

The Infinite Kiss

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She watches him sleep. What happens when dawn breaks? Written for this year's wizard_love exchange over on LJ.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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I sit on the bed watching as the cool November rain falls from the leaden sky. I don't mind the weather outside because he is here with me; my lover, my friend, my confidant. I shouldn't be here; it's too dangerous. If we were found out, if the boys knew where I was getting my information from, they would be horrified.

We walk a thin line; one slip and we could be discovered. I am much younger than he is, but to me age is merely a number. I know it bothers him; I see the internal battle he has every time we have our clandestine meetings.

He has not bewitched me; I know what kind of man he is.

He is braver than any other person I know. Yes, he was loyal to the Darkest wizard our world has known, but he turned away from the Darkness. His soul may not be pure, but who can truly claim that they are pure? This is war and war makes people do things they wouldn't necessarily do in an everyday situation.

I watch him as he sleeps, the lines of worry and anger erased from his face. He is not considered beautiful but to me, as he lies next to me sleeping peacefully in the twilight, there is a certain beauty about him. His skin is pale, a side effect of spending the largest majority of his life hiding in the shadows. His nose is large but anything smaller would look out of place.

He is a master of disguise. The multiple layers of clothing he wears hide the true nature of the man. They are his armour against a world standing on the brink of insanity. If the Dark wins there will be no stopping them. There will be no place in this world for witches and wizards like me.

Here in a room hired for one night only, we can forget that the war is escalating. My parents are, for the moment, safe. His are long gone. Here, in the warmth of the room, I can forget that I am wanted merely for being the best friend of the Boy-Who-Lived. Here, I can help him forget that many believe him to be evil to the core. Together we can forget that we play our parts to perfection.

The lines on his face have deepened since May. He didn't want to do what he was commanded to do. He tried to back out, but he knew that his fate was already sealed. Bellatrix is a cunning and manipulative woman; I dislike her intensely. She knew what she was doing when she called him a coward; she knew he'd make the Unbreakable Vow. Once Albus learned of the vow, he added to the pain it caused my lover.

Yes, Albus Dumbledore was a great wizard; he was also a masterful manipulator. He never needed to use an Unforgivable to guarantee my lover's compliance; he just had to whisper *her* name, remind him that it is his fault that she is dead. I doubt Albus even tried to protect the Potters after Severus confessed to telling Riddle about the prophecy. I might even go so far as to suggest, within these four walls only, that he may have encouraged the Potters to change their Secret Keeper. I find it highly unlikely that Albus was unaware that Pettigrew was a Death Eater.

The sun is rising in the sky, chasing away the grey, painting the canvass of the sky with reds and yellows and oranges. Have I really spent the whole night watching him

sleep? I hear the dawn chorus spark to life, and I feel Severus stir next to me. Our time together is almost over. We must resume our roles: he as the hated headmaster of Hogwarts, me as a wanted fugitive.

I lean forward and place a small kiss on his forehead, relieved that he doesn't push me away. Sometimes, when our time is almost at an end, he will turn away when I try to kiss him, not this morning. His hand cups my cheek as he pulls me down again. His lips mesh with mine, stealing my breath. His tongue is eager to taste my lips, seeking entrance which I willingly provide. He tastes bitter, a mix of whisky and strong coffee. I could drown in his kisses; they are fierce and demanding. With his kisses, he divulges all that he cannot articulate with words.

His fingers twine in my hair, pulling me closer, holding me against him. Instinctively my hips buck against him; I am drunk on his love for me.

His free hand moves to cup and caress my breast, his thumb teases my nipple, circling it slowly before he pinches it firmly. A shock of sensation runs from my nipple to my core, awakening my slumbering desire. I whimper as his lips leave mine; I want more of his kisses. My breath hitches as his warm mouth encloses the nipple he has worried to a peak. His tongue soothes as he suckles.

His hand moves to my mound and waits for my consent. I move my hand and lay it upon his, encouraging him to seek my clit. *Need* to feel him, want him so badly. He is my drug; dark, dangerous, addictive.

A whimper passes my lips as his thumb presses against my nub. He rubs it firmly, my fingers still twined with his. Slowly he teases, stoking the fire of my desire. The knot in my stomach twists and twines around itself, my hips have a mind of their own, bucking as they do against him.

His breathing is becoming laboured. I can sense that he is almost losing control. I release his hand and gently trace my fingers between his thighs. He groans as my fingertips dance against his balls before moving up the thick vein on the underside of his awakening cock. I smile down at him as my fingers wrap around his hardened length. His eyes burn with desire; he wants me. It is a powerful thing when I know that someone wants me as much as I want him. It stirs me. He is mine just as I am his. I will do anything to protect him.

I capture his lips once more with a fierce kiss as my hand begins to move up and down his rigid length; I twist slightly as I approach the head. I know that he loves it when I do that.

With a growl he pounces like an unleashed wild cat, pushing me onto my back, situating himself between my thighs. *want* him, *I need* him. He thrusts against me, his cock trapped between us, leaving a smear of pre-come on my lower belly. He lifts himself up and positions himself at my entrance. With a powerful thrust he is inside me, filling me completely. He stills, locking my eyes with his.

"Merlin, Hermione, you feel so damn good," he whispers, leaning forward and nibbling the outer shell of my ear.

I wish he would move.

He withdraws before thrusting back into me, stealing my breath before once more drawing back slowly. This time as he thrusts I rise to meet him, eliciting a feral growl from his lips, and thus the rhythm for our coupling is set.

Our breathing is reduced to harsh pants as we encourage one another with breathless moans and whispered praise to whichever deity will listen. The pace is frantic now, I feel ready to explode, and the knot in my belly is wound like a tight spring. Severus senses that my climax is close and begins to thrust into me like a man possessed, a look of hunger in his eyes as though he is a starved man at a banquet.

As he thrusts deep within me, white light flashes before my eyes, and I feel myself shatter into a million tiny fragments. The only sense that remains coherent is touch. My inner walls spasm and clench at his hardness. He leans forward, sinking his teeth into the juncture of my neck and shoulders, muffling his cry of completion as he spills himself within me. He thrusts into me once, twice more before collapsing onto his elbows, placing delicate kisses on my bare shoulders, soothing the mark he left moments earlier.

I am suffused with a sense of power. I am the only one privy to his loss of control. I am the one to whom he chooses to expose himself completely.

Here and now I make a silent vow, I will do everything I can to help him survive the madness that approaches. I will do everything I can to make sure that everyone knows what a brave man my lover is.

"Merlin, Hermione, you are a Succubus sent by my enemies to bewitch me."

"And you, my love, are an Incubus," I tease as I pull him into another searing kiss.

I know the sun climbs higher with each passing minute, but it is still early; the boys will not wake for another hour at least. Sated, we fall into the welcoming arms of Morpheus for a short while at least.

Anti-Litigation chant: I don't own the Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention. No money is made from this amateur work, nor is any required.

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