

Lovely, Dark, and Deep

by PersephoneVerte

In the Forest of Dean, Snape has something to share with Miss Granger. During the Battle of Hogwarts, she tries to return the favor.

One

Chapter 1 of 3

In the Forest of Dean, Snape has something to share with Miss Granger. During the Battle of Hogwarts, she tries to return the favor.

Disclaimer: I am making no money from this, sadly. It all belongs to Jo.

AN: I took some liberties here and there, but, well, that's not exactly important when you're reading for the mild smut, eh?

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It was her turn to do the rounds, unfortunately. Not that she minded rounds; she just didn't enjoy doing them over precarious terrain in the middle of a forest. At least she got some peace and quiet from the boys for a change. She loved them, but she suspected they were all incredibly close to going mad with cabin fever.

As she neared her favorite clearing, her breathing hitched. Something wasn't right. Her wards tickled with the presence of someone definitely not Harry or Ron. She couldn't see the person, but she knew one was there. Thankfully, she knew she was invisible as well; Scabior had tested that theory before. Regardless, she was still incredibly nervous. The panic she felt only intensified when the mysterious guest shimmered into view inches from her.

"Snape," she gasped. He couldn't hear her, of course, but she covered her mouth quickly.

"I know you're there, Miss Granger," Snape said. "I can feel your magic... not to mention smell you. Did your run-in with the Snatchers teach you nothing? Quit wearing that damned perfume."

Hermione couldn't decide what to do. She had always had suspicions about his allegiances, and this could possibly be a point in favor of the Order.

"I have something of value to your cause," he said. "You remember your Protean charm, I assume. You'll be using I again. I need to know when you've finished destroying the last Horcrux. Yes, Miss Granger, I'm aware of what you're doing. However, the Dark Lord does not make it known when part of him is weakened. There are things Potter must know before he is to meet the Dark Lord...memories he cannot see before the very end. They are crucial to our victory. I risk much coming here, Miss Granger, but it must be done."

Hermione was quite skeptical. Lowering the sound blanket, she said, "And why should I trust you, Professor?"

He raised his wand in response. A jet of light shot out and formed into a doe.

"Lily," Hermione breathed. She had thought once that possibly Lily was a reason for Snape's unfathomable hatred for James Potter, and, by extension, Harry. Death Eaters couldn't cast a Patronus, she knew. Against her better judgment she stepped from the safety of her wards, glaring. "This doesn't mean I trust you."

"It certainly does. You're nosy and curious, but not to the point you'd blindly relinquish your safety. Mostly."

"Fine. Give me the coin."

"Not so fast," he said. "You must swear your secrecy, Miss Granger. As I said, this is of grave importance."

Hermione took her wand and placed it to the tip of his. "I swear," she grumbled. Snape nodded and reached out a hand to drop a quarter into her palm.

"Muggle money? American Muggle money?" she asked.

"Less likely to be stolen."

She nodded in agreement and passed the coin around in her fingers a few times before putting it in her pocket. The pair stood awkwardly silent, Hermione visibly unsure of what to say or do, Snape impassive as ever.

"You look rather afraid, Miss Granger."

She snorted in an attempt of indifference. "You aren't exactly the Grim Reaper, sir."

Snape quirked an eyebrow, and immediately, she wished she'd stayed silent.

"So you're not intimidated by me?"

She kept her mouth shut that time. She didn't know how long they stood there, but suddenly Snape was advancing on her quickly. She backed away, yet he was faster, and she was pressed against a tree before she could make for the ward line. Snape's body cradled hers to the trunk. He was hot, not cold as she had always imagined. His hands roughly grabbed her wrists and pulled them over her head.

"And now? Are you afraid?"

She was absolutely terrified, but of course she wasn't going to admit it. She shook her head. "No, sir."

He sneered down at her and pressed her against the tree more, bark digging painfully into her back. "Perhaps I shall have to try harder then. I've been rather restrained with your little friends at Hogwarts and am aching to let go on someone."

But he didn't move. Hermione tried to control her rapid breathing. He was so bloody close to her. His nose was centimeters from hers, and his breath tickled her cheek. Staring into his unfathomably dark eyes, she was suddenly struck with the realization that Snape was, in fact, very male. Adrenaline and fear made her experimentally give the slightest wiggle of her hips. Snape raised an eyebrow. "Really, Miss Granger?"

She huffed but noticed he didn't go unaffected. She could feel his body betraying whatever mental block he always used as a bulge slowly grew against her thigh. Again she wiggled, desperately trying to position her pelvis against his. When she achieved the desired position and gained some leverage for friction, Snape growled, and she could feel his breathing increase.

"Do not play this game with me, Miss Granger. You will regret it."

She couldn't tell if it was the need to do anything possible to get out of a dangerous situation or the throbbing between her legs from rubbing herself against Snape, but something had her craning her neck up to lick his lips slowly in response. Snape jerked his head back momentarily before catching her mouth in a searing kiss. His lips were warm and surprisingly ample against hers. She inadvertently moaned when he broke the kiss to bite her neck. He chuckled against her shoulder and reached a hand between them to cup a breast, fingers stroking her nipple to a pebble. Snape trailed his tongue down to the top of her cleavage and stopped.

"Are you going to be a good girl and stay put? Or shall I restrain you?"

"Fuck, Snape, I don't care...just get your mouth on my tits," she said tartly.

He smirked at her foul language and dropped the hand holding hers to tear open the buttons on her shirt. Pushing down her bra, he bent to lick the puckered skin and felt her shiver beneath him. Hermione frantically wanted to run, but Snape's mouth and hands felt too damned good on her, and thus she couldn't be bothered with listening to her senses.

Soon Snape was tugging her jeans to the ground, and she stepped out of them. He ran a hand through her folds and brought it up to lick.

"Soaking wet for your Slytherin professor? How naughty of you, Miss Granger. What would your house mates say?"

She groaned in response and hooked her leg around his hip to bring him closer. He kissed her once again before unbuttoning his own trousers and gripping her arse tightly. He stared down at her with a look of sheer predatory dominance and a jolt of fear ran down her spine. This was a Very Bad Idea.

Without warning Snape thrust into her, eliciting a loud moan from Hermione. He was thick...very thick. It was almost painful, but not quite. He started off slowly, going in to the hilt and pulling nearly all the way out. It was exquisite torture, and Hermione tried to quicken the pace to no avail.

"Oh no, Miss Granger. I'm going to fuck you how I want. You just stand there and look desirable."

For several agonizing minutes Snape kept the same slow speed, but it allowed her so many sensations, it was dizzying. The velvety feel of his cock against her skin. The ridges and veins as he leisurely slipped inside her. The warm, full sense of his tip hitting just the right spot. She could feel the beginning bud of an orgasm being coaxed out of her.

Snape surprised her again when he started pounding into her at a furious pace. She didn't know it was possible to be fucked this hard and fast, and she squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip to keep from screaming in pleasure. Her arms were snaked around Snape's neck and her legs were wrapped around his waist to get as close to him as she could in their position.

He was thrusting into her with reckless abandon and the tingling inside her was rapidly growing. Snape wasn't doing much to aid her own release, but the mere fact that he was taking his frustration out on her was incredibly arousing in itself. His teeth raked across her ear as he whispered, "Fucking your Potions Master, Miss Granger. Ten points to Gryffindor." That alone nearly sent her over the edge, but she was determined to hang on for a bit longer. Snape, however, had other ideas.

His lips assaulted hers, sending his tongue harshly into her mouth. One hand tweaked her nipples while the other feverishly rubbed her clit until she thought she would die. His cock was still pumping into her wantonly, jarring her senseless. Fantastic didn't even begin to describe it.

His thrusts slowed, but just barely, and she was able to savor the feelings a bit more. His fingers found just the right spot on her clit and she gasped, which was his cue to keep his hand working the same spot. Her mind was flooded with sensations. Invisible strings tightened in her body, aching to be plucked.

Snape began to stiffen against her and picked up the pace again. He shuddered and let out a groan, spilling himself inside her. His completion proved to be her undoing as her body shook, stars exploding in her veins while she screamed out his name.

It was rough. It was dirty. She hoped they lived through the war so it could happen again.

Snape leaned his head on the tree as he regained his composure. Zipping his trousers, he stepped back and surveyed her. She could only imagine what a sight she must be...hair teased from being caught in the bark, lips bruised from intense snogging, cunt glistening with their juices.

"You look quite appetizing, Miss Granger. Don't bother cleaning yourself up. I want to know my cum was dripping down your thighs on the way to your tent. And do remember what I said...this meeting never happened. Destroy the Horcruxes, my little know-it-all. Potter must succeed."

With that, Snape turned on his heel and disappeared, leaving Hermione panting against the trunk, shirt torn and bottoms kicked aside, looking like she'd been thoroughly shagged.

Two

Chapter 2 of 3

In the Forest of Dean, Snape has something to share with Miss Granger. During the Battle of Hogwarts, she tries to return the favor.

Hermione's heart hammered wildly in her chest, roaring above the blasts and hexes surrounding her. There. He was right there. If she called out his name, he would hear. But she didn't. She stayed silent. She watched her professor throw curse after curse into the crumbling ruins of Hogwarts. To the untrained eye, it looked like his targets were just ducking out of reach, but Hermione knew better. He moved with such poise, such grace. Snape dueling was like a dance, and she couldn't get eno—

"Oof!"

"Sorry, Hermione. Come on, we have to get to the Chamber of Secrets."

Ron pulled her along, oblivious to her fascination with Snape. She let her professor slide out of view as she gripped Ron's hand tightly in hers, running through the rubble to the second floor. Down to the Chamber they slid, landing on a pile of bones. The cup. They had to destroy it. But Ron wanted her to do it. Why? No. She couldn't. It was too much.

But she did. She did. Then, suddenly, Ron was bringing his arms around her, seeking her lips with his.

No. It was wrong. So wrong. She wanted rough lips, her professor's lips, hard and unyielding. Not Ron's. She threw herself into the kiss, imagining Snape's harsh passion instead of Ron's boyish inexperience. When they broke apart, Ron laughed nervously. Snape never would have laughed. He would have tugged at her hair, nipped her neck.

Stop, Hermione, she thought. Snape isn't here, and even if he was, he wouldn't bloody well kiss you. He took out his frustration on you once. Leave it alone.

The pair ascended the Chamber and regrouped with Harry.

"Right," said Harry. "Only the snake left. But we need to re-strategize first."

The trio nodded in unison and began the trek up to the top of the castle for what limited privacy they could get. Hermione, however, stopped short along the third floor corridor.

There he was again, robes billowing behind him.

"Boys," she said, "I'll be right back."

They protested, of course. It was too dangerous. But she was the brightest witch of the age. Reluctantly, her captors let her off, promising to come after her if she were gone for more than twenty minutes. Hermione scurried down the corridor, wand out, just in case. It took her a bit to find him. He was in an unused classroom looking at a rather ugly stained glass window. He didn't acknowledge her. She felt the crackle of his magic in the air, felt it surge around her protectively. She came to stand beside him, her arm brushing his.

"Rather missing the battle, sir."

"Miss Granger?"

"Er, I only meant— shouldn't you be at the helm? For our side or his. Doesn't matter. I just thought you'd want to be there after all you've sacrificed."

"And what do you know of my sacrifices?" he sneered. She didn't respond. "Have you destroyed the Horcruxes and failed to tell me? Or are you still traipsing the countryside blindly?"

"No," she replied. "Nagini is left, and I have the sneaking suspicion that Harry is a Horcrux as well."

Snape sighed. "Yes. Potter's one of them. That's what I'm supposed to tell him. That's the big reveal. And that I'm a spy. But you, dear know-it-all, figured it out." Again Hermione was silent. "Well? Nothing for your frightening professor?"

She smiled wanly. "No, sir. I'm quite worn down at this point. I only wanted your presence for a moment. I quite enjoyed it last time, you know. I'd relish it again."

"Impertinent chit," he muttered.

They turned to face one another, staring for several minutes. Hermione started when the telltale shuffle of Harry and Ron echoed down the hall.

"Be safe, sir."

"And you, Miss Granger."

Three

Chapter 3 of 3

In the Forest of Dean, Snape has something to share with Miss Granger. During the Battle of Hogwarts, she tries to return the favor.

Her feet ached. Her head ached. Her entire damn body ached, come to think of it. But still she pressed on with Harry and Ron, the sword of Godric Gryffindor in hand. They were flying down the path to the Whomping Willow, desperately hoping the tunnel would be open. Luckily, it was, and the three pinched in, fumbling in the dark. When the terrain leveled out, they stopped for a breather.

Panting, Hermione clutched at Harry. "There's something—I have to tell you," she breathed. "Harry—Harry I think you're—"

But she never got to finish her sentence. A large bang farther down the passage inside the Shrieking Shack resounded loudly. The three broke into a sprint again, feverishly hoping the snake would appear.

It did, but not the way Hermione wanted.

Everything happened so fast, but in slow motion at the same time.

Voldemort. Snape. The accusations. The bite.

No. No, no, no, no, no.

She flew past Harry and Ron, bursting into the room. Snape. Pool of blood. Gasping. Her hands fumbling over an empty vial. Memories. Ron shoving her out the door. Neville killing the snake. Harry dying and returning and vanquishing Voldemort. It was all a jumble. Everything was confusing, and her head was filled with cotton.

She shouldn't be where they—Merlin, she had to go back. She had been gone for so long, but maybe... Just maybe.

She hoped. She hoped against all odds that he was still awake. Her feet pounded against the dirt, pounded against the wood floors. Bloody fucking Shack and bloody fucking snake and bloody fucking fuck all to hell. Hermione could think few words besides obscenities.

She dropped to her knees—blood, God, so much blood—and lifted Snape's head into her hands.

"Professor? Can you hear me?" she whispered.

Nothing.

Her stomach leapt to her throat. Sobs wracked her body. When had she become so attached? Sure, she had admired him her entire school career for his intellect and recently for his courage, but Circe...

She clung to his limp body, willing her magic to save him. Willing everything she had to return his life force.

"Stop," he rasped, his voice strained.

Hermione gasped and turned her head to see him better. "Professor!"

"No, Miss Granger. I can feel what you're doing. Your magic. Don't. You'll never get it back."

She choked. "But you can't die! Not after all you've done!"

Snape took a ragged breath. "Potter has everything he needs. I am no longer useful."

"But—but—who will terrorize the first years? Who will I steal ingredients from? Who will—the forest, Professor." She was grasping desperately to make him stay. Snape had pushed her magic back somehow, cutting off the flow. She could feel him draining once more.

"Dying is an art, Miss Granger. You're ruining my performance. Stop sniveling."

She laughed sadly. "I rather think this is a shite death, sir."

She pulled him to her again, hugging him tightly.

"You remind me a bit of her, you know."

"Sir?"

"Lily Evans. You were both clever Muggle-borns. Both with the same fire and tenacity to do what's right and fight the good fight. But you're more forgiving than she was, I think."

Hermione didn't know how to interpret what he was saying. Was he mourning his long-lost love? Or was he mourning Hermione's good qualities? She settled for resigned and pressed a kiss to his temple. Thinking better of it, she curved so her face was even with his.

"Look at me, Severus."

He brought his eyes up, and Hermione's lips descended, catching his in a delightfully angsty kiss. He tasted of coppery blood and salt. His hands didn't come up to rifle her hair. He didn't move to bite her neck. His body didn't press into hers roughly.

He was still.

AN: See what happens when you press me for more chapters on a one-shot? I DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU LOVE. But to be honest, I'm quite glad I went back and did more. Usually turning one-shots into more drives me batty, but this worked out, I think. Don't get used to my generosity though.