

Bitten

by melusin

Post war, Hermione returns to sit her NEWTs to find Professor Snape a changed man. Drabble Series for GS100 Vampire! challenge.

One

Chapter 1 of 3

Post war, Hermione returns to sit her NEWTs to find Professor Snape a changed man. Drabble Series for GS100 Vampire! challenge.

A/N: Thanks as ever to Septentrion for the beta, and thanks to JKR for letting us play in her sandbox.

For the sake of brevity Hermione has returned to Hogwarts, post battle, to take her NEWTs.

'I'm positive he is. No one's that pale.'

'He may be scary, but he's breathing. Look.'

Hermione tried hard to block out the constant bickering from the much younger Gryffindors she was obliged to share the desk with, but even she had her limits.

'Hush, he'll hear you,' Hermione whispered. 'You'll end up in detention for a week.'

'How did he survive, then, if he's not a—you know?'

Carefully, Hermione extinguished the flame under her cauldron and wiped the stirring rod with a cloth. 'Rumour has it—'

'Miss Granger,' said a raspy voice behind her. 'See me after class.'

~*~

Hermione found herself on the wrong end of Snape's wand the second the door closed.

'How long have you known?' she asked, unperturbed.

'I've encountered enough Dark creatures in my lifetime to know one when I see one,' Snape replied. 'Besides, my Mark has been throbbing with unabashed glee every time I cast eyes on you and...'. He smirked nastily. '...as far as I can remember, you were never one of the fake tan brigade.'

'Ah. I see.' Hermione's eyes remained fixed on the wand. 'I don't suppose there's much point in appealing to your better nature, then, is there?'

~*~

'Tell me,' he barked. 'What idiot let you back here?'

She stared a moment at the ruin of the man trying to intimidate her. How anyone could think he was like her was frankly ridiculous, if not insulting, when even the most short-sighted of Hufflepuffs should be able to spot he was on a downward spiral towards an untimely death. He was diseased; his blood stank of Nagini's venom. Hermione wrinkled her nose in distaste.

'Minerva thought I deserved the chance after everything I'd been through.'

'I might have guessed.' With a long suffering sigh, Snape let his wand drop.

~ * ~

'Thank you,' said Hermione. The wand had been a futile gesture, and they both knew it. 'Look, I mean you no harm, Professor Snape. All I want is to sit my N.E.W.Ts in peace, after which I shall disappear from the wizarding community, never to be seen again, and apply my knowledge to medical research like I've always intended. Until, that is, such time as I eventually get bored with eternity and step out into the sun like everyone else does.'

'How... noble,' he sneered. 'But you are nonetheless a blood-sucking predator—a monster, in a school full of children.'

'And you are a man with sexual urges,' Hermione retorted, smiling slightly. 'Does that make you a serial rapist?'

'That is hardly the same thing.'

'Isn't it? I'm as capable as you of controlling my basest instincts. I've never killed, and I don't intend starting now.' She moved a step closer. 'I raid Muggle hospitals for blood. That quells the hunger so I've no need to hunt.'

Severus' raised eyebrow spoke volumes. 'And your Sire allows all this... altruism?'

'He is no more,' Hermione replied with a shrug. 'Harry staked him before he had the chance to... teach me otherwise.'

~ * ~

'Merlin,' Severus murmured. 'You never had your first kill.' To his knowledge, this was practically unheard of, and if she'd been taken against her will, her soul was theoretically still intact. He half-turned away to ponder the matter further, mindless of the danger in such a move.

'Harry was too late to save my life,' Hermione echoed his thoughts. 'But he did save my soul.' She had noted Severus' uncharacteristic mistake, but decided not to take advantage of it. His trust was essential. 'So, my fate appears to be in your hands, Professor. What is the price of your silence?'

~ * ~

Severus hesitated before sitting down heavily in his chair. He took his time answering, but Hermione, though no Legilimens, knew exactly what was coming. Suddenly, he locked eyes with her.

'Take your NEWTs, Miss Granger, but once the Leaving Feast is over, come to me, here. My price is... you make me... like you.'

'You don't know what you're asking.'

'Oh, but I think I do.' Pain flashed momentarily across Severus' face, and he pressed his hand against his wounded neck.

'You're dying, sir,' Hermione said matter-of-factly. 'By the end of term, you'll be too weak to make the transition.'

~ * ~

Again, the answer, though terrible, was predictable. 'Then do it today.'

'But I've never done... that,' she confessed, wide-eyed. 'Besides, even then I can't guarantee... It's risky for me too, you know. Your blood's poisoned, I—'

'That's a risk I'm prepared to take.'

'And are you prepared for eternal fealty. To me?'

'Considering the alternative, yes.' Retrieving his wand, Severus flicked it at the board.

'Now leave. We're both running late.'

'I'll return at eight.' Hermione paused by the door. 'Please reconsider, sir. I'd gladly swap eternity to be human again.'

Severus inclined his head. 'Eight it is, Miss Granger.'

~ * ~

Two

Chapter 2 of 3

Post war, Hermione returns to sit her NEWTs to find Professor Snape a changed man. Drabble Series for GS100 Vampire! challenge.

A/N: Disclaimer: See Chapter 1.

Thanks as ever to Septentrion for the beta.

'Glad you could join us, Severus.' Minerva nodded curtly.

Severus checked for sarcasm, but found none. 'I felt I should show my face.'

He hadn't attended dinner in several weeks, but since he'd never eat again, what the hell? Soon, he was gamely tucking into the pile of pie, mash and peas that appeared before him, determined to finish the lot even though his stomach was churning. His empty plate was quickly whisked away and replaced with his favourite sticky-toffee pudding.

Do the elves suspect something...?

Shrugging, he attacked with gusto, scarfing down a second helping for old-times' sake.

~ * ~

Whilst hoping Snape would change his mind, Hermione was preparing for the worst.

'Just as well I stocked up at the weekend,' she grumbled, warming a unit of blood.

Vile. Draining Snape would be vile. If the poison didn't annihilate her before completing the transformation (and assuming Snape survived it), they might still both be in trouble. There were just too many variables: Hermione hadn't even attempted this with a healthy human before...had no real point of reference. She was flying on instinct, and that wasn't good enough. A dead Snape wouldn't do her or her soul any favours.

~ * ~

Doubt there's anything in the library that might help, though. Hermione thoughtfully licked a stray drop of O neg. from her lips as she glided to the bedroom. The sight of a house-elf laying out a white robe on the bed brought her up short. She leant on the doorframe, arms folded, and raised a questioning eyebrow.

'For the sacrificial lamb, no doubt?' she asked.

The little creature was unfazed. 'Please to be being gentle with Headmaster Snape, Miss Hermyvamp,' he squeaked before disappearing.

Trust the elves to know. They always knew.

Hermione changed quickly, gathered her supplies and vanished.

~ * ~

Uncorking the fifty-year-old Ogden's he'd been saving for a special occasion, Severus sniffed appreciatively and poured himself a hefty measure. Drinking to his imminent demise, he had to concede, was about as special as it was going to get.

The fire beckoned invitingly, promising some respite for the bone-numbing chill in his marrow. Warming himself, Severus peered at the blurry image in the mirror above the mantel and raised his glass in silent salute. Not something he'd miss, his reflection.

Wearily, he fell into his chair to await his fate. At eight o'clock sharp, Death rapped softly at his door.

~ * ~

'I thought you might have fled the castle,' said Severus, eyes fixed on his whisky.

'You'd have hunted me down if I'd tried that.'

He didn't bother denying it.

'I take it you haven't changed your mind, sir.'

'No.' Severus raised his eyes then, and almost wished he hadn't. Whatever charm Granger used to give her skin a natural-looking colouring during the day had been dispelled. She was like a marble statue: white, bloodless. Indeed, it was difficult to discern where her robe ended and her body began.

Her lips twisted in a cruel smile. 'What were you expecting? Sparkles?'

~ * ~

'Finish your drink,' Hermione said, lowering herself into the chair opposite. 'I'm in no hurry.' She folded her hands demurely in her lap, regarding him. 'Are you *really* sure you want this? It's still not too late...'

'The venom has reached my optic nerves, Miss Granger,' Severus interrupted. 'Time is of the essence.'

'Time...,' Hermione murmured, '... is a relative concept, as you will soon discover if you remain on this path.' She shrugged. 'It's a lonely existence. You should know that. You'll be an outcast. Just like me.'

'My heart bleeds for you.' Severus plonked his glass down. 'I'm ready.'

~ * ~

'A fateful choice of words...' Hermione smiled fully, baring her fangs. 'Last chance, Snape.'

She noted the sharp intake of breath with no small satisfaction and nodded. 'Ye-es... I sense a modicum of doubt.'

Watching his face for any signs of hesitation, Hermione rose up and took a few, slow steps towards him. 'Put your wand where I can see it.'

Severus relinquished his wand without complaint, though Hermione's heightened senses did detect a hint of reluctance.

'Good. Now, a word of warning: once we start this, I won't be able to stop. Show fear, and I will kill you.'

~ * ~

'I understand.' Severus had stared down death before, known piss-inducing terror and survived. He could do so again. 'Please. Proceed.'

He watched her eyelids droop, shoulders slumping in resignation...

'Very well, then...'

Hermione's eyes opened, full of a darkness Nagini had not possessed, devoid of all humanity, but *ph*, their pull was irresistible.

'Come to me, mortal!'

His body lurched forwards like a rag doll, feet dragging uselessly behind. Only the force of her will kept him from falling to his knees.

Pale hands reached to untie his cravat and gently pry loose his bandages, leaving his ravaged throat exposed.

~ * ~

It was a heady feeling, this... Veela-like control over the helpless man, prey, supplicant...whatever the hell he was...dangling, paralysed and speechless in her Thrall, but the sight of mottled, weeping scar tissue rather spoiled the moment.

Corrupt blood, arteries reeking of venom and booze.

Lovely.

She ought to snap his neck for his impertinence, but instead, she let him find his feet.

'Troublesome man,' Hermione muttered, tracing a fingernail over the unblemished skin, seeking a pulse. 'So pale, no one will notice the difference.'

Pale, but burning hot. The fire of the living. How quickly she'd forgotten it.

~ * ~

'Your heart is beating much too slowly, human,' Hermione whispered. *Dull, sluggish...* 'And I'll have to drain you fast. You're not a morsel I would wish to savour.'

Severus' eyes blazed with helpless fury as Hermione attacked the fastenings of his robe. 'Now, now, don't be cross,' she cooed as it fell to the floor. 'Trust me. It's easier this way... But, perhaps it might be better if... Yes, I think it might...' Hermione took a small step backwards. 'You do it, Severus. Take off your clothes for me...all of them...like the good, obedient little soul that you are...'

~ * ~

'You'll thank me later...' Hermione's lips quirked in amusement as Severus struggled to prevent his hands from obeying. '... when your body purges itself. My Sire let me wallow, starving, in my own filth...' She shuddered. 'Anyway, this won't be pleasant.'

She maintained eye-contact even as grey underpants slid over protruding hip-bones and Severus' hands stilled at his sides, his anger palpable. Instinct drew her towards a heart quickened by adrenalin. Fascination with his skin's searing heat drew her palm to his chest.

Severus inhaled a long, shuddering breath and closed his eyes.

'Yes, mortal. Death is a cold, cold thing.'

~ * ~

His knees buckled, but Hermione caught him deftly, anchoring his waist with her free arm. Body to body, Severus' life energy engulfed her senses; she wanted to crawl into it. Claim it. Destroy it. A droplet of sweat on his chest proved too much to resist. It sizzled, boiling on her tongue like hot champagne.

Becoming vaguely aware of a huff of air as her fingertips inadvertently strayed over a nipple, Hermione looked up to see hooded eyes gazing back at her, lips parted in a half-smile.

'You hide your fear well, mortal,' she murmured, her hand wandering ever lower.

~ * ~

The dark, coiling thing in the pit of her abdomen was becoming more insistent, the instinct to feed warring with common sense *teave off*. But he was so deliciously *hot*: so ripe for the picking.

Almost ripe for the picking...

Severus could only exhale raggedly as her fingers sought and enveloped the blistering heat of his cock.

Much better...

Then the rush was upon her as Severus' erection surged under her touch, his heart beating wildly.

'Come for me... *Severus...*'

Unable to hold back any longer, Hermione fell upon his throat, his life's essence spilling, unheeded, over her fist.

Three

Chapter 3 of 3

Post war, Hermione returns to sit her NEWTs to find Professor Snape a changed man. Drabble Series for GS100 Vampire! challenge.

Thanks as ever to Septentrion for the beta.

The blood lust was fading and the nausea harder to suppress, but Hermione continued to feed, holding Severus close long after he'd lost consciousness, listening for the moment his fading heart beat would finally stop. Only then did she raise her head from his neck, stomach heaving as she spat out the blood she'd managed not to swallow, and gently lower his drained body to the floor.

She paused a moment to close his horror filled eyes, gather her thoughts and wonder if it wouldn't be kinder to just let nature take its course, leave him pass over in peace?

~ * ~

But she'd promised. And, if she was honest, having someone else around who was like her was not an unwelcome prospect. Selfish, perhaps, but...

'Impossible man.'

In one fluid movement, Hermione bit into her wrist and pressed the open wound to Severus' mouth.

A few drops only.

No point in returning the poison she'd sucked out of him.

He'd need clean blood to recover, of course, but this was obligatory. This was Ritual: the Blood Rite.

Pushing her finger past his unresponsive lips, she rubbed the blood into his gums.

'Come on, Snape,' she murmured. 'You've got to want it.'

~ * ~

He had a choice...crawl to the distant light or stay put, in this comfortable, pain free, velvety blackness. Voices pleaded, calling out to him, as the light pulled further away.

Good.

Good riddance. This was where he had always felt most at ease, anyway.

Alone.

In the dark.

Safe.

Severus didn't expect this peace to last, and so wasn't surprised when the first tendrils of awareness crept back into his body.

Something hot. Metallic.

More.

But it was gone, and in its place a hunger in his belly like he'd never known.

Hurts.

In the distance, someone was retching.

~ * ~

Hermione's head was spinning, the room swimming in and out of focus as she crawled, fumbling for her bag. There was blood everywhere, but that was the least of her problems.

Can't... reach.

This was it. They were both done for.

A squeaky voice asked anxiously: 'Miss Hermyvamp is needing Tillie's help?'

With the last of her strength, Hermione pointed a shaky finger at the bag. 'Blood... in there... Warm one... and give it me.'

The elf moved quickly and was soon holding a blood pack to Hermione's lips. She drank gratefully.

That had been far too close for comfort.

~ * ~

'Miss Hermyvamp be helping Headmaster Snape, now?' Tillie asked, wringing her hands.

Hermione nodded as she pushed herself up from the floor. 'Would you warm another unit for me please?' She was still feeling a bit wobbly, to tell the truth, which Tillie's elf antenna had obviously noticed.

'No,' Hermione barked, as the elf decided to take matters into her own hands. 'Don't get too close. He's very hungry at the moment.' She held out her hand as Tillie leapt away like a scalded Kneazle. 'I'll do it. If you want to help, Tillie, you can clean up the mess.'

~ * ~

With Severus' head supported in the crook of her elbow, Hermione eased the pack's narrow neck past his lips. This time, the sucking reflex kicked in, Severus drinking the bag dry in minutes, much to her relief. It looked like he was going to pull through.

Tillie passed the second, ready-warmed pack to Hermione as Severus finished the first. While he suckled, Hermione watched, fascinated, as the wound on his neck began to knit together and heal over. She glanced down the length of his body, noting the subtle changes of the Transformation. By the fourth bag, it was complete.

~ * ~

He still couldn't move, but he could taste... Oh,*gods*, yes... And the sticky, salty liquid slipping down his throat was satisfying the awful craving, easing the pain, filling him with its blessed warmth.

Hunger abating, Severus' perception of his circumstances began to improve. Sounds filtered in, close by at first:

'That was disgusting. I'm never doing that again. Ever.'

Rustling. Scratching. *A mouse?*

Then, further away: *Thump-thump-thump-thump*. The staccato rhythm of a thousand heartbeats: a cacophony from the teeming mass of life above and around him.

And *odours*. The blood of the young, the old. *Creatures*. Menstrual blood...

Food.

~ * ~

'H-how do you s-stand it?' His mouth seemed to be working, anyway.

His eyes, however, still felt like lead, and he didn't feel like attempting to open them quite yet. More sensory input was the last thing he needed.

Something... a hand?... brushed across his face.

'You get used to it,' said a female voice, laughing. 'You'll learn to tune it out, given time.'

Severus felt the person, female, *Granger?* shifting beneath his head. He was lying in *herlap?*

'That's the worst over,' Granger said. 'But now...'

Ah. 'The... purge...?'

'Yes, and I'm afraid it might be rather... uncomfortable.'

~ * ~

Severus almost snorted. Uncomfortable? What was a bit of discomfort after everything he'd been through?

'I don't know what effect your Mark...'

The spasm came out of nowhere, tearing through muscle, cracking his bones. He screamed as burning acid erupted through every pore, leaked from his eyes, nose, ears. And his arm. *Fuck!* His *arm*. If he'd had the ability to speak, he'd have begged Granger to cut it off, but as his jaws seemed to have fused together, all that came out was a strangled whimper. Nothing the Dark Lord had ever meted out could compare with this. Nothing.

~ * ~

Hermione could only watch helplessly as the Dark Mark rose upwards, stretching Severus' skin past the point where it must surely rip away from his arm, but instead it lifted free, hissing angrily before evaporating. She cast cooling and cleansing charms in quick succession as Severus curled up into a ball, shaking violently. He seemed too far gone to really notice the final indignity of his body voiding its contents, which was probably for the best.

'Better go now, Tillie,' Hermione said quietly. 'Before he wakes up. I don't think Professor Snape would appreciate anyone seeing him in this state...'

~ * ~

The hand was back, lightly raking the hair from his eyes.

'It's all right. It's over, now.'

Severus tried to speak, but his mouth felt funny. He ran his tongue around the inside experimentally, confirming his diagnosis with a trembling finger. 'My... theeth...'

'I see no difference.'

What? What the hell was she talking about, and why was she laughing so hysterically? Of course there was a bloody difference! He hadn't had two needle-sharp incisors before, for a start. Fuming, Severus looked up to give Hermione a piece of his mind, only to find the words sticking in his throat.

~ * ~

Severus could only stare dumbly at the creature who was both his salvation and damnation. Such beauty. Such perfection. How had he never noticed it before?

'My... lady,' he croaked, scrambling awkwardly to his knees. 'I am forever in your debt. Whatever it is you require of me, I will gladly do.'

Her smile faded, and it seemed to Severus that the sun had gone in, but then she brushed his cheek gently, sending a shiver down his spine.

'It's just the Thrall,' Hermione whispered. 'I feel it too, but don't worry. I'll release you after...'

What? 'NO. Please... don't.'

~ * ~

It was their blood bond; logically, Hermione knew that. But it didn't make her any less immune to its effect. She contemplated her acolyte with new interest: his now flawless skin, his thin, wiry body, his cock standing proud between his legs, and was tempted to keep him just as he was.

He was looking at her expectantly, awaiting her command, and her heart swelled with pride. This was her creation: completely and unequivocally hers, to do with as she pleased. Take him as a mate, even, should she wish. An enticing idea. And, yet... she didn't want a slave.

~ * ~

'Give me your hands, Severus,' Hermione said, extending hers. He took them obediently. 'I require an oath...'

'Anything, my lady.'

'Swear you will never kill nor harm any human, or other sentient being, on pain of extinction.'

'I swear it.' Bowing over Hermione's hands in the ancient gesture of fealty, Severus touched each in turn with his lips.

Oh... 'Th-then I... I release you from all other bindings. You're free to... to do as you please.'

'You don't... want me?'

Hermione knelt beside him as, face hidden behind a curtain of hair, he pulled away. 'Yes, Severus. Yes, I do.'

~ * ~

'Listen to me,' Hermione continued as Severus scabbled for his clothes. 'We'll always share a blood connection, but I won't deny you your right to choose your own path.' She reached out, tentatively touching his shoulder. He paused. 'You could go it alone, but think what we could accomplish together. Join me when I leave. Please. You can't stay here, after all.'

When he didn't reply, Hermione moved to stand.

'Alright. I'll leave you to it, then. Goodnight. Professor.'

'Stay.'

It was a voice full of authority. A voice she hadn't heard in ages. His old voice.

Hermione smiled. 'Gladly.'

~ * ~

Many years later...

'What'll it be?'

The Red Lion was heaving, the barmaid rushed off her feet. Full of strangers. Alien hunters, no doubt. The bearded old bloke was dithering. Not what she needed.

'Pint of lager, please.' The old man adjusted his glasses. Strange, old-fashioned things, but his eyes... 'Been some strange goings-on around here, or so I've heard.'

The barmaid leaned on the pump and snorted. 'Been "strange goings-on" for as long as I can remember. Good for tourism, though, I suppose.' She shrugged as she put the glass down on the bar. 'That'll be fifteen pounds, please.'

~ * ~

Taking out his wallet, the man asked casually, 'Do you happen to know who lives in that old house up on the hill, above the town?'

The girl's eyes widened. 'No. And I don't want to. Do you know my dog won't go near the place. Howls like a banshee, he does...'

The old man sipped his pint, nodding occasionally as the barmaid regaled him with colourful tales of the locality.

'... and old Sarah, over there, swears he hasn't aged a day since she were a lass, and... has anyone ever told you that you have the most amazing eyes...'

~ * ~

Outside the pub, Ron was waiting. 'Well?'

'It's worse than we thought,' said Harry, palming his wand. 'We need a mass Obliviate. They're getting careless.'

Ron grinned. 'Well, you know Hermione when she gets her teeth into something.'

The old friends looked at each other and laughed.

'Will you tell them to tone it down, or will I?' Ron asked.

'I'll do it,' replied Harry. 'You organise the Obliviate team.'

Gazing up towards the old house, they shook their heads as a jet of red smoke erupted from the chimney. Harry sighed. Those two would be the death of him.

~ * END * ~