

# A Wish For Severus Snape

*by deianaera*

Pan, the Greek god of passion and lust, does not often manifest directly. But when Hermione Granger makes an offering at his fountain (and touches his granite flank just so), he makes an exception. Or his daughter said pretty please. This is Pan, after all. Either one – or all or none – are possible.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 5*

Pan, the Greek god of passion and lust, does not often manifest directly. But when Hermione Granger makes an offering at his fountain (and touches his granite flank just so), he makes an exception. Or his daughter said pretty please. This is Pan, after all. Either one – or all or none – are possible.

The village of Perrinwolde had little to recommend it to outsiders. It was rural enough that wizards and witches made little effort to hide their nature from their neighbor Muggles. Live and let live applied to neighbors; it was strangers that could go hang. Not that strangers were a problem. With no major roads and no tourist traps like a dance nearby, few who did not belong bothered with the sleepy village. It was only the odd fertility of the place – affecting crops, livestock, and humans alike – that earned attention from governments both magical and mundane. For the Ministry of Magic, it was Unspeakables Granger and Snape who were dispatched.

It was Granger who found the fountain in an out of the way copse of elder trees. Crudely articulated from local granite and weathered by the elements and time, it was still clearly a satyr, water spilling from a cask perched on his furred hip. In the basin beneath the statue, coins glittered despite the lack of sun.

Something about the statue sent a frisson of excitement through her. Hermione drew her wand and began to murmur detection spells under her breath, glad for Severus' absence. Outside of combat, she had little talent for non-verbal spellwork, and he always chided her for it. She let the thought go as she focused on the charms she cast. Moments after she finished with her latest spell, 'Magicae Invenire Inhumana', she was rewarded with a deep emerald glow about the fountain. In its light she felt the excitement blossom in her belly.

"Snape," she called, "come take a look at this!"

Moments later – and too silent by half – she heard him ask quietly, "Which spell caused the glow, Granger?"

Tempted to remind him for the 9,003 time (she'd been keeping count) that her name was Hermione and he was allowed to use it, she instead replied, "Magicae Invenire Inhumana."

He made a noise of assent as he slid over the soft grass to the fountain, still bathed in rich, living green. As he entered its radius, he paused and snapped, "Granger, I've seen the detection. Drop the spell so I can work."

"Bastard," she said and waved her wand. "*Finite Incantatem.*"

The glow faded into the shadows, leaving behind a magical retina burn echo. The excitement that had thrilled her at the discovery of the fountain faded as she watched Severus circle the stone fountain, his wand out and a deep scowl on his features. Despite his evident irritation, she wandered over to join him. Together, they examined the fountain, trying to determine the source of the magic Hermione's spell detected.

After forty-five minutes of fruitless searching the status and the grove, Severus found the plaque with his toe. "Fuck," he muttered, balancing on his uninjured foot. After the throbbing subsided, Severus crouched down and brushed away the weeds obscuring the stone he inadvertently kicked.

The stone was more of the same granite the fountain was made of. This stone featured markings that had been all but eradicated by time. Drawing his wand, Severus cast a spell to reveal the original form of the engraving. The glyphs took shape, appearing freshly carved in the worn stone. Another spell twisted the unknown glyphs into the pair's native tongue.

*For The Great God Pan*

*Bless our fields*

*Bless our rivers*

*Bless our homes*

*Shepherd of all!*

As the magic faded, so too did the words, becoming unintelligible carvings once more before fading into faint marks on weathered stone.

Hermione stepped toward the fountain, reaching out to touch the god's flank in wonder. "How did a fountain dedicated to a Greek god end up in the middle of nowhere in England?"

"A good question, Granger. As your spell detected magic, it appears that the fountain is active in some form."

"And the dedication certainly corresponds to the unusual fertility of this region," she added quietly, still touching the statue. As she touched it, she could feel the detail lost to weathering, the locks of coiled fur on the goat-god's haunches. She smiled and felt warmth blossoming through her.

"Granger!" Severus snapped harshly, snapping Hermione out of her reverie. "Stop fondling the damn statue! We're going to need your gift for research. Come, we need to visit the townsfolk."

And without a glance back, Severus left the stand of trees. With a sigh, Hermione touched Pan one last time. Thinking on her partner, she impulsively fished a galleon from her pocket and looked at the statue with a small smile. "It's said that you were a god of joy and pleasure. If there's ever anyone who needed a touch of that, it's Severus Snape." Hermione tossed the galleon in the fountain and hurried to catch up to her partner.

## Chapter 2

### *Chapter 2 of 5*

Pan, the Greek god of passion and lust, does not often manifest directly. But when Hermione Granger makes an offering at his fountain (and touches his granite flank just so), he makes an exception. Or his daughter said pretty please. This is Pan, after all. Either one – or all or none – are possible.

The center of Perrinwolde was the village pub. There, over pints and bog standard pub fare, Hermione smiled winsomely, and Severus interrogated skillfully until they pieced together the local legend behind the fountain.

The region had always been fertile, given to large crops and large families and good hunting. But, when a tannery set up in the nearest town, things began to decline. The land was poisoned, and it poisoned all who depended on its fruits. The village declined rapidly.

At this time, a stranger came into the village. No one could agree on his name, but they all agreed it was the stranger who saved them. He was tall and short, thin and heavyset, but always male. It was at his suggestion that the artists carved the fountain, and on May Day, they dedicated it to Pan.

The next day, the stranger was gone, the fountain was flowing and their crops began to bounce back. Those who sickened drank of the fountain and were healed, but only if they were sickened by the land. The game likewise began to recover and multiply rapidly. Those who drank of the fountain began to have children. Twins were the rule, not the exception. Those hoping to catch the attention of their desired mate could use the fountain to land their attention.

In exchange, they honored the stranger's request every May Day, the village threw the wildest, most enthusiastic party they could. Children danced in the streets during the day and adults would couple in the woods at night. Stores of wine and beer were laid in for months in preparation for May Day. As long as they celebrated Pan, his blessing remained on Perrinwolde.

It was with more questions than answers Severus and Hermione returned to their single shared room. The village was tiny, and not even the threat of offending powerful foreign wizards could scare up a second room for Unspeakables Granger and Snape.

Grumbling under her breath, Hermione commandeered the bath first. She didn't know if it was out of sheer perversity or what, but Severus spent forever in the bath whenever they were forced to share space in the field. Which, she thought ruefully, happened far more often than she'd like to admit. At least in this semblance of an inn, they had separate beds. On the thought of sharing a bed with her partner, her overactive mind conjured the sensations of her favorite fantasy his hands roaming over her, his erection pressing into her backside and she felt, again, the flare of sheer wanting that encompassed her then.

Hermione let her hands move down her body, echoing Severus' hands, teasing the sensitized skin beneath her nightclothes. She shuddered and let herself savor the memory-cum-fantasy for a moment before packing away her feelings. Their decade-long partnership and the friendship that arose from it mattered far more than her need to get laid.

Exiting the bathroom in her mannish pajama shirt and pants, she motioned to Severus. He rose and moved to take his turn in the bathroom. "Good night," she murmured as they passed.

~/~/~

"Good night, Hermione," he replied before closing the door. The moment he heard the click of the latch, he slid his wand from his sleeve and with swift movements sealed the small space against intrusion and for silence. Protected, he stripped off his robe and underclothes. As usual, he was aroused beneath the layers.

Despite the spells to cocoon him in privacy, Severus waited impatiently for the shower to warm before entering the spray and taking himself in hand. Eyes closed, mouth open, and right hand sliding firmly up and down the length of his cock, Severus focused on not a straight fantasy, but a mélange of memory and imagination. The scent of Hermione's shampoo and the way her robes pulled tight against her ass when she bent over to examine the plaque, the way her breath would catch when he teased her nipples, the feel of her skin and way she licked her lips and how badly he wanted to bend her over the edge of the fountain and thrust into her... Severus came with a deep roar. Panting, he waited for his heartbeat and breathing to come down to normal before continuing his shower.

When Severus was done, he dried and dressed himself in a nearly identical pajama set as Hermione his black to her blue and left the bathroom. A quick glance told him that Hermione was already trying to sleep; her back was to the lamp left on for him, her breathing even but too quick for true sleep. He let his gaze linger for a moment, wishing he could be the lover he wanted to be, curling around her, stroking the length of her body until she moaned and turned over and said, "Please, more..."

Shaking his head to dislodge the wish, he retreated to his own bed and turned off the light. With a sigh for his already half-erect cock, he rolled over and began to mentally recite recipes for first year Potions until sleep came.

~/~/~

Hermione was enjoying a delicious dream. Soft, fluid hands were roaming over her, sliding along the fabric of her pajamas, dipping under it to stroke her heated skin. She could feel the hands' teasing touch as they skimmed under her breasts and along her belly.

"Mmmm, Severus, yes," she murmured, tilting her head for the nose she felt nuzzling at her ear. The tongue licked her neck confidently, making her shudder. Her dream Severus blew on the trail he left on her neck, cooling the skin and making her shiver into wakefulness.

Turning around, she wrapped her arms around her companion, reaching in the dark to stroke his hair. Her hands slid through long, clean tumbling curls. Frowning, her hands moved forward now to touch his face. Instead of sharp plains, thin lips, and that prominent nose, she found plump lips, full cheeks, and a pert nose. A decidedly feminine face was attached to the person in her bed. She drew in breath to scream when the woman placed two fingers on her lips and said, "Shhh," in a mellow alto that throbbed in her body like bass. From her touch on her lips, a warmth spread, leaving her arousal intact but dissolving her fear and panic. A small smile blossomed on her lips, and her companion smiled in return.

"Hello, wisher," she said, shifting her body closer to her. Hermione could feel her trousers a heavy, corduroy-like fabric pressing against her legs. Her bare breasts pressed against her opened top and Hermione could feel her own nipples harden in response. She had never though of another woman sexually before, but this felt so right, so natural, she wanted to follow through on the impulse.

"Hello," replied Hermione. Her hands began to roam over her companion's body, mimicking the way she had been touched while asleep.

"Wisher, while I appreciate your attentions, I am here for your pleasure, not my own," her companion said as Hermione's hands began to fondle her breasts.

Hermione frowned, but removed her hands. "Why are you calling me 'wisher'?"

"Because, dear wisher, that is who you are to me. You wished at my father's well and your touch pleased him. I am here to grant your wish."

With a small sigh, her companion summoned a small floating light, casting a dim glow over the room, nearly bright as day in contrast to the previous dark. Hermione could not contain her gasp. Her companion was indeed female, with soft pale skin with a touch of sun-kissed color, a riot of curls all the colors of fall, and full breasts tipped with hard chocolate peaks. It was the horns that startled her. Rising from her forehead and curling back into her hair, the horns were a deep brown too glossy to be black, ridged from natural growth. Hermione whipped her blanket off of them and looked down. The sensation she mistook as pants were legs. Starting at the waist and covering legs that ended in cloven hooves were small locks of fur shades darker than the curls on the woman's no, satyr's head.

Now she pulled away and sat up, fascinated. "You're a satyr!" Hermione exclaimed. "I mean, I'm guessing, but it's the only thing that makes sense! There's no name for a female satyr, and you certainly aren't a nymph, as classically described... Does this mean you are here for Pan? Oh, my wish! But it wasn't for me, it was for Sev..."

Hermione stopped talking as the satyr silenced her with a kiss. Her arousal flared to life again, burning brighter than before, and she abandoned herself to skillful lips pressed against hers and a tongue that teased her own into play. The satyr broke the kiss heartbeats later.

"Now, wisher, I can see you are a woman of many questions. But you are the answer to your own wish. I am just here to lend a hand."

"Oh, but how, I mean, I don't..." Hermione stammered, whipping between desire and fear.

"Wisher, I am here to grant your wish. You bring joy to your Severus before this night ends, I promise."

The satyr rose from the bed, balanced gracefully on her hooves. Her hand reached out for Hermione. "Stand, wisher, and present yourself. Your Severus awakens and we must be ready."

## Chapter 3

### *Chapter 3 of 5*

Pan, the Greek god of passion and lust, does not often manifest directly. But when Hermione Granger makes an offering at his fountain (and touches his granite flank just so), he makes an exception. Or his daughter said pretty please. This is Pan, after all. Either one – or all or none – are possible.

Hermione rose from the bed, taking the satyr's hand in hers. Lust bloomed through her at the contact. Letting herself be guided, she was positioned in front of the satyr, her back pressed against her front, displayed for Severus' perusal should he awaken. The demigod's hands again roamed over her body, slipping inside her open top and fondling her breasts, hefting their fullness, teasing the already stiff nipples with gentle strokes and tweaks. Her mouth again went to work on the sensitive skin of her neck, and Hermione moaned at the twin pleasures.

~/~/~

It was that moan, blending into dreams from reality, that shifted Severus from asleep to awake. In his dreams, he has been feasting on his fantasy lover Hermione, nibbling and licking and sucking on every inch of flesh he could envision. And while his fantasy lover did indeed moan, it didn't sound so... real.

On reflex, he reached for his wand, but shock stilled his hand. He could not believe the same woman he'd lusted after for years was displaying herself wantonly before him.

A faint glow lit the room with warm tones, showing Hermione's lustful display to its fullest. Her pajama shirt was falling open, the faded royal blue exposing her soft belly, pale honeyed skin, and the lush curves of ripe breasts hidden behind a pair of strong, elegant hands.

He stared, trying to ascertain the identity of Hermione's lover. But, other than the hands cupping the breasts he wanted to touch and lick and suck and bite and soothe, he could make out nothing. Letting his rage rise, he snatched his wand from beneath his pillow and pointed it at the pair.

Silent magic did his bidding as the room blossomed with light and the pair was separated and held in invisible bonds. Hermione stared at him, her gaze glassy with pleasure. Her lover was another shock. He recognized the creature that had been fondling Hermione immediately. Severus let his lips quirk in the faintest impression of a smile; he'd been told it was by far his most frightening expression. It did nothing to dent Hermione's lust. He let his gaze stray over her partially unclothed form, lingering on the exposed curves and the shadow of her hips as they dipped into the waist of her pajama pants.

Shaking his head, Severus looked away. Even bound, the satyr still had a powerful effect. Pity they could not be banished like boggarts or even dementors. With a wave of his wand, he unbound the creature.

"Satyr, why have you come here?" he demanded, wand pointed at the creature's chest.

The creature shook her head, sending her parti-colored curls flying. Her breasts swayed with the motion, and Severus swallowed reflexively, but his wand did not waver.

"That was unkind, Severus Snape," the satyr replied. "Do you treat all guests in this manner?"

"Only those who enter uninvited," he snapped in return.

She smiled, full lips wet and glistening. "Oh, Severus Snape. I did not enter uninvited. I am here at my father's request. I am to grant that divine creature's wish," she said with a languorous gesture to the still bound Hermione.

Severus sneered. "You expect me to believe that an intelligent witch such as Hermione Granger knowingly invited a creature as you in?"

"You misunderstand me, Severus Snape. I said she wished. Such a wish too," she added with a small laugh. She walked toward Severus, hips swinging, hooves silent on the wooden floor. "She touched my father's icon, made an offering of gold at his shrine and said, 'It's said that you were a god of joy and pleasure. If there's ever anyone who needed a touch of that, it's Severus Snape.' She pleased my father, and he let me come to grant her wish."

She reached Severus now, his wand pressed against her bare chest. "Do you know this valley is Pan's, Severus Snape? He is the patron of this village, and his will holds sway here. And every salacious thought you've had since you entered this place has been known to him." She reached a hand and stroked his wand arm, setting fire to his blood. "Oh, yes. How better to grant the wish of one who pleased him than to give you her?" She raised herself up to whisper in his ears, her breath sending eddies of sheer want spearing straight to his cock. Against his will, his breath quickened and his heart began to race. "After all, he's been aware of every salacious thought in her mind since she entered his realm as well. And I promise you, your attentions would be truly welcome."

She lowered herself and stepped back, placing distance between them. "I am merely a facilitator in this case. If you ask, I will leave. But, I warn you now, Severus Snape, I will return until her wish has been granted."

And between one moment and the next, she was gone, and the room was bathed in darkness.

~/~/~

"*Lumos*," Severus said quietly, as he regained control of his senses. "*Finite Incantatem*," he said next, freeing his partner from the binding spell. He watched as she blinked, her eyes no longer glazed with passion, but huge and frightened. With a wordless cry, she seized her pajama shirt and held it closed with her arms crossed across her chest. He watched with interest as she began to blush furiously.

"Oh, Severus, oh, Merlin, I can't believe – I'm so sorry – I mean, I wasn't in my right mind, but I would never, oh God!" She ended with a wail, tears spilling down her cheeks. Severus was silent; he didn't know what to say that would make this okay for her.

Apparently, he was silent too long. Hermione dashed into the bathroom and slammed the door behind her.

## Chapter 4

### Chapter 4 of 5

Pan, the Greek god of passion and lust, does not often manifest directly. But when Hermione Granger makes an offering at his fountain (and touches his granite flank just so), he makes an exception. Or his daughter said pretty please. This is Pan, after all. Either one – or all or none – are possible.

Severus took a moment to decide how he would respond. Did he dare take a chance? The ghost of the satyr's lips on his ear and her breathy promise "*Your attentions will be truly welcome*," gave him the sliver of hope he needed to make up his mind. On the way to the bathroom, he paused by her bed and took a moment to verify Hermione left her wand under her pillow; he had no desire to face an upset and *armed* Hermione.

He rapped once on the door to warn her before he entered. Hermione was sitting on the floor before the tub, her head buried in her hands and sobbing brokenly. There's courage and then there's *courage*, Severus thought before he sat down next to her, setting aside his wand. Tentatively, he wrapped an arm around her shoulders. She jerked away from the contact and scooted over the few inches she could. Severus pulled his arm back and stayed where he was. He sighed and spoke quietly.

"Granger...Hermione," he corrected himself, "have you ever encountered satyrs in your studies?"

She didn't look up, but nodded her head. Her sobbing had slowed and was punctuated by the occasional hiccup.

"I am surprised you have, even as widely read as you are. As a topic, they are only discussed by those who make an intensive study of not just the dark arts, but dark creatures." Unconsciously, he slipped into his teaching mode, imparting information to a captive audience. He pitched his voice lower and began to speak in a smooth rhythm. "Though they are not properly dark, their influence is so pervasive that they can effectively compel those they influence to act against their normal impulses."

"Like Imperius?" Hermione asked, her sobbing now reduced to sniffles.

"Not quite. Satyrs make those in their influence feel lust. Typically, it's a sexual compulsion for the satyr, sometimes it's for another person or object if the satyr is maliciously inclined. And, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the satyr is male. Female satyrs are far more successful than their male counterparts, but far more rare. Their influence is insidious and powerful. It is female satyrs who gave rise to the Muggle myth of the succubus; Muggles believed them to be demonic because of their goat legs and horns. Incubi are from male satyrs, who while being far more common were also less powerful than their female counterparts."

"How, how did you banish her?" Hermione asked quietly. Her sniffles were nearly done as information kicked her scholarly impulses to the fore.

Severus smiled, though he knew she could not see it. "Satyrs cannot be banished, Hermione. They leave when they will it, usually when whatever purpose has been fulfilled. A satyr may desire to leave if they cannot incite desire in a subject, but few human beings are capable of deadening their emotions to an extent that will drive one off. Their only constraint is that they must be invited to enter a human or wizard's residence or touch them in any way. Given their nature, that invitation is easily obtained.

"This one left after telling me that she was invited in by you. Hermione, why did you wish for me?"

Hermione finally looked up from her hands. As expected, her eyes were red and her face blotchy and tear streaked. Besides that, her hair had been loosed from its braid and was frizzing wildly about her head. Severus made no comment on her appearance no one, not even Hermione, was attractive in the wake of such emotion and waited with uncharacteristic patience.

After what seemed like ages, Hermione responded quietly, "You seemed so angry and snappish at the fountain. I didn't really believe it would work as a wishing well, and really, I didn't think at all. It was, to me, a harmless wish." She laughed bitterly. "I did not expect this."

"No one would," he replied soothingly. Now he slid over on the floor, coming next to her once more. Again, he draped his arm across her shoulders, and this time, she accepted the comfort, snuggling against him and tucking her head against his shoulder. A frisson of rightness shivered through him.

Again, he heard the satyr's words, "Your attentions will be truly welcome." He steeled himself for rejection and stroked the tangled mass of hair twining down Hermione's back and arm. For all its resemblance to brambles, it was feather soft against his fingers.

Quietly, he said, "Your hair is so much softer than I thought it would be."

Hermione moved deeper into his grasp, wrapping her arms around him. He completed the embrace by encircling his other arm around hers. "You thought about it?" she asked.

"For longer than I care to admit," Severus replied.

Hermione twisted in his arms so that she now faced him. "Really?" Her face was still marked by tear tracks and her eyes were still red, but her complexion was returned to its normal creamy tone and her eyes shone with hope, echoed in her voice.

"Yes," he said and, seizing his courage, dipped his head and kissed her for the first time.

It was sweet and soft, and Hermione was pliant in his arms, her mouth moving lazily beneath his. It was a kiss with all the time in the world; there was no hurry to it. He pressed slightly to open her mouth to his tongue, tasting her mouth and the minty echoes of her toothpaste. He let her explore his mouth in return, savoring the moment.

It was Hermione who broke the kiss. She shifted out of his arms and moved on the floor so that she knelt in front of him. "Is this really what you want?" she asked with a small voice. "Or are you just affected by her, by the satyr?"

There was a part of Severus that wanted to silence her doubts with kisses, but he knew that would never work. Not with Hermione. There was another part of him that wanted to obscure the truth reflexively. The small part of him that held out hope that this could be something he'd wanted all his life demanded honesty. And it, somehow, won. "Even when she touched me, I thought of you," he replied.

And Hermione smiled and it was worth the sacrifice. She leaned forward and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. This kiss was eager and hopeful and warm. She sucked on his lower lip until he opened to her and her tongue darted in, demanding response. He replied and wrapped his arms around her, bringing her closer to him.

As their kisses grew more intense, they stroked and touched each other hesitantly at first, then growing more and more bold. Severus grabbed Hermione's hips and pulled her into his lap; Hermione's hands dove into his hair and tugged gently, sending pleasure shooting down his spine. Soon he used his grip on her hips to grind his now hard length against her. She mewled against his mouth and rocked her hips in his lap.

They broke apart panting. "Bed," Hermione said, sliding her fingers out of his hair and stumbling to a standing position. Looking up, he could see her nipples were rock hard and tenting her pajama shirt. Severus rose as shakily behind her, his pajama pants clearly tented by his own arousal.

"Bed," he agreed and holding out his hand for her. She took his hand and half-dragged him out of the bathroom and into the bedroom and onto her bed next to her. Instead of returning to kisses, he reached for her shirt. "Let me see you," he murmured.

Hermione nodded and reached for his own shirt, tugging at the sleeve. "Fair's fair," she replied. "I want to see you too."

He worked quickly on the buttons. As soon as the last one was undone, she shrugged out of the top; he took the time to remove his own shirt, exposing the flat, leanly muscled planes of his own chest. Forever too thin, his ribs were still visible shadows, marked by occasional scars. The largest by far marred his neck. Still, any reluctance to expose himself fled as he finally could touch the skin he'd dreamt about. He did, letting his hands skim along her now bare back, enjoying the silken texture of her skin.

He let his hands slide forward along her ribs. Barely hidden by healthy weight from sight, they were present to his questing fingers. He let his hands finally touch the underside of those full breasts that had been tempting him. Their nipples were hard, and he savored their pebbly feel as he fondled her.

As he explored her chest and torso, Hermione's hands explored him in turn. Her palms crested along his ribs, dipped low to his hips, caressed his back and traced his scars. He slid lower on the bed and began to lavish kisses on the nearer breast, letting his fingers caress and tease its mate. Hermione's breathy cries encouraged him, and he drew the taut nipple in his mouth, suckling gently before nipping the hard flesh and kissing it better. He was rewarded with Hermione's hands in his hair and continued his assault.

Gently, he shifted Hermione onto her back and continued to tease her perfect breasts: one hand kneading the firm flesh and tweaking the hardened nub, the other stretching down to the waist of her pajama pants, and his mouth busy on her nipple. Letting her continued mewling banish his doubts, Severus slipped his hand beneath the waistband of her pajama pants and reached for the juncture between her legs. He found the damp thatch and slipped a single long finger inside.

Hermione arched up from the bed with a loud moan. Letting himself smile, he removed his hands and mouth from Hermione's body and reached for her pants. She lifted her hips high and reached for the knot to help Severus remove the barrier. The blue pants were unceremoniously tossed in a corner, and Hermione returned to the bed, her legs splayed open. In the dim light, she looked at Severus and said quietly, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Severus slid back down next to her, his hand caressing her ribs. "Why do you ask?"

She turned to face him and said, "If you do this, I won't let you walk away. I won't let you tell yourself that this was a mistake and it was just the influence of that damnable satyr or..."

Severus did the expedient thing: he kissed her, trying to put all of his longing and frustration into that act. When they separated, breathless and panting, he replied, "I want this. I want you. For as long as I can have you."

Hermione smiled and reached for Severus, pulling his lanky frame back over her. Severus returned to his ministrations, slipping his long fingers into the trimmed thatch of dark curls to tease her clit. Almost involuntarily, her hand reached to correct his. Severus whispered in her ear, "Show me. Show me how to please you."

Hermione's smaller hand guided his in her preferred motions, the strokes she knew would please her best. Severus was a quick learner and soon his deft fingers were stroking her clit just so, and Hermione's hands moved to grab her breasts, to tease her nipples to add just that last bit of sensation to send her over the edge.

It wasn't enough, Severus though. He had to be in her, now. Quickly, he stripped off his own pajama pants, tossing them next to her discarded pair, and moved between her legs while she was still panting and coming down off of her orgasm. He lifted her legs and swiftly buried himself inside her.

It was everything he thought it would be and more. She was soft and wet, hot and tight. He paused for a moment, looking down at Hermione. She smiled and reached up to hold him, rocking her hips to encourage him. It was all he needed. He began to thrust, slowly at first. Hermione growled beneath him and wrapped her legs around his hip and used the leverage to thrust against him faster.

Severus complied. He shifted the angle of his body to thrust deeper and harder to please them both and let go of restraint.

"Oh, yes!" Hermione cried, her nails digging into his back. "Just like that!"

Severus thrust harder, sweat soaking his hair, reaching gladly for his own orgasm. It came all too soon as Hermione keened and her tight depths grabbed him and pushed him over the edge. He came with a rough wordless scream.

He collapsed back on the bed next to Hermione, who smiled at him. He smiled in return and kissed her softly. She curled next to him, embracing him. He returned the embrace, kissing the top of her head.

"Thank you, Severus," she said sleepily.

Amused, he replied, "You're welcome, my dear. Are you going to sleep?"

"Uh huh. It's been a long night."

Severus couldn't help it. He laughed and settled into her bed. If she was going to sleep, he might as well too.

## Chapter 5

*Chapter 5 of 5*

Pan, the Greek god of passion and lust, does not often manifest directly. But when Hermione Granger makes an offering at his fountain (and touches his granite flank just so), he makes an exception. Or his daughter said pretty please. This is Pan, after all. Either one – or all or none – are possible.

**A/N:** Well, this is the end. I'd like to give a huge thank you to phoenix, who stepped up to help me get this final chapter in shape for posting. And I'd like to thank you for reading. Enjoy!

---

The next morning, Severus woke up entangled with Hermione on a small bed. Her hair was in his mouth, and her leg was hanging off the bed. Severus pushed the mass of hair that was trying to smother him away from his face and began to disentangle himself from his partner. *Pity she would probably take Levicorpus the wrong way* he thought as her elbow slipped and hit him in the chest.

Still, he managed to extricate himself and make his way to the bathroom. He closed the door and looked in the mirror. Still too pale, though there was a livid bruise on his neck. He stared at the love bite, marveling at it. He honestly could not recall when that had happened, but it was enough to drive away any doubts about what happened. He had told her truthfully last night ... for as long as he could keep her, he would.

He left the bathroom to get his clothes for the day, expecting to find Hermione still asleep. Instead, she was awake and sitting on the bed, clothed only in her halo of hair like a modern-day Lady Godiva. Idly, he wondered if she would be willing to learn some broom riding tricks with him.

"Severus," she said in her "I am a serious professional" voice. "About last night...", her voice trailed off. She took a deep breath before continuing nervously, "I hope that you don't think things are going to go back to the way they were before."

"Never. You are mine, Hermione. And I, yours. For as long as I can keep you," Severus said fiercely.

"Good!" Hermione said brightly. "Now that that's settled, would you like to join me in the shower?"

Severus gathered his toiletries and walked over to the bathroom. "Of course."

---

They killed the hot water in the shower and may have inadvertently done water damage to the ceiling and the floor, but eventually, they emerged clean and dry from the bathroom, ready to finish their work in Perrinwolde. Today, they would make sure that the satyr behind the village's odd fertility was kept in check by the local wizarding community.

Dressed in their black robes and professional miens in place, they journeyed into the village. This time, they were looking for the wizards of Perrinwolde. They weren't hard to find. Whereas the villagers gathered in the pub at night, the eldest wizards gathered there by day. Nursing bottles of butterbeer and glasses of gillywater, the four wizards and one witch who lived in the village proper spent their days in the pub, gossiping and working quietly. The bartender gave their activities a blind eye.

Hermione watched as one wizard, the oldest of the lot, gestured with his wand at his witch companion. Red sparks came out the end, setting the table and his robes to smolder. With a sigh that indicated this was all too frequent an occurrence, the witch drew her wand and set the table and the wizard's robes to right. The bartender watched this all happen while polishing glasses without a word or a flicker of distress.

She looked askance at Severus, and he bent down to whisper in her ear, "The bartender is most likely a squib. In rural villages, it's not all that unusual for wizards and Muggles to live side by side. Though, this is a bit much even for that standard."

Hermione nodded and smoothed her expression into one of pleasant sweetness. With older wizards, she had learned that it was best to play the innocent. She would dig up the information they needed while Severus checked the fountain over.

After he left, she walked over to the group, "Do you mind if I have a seat here?" she asked, pitching her voice to sound younger than normal.

Five sets of eyes swiveled to her, appraising. It was the witch who nodded assent, and Hermione sat at her table alongside the wizard who had set his robes on fire. Hermione wished she's taken the time to cast a fire-retardant spell on her person, but it was too late now.

Before Hermione could speak, the witch croaked in a rich voice broken with age, "You'd be the lady Unspeakable from the Ministry, aye?"

"Yes, I am Unspeakable Granger."

"Yeah, we heard tell of you in the pub last night. You're here about Pan's blessing?"

"Not exactly," Hermione replied, squirming inside. This was not something she wanted to discuss, especially with wizards old enough to be her great-grandparents. Still, this was the job. "I'd like to discuss the presence of a satyr in Perrinwolde."

"A satyr?" spat the elder wizard at the table with her. "Only satyrs round here are Pan and his get. Reason this village prospers."

"Yes, well, this is a matter of concern," Hermione began before she was interrupted by another wizard, this one leaning over from a neighboring table and possessing a beard to rival Dumbledore's.

"How so, young one? Satyrs bring pleasure and blessings to the lands and people. Those without the sense to leave them be are the only ones bothered by them."

"Really?" replied Hermione coolly. For all that she pretended youthful innocence, she hated being addressed as a child. Dropping the demeanor, she addressed the wizard with authority and asperity. "Satyrs are classed as Level Three dark creatures by the Office for Beast and Beings. Their presence in this village has caused such unnatural levels of crop and livestock fertility that it has attracted the attention of the *Muggle* domestic government. Need I remind you that should they descend on this village, any evidence of such creatures ... let alone your own august presences ... would be considered a gross violation of the International Statute of Secrecy? So, elder," she said with a nod at Long Beard, "let's discuss how we can prevent that."

"I still don't see what the cause for worry is. Despite what William and Alfred have said, no one has sighted a satyr in over a hundred years. Not even during Pan's festival, when I assure you, Unspeakable Granger, enough alcohol and Muggle drugs flow to ensure that no such sighting would be believed to be real the next day."

"Madam, I must beg to differ. My partner and I encountered a satyr last night."

The witch laughed. "Did you now? Oh, no wonder you're so full of questions today! Bet he didn't do you a lick of harm, now did he?" she said with a knowing leer.

Hermione flushed before responding sharply, "That's debatable."

The witch laughed and patted her on her leg. "It's quite alright, nothing to be embarrassed about. Satyrs come to the young for pleasure, but if you truly don't want them there, they won't be."

Long Beard, aka Alfred, cackled, "Be a stronger man than any here to say no to one when they wanted. Stronger woman, too!"

The witch glared at him before returning to Hermione with kindness in her eyes. "Unspeakable Granger, other than you, no one has seen a satyr for generations. Muggles can't see them at all unless they want to and the satyr wills it. Nothing that happens under the influence of a satyr is against the participant's will.

"We'll keep an eye out for any Muggle officials and lead them by the nose should they want to investigate any old 'legends' or 'regional fertility festivals' so the Statute will stand. Meanwhile, I'm not sure what else we can do. No one in Perrinwolde will abandon Pan's fest, not when it works. I'm afraid we're at an impasse."

Hermione stood and held out her hand to the witch. "Thank you for your time..."

The witch stood and shook Hermione's hand. "Jocasta. Jocasta MacDonald. Thank you for hearing us out, Unspeakable Granger. We like our life here in the village and like not having to hide from our neighbors. We'll do what we must to preserve that."

Hermione nodded and replied. "Thank you, Jocasta."

She nodded to the wizards and left to meet Severus. She wondered how he would feel about getting take away and spending the night at her place. She had her wizard and no intention of letting him go.

---

Severus had returned to the fountain after leaving Hermione at the pub. He stood before the crude stone statue adorning the fountain, noting its knowing smile. In his hand, he fondled a galleon. He wasn't sure if he was saying thanks or paying off the god to stay away from them now that they found one another.

He was ready to cast the coin into the fountain when a playful feminine voice stopped him. "Oh, Severus Snape, you've no need to cast that wish. I told you, you're attentions were wanted."

Severus whirled around, robes snapping behind him, and ended with his wand drawn and pointed at the same luscious creature he had met the night before. This time, she was clothed, her breasts hidden in a simple halter and a loincloth acting as a skirt. Severus realized he felt normal in her presence; no spike of desire thudded through him at her arrival. Slowly, he lowered his wand.

"Satyr," he said.

"Severus Snape. Well, I can see her wish came true. And you are happy; no wish is needed that my father could grant you. So do not waste your coin," she said. She walked past him and seated herself on the rim of the fountain.

"I came for more than just a wish," Severus began. "I came to ensure the safety of the people of this village from you and your ilk."

"Oh, they are safe from us, Severus Snape," she said with a trill of laughter.

"Really? Is that how you wound up in my room last night?"

She pouted at him and kicked her legs against the fountain. "Again, I was invited. We do not go where we are not wanted. You know this. The wise ones of the village know this. Even the children know this.

"We serve this village, Severus Snape. They honor my father and give us our due in an age where we are forgotten as myths. We help them as we can and protect them from harm. You have no need to fear; no one is in danger from us unless they seek to bring down this village."

Severus stared and tossed the coin past her into the fountain, where it landed without a ripple. "My thanks," he said, and he left the grove. It was time to meet up with Hermione and head back to London. He wondered how she felt about Spanish food? He knew of a fantastic restaurant that he would love to share with her, followed by spending the night at his place, which happened to be a block away. He had his witch and no intention of letting her go.

Behind him, laughter, both masculine and feminine, echoed from the trees.