

Regrets

by Pearle

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Summary: "I can't tell you how sorry I am. If only things were different." Regrets, everyone has them.

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc., of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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"You're sure no one saw you?"

"No one saw me. I came in through the side entrance just like you told me. What do you think would happen if someone *did* see me?" Opening the clasp at her throat, Hermione took her cloak off and draped it over a nearby chair before coming to stand in front of Severus, her gaze piercing as she watched him.

"Really, the bat of the dungeons entertaining a witch half his age, a former student, and Minerva's apprentice to boot—I can only imagine what else they would call me. Or what they might do to me." Severus shook his head as he contemplated the thought. Selecting a bottle from his sideboard, he poured Hermione a glass of wine.

"I've never called you a bat." With a nod she accepted the glass. Sipping her wine, she watched the dour wizard in front of her.

"Perhaps not, but I believe those dunderheads you insist on calling friends did, as well as quite a few others who, for now, shall remain nameless."

"And you would rather no one knows I'm here?"

"I do have a reputation to up hold." Tentatively, Severus reached for the witch.

Hermione sighed, setting her glass to the side she stepped into his embrace. "I suppose it is for the best. I have to say, getting to know you these last few weeks has been quite a revelation."

Severus kissed the side of her jaw before nipping along the smooth column of her neck, soothing the bite with a gentle kiss before moving on to the next bit of skin. "A revelation for both of us, I assure you."

Hermione savored the sensation. "I can't tell you how sorry I am. If only things were different. Really, I almost wish I didn't have to do this, but a promise is a promise."

