

# The Uninvited Guest

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Severus opens his home to someone very unexpected, with unusual results. Written for the GrangerSnape100 "Unwelcome Guest Challenge".

## Unwelcome and Unrecognisable

Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: This has been a very strange week, Brothers and Sisters. I've been lurking down some mysterious, dark corridors, and finding long-stemmed black roses scattered by my normally placid Muse.*

*I own nothing here - it belongs to JKR. I just play.*

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The first time, it was a scurrying outside his door; a mutt looking for scraps. *More fool you*, he thought. He ignored it until he was convinced the animal wouldn't go away, then opened the door to kick it off his stoop.

She flew into his house like a wraith and stood in the corner, mute eyes reaching for him. She was filthy; hollow-eyed, vile breath, hair wilder than ever.

"What do you want?" was the only thing he could ask.

"Food," she rasped, and he wondered who on earth this was and what she had done with Hermione Granger.

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For a moment, he considered hexing her, but she was on him and his wand flew from his hand with one swipe of her arm. He tried to wrestle her to the ground but she had the strength of a fallen angel. He grabbed his silver knife, the one he used for chopping ingredients, but she wrenched it from his hand and with a cry, drew it across his arm.

He hissed in pain and clutched his bleeding wrist, and she froze and stared at him. Her eyes cleared, and she looked at him beseechingly. "Please feed me," she begged.

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Afraid, he hesitated, and she was on him. The cut ran across his Dark Mark; when she slid a hungry tongue over his skin, every nerve ending in his body ignited.

She sucked at the wound ravenously; his hand was in her hair, wanting to push her away and pull her closer. He closed his eyes; he was harder than a broomhandle.

Then it happened. His balls tightened; he came with shouting, shuddering, stunning pleasure that curled his toes. He fell whimpering onto the floor, spent, his pants warm and sticky. He had never climaxed with such erotic, addictive intensity.

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Severus had a routine; guests came to visit. They stopped. "What's wrong, Severus?" Lucius asked, shaken at his friend's gaunt, bloodless frame.

"Nothing; growing old," he shrugs, wanting to be left alone. It's only when he's alone that she visits.

He calls sweetly; he makes kissing noises, like coaxing a beloved pet. She appears from the shadows, eyes on his outstretched hand, watching the knife sliding sensuously across his flesh.

He trembles in anticipation; when she feeds, he always comes. It is more than an ecstasy of the body. His *soul* orgasms; seared, blasted from darkness into a rapture beyond explanation.

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She comes and goes at will, now; he works on potions and remaining anonymous. On good days, she remembers who she is and who he is and treats him with love and respect, fattening him up like a prized bull.

On bad days, she is a milking machine, draining him to the point of death, fucking him mercilessly back to life. He doesn't know which days he enjoys more.

One day she asks if he'd like to become a vampire.

He considers. "Will we still fuck this much?"

"More," she smiles.

He reaches for the knife. "Do your worst."