

# What Would You Wish For?

*by laurielove*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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This story was written as a birthday present for a friend and continues the birthday theme ... lucky Hermione, is all I can say! Wish I had presents like this ...



"Hey, birthday girl!"

Hermione turned abruptly to see Ginny running breathlessly down the corridor, a broad grin on her open face.

The youngest Weasley caught up with her friend and embraced her warmly.

"Nineteen! You're old enough to have to start behaving yourself now!" she grinned mischievously.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Don't! Believe me, I'm feeling even older than that." She glanced around, her mouth in a tense straight line. "And I certainly cannot believe I am still a student here."

"Just put up with it for another year. You know you wouldn't have been able to live with yourself if you hadn't come back to finish your NEWTs."

"Well, that's certainly how I thought I'd feel. But after all I went through, Ginny ..." She glanced at her friend, an almost apologetic frown on her face. "... You know as well as anyone how having to tow the line is proving very difficult."

Ginny linked her arm in Hermione's and led her down the corridor. "Oh, never mind all that now; it's your birthday! Now look, after Potions you will make sure you come back to the Common Room, won't you?"

Hermione glanced at her suspiciously, prompting a laugh from Ginny.

"Far be it from me to spoil any surprise, but knowing you you'll take yourself off to the library or something. And let's just say it would be really, *really* nice for us all if you could be in the Common Room at five o'clock."

Hermione frowned. "I hope you haven't gone to too much trouble. I'm not that bothered, to be honest. It would be nice just to have a quiet night with one or two good friends."

Ginny smirked. "I don't know what you're talking about! Anyway, you've got Potions first. Focus your mind - or face the wrath of Snape!"

Hermione sighed. "Not sure I'm in the mood for healing potions."

"Me neither. Especially with Professor Charm Bypass!"

Hermione threw Ginny a sideways smirk. "He's not that bad, you know. After all he went through ... it's amazing he's alive."

"Yeah, but shame his brush with death didn't improve his *joie de vivre*, or rather lack of it. As far as I'm concerned, he's the same miserable git he always was."

"I'm sure it's a defence mechanism. His exertion of control is his way of feeling comfortable and secure."

"Bloody hell, Mione! What are you - his therapist!"

Hermione smiled. "Never mind. Come on - Professor Charm Bypass is waiting."

Opening the door to the Potions classroom, she led them in.

She and Ginny settled themselves near the front. Tom Harling, a final-year Gryffindor, arrived shortly after them and came over to Hermione, clutching an envelope.

"Hi, Hermione. Heard it was your birthday. Here you go."

"Thanks, Tom. It's really sweet of you to do this." Hermione took the card he held out. Opening it, she cast her eyes over the lame and predictable joke on the inscription and exaggerated her laugh so as not to offend. "That's brilliant. Thank you so much." As Tom turned away, she placed the card flat on the edge of the table.

Just then a tall figure in billowing black robes swept rapidly past her, the swell of air blown up as he passed causing the card to fall to the floor.

Severus Snape spun around and folded his arms before him in the same way he had done for as long as Hermione could remember. His eyes fell on the object lying on the slate tiles.

"Miss Granger. Kindly remove your personal effects from the floor of my classroom. I had not realised that cheap cardboard tat was on the equipment list for advanced potions."

A flush spread over Hermione's cheeks. A part of her flared in indignant anger over his words, but still she bent to retrieve the card and heard herself speaking apologetically. "Sorry, sir. It has only just been given to me."

"Why is that?"

"Well, it's ... a ... it's my ..."

She stopped and glanced at him, willing him to move on and not insist on a full response. His black eyes stared hard into her. She felt her mouth running dry and opened it again as if to speak. His eyebrows jerked up, clearly expecting an explanation. She could not form the words.

"It's your ... *what?*"

She held his gaze. "It's my birthday."

"And how is that supposed to have any bearing on my lesson?"

"It's not."

"Exactly. Now - remove that thing and place it far from my sight. You are taking your NEWTs this year, Miss Granger. I expect your full attention at every moment of my lessons, from beginning to end."

"Of course, sir."

*Why was she being so deferential?* She cursed her conformity, but still recognised her innate desire to please this man. Hermione glanced at him again. He was staring straight back at her and continued to do so for a moment longer than she would have anticipated. Her breath caught oddly in her chest before he spun around to launch into his lecture.

While brewing their potions, Ginny leaned into Hermione to discuss her birthday. Ron, despite them no longer being romantically involved, remained a great friend and had sent her a small potions bottle she could wear on a chain around her neck. Harry had found a book of medieval masking spells which had all but died out. Hermione could not help but extol the delights of her gifts to her friend. She was in the middle of describing the exact spells needed to render one ancient charm effective when a large, strong hand was thrown down on her table.

"Miss Granger."

She jumped. Professor Snape was leaning over her, his dark eyes flashing with muted anger at her inattention. She pulled in a sharp breath and smelt him, thick and deep and darkly spiced; it wasn't only the shock of his sudden presence which made her reel.

"I think I made it perfectly clear that I desired your full attention at all times. You disappoint me. Birthday or no birthday, Miss Granger, you do not neglect your studies, particularly in my lessons. Seeing as you do not wish to give this topic your full attention now, you are to stay behind for an hour after class and write me an essay on this week's notes."

Hermione's mouth dropped open.

"But, sir! Hermione needs to be in the Common Room then. We were ..."

"Silence, Miss Weasley! Unless you want to keep your friend company this afternoon."

Ginny shook her head in frustration but bit her lip.

They continued the class in silence. Hermione occasionally glanced up at her professor as he prowled slowly around his domain.

His attitude had irked her momentarily, but she found herself remarkably unfazed or perturbed. She was more confused that he seemed so easily to exert control over her, rather than annoyed that she had to stay behind. If truth be told, she had no desire to have a big party, surprise or otherwise. Contraband alcohol would most likely be

smuggled in, and students too young to know better would over-indulge as usual. She couldn't bear the thought of it and dreaded the inevitable need to feel responsible for those younger than her. After all she had experienced, getting drunk because 'that's what all your friends did' held no charm for her whatsoever.

The Potions' Master came and stood at the table adjacent to hers, his low tones instructing another student how to remedy their 'abysmal and paltry attempts to impress'. She smirked. *He certainly had a way with words.* She liked listening to his voice. It was to the ears rather like a fine wine was to the tongue.

Just then he turned swiftly and caught her looking up at him, the slight smile still on her lips. She flushed red again. His eyebrows darted up in enquiry.

"Miss Granger?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Is there something you require?"

"No, sir."

"Assistance, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Of course not. How foolish of me," he sneered. "The great Gryffindor know-it-all asking for help. What a ludicrous notion." Hermione tensed. He had at last succeeded in incurring her anger. Her nostrils flared. Her professor looked down at her with a smirk. His eyes moved to her cauldron before shifting back to her. Her breathing grew deeper. "Be careful, Miss Granger. Pride comes before a fall."

With a deepening of the smirk, he turned and paced to the front of the class. Hermione frowned, her heart beating fast *Had she made a mistake in preparing the potion?* His studying of her cauldron had implied perhaps she had. She checked through the list of ingredients and stirred it rapidly again, checking the temperature and texture.

"Time to put your woeful efforts to the test! Miss Granger you first."

She jumped again. Had he seen something she hadn't? Did he intend to make a fool of her in front of her classmates?

"Do not delay, Miss Granger. Bring a sample of your potion to the front."

Coming to her senses, she poured some of the dark liquid into a vial and walked as confidently as she could towards him. He watched her every step. Hermione hesitated. How was he intending to test it? This was a wound-healing potion; it required a wound.

Her professor stared down at her, his eyes alight in the glow of the candles. Then, with a sharp intake of breath he undid the tight buttons of one black sleeve and pulled it up, revealing his forearm. Hermione stared at the pale flesh he had exposed, taut and sinewy, the fine dark hairs lying smoothly over the shifting muscles.

Before she could anticipate it, he had picked up a long knife from his table and brought the tip to rest on his flesh. She looked with wide-eyed alarm into his eyes. Snape stared back at her for a heartbeat, a spark igniting within his black irises. Hermione rapidly turned her gaze back to the knife again. Without the slightest flinch, he drew the blade along his arm, creating a gash some three inches long. The students gasped as deep red blood seeped immediately from the wound, running in relentless passionate streams down his white skin.

Hermione inhaled audibly and tightened the grip on her bottle.

"Like I said, Miss Granger, do not delay."

Splatters of his blood fell onto the slate floor. Hermione gripped the vial in trembling fingers but brought it up quickly, holding it poised above the angry crimson line. With a frown of concentration, she tilted it, allowing it to pour in measured amounts along the wound. She knew it would hurt. She glanced at her professor, noticing only the slightest tensing of his sharp features. At that point he turned his own eyes to hers. Gone was the cold emptiness they had always seemed to contain. Now, quite openly, she read respect: respect and admiration.

She glanced quickly down to the wound. It had vanished healed and sealed impeccably.

Hermione released the deepest sigh of relief. She only then realised she had been holding her breath.

Allowing herself a small smile, she looked back up at her teacher. His eyes had become hollow once again. Her smile was erased.

"That appears to have been efficacious. It seems my instruction works even for those who consider themselves above the benefits of teaching."

If he was trying to dent her pride, she did not allow it. She knew from that brief look of appreciation as the potion had worked its deep magic on him that he was grateful for her skill. The rest of the students had to test their potions by pricking their own fingers. Hermione knew he would never have entrusted them to try theirs on him.

The class ended. Ginny muttered disconsolately about Hermione having to stay behind, causing her friend to grin reassuringly. "Don't worry. I really don't want some great big celebration. Please. But I promise I'll be up as soon as I can."

Ginny sighed. "Don't let him be too harsh on you."

"Go on. It's only an hour. I'll be up soon."

"See you later then." And with that Ginny left Hermione alone with her Potions Master.

Snape had returned to his desk and was now sitting at it, writing fluidly over a parchment. He did not look up.

"Sit, Miss Granger. You know what to do. I suggest you get on with it."

"Is your arm alright now, sir?"

"It appears to be."

"Why didn't you let the other students test theirs in the same way?"

"There would not have been time."

"It was rather a dramatic way of going about things, wasn't it?"

"You have nearly wasted two minutes already, Miss Granger. Unless you want to stay here all night, it may be wise to ..*shut up.*"

"Very well, sir."

But again, it was not annoyance which swelled in Hermione, but wry amusement and curiosity. She sat down and withdrew her quill and parchment, but her eyes remained

drawn to her teacher. He was concentrating intently on his writing and she could sense the workings of his remarkable mind. At one point his hand came up to run through his dark hair. It fell back over his face, glistening in the candlelight. She had been wrong; it was not greasy, certainly not today, but was burnished with an almost blue sheen.

He lifted his head and she met with the darkly hypnotic gaze which had been tormenting her all lesson. For a time, he simply stared at her. Hermione swallowed hard. The nature of her feelings for this man suddenly and staggeringly fell into place.

*She desired him*

"Miss Granger. Yet again you allow yourself to be distracted. It is almost as if you are looking for ways to prolong your time here."

Hermione sucked in a breath and lowered her head.

Luckily for her, she was a woman, and a remarkably intelligent one at that; the expression 'multi-tasking' could have been invented for her. Despite her mind now being dominated by the realisation that she fancied the pants off the man currently sitting only a few feet from her in an otherwise deserted room, she managed to produce an essay of significant depth and insight. But as time ticked by, the air grew thicker and heavier about her. His presence seemed to burn across from her, his aroma, reaching her senses in intermittent wafts, further confirming her sudden need.

When at last an hour had passed and she had completed her task, she glanced up. His hand continued to write over the parchment, strong, long fingers gripping the quill, the nails neat and trimmed. He had the most beautiful hands she had ever seen.

"Professor Snape. I've finished, sir."

With cold deliberation, he eventually raised his head and placed his quill down. Pushing back his chair, he approached her with languid steadiness, each step causing her heart to beat faster and her breath to hitch.

He held out his hand for her essay and she placed it in his outstretched palm. Her professor's eyes scanned the words rapidly and in no time at all he passed his judgement. "That would appear to be ... adequate."

He raised his hand and her parchment curled itself into a scroll and floated over to rest on his desk.

Snape remained before her, staring down with arms crossed. She swallowed hard. He was tall, his presence looming so tangible before her she was almost compelled to touch him. She clenched her fists behind her, willing herself not to.

"Shall I go now, sir?"

"You have completed your task, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well then, why should there be any reason for you to remain?"

"I ... don't know, sir. I just ... wondered ..."

"On today of all days, Miss Granger, I would have thought you could not wait to escape the claustrophobic oppression of the Potions classroom. After all, your friends have prepared a little ... surprise for you, have they not?"

"I'm not really supposed to know about it."

"That is generally why it is called a surprise."

She exhaled a laugh and dropped her head. "I don't really want to go."

"Don't you?" His voice was still that deep, smooth honey she now found herself craving, but it had lost all the sardonic bite it normally contained. "And what would you rather be doing?"

She shrugged a little, her cheeks reddening and her eyes dropping. He seemed to be standing remarkably close to her.

"You are a curious thing, I confess, Miss Granger. It is your birthday and yet you find yourself alone in your professor's classroom conversing with him."

"Well ... I'm not like all the rest."

"Hmm you most certainly are not."

*Surely he was yet closer to her* He filled her senses almost overwhelmingly. Hermione found herself drawing short, sharp breaths. His voice had dropped again. He was so close to her that he could pour it into her ear in intimate whispers.

"Tell me, Miss Granger. Did you receive many cards?"

"Quite a lot." She could barely speak.

"And presents?"

"A few."

"Did you expect them?"

"There are some people who I know will always give me something."

"And your teachers? Do they ever give you anything?"

"One or two ... this year ... because ..."

"Because what?"

"Because it's my last year ..."

"I haven't given you anything."

"No."

"Does that disappoint you?"

She shook her head. He was leaning so close into her she could feel his breath on her cheek: a soft, sweet caress of warm air. She could see every indentation of his lips, see herself reflected in the black of his eyes. She had never wanted anything so much. If he didn't touch her she feared she would faint. He continued, ever closer, his words yet more rich and honeyed.

"If I were to give you something, Miss Granger, what would you wish for?"

Her eyes darted to his. She could not ignore the truth as it was, so obvious and clear to them both. She could hardly pull in enough oxygen to keep her upright.

"Miss Granger ... what would you like from me?"

"I would like ..."

"Yes ...?"

Her eyes closed briefly. She could feel the regular fall of his breath on her face, he was now so close.

"Say it, Miss Granger. *Say it.*"

She pulled her eyes open again and spoke: the whispered truth.

"A kiss."

His eyebrows rose up quizzically, but he did not move away.

"What was that?"

"Kiss ... please ... please, *kiss me.*"

His mouth turned up at the corners for a mere moment and slowly, so slowly, he lowered his head to hers.

His lips touched hers, warm and enticing. And it was good. And right.

Hermione did not move at first, simply rejoiced in the charge flowing between them. But then she felt long fingers in her hair, their hot touch moving over her scalp, turning her head a little. She opened her mouth, breathing her hot sweetness into him. He responded by moving his lips over hers, hard and searching.

Their mouths joined, increasingly urgently, lips rubbing hard over each other, teeth leaving sharp marks of possession. Hermione gave him her tongue and he took it, pulling it into his mouth, tasting and teasing it with his own. Hermione groaned against him and pushed the length of her body along his, her own fingers tangling in the dense mass of his hair.

He had her captured between her desk and his body, its strong agile sinews pressing desperately against her. She could feel him, hard, ready, searching her out.

But his fingers moved first, firm and questing, reaching up under her skirt and down into the waistband of her tights, pulling them down roughly. His fingers slipped into her knickers and immediately she cried out with joyous surprise. She pressed hard down and was rewarded as two strong digits pushed up into her wet heat, causing another cry to erupt from her.

His mouth broke free from hers, dragging to her ear.

"One kiss is clearly not enough, Miss Granger. More ... you want more ... the question is ... how much?"

"You. I want you. I want all of you."

"Well," he drawled, teeth nipping remarkably sharply down her neck, "it is, after all, your birthday ..."

With that, she was picked up and placed on the desk.

Hermione's head was thrown back. Her legs fell apart, unthinking and unaware. His hand returned between them.

"What a deliciously wet witch you are, Miss Granger." Snape grunted as he further explored his new discovery, coaxing her to emit deeper groans of pleasure and longing.

Hermione kicked off her shoes and tights while pulling him hard against her, searching once again for his mouth. He gave it to her, at once devouring her lust and recreating it. Long fingers slipped out of her sodden snatch and slackened, stroking in languid circles around her clit, teasing it, finding it, feeling it. Hermione's breath caught. She forced her eyes open to look at him. His were as dark and inscrutable as ever, his mouth set straight. He may as well have been inspecting her latest brew, but as his fingers rubbed with delicious accuracy over her tight kernel of flesh, she knew he was hers.

She bit hard on her lip, desperate for pleasure to flood her. Her eyes glazed, her breathing shallowed.

"Do you want to come?" he asked in measured tones.

She could only nod.

"I didn't hear you." His fingers had stopped their skilled strokes for a moment.

She groaned. "Yes! Yes, please, please, make me come now. I have to. I have to come."

With the faintest of smirks, he pushed three fingers deep inside, strumming upon that perfect spot, gathering up her ever-growing desire before sweeping up and running hard over her clit again. And again and again, not stopping now. He grabbed her chin and held her eyes into his.

"Come then, witch. Come for me."

And she did. With a heaving grunt of release, Hermione shook upon his fingers, flexing her own hard into his shoulders. He hissed as he saw and felt the pleasure capture her. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her mouth hung open uselessly to expel the groan from her delirious body.

When she had at last stilled, without removing his fingers, he leaned in and planted the most tender of kisses on her swollen lips.

She smiled against him. "Thank you."

He was murmuring in her ear, his hot breath tantalising her yet again. "I haven't finished yet."

Snape stepped back and let his robes fall from his shoulders, revealing the black frock coat beneath. Hermione smirked. *He did look so damn fine in it.* Now that she dared admit it to herself, she realised she'd thought so for longer than she probably should have. He reached up to undo the many buttons. It was too tempting for Hermione. She slid off the desk and approached him, pushing his hands away gently.

"No. My turn."

Severus did not stop her. He simply looked down as she undid each black button in turn, revealing the crisp white shirt beneath little by little.

"Did you lock and silence the room?" she whispered, a sudden teasing confidence in her voice.

"Of course." His words were gruff, almost forced out. He was clearly struggling to focus. "Are you ... protected?"

"Naturally. Magical and Muggle methods, if you really must know. Your mind can be doubley at rest." She had reached the bottom of the coat and ran her hands lightly over the bulge at his groin before slipping the heavy garment off his shoulders. Then she raised her eyes, aglow with desire, and undid the buttons concealing his erection. Slipping her hand inside, she came against the thick, rigid flesh. It danced upon her fingertips immediately. Hermione could not prevent her eyes widening. The object she held in her hands was broader and longer than any she had previously encountered.

Not that it deterred her. After bringing her hand to her mouth, she replaced it on his cock and began a smooth rhythm, rubbing and plying the flesh with firm conviction, aided by her own slick saliva. The man leaning into her groaned appreciatively. "Don't stop that, don't stop that ... Hermione, don't stop ..." He said her name with such tender need that her heart leapt and her belly cried out. She leaned up, reaching towards him to capture his mouth again. He gave it to her, his tongue questing deep inside.

Severus pulled his fingers reluctantly away from Hermione to undo his belt and buttons as he kicked off his shoes. She helped him push his trousers off firmly and soon he stood before her in nothing but his shirt tails.

Positioning himself between her legs, he reached around to pull her backside towards him. Hermione gasped in expected fulfilment. But Snape brought up a strong hand and gripped her chin instead, looking deep into her eyes.

"I have watched you, witch. I have watched and I have waited. And I have desired you. And now ..." His eyes softened, as did the grip on her chin, and his gaze instead took in her reddened cheeks, her parted lips, swollen with desire. "I can wait no longer."

"Take me. I don't want anyone else. You are all I want."

She caught the flash of acceptance, the spark of revelation in the depths of the black irises. Hermione drew her legs up around him, prompting him to move.

Now Snape did not hesitate. With one hand on her shoulder and the other still gripping her rump, he thrust hard and deep into her.

"Oh my god!" Hermione could not help the expression of shocked delight escaping her.

The man now within her stifled a moan as his cock found immediate gratification in the rich heat of this immaculate woman.

She turned her eyes to his, and a smile of such breadth and openness broke over her face it brought him as much pleasure as her body sheathed around him. And then he started to move. Pulling out until his cock clung precariously to its cocoon, then thrusting forward with remarkable force, he began to propel himself in and out of her with regular fluidity.

Hermione drew her arms around him and held him as close to her as she could. "I've wanted this for so long, but I didn't know ... I didn't know ..."

"You know now, don't you?" His voice fell as deep into her as his cock. He was inside her to the hilt.

"Yes, yes ... that is so good, so good."

He slackened the grip on her shoulder a little. "Lean back." It was a hoarse whisper, but delivered with such erotic potency that Hermione found herself arching her back as instructed, opening her body to him. His hands now ran up and down her torso, his fingers plucking her nipples as they brushed against them. All the while his cock continued to plough into her, filling her so profoundly her body knew it was complete.

As his fingers squeezed and plied the nipples, shots of exquisite agony darted and flashed through her, igniting her clit yet more. And soon it was rewarded as a hand dropped and circled it, hard then tender, rough then sweet. She moaned: long, unawares.

"I'm coming again. You are too much. You are too good. I'm coming ..."

He stopped abruptly, denying her the release which was poised to cascade through her. Hermione tore back her head and groaned in thwarted rapture.

"No! I want you to see and feel all you do to me. I want you to let me come into you first, I want you to know what you do to me, witch."

She frowned with wonder. Biting her lip to try to stem her pleasure, she nodded, running a hand down his angular face. She clenched her pussy hard upon him and he caught his breath sharply.

Gripping her arse again, he pulled out slowly, then moved in, one long smooth stroke. He allowed himself the deepest grunt of thick pleasure. Then again, pulling out almost until he fell from her, then that long, slow push back. And again. And again. Faster, faster. His eyes were fixed into hers, his mouth dropped open.

And then he stopped, frozen. Amidst the deepest resonances of his body rose up a sound of pure release. It was so unexpected and alien, yet all at once, to Hermione, it was a noise which was purely and perfectly him. His body tensed, and as the sound released itself in a deep groaning exhortation, so too did his pleasure. He burst deep inside her, spurting once, twice, more than he could tally. His brows furrowed, but he did not look away.

But as soon as he stilled, his pace began again. He was still hard and he thrust again, deep. His hand was at her clit. He rubbed and plucked it, his cock buried inside.

Hermione came, wailing, shuddering, her back arched in what appeared to be a spasm of agony, her muscles taut, her fingers flexed white.

"Oh ... *fuck!*" The word was propelled from her with as much force as her pleasure.

They took a while to still and even longer to contemplate parting. Her head had fallen onto his torso, and he held her gently, stroking her hair with unrecognisable tenderness.

Eventually, he looked down, a warm smile on his face which imparted to him a humanity she had never before glimpsed. He bent down to kiss her. She returned it with the sweetness with which it was bestowed.

"Now, Miss Granger, I believe your friends are waiting for you. Far be it from me to keep you from a celebration."

"I think I am going to be rather distracted from now on."

He smirked, but pulled gently out of her. She flinched with the loss.

"Profe ... Severus?"

He glanced up from redressing.

"Will I see you again?"

His head was down concentrating on his buttons again. "Of course ... you have class tomorrow."

Her heart skipped a beat. "I ... didn't mean that."

He raised himself tall and walked over to her, his eyes dark and unreadable yet again. His voice came to her, as cold as ever before. "Relationships between students and teachers are, as you know, forbidden."

"But ..."

"Really, Miss Granger, what do you take me for?"

Her head fell. Hot tears were prickling her eyes. She tried not to show him.

Then a warm hand was on her chin, lifting it. She raised her eyes to his again, unable to prevent a single tear tumbling onto her cheek. He bent to it and kissed it away then moved his mouth to her ear and imparted his deep goodness straight into her, soft and fluid. "You must come to me ... and I to you ... time and time again ... tomorrow ... and the next day and the next. How can I do without you now? How can I not be inside you? *Hermione* ..."

She sobbed with exultant relief and they kissed. "But how?" she murmured softly.

He was kissing over her face, her hair, any part of her he came across. "There are various ways, but for now, leave your window open at night. Being a former Death Eater has its advantages." His next kiss smothered her burgeoning smile.

When at last they were able to part, she made her way to the door.

"Oh! I almost forgot."

Hermione turned back at his sudden words. He was standing, tall, lean and clad in deepest black in the middle of his room, watching her intently. She thought him magnificent. He allowed his mouth the briefest smirk.

"Happy birthday, Miss Granger."

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Lucky girl. Your comments are always enjoyed. x