

# Midnight Surprise

by Southern\_Witch\_69

Severus follows Hermione as she slips from their room one night only to find...

## One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine. No money is being made.

This was written for rdholmantx during Potter Place's Saturday Night Drabble Chat. The prompt can be found below.

Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for beta reading this.

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Severus crept quietly down the darkened corridor. This night marked the third night within the past month that he'd awakened to find his wife missing from their bed. However, unlike the previous two times, she'd only just left, and he'd been able to quickly follow her. Slowly, she walked through the pitch-black rooms of the castle and made not a single sound. He'd asked her where she'd gone, and after looking slightly guilty, she'd denied that she'd left their bed at all or had insisted that he must have woken when she'd gone to the loo.

Suddenly, Hermione took a sharp left turn and seemed to walk right through the stone wall. When he approached the place he'd last seen her, he was shocked to find no doorway. Nothing. She'd disappeared. Walked through a wall like a ghost might.

*I know better than that*, he thought angrily and pulled his wand from his pocket. *Point me*. The exact section of the wall she'd walked through was pointed out by his wand, and he stepped closer to inspect it, finding a charmed doorway he'd never noticed before. Someone had Disillusioned it and had taken the care to place a charm that would deter anyone from approaching it. However, when a man needed to see what his wife was up to, it wouldn't stop him.

Already Disillusioned, Severus silently stepped through it into another darkened room. Only this time, he could make out the outline of his Hermione silhouetted by the moonlight at the far end. She surprised him then by pulling her white nightdress over her head and tossing it onto the floor.

*What the fuck?*

Then he heard something that made his heart nearly stop beating. A man's voice.

"That's a good girl, Hermione," the bastard said. "Now, turn around and face the wall. Spread your legs and brace your hands against it above your head." A shadow moved closer. "Yes, good."

Rage slid through his veins and met his shattered heart. He'd been betrayed by the only woman he'd trusted since Lily. And it appeared she was no better. And to be with *him*? How could she?

Severus wanted to kill them both.

He stepped forward to do just that, but the man's next words stilled his movement.

"Tsk. Tsk. I wouldn't bother, Hermione. We both know I am the better wizard." A long sheet of pale hair fell forward as the man bent down near her. "I wonder if he suspects anything. I wonder if he knows that he's sliding into what I've been fucking, hmm?"

A whimper—Hermione's?—rent the air.

"Wet for me already, and you taste so good."

Severus realized that the man's clothing had disappeared and that he'd positioned himself behind Hermione. Time seemed to stand still for him—or had slowed down tremendously. Each step he took forward seemed to take a minute instead of seconds.

"You want me. Say it."

"I want you."

"Want me to what?" The man uttered a guttural sound and moved against her. "So fucking good.... Unh... Say you want me to fuck you."

"I want you to fuck me."

Severus found himself directly behind the copulating pair, his wand lifted. Shaking his head in disbelief at what he'd been about to do, he let his wand fall to the floor, its quiet clanking more explosive than any firework.

The last thing Hermione's lover saw before his demise was Severus' angry face and the cold look in his eyes as he snapped his neck with his bare hands.

"Turn around and face me," Severus said as the man's body thudded against the floor. His wife didn't move. "Is that all you're going to do? Are you not ashamed? How could you?" He gripped her shoulder roughly and turned her to face him. "*How could you do this to me, Hermione?*" he asked, pain and loathing filling his voice.

Her eyes were glazed with a white sheen, and she stared out at him blankly. Several things clicked into place at once. He stooped down to retrieve his wand and Summoned her nightdress.

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Hermione sat down at the breakfast table. "My shoulder is hurting this morning. I've even got bruises."

"I've vial of potion you can take for pain if you need it."

"Well, it's not that bad, but I wonder..." She shrugged. "Never mind."

"I still think you've been sleepwalking."

"Maybe," she admitted. Unfolding the *Daily Prophet*, Hermione gasped. "OH MY GOD!"

"What is it?" Severus asked, dropping the toast in his hand.

"Draco Malfoy was found... murdered this morning!"

"No!"

"His neck was broken! It says... they think a male lover must have killed him. He was naked, and only a man would have had the strength to do that without magic." She frowned and her brow furrowed.

"Lucius and Cissy must be devastated. I should go to them."

"Draco never struck me as being interested in men."

Severus shook his head. "I never made it a practice to pry into his life that much. Perhaps I should have. Maybe things could have turned out differently."

"Are you... all right? You look thunderous."

"Just thinking of... Well, you can guess. And you? Are you all right?"

"No," she whispered, tears filling her eyes. "I... He seemed to be making such a change in his life, even coming round and trying to make amends for past misdeeds."

Severus reached over, placed a hand over hers momentarily, and then rose. "Take it easy until I return. I shan't be long."

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AN: Yeah, I'm in a dark mood. Whoops.

Rdholmantx's prompt: Hermione is married to Severus and having an affair. He finds out. What happens?