

Vampire!Hermione Rescued

by Amita

An innocuous adventure.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"I'm becoming a vampire."

He took in the pale complexion. "As a fashion statement?"

"No, you berk. Lavender was making eyes at Ron again and I wanted to show them that two could play that game so I went to this nightclub last Friday that had a risqué reputation and I thought a little flirting would get back to my straying fiancé and he would come to his senses and I let this handsome stranger take me to a dark corner and I definitely said, 'No hands under the dress,' and he promised that he would only give me a little love bite to remember the evening by and he did and now I think I'm changing."

Hermione took a deep breath. "So, you see, it's not my fault."

"Of course not," said Severus.

Hermione looked dismayed. "Molly's going to kill me."

She noticed him examining her cleavage.

Things are looking up, she thought. Oh no, I shouldn't be thinking that. It's the Demon growing inside me.

"Is that gaudy amulet a blood-sucker suppressant?" he asked.

Oh, bugger, she thought. Is that all he's interested in?

She said, "It cost most of my savings, and it's slowing the transformation, but I need a potent potion for a reversal."

"Don't tell me," said Severus. "The potion requires the roots of a plant that grows in the dung of a dragon that lives in the Transylvania Mountains."

"How did you know that?" she asked.

"It's the way of the universe," he replied.

Severus felt the scar on his throat. "Are you certain it was a vampire? Perhaps it was a snake demon."

Hermione shook her head that she wasn't certain. Severus began to feel uneasy.

He pointed out a rat that was pointing its nose out of a nearby drainage ditch and asked, "What do you think of that?"

"Yuck, vermin," she said.

He pointed out a rare steak being served to a nearby table.

"Yummy," said Hermione. "It looks like a pretty big steak. You don't think that man is going to eat all of it, do you? He's still finishing his appetizer. You don't think he'd mind if I took it before it got cold, do you? He could order another."

A much relieved Severus took Hermione by the hand and led her away from temptation while promising to pick up some raw liver on the way to her flat.

"We won't have to bother cooking it or getting out a knife and fork, will we?" he asked.

"How did you know that?" she asked.

While preparing for the trip, she found herself brushing against him. She prattled on and on about her life and what she wanted to do. She wished this reticent man would tell her more about himself.

A week later, they were camped in the mountain pass that led to the domain of dragons.

"It's cold up here," she said, moving her sleeping bag next to his. "I can trust you, can't I? I'm engaged, and I'm going to be married next month."

In the middle of the night, Severus woke to find Hermione sleeping with her head on his shoulder. He was holding her amulet. He could feel her soft breasts, her firm thighs, her warm breath. Her eyelids fluttered open. She gave him a soft smile and fell back into a contented sleep. He held her amulet as if it were her heart.

In the morning, they gathered their paraphernalia and marched into the valley of the dragons. They were both flying banners. One read "All Hail Dragons," and the other read "Dragons Rule."

"Can dragons read?" she had asked.

"It's the thought that counts," he had said.

A man of a thousand solutions, thought Hermione.

Severus carried and played the drums, gongs, and bells.

Boom boomba bang boom.

Crash crasha whang crash.

Dong donga ding dong.

Boom boomba boom.

Over and over he played. The dragons watched and listened, fascinated.

Hermione carried the bag for the roots and looked for piles of dragon dung.

"It's your affliction," he had told her.

"Right, oh chivalrous one," she had replied

She pulled the first root out of a pile and almost retched. *Only eleven more to go*, she told herself.

Severus made a circuit and arrived back at the pass out of the valley soon after Hermione had collected twelve roots. They planted the banners honoring all dragons, arranged the musical instruments as an offering to a superior race, and mounted their brooms. As they flew away, wondering if they would be pursued, they heard the bang and clang of the dragons playing with their new treasure.

A few hours later, they were in the potions lab with Severus instructing Hermione. She could feel the warmth of the wizard behind her and his strength and expertise as he guided her hands in the slicing and preparing of the roots. She moved back into him. *It must be the demon growing in me*, she thought as she made a low noise and moved against his growing rod.

She was thinking this was what she had always dreamed about as he turned her to face him. As his fingers traced the features of her face as if she were beautiful, as his eyes drank her in as if she were a noble and admirable lady, as his arms held her as if she were desirable. As his words told her she was an intelligent and capable woman whose presence would grace the life of any man.

And then he was doing more than she had dared dream as his hands guided hers to the buttons on his trousers – as if he wanted to possess a bookish witch, a little bookworm who had foolishly let herself be bitten.

"Do you really want a vampire girl?" she asked as she removed her amulet and was about to drape it around his neck. "Maybe you're the one with a demon inside."

"That's not where the demon resides," he said.

"Right," she said and, inspired by a devil within, draped it around his cock.

"Do it," he said. "Wiggle out of those virgin knickers and spread those engaged legs."

Hermione regally looked into his eyes as she slid the pure cotton past her hips and down white thighs pledged to another. Her regal bearing slipped away with every gasp as the amulet-draped cock inched into her.

Wiggle for him, sweetie, urged something inside her. *Wiggle for the demon. Wiggle for the nice wizard, honey.*

Hermione had thought it might hurt, but it didn't. She had thought she would be quiet, but she wasn't. She was moaning for him. She was squirming and saying the naughtiest things for the first wizard between her legs.

As it became unbearable, she cried out, "You beast."

"Yes," he said.

She came.

She had a moment of doubt that he only wanted her surrender, but all her doubts vanished as his eyes gleamed and he plunged into her until he groaned and filled her with his seed. She floated away feeling content and complete.

It wasn't until they were sharing tea and scones that the real world came crashing back on her.

"Oh, Sevvie, this is terrible. How can I explain to Molly that I can't wear white when I marry Ron?"

"The solution lies in the problem itself," said Severus. "Your vampire condition has made you pale. Explain to Molly that you need an ivory dress that doesn't make your complexion look washed out."

A man of a thousand solutions, thought Hermione.