.' He sighed and looked intently at her pussy, her soft pink labia curled and glistening, her clitoris peeking softly at the top of her vulva, juices dripping a little from her tight opening. 'And I like to see what I am eating...' He smirked as Hermione's eyes widened at his words.

Hermione closed her eyes again as he started to kiss the soft flesh of her thigh, running his tongue up to her labia then back again until she began to push her pussy towards his mouth. Severus watched her face, and when he knew she couldn't be teased any longer, he ran his tongue along the length of her labia and lingered on her clitoris, gently flicking it with his tongue.

'Oh, gods!' Hermione cried out with pleasure. What an incredible feeling it was! And he didn't stop. He licked at her lips and thrust his tongue into her vagina, drinking her juices and forcing her body to create fresh ones with each sweep of his tongue. He paused and planted soft kisses along her lips, and then he took her clitoris between his lips and sucked hard. Hermione moaned, her elbows slipped and she fell backwards, pushing her hips forwards and covering his face with her pussy. Severus pulled back slightly, lifting her hips off the bed and holding her in one place with his arms as his mouth and tongue went to serious work. He found his own rhythm as she began to writhe around under his grasp, her juices making her slick as he gently but quickly caressed her clit with his tongue over and over again.

Hermione felt hot all over and writhed on the bed, her head tossing from one side to the other as she gasped and moaned. Her hands were clenching the bedclothes tightly, and her legs began to shudder violently around his face. She gasped loudly, her head tipped back and her eyes tightly shut as she concentrated on what he was doing to her. She felt her orgasm starting deep within her pussy and started to buck her hips forwards and back.

'Oh, Severus! Oh... oh god, god... fuck... fuck... Oh, FUCK!' she screamed and thrust her pussy at him with such force he had to use all of his strength to hold her in place as he drank her come greedily, slowly licking each drop as her tremors subsided, and she collapsed spent on the bed.

Severus wiped his mouth gently and smiled as he looked at her, spread-eagled on the bed, her pussy throbbing from her orgasm, her eyes closed, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. He crawled slowly up her body and entered her smoothly as she gasped.

'Oh, Severus, yes,' she murmured in agreement as he started to move slowly inside her. She felt so hot and tight. His need for her increased with each thrust, and he pushed himself up on his arms. He had planned to go slow, but fuck that, he thought as he looked at her. Her eyes were half open and languid, her mouth slack, a small smile permanently fixed after her orgasm. He started to pound into her with force, his body taking on a life of its own as he felt her contract against his length. The head of his cock was meeting her cervix, and he grunted, threw his head back, and increased his pace.

'Oh, fuck... Hermione! Oh gods!!!' he shouted out as he exploded, hot jets of come hitting her insides as she squeezed her vagina tightly around his hard length, revelling in the feel of him. Hermione wrapped her legs around his, holding him in place so he couldn't withdraw, her arms around his waist, hands softly caressing his buttocks. He collapsed on top of her, panting hard, beads of sweat on his forehead as he kissed her neck softly.

'You are amazing,' he whispered.

Neither of them remembered falling asleep, but when they awoke, the sun was shining through the bedroom curtains.

# No Promises

## Chapter 5 of 12

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

Severus was a passable cook. It was like therapy: throwing things into a pan, waiting for them, and then eating the results. Like potion-making with benefits. He also liked to sing while he was cooking, and he had the Muggle radio tuned to a modern station. Not that he was going to sing at the moment, with Hermione Granger seated at his kitchen table. There were some things he didn't feel like sharing. He slid a fried egg onto a plate, added a couple of slices of bacon and some perfectly cooked mushrooms, and put the plate in front of her before turning and plating up his own. He was ravenous and smiled as he remembered why.

Hermione took a slice of toast, buttered it, and added it to her plate along with a generous dollop of brown sauce. She licked her lips and raised her knife and fork as Severus joined her.

'This looks excellent. Thank you.' She grinned at him and he rewarded her with a proper smile. Not a smirk, not a grimace, but a face warming smile that reached his eyes.

'You earned it...'

He chuckled softly, and she rewarded him by blushing furiously and turning her attention to her breakfast.

They ate in silence with just the radio for background noise. The caw of a seagull came in through the open window. The light curtain fluttered in the breeze, and beyond it, Hermione could see a small garden, shrubs and flowers around the perimeter.

'Do you enjoy gardening?' she asked him in surprise.

'I do now, yes. It was part of my recovery, and it was much needed when I purchased the house.' He glanced out of the window with pride.

'There's so much about you I never imagined,' she said quietly, taking a bite of toast and regarding him slowly. She didn't think she had ever seen him so relaxed; the taut muscles in the side of his face had nearly always been jumping during Potions class, his eyes flashing between anger, frustration, and boredom in turns.

Severus turned his eyes on her thoughtfully.

'Indeed.' He murmured, thinking the exact same thing. 'Tell me about your life, Hermione. What did you do after the war? What are you doing now? And why are you here?'

Hermione smiled at him. 'Do you really want to know?' She was pleased he was interested.

Severus raised his eyebrow at her. 'I never waste words.'

Hermione giggled, and he smirked at her laughter, going back to his breakfast and pausing to pour tea as she started to talk.

'I went to University after the war. To get my masters in Potions. It was all I wanted to do, really. After my parents were murdered, I couldn't face going back home, and staying at Hogwarts wasn't an option for me. I needed a change of scenery, you know?' She drifted off into her own thoughts, and Severus nodded. He knew exactly.

'Then what?' he prompted.

'Then... I started to look for work. In the beginning, I went to London and got a job with Arkasians. You know, the pharmaceutical company who supplies St Mungo's? I stayed there for a couple of years, but it was boring, to be honest. And I worked with so many stuffed shirts!' She laughed at the memory, and he smiled at her.

'And then, I happened to look in the *Daily Prophet*, and there was a job advert for a Potions teacher at Beauxbatons. I've been there almost five years now, and I really like it.' She beamed at him.

'You're teaching Potions?' He put his cutlery down and stared at her open-mouthed.

'Surprise!' She laughed at his shock.

Severus continued to stare at her for a moment and then took a breath, pouring himself some more tea.

'Don't tell me I have managed to silence Professor Snape?' she teased him, smiling slowly as he met her gaze.

He grunted. 'Headmaster Snape, actually.'

It was Hermione's turn to stare.

'No!' she exclaimed. 'Wow, that's brilliant, Severus.' She smiled warmly at him, genuinely pleased.

'Thank you.' He raised his eyes to hers. 'I think the advert for my old post ran in the *Prophet* the week after the Beauxbatons one...'

He left the comment hanging, the impact of his comment not lost on her.

'That's timing for you.' She smiled at him wryly, and he grinned at her a little.

'I think everything happens for a reason,' he stated quietly and covered her hand gently with his, giving it a slight squeeze. 'So tell me, what happy accident brought you to this town?' *And to me*, he thought to himself.

Hermione stared out of the window. 'It's my parents' anniversary this week. We used to come here on holiday. It was a way of remembering the happy and not the sad.'

'How long are you staying?' he asked softly.

'Until next Friday... Another ten days...'

She smiled shyly at him.

Severus said nothing.

\*\*\*\*\*

They stood in his doorway, and Hermione looked up the street, trying to get her bearings. It looked like it was going to be a lovely day, and she thought she might go for a walk along the beach later.

'Well,' Hermione said. 'Thanks... for breakfast. And the company.' She smiled at him, and he looked at her warmly.

'Where are you staying?' He put his hands in his pockets and leant against the doorframe.



Hermione grinned. 'The Belle Vue. I know, it's cheesy, but I quite like it, and I get a sea view!'

Severus rolled his eyes at her, his hair falling forward and covering his face a little.

'I'd better go, then.' Hermione stepped out onto the street, and he grabbed her hand, pulling her back to him. He cupped her face with his long fingers and slid them through her hair, staring into her eyes as he bent, captured her lips with his, and kissed her firmly. Then he let her go as she gasped, her face flushed. He grinned at her and watched as she walked down the street, glancing at him over her shoulder.

Severus waited until she was out of sight before going back inside his house and closing the door.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione lay on her bed, her legs stretched wide, clutching frantically at the buzzing length of plastic between her legs with one hand and pulling at her nipples with the other. She thrust in and out, pausing as she buzzed over her clit and then thrusting again. She felt her orgasm building; her eyes closed as she imagined Severus was on top of her, his lips on hers, his cock filling her.

'Fuck... Oh shit... shit!' She trembled and bucked her hips, her orgasm washing over her in waves as she collapsed on the bed and withdrew her vibrator quickly. She fumbled to turn it off and laid panting, sweat trickling between her breasts. It was really too hot to masturbate, but she couldn't get Severus out of her head. And it wasn't just the sex. She was thinking about his lovely garden, his cooking. For a brief second she thought that he was her perfect man flashed through her brain but she shrugged it off. Flights of fancy were not for her.

Hermione closed her eyes gently and ran her hand across her bare flesh. She felt alive and allowed herself to replay the events of her night with Severus yet again.

Her reverie was broken by a soft knock at her door, and she looked over in panic.

'Just a moment!' She called and leapt from her bed, grabbing her robe and throwing it around her quickly. She walked to the door and opened it a little, peering through the gap.

Severus was leaning against the doorframe, his face serious and his eyes burning into hers.

'I can't stop thinking about you,' he murmured and pushed the door open firmly with his foot, stepping inside without an invitation.

Hermione jumped back at his forced entry, biting her lip. Suddenly, her room seemed very small, his tall frame and his pulsing presence filling it, his energy palpable.

She closed the door slowly, silenced and warded the room, and let her robe fall to the floor.

## What Is This?

### Chapter 6 of 12

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: I am apologising in advance. Because I wrote this story such a long time ago, some of the chapters are quite short, and this is one of them. It is, however, full of sexy sex. Enjoy!

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They were kissing frantically, all tongues and soft gasps, his hands in her hair, her hands in his, their naked bodies pressed closely together on her bed. He caressed her body, touching her breasts, his fingers tweaking her nipples until she cried out in pleasure, and she used her hands to find his cock, grasping his length and starting to pull at the soft skin, making him moan into her mouth. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her clumsily over his body, forcing her to straddle him as he cupped her breasts and pushed her into a sitting position. Their eyes met, fierce passion burning into them as Hermione put her hand down and guided his cock to her wet entrance.

Severus couldn't speak. He was totally wrapped up in her, her long hair running in soft waves across her shoulders and down her back, her full, round breasts weighing heavily and very comfortably in his hands, her flushed face, her bruised lips, her caramel nipples under his thumbs, her...

... Gods ... her wet sheath covering his cock, and her mouth open in pleasure, her head tipped back as she started to ride him.

Hermione felt like she had died and gone to heaven. He was huge, but she was getting used to him, and as she moved herself up and down quickly, she loved every inch. She hissed as she felt his fingers caressing her clitoris, and she opened her eyes to look at him.

'Severus...' She spoke his name as she gasped softly. 'What are we doing?'

He bucked his hips upward, and she gasped as he hit her cervix.

'Fucking,' he answered her, but he knew that wasn't what she meant. He didn't know what it was.

He started to thum her clit faster, rubbing her juices over her as he felt his orgasm building.

'Come for me, Hermione.... I'm so close. I can't wait....' Severus gasped. The sight of his glistening cock disappearing into her wet pussy was sending him over the edge, and Hermione felt his cock go as hard as a rock inside her.

'Oh, gods!' Hermione shuddered and came with abandon, bouncing hard on top of him as he bucked wildly underneath her.

'Don't stop, Hermione!' he gasped. 'Oh, shit!' He bucked hard and shot his load hard inside her as she ground herself into him, loving the feel of his orgasm against her vaginal walls.

Hermione sighed deeply and slowed her movements, pushed her hair from her face, and stared down at him. His eyes were closed, his lips parted softly as he tried to get his breath back. He was still semi-hard inside her, and she squeezed her vagina tightly, causing a smile to play over his lips.

'Minx,' he whispered, and she giggled softly, wriggling her arse against him before slipping him out of her and snuggling under his arm. She planted a small kiss on his

chest and wrapped her arm around his waist as he lazily traced a pattern on her soft shoulder.

Severus looked down at her and found himself staring into her deep amber eyes. He caught sight of a large bruise on her back and touched it softly with his fingers.

'I hurt you,' he stated.

'No.' She smiled gently. 'I was bruised when I chose to fuck you. You didn't hurt me. You never would.' She traced his cheek with her fingers, and he smiled at her.

'You are beautiful, Hermione,' he said softly.

'Thanks.' She smiled at him.

'I'll help you pack,' he murmured, staring intently at her, his dark eyes burning fiercely. Hermione wondered what that was, that burning. It felt like possession.

'Okay.' She smiled and gently extracted herself from his arm, sitting gingerly on the bed as the feeling went back to her legs.

Hermione walked around her room naked, grabbing her bag and lifting her wand, slowly adding items and stopping to put some in by hand. Severus pulled his t-shirt back over his head and then grabbed his jeans from the floor, hearing a soft 'clunk' as he lifted them. He bent to see what had fallen, and a loud laugh came from him, filling the room.

Hermione had her back to him and stopped, her spine straightening as she heard a familiar buzzing from the other side of the room. She turned sheepishly to stare at him.

His grin was huge as he waved the blue vibrator in her direction.

'What is this?' He chuckled, his shoulders shaking.

Hermione walked over to where he was sitting and tried to grab the buzzing toy from his hand. He held it away from her, laughing up at her as he grabbed her around the waist. Hermione's face was red with shame.

'Just give it to me,' she said softly, not laughing.

'Not until you answer me.' He kissed her bare belly, holding her tightly and not letting her escape. 'What is it?'

'It's a very poor substitute.' She looked into his eyes, and he stopped laughing at the serious look on her face, loosening his grip gently. She bent and kissed him passionately, and while his mouth was engaged with hers, she plucked the vibrator from his hand and switched it off. She pulled away from him gently and they smiled softly at each other.

Silently, they gathered the rest of her belongings, and Severus lifted her bag, walking ahead of her as she followed in his wake. He settled her bill, and they held hands as they walked back to his house.

## How About You?

*Chapter 7 of 12*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: More smut and another chapter that is way too short. Honestly, I must have had a one track mind writing this!

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Hermione allowed the hot water to run slowly through her hair and massaged her shampoo through it gently. Her eyes were closed as she concentrated on her task, and she didn't see Severus, sitting on the small lavatory seat, watching her as she showered.

She had been sharing his house for three days, and he still couldn't get enough of her. When she left a room, he missed her, and he felt that his house had never been complete without her in it. They had just started to talk more and fuck less, and it was stimulating to him. He had showed her his garden, in particular his small greenhouse where he was growing some more exotic species of Venus fly traps. They went for long walks on the beach, often holding hands as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And tonight they were going for dinner at her insistence, to give him a break from cooking. He didn't tell her he loved cooking for her and watching her enjoying every mouthful. He didn't tell her anything.

And he didn't tell himself that he was falling in love with her, either. That thought was hidden in a deep, dark corner, covered in dust and cobwebs and would never be brought into the light if he had any say in the matter. Severus was determined never to fall in love again.

Hermione turned and saw him, laughing as he lounged comfortably, his eyes heavily lidded as he gazed on her bare arse. She pushed the shower door open and flicked water at him.

'There isn't room in here for two,' she laughed.

'I don't need a shower. I came to admire the view.' He smiled lazily and pointedly stared at the triangle of hair between her legs. They had become more sexually at ease together, and Hermione was enjoying her new-found power over him.

Sexily, Hermione looked at him.

'Seen something you like, Severus?' she purred at him and let her hands drop between her legs, parting her lips with her fingers and inserting a finger into her vagina.

Severus raised his eyebrows at her and shifted in his seat as his cock hardened.

'Continue,' he murmured and sat forward a little to get a closer view.

Hermione pushed the shower door fully back and stepped back, the water hitting her breasts as she leant back against the cold tiles. Slowly, she ran her hands over her pert nipples, pulling them taut and hard and gasping as she stared him in the eye. Her hands went to her pussy, and she parted her lips fully with one while massaging her clit with the other. Her head fell back as she bit her lip and began to moan.

Severus unfastened his jeans and pulled his cock from its confines, gripping the thick shaft and rubbing pre-cum over the tip with his thumb as he began to thrust his hand up and down, twisting slightly as he got to the head. He groaned as he watched her. Hermione was fucking herself quickly with her fingers, her hands a blur as she thrummed her clit.

'Oh, gods!' she moaned loudly, her eyes fixed on his cock as he started to pump harder, his hips lifting up from his seat a little.

'Hermione,' he moaned, 'here.' He hissed, and she walked towards him. With firm hands on her waist, he spun her around and pushed her forwards so she was leaning against the sink. He stood and shoved his denim around his ankles, his shaft still gripped in his hand as he entered her slowly from behind. They both cried out their pleasure together as he filled her and began to fuck her with speed. She was so wet; his cock was slick and slipped in and out easily, and he felt around the front of her quim for her clit. It wasn't hard to find; heat was radiating from it, and it was so engorged it was like a small penis sticking out from her. He ran his wet fingertips over it as he bent over her and curled his hardness into her tight pussy. Gods, she felt good, his head pushing deliciously over her G-spot.

Hermione pushed back to meet his cock and moaned and gasped with each slap of his balls on her bare flesh, his scrotum tickling her labia with each hard thrust. She was coming, and she screamed at him to fuck her harder. He grabbed her hand and put it where his had been as he took firm hold of her hips, thrusting firmly and quickly into her tightness. He bounced her on his cock until neither of them could stand it any longer, and they shouted together before collapsing, wrapped in each other, her arms around his neck, his head bent, his hair curtaining his face.

Her held her close, cradling her as she rested her head against his shirt.

'I think I love you, Severus,' she said softly, playing with one of his buttons with her fingertips.

Severus closed his eyes, but said nothing.

## Is That All There Is?

### *Chapter 8 of 12*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: Short chapter, no smut... sorry!

---

The sea was still like a millpond, and the sun reflected across it in bands of bright light as the waves lapped at the shore. Hermione tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear and turned the page of her book. Severus shifted next to her on the bench, holding his own book in one hand as the other lazily stroked the back of her neck. They had been sitting in companionable silence for over an hour, neither of them noticing the time passing by. The sun was just touching the horizon as Severus closed his book gently and bent forward to kiss the top of Hermione's head.

Hermione looked up at him and smiled, wincing as she moved her neck. She grimaced ruefully at Severus.

'It's always the same when I read for too long,' she murmured.

Severus used his long fingers to massage her neck, and Hermione snuggled closer to him, watching the ebb and flow of the sea.

They sauntered slowly back towards the town, hands tightly clasped, Severus stroking her palm softly with a fingertip. They passed numerous wine bars and other drinking establishments as they walked, but unconsciously headed back to the basement bar where it had all started. Hermione had a beer and Severus a Guinness, and they went to sit at what had become their table.

Severus observed her over his pint slowly.

'What is it?' he murmured.

'I feel sad.' She turned her eyes onto him. 'It's been such lovely holiday; I don't want it to end.' She smiled softly, and he smiled back, taking her hand in his.

'I will miss you,' he stated.

Hermione tried to smile again, but her lip trembled a little. Other than the precious moments when he had told her she was beautiful and amazing (all before, during, or after sex), Severus hadn't expressed any feelings towards her. Hermione, however, knew she was in love and had told him so more than once. She twisted in her seat to look at him.

'What do we do now, Severus?'

'We will finish our drinks, go back to my house, and I will make love to you.' He smirked a little, trying to lighten her mood. It didn't work.

'I'm being serious. What happens after tomorrow? Or...?' She paused. 'Is this it?'

Hermione looked away and knew she sounded pathetic and needy, her voice betraying how desperate she was feeling inside.

Severus looked at her and sighed. He wanted nothing more than to continue seeing her, but the logistics of a long-distance relationship made the idea almost impossible. It would be exhausting to Apparate between schools every day, and the Floo network only worked at certain distances. Portkeys were a possibility, but they required pre-booking, and that would raise questions he was unwilling to face.

'After tomorrow, I imagine we will go back to our other lives,' he murmured, the thought of their parting making his stomach churn.

Hermione didn't look at him but allowed her hair to fall over her face slightly to hide the tears that were tripping over her cheeks. His response told her all she needed to know. This was the end of it. She had been lonely and vulnerable, but she shouldn't have fallen in love with him. It was only a holiday romance.

'Can I owl you?' she whispered.

'I would like that,' he answered her softly.

Her sadness was starting to cover him like a shroud, and they sat in shared melancholy, staring into their drinks until at some unspoken point, they drained their glasses and stood to leave.

There were no words between them as they walked up the stairs in Severus's house, undressed each other the Muggle way, and fell into each other desperately.

They both knew they wanted to turn back the clock and start their holiday all over again.

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\*sniff...\*

## Millinery Wisdom

*Chapter 9 of 12*

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: To set the scene. The holiday is now over, and Severus has just finished his duties at the start of term feast. Another short chapter. I do apologise.

---

Severus walked from the Great Hall with the Sorting Hat in his hands. His speech had been short and to the point, and this year's new students were in no doubt as to who was in charge at Hogwarts School. It was irritating to him that this old, moth-eaten bit of head wear had to stay in his office. It gave its opinion as and when it felt like it, most often at inappropriate moments. Like now, for instance.

'It doesn't have to be like this, you know.' The Hat sprang into life in his hands, and he sneered at it.

'What are you mumbling about?' Severus intoned slowly.

'The Gryffindor.' The Hat managed to sound smug.

'To which particular Gryffindor are you referring? You seemed to give them more than their fair share this year.' Severus narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips.

'Mmm, still loyal to Slytherin, I see, Headmaster?' The Hat gave what passed as a chuckle and shook in Severus's grip.

'When the need arises,' Severus said softly as he stopped in front of the gargoyle.

'Wolfsbane,' he murmured and stepped quickly onto the revolving staircase, eager to rid himself of his cargo.

'I am referring to *your Gryffindor*, of course,' the Hat continued. 'The one who takes up most of your heart. I can see her there, you know. Love is powerful indeed.'

'I have no idea what you are talking about.' Severus pushed the Hat back onto its shelf.

The Hat shivered slightly and started to speak again.

'Just as clipping the wings of a phoenix would take the joy of flight from its life, denial is disabling your heart. You could stay on your perch and remain unhappy. Or you could spread your wings and fly. The student always chooses, in the end.'

Severus stared at the Hat, which had fallen silent again.

'Ridiculous,' he muttered and sat at his desk, looking over the staffing schedules and waiting for Minerva. Her retirement was long overdue, and he felt he should address the delicate situation now so she could prepare herself.

Severus tried to focus, but the words of the Sorting Hat were filtering into his brain, and he found himself thinking about Hermione for the umpteenth time that day. He put his head in his hands and sighed deeply before reaching inside his robes to pull out her latest letter to read again.

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Hermione stirred her potion and stared into space. The sun shone through the window of her lab, but she didn't look at the view. The rolling hills went on for miles, just reminding her how far away she was from Severus. She sighed and checked her ingredients list one more time and then glanced at her watch.

The French school system worked on a different time frame to Hogwarts, starting early in the morning to allow a few hours respite for a leisurely lunch before classes recommenced. Hermione didn't mind it; it gave her time to work on her own personal projects. Today, however, she was running late, and she hadn't written to Severus yet.

She itched to write to him every day, but their correspondence was friendly, bordering on formal, and she didn't want to pester him. On one particularly low day, when she had missed him so much her heart was aching, she had written him a love letter, begging him to see her and declaring her unending passion. It was the truth, but she had read it with disgust and incinerated it with her wand. They were not lovesick teenagers; they were adults who had just happened to have spent an amazing week together. That's all. So she forced herself to only write to him once a week and was glad he replied consistently.

Hermione had no idea that receiving her letter was the high point of Severus's week and that he awoke earlier than usual, with a spring in his step, when he knew her owl would arrive. She didn't know that he traced her handwriting with his fingers and tenderly touched the parchment, imagining her hands there.

Hermione grabbed a folder of papers and left for her next class, resolving to write to him as soon as her students were set to task.

# I Want You To...

Chapter 10 of 12

Hermione and Severus bump into each other while on holiday. Do they ignore each other, or risk saying hello?

A/N: Apologies \*snort\* for the shameless manipulation of Minerva McGonagall to suit the plot...

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Minerva sniffed into her white handkerchief noisily, and Severus waited patiently. A disgruntled Albus paced his portrait, desperate to join in the conversation but unable to thanks to a well-placed Silencing Charm, administered adroitly by his protégé.

'You're right, of course.' Minerva gave him a watery smile. 'It is time to step aside. My concentration isn't what it was, and ...'

Severus stood, interrupting her train of thought and proceeded to shock her even further when he leant casually on the desk next to her and placed a kind hand on her shoulder.

'Minerva, let me make it quite clear. Your abilities have not diminished, and this is not a slur on your teaching ability. Far from it. I just thought that after all this time,' he explained, smiling at her, 'you deserve the rest.'

'Oh.' Minerva returned his smile. This was a side of him she had rarely seen, and she mused that his holiday had definitely softened him this year.

'Of course,' Severus continued, walking back to his seat, 'there is no question of you leaving the school. This is your home, and the students would never forgive me if I let you leave altogether. Shall we say three months?'

'But who will teach in my stead, Severus?' Minerva frowned. Transfiguration teachers were hard to come by, she knew.

Severus started to peruse the staffing list in front of him. He pursed his lips together and started to talk, almost to himself.

'Hmmm, well... I could... and Horace, well... perhaps a change. He is an expert in Transfiguration; the change would be challenging... which would mean...' he drifted off, his eyes focussed at some distant point, and an almost dreamlike smile graced his face.

Minerva wondered what had passed through his mind to cause this change and coughed slightly, reminding him she was actually still in the room.

'You're thinking of Horace in my place, I take it?' she asked him.

'He would seem the ideal candidate.' He smiled at her slowly.

'But that means you will need to find a new Potions master.' Minerva looked at him, puzzled.

Severus looked at her innocently.

'Yes... I suppose I do.' He smiled.

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Hermione entered her quarters and shrugged off her robes, throwing them over her armchair and Summoning a large mug of tea. She stood by her window and gazed at the formal gardens that made up the grounds of Beauxbatons. The hedges were neatly clipped, the lawns carefully mown, and in the summer, box-hedged flowerbeds were full of scented roses. It was all very lovely, but it wasn't Hogwarts. Hermione yearned for the sight of the Forbidden Forest, smoke rising from Hagrid's hut, and the rough and ready landscape surrounding the castle.

The pale blue sky and soft fluffy clouds were lulling Hermione, so it was no surprise that her tea spilled from her mug when a large post owl landed on her window sill and tapped hard on the glass pane. Opening the window quickly, Hermione smiled as she saw a flash of green ribbon and knew it was a letter from Severus. She untied it quickly, and the *Daily Prophet* fell out, along with a brief note written in his spidery, angular handwriting. Hermione lifted the *Prophet* and the note and went to sit in her armchair.

Severus's note was short and read:

*"Hermione,*

*You may be interested in page 92.*

*Severus"*

Hermione frowned and lifted the newspaper. She flicked through until she found the page he was referring to, and her hand went to her mouth as she saw the advert for the post of Potions teacher at Hogwarts.

Hermione lifted the note and re-read it, smiling softly.

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The month between the posted advert and the interviews seemed to drag on. Hermione had not mentioned applying for the job in any of her letters, and Severus was nervous.

On more than one occasion, he had been tempted to just ask her outright if she had applied for the post, but he stopped himself. They hadn't seen each other in six months, and their letters were not that open. It would be so much easier to communicate face to face, and he had almost booked a Portkey so go and see her. Then he realised he could be accused of bias if it had come to light that he had visited a candidate for the post, so he hadn't done that either.

Severus sipped his Firewhisky and sighed in frustration. He would know in a week. He closed his eyes and thought about Hermione. Again.

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Hermione clutched her briefcase tightly, her palms slightly sweaty as she waited to be called. The Ministry was busy and bustling, people dashing to and fro, doors opening, doors closing. She took a deep breath, and as usual, she thought about Severus. She didn't know what she was more nervous about, the interview or knowing he was on the panel. Shortly, they would be in the same room, and her stomach was in knots.

Her reverie was interrupted when a wizard not much taller than Professor Flitwick opened the door on her right.

'Miss Granger?' He smiled and nodded at her to follow him.

Hermione smoothed the front of her pale blue suit, tucked her hair behind her ears, and took a deep breath before following him into the room. As she entered, her eyes searched the row of faces behind the table at the edge of the room until she found the one she was searching for. Their eyes met, and she felt her stomach fall away, and her cheeks burned. She offered him a small smile, and he nodded briefly before breaking their gaze and looking down at the papers in front of him.

Severus's mouth had gone dry as he watched Administrator Harding call Hermione into the room. He had wondered if she still cared for him, and he knew that just one glance at her face would tell him all he needed to know. And suddenly, she was in the room, and he knew she was looking for him. And when their eyes met, he saw her heart and had to break away to stop himself walking up to her and holding her close.

The interview began.

## Home Is...

*Chapter 11 of 12*

A Party is thrown at Hogwarts.

A/N: Smut, drunkenness and shameless sentimental tripe occur in this chapter. You have been warned!

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Minerva smiled as a round of applause rang around the room, and she stood to receive a huge bouquet of flowers assembled by Hagrid, who was wiping his eyes with quite probably the largest handkerchief in the world.

Hermione slipped in quietly through the professors' entrance as the lights dimmed and the festivities started. She stood in the shadows, smiling as the music started and Hagrid took Minerva onto the dance floor. She gazed up at the enchanted ceiling and around the hall, a warm sense of familiarity flooding her. Beauxbatons had been a lovely school to live and work in, but it wasn't home.

She walked around the outskirts of the hall, her eyes focussed on her Severus, who was standing on the far side of the Great Hall and seemingly in deep conversation with Horace Slughorn.

Severus glanced around the room, only half listening to his new Transfiguration teacher as he kept a weather eye on his students.

And then he saw her. Her eyes were on him as she moved gracefully through the crowds of guests. Severus put his hand up to stop Horace talking, murmured an apology, and began to walk towards her.

Hermione saw him as he started to move, and her heart was in her throat, not knowing how he would respond to her. Although she had received her invitation to Minerva's party, she hadn't replied. She wanted to surprise him.

Suddenly, they were standing in front of each other, and it seemed that the Great Hall had disappeared. Their eyes met for a long moment, each of them unconsciously moving together until they couldn't get any closer without touching.

'Hermione,' Severus murmured softly.

'Severus.' Hermione smiled at him slowly.

Severus's mouth started to turn up at the corners, and he began to laugh, opening his arms to her. Hermione grinned and flung herself at him. They hugged each other tightly, oblivious to the stares of the students and teaching staff. His mouth covered hers gently, and she let the tears flow silently down her face as they kissed.

Somewhere between kisses, Severus was aware they were being watched. He didn't really care, but he didn't want his new Potions mistress gaining a reputation, so he reluctantly let her go, taking her hand and squeezing gently. He bent his head to her ear and whispered.

'I love you.... I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner.' He smiled and kissed her cheek softly.

Hermione smiled at him and leaned against his arm a little as he walked her over to Minerva, their fingers entwined. Minerva was gaping at them, and Hermione sighed. This was going to take some explaining.

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It was four in the morning, and Severus's bedchamber was lit by softly flickering candlelight that cast shadows against the curved dungeon walls.

They hadn't slept yet. The party had gone on until two, and Hermione, slightly tipsy, had insisted on walking around the school for old time's sake before they finally arrived at his quarters. He had indulged her with amusement this time, but made a mental note to be wary of letting her imbibe too much alcohol. She had been indiscreet, and at one point, she had tried to ravish him in a dimly lit corridor where Argus Filch had almost discovered them. Not that Severus minded being ravished by Hermione, but Argus did nothing for his ardour.

Hermione had sobered up quickly when they walked into his living space, and the air crackled around them as they paused in his sitting room. He had brushed her cheek with his fingers, and as her lips parted and her eyes closed, their reunion began in earnest.

Hermione was currently engaged in exploring the more intimate parts of Severus's body with her tongue. Her spare moments at Beauxbatons had been used wisely, and she had perused some of the more explicit tomes in the restricted section of the library there. It had been an advantage being in a French school, where love was almost a subject in itself. The art of performing fellatio had been detailed in a particularly well-thumbed volume, and Hermione had, as usual, memorised the text and was now putting the theory into practice.

Severus had his head propped up on two pillows. His eyes were dropping a little, his breath coming in short gasps as he watched his cock sliding slowly inside her mouth. She had licked every inch of him with her tongue, and her eyes had been bright with desire as she explored his impressive phallus. He grasped her hair with his hands and tried to push her further onto him.

Hermione pulled her face away firmly, grabbed her wand, and flicked. In seconds, Severus's hands were pulled above his head and tied with two black ribbons to the headboard. He hissed and looked at her in shock.

Hermione put on her best teacher's voice.

'Mr Snape, if you insist on interfering during the most vital part of this lesson, not only will I deduct a disgustingly high amount of points from Slytherin, but you will also receive detention. I am sure I can find some cauldrons that require cleaning.' Her eyes flashed, and as Severus closed his mouth and raised his eyebrows, she giggled.

'Good to know I taught you something useful,' he murmured with a wry smile.

Hermione grinned and went back to the task in her hand, sliding her lips over his glans and looking up at him. She committed the image of him tied up and naked to her memory and vowed to use the black silk again at some point. It was making her wet.

Severus gasped and started to buck his hips as he gave himself over to her mouth. He felt his balls contract, and he moaned as she ran her fingertips over his tight sack, taking him fully into her mouth. With two firm thrusts and her fingers gripping tightly, Severus grunted and came in her mouth. Hermione swallowed quickly, drinking the sweet, sticky come from his cock and closing her eyes.

'Delicious,' she whispered, and Severus sighed as he watched her. The witch was just perfect.

Hermione flicked her wand, Vanished the ribbons, and scooted back up the bed, wrapping her arms around him and kissing his mouth. Her tongue slid between his teeth so he could taste himself. She pulled away, leaning on his chest and staring at him, her hands stroking his hair as they looked into each other's eyes.

'Have you forgiven me?' he asked her, his words gentle and full of love.

'For what?' She smiled at him.

'For keeping my feelings hidden. It was not my intention to hurt you, Hermione.'

Severus's face clouded as he recalled their conversation in the bar. He had replayed it over and over, and he knew he should have told her loved her then and be damned.

'There is nothing to forgive. I've missed you, Severus,' she said softly, stroking his cheek, her eyes staring deeply into his.

'I love you, witch.' He moved his head to hers and kissed her, gently at first. As she slid herself on top of him, he ran his hands over her firm body and thrust his tongue into her mouth, jousting with hers and feeling his cock hardening. Hermione moved her mouth to his ear.

'Eat me, Severus,' she breathed.

Severus knew better than to ignore such a polite request.

## Epilogue.

*Chapter 12 of 12*

What Happened Next.

A/N: Couple of things. Firstly, thanks to kizzy7 who beta'd this with enthusiasm. Thanks! Secondly, thank you to all who reviewed. You have made me laugh long and hard... ooh er!

And lastly, another apology. This is so short it can hardly be called a chapter!

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Severus sat at his desk. He put down his quill and filed away his remaining parchments, ensured his office was tidy, and stood, taking some Floo powder in his hand. He was smiling to himself as he vanished in green flame.

The sun was warming her hair as she sat on the bench, seagulls crying above her as she lifted her book slightly. She was absently rubbing her wedding ring as she read through the chapters entitled 'The Partner—a Tool in Childbirth'.

George and his wife still owned the bookshop, and the friendly man had beamed at her when he saw her. He had become very fond of Mrs Snape over the years, and he felt almost fatherly pride when she had walked into the shop heavily pregnant and showing off her baby bump proudly beneath her blue sun dress. She had been glowing with happiness and was more than happy to chat, and George was a little smug to know that he had been, in some small way, part of their love story.

Severus walked along the seafront until he reached her and watched unnoticed for a short moment. His wife was always lovely to him, but it was moments like this when she was relaxed, and so obviously content, that he appreciated her the most. He bent to kiss the back of her neck gently, and Hermione smiled up at him and held her hand out. He pulled her to her feet and wrapped his arms tightly around her, kissing her softly and gazing into her face.

'You look beautiful today.' He smiled.

'And you look gorgeous.' She stepped back and took in his light grey trousers and white linen shirt. He must have been shopping, she mused.

'I'm on holiday.' He shrugged, and she laughed gently.

They ate in their favourite restaurant and then went to the basement bar. It had changed hands, the interior now bright and funky, a jazz band playing in the corner. They went home early and made love slowly, making use of some of the more interesting positions Hermione had researched in her 'Love During Pregnancy' book. As usual, they revelled in each other.

Hermione was almost asleep when she felt her waters breaking and the flood of wetness seeping across to Severus's side of the bed. She turned to look at him, her face pale, and as their eyes met, they smiled softly at each other.

The End

