

The Only Way

by Ladymage Samiko

Snape deals with his conscience when he has Hermione the only way he can. (non-graphic non-con themes)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He glanced at the sleeping woman, then buried his face in his hands; this wasn't what he'd thought it would be like.

He'd somehow managed to justify it to himself, told himself it was a well-deserved reward, the least of what life owed him.

She'd been submissive. Seductive. Impossibly eager.

So beautifully erotic.

But it hadn't been *her* at all, had it?

Severus scrabbled for the phial in his robe pocket, hurled it at the wall. Unbreakable, it lay there in the moonlight, shimmering greasily.

Pathetic. Accusing. Filthy.

But the only way Severus Snape could ever have Hermione Granger.

He slunk into the bathroom, scrubbed himself raw, and excavated new nightclothes. Carefully refusing to look, he lifted the sheets and ~~Scourgified~~.

She looked so young. So clean.

If not for him.

Obliviate? She would need to be awake, and he couldn't bear to disturb her. *Coward*.

He settled in beside her. Turned away.

He stuffed his fist in his mouth; for the first time in... ages, he began to sob.

She curled around him with sleepy murmurs. Said nothing. He needed this... penance. So did she. Come morning, she would confess: her drugged drink had gone out the

window.

A/Ns: This was written for the GS100 'enchanted' challenge, and for me is a bit problematic in the way that my 'Sober Drinkers' was problematic. I can accept it because a) it's fiction and b) Hermione's one step ahead of Severus. If this were reality, Snape would likely be missing a few important body parts by now.