

# Bad Romance

*by HermioneJeanSnape*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger,  
where madness and love vie for dominance

## Bad

*Chapter 1 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for  
dominance

*Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!*

*Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh!*

*Caught in a bad romance*

*Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!*

*Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh!*

*Caught in a bad romance*

She stares at herself in the mirror. The dark circles under her eyes have deepened this week. He won't be pleased. She picks up the concealer, then sets it down again. It wouldn't do any good. He'd find out. He always does. She suspects he likes the dark circles. They mark her for what she is.

She shakes her head and begins to prepare herself for him.

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The circles under her eyes are getting deeper. He should probably be easier with her for a while, he doesn't want the circles to be permanent. Much as he enjoys them, if pushed too far they will eventually mar her lovely eyes. More sleep for her this evening, he thinks to himself. So much pain, so little time.

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A/N: This is my first story posted to The Petulant Poetess, and I have five more chapters written and ready to go in the queue once they are beta'd. Many thanks to my lovely beta, Soline. Reviews are loved, they make my day.

# Want

## Chapter 2 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah!*

*Roma-Roma-ma-ah!*

*Ga-ga-oooh-la-la!*

*Want your bad romance*

*Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah!*

*Roma-Roma-ma-ah!*

*Ga-ga-oooh-la-la!*

*Want your bad romance*

Her position is quite a vulnerable one. She has come to him (punctually as always) following a route he specified, wearing the clothes he selected for her, at the time he decided. When she arrives, she follows a ritual he designed. First she removes her robes and hangs them on the coat rack in his hall. All she wears beneath the robes is a contraption of his own invention.

It is a cunning creation. He delights in her masochism, and as such (with Lucius' help) gives her only the most painful things to wear.

It starts with a thick black leather collar around her neck. It is not tight enough to strangle, but tight enough to make breathing a little difficult and to remind her of its constant presence. She can put it on herself, but not remove it. It is charmed shut with a silver lock. Attached to the collar is a thick chain that falls between her luscious breasts before it splits into three lengths. One length continues straight down, while the other two cup underneath her breasts, almost like a bra underwire. The chains end under her arms, where each is sewn to a green silk ribbon. The ribbons are tied behind her to hold the chains up.

Her nipples are pierced with silver rings, and these form a part of her costume. A silver chain dangles from each ring and is hooked onto the thick chains under her breasts to form lines radiating from the nipple to under her breasts. The little silver chains are slightly too short, so her nipple rings are pulled by the chains, causing small bursts of pain.

The third part of the chain is pulled tight from the neck down to her cunt, where it is nestled firmly between her nether lips, up through her crack, and tied to the green ribbons that hold up the other two chains. The chain rubs against her most tender and vulnerable flesh with every step she takes. For extra pain, the silver ring pierced in her clit hood is fastened to the chain with a spell. Walking is true agony.

This outfit is the reason for her meticulously specific route. She is not allowed to leave her Hogsmeade flat and Apparate to his abode, oh no. She walks out of her flat an hour before their appointment, passing various neighbors who have no idea what lies under her robes. She strolls to Flourish and Blotts and browses for a half hour, hiding her discomfort as well as she can. She then walks across the village to the Apparition point, and Apparates to Spinner's End. She must walk the entire length of the road to his house at the end of the street. Then she must knock on the door, once. It opens before her of its own accord. She hangs up her robes, then gets into the first position.

This position took some time to evolve. He wanted her at her most vulnerable, her most helpless and insecure. So she kneels, her hands behind her back. This thrusts her breasts forward and pulls on the chains. She spreads her knees as far as she can while keeping her ankles together. In this position she waits without moving. Sometimes he comes for her almost instantly. Other times he makes her sit there for long minutes, waiting for her to move. She knows better than to move once she is in the position. That was a mistake she made only once.

When he arrives, he is immaculately dressed. He looks down his nose at her and sneers. In his hands he holds two sets of shackles. One pair goes around her wrists, then are hooked onto the chain that runs up her back so that her arms are pinned behind her. The other pair of shackles go around her ankles. Then, he withdraws a leather leash and hooks it on her collar and tugs for her to follow him. Crawling in this restrained fashion is painful, humiliating, and time consuming.

She loves it.

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A/N: Many thanks to my Beta, Soline. Reviews are appreciated.

# Disease

## Chapter 3 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your ugly*

*I want your disease*

*I want your everything*

*As long as it's free*

*I want your love*

*Love-love-love*

*I want your love*

His body is scarred, marred and ugly. His nose is enormous - not fortunate enough to be Roman or aristocratic. His hair is still greasy (she has not recommended shampoo, he takes badly to criticism). His teeth are yellow and crooked (alas for the dentists' daughter, who dares not raise wand or toothbrush against him). His breath usually exudes whatever he has eaten recently (he favors garlic as a flavoring, dispelling rumors of vampirism). There is an ugly scar across his throat and many more scattered across his body. His father was not a kind man. He is skinny but strong, the strength of the wiry and the cruel.

All these things entice her. She knows she is pretty. Her body is smooth, her skin creamy and unmarked but for a scar between her breasts and another on her throat. Her form is slender, but her breasts are soft and ripe, her hips and buttocks still fresh and young. Her hair is lovely, thick and long. Feeling his ugliness against her somehow makes her feel contaminated, polluted, as though she blasphemes to allow him inside her. Yet she does, and she glories in his vileness every time he takes her.

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A/N: This should end up being 15 chapters. Yes, chapter length varies. Please review, it doesn't take long.

## Kiss

*Chapter 4 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your drama*

*The touch of your hand*

*I want your leather studded kiss in the sand*

*I want your love*

*Love-love-love*

*I want your love*

*Love-love-love*

*I want your love*

He is not an easy man to be with. One day she comes to him, prepared as always. She kneels on the floor in her position for what seems like an eternity. At long last he comes to her, walking slowly. A grim look is on his face as he attaches the leash and shackles. He doesn't tug the leash as usual, rather he yanks it, making the collar choke her as she struggles to crawl quickly.

When they reach the room, he blindfolds her and gags her before removing her costume. He leaves the shackles on so that her arms are behind her, and he spreads her legs wide, then fastens the shackles to rings in the wall. She feels more nervous than usual, her skin crawling with fear.

"So," he says. His voice is deadly quiet. "You had lunch with Weasley today." She pales.

"I thought I made it clear you were to have no contact with your ex-fiancé?" he asks softly. His eyes grow colder. Then in one quick motion he slaps her hard across the face.

"Whore! You think you can sneak behind my back? You think you can betray me?" he shouts. A red handprint marks her cheek. He looks at it, his breathing fast for a moment before he regains control.

"Well, you won't make that mistake again," he says, and she knows it isn't a threat so much as a fact. She hears a rustling sound, then a resounding crack as the snake whip hits her breasts. She screams into the gag.

"Never! Betray! Me!" he says, a whip stroke landing on her flesh with each word. Small rivulets of blood form across the lines left by the whip as she screams into the gag. He pauses for a moment and removes the gag. Now she is sobbing, tears running down her cheeks from behind the blindfold.

"What do you have to say for yourself, whore?" he asks with a sneer. She flinches from his words.

"Master, I would never—there was an interdepartmental matter we had to take care of—" Her words are cut off with a scream as he whips her across the belly.

"You think I cannot recognize a lie, *Mudblood*?" She shrieks in pain as he snaps the whip against her shaved cunt. Her shriek is suddenly cut off when he drops the whip and strides forward, gripping her chin hard in his hand and silencing her with a kiss. His tongue forces its way into her mouth, and his hands drop so that each grips a breast hard. He can taste her tears as they roll down her cheeks and she sobs into his mouth. Dark streaks follow the tears— her mascara has smeared. He smirks. He releases her breasts and one hand wanders down to her sopping cunt.

She is dripping a puddle onto the floor.

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A/N: Hope y'all enjoy the smut. Reviews are loved. Chapters 5-13 are written and will be in the queue soon. Much love again to my beta, Soline. You rock!

## Need

*Chapter 5 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*You know that I want you*

*And you know that I need you*

*I want it bad, your bad romance*

She frowns as she looks at her calendar. He hasn't sent for her in over two weeks. She is forbidden to relieve her own needs, and she never breaks his rules. Therefore, she is very, very frustrated. An interdepartmental memo glides over to her desk and lands gracefully.

**Be at my home at 5:00. Come directly from work. Do not change clothes. Strip and assume the second position.**

This is unprecedented. He has never asked her to come directly from work. Either he sends for her later in the evening, or he calls for her on weekends. And he has never permitted her to be without the costume.

As for the second position, he taught her several positions when he began to train her. He can state any number between one and ten, and she will immediately assume that position. She hasn't used position two since he taught it to her. She bites her lip nervously, and her pulse rate quickens as she finishes her work.

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A/N: Thanks for reading! Many thanks again to my beta, the lovely Soline.

## Revenge

*Chapter 6 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your loving*

*And I want your revenge*

*You and me could write a bad romance*

*I want your loving*

*All your love is revenge*

*You and me could write a bad romance*

He smiles to himself, a frightening sight. There she is, on time as usual, naked as the day she was born. She is lying on her back with her legs over her head and her arms extended, hands gripping her ankles. The shackles in his hand fasten easily on her wrists and ankles, chaining them together.

"So vulnerable," he whispers. She has no way to defend herself (not that she ever does), and her ass and cunt are open for his lustful gaze.

"You've been a good pet, except for some misbehavior. But we know better now, don't we?" It is a rhetorical question, and he continues to speak, absentmindedly running a hand through the curls between her legs.

"You've finally atoned for all your sins. I've taken my pound of flesh for each time you disrespected me as a student - setting my robes on fire, stealing ingredients, and all your other offenses. But you deserved it, didn't you, my little whore? My little Mudblood slut. Always wet for me, aren't you?" He lightly strokes her cunt with one finger, and it comes away covered in her juices.

"But now you've other sins to pay for. You promised you'd be good for me - you offered yourself as a human sacrifice on the altar of my wrongs. And now it is time to pay

for the sins of others. We'll work backwards, starting with Dumbledore." He withdraws an enormous dildo from his pocket, covered in ridges and bumps. He does not lubricate it before shoving it in her tight little ass as she shrieks in shock.

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A/N: I know this is a very harsh scene, but things are going to start getting better, so please stick with me! Next chapter is in queue. FYI, Dumbledore isn't evil in this story, but Snape is still quite angry with him for obvious reasons.

# Caught

Chapter 7 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!*

*Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh!*

*Caught in a bad romance*

*Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!*

*Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh!*

*Caught in a bad romance*

*Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah!*

*Roma-Roma-ma-ah!*

*Ga-ga-oooh-la-la!*

*Want your bad romance*

"You won't be going to work today," he states calmly as she blinks at him.

The sunlight streams into the room through a gap in the curtains. Her bum is still very sore from last night. She's currently gagged and bound to his bed, so she can make no objection as he takes a quill and writes a note. In less than five minutes, he has given it to an undistinguished looking owl who flies away.

"I've always been skilled at imitating handwriting. You've sent me plenty of letters, so I've practiced. They won't suspect anything." His voice is soothing as he slowly pets her thigh.

She cannot say anything through the gag. She cannot tell him that while she loves their play, she must do her job. He leaves the gag in place as he begins to trail kisses along her neck. All she can do is lay there, helpless and trapped. After about five minutes of his ministrations, her work falls to the back of her mind, and as always, her body opens to him.

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A/N: Thanks as always to the wonderful Soline, my beta. Couldn't do it without you :)

# Horror

Chapter 8 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your horror*

*I want your design*

*'Cause you're a criminal*

*As long as your mine*

*I want your love*

*Love-love-love*

*I want your love*

She very rarely spends the night, and when she does he never sleeps. He seems to suffer from insomnia. Usually he either watches her sleep or keeps her up all night having sex. But tonight he has fallen asleep, and for once she watches him. He tosses and turns in the bed, restless. After a time she is awakened by screams. He is flailing and crying out in his sleep.

"No, no! Not her! No! Leave her alone, take me, take me! Don't!" She isn't sure if he means Lily or his mother, but either way she is frightened to see him so afraid.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she shouts.

It does no good as his screams continue. Finally she smacks him on the cheek, leaving a red mark. This finally brings him to his senses. He looks at her, eyes filled with rage and a hint of fear. She says not a word but pulls him to her.

He falls asleep with his head upon her breast.

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A/N: And so we go. Many thanks to Soline, and please review :)

## Psycho

*Chapter 9 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your psycho*

*Your vertigo shtick*

*Want you in my rear window*

*Baby you're sick*

*I want your love*

*Love-love-love*

*I want your love*

*Love-love-love*

*I want your love*

"Are you ready?" he asks softly. She nods, and he tilts the candle. Hot wax falls in little streams onto her tender breasts, already smarting from the clamps. After a moment, he stops and leaves the room.

He returns with ice cubes, and he slowly begins to slide them inside her wet cunt, pushing them as far in as he dares. When she is full of the frozen cubes and her cunt is almost numb, he picks up the candle and drips more wax, this time on her shaved cunt. The hot wax on her numb cunt feels like a thousand piercing needles, and her scream is music to his ears.

He drips wax on her until the ice has melted into a puddle between her legs. Her voice is hoarse from screaming. He gives her a moment to recover, then goes to fetch the belt, the knives and the needles.

Today she is atoning for his father.

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A/N: And that's the end of the frighteningly violent atonement. We've had the bad. Now it's time for a little romance... next chapters are in queue!

## Know

*Chapter 10 of 17*

*You know that I want you*

*And you know that I need you*

*I want a bad, your bad romance*

*I want your loving*

*And I want your revenge*

*You and me could write a bad romance*

*I want your loving*

*All your love is revenge*

*You and me could write a bad romance*

He is thoughtful as he watches her sleep. He has been permitting her to stay the night more and more often. Somehow this fact snuck up on him. He only just realized that she has slept in his bed for three nights in a row- unprecedented.

She is not just his little personal payment. She does not think of herself as a human sacrifice—or if she does, she does not seem to resent it.

He fears she is becoming attached. On the rare occasions she is not gagged during sex, she gasps Master. Originally, the gag was so he could more easily pretend she was Lily. But as time passes, Lily's voice and face have become fainter in his mind. The gag and blindfold hid the distinctive voice, the amber eyes. But the brown bushy hair is hard to ignore.

She cannot remember the last evening she spent alone without thinking of him. While they do not meet every evening, their meetings have become more and more frequent. He permits her to sleep in his bed when previously he had thrown her out in a post-coital daze as soon as he was done with her.

She thinks she is growing on him. She hopes so, anyway.

Somehow he has become Him in her mind. She does not think Him a god, but He has come dangerously close to becoming one. Every evening she spends working, or in attending obligatory Weasley and Potter events, she cannot help but think of Him. She belongs to Him. She is His to play with, His to punish and to torment. She knows that their relationship is far from healthy in the traditional sense.

But is it wrong if they both enjoy it?

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A/N: Thanks again to Soline! We're getting closer to the breaking point... please review :)

## Oh Oh

*Chapter 11 of 17*

*Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!*

*Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh!*

*Caught in a bad romance*

*Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!*

*Oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh!*

*Caught in a bad romance*

*Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah!*

*Roma-Roma-ma-ah!*

*Ga-ga-oooh-la-la!*

*Want your bad romance*

She walks around the office with a happy grin. She whistles while browsing the book shop, sings while cooking her dinner, and dances in the shower. Though no one around her has heard of a boyfriend, she is clearly in love with someone. They would be shocked then to see this someone summon her late at night from her cozy bed, strip her naked, spank her until her ass is red, then fuck her against a wall as she screams.

The next morning she drinks her tea with a secretive smirk.

He cannot and will not become attached to this girl. He has heard her sigh his name in her sleep, and he's seen that dazed, happy look she gives him when she awakes. It causes a strange pain in his chest.

He cannot, will not permit her to snare him with her wiles. He must stop letting her sleep in his bed, he must somehow pry her loose from his tight clutches. He does not want to keep her, and he ignores the voice in his head that says otherwise. He needs to get rid of her, carefully, subtly. Perhaps if he handed her off to someone else who might fulfill her disturbingly dark needs, needs that would frighten him if he were not so depraved.

Now he only needs to raise the idea in the appropriate person's mind...

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A/N: Many thanks to Soline as always, and more is on the way!

## Fashion

Chapter 12 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*Walk, walk fashion baby*

*Work it, move that bitch crazy*

*Walk, walk passion, baby*

*Work it, I'm a free bitch, baby*

"Green, yes. It complements her hair. But don't forget red. Don't sneer at me, it isn't Gryffindor red. Gryffindor is a dull maroon. This is crimson, scarlet, the color of blood."

Lucius shows him the thick shimmering silk ribbon. He cannot object to the rich color. Lucius flicks his wand, and the spool flies to where she is standing, naked and silent with her arms at her side. The thick ribbon winds around her body in a spiral from her ankles to her shoulders, then crosses in a spiral the opposite direction. She is completely immobilized.

"Just for show, of course. You couldn't move her in that, let alone fuck her. But she's pretty to look at nonetheless."

Severus looks at him with hooded eyes. Lucius is a master of understatement, saying she is merely pretty. If Snape were to permit it, he knows Lucius would fuck her six ways from Sunday starting right now.

"Something more painful, Lucius?" he asks. Lucius nods and flicks his wand, the ribbon flying back onto its spool.

"Hmm. The silk did look very bright against her skin. Let me see..." Lucius swirls his wand. A short piece of ribbon detaches and ties itself around her neck, finishing with a small bow.

Next, he puts large silver hoop earrings on her.

"Our motif, Severus, will be hoops, circles. Circles have no beginning and no end." Severus resists the urge to roll his eyes.

Lucius flicks his wand at the neck ribbon, and a small silver hoop appears right above her spine. Lucius takes another length of ribbon and places four hoops on it before tying it tightly around her waist. He pulls the first hoop to the back above the cleft of her buttocks, the second and third to her sides, and the fourth to directly above her belly button.

The hoops are small, but very strong. They won't break. Neither will the ribbon," Lucius notes as he knots a ribbon around each of her wrists, each with a hoop. Once he is satisfied with the knots, he ties a short ribbon from the hoop on each wrist to the hoops that lie on either side. Now she cannot pull her wrists more than a few inches away from her sides.

"You said you forced her to get a clit ring too?" Lucius confirms as he lightly spreads her cunt lips and ties a very thin red ribbon to her clit ring.

"I hardly had to force it on her," Severus says dryly. He refuses to acknowledge the anger simmering in his chest as Lucius touches her.

Lucius smirks as he ties the other end of the ribbon to the hoop above her belly button. The ribbon is pulled tight, tugging on the clit ring.

Next, Lucius takes a thick length of ribbon and ties it to the hoop above her buttocks. The other end of the ribbon is attached to a hoop on a rather large dildo.

"Charmed to stay in place. Top of the line. Can't fall out, can't be pushed out or pulled out - it can only be removed by the spell caster. Ingenious little thing," Lucius remarks as he shoves it up her ass. Hermione whimpers. The ribbon is too short between the dildo and the hoop.

"The dildo swells if you attempt to remove it manually. Since that ribbon is too short, if she moves much it will tug on the ribbon and make the dildo swell. It can get rather large too." He smirks.

"Now the breasts." Lucius smiles, a predatory grin.

He takes out the thin red string from before. Carefully he begins to wrap it around the base of one breast, forcing it to jut out unnaturally. Once the breast is secured and swollen, he repeats the procedure on the other breast. Throughout this operation Hermione keeps unnaturally still. Her eyes are wide like those of a deer in headlights, and her breaths are shallow.

"And now, the grand finale," Lucius says. Taking out the thin red ribbon for the last time, he cuts two long lengths and ties one to each nipple ring. Then he taps his wand so



that the ends of the two ribbons join together and thicken.

"Now you can lead her around by her tits. It will hurt like hell, of course. Oh, I almost forgot." He flicks his wand, and a pair of scarlet high heels appear on her feet.

"Walk, bitch." He sneers, tugging on the ribbon. Tears falling from her eyes, she walks.

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A/N: Oh, Lucius. You pervert. We're getting near the end... please review!

## Don't

Chapter 13 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your love and I want your revenge*

*I want your love, I don't wanna be friends*

*Je veux ton amour et je veux ton revenge*

*Je veux ton amour*

"You might consider visiting Lucius. He's been looking for a new pet," he says one day after fucking her senseless.

She is lying naked on his bed, sweaty and covered in love bites. Blood drains from her face as she realizes what he has said.

"What?" she whispers, hoping she has misheard. Her heart seems to have leapt into her throat and chokes her.

"You've been amusing for a time, but since you've finished paying for all the sins visited upon me, I've become bored. We may stay friends if you like, but I think we're done," he sneers condescendingly and looks away.

He does not want to see her eyes fill with tears. He is doing this for her own good. He ignores the vicious pain in his chest and dismisses it as heartburn from his supper. He ignores the voice in his head screaming, *DON'T SEND HER AWAY*.

"But, sir..." she pleads for a moment, then pauses. Tears are running freely down her face.

She stands up slowly and walks out of the bedroom. He watches her go, keeping an impassive look on his face even as his heart *is only heartburn, a bad dinner, nothing more!*— thumps painfully inside his ribs. After a moment she returns. Her wand is in her hand.

Both of them are perfectly still. He always keeps his wand beside him, but he dares not reach for it, for fear she will suddenly do something rash. The stillness seems to last for hours. Her eyes are unfocused, her breaths coming in gasps as tears continue to trail down her face. Slowly his hand creeps closer towards his wand, moving as imperceptibly as possible.

He knows she is not stupid. The instant his hand touches the wood of his wand, she sweeps her wand in a flourish with many little flicks and intricate loops. It is a complicated spell, but she finishes before he realizes what she has done.

An iron chain has appeared, not tied to his bed but melded into it, a part of the bedpost. The other end of the chain connects to a collar around her neck. When she sees he has his wand ready, she hiccups and falls to the floor at his feet, dropping her wand. After a moment she curls into a ball, gripping her knees close to her naked chest.

Her tears are flowing faster now, and she is sobbing into her knees.

"I want you. Please, don't send me away. I don't want to be friends. Please, master, please, please, don't..." she hiccups. He stares down at her for a moment, the pain in his chest — *not heartburn, no, not heartburn, god help me, no, not again*— intensifying with every sobbing, gasping breath she takes.

God help him, for no one else can. He *wants* this strange, demented, bad romance.

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A/N: Only three chapters left! Thanks to the lovely Soline once again; this chapter especially needed her wonderful guidance.

## Friends

Chapter 14 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for

*I don't wanna be friends*

*No, I don't wanna be friends*

*I don't wanna be friends*

*Want your bad romance*

*Want your bad romance*

"Why do you do this?" he asks. She is kneeling in her usual position in his hall, wearing her usual garment. He can see the marks he has left on her, the myriad of bruises, cuts, and little scars.

"I thought you needed it," she answers, just as quietly, but with a gentleness that his voice lacks.

"No one ever stood up for you. You suffered; you suffered a great deal. You had no outlet. Blasting rose bushes didn't help. I thought if I gave myself to you... you might heal. I thought it would help." The last sentence is spoken in a whisper he can barely hear.

"And you?" he asks, a slight sneer returning to his voice. "You were wet, every time. Did you think to use me for your sick fantasies?"

She recoils from his words as if from a blow.

"No," he continues, voice gentle. "I was not the only one who needed this. I've Legilimensed you while you sleep. I started some time ago it was just another violation of you, and I enjoyed it. You suffered too. So much guilt... so much pain and self-loathing." He pauses for a moment, an ugly look on his face.

"You came to me because you wanted to help me, and because you thought I would hurt you. I did. I hurt you more than you should have allowed, more than you should have enjoyed. I whipped you, cut you, chained you up like a dog. I subjected you to fire and to ice, to needles and to belts. And you took it all as though I was giving you a *gift*." The disgust in his voice is palpable.

"But no more," he says, shaking his head. She looks up at him, eyes wide.

He reaches down and unlocks her collar. Next he unties the ribbon, and gently removes all the chains that she has worn so often. Now she is naked but for the rings on her nipples and clit hood. These cannot be removed, for the charm he used to attach them was permanent. He looks at them with remorse.

"I am sorry," he whispers, taking off his cloak and wrapping it around her. She clutches at it, shell-shocked. He grips her by the elbows and raises her to her feet. Her eyes are still slightly vacant, as though she has not grasped this new reality.

He stands in front of her, waiting for a while. She is silent for long minutes as her eyes slowly come into focus. She bites her lip, and he knows her brain is now going a million miles a minute as it used to during his classes.

"Severus."

He is startled but pleased by her use of his name. She has never called him by his name before. She wraps the cloak around her nakedness and sits down upon the chair next to his cloak rack.

"I... I came to you because I wanted to help you. I felt guilty. I made many mistakes, mistakes no one ever reprimanded me for. I broke dozens of school rules, I was reckless, I endangered the lives of others. Sometimes there were good reasons, but... I did feel guilty. I felt as though I needed to be punished. My parents..." She pauses, her breath hitching.

"They don't remember me. I was able to restore all their memories but their memory of me. The charm I placed on them was too strong. I had meant to keep them safe, but I stole their daughter from them. They will never be the same.

"I told Harry, and Ron, and so many others... and they all told me was that I was a good daughter, that I had done what was necessary. But I..."

Tears are running down her cheeks, and he kneels beside her, enfolding her in his arms as she sobs. He strokes her hair gently, rather than gripping it tight as was his wont. After a few minutes her sobs subside and she pulls away from him, rubbing the tears from her eyes.

"I was raised Catholic. I went to confession with a priest I later Obliviated, but all the Hail Marys and Our Fathers didn't heal my guilt. When you hurt me, I felt as though I was being forgiven. And yes, I did enjoy it. I don't know why." Her voice is now a little stronger.

"I suppose it was hardly the healthiest thing to do... I was anorexic for a while. When we were on the run we didn't get much food. Afterwards, I ate only the bare minimum I need to function. It was penance. Ron noticed, and he tried to get me to stop. That was partially why we broke off our engagement. He spent over six months trying to help me." Her face is guilty again.

"Ron took me to several psychologists, a dietician, even a hypnotist. Nothing worked. I didn't want it to work. I... I treated Ron rather badly. He said he couldn't bear to watch me hurt myself so much. I told him I liked the hunger and the pain, and I threw him out." Tears are slowly coursing down her cheeks again. He can tell she misses Weasley, and he feels guilty for forbidding contact.

"I came to you a week later. I wanted more pain. You were always cruel in our school days the only professor who didn't spoil me. You reeked of bitterness and hate. I wanted to help you. I didn't much think of it helping me as well I just wanted the pain. I loved the pain."

"After I came to you, I started eating again. Not binging or anything, just eating healthily. Remember the first night you made me atone for Dumbledore? On my way home I bought the first chocolate I had had since before the War." She smiles a little smile. He has never seen her look so bright.

"It was perfect, in its way. You hurt me, and you felt better. I felt your pain, and I felt better. The pain was glorious. Until... until you showed me to Lucius." She is quiet for a moment.

"I felt so degraded. You used me, yes, and you called me your Mudblood whore. But I never felt like a whore until Lucius. He didn't need me as you did, he only wanted to hurt me for fun. It was humiliating, and frightening, and wrong. And you watched as he played with me. You wouldn't let him fuck me, but his eyes were so cruel. You never looked at me the way he did. He looked at me and saw just another pet." She pauses, taking a deep breath.

"So much for the insufferable know-it-all who can't keep her mouth shut," she finishes, her voice bitter. She has said more to him in the past few minutes than over the year they have been meeting.

He should be mocking her for her presumptuous psychoanalysis. He should be sneering at her petty woes and self-loathing.

But he understands self-loathing all too well for that.

"Hermione," he says softly.

"I am sorry about Lucius. I have never allowed anyone into my life the way you have been in it of late. I could not allow myself to trust you, let alone keep you. I thought I might hand you off to Lucius. He would have fed your appetite for pain thoroughly." An unpleasant look comes on his face. How thoroughly, she would thankfully never know.

"But when I let him play with you, I felt guilty. You did not look happy, you did not enjoy it. But I told myself it was simply my imagination, that you would get used to him. I tried to push you away. You wouldn't let me," Severus says, his tone almost grateful. Hermione shakes her head before speaking hesitantly.

"No, I wouldn't. I... I needed you. I was angry about Lucius, but, twisted as it is, I still wanted you. Sometimes I even think I might love you. I know I shouldn't, but I think I do." She wrings her hands in her lap, and he reaches out to take one.

"That is fortunate, as I am afraid the feeling is mutual." And as he grasps her hand in his own, she blesses him with the most beautiful smile he has ever seen.

~~~~~

A/N: Though I have invented plenty of not-quite-canon things in this story, I'd like to briefly tell why I made Hermione a Catholic. First, she seems like the type who would be, while not strictly religious, still devout in a quiet way. Normally fanfic has Hermione as a lapsed Church of England member, but I think Catholicism could fit her rather well. According to Wikipedia, "English Catholicism retained its renewed strength throughout the first half of the twentieth century, when it was associated primarily with elements in the English intellectual class and the ethnic Irish population."

Parents who name their daughter after a Shakespeare character would seem to be rather intellectual. I imagine they attended mass irregularly, but with sincerity. Hermione tagged along, overcome by wonder at all the ritual and panoply. She attended masses with her parents during her rare visits home from Hogwarts. When her world fell apart, she tried to find comfort in the church where she and her parents had shared so many hours. Also, as for the anorexia ... she's not been coping well. The time they spent on the run got her used to food deprivation, and continuing made sense to her in a neurotic way.

# Write

Chapter 15 of 17

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*I want your loving*

*And I want your revenge*

*You and me could write a bad romance*

*I want your loving*

*All your love is revenge*

*You and me could write a bad romance*

The following letters are some of those found in the desk of Severus Snape in two piles, one tied with green ribbon, one with gold. After being exhaustively catalogued by his granddaughter, Miss Ariadne Snape, a small selection has been made available from during the courtship of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger. Her upcoming book, *In The Strangest Places*, a collection of real life love stories, is already selling pre-orders at Flourish and Blotts. Miss Ariadne Snape, age 35, is well known for her biographies, including *Harry Potter: Wizard and Warrior*, *Hermione Granger Snape: A Crusading Heart*, *Severus Snape: Fortune's Fool*, and *Albus Dumbledore: The True Story*.

~~~~~

Dear Hermione,

I'm afraid I shall have to cancel tonight. The damn Wolfsbane for St. Mungo's isn't done yet. I had finished it yesterday, but then the idiots owled this morning that they meant to ask for twenty eight flasks, not twenty three. Dolts. Why I should be forced to pay for their incompetence is beyond me.

Never fear though, I shall be done in plenty of time for dinner tomorrow. Do remember, while Lucius is a sex maniac, outside the bedroom (or dungeon) he is a pleasant fellow and quite capable of behaving himself. I've already had a lengthy discussion with him on proper behavior. As he is my only friend, I'd thank you to refrain from hexing him.

Oh, and don't worry. Narcissa won't have any grudge against you. As I told you already, she doesn't mind his philandering ways. She objected for the first few years of their marriage, but then decided it was much more pleasant to permit (and sometimes encourage) affairs than to be in a state of constant exhaustion. Lucius really is insatiable. Pompous oversexed ass.

Yours,

Severus

~~~~~

Dear Severus,

I'd like to apologize again for what I did to your only friend. In my defense, I didn't hex him, and the look he gave me after mentioning how much he regretted I wasn't wearing red was licentious in the extreme. He really looks quite dashing with lime green hair and with neon orange. Has it turned any new colors since I last saw him? Remind me to send George a thank you note for letting me borrow the first batch of Hair Flair candies, and to mention that they dissolve tastelessly in Firewhisky.

You were right about Narcissa, she really is a dear. She was quite friendly and showed me a large album of photos of Draco, Astoria, and little Scorpius. I'm afraid Scorpius will be just as spoiled as his father; Narcissa told me for his birthday she's already gotten him an enormous stuffed dragon, a toy Firebolt, and five boxes of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes products. The poor child is barely two months old! I think she's trying to pay back Draco for being a fussy baby.

I'll see you for dinner tomorrow evening, and then we are going to a Muggle antique shop. I refuse to sit on that damn spindly chair in your sitting room one more time. I don't care how much Bellatrix Lestrangle hated it; that chair has got to go.

Oh, and you left your shampoo in my bathroom. Please find it in the attached package.

Yours, Hermione

~~~~~

Dear Hermione,

When I saw him this morning it was purple with pink stripes. He's cut off half his hair and is in quite a temper. I told him cutting it wouldn't end the spell, but Lucius tends to get a little hasty when his blood is up. He hasn't left the manor since you 'poisoned' him. Suffice to say he no longer wants to get in your knickers. Once he's calmed down he'll probably like you all the better for pulling one over on him.

I am deeply sorry for leaving you with Narcissa. That album gets bigger every year. Almost every damn time I visit, she pulls it out to show me some new photo of Scorpius sitting on a rug blowing spit bubbles, although I must admit it is an improvement on the umpteen photos of Draco and Astoria's wedding, honeymoon, and daily life. I am thankful you find it endearing; I myself loathe that book. It's almost tempting to turn it into ash, but one should never, ever forget that Narcissa Malfoy used to be Narcissa Black. You've not seen her in a temper. I've only seen her in a temper once, and it was an unforgettable experience. You should be very thankful she has her obsessions with fashion, gardening, and children. With practice she might have been fiercer than Bellatrix.

Speaking of Bellatrix, I refuse to get rid of that chair. Every time she came to harp at me, she would sit on that chair. She hated it, and rightly so. Most uncomfortable chair I could find. It shortened her visits considerably. I will, however, consent to be dragged to a Muggle antique shop. I need another bookcase.

That is not my shampoo. Please find it in the attached package.

Yours,

Severus

~~~~~

Dear Severus,

I still don't know how you managed to fit that bookcase into your bedroom, but as a fellow bibliophile, I think you're overdoing it. Thanks so much for buying that lovely new chair as well; it's quite comfortable. Sorry for accidentally breaking the Bellatrix chair; I didn't realize it was so fragile, or I wouldn't have suggested having sex on it.

Narcissa has invited us to tea on Sunday. She was apparently much amused by my little joke. It wore off yesterday, and she said after sulking for a bit Lucius started laughing. I don't think he'd be laughing if he realized how many pictures she took that are now hiding in my desk. She said she wanted me to keep them safe until she manages to find a suitable place for them in her album.

It's an impressive collection. The photos she's sent include not only that lovely purple with pink stripes, but blue polka dot, skunk stripe, a hideous yellow and purple plaid, and a disgusting shade of puce. How on earth she took all these photos I've no idea, but I suspect Malfoy Manor has a collection of secret passages.

I got a letter from Harry this morning. Ginny's given birth to their second, and they've named him Albus Severus. Poor child. I thought James Sirius was bad enough, but apparently not. I do hope they give the next a less dreadful name, as Albus Severus is even worse than Scorpius Hyperion. No sensible person should give a child such awful names.

Harry is vastly curious as to who my mysterious beau is. Since Ron and I split up, he had been rather distant, but we've warmed things back up recently. It's lovely; I really missed Harry, as deficient as he is in baby naming. You'll have to meet him eventually, you know.

That is now your shampoo. Kindly use it.

Yours,

Hermione

~~~~~

Dearest Hermione,

There is no such thing as too many books. As for how I fit it in, do try to remember that helpful little thing we have called magic.

You must have pleased Narcissa because she considers tea on Sunday a great compliment indeed. Please make me copies of those photos post haste; I think I should like to frame them and perhaps send Lucius a few for his birthday. And yes, Malfoy Manor has secret passages everywhere. I explored them on occasion in my younger years while visiting Lucius during holidays. In case you ever need blackmail on him, it might be useful to know that he has no less than three drawers of hair care products.

Of course Potter had no sense when naming his offspring. Even I wouldn't be so cruel as to give a child such a name as that. I'm rather surprised at my inclusion in the naming of his second born, though I suppose I shouldn't be after the fuss he made clearing my name.

I suppose I cannot end your friendship with Potter (undeserving of you as he is), so I will have to congratulate you on its renewal. I don't quite feel up to meeting the cretin yet though; I've a vast amount of brewing to do.

Stop sending me shampoo.

Love,

Severus

~~~~~

Dearest Severus,

I knew that hair couldn't be natural. You should thank me for not mentioning it yesterday; I was tempted. Teasing Lucius is great fun. I was surprised he took my little joke

so well; I had expected him to be grouchy despite what Narcissa said. Disappointingly, he's just as irritatingly handsome with short hair as with long, but George will be thrilled to have a new investor.

I'm rather curious as to what you would name a child. Septimus, perhaps? Or Percival?

Vast amount of brewing my arse, you put your Shrinking Solution in stasis last night so we could have sex on the lab counter. Your standards of caution and cleanliness in the lab have certainly gone down since school. You just don't want to have to put up with Harry, Ginny, and two little boys until you have to. You've had plenty of time; I asked you about this last month, and you begged off because you had "a critical lack of mooncalf dung" and you needed to go gather some. Isn't it surprising that I found you already had a stock at Hogwarts? Git.

Stop sending the shampoo back, dammit!

Love,

Hermione

~~~~~

Dearest Hermione,

Of course it isn't natural, and thank you for not mentioning it. Lucius has no idea how much I know about his secret passages, and I prefer it to stay that way. As for the joke, Lucius does have a sense of humor, however much he appears the lordly aristocrat in public. But then, no longer having to worry about a Dark Lord personally murdering your family does put a spring in one's step.

Of course not. Septimus means seven, an idiotic name for a child. Too reminiscent of Vector anyway, and I never liked her. As for Percival, most certainly not. I refuse to have my child share a name with the most obnoxious Weasley to ever disgrace Gryffindor House. Something like Alexander would be much more sensible.

Minx, it was your idea to instigate inappropriate behavior in the potions lab. If you hadn't been leaning on the counter and licking your lips in that horribly distracting manner, then it wouldn't have happened.

As for the mooncalf dung, fresh is always better than dried. And of course I'm delaying. I may no longer hate Potter, but that doesn't make him less of a pain in the arse.

Cease and desist with the shampoo, witch!

Love,

Severus

P.S. Of course I'm a git. Silly girl.

~~~~~

Dearest Severus,

You seem to be assuming children only come in blue. What girls' names would you think tolerable? I myself like Cordelia, or perhaps Desdemona. I'm also rather fond of Hippolyta. Or maybe Eowyn?

I wasn't coming on to you, I was thirsty! I was about to ask where you had put that flask of pumpkin juice when you pounced on me. Licentious libertine.

Harry is an efficient and well-mannered professional, and you know it. Swallow your animosity for once.

If you keep the shampoo, I'll help you use it...

Love,

Hermione

P.S. I am not silly.

~~~~~

Dearest Hermione,

You've inherited your parents' fondness for Shakespeare, it seems. No child should be named Hippolyta; it's a hideous name. As for Eowyn, I refuse to use a name from some silly fantasy book. In my opinion a girl should be named Helena, but why do you ask? I must confess myself to be a little suspicious.

Stop sending Howlers, woman! I'll meet Potter sometime next week.

Saucy minx, I didn't hear you begging for pumpkin juice, or did I somehow mishear you? And cease your ridiculous love affair with alliteration.

Fine, I'll keep the damnable shampoo, but I expect to see you in my shower post haste.

Love,

Severus Snape

P.S. Of course you are, dearest of Gryffindors.

~~~~~

Dearest Severus,

Don't fret, I'm not pregnant. What would you do if I was? And I'm curious as to how you found out where Eowyn came from.

I've told Harry we'll come to dinner next Friday evening. He's invited Ron and Susan as well, so be warned.

You heard me perfectly well. I believe I said something along the lines of "Severus, please! More, harder, Severus! Lovely... cock... harder... please... Severus!"

Look who's talking about alliteration, you smug Slytherin snake.

By the way, you really should get a bigger shower. Is your back alright?

Love,  
Hermione  
P.S. Apology accepted.

~~~~~

Dearest Hermione,

Minx! I got your letter during Kingsley's visit and made the mistake of reading it. I had to sit through a half hour lecture on the duty of good citizens (and war heroes especially) to attend Ministry functions, all while suffering from a raging erection.

If you were pregnant I would simply do something I've been putting off for the past few weeks. On that subject, would you come over for dinner on Thursday? I found an old Arithmancy text you might enjoy when I was sorting some of my books. As for the name, Minerva enjoys Muggle literature, so I asked her.

Dinner on Friday with Potters and Weasley? And apparently they've dragged in the poor Miss Bones. I had thought she had more sense. She should do well with Mr. Weasley though; he needs a wife of the managing kind.

As for alliteration, I assure you most assertively my acumen is acceptable.

My back is fine; application of pain potion was successful. I do need a bigger shower; you can help me with the appropriate transfiguration when you next visit. And why did you send me a toothbrush and toothpaste?

Love,  
Severus  
P.S. It wasn't an apology.

~~~~~

Dearest Severus,

Serves you right. If you hadn't dodged the last three Ministry balls, he wouldn't have turned up to lecture you.

Susan doesn't manage Ron, I'm sure. She gently and subtly redirects him when necessary. I'm sorry I missed their wedding, but Ron and I still haven't quite patched things up. She's six months pregnant, you know. Harry said the two of them are absolutely batty over each other. I'm pleased turning up with you and seeing Ron alone would have made me feel quite guilty, and he deserves all the happiness in the world.

I'd love to come over on Thursday, but it will have to be a little later in the evening. I have the afternoon off, and I promised Luna I'd go shopping with her. She and Rolf just got back from South America last week. She said they found an entire colony of Nargles. I was afraid to ask, but I'm sure I'll find out soon.

Smug Slytherin show off.

Because I thought you could take a hint. Please, brush your teeth. Your breath is terrible in the morning.

Love,  
Hermione  
P.S. Git.

~~~~~

A/N: Only one chapter left, plus the epilogue. Hope everyone has been enjoying the ride. Thanks as always to Soline.

## Romance

*Chapter 16 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

### ***The Daily Prophet***

#### **Wedding Announcements**

The *Daily Prophet* is please to announce the marriage of

Severus Tobias Snape

And

Hermione Jean Granger

December 15th, 2006

Best Man was Lucius Malfoy

Matron of Honor was Ginevra Potter

**The Daily Prophet**

**Birth Announcements**

*Mr. and Mrs. Severus Snape are pleased to announce the birth of*  
*Alexander Arthur Snape*  
*July 7th, 2007*  
*Seven pounds, six ounces*  
*20 inches long*

~~~~~

*Mr. and Mrs. Severus Snape are pleased to announce the birth of*  
*Helena Athena Snape*  
*October 21st, 2008*  
*Seven pounds, three ounces*  
*18 inches long*

~~~~~

*Mr. and Mrs. Severus Snape are pleased to announce the birth of*  
*Cordelia Diana Snape*  
*November 11th, 2010*  
*Six pounds, nine ounces*  
*19 inches long*

~~~~~

*Mr. and Mrs. Severus Snape are pleased to announce the birth of*  
*Desdemona Ariadne Snape*  
*December 5th, 2011*  
*Eight pounds, two ounces*  
*21 inches long*

~~~~~

*Mr. and Mrs. Severus Snape are pleased to announce the birth of*  
*Sebastian Severus Snape*  
*December 15th, 2012*  
*Eight pounds, five ounces*  
*22 inches long*

~~~~~

*Want your bad romance*  
*Want your bad romance*  
*Want your bad romance*

Side by side they stand. The tall, dark man is by no means handsome. His hair is perhaps less greasy than in the past, his teeth less yellow, though still crooked. His smile is small, but lacks the nastiness that it used to have. The woman is very pretty. Her hair is bushy, but soft, and her face is alight with happiness. They contrast well, his black robes against the white of her dress, her brilliant joy against the subtle warmth in his eyes.

Softly, but firmly they repeat the words uttered by so many over the centuries. They place the rings on each other's fingers, and those in the chapel applaud when they kiss. The blonde best man applauds politely, while the redheaded matron of honor wolf whistles.

The chapel is by no means filled, but there are plenty of people. In the front row sit a wealth of redheads on the bride's side, together with a young man with black hair and green eyes. On the groom's side, a stern woman with square glasses sits beside a blonde woman and her son. Behind them sits a tiny man with fluffy white hair. He shouts hurrah in his little voice as everyone else claps. Beside him a plump woman, for once completely clean of dirt, applauds while smiling cheerfully.

Every face in the crowd is smiling, some more widely than others, true, but smiling none the less. The blonde young man on the groom's side is smirking, and a few of the smiles among the redheads are a tad forced, but they are smiles.

The reception that follows is peaceful and happy. The guests mingle companionably, past disagreements put aside. The groom, while still a little stiff, is polite to all. The bride is radiant. All too soon the cake is cut. The groom offers a bite of cake to the bride. She accepts it, then smiles mischievously as she picks up his piece. His eyes

widen, but he moves a little too slow. The entire crowd gasps with brief fright at the sight of the groom, frosting all over his nose.

His response is quick. With one hand he grabs his bride, with the other scoops up some cake and returns the favor. The guests are amazed at his smile, and the bride laughs companionably before they clean off the cake with their wands.

None of the crowd notice the bride's added glow, nor the very slight curve of her belly. They dance the first dance, a slow waltz. The groom seems reluctant to let go of his bride when the oldest redheaded man comes to ask for a dance, but he lets go of her. It is the least he can do for the man who walked his bride down the aisle.

But as soon as their dance is done, the groom is there, waiting for his bride to be returned to him. She smiles as he sweeps her away. The dancing lasts for an hour or so before the bride and groom stop the music, wish their guests a good evening, then Disapparate.

~~~~~

#### **Seven Months Later (July 2007)**

"Alexander is a lovely name. But I do believe I get to choose the middle name then."

"And?"

"Severus. Alexander Severus Snape."

"No."

"Why not?"

"The initials."

"Oh, no!"

"Indeed."

"Alexander Harry Snape?"

"Woman..."

"Kidding! Hmm. Alexander Arthur?"

"Arthur?"

"He's the closest thing to a father I have anymore."

"Very well."

"Hello, Alexander Arthur. Oh, look at him yawn."

"He's rather small."

"They all are, you know. You've seen James and Al and Scorpius. He'll be bigger before you know it. Anyway, our little Alexander is tall for his age."

"Of course our son is already showing off. I blame you, overachieving Gryffindor."

"Mhmm."

"When you were giving birth, I..."

"I know, Severus. Don't you trust St. Mungo's? I'm fine. You didn't need to frighten my healer with bloody retribution."

"He was being slow."

"Would you like to deliver the next baby?"

"..."

"I didn't think so."

~~~~~

#### **Six Months Later (February, 2008)**

"Is he asleep?"

"Yes. I read to him from *Potions Quarterly*."

"Mm, thank you. I think he'd prefer *Hogwarts, A History*, though."

"He's six months old; he likes both. I think he'll need feeding in a few hours, though."

"Of course he will. Sweet little man. His hair is getting thicker, did you notice?"

"He seems to have grown quite rapidly. Thank God his nose hasn't gotten any bigger yet."

"Your hair, my nose."

"Unfortunate child."

"Shush, you. I have news..."

"Yes?"

"He should have his little brother or sister in about eight months."

"..."



"Well?"

"I didn't know you were related to Molly Weasley."

"Severus, we agreed not to use contraceptives after Alex was born. You did say you wanted at least two. Being an only child is lonely."

"I just didn't expect it so soon."

"But think... in eight months, we'll have another little one."

Then there is silence as he kisses her brow, then her belly.

~~~~~

### **Two Years Later (November 2009)**

"They're so sweet when they sleep. Look at those little faces."

"Despite being related to me, they are handsome children."

"But because they are related to you, they are brilliant. And sneaky. Alex filched back the toy dragon I took away from him. And just imagine, soon they'll be off to Hogwarts."

"Wife, your children are two and one. They won't be at Hogwarts for ages yet."

"Mm. I was thinking..."

"Yes?"

"I'd like more children."

"..."

"Severus, what are you doing with those handcuffs?"

"Making you pregnant."

"Oh. Do continue."

She grins as he drags her out of the nursery and back to their bedroom.

~~~~~

### **Seven Years Later (May 2016)**

"Sebastian Severus Snape, stop that!" Hermione admonishes. The small boy looks up with a smirk before plastering an innocent look on his face.

"Sebastian, you are not allowed to throw bugs at guests." Ten year old Scorpius Malfoy glares from under his blonde mop of hair as Hermione reprimands the unrepentant Sebastian.

"It was Mona's idea." Sebastian mutters. A few feet away, five year old Desdemona Snape shuffles her feet shamefacedly. Her dark, rich curls are pinned up, and her light brown eyes sparkle with mischief.

"Mum, Mum!" Alex yells from across the garden.

"What?" Hermione sighs as she turned toward the shout.

"Cordelia found a snake!" Hermione looks at Astoria Malfoy, who gives her a sympathetic look. Draco shakes his head as Severus stands up.

"All children will return to the table, now!" he shouts. From across the garden come yells as the children run back to their parents. Severus raises an eyebrow as the children assemble, the Snapes in a line from oldest to youngest.

Alexander Snape, age 9, has dirt on his nose. Helena Snape, age 8, has leaves tangled in her long dark brown hair. Beside them stands Cordelia Snape, age 6. Her pale, grinning face is not only covered in dirt, but she is holding a rather distressed looking snake.

Desdemona and Sebastian finish the line, and Scorpius stands off to the side. All of the children are looking at the snake, except Helena, who is looking at her feet.

"Cordelia, where on earth did you find that poor snake?" Hermione asks patiently. Cordelia grins.

"He was in the garden, Mum. I found him when we were playing in the leaf pile." Draco raises an eyebrow.

"It was Helena's idea," Alexander says. Helena promptly sticks out her tongue. Severus notices to his amusement that she is standing as far away from Cordelia and the snake as possible.

"Put him back, please," Hermione says firmly. Cordelia pouts.

"Surely they won't hurt him," Severus says. Cordelia grins again, not seeing her mother roll her eyes at Astoria.

"Put him back, Cordelia." As the children sadly walk back to the leaf pile, Hermione raises an eyebrow at Severus.

"Such a softy in your old age, eh, godfather?" Draco smirks. Severus glares, and Draco quails, but only slightly. It is hard to be terrified of a man who lets his three daughters run all over him.

Suddenly, shouts come from the garden.

"What now?" Severus mutters as all four parents quickly make their way to the back of the yard.

The leaf pile is no longer a pile so much as an explosion. Scorpius and Alexander are wrestling in the leaves while Cordelia and Desdemona shout encouragement. Sebastian watches quietly, while Helena looks as if she very much wants to stop the fight, but has no idea how.

"Take it back!" Alex yells.

"No!" Scorpius yells back.

"Children!" Severus says sternly. Both freeze, then turn to look at their audience. Helena is wringing her hands, and her eyes are slightly red.

"Explain," Severus orders.

"Scorpius said Helena was a scaredy cat, because she jumped when the snake wiggled past her foot," Alex says petulantly.

Severus looks at Helena.

"It licked me, and it tickled, and I don't like snakes!" She sniffles. Severus frowns, and kneels by the unhappy child, wrapping her in his arms.

"Scorpius, apologize to Helena," Draco says sternly.

"Sorry, Helena," Scorpius says, somewhat resentfully.

"Apology accepted," she replies, glaring around her father's hair. The corner of Severus' mouth twitches. Helena sounds very much like her mother.

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## Epilogue

*Chapter 17 of 17*

Climb inside the dark and twisted minds of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, where madness and love vie for dominance

*Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah!*

*Roma-Roma-ma-ah!*

*Ga-ga-ooh-la-la!*

*Want your bad romance*

"Happy birthday, wife," Severus says softly as he closes their bedroom door. She smiles radiantly.

"All of them asleep?" Hermione asks, brushing her hair as she sits at her vanity.

"All but Helena. She's telling her dolls a story," Severus says, rolling his eyes. Hermione smiles.

"Better put up a *Muffliato*, then," she suggests, as Severus smirks.

"Why, are you expecting a loud birthday gift, wife?" Severus asks as he flicks his wand. She smiles and stands up, letting her dressing gown fall to the ground.

She is wearing a black corset with silver laces. Black lace panties and a garter belt with stockings attached complete the outfit. She stands up, and Severus sees she wears black stilettos.

"I found these in the gift-wrapped box on our bed. A little nostalgic for old times, perhaps?" Hermione grins, and Severus' smile is shark-like.

"If you wouldn't mind..." he says, adding an extra silencing ward and locking the door.

Hermione kneels on the floor, placing her arms behind her back before looking up. Her eyes are shining with love and a hint of lust. Severus quickly strides to his closet and after a moment emerges with a little box. Tapping it with his wand, it returns to normal size. From the depths of the box, he brings handcuffs, a gag, a dildo, and a blindfold.

"Tonight, wife," Severus says as he flicks his wand, lighting the candles placed around their bedroom.

"Tonight, I will undo you, just the way you like," he says softly, whispering the words in her ear. His breath is cool against her earlobe, making her tingle as he ties the blindfold across her eyes.

With her vision cut off, her hearing seems magnified. Severus' breathing has sped up slightly. She feels a sudden light brush against her shoulder, then Severus' hot mouth is on her neck, sucking hard. More than ever she is thankful for magic, which makes concealing love bites easy. Though Severus is not so possessive as when they began, he still loves to cover her with little marks of ownership.

He seems to suck on her neck forever before pulling away. Her own breathing has sped up, and she trembles, waiting for Severus' next move. After a moment he brings his mouth back to her, nipping at her shoulder, then at her collar bone. She sighs happily, then gasps as Severus bites her shoulder. She is already wet, and he has barely begun.

Severus smirks to himself as he enjoys the tender flesh of his lovely wife. He no longer desires to hurt her, per se. But he loves to please her, and she loves to please him. Her skin is soft beneath his lips, tongue and teeth. He plants kisses across the top of her back, then up and down her spine. He can feel her shudder at his touch.

Hermione moans as he slowly unlaces the corset, releasing her breasts. Under the corset she wears the nipple clamps that were in the box. Before she gave birth to Alexander, they had finally figured out how to remove the nipple and clit rings, fortunately. He continues to kiss her spine, now able to access the entirety of her back. His hands softly stroke along her ribs, near her breasts but not touching them. She sighs with frustration, and she hears Severus chuckle.

"Such lovely tits you have, dear wife," he says, his words a caress. He still does not touch them, instead lightly sliding his hands up and down her thighs.

"Please, husband," Hermione pleads. He knows exactly what she wants, but he loves to hear her beg.

"Please what, wife?" He kisses the nape of her neck.

"Please, play with my breasts. Please, Severus. Hurt me, a little, please?" Her voice is sweet. Oh, how he loves to hear her beg.

"As you wish, wife. It is your birthday, after all..." he says courteously. Finally he reaches up to close each hand around a breast. She gasps as he rubs gently, massaging her tender breasts. Removing his hands from her breasts, he flicks each clamped nipple. She moans in frustration.

"Such a lovely wife," Severus whispers in her ear, placing his hands very close to her breasts. She can feel their presence, but he does not touch her, yet.

"So lovely. So intelligent, so willing. My little Madonna and whore. Mine," he says possessively.

"Yours, husband," she answers, and he finally grasps each nipple clamp and begins to slowly pull.

Hermione pants as her nipples are inexorably tugged outwards. She gives a little sob as she nears the breaking point. Severus stops pulling and simply holds for a moment. Hermione regulates her breathing and enjoys the sweet and simple pain.

Severus lets go, and she gasps. He removes the clamps, then bends his head to her breast and lightly bites on her nipple.

"All mine," he mutters, pulling away for a moment to fasten the handcuffs around her wrists. Her arms are now behind her back, whether she likes it (oh, she loves it) or not. Hermione hears a rustling and realizes Severus has stood up. A minute later she understands why, as he lightly slaps her lips with his cock. She opens her mouth willingly and begins to suck on the tip.

She likes to tease him, and she only sucks for a moment before letting his cock slip out of her mouth. Instead of sucking, she licks up and down the shaft, treating it like a succulent lollipop. Smiling impishly, she laves his balls with her tongue before sucking them into her mouth. She treats them very gently, rolling them around in her hot mouth, then, with a sigh, lets them pop back out. Now she places kisses around his shaft before finally sucking the head into her mouth again. The entire time Severus has been silent, but now he inhales sharply as she begins to really suck him.

Deep throating did not come easily for Hermione. She has a strong gag reflex despite the dental work she endured as a child. However, when she first came to Severus, he made it clear that she would learn to suppress it. It took her weeks, but after much practice on both bananas and on Severus, she learned how. Still, while she loves sucking his cock, deep throating is painful for her. She only does it on special occasions, or when she really wishes to please Severus.

This is one of those occasions, and she sucks him harder. Her throat constricts around him, and she breathes carefully through her nose, taking him deeper. He groans softly, and she smiles in her head as she sucks.

Despite all her practice, she cannot deep throat for very long. After a few minutes she lets his cock slip out of her mouth again. Now she places her mouth on the shaft and slowly drags her lips upwards, sucking on the side, then licking again. Finally she feels him begin to pulse, and she sucks as hard as she can on the tip. With a hoarse cry he spills into her mouth. As always, she swallows it all and licks her lips.

A few minutes pass. Severus' breathing, ragged while she sucked him, has returned to normal. She feels him kneel in front of her. His knee touches hers, and she realizes he is naked. He lightly strokes her face, running his fingers along her cheek. The gag comes suddenly, and he ties it tightly. The gag isn't really necessary, but she enjoys it.

Now he nibbles on her ear lobe and whispers all the dirty things he has done to her, is doing to her, and will do to her. She is sopping wet as he licks the shell of her ear before nipping her neck again. His hands find her shoulders and massage them gently. She almost wishes she could purr with delight. Now his hands trail down to her breasts, cupping them before raising them slightly so he may bestow a kiss on each rosy nipple.

His hands continue to slide downward, now gripping her waist, now gently pulling apart her thighs. She feels his warm breath on her belly as he lowers his face to her pussy. The panties are crotch less and pose no obstacle to his eager tongue. He slips his tongue inside her slit, his large nose nuzzling her cunt. With one finger he flicks the clit ring, making her moan into the gag.

Her moan encourages him, and he laps at her pussy skillfully. First he slides his tongue up one of her cunt lips, then the other, savoring her taste. He rubs his nose against her clit, making her thighs spasm. Then he slowly slides one finger into her. She is hot, sopping wet and ready. But he will not take her yet. Instead he strokes her with his finger as he licks ever closer to her clit. He blows cool air on her cunt, then suddenly dives in to suck on her clit. She gasps into the gag and her thighs thrash. He holds one thigh down with his hand, letting the other twitch. He slips another finger in, but he knows this is not nearly enough for her.

That being said, he keeps at it, lightly nipping her clit, then sucking it again. He licks it, tugs it lightly with his fingers, and nuzzles it with his nose. All the time he works his fingers into her, grinding, twisting, pumping, until finally it is too much and she shrieks into the gag as she comes. He chooses this moment to withdraw his fingers and pull her to her feet, pushing her back against the wall. She automatically spreads her legs wide, allowing him to plunge into her.

His sudden penetration makes her shriek. Her cunt is sensitive, and each thrust is pushing her back towards the brink before she even has time to recover. He thrusts with his entire body, winding his hips to change the angle and make her gasp. One hand presses her against the wall as another slips between their bodies to rub circles on her already tender clit.

Suddenly he stops rubbing her clit for a moment, reaching up to remove the gag. Her moans are louder for a moment before he covers her mouth with his, kissing her deeply. His hand returns to frigging her clit, and his tongue invades her mouth. Her entire body is hot to the touch, as is his. No matter how many times they do this, he never tires of feeling her body bend to his will, then shatter into a thousand pieces. She shrieks into his mouth as she comes, and he keeps fucking her through her orgasm before he comes too, his mouth still pressed to hers.

And then he removes the blindfold, the handcuffs, the stockings and garters and panties. Wrapping her in his arms, he carries her to their bed, and as he lays there spooned around her, he feels her become whole again.

Though he only ever admits it silently, he becomes whole again too.

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A/N: Many thanks to everyone who has been along for the ride! I know ending with lemons is a little cliché, but it felt right. A thousand praises to Soline, who made this story far better than it would have been otherwise.