

Parody: The Amazing Seventh Year Crush

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Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

One

Chapter 1 of 7

Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

Disclaimer: Not my characters. No money's being made.

As with all of the others in my "parody" series stories, this is meant to be a tongue-in-cheek telling of something quite cliché in the fandom. You'll see what I mean. Smirk to your heart's content and enjoy.

No beta was harmed in the making of this *story*.

Snape peered over his papers at Hermione Granger. *Look at that! Little know-it-all! She thinks I don't see her helping Longbottom.*

He set a most menacing scowl on his face. "Five points from Gryffindor! Miss Granger, it would do well to heed my warnings. No helping your classmates."

Snape felt only a second of guilt as he saw tears form behind the head girl's eyes. An appreciative snort from Malfoy snapped him out of it. Granger held his eyes for a moment before jutting her chin up defiantly.

Unreal! Outright disrespect.

He sneered at her best mates, Potter and Weasley, for good measure. Though he'd become closer to Harry.. *Did I just think of him as Harry? Ahem, yes, closer to Potter through work for the Order, he still did not like Weasley.*

It seemed like the red-haired brat always had something cheeky to say. Like the present in fact, for he could see Weasley holding back. Snape grinned wickedly. The boy obviously fancied her.

He then looked her over. She had grown so much since her start at Hogwarts. Her long, light brown hair now nearly hit her small waist, still as clever as ever, smooth skin, full firm breasts... *What the hell?*

Snape shook himself mentally. She was a student for crying out loud! Although an adult one. Hell, who didn't look at her these days? No reason for him not to as well.

"Time is up. Come to the front of the class with a sample of your potion. Label them correctly."

He watched her pack her books away. Weasley was trying to talk to her. Snape smirked as he saw her shrug him off *She wants none of you, Weasley*, he thought slyly.

But just who did she want? Potter most likely. All the girls seemed to want him these days, although he was not available. He was shagging the youngest Weasley, Ginevra.

Not bad to look at, this one. She needs a man. Not a boy. Snape felt himself harden beneath his robes. *I can't believe this shite. I really need to get laid.* He rubbed his temples as if massaging away a headache.

"Are you all right?" a soft voice asked.

He didn't have to open his eyes. It was her. He could smell her...that same feminine scent she always wore. He felt a hand on his shoulder, so he opened his eyes and looked down at it. Then he raised an eyebrow and met her eyes. She was not afraid of him, was she?

He lowered his voice so that nobody else could hear. "Groping a professor, are we?" He hardened even more at the image it brought to mind. However, he tried to push it away.

Anger flashed in her eyes, but she did not back down. Her voice was as low as his had been. "You would know if I were truly groping you, Professor. I merely thought something was wrong. Forgive my better judgment of caring." With that she turned away to grab at her bag and cauldron.

His eyes met those of Weasley's. *What are you looking at, Red?* Anger surged through him. "Weasley! Detention tonight at 8PM! Do not be late!"

He knew it was unfair, but he had to get back to himself somehow. Couldn't go all mushy and soft. All his years teaching and a student never did this to him. Never made him desire sex.

"What the bloody hell did I do?" Weasley said to Potter, his jaw still gaping in shock.

Potter just shrugged and glanced at Snape.

Snape turned quickly and began picking up all the sample vials. *Damn! I forgot that I have a meeting at 8PM.* Perhaps he should rectify that, considering he was being unfair.

"Come here, Weasley." He watched the boy approach. "I have another obligation tonight. I've only just remembered. I will let you know should I feel the need for you to make it up."

Now, that said, he didn't feel as badly about the entire thing. Not that he truly did anyway, mind.

"Right," Weasley said, apparently unsure. There seemed to be something he wanted to say.

"Is there something you need then?" Snape sneered.

"Why are you always so hard on Mione?" Weasley blabbed suddenly.

Snape jumped back as if caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Hand in something else more like. "How dare you, boy? I am a professor here. It's my job to do things as I see fit. I take back what I said about your detention. You will meet with Mr. Filch instead... at 8PM. Good day."

As he waved a hand in dismissal, he met Potter's eyes. Was Potter smirking at him? *Why that insolent little git!* He was about to say something nasty when he heard Potter mumble something to Weasley about minding his own business.

You tell him, Harry! Fuck, there's that name again. Snape smirked back at the pair. Once they had gone, he collapsed in his chair, summoning a bottle of brandy to him.

He took a deep drink. "What is wrong with me?" he asked the air. Friendly with Potter! Panting after Granger! Feeling guilty about unjust detentions! He was getting soft! *!! have to fix that*, he thought evilly.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Snape left the headmaster's office at nearly midnight. They'd had a long meeting. Potter had been there...being treated as an equal amongst the Order members. It could be no other way though, could it? He was the key. Everyone knew it was he who had to defeat the Dark Lord. He was getting rather fond of the brat, for the boy wasn't the same as his father after all even though they favored so much.

Harry turned out to not be the little attention seeker he'd thought he was. He watched as Harry went up the stairs leading to Gryffindor. Snape took his path down to where the dungeons would be. He hadn't walked far when he heard a muffled cry. A female cry. He pulled out his wand and moved forward in stealth mode. His blood curdled at the sight that met his eyes.

"Shut it, Granger. You know you want me," Goyle was saying in a whisper.

Crabbe was holding her at wandpoint. She seemed to be magically bound at the hands, which were forced up over her head. She was yelling at them, but no words were coming out. Her robe was torn, blouse ripped open. Goyle's hand was snaking up her leg under her skirt.

"Goyle, we shouldn't be doing this. Let her up," Crabbe said.

Goyle took his wand and pointed it at his mate. "I'll Oblivate her after. She won't know," he said in a low voice. "And I'll Oblivate you too if you don't stop talking. I want some of this."

"Forget you then," Crabbe said, stalking away.

Unfortunately, he chose the path on which Snape was standing. "Oh, shit," he breathed.

Goyle had not noticed. So Snape grabbed Crabbe roughly by the collar and pulled him forward as he made his way to where Granger was being accosted.

"Change your mind then?" Goyle said without looking up.

Granger was struggling against his foul hands, her eyes closed shut tightly. *Poor Hermione.*

"I think you'd better get up right now," Snape said in a deadly calm voice. "Get your filthy hands off of her." He couldn't believe the anger surging through him.

Goyle jumped back as if he was being burned. Hermione opened her eyes. He saw fear there. Anger. When she realized it was he who was standing over her, he saw embarrassment. Tears formed.

"Get to your common rooms. NOW!" he bellowed. "I will deal with you later!" Both youths ran. He released Hermione's spell and enabled her speech. "Are you all right?" he asked in a soft voice. Too concerned. Much unlike his own.

To his horror, she clung to him and sobbed wildly. Even through his robes, he could feel her breasts crushed against his chest. *Good God!* He felt no better than the little imbeciles! "Hermione..." he whispered, trying her name out loud for the first time.

She continued to sob, obviously devastated. How dare they put their hands on her! "I'll bring you to Madam Pomfrey." He stood up, bringing her up with him. Easily, he pulled her into his arms. Her head cuddled his shoulder, and one arm snaked around his neck. She was still whimpering. "Shhh," he soothed.

Suddenly, her head came up, and her teary eyes met his. "Please... no infirmary. I just need to gather myself. I just feel safe with you," she begged softly.

Safe indeed. She was far from that. He was a grown man after all. He didn't know what else to do, so he made his way to his personal chambers. He could at least give her something to put on. She seemed not to notice that her upper body was exposed to him. He uttered the password at his door and walked in briskly. It closed behind them. He set her on the couch by the fire.

"I can't believe that happened to me," she whispered.

She just sat there, robe torn, shirt torn, bra ripped. And she didn't even seem to notice.

Must be shock, he thought. Even though he loved the sight, it was not the time for him to dwell on it. He knelt before her and pulled her robe closed as best as he could. Her teary eyes met his. He almost jumped when she brought a hand to his cheek.

"Thank you."

His face moved closer. If he didn't stop, he'd kiss her. *Unreal! And she isn't pulling away.* He paused with his lips an inch from hers.

Dragging his eyes from her lush lips, he met her eyes. "Hermione, you've been through a shock tonight. Are you all right?"

She brought her other hand to his other cheek. "I will be," she whispered, pulling his lips to hers for a chaste kiss.

His insides melted. She had kissed him. Of her own volition.

He pulled back for a moment, opening his eyes. When had he closed them? Her lids were half open and dreamy. He pulled her mouth back to his, this time opening his mouth. He moaned when she opened hers and felt her tongue mingling with his. He hadn't felt this way in years. After he'd been shunned by his one love so many years ago, he'd never allowed himself to feel anything for any other woman. Yes, he'd bedded many women since, but that was different. No feelings involved. *Well*, he thought arrogantly, *no intimate feelings any way. Just pure sexual...*

He pulled away from her roughly. Feelings? No! He desired her. Nothing more. He looked into her eyes.

Hermione looked hurt. "I'm sorry." She sighed and looked down. Her robe had opened again.

Snape heard the nearly inaudible gasp as she pulled it back together. Reluctantly, his hands covered hers.

"Nonsense. You did nothing wrong. I'll get you a shirt." When she nodded, he moved away as quickly as possible. What the fuck was he doing? He needed to get himself together. He was a grown man. She was barely an adult. He knew better than this. Snape composed himself. She'd not see this soft side again. Not get under his skin again. It had just been a while since he'd had any extra curricular activity. *Definitely time to visit Hogsmeade*, he thought snidely. He knew someone there too willing to help him out with those problems. He found an old black shirt and handed it to her.

"Professor?" she asked timidly, not quite meeting his eyes.

"Yes, Miss Granger?"

"Why?" Her eyes finally met his.

What did she want from him? Did she not know what a half-dressed woman in a man's chamber did to him? Especially with those eyes filled with... with some sort of need.

"Why, what?" he asked.

"Why are you being so nice to me?"

He sneered. "I am only doing my duty as a professor of this school, Miss Granger. Had it been any other student I would have reacted the same way. They will be punished, the boys." Ah... he'd finished that off nicely.

"Is it your duty to kiss students and give them your personal clothing?" she countered, her eyes shining.

Know-it-all little chit! "That..." He stammered then, lost for words. *I'm never at a loss for words!* What had she done to him? He'd not put it past her. She'd done some spell.

"You... you want me," she said. It sounded more like a question. She threw the shirt aside and walked to him. Not realizing, or not caring, that she was revealed to him again.

He pulled his gaze to her face. "Behave yourself, Miss Granger. You've had quite a shock tonight!" he hissed and pierced her with one of his more menacing glares.

She still moved forward and grabbed his hands. "I will not. You want me! You... kissed me. It's..." She looked away for a minute. "It's what I want, too."

He had to do something fast. Snape couldn't let this go on. Dumbledore would have his head. "I merely reacted to a half-naked woman in my chambers. A distraught one at that!" He pushed her away from him.

She would not be deterred. "I saw it in your eyes. You could have killed him for touching me. You were... jealous. You want me. Admit it!" She wouldn't let him pull his eyes away.

She placed a kiss on his hand that almost undid him. He looked down at his hand in disgust as if it had betrayed him. This was insane! She was barely only eighteen years old; he was in his late thirties. He was experienced; she likely wasn't. She'd not get away with this. He had to make her see how absurd it was.

In a deadly voice, he said, "Yes, Miss Granger. I do want you." He saw her eyes widen, and he pulled her down to the floor and pressed his body into hers, hoping to frighten her. "Is this what you want? Can you feel how much I want you, Hermione?" He ground his pelvis into hers.

She nodded, and it broke down his defenses. Nearly. She was innocent. Had no idea what she was saying. He savagely kissed her lips, pinning her roughly beneath him. When he released her, she was panting, her eyes wide with fear.

"That's what I thought, little girl. You couldn't handle me if you tried. You need to learn to stop playing with men's emotions." He got to his feet and pulled her up roughly. "Don't misconstrue lust for love in the future. Get out!" He didn't move his eyes as she defiantly and deliberately pulled off her torn clothes and put on his shirt. Merlin, but she was perfect. He'd spend extra time in the shower tonight.

"Please don't tell Harry," she whispered.

"And just why would it matter so much to him about this?" He sneered hatefully. Jealousy raged through him. So it was Potter she wanted then? Was she just settling for old professor Snape then since he the boy was taken?

"Because... because he'd kill them," she said softly.

Relief. She hadn't been referring to what had happened between the two of them. She was talking about the other two prats. He'd nearly forgotten. He was about to speak when she spoke again.

"And he thinks that I should return Ron's feelings. He thinks it is wrong for me to love you."

"What?" he roared. "He knows that you are infatuated with your Potions master?"

"Yes," she said defiantly. "And I have no idea why I am. But he says it's not healthy, and I should give Ron a chance. I will not though. I'll..."

Snape sighed. "Granger, you are too young to know how you feel about anything. You are confused. You've had a horrible experience tonight. Don't say anything you shall regret tomorrow."

"I'll not regret my feelings. You are the only one who could even understand half of what I talk about. Harry is all about Ginny, killing Voldemort, Quidditch. Ron... well, he wants love, a good job, a family. He's not stupid, but we just don't mesh." She sighed. "You, though, you are one of the smartest men I know. Maybe a little on the rough side, but I see things that nobody else sees. I'm attracted to you."

He'd not expected this. How could she, bright and young, want to waste her youth on someone like him? He was nearly twenty years older than she was.

"Hermione, we can't. There are too many things that won't let us. Just go, and I'll not mention this again."

She did not move.

"Just kiss me once more. Not so roughly," she whispered. "And... and I'll still go if that is what you want." She moved to him slowly as if afraid he might lash out at her. She stopped. "Come to me."

Numbly, he went to her. This couldn't be happening. He just needed to taste her this one time, and then he'd block it out forever. As gently as he could, he cupped her face and brought his down to meet hers. Lightly, he brushed his lips on hers. God, that scent she was wearing drove him mad. What was that?

She parted her lips, and he took advantage of the opening. Slowly, softly, sweetly, he kissed her, drinking her in *God, it's been so long. Too long.* Much later, he wondered how long they'd been kissing. He pulled away and removed her arms from around his neck.

Then she opened her eyes.

"Go," he choked. He hated the hurt look in her eyes, but relief flowed through him when she appeared angry. He'd never allow this to happen again. Nobody could see his soft side. Hell, he hadn't known he had one. Not since Lily. *Lily!*

"Get out NOW!" he bellowed.

She jumped and ran from his chambers.

Once alone, he poured a tall glass of brandy. He would see the headmaster first thing in the morning. He'd deal with Crabbe and Goyle then. For now, he needed a cold shower.

AN: More up tomorrow. :)

Two

Chapter 2 of 7

undecided

Chapter Two

Hermione leaned against the wall just inside the common room. She was out of breath, and it wasn't just from running all the way back. She'd been assaulted by two Slytherins, saved by Snape, and then she'd tried to seduce him. What was she thinking? God, she was insane. Why'd she ever let him know how she felt?

He so much as said he'd only responded to her because she'd been half naked. Lord! He'd seen her. Most of her anyway. She couldn't help it. She'd seen how mad he'd been when he'd found her. And then the look that had been in his eyes! It was one that said that if anyone was to touch her in such a way, it would be only him. She'd thought he needed her. She'd misunderstood completely.

Her feelings were more along the lines of happily ever after. His were more along the lines of getting one and being done. She'd been crazy to kiss him. It was all her fault of course. She'd kissed him first. What was he supposed to do? He was only a man after all!

"Hermione, where have you been?" Harry asked.

She looked around, puzzled. "Eh?"

He was no place to be seen at first, but then he materialized, having been under his cloak.

"What are you doing, Harry?" she asked.

"I was just off to look for you. Ginny came back down and said you'd never been up tonight since you went on your rounds. I was worried," he said softly.

She saw his eyes narrow as he looked at the shirt she was wearing and the torn blouse, bra, and robe in her hand.

"What happened?"

"I... I messed up my clothes. I borrowed a shirt," she said lamely.

He pulled her to their favorite chairs by the fire.

She sighed. "You know me better than that, don't you?"

He nodded. "Just tell me the truth."

She told him everything. Even though she hadn't wanted Snape to tell him, she'd done so. His first reaction had been wanting to run out to find the two Slytherin girls. The next was anger at Snape for taking advantage of her.

She had to soothe him. "No, Harry. He was just trying to help. I... I am the one who tried to take advantage. You were right. It's silly of me to want him. To feel for him. He sees me as just a girl."

That alone calmed him. He pulled her close and hugged her. "Mione, what's he got that Ron doesn't have? I mean, Ron's our age anyway."

"My heart. I don't know how, but when we kissed the last time, it was all I'd ever expected. Do you feel that way when you kiss Ginny? Does the world just explode?" She pulled back to look into his eyes.

He smiled. How she had once loved Harry. But he would never hurt Ron that way. To save his friend's heart, he'd opted to date Ginny and not touch Hermione.

"It does now," he confided. "It didn't always."

She nodded knowingly. He used to love her as well. Used to. Now he only wanted her to be with Ron. In his own way, she knew he wanted her to be with Ron so he hadn't given her up for nothing.

"Harry... I don't feel that way about Ron. I might have once, but then I just grew up. I saw things for what they were. You and I could never be together because of his feelings. He'd just think that he lost to you again. And maybe I resent him still for our not having a chance." She smiled at his worried look. "Don't get me wrong. I'm happy you've found Ginny. You were meant for each other. I see that now. But now, I'm just attracted to someone who is more like me."

Harry shook his head. "All these years of hell that man has put us through. All the things he's done to you. To us. You are nothing like him. He can be a bastard, Mione."

She smiled. "But you've said it yourself. He can be, but he isn't always. There is more to him than we see in the classroom. You see how he is for the Order. I'd like to get to know that side of him better. He is a bookworm, same as me. He is interested in things, just as I am. Just please don't tell Ron."

He pulled her face to his. He was lowering his mouth to kiss her. Suddenly, he pulled back.

"Sorry!" he said shyly, a bit embarrassed. "I don't know what happened just then. I... I'll not tell Ron."

"It's all right. I almost do it sometimes as well, but it's just old feelings." She ruffled his already untidy hair. "And, as far as Snape, it seems my feelings were unreciprocated anyway. Very foolish on my part. I had hoped he felt something. Hoped some feelings were there."

"Maybe one day they will be there, Hermione. He has a lot on his plate right now. Not all of us may survive this war. Maybe that's what he is thinking of. Or," he said sadly, "maybe he thinks you are too young. I mean, being a student and all."

"You're right. He won't hold this against me. I'll just try

to move on. Get focused on my priorities. Good night, Harry. Love you," she said softly, kissing his cheek.

"Night," he said and made his way up to the boys' dormitories.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Hermione noticed that Snape was not at the table with all the other teachers for breakfast that morning. One quick glance at Slytherin's table told her that neither Crabbe nor Goyle were present either. She hoped they were getting expelled. How dare they wait around a corner and disarm her that way! She shivered at the thought of Goyle's hands on her. Thank God Severus had come to her rescue.

Severus! Since when did she think of him by his first name?

"WuswrongMione?" Ron asked, chewing a load of food.

She crinkled her nose in disgust. "I think I've lost my appetite." She sighed. "You know, Ron. Parvati was looking at you just a moment ago. I heard her talking to Lavender about you. She fancies you. You ought to close your mouth while you chew. Never know who could be watching."

He swallowed his mouthful. "Fancies me, eh?" He looked sideways at his newest interest. Though Ron claimed to be pining away for her and continually tried to get her to date him, it had not stopped his 'social' life. He was very active indeed. "Oi, there, Parvati," he called suddenly, grinning at Hermione.

"Er... yes?" she called back.

"Want to take a run to Hogsmeade with me today?" he asked calmly. "I want to go check out the newest shipment in Fred and George's shop."

Parvati looked at Lavender and giggled. "All right then," she agreed after pretending to think it over. "I'll meet you at the gates in about thirty minutes."

"I love that seventh years can visit Hogsmeade on any weekend they'd like." He raised his eyebrows up and down conspiratorially. "Well, that's it then. I think she's a nice girl. I'm going to have a go with her. Last chance to snag me, Mione."

He looked hopeful, but she had a feeling he only pestered her out of habit anymore. And out of loyalty to Harry. He knew Harry would like to see them together. "Sorry, Ron, but you know I think we don't mesh."

He nodded. "All right then. My quest for you is officially over."

She saw something like relief flash through his eyes. Perhaps he'd been turned down one time too many. Or perhaps the thought of having a girl like Parvati at his side was too alluring. Whatever his reasoning, she was glad of it. She only had eyes for an older wizard. One that was extremely confident with himself. Smart. A bit rough about the edges, but caring underneath it all.

What am I saying? I have to forget about him. For now at least. She smiled at Parvati as she saw her whispering excitedly. Good for Ron. He needed someone who wouldn't resent him. Someone not in love, infatuation as Snape had said, with someone else.

Now that Ron had a date for Hogsmeade and Harry was going with Ginny, she had no idea what she was going to do. She didn't want to tag along as a fifth wheel. She supposed she could go out by the lake for a bit to read or go to the library. It would be nearly deserted no doubt. She had studied so much for her N.E.W.T.s that she really didn't have much more to do other than review.

A good book near the lake it was.

"Have a good day," she told her friends.

Harry smiled. "Will you not come with us?"

She shook her head. "I'd like to do some reading. Go on without me. It will be fun."

Ginny spoke. "No, I'd like you to come. There's no reason you can't just come for a little while. It's Saturday for heavens sake!"

"Well, I suppose I could use a new quill then. I'll meet you all this afternoon at the Three Broomsticks, say about four?" she asked. If she changed her mind, they'd probably not notice anyway.

They all agreed.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Severus needed to relieve this frustration that had built up inside of him. He'd had nearly a half of a bottle of Scotch already. The hour was late enough for him to slip off unnoticed. Not that Dumbledore would not mind if he had a little excursion. Madam Rosmerta's helper, Denise, was a long time 'friend' who enjoyed a good roll in the hay--the way he liked it. Nothing soft and sweet there. Just pure sexual intensity. Yes, he'd made the right decision by turning little Hermione Granger away, tempting as it had been.

He first flew to the Hog's Head Inn to make arrangements for a room for the night. They asked no questions there. He simply needed to go to the Three Broomsticks after and let Denise know he was in town. Room secured, he bought a firewhisky for his walk and made his way over. Ah. There was his girl. He drained what was left in his glass and made for the bar.

"Severus," Denise purred in greeting. "Are you in town all night?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," he said seductively. "Room 5."

She nodded and refilled his glass. "I'll go as soon as I can get off tonight. Wait up for me," she said softly, touching his arm.

Ah, yes. Life was good. In just a few hours, he'd have Granger's kiss and body out of his mind for good. But then..*What the fuck is she doing here?*

There was his nemesis... sitting not three feet away from him, staring at him oddly. Had she heard his little exchange with Denise? Yes, she'd heard. He could tell by the way she glared at him.

"Cheers," he said with a smirk, holding up his glass to her and hoping it hurt her feelings. How the bloody hell could he get rid of her if she always turned up? He had purposely stayed away from the Great Hall all day just not to see her.

He looked in her direction again. She was downing something that looked like firewhisky. He couldn't believe it. She must be feeling just a bit rebellious. Severus followed her gaze. She was glaring at Denise. Was she jealous? Yes, he'd suppose she was. She'd been shunned by him only the night before. She was just upset that he'd come to be with another woman. He turned back to his drink, but he could hear Potter clearly.

"Hermione, that's the fifth one." The boy sounded irritated. "Do you want us to have to carry you back?"

"Don't worry about me," she slurred. "Fred said that I can stay over at their flat. As head girl, I have the right to invoke two night passes per year. All you have to do is tell McGonagall for me."

Sleeping at a Weasley's flat was she? Well, apparently she wasn't waiting all that long to get on with things either! Snape smirked to himself, but something irked him. Perhaps, he was jealous. To a certain extent. She claimed to have feelings for him, yet here she was about to sleep at another man's place. He ordered another drink.

"Here you are, Sevvie Baby," Denise purred.

He nodded in response.

"Professor Snape!" It was Weasley, the worst one. "Imagine you being here! And drinking at that!"

He turned to look at the happy little group and felt sick.*Can't even have a drink without the little prats bothering me*, Snape thought in irritation. Weasley sounded half-cocked himself.

"Carry on, boy, unless you want detention," he said in what he hoped was an intimidating voice.

To his horror, however, Weasley laughed uncontrollably. "You can't do that! We're not at school. HA HA HA."

Snape made a disgusted face. "Potter, get this drunken idiot out of here!" he bellowed. He noticed that his voice sounded slurry as well. He noted how Parvati was helping to hold Weasley up.

"Sir, I have two of them to worry about. Hermione," Harry raised his eyebrows, "doesn't care to leave either. I'm going to tell Fred to come back and get her. She'll be staying at their place tonight."

Had she told Potter about what happened after all? He'd find out later.

"Get this lout out of here, and I will escort Miss Granger to her destination."*What the hell? Why did I say that?* He nearly groaned outloud. What was he thinking? He noticed Harry's hesitation.

"Er... well, I don't know, sir." Harry looked back at Hermione's laughing face as she spoke to some other students. .

Snape raised an eyebrow. Yes, the boy must know something.

"Are you implying that I am not respectable enough to see her safely to her destination?"

Weasley nearly fell over. Both Ginny and Parvati were holding him up now.

"All right. I'll just tell Hermione," Potter agreed.

He watched as Hermione was told the news. She grimaced and said something snide. Snape imagined she was not happy.

After all, as far as she knew, she was being pushed off on someone that didn't want her. He smirked at them and downed his drink. The room was practically swaying for him. He'd have to cut down if he'd be any good in bed this night.

"She's about done for, Professor," Harry said softly.

Snape had the feeling that the little hero was pretty uncomfortable about this.

"She'll allow you to take her to Fred's."

Snape merely nodded. He ordered a drink for the walk to his room and told Denise to come as soon as she could.

"Ms. Granger," Snape acknowledged. He saw the others look up, clearly intimidated by the sound of his voice. "I think it's time to see you off to your friend's house now."

She glared at him. "Sorry, not ready to go just yet, thanks," she said immediately.

The girl to her right, Bones, gasped.

He pulled Hermione up by her arm. "Need I remind you that I gave my word to Potter? Come along now," he said, practically dragging her. Once outside, he told her to show him the way to the flat.

"Just there behind the store." She slurred the words slowly. "You insufferable git!"

The smirk on his face froze. He turned on her. "What did you just call me?" He'd heard that before from a woman's lips. It had been so long ago though.

"Are you deaf?" she asked angrily, swaying on her feet.

"Come along, Granger." He sneered and pulled her forward. He'd not waste his time arguing like a teenager.

"That's right." Giggle. "You've a hot date, haven't you?"

"Yes. I have," he said coldly, knowing it would hurt her. To his surprise, she pushed at his hand. In his tipsy state, he nearly tripped. "Here you are, Miss Granger. Please have a great night." His voice was dripping with sarcasm. He couldn't believe the audacity, her pushing on a teacher.

Come on, Denise, he thought in an irritated manner. He needed to relieve the frustration damn Granger had built up in him. He didn't even look back to see if she had gone in. He'd wasted enough time babysitting this evening. A wicked grin played on his face as he went to his room. He'd leave the door unlocked for her as he always did and turn the candles out completely. He needed complete darkness for his game this night.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Hermione watched through narrowed eyes as the object of her affection walked away from her. He had treated her so coldly. "You'll pay for this, Severus Snape!" she said to herself. She looked at the flat above the shop. No lights were on. It was fairly late in the evening. They must have assumed she'd gone back to Hogwarts with the others. No doubt they were out themselves.

"Damn!" she mumbled.

In her drunken state, she was not able to get all the way back to Hogwarts alone. She wasn't that stupid... just a tad intoxicated. Then a thought occurred to her. Snape was staying the night in the rooms off the Hog's Head. He'd told his 'friend' which one. She could just go there. An evil thought came to mind. She would ruin his little night; that was what she'd do. He was too good on the inside to turn her out into the cold and darkness of night. She'd show up and beg to sleep on the floor. Then as soon as she'd slept enough, she'd sneak back to Hogwarts unnoticed.

First, she had to ensure that his 'friend' would not show up and ruin things. She slipped her hand in her pocket. She'd bought a fresh quill and memoparchment earlier. She'd have just enough ink to jot down a small note.

Something has come up. I will have to see you next time. SS

That will show him! She grabbed an older wizard about to go in and asked him to give it to the young barwench. She watched through the window as it was delivered. The chit didn't seem all that disappointed. Looked like she'd moved on to the next guy already anyway, even hugging the drunken wizard. Probably looking for money.

Moments later, Hermione found herself outside of Snape's room. No light shone through the window. She tried the handle. It was unlocked. He was in there. In bed. Waiting for her. She could feel it. Feeling confident, thanks to all her firewhisky, she walked in quickly and closed the door behind her. Barely enough moonlight shone in the room to show her the way to the bed. She had every intention of waking his drunk arse up to give him a piece of her mind.

But this is Snape! She knew deep down that she couldn't keep talking to him in such a nasty way and get away with it. Perhaps, she'd only sit in the chair. There was no fire, but she could just make out his robes on the back from a splash of moon shining through the window.

He must be naked.

The dark room seemed to be blurring around her. She could hear his even breathing. He must be asleep.

"Sev-Severus?" she whispered, trying his name. She heard the bed move and an inaudible grunt. "Severus?"

She heard two feet hit the floor and then froze as he spoke.

"I need you badly. Come to me, girl."

Hermione gasped. Was this how he treated his friend? No lights. No kissing. She moved numbly to him.

He spoke again in a sexy voice. "Don't speak. I need to pretend that you are someone else tonight. I'll pay extra for the insult."

She couldn't breathe. He was to pay that woman to sleep with him? And he was going to pretend she was someone else! Shite! She bet she knew exactly which person he would ask her to pretend to be.

Severus Snape was going to be imagining that he was making love to Hermione. Just the thought made her insides tingle.

Three

Chapter 3 of 7

Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

Chapter Three

Hermione then felt his firm hands around her waist.

"Let me see. You are to pretend to be a frightened virgin. Do not speak. Just resist a bit, will you?" He began to unzip her robes.

She gasped a bit.

"Very good," he said in a sexy, deep voice half laced with sleep. He was still sitting on the bed, easing her clothes down.

She nearly fell over and put her hands on his shoulders to steady herself *Bare Skin! Thick, masculine shoulders.* She felt her hands slide down to his chest. The man was firm and muscular beneath his robes. *Wow! Who knew? He always looked kind of skinny.*

He'd not know it was really her, would he? There was no true light in the room. Why not play along a little? She could just snog with him a bit and then tell him the truth. He'd be angry, but she knew he'd get over it. His hands were working magic on her. She wanted to experience that a little first. Before she knew it, only her knickers remained. His lips were all over her body suddenly. When he began kissing her neck lightly, she put her head back and moaned. It felt so good to have him touching her. Seemed right.

"Mmmm. You smell just like her," he whispered.

She smiled to herself. He did care for her. He had to. He'd even recognized her perfume.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Something seemed different about Denise tonight. She made it believable. She was playing the part of the virgin well. She seemed hesitant as if exploring him for the first time with her unsteady hands. And she wore the same perfume that Hermione wore. Usually he had her act like she was Lily, so this was nothing new to her. The way she moaned when he put his lips on her was unreal. He'd not be able to play this little game for long. His inebriated state wouldn't allow for it. Neither would his need.

He took a nipple into his mouth. She moaned again and ran her fingers into his hair. He trailed kisses to her other breast. They felt fuller than he remembered. It had been too long. Possibly she was taking some hormone potion to enlarge herself. She had toned up a bit as well. He reached down and slipped a finger inside of her. *My god!* She was extremely wet already. He massaged her nub gently, and she whimpered. It must have been a while for her as well. She seemed about to burst. He licked her stomach while using his hands to pleasure her.

Within seconds it seemed, she was convulsing. Her cries were loud and long. "Professor..." he heard her whisper in passion.

Lord, I can even image how Hermione sounds, he thought in surprise. Once her convulsions stopped, he threw her on the bed and jumped on top of her.

"I can stand it no longer." He groaned, then parted her legs and placed his erection right over her opening. He took a moment to try to imagine how Hermione would feel. He kissed her then and plunged in. He heard her cry out as he passed her barrier. *No. There must be some mistake.* Denise was far from a virgin.

He felt her body tense. He stopped. Severus tried to see into her eyes, but her head was turned *Damn!* For once he could have lit one candle. Her breathing was shallow. *Playing the part well, this one.* He began stroking again, slowly at first, trying to savor the feeling of her. The tightness. The wetness. The way he seemed to fit perfectly in her.

When he felt her nails rake across his back and her legs lock around his waist, he couldn't stand it. She moved with him stroke for stroke, and then the ultimate feeling came to him. He heard her call his name, and with one last thrust, he filled her deeply and melted into her.

"I love you, Hermione," he whispered.

"I love you, too," he heard.

She was playing her part extremely well. He curled his fingers into her hair and kissed her once more before falling into a contented sleep filled with dreams of his little Gryffindor vixen.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Hermione couldn't believe what she had just done. He would kill her. She had to get out of there as soon as she could. She'd only intended to ruin his night. To snog a bit. But then his hands and lips were on her, and she couldn't put a stop to it. He was pretending to be with her anyway. She felt guilty. No amount of firewhisky would ever excuse this. She had to leave before he woke. Maybe he would never know. She felt his arm tighten around her possessively. It felt so good to be held by him. She breathed in his cologne: some earthy, clean musk.

She couldn't see his face, but she felt his breath on her neck. She turned just enough to place a kiss on his cheek. A little rest wouldn't hurt, now would it? She smiled, remembering how he'd made her feel. She'd never felt that way before. Something seemed to have taken over her body. Twice. It made her heart burst that he had pretended he was with her. And he'd said he loved her.

Maybe they couldn't have anything between them now, but one day. She'd show him that it was not some silly school girl crush. She could love him as good as any woman. Hadn't she just proved that? She'd be out of school in a couple of weeks. After she decided on a career and got settled in, she would come back to see him. To love him.

When she woke again, it was nearing daylight. She was horrified to find her still naked body entwined with his still very naked one. She panicked as the night's events formed in her heavy mind. She was no longer a virgin. She had given herself to Severus Snape. And he didn't even know it! She had to leave before he woke and saw her. Ever so slowly, she pulled away from his embrace. Quickly, she donned her clothes that were piled next to the bed. With one last glance, she ran out of the room. She didn't stop until she was near Hogwarts. Breathing heavily, she doubled over for a rest. He would never forgive her if he figured this out. She had tricked him. *What have I done?*

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

Yawning slightly, Severus moved on his side. "Denise?" he called. She had gone. She hadn't even waited for payment. Unless she'd found it on the table where he usually kept it. He had wanted to give her a little extra. She had put on a most believable act.

"Hang on!" He sat up wildly. For some reason, he had an odd feeling that it was not Denise who had spent the night with him. Come to think of it, she hadn't felt the same, smelled the same, tasted the same. *Good god, man! Pull yourself together. It was the liquor.* He'd consumed a rather large amount. He'd been so set on pretending to be with Hermione that now he was giving himself second thoughts.

"Wishful thinking," he said. He got up and went to the bathroom to freshen up before he went to have a bit of breakfast. He smirked at his reflection. He had a small passion mark just above his collar bone. She'd never left him marked before. He turned a bit. Sure enough, little claw marks on his shoulders. God, she'd felt so good to him. They'd have to pretend she was a virgin more often. Virginal Hermione at that. He shuddered. That voice. Those moans. *Stop! It was not her.*

No matter how much he reassured himself, he had a nagging feeling. Something wasn't right. He walked back to the chair near the window and fireplace. His clothes were neatly piled there. He took his time putting everything on. No rush. He felt so much more relaxed.

Now he could deal with Hermione face to face again. Another woman had cured him of his need for her. For now. He had a feeling he'd be back soon. He walked to the bed to retrieve his money from the bedside table when the sheets caught his eye. Something was all over them.

"Disgusting!" he said in a hateful voice. They'd given him a dirty room! He'd been so drunk he'd not noticed. "Looks like blo..." He felt his face lose its color. Blood. Virgin. He pulled the sheet closer to inspect it.

"Oh my God, no," he whispered. He looked at the pillow where 'Denise' had slept. A single long strand of hair lay there. He plucked it up. Denise had short, black hair. This hair was way longer than hers. Considerably lighter. He pulled the pillow to his nostrils. Hermione! What had he done? How had she known to come here? But she had known, hadn't she? He'd talked to Denise while she was there. Unknowingly at first, of course. Surely she wouldn't have come here and done this to him. He'd be finished.

Just before he had walked her to another man's flat. She was probably still there. He needed to see Denise. Maybe she had sent someone else to replace her. But wouldn't there be a note? It was unlikely. He closed the door behind him with one last glance at the bed. He'd strangle her if she'd tricked him. He would do it. He kept the hair he'd found on the pillow. There was a way he could find out for sure if it was her--if his talk with Denise proved fruitless. As he straightened his robes, he walked down to the front of the building. Just before he passed the first room, Denise tip-toed out of it.

"Ahem."

"Oh, Sevvie Baby. You scared me!" She giggled.

His heart dropped as her brow furrowed.

"You... you slept here anyway?"

"Yes. You slept here?" he asked cautiously, pointing to the room she'd vacated.

She nodded dumbly.

"Who did you send to my room then?" He had to ask it and saw curiosity on her face.

"I sent nobody. I got your note saying that something had come up, so I left with another. Did-did someone go to you?"

He shook his head. "I thought someone walked in, but I was so liquored up, I must have been mistaken."

"Oh, Sevvie. If you would have told me you were tired, I would have still come to see you. I would have done all the work." She grinned wickedly. "Maybe next time, eh?"

He nodded curtly. "Until then, Denise," he said and stalked off toward the castle. He had a certain little wench that he had to throttle. She had come to him. He'd made love to her. Unknowingly of course! He should have never agreed to walk her to from the bar. Now this would be turned around as his fault. He stopped in his tracks. Maybe it wasn't her.

How could he just approach her and make an idiot of himself? Maybe someone came into his room by mistake. Hell, he might have imagined it. But no. There was evidence enough he'd bedded a virgin last night. And, he had a long light brown hair as evidence as well. He knew all too well the thick mass it must have come from. He would say nothing to her until he knew for certain though.

He sneered hatefully at someone passing by. He'd have to snatch a piece of her hair to compare this to. He'd find a way. Hell, he'd pull some out himself the way he was feeling. His pocketwatch said that he'd be just in time for breakfast at the Great Hall. "Well, let's just see how Miss Granger is faring this fine Sunday morning."

Without going to his chambers to change his relatively clean robes, he went to the hall and took his seat. McGonagall seemed surprised to see him there so early on a Sunday.

"Good morning, Minerva," he said in a rough voice.

She smiled knowingly.

Damn her! She probably smells the liquor that's still clinging to my person! Ha! She doesn't know the half of it though, does she? He had been with one of her little innocent Gryffindors. He smirked.

Students began to file in slowly. He ate as slowly as possible. No Granger. Potter and company were there. She hadn't come down. He was tired of waiting. He needed to get to his chambers for a shower and had papers to look over. On a hunch, he took a detour by the Gryffindor table. Parvati was talking to Lavender about Weasley, something about him kissing her. *Revolting!* he thought. Then he heard Ginny speak.

"No, Harry. For the last time, they said she came in about daybreak. Hair all disheveled. Half crying. I don't know what happened. She said she just felt ill. Drank too much is all. I'll have to owl Fred I guess to see if something happened between them." She kissed Harry's cheek. "Don't worry."

At that moment, Potter's eyes met his.

"But I do worry, Ginny."

He thought he saw the boy's eyes narrow.

"And don't owl Fred. She'd think we have been snooping."

Severus brushed it off and continued walking.

When he reached the corridor leading to his private chambers, he heard a familiar voice calling out to him.

"Potter." He nodded.

"Did you bring Hermione to Fred's?" the boy asked suddenly.

"Of course I did," he said immediately. "What are you getting at?"

"I haven't seen her is all. Just wanted to make sure she got there all right. They didn't mind that she had gone back, right?" Harry's voice sounded as if he was investigating.

"I wouldn't know. She was rightly upset about something it seems. I left her at their door, as I had a date waiting for me," Snape replied coolly. Hopefully, he'd get the hint and move on.

Harry seemed to have accepted his explanation. "Sorry. I'm just worried. They said she was upset."

Severus felt a pang of guilt rush through him. What had he done to her? He needed to see her. To talk to her. To reassure himself that she was all right.

"Well, when you do see her, send her my way, Harry." He smirked when Harry jumped. He'd not ever called him that to his face. "I want to speak to her about the way she treated me last night. She had the nerve to call me names and push me about."

Harry's eyes widened. "Sir, please don't get her into trouble. She'd had too many drinks. Stress with studies for N.E.W.T.s. Those gits attacking her. You turning..." He saw Potter blush.

"Me what?" Snape said, cocking his head to the side.

"You turning down her... her admission of feelings?" He seemed to be asking a question rather than stating something.

"She's just a girl to me, Harry. She was just in... shock in the position she'd found herself. Not to worry. The two assailants have been detained. Dumbledore will decide what is to become of them." He hoped that threw him off. He didn't want him going around questioning her. Better yet, mentioning it to Dumbledore.

"Good day, sir," Harry said and walked off.

So, she kept no secrets from Potter after all. He didn't blame her. Harry was fiercely loyal. Something to be commended. He knew his message would be sent. How she would actually approach him when she came was a different story. He knew now for certain that it was Hermione the night before. And, as much as he wanted to strangle her, he knew he wouldn't. She had lied to him. Tricked him into making love to her. Well, that hadn't been making love, not really.

It was more like intense sex. *Aside from that, Severus, she made a fool of you. Yes.* An insufferable git, was he? He could show her one easily. She probably thought he had no idea about what had transpired; he'd bet on it. Maybe it was his turn to play a few tricks of his own.

He'd not destroy her by going to the headmaster, thus destroying himself in the process. She'd given herself to him after all. He was the first who had ever been with her. And from what he could remember of their 'session,' it was wonderful. She considered herself to be in love with him. Why, she didn't even really know him at all! She was in love with some fantasy Snape that she'd conjured in her mind.

****SS**** O_o ****HG****

"Wants to see me?" she said in disbelief. Had he figured it out? No, he couldn't have. He'd been too drunk. She began wringing her hands.

Harry's face looked worried. He pulled her away from Ginny. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Harry. I just. I was drunk. I said some... I did some... I was horrible to him," she said, nearly in tears.

Harry's grin relaxed her a bit. "I know. He told me that you had pushed him about. Look, he's not angry. Just wants to talk."

She felt so relieved. "All right. I'll just run down then," she said breathlessly. He didn't know! Thanks goodness! There was a God indeed!

Harry nodded and laughed.

"Drunk or not. Can't believe you had the nerve to do that to him!" Ron patted her shoulder, coming up behind them. "Nice. I'd like to have done something of the sort meself!"

Hermione giggled and made her way to Snape's chambers.

She felt relieved. She'd been thinking most of the day about what had happened the night before. Never in her life had she imagined that something could be so right. Feel so good. Of course this was completely out of character for her. She'd never had sex before. She did fantasize about it though.

Ever since she'd seen Ron and Pansy Parkinson in that empty classroom months before, she'd been wanting to do it. She had been making her rounds and had come upon them suddenly. She'd been appalled that he would touch a Slytherin in that way, but she was also curious. They'd seemed to be enjoying themselves. She'd been jealous. No, not because Ron had been with someone else, but because he and Pansy could be so carefree. It was after that that she ran into Snape.

If he would have continued on, he'd have caught them. Instead she had chosen to engage him in a discussion so that they might finish their deed unnoticed. What she had noticed, however, was that Snape had seemed disoriented. He had claimed it was a potion gone wrong and was trying to get to the infirmary. She had walked him to see Madam Pomfrey and kept his eyes averted when they passed the classroom that Ron was in.

Madam Pomfrey had given him a potion to reverse the effect his had on him. While he was lying there, he looked in her eyes as if studying her. Then he touched her cheek and had given her the most adoring smile. That was the night she saw him in a different light. Since then, he'd been in all her dreams. Her fantasies.

She blinked realizing she was outside the door to his office. Suddenly her nerves came to life. How could she face him? All she could think about was his hands on her. His mouth on her. Him inside of her. She felt guilty. He would never forgive her if he ever put it together. He'd just call her a silly girl and be on his way. A cold voice surprised her.

"Did you plan on coming in, Miss Granger?"

She felt herself blush and tried to look away from his cold stare. He opened the door wider. She walked in, careful not to touch him.

He looked at her oddly before nodding at a chair. "Sit down, girl." He sneered slightly, causing her heart to drop.

Something was wrong. He couldn't know, could he?

Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

Chapter Four

He saw her blush and could see her trembling. Was she thinking of her treachery then? He was undecided if he would confront her this day. If she could wallow in self pity, then that would be punishment enough.

Her breasts are so full. Shit! What the fuck? He needed to shake the image out of his mind. After she was seated, he began his prepared speech. "Miss Granger, last night was unacceptable. I am considering going to the headmaster." He raised an eyebrow as all the color drained from her face.

"Er... last... last night you say? Sorry, whatever do you me-mean?"

She was nervous. He could see that, and it was apparent that she'd still half believed that he was too stupid to figure it all out.

"Yes, of course. Your behavior. Liquor is no excuse, young lady." He smirked. She was shifting uncomfortably in her seat. Were those tears shimmering in her eyes?

"Professor..." she said in a whisper.

His insides nearly exploded. It was what she had called him when she'd had her first orgasm. He almost closed his eyes to better remember that moment, but he held his ground.

"Yes, Ms. Granger?" he asked menacingly.

"I don't know what came over me. Well, that is to say... I mean, I do know, but... wait. Oh no!" She was panicking. Her hands had tightened on the arms of the chairs, and her words had become jumbled.

He chuckled. It was time to save her from herself. That way he could continue his game. "Pushing a professor. Cursing at him. Name calling. Though we were not on school grounds, I still won't have it." He saw her face fill with relief.

"OH, that!" She grinned stupidly. "Right. I'm very sorry indeed."

So, she had been afraid he knew. "That, you say. Was there something else?" He cocked his head to the side and looked into her eyes, finding guilt and a little sadness.

"Yes. I'm... I think I should tell you..." She stopped dry and looked down.

He admired her courage. She felt sufficiently guilty. He could see that. She knew that what she'd done was wrong. He held her eyes for a moment and delved into her mind. He saw flashes. Harry's face. His own face. His face with a slit of moonlight upon it. Apparently, it was from the night before when he was inside of her. He tore his mind away from hers, squelching his desire to grab her to him.

"What would that be?" he asked, praising himself for sounding normal. He watched her take a deep breath.

"I've done something horrible. I was drunk. I... I didn't mean to, but I... I couldn't help it. I mean..." She was about to cry.

He knew exactly how to pull her out of this. "Miss Granger, everyone makes mistakes. Whatever you did last night at that boy's flat is of no concern to me. If you feel the need to talk to someone, might I suggest your head of house? Or Potter, perhaps?"

She nodded and didn't meet his eyes. Something twisted inside of him. It wasn't the sight of tears streaming down her cheeks either that did it. This was ridiculous. He was a grown man. Why couldn't he just say the way he felt?

She spoke in a broken voice, tainted with tears. "What is my punishment?"

"I think, Hermione, that you've had enough," he said softly.

She nodded. Still not meeting his eyes. He willed her to look up, but she wouldn't. Her sobs grew louder.

"Please don't cry. I'm sorry." *You old softy!* What had this girl done to him? *God, but her lips felt good. Enough!* he told his brain.

She met his eyes. "I'm so sorry," she wailed.

He got up from his chair and knelt in front of hers. "Don't be sorry," he soothed.

"But... you have no idea what I've done. I can only say that I'm sorry." Hermione seemed so sad. Did she have regrets about losing her virginity? Acting on impulse?

Only one way to find out. "I know what you've done, Hermione. I can say I'm not happy about it, but I don't want you to... to do anything to yourself."

Suddenly, she jumped back and nearly tripped over her chair.

"Oh my God! You... you know."

The look of horror on her face cut him deeply. He stood up to steady her and took one of her hands. "Hermione, I'm a professor at this establishment. One of yours. Do you have any idea what could happen to me... to us if someone found out?" That came out a bit sharper than he had planned. He had to make her understand that nothing could come of this as much as he would like it to. Would he want it to? She was too young for him. Too nice. Too bright.

She fell into his arms and held on tightly as if her life depended on it. She was sobbing again. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it to happen, but then..."

He stroked her hair.

"I couldn't bring myself to stop it. I needed you."

A slight moan escaped his throat, and he pulled her face to his for a soft kiss. "It was wrong. I was under the impression it was someone else. You deserved better than that from another person. Not from me."

She wasn't listening to him. She was stubborn. "I know it was wrong, but I am an adult. It's what I wanted... want still. I love you. Or, at least, I could if you would just give me a chance," she begged.

"You are a student here at Hog-

"Not for much longer. I've only a couple of weeks. I will be a student no longer. Will you still deny me then?" she asked sharply.

"Yes. I will," he replied firmly.

She blinked in shock. "But why?"

"You are too talented to waste yourself on an old man like me. I will not have my life turned around just so that in a few years you would change your mind and leave me alone again," he spat angrily, moving away from her.

She came up behind him then and wrapped her arms around him. "I'll never leave you. Can't we just try? I want you. You... you are perfect for me. In all ways."

He removed her hands from him and turned to face her. "No, Hermione. I will not give in to this. Do you know that I may be killed at any moment? Where would that leave you?"

She blanched. Ah, now he was getting somewhere.

"But last night... you said you loved me."

He smirked. "I was drunk, girl. Caught up in a moment with someone else or so I thought at that time."

"No," she whispered. "You were pretending it was me anyway. You wanted me."

"Yes, I did. Do you not forget that I had seen you nearly undressed earlier? I am a man first. I was turned on. I had to get that thought out of my system. Now, you dare to try to torture me even more?" He sounded hard he knew, but it was the only way.

"I love you," she said defiantly.

"You, dear girl, do not even know me. You would turn and run the other way would you really know all the things that I have done in this life." He pushed her away again. "Stop throwing yourself at me!"

"I don't care what you've done in the past. You... you had to do it to survive, Severus. I can tell."

He was seething. Would she not listen to him? "You know no such thing. I wasn't always forced to do things, Hermione. I liked who I was once!"

"But you have changed! You are not that man anymore. You are what I want. Please stop pulling away from me. Let me make you happy," she pleaded. "I can do this. I have enough love for both of us."

"I've not changed so much as you think," he said in a deadly voice. "The things I think of doing to you are unnatural. Spare yourself. And, spare me. Please just leave things as they are. We cannot and will not ever... ever couple again."

She bowed her head in defeat. "All right."

She frowned a bit, but then she smiled. "If you should change your mind, look me up."

He did not reply. He simply watched her open his door and walk out of his life. His heart felt heavy. But why? Was it not what he wanted? *Of course it is! She's just a child after all.*

AN: LOL... This is such fun.

Five

Chapter 5 of 7

Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

Chapter Five

Voldemort had fallen! Harry had defeated him!! It was all over the battle field! Hermione looked down at Draco's still form below her and back up to those nearby celebrating.

"Draco, get up. You're missing the victory dance." He was still breathing. She had no idea what they had hexed him with, but he didn't look all that good. He was part of her team this mission. He and his father had turned on Voldemort and had come over to their side to help them. Though most did not trust them, she had bonded with Draco, probably because he reminded her of Severus.

Severus! Dear God! He was with Harry's group. Had he survived? She hoped so. The past year since she'd left Hogwarts she had put all her energy into Auror training. Ron had decided to follow Harry into the field, and she would not be left behind. Now they each headed their own team. *Ron! How has he fared?*

"Is he alive?" Lucius cried, seeing his son so still in her arms.

"Only just, Lucius. Bring him to St. Mungo's straight away. I'll Apparate in later." He nodded and with a loud crack, they disappeared. She was fond of both Malfoys. They worked twice as hard to do their part. Mostly they were trying to convince all that they were on the good side of the Phoenix War. She knew where their hearts were though.

After Voldemort had his wife, Narcissa, killed as punishment, Lucius had had enough. He'd approached Dumbledore the same day Draco had solemnly graduated from school. Hermione had been the first to approach Draco, in front of all, to hug him. He recoiled slightly, but then clung to her as if she were a life line. While he was holding her, her eyes had met Snape's.

He'd had a look of pride and also one of hurt there. He'd been happy that she could embrace a once enemy, but he'd been hurt, thinking that Draco was probably an ideal match for her. Everyone had reluctantly accepted him after that. Well, after Harry had come to shake his hand and tell him he was sorry to hear about his mother, they'd accepted him.

She thought back to the hour before she had left on the train to London. She had gone down to his chambers. He'd been sitting alone in his chair, drinking some dark liquid. He'd met her gaze and smiled softly.

She went to sit on his desk right next to his chair. She then summoned her own glass and poured them each a fair amount. Not a word was spoken. She blindly hoped that he would beg her to stay with him, but he didn't. Sometimes no words were needed to convey one's thoughts. She downed her drink and stood up boldly. She still felt chills when she thought of what she'd done to him.

She met his eyes boldly, brushed back his dark hair from his face, and kissed him intimately. He kissed her back with such intensity that she almost begged him to keep her there, but she didn't. She did the mature thing. She gave herself that one last glance at him, and she walked out.

She'd become part of the Order of the Phoenix right after they'd finished school. That and Auror training had kept her fairly busy. She had run into Severus on many occasions, but they hadn't spoken on anything personal. It had all been about the war and different battles. Once he'd told her that he was proud of her and what she was doing with herself. Before she'd been able to reply, Ron had come over and ruined the moment by poking fun at Snape's Muggle outfit.

Blinking and coming back to the present, she looked around. "Susan!" Hermione called. "Where is Harry's team now?"

Susan stopped hugging Seamus and looked at her. "Harry did it, Mione! He killed Voldemort! They are all Disapparating back to the Ministry now. We are just gathering up our people!"

"What of Ron?" Hermione asked quickly.

"He's all right as far as I know," Seamus said suddenly, "but Harry's team took the worst hit of us all."

Hermione's heart dropped. Most of her closest friends were on Harry's team, the older Order members that she'd come to love and respect mostly. Harry had known they would see the worst of the war. It was probably why he'd insisted that Ron and Hermione lead other teams in missions.

"Oh, Hermione," Susan said sadly. "We've all taken losses. But we've won. I would have died for this cause, too. It's what we signed on for."

Hermione nodded sadly. Susan Bones-Finnegan had changed from the girl she'd first met at school all those years ago. Once soft and quiet, she was now hard and outspoken. She and Seamus had been married only a couple of months, but it seemed they belonged together. They were like a perfect pair.

She wished she could have her ideal mate. He still, apparently, wanted nothing to do with her in that way. Wouldn't he have come to her on his own by now? What if he wasn't alive? She had to get to the Ministry. She Disapparated there straight away.

She popped in on a scene that disturbed her. Harry was not happy. He was completely upset. Dumbledore was at his side, trying to comfort him. Her heart was heavy. Who had died? Apparently, it was someone close. She heard a snag of conversation that chilled her.

"But if Draco's fallen and nobody has seen her, she's gone."

"Harry?"

"Oh my God, Hermione!" He ran to her and pulled her into a tight embrace. "I thought you were captured. I thought something happened to you. I heard Draco was taken in."

She tried to calm him. "No, Harry. I'm here. I sent Draco in with his father. He's still alive, though I don't know for how long," she whispered.

He was crying loudly now.

"What is it, Harry?"

"So many are gone, Mione," he said sadly. "I took him too late. I tried to take him alive."

Dumbledore came and put a hand on his shoulder. "No, Harry. You did as you were supposed to. Don't take the blame. We all knew the risks involved."

"Where... where is...?" She couldn't speak. Her throat felt as if it was tightening.

Dumbledore's eyes, however, twinkled. "He is at St. Mungo's looking after Minerva."

How did he know whom she was talking about?

"Severus saved many lives tonight. He is to be commended."

She nodded and tears fell from her eyes. He was alive!

"Mione..." Harry said softly. His eyes were full of grief. "Charlie fell tonight. Just to my left. I saw it happen. I have to tell Ginny. Ron has just found out and asked me to do it. Will you meet us back here after?" His eyes pleaded with hers.

"I'll be here. I'm off to St. Mungo's to check on our teams," she said softly, kissing Harry's cheek. "You did a good thing tonight, Harry. Now we can breathe easier. All of us."

"Some of us will never breathe again, Hermione," he said in an eerie voice.

Dumbledore smiled sadly. "I'll take care of him. Go to him," the wise old wizard told her knowingly.

Did anything get past him? She nodded and gave her thanks and Disapparated.

St. Mungo's had long since set up a special ward for battle victims since the battles were more frequent and many patients were brought in. She walked straight that way. The first person she saw was Lucius Malfoy standing over Draco's bed. He was talking to a mediwizard.

"Lucius?" she interrupted.

He gave her a most brilliant smile. "He'll be all right. In some kind of catatonic state, but they can revive him!"

She hugged him tightly.

"Thank God." She smiled. "You have a most brave son, sir. I'm proud to have fought alongside him."

"Miss Granger, I will say the same to you. Times have changed and so have my opinions. You are a most acceptable friend and team leader."

She could see that he was sincere. "Have you seen Severus Snape?" she asked.

"Just there beyond that screen. He's with McGonagall. She took a Petrifying Curse and hit her head on something. I'm sure she'll be all right," he said softly.

She made her way to the screen he'd pointed at. She peeked around and saw Severus holding her favorite professor's hand. "Minerva, your boy has done it. He's beaten the bastard finally. You'll be so proud of him when you awaken. Don't give up. We've come so far now."

She watched him wipe a tear from his eye, and her heart fluttered wildly. Slytherin and Gryffindor had been natural competitors for years. It was good to see all past differences put aside.

"Lily would be proud of him. God, how I miss her at times. I wish she could be here to see him."

She froze. Lily! As in Harry's mum. It sounded as though there was longing in his voice. Had he once been in love with Harry's mother? But Harry's mum had been in love with James Potter. Now was not the time to worry about that. She had to talk to him. He was alive!

"Severus?" she called tentively.

She saw his back straighten as if listening for her voice again. Ever so slowly he turned, and his black eyes met hers. He stood up sharply. "Hermione!"

She practically jumped in his arms and rained kisses on his face. "I was so worried about you!"

"As was I," he choked out. The cold, hard man she'd come to love broke down in front of her. Tears flowed freely from his eyes.

"I don't know what I would have done had you... died," she squeaked. "I still love you." His mouth crushed hers for a long kiss. He pulled away, though, after a minute.

"No, Severus. Just let me hold you, please. I don't care if you don't feel the same. Just give me this one time."

She could see that she'd won. She cradled him to her softly. "Come with me to my flat tonight after we meet with Harry."

She saw he was about to reject her offer, but she put a finger on his lips. "I need you. Just this once. I promise."

He kissed her again and seemed to be trying to draw her very soul out of her body. He smiled at her softly.

"You've cut your hair," he noticed.

She grinned and kissed his hand softly.

A voice interrupted their battle of wills. "Well, as I live and breathe, I'd say someone has finally broken through those thick walls of yours, Severus."

He jumped. "Minerva!"

"Can't keep an old bat down, now can they?" she said weakly.

"Hello, Hermione." She smiled softly.

"Harry has done it!" Snape told her excitedly.

She watched her old mentor's face light up with pleasure.

"Oh, Harry! And he's all right? The prophecy?"

"He lives. Though we don't know exactly what will linger."

McGonagall nodded slowly. For the first time, Hermione noticed that Ron was standing a few feet away.

"Ron!" She jumped into his arms and hugged him.

He grinned at her, but his eyes moved over Severus in an odd manner. "We did it! It's over!" he said quietly.

"Where's Parvati?" she asked, looking over his shoulder.

"She's gone. Just now," he said, tears in his eyes.

"Where to? I want to see her!" Hermione said.

"She's gone, Mione. Lost too much blood. Padma's just come in with their mum. I've lost her." He was showing hardly any emotion and must have been in shock.

"Oh, Ron! I am so sorry." She pulled him closely.

He did not cry.

"I've got to go find Harry now. Charlie... he's gone too," he said numbly.

"I know. He's at the Ministry talking to Ginny. I'll meet you there."

Ron Disapparated without another word. She saw Neville holding Padma down the way and moved forward slowly. She looked around for the first time. So many deaths. So many hurt people. Who all had they lost?

"Padma, I'm so sorry."

Over her friend's shoulder, she could see the dead form of her twin sister. It was horrible, blood caked up on side of her face. She didn't look like herself. Ron had finally settled for someone, and she was gone.

"I'm so shocked, Hermione. She was pregnant, did you know?" she asked sadly.

"I didn't know."

Hermione felt sick. She had to get out of here.

"Hermione, Dean was killed as well," Neville said.

She brought a hand to her mouth. The room started to spin. So much blood. So much grief. She felt herself fall back slowly, but someone had caught her. Someone in dark robes.

Six

Chapter 6 of 7

Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

Chapter Six

Severus had followed her as she'd tried to comfort her friends. He'd seen as her eyes had rolled back in her head. She'd been overcome by everything and had fainted. He'd been there to catch her. He instructed Neville to alert Harry that he'd taken her home for the evening. Though Longbottom's eyes widened, he agreed. Severus picked her up easily in his arms and Apparated just outside her flat door.

She had no idea, but he knew exactly where she lived. He'd found himself standing on her street quite a few times wanting to knock but never being able to do it. He'd stopped coming a few months back when he'd seen Draco leaving late one night. He had assumed that they were on more than professional terms. Maybe he'd been wrong. He said a quick spell to unlock the door and brought her in.

It was a small place, but quite cozy. He lay her down on the couch and waited for her to awaken *I have missed you, girl*. Her small face looked strong and fragile at the same time. She possessed so many qualities that he admired in a woman. Certainly she was very smart, she was strong willed, she was not afraid to fight for what she believed in, she had a certain knack for getting what she wanted, and she was full of energy.

But did she truly still love him? *Of course, you dolt! She wouldn't have said it if she didn't mean it. If she was interested in Draco, she would still be by his side at the hospital. She would not have asked you here.*

Her eyes opened. "Hi," she said.

"You fainted. I brought you home," he said simply.

"I just feel a bit overwhelmed is all."

"Completely understandable."

"I would like to shower. I feel dirty."

"All right. I'll be at the Ministry then." He felt a bit disappointed. He didn't know exactly what he was expecting, but he'd hoped to at least spend a small amount of time with her.

"You could use a shower as well," she said.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I would like one." That would buy him a little more time with her.

She held out her hands, so he took them and pulled her to her feet. To his surprise, she didn't let go of one of his hands. Instead, she pulled him forward to her bathroom.

"It's a bit small, but I think it'll do," she said, pointing to her shower. "Here are the towels." She pulled out two. She let one candle remain lit while blowing out the others. Turning to face him, she smiled. "All right?"

"It's fine, Hermione," he replied evenly.

She began to unzip her robes and threw them into her laundry basket. She was clad in a tight-fitting white shirt and black jeans. "They are filthy," she said, nodding to her Order robes.

"I won't take long," he said softly, resisting the urge to pull her to him. She was even more womanly now than he'd remembered. Robes hid so much.

"We won't take long, Severus," she said in a whisper.

He'd almost not heard her. "What?"

She didn't reply, only looked into his eyes while beginning to unzip his outer robe.

He placed his hand over hers to still her movements. "Hermione, no."

She pushed his hands out of the way and eased his first robe off and then the next. When she began unbuttoning his shirt, he groaned.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"If it's all I can have of you, then I want it. No school rules. No people who might walk in. Just you and me." Her voice had changed. She sounded older, so sure of herself.

He couldn't stand it. She was here before him. Not a dream. She wanted him. If she really wanted to have sex with him, then he would do it, but he could make no promises to her. "Hermione, I have a job to get back to. I won't be able to stay here, and you can't come back with me."

She shrugged.

"Are you sure this is what you want?"

She nodded. "Please make love to me."

He hadn't been told that in nearly twenty five years. And he wouldn't turn her down. He dove into action, peeling off her clothes easily, and she helped him out of his. He was watching her eyes for any display of discomfort and saw none. He was already rock hard, but he felt he'd nearly burst when he saw her completely undressed.

"You are beautiful, Hermione."

Her response was an eager kiss. She traced his chest with her hands gently, and he groaned when she placed kisses on his neck. She pulled back, and he almost cried out. He saw her turn the shower on and step in.

"Come to me," she said, echoing words she'd spoken long before.

"With pleasure," he said seductively.

"My God, Severus. Do you know what you do to me?" she asked, taking an earlobe into her mouth. "I've waited so long," she whispered. It was her turn to moan as his fingers found their way to the dark thatch of hair between her thighs.

"How long has it been for you?" he asked, needing to know.

"Since you." She panted. "Oh... my..."

"There you go. Relax, don't stop," he encouraged. She put her head back in pleasure, and his mouth ravished her open neck.

"Sev-er-us... oh!" She convulsed.

Only him. He was still her only lover. He'd be sure to leave her with something to keep her warm this time. Her cries had driven him over the edge. He needed to be in her. He picked her up easily and allowed her a moment to wrap her legs around him. Backing her up against the shower wall, he thrust into her. Her eyes popped open as she cried out. He met her gaze and would not stop looking into her eyes this time. He would see how she felt.

"All right?" he asked in a husky voice.

"God, yes," she said softly and began to move against him.

He didn't need any further hints to get him going. Hard and deep, he thrust as fast as he could. Up and in. Faster and faster.

"Oh... I love you..." she screamed in orgasm.

A moment later, before his orgasm, he choked out, "And I love you."

**** SS **** O_o **** HG ****

Hermione woke up in bed about an hour later. They'd made their way into there somehow and had made love again. He was holding her close to his chest. "Severus?"

"Mmmm?" he returned sleepily.

She turned to face him. "Can't we work something out?"

She felt him tense up. Damn it! When would she learn to leave well enough alone? Now that she knew he loved her, she couldn't push him. He'd told her over and over the second time he'd made love to her.

"Hermione, we have two different lives. I won't let you give up your future for me. I'm too old for you. No matter how I feel or how you think you feel."

That was like a slap on the face. "You still think of me as a little girl then? Even now?"

"Not a little girl. Just a young woman. Very young. One who thinks she's in love when, in truth, she is just infatuated with an older, man. You have many years ahead of you. Don't waste them on me," he said firmly.

She knew she wouldn't change his mind.

Anger seared through her. "How can you say that? You don't know how I feel inside. I LOVE YOU. I haven't stopped just because I've left school. I've worked hard to show you that I can be responsible and make my own decisions. I want this."

"I don't," he said softly.

She could see that he was lying to her. "It's in your eyes. You want a life with me," she insisted.

"What I want and what I'll have are two different things, Hermione. I was hurt once, and it made me a monster. I won't go through that again."

She sensed pain beneath his words. How could she make him understand that she was different?

"I'm not sure who you've loved in the past, but I'm not her. I'll never be her. I'll not leave you. You are all that I want. Can't you see that?"

He sighed. "I know all too well that you aren't her. It's just that..."

"What the fuck is this? I can't compare to her! Is that it? I'm not experienced enough for you? I can learn, Severus. You just have to show me. I promise I can be good for you."

"Oh, Hermione. Stop. It's not what I meant." He looked down at her body and smiled smugly. "You are more than enough of a woman for me. I don't deserve you. You need to date someone your own age. Someone who can give you what you need."

"So... I'm good enough for a roll in the hay, but not to marry. Not by your standards anyway. Is that it? Trying to pawn me off on someone else." She could feel tears burning behind her eyes. "I just feel safe with you. I feel like I'll be loved always. I see you, and I see security."

"Hermione... I love you. I see that now. You're all I've thought of since you left school. Do you know how many times I wished I'd not let you leave my office that day? But I won't be responsible for you ruining your life. You can work your way up in the Ministry. Do you really want to be locked away in the dungeons at Hogwarts? Because that is where I intend to remain." He kissed her cheek.

"We could work something out. The weekends, holidays, anything. I need you in my life. Please let me love you."

"No. I mean this. I want you to try to date other men your own age. Then you'll see how I compare to them." He tried to kiss her again, but she moved aside.

"Age is just a number. Most wizards live to be 170 years old! That means you have nearly 130 years left! I'll not give in to this. I want nobody but you!" She got out of bed, not bothering to cover herself with the sheet. "Is it Lily Potter you once loved? Is that who it is?" She turned her back as she fumbled in her closet for clothes.

"Who told you about Lily?"

His voice was so cold, she turned around.

"I heard what you said to McGonagall earlier," she whispered. This man could still intimidate her. She didn't think it was possible.

"Oh, eavesdropping, were we?" He sneered. "You'll NEVER breathe a word of this to Harry, but yes, Lily was my first girlfriend. She up and decided that I was a bit boring and opted for that damn James Potter. I hated all the world after that. I'll not go through that again." With that he got up and stalked off to the bathroom.

Completely dressed, he came out and purposefully walked to her. He took her in his arms and gave her a rough kiss. "I'll never forget you, and I will always love you."

Crack!

He Disappeared.

She couldn't believe he'd left that way. He'd just left her standing there. She'd get even with him for this. But not now. She had to go to Harry and Ron at the Ministry. At least, they needed her.

Seven

Chapter 7 of 7

Seventh-year Hermione has a crush on her Potions master. She'll do what she must to have him.

Epilogue

It had been three months since the fall of Voldemort. Severus hadn't seen or heard from Hermione since. Part of him wanted to swallow his pride and go to her, but he couldn't. She deserved more than him. Lily had seen what a miserable failure he was in a relationship, and she would see too. And as soon as someone more attractive or adventurous came along, he'd lose her. Last week Dumbledore told him that he'd finally landed the job as Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. He'd been trying for it for years. He wanted so badly to celebrate with her, but again, he couldn't do it.

Why was he destined to be so lonely? Ah, well, his new position left the Potions position open. He'd spend some time going over his old lessons with the new professor. That would fill up his time. Hopefully, it would be someone worthy of the tedious position. Maybe he would finally have someone on the same level as him with whom he could converse.

He kept in touch with Harry and would be going to his wedding next month. After that, he would go and watch him play Quidditch for England when time allowed. Harry had quit his job as head Auror for the Ministry since he defeated the Dark Lord. He felt it was time to finally live for himself. That was a good thing. He wished him well. Unfortunately, his friend, Weasley, never recovered from the loss of so many loved ones. He was receiving treatments from St. Mungo's and still living at home with his parents. He'd recently found out that Hermione had quit her job as well. Apparently, the job wasn't the same without her mates. He'd no word on where she'd gone though.

Dumbledore knocked on his door. "Severus, the new Potions mistress has arrived. After she is settled into her new chambers, I'll have her come here to start going over your old lessons."

"Mistress?" he asked dumbly. He'd been under the impression that a male had taken over the position. *Just great! So much for having a companion to talk to.*

"Yes, she is just delightful!" Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling madly. The man always seemed so damn mysterious.

He nodded and his guest left.

Severus was getting the last of his personal effects out of his old office as he heard the door open. "Hello there," he said curtly, back still turned. "Just getting a few of my things."

"That's not a problem, Severus."

He straightened. Hermione. Slowly, he turned to face her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked in shock.

She smiled sweetly. "This, sir, is now my new office. I've accepted your old position. I hope that doesn't make you uneasy."

"But, why, Hermione? You could have chosen any field to work in. Why this one?" This was impossible!

"This," she said pointing around, "is where my heart is. I've always been about studying, research, books. This is my place. I'll never feel like I do when I'm here."

"But your friends, they'll not get to see you as much."

She giggled. "Harry is going to play Quidditch for England. Madam Hooch will be retiring in about five years. Then he'll come here to take over her position. I'll not be long without him and Ginny. We'll get to grow old and raise children together at Hogwarts."

Severus sighed. "Hermione, if this is some attempt to get me to change my mind, I won't. It's not too late. The headmaster can find someone else to take this job. You have so much potential."

"That's right. I do. This is what I want. I want to teach. I want to give back to our world all the knowledge that I can so that other students can go on and improve society. It's my calling. Always has been." She jutted her chin up defiantly. "You'll not intimidate me or force me to leave. My feelings for you are still the same, but I've made a choice. This is where I'll be should you change your mind."

"I don't know what to say. I'm speechless. I just thought that you would want to... to live a little." He could not believe his good fortune. She had chosen to leave her life as it was to live near him. It seemed that she had things thought out. Maybe there could be something for them after all. If she would be here anyway, why be lonely?

"Do you still love me?" she asked softly.

"Of course I do. I just wanted what's best for you."

"You are what's best for me. School is what's best for me. I've no intention on leaving either of you. Just say you'll have me," she was pleading with him again as she had before.

Someone had chosen him. He was not dull to her. He was not good for nothing except making love in her eyes. She could see past all his horrible deeds of the past. "I'll... I'll marry you," he said suddenly. *Where the hell did that come from?* No matter. He knew he meant it.

"If you do, then we can sleep together every night for the next century, you know, and Dumbledore can't say anything about it." She grinned.

"Is... is that a yes, Hermione? You will be my wife then?" He couldn't believe it. All his secret desires were here in front of him. He could have a future.

"Yes," she said simply and held out her arms to him.

He went to her and held her.

"I'll try to give you all that I can and make you happy. I think I'll just need some help along the way. Think you can keep an old man in line?" He raised an eyebrow.

"I KNOW that I can, but I have a confession to make to you." She looked away.

Dread filled him. Had she slept with another? Young Malfoy perhaps.

"Tell me. I want complete honesty between us." He would take whatever she said and work through it. He couldn't lose her now. His heart couldn't take it.

"I want you to know that I accepted this job last week. Two days ago, I fell ill. I went to see Madam Pomfrey when I arrived."

She met his eyes.

She was obviously afraid to tell him something. Good God, was she going to die?

"Go on." He held his breath.

"I've found out that I'm pregnant."

He jumped back. "Say what?"

"I'm pregnant."

"For whom?"

She looked at him oddly. He couldn't read her expression. Who had she been with?

"How could you ask such a thing?"

He'd hurt her. Well, she couldn't expect him to not ask or to just accept her and her child without knowing, though a child would certainly change things and give him another reason to feel good... to feel worth something in life.

"I won't hold it against you. And I'll still marry you. I love you, and I will love your child," he stated easily. "But I would like to know who has fathered it."

"Severus, Madam Pomfrey says that I am about three months along. I had no idea until today." She smiled. "I didn't want you to think that is why I've come here. I came here of my own volition. When Dumbledore approached me, I accepted without knowing this. I'm not here to trick you into marriage."

"Three months. Then that would mean... Hermione..." Was the child his? Impossible. He always used a seed immobilizing spell. Always. Except the last time he was with her. He'd had no time. She'd just pounced on him and him on her.

"That's right, insufferable git. We, as in you and I, are going to be parents!" she said playfully. "Does this change anything?"

"Heavens no!" He picked her up and twirled her around happily.

"I've never thought I'd have children. The closest I ever thought I'd be is Harry. He's like a son to me now!"

She looked away sadly. "Do you still love her even now?"

"Who?" His mind was blank.

"Harry's mum."

"Hermione, no. I belong only to you. She is in the past for me. I'm going to keep her there. Today, you've made me the happiest man alive!" He kissed her softly. "We need to see the headmaster straight away to be married. Then, I will bring you back down here and have my way with you."

"Nothing would make me happier. I promise to love you all of my days."

He had her. Someone to love. Someone who would love him back. A little one on the way. Harry and his family would join them in a few years. Life couldn't be better.

AN: Thanks for joining me on this silly adventure (now to get my mind back on my real story, Breaching the Otherworld, which has the final chapter in the writing stage).

As far as this story goes, I'm thinking they'll have twins (a couple of sets of twins at least before they're done), and they'll be the perfect mix of Snape and Hermione: a girl with straight, black, silky hair and chocolate eyes and a pert nose... and a boy with bushy brown hair and black eyes with a hooked nose. Oh, and let's not forget that they each have to have ghastly names. :)

Hahaha :)

I wonder what happened to Hermione's big plan for revenge? Hmmm. I hate when stories build up a plot and then have it fizzle without mentioning again. :) dun dun dun

Let's pretend Hermione matured and realized that biding her time was better than doing something silly that might possibly push her man away even more. ~grin~