

Sleepless Nights

by CyanaWhite

Completed Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

Late Night Visitor

Chapter 1 of 9

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A/N: Hiya everyone! This is my first fanfic so I would really appreciate it if you could leave me a review and let me know how I am doing. (p.s. chapter one may not make much sense by itself but it will be explained later, promise.) And a huge hug to my wonderful beta, Nom de Plume, for all her help! EnJoY!

Warnings: Adult situations, non-consensual sex (sort of), not HBP compliant

Chapter 1

Late Night Visitor

It had been an extremely long day and Hermione was exhausted. She wanted nothing more than to get to her Head Girl's room and flop down on her bed. Harry and Ron had dragged her to Hogsmeade today, and they had spent most of the day stuffing their pockets with sweets and admiring the latest Quidditch equipment. This was most definitely not Hermione's idea of a fun day.

Finally Hermione made it to the portrait that concealed her room and dragged herself in. After a quick shower, Hermione double-checked that she had all of her work for the next day's classes finished. Of course, she knew that she had it all completed, but she figured it never hurt to be certain. She pulled back the blankets on her bed and tucked herself in.

After two months of being back at school, she was still amazed at how large her bed was. It was at least twice the size of those in the regular dorms. There were definite advantages to being Head Girl. Hermione reached over to the lamp next to her bed and switched it off. The only light left in her room was the soft glow of the ashes in her fireplace. Seconds later, Hermione drifted off to sleep.

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Hermione was sleeping so deeply that she did not notice her fireplace turn green. A dark figure emerged from the fireplace and stood there for a moment. The figure finally moved, completely soundless, towards the sleeping outline of Hermione. Had she been awake to see the shadow approaching, she would most likely have run screaming.

The shadowed figure leaned over her sleeping body and very cautiously brushed a strand of hair that was falling across her cheek. The figure then placed one knee on her bed and moved slowly so that he was lying on the bed next to her. Hermione then woke with a start; a hand had wrapped itself across her waist and was pulling her deeper into the bed. She tried to scream but soon discovered that she was too frightened to make a sound.

Hermione was suddenly jerked around to face her assailant. What she saw left her even more speechless than she had previously been: Professor Snape was in her bed!

Snape reached out and softly brushed her cheek with his fingers, trailing his way to the back of her neck. He gently pulled Hermione towards him, and before she could figure out what he was doing, he placed his lips on hers. His kiss was invading and demanding; he ignored her attempts to push away and easily pulled her closer to him. *Oh, Gods, thought Hermione, Snape's in my bed, and he's kissing me! What the hell is going on?*

Hermione opened her mouth to try and protest, but quickly discovered how big of a mistake that was. As soon as her lips parted, his tongue snaked into her mouth. His tongue massaged the roof of her mouth and began exploring her. Hermione had never been kissed like this before; Viktor had kissed her a few times, but compared to this, those were merely pecks. She tried to push away again, to no avail. *This is disgusting, she thought, ...okay, well, maybe it's not that bad... argh, who the hell am I kidding; he's a bloody brilliant kisser!... Wait... WHAT? Did I just admit I am enjoying this!*

At that point, Hermione's mind shut down, and her body took over. She quickly moved her arms around his neck and pulled him closer, if that was possible. Her fingers wrapped themselves in his hair. Her mouth hungrily returned his kiss, and she found that her tongue had somehow found its way into his mouth. As their tongues wrestled, Hermione felt a fire building in the pit of her stomach. Her body had never responded like this before. The fire was quickly spreading throughout her body, and the intensity of it settled between her legs.

Hermione's sudden responsiveness must have registered with Snape because his hand was suddenly on her breast. Hermione was suddenly aware of how thin her silk nightgown was when Snape's fingers started teasing her nipple. A moan escaped her, and she arched her back to give him better access. Snape pushed her onto her back and pinned her down with his body. His mouth started moving down to her neck, leaving a trail of kisses. His tongue quickly found the nook of her neck and began teasing her sensitive skin. His hand left her breast, ushering a soft protest from her throat, but she then realised where his hand was heading. His hand settled in between her legs; wasting no time, Snape slipped his finger into her folds.

Her mind snapped back with a sudden awareness. *What am I doing? The bastard is forcing himself on me, and I'm letting him!* His finger pushed into her, and his thumb moved to flick her clit. Her words of protest came out as a whimper, and her eyes flashed open. His face was just inches from hers, and he was staring at her with such intensity that she didn't know whether to be turned on or terrified. His dark onyx eyes were glazed over and staring so intently that she could have sworn he was looking right through her.

Snape entered a second finger into her and began pumping her with far greater speed. Hermione tried to push him off; she had to stop him before this went any further, but the sensations rolling through her body were making her weak, and she found she didn't have the strength to fight him. Her body was betraying her, and she suddenly started convulsing with the intensity of her building orgasm. Snape lowered himself to kiss her again, demanding entrance into her mouth. That threw Hermione over the edge, and she screamed as the force of her orgasm hit her. She had never felt anything like this before; she hadn't even known that her body could produce such feelings and sensations. Her breathing was uneven and ragged as Snape pulled away from her mouth.

As suddenly as it had started, it was ending. Snape got off the bed, face as straight as ever, and walked to the fireplace. He pulled some Floo powder out of his pocket, threw it into the fireplace, and in a blaze of green, he was gone.

Hermione was left on her bed, completely confused as to what had happened. Was Snape just in her room pleasuring her? She wasn't even sure if she was angry or happy at what had just happened. She got up, turned on her lamp and checked her clock. It was 5:30 a.m. She knew there was no way she was going to sleep after that experience, so she decided to go take a shower and wash off the scent of her orgasm.

Her mind kept racing while she washed. She had never really looked at Snape in this way before. He was Professor Severus Snape, Potions master, and she was his student. She had never considered that Snape was a man and must, therefore, have the urges and needs that went along with that. When Hermione had found out at the end of her first year that he was not evil, she had started respecting the man. That respect had only grown when she had discovered that he was working for the Order and was a spy amongst Voldemort's ranks.

It was quite a leap however to go from respect to... to whatever had just happened. Hermione closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Her mind began to recall the feel of his lips on hers, the erotic moves of his fingers as he caressed her and the way his body had felt against hers. She began shivering at the memory of it. She suddenly realised what she was thinking and shook her head in anger. *You can't think of him like that, Hermione!* She screamed at herself. *He's your teacher! But then again he was the one that came to your room. What was he thinking doing that? He could be fired... or is he relying on me to keep quiet?* That thought angered her. He was her professor, she had trusted him, and he took advantage of that. So then why didn't she have any regrets? *What's wrong with me? Why am I not reacting like I should be?*

Hermione got out of the shower, dried herself off and put on her uniform. While doing that she had made up her mind--she was going to pretend it never happened. She was going to go down to the Great Hall for breakfast, yell at Ron and Harry for yesterday, and then go to her Transfiguration class. That is exactly what she planned on doing, but the second she walked out her door, a thought struck her: she had double Potions this afternoon!

*What am I going to do?*

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**A/N:** Hope you enjoyed the first chapter, the second chapter should be up very soon.

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite

## Hermione's Mistake

Chapter 2 of 9

\*Completed\* Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

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**A/N:** Hiya again everyone! Thank you to my amazing beta, Nom de Plume! EnJoY!

## Chapter 2

### Hermione's Mistake

The morning went by in a blur for Hermione. She couldn't even remember what they had done in Transfiguration just an hour ago. Now she was sitting across from Ron and Harry, eating her lunch and desperately trying not to look at the staff table at the end of the hall, where, no doubt, Snape would be sitting.

"Oi! Hermione! Are you in there?" Ron's voice suddenly brought her back to reality. She looked up to see her two friends staring at her as if her hair had suddenly turned pink.

"What's the matter, Hermione?" asked Harry. "You look flushed today, and come to think of it, I don't think you've said a word all morning. Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine, Harry. I just didn't get much sleep last night. Maybe I had too many sweets yesterday, but I'll be fine." She could see the worry on their faces, and the last thing she needed was for them to make a fuss over her. Her explanation must have satisfied them though, because Ron went back to his food, and Harry gave her a small smile.

"You know, Hermione," said Harry, "just because Ron and I can pig out on candy without getting sick, doesn't mean you should try to do the same. We're big strong men, and you're just a fragile little girl. You shouldn't try to keep up with us." He gave a small chuckle, just to make sure she knew he was joking.

"Ha!" she laughed. "If you and Ron are 'big strong men,' then I'm a Slytherin!"

"Hey!" protested Ron. "Now that isn't fair, Hermione!" He lifted his eyebrow and gave her an evil grin. "If you want, I can prove to you how much man I really am." He added a wink just for effect. Hermione shot him a nasty look, but before she could do or say anything, Harry noticed the coming storm and thought it wise to intervene.

"Guys, will you look at the time!" Harry exclaimed as if with sudden awareness. "We should get moving, we're gonna be late for Potions, and you know how Snape gets when we're late!" At the mention of Snape's name, Hermione completely forgot about killing Ron. She mindlessly picked up her book bag and followed Harry and Ron out into the entrance hall. The three of them made their way to the dungeons while Harry and Ron argued over their strategies for the upcoming Quidditch match with Slytherin.

Hermione was starting to get nervous. The closer they got to the Potions classroom, the faster her heart pounded. *I can do this. It's no big deal, right?* she asked herself. *I mean, it's not like he's going to stand in front of the class and tell everyone what we did last night. Right?* As she rounded the corner, she saw the door approaching, and she took in a deep breath to steady herself.

As the three friends walked into the classroom, they noticed they were the first ones there. They quietly sat down in their regular seats in the back of the classroom. Snape was sitting behind his desk with his head bent over papers. He showed no signs of having noticed them. Hermione found herself staring at his hand as it quickly moved over the papers. His fingers, carefully wrapped around his quill, were causing shivers to run down her spine. She was so caught up that she hadn't even noticed that the room had filled up.

Snape abruptly stood up and swiftly moved to the front of his desk, cape billowing behind him as he did so. *Merlin, the man knows how to move*, thought Hermione. She blushed, realising how she was feeling. As Snape began to talk, Hermione wasn't even paying attention. She was staring intently at his lips: his soft, delicious lips. That voice of his was vibrating through the classroom, fuelling the flames that were quickly building between her legs. *Why didn't he use that tantalising voice last night?* she mused. *I would have come much faster.* She allowed herself a small giggle at this thought, but as it broke the relative quiet of the room, she knew she had made a mistake.

"Do you find my lectures amusing, Miss Granger?" The deep growl of Professor Snape brought her back to reality once again.

"No... no, of course not, sir," she said hesitantly, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Then may I ask as to the subject of your inconsiderate interruption?" The bark in his voice told her that he was definitely not in a good mood today, and her small giggle may have been suicide.

"I... I apologize, Professor," she stammered, "I did not mean to interrupt you." She hoped that he would not push for an explanation because she certainly didn't have one. Not one she could give out loud, anyway.

"You, Miss Granger, have just lost your House ten points for failing to properly answer my question," he hissed. Snape then waved his hand at the blackboard, and a list of ingredients appeared. "Get to work, now! I want your potions on my desk by the end of class."

The whole class began setting up their cauldrons and retrieving the needed ingredients from the supply closet. Snape sat at his desk and continued grading papers. While she worked on her potion, Hermione's eyes kept wandering up to him, wondering what he was thinking. *Did he enjoy last night as much as I did?* she found herself wondering. *He couldn't have; after all he didn't have an orgasm.* All of a sudden, an idea sprang into her head. *Next time, I'll make sure he really enjoys himself! Gods, I hope there's a next time.*

Snape looked up at that moment, and their eyes met. She gave him a small smile and turned back to her work. Had she kept looking at him, she would have noticed the confused look on his face, quickly turning to anger. He stood up and started stalking through the rows of students. In pure Slytherin fashion, however, he did not make his way straight to her.

Snape finally stopped behind her; she had not noticed his indirect approach. He slowly bent down so that his mouth was a mere inch from her ear, and in low growl he whispered, "What do you think you are doing, Miss Granger?"

The suddenness of his appearance startled her, and she spun around so quickly that her hair flipped, hitting him in the face. "Pro... Professor... I'm sor..." But before she could finish, she realized that she could not pull away. Her hair had gotten caught in the top clasp of his robes. She was stuck. Snape was really getting angry now; he roughly pulled her hair from his robes, leaving a few hairs hanging where they had been caught. Hermione moved her hand to rub her head where the hairs had been ripped and slowly looked up to Snape's face. By now the entire class had stopped working, and every head was turned in their direction.

"I'm so sorry, Professor! I... I didn't mean to... You startled me."

"Are you actually blaming me for your inherent clumsiness?" hissed Snape as his eyes narrowed at her. "I suggest that if you cannot control that mess you call hair, you shave it off!" Hermione looked down at the floor, unable to look at him. She had gotten used to his yelling over the past years, but after last night it was just too much.

"Miss Granger, what exactly is it that you have on your cutting board?" His voice was an angry whisper. Hermione turned to look at her cutting board and couldn't figure out what he was getting at.

"Those are the roots for the potion, Professor," she said, the confusion in her voice evident.

"Those, Miss Granger, are NOT the roots you are supposed to be using. How is it that a know-it-all such as yourself could make such an enormous mistake? I would expect such a thing from Longbottom!" Hermione turned to look at the blackboard and back again to look at her roots. It struck her so fast that she slapped her hand over her mouth. *How could I have made such a stupid mistake! I'm using White Miani roots when I should be using simple onion roots.* Her eyes slowly and cautiously wandered up to Snape's eyes, and she saw how angry he really was. *He's going to kill me! White Miani roots are very rare!*

"You stupid little girl!" Snape was now screaming, no longer able to contain his rage. "You, Miss Granger, will serve detention with me every night until I am satisfied, which may take a long time! If I were you I would clear my schedule for the next ten years!" He then turned and made his way back to the front of the class, stopping only long enough to add, "Be in my office at eight o'clock tonight."

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"Merlin, Hermione, I don't think I've seen the git that angry since Sirius got away!" exclaimed Ron moments after they got out of class. The remainder of the class had been quite uneventful. Snape hadn't even looked up from his papers for one second.

"What happened, Hermione?" asked Harry. "I've never seen you mess up like that; it's not like you."

"I'm not sure," she replied, sadness evident in her voice. "I guess I just wasn't concentrating today."

"Yeah, but Hermione, that's a horrible excuse. Snape is gonna kill you tonight." Ron slowly shook his head and added in a softer voice, "You used White Mian roots; everyone knows how rare those are."

Harry, however, looked slightly confused. "I don't get what the big deal is; it's not like she put them in the potion. They can still be bottled up and reused, right? So how rare they are is irrelevant."

"Honestly, Harry, you should try reading your textbooks once in a while," Hermione said, exasperated. "White Mian roots have to be bottled in a very specific way so that they retain their magical properties. Once the bottle is opened you have less than twenty-five minutes to use them, or they are lost forever."

"And that's not the worst of it, Harry," added Ron. "White Mianis disappeared off the face of the Earth fifteen years ago. Most people believe that they are completely extinct."

Comprehension suddenly struck Harry. "Bloody hell, Hermione. Snape is gonna kill you." Then as an after thought, he added, "Wait a second... you don't read, Ron! How is it that you know about all this?"

"I'm wizard-born, and any wizard that was alive nine years ago remembers the huge controversy there was over the remaining stock of White Mian roots," Ron said. "My dad was involved in it, and I remember him coming home every night talking about it."

"I knew you didn't read!" Harry said with a small grin.

"Course not, Harry," Ron replied. "Why bother reading when you're best friends with Hermione! She knows everything that was ever written in a book."

"Yeah, some bloody brilliant know-it-all I am," Hermione said miserably. Ron and Harry wrapped their arms around their friend comfortingly.

"Don't worry, Hermione," said Harry. "No matter how bad Snape is tonight or tomorrow night, he'll get over it eventually."

"Yeah, Hermione," agreed Ron, "and if the greasy git makes you cry you can come to us. We'll always be here for you."

"Besides, I doubt he'll actually kill you," said Harry with a reassuring smile. "Dumbledore would be way too angry if his prize student was harmed! Not to mention he'd have to deal with McGonagall if he so much as lays a finger on you." Hermione managed a small smile at this.

"Thanks, guys." Of course, there was no way her two friends could have known what she was actually thinking. She had disappointed Snape and made him extremely angry. *I doubt he'll ever kiss me again*, she thought sorrowfully, but then another thought cheered her up. *But then again, I am going to be spending a lot of time with him. After all, he did say that my detentions would last ten years. Maybe I can still turn this around; maybe I can still make him like me.*

With that new purpose, Hermione made her way out of the dungeons with Harry and Ron at her side.

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**A/N:** Thanks for reading! Reviews are greatly appreciated, I love to know what the readers think. The next chapter should be up soon, I promise.

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite

## Hogwarts Mayhem

*Chapter 3 of 9*

\*Completed\* Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

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**A/N:** Hiya everyone. As always, a colossal 'thank you' to my beta, Nom de Plume. It might be a little while before my next update because I'm graduating college this week. Then I have to deal with the hassle of moving into my new apartment. It shouldn't be more than two weeks, though. It might even be sooner, not sure, but just thought I'd warn you. EnJoY!

### Chapter 3

#### Hogwarts Mayhem

After a very light meal and a few hours of studying in the common room, Hermione started to make her way to the dungeons for her first detention. Before leaving for the dungeons, she had gone back to her room to tie her hair back. The last thing she needed was for Snape to get angry about her hair again. Of course, she had also checked her clothes and her make-up. She never wore much make-up, just enough to add a little colour to her otherwise pale skin. Hermione wanted to make sure that she looked as good as possible without making it obvious that she was trying. If Snape was ever going to see her as anything other than a 'stupid little girl,' she would have to make

an effort.

*Why do I care so much what the man thinks of me?* she wondered. *Just a week ago I never really thought of him like this... Well, that's not completely true. The man exhudes sexual desire how could I not have noticed? That sultry voice of his caresses my body with every word he speaks, his fingers are long and slender Gods, a girl could go insane just thinking about what he could do with those fingers. And of course, there are his strong shoulders, his assertive stance, his confident movements, his deep gaze... the list goes on and on.*

But those weren't the things Hermione had really been dwelling on all day. Her mind had been wandering, thinking about how truly wonderful Severus Snape truly was. He was brave, valiant, and, despite what most people thought, extremely loyal. Snape had proven himself countless times throughout the war. What Hermione had concluded after hours of pondering is that Severus Snape was the perfect man for her. Their personalities, in her opinion, fit together perfectly. They were both intelligent and intellectual individuals. She could picture them curled up in front of the fire, reading books or conducting research. Their opinions when it came to research were nearly identical, and they could accomplish so much together. Not to mention, Hermione was one of the few people in this world that appreciated his sharp wit. Others never looked past his insults, but she admired the creativity and quick thinking that went into them.

*Maybe he's thought of these things too. Could that be why he came to my room last night? Even if he keeps denying it, I'll get it out of him somehow. He has to acknowledge what we did, and besides, it's not like I fought him very hard. Surely he noticed at least that much. The sparks, heat, and passion that flew between us could not have been my imagination. There's something more to this than just lust, and I'm going to prove it.*

Hermione was now standing in front of his office door. She took a deep breath and knocked on the door. The door opened immediately, and she walked into the dark office. Snape was sitting at his desk reading a book and didn't look up as she walked in. Hermione stood there patiently, examining the way his hair fell over his face. Remembering how that hair had felt intertwined with her fingers. *His hair isn't greasy at all,* she observed. *It's just so silky that it looks like grease.*

"Miss Granger, I assume you are aware of how rare an ingredient White Miani root is?" His voice was even, leaving no clues as to what he was thinking or feeling. He had sat back, looking at her with an equally blank face.

"Yes, sir," said Hermione, somewhat more timidly than she had intended. "I truly am sorry, sir. I suppose I was somewhat distracted today. Of course, that is no excuse for me to make such a grave error." And just to make sure that he knew just how sorry she was, she added in a softer tone, "I really am sorry."

"Being sorry does not undo what has already been done, Miss Granger," hissed Snape. Then for a moment he just stared at her as if he was trying to figure something out. "What exactly could have been a large enough distraction for Miss Know-it-all? You have dealt with many obstacles in the past, many having to do with the Dark Lord himself. Those were horrendous events. Not to mention, you have had to endure those two dunderhead friends of yours trying to get themselves killed every year. So, Miss Granger, if those things were not enough of a distraction for you to commit errors in my class, then I must ask you, what is?"

Hermione wasn't sure how to answer his question. Surely he knew why she was distracted? It was because of him *Maybe he just wants to hear me say it out loud?* she pondered.

"Umm... Well, sir." She hesitated for a moment. Looking at his eyes, she found no answers, so she continued, "It's because of last night." Snape did not seem satisfied with this answer. He sat back in his chair and let out a sigh, moving his hand to pinch the bridge of his nose in obvious exasperation.

"Miss Granger, you obviously do not wish to tell me," growled Snape. "And since I am exhausted and really do not care what problems you may or may not be having, I will not push the issue." He then pointed to the many bookshelves in the back of his office. "Those shelves have not been dusted in ages. You will empty them one shelf at a time and clean them. You will do this every night until they are all finished."

Hermione nodded and headed for the shelves. She gave Snape a quick glance over her shoulder *He really does look exhausted,* she noted. *That's not really like him, but then again, he was in my room last night, so he probably didn't get enough sleep.* Hermione then turned her attention to the books in front of her. This wasn't nearly as bad as she had expected; she could most likely get this job finished in three hours.

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Four hours later found Hermione making her way back to her rooms. Her body was aching all over. She had severely underestimated the task Snape had given her. It only had taken her a few minutes to realise that many of those books were charmed to appear smaller than they actually were. Most of them were so heavy that they had fallen on her as she had pulled them off the shelf, leaving her body bruised and her back throbbing painfully.

After four hours of hard work, she had only managed to clean one of the seven bookcases he had in his office. That meant that she had a whole week of this punishment to look forward to. *I'll be dead by the end of the week,* she thought meekly. *Either that or I'll get lucky, and one of the books will break my back and paralyse me so that I can't finish my detentions.*

Hermione was so exhausted that taking a shower didn't even occur to her. What also didn't occur to her is that she had just spent an entire night alone with Snape and had made absolutely no progress. She walked into her room and flopped down on the bed. She was out solid in seconds.

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Hermione was awakened the next morning by the sun coming through her window. She blinked a few times and sat up. As she did so, her body screamed at her painfully. She slowly made her way to the bathroom and took a quick shower. The warm water was very soothing to her battered body.

She finished getting ready and left her room to head for the Great Hall. It didn't take her long to notice that the students walking by her were behaving strangely. They were whispering to themselves, and most had shocked looks on their faces. As she arrived in the entrance hall, she quickly spotted Ron and Harry.

"Hi, guys," she greeted. "What's going on? Did someone die or something? Everyone is acting so strangely."

"Haven't you heard yet, Hermione?" asked Ron. "Someone broke into the trophy room last night and destroyed all of the Gryffindor trophies!"

"What?"

"Yeah, and whoever did it got away," continued Harry. "But it had to be a Slytherin. Who else would do something like this?"

"They're really destroyed? They're not just bent or twisted or something?" asked Hermione hopefully.

"They're ashes, Hermione. There's no way around it; they're gone," said Ron sadly. "Dumbledore tried to fix them, but he says that only the person who cast the destruction spell could reverse it."

"So... so that means that your dad's trophy is gone, Harry! And Charlie and Bill's trophies are gone too!" exclaimed Hermione. The two boys looked down desolately, showing that they had thought of that. "Well... we'll just have to find out who did it, then, won't we? If the person is caught, then we can have them restore the trophies, right?" Suddenly the two boys looked up, and Hermione could see there was some hope glittering in their eyes.

"You're right, Hermione!" exclaimed Harry. "We've solved harder mysteries before." The three of them made their way to the Great Hall feeling somewhat more cheerful. As they sat down, Hermione began telling Ron and Harry what had happened during her detention the previous night.

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That night Hermione was once again in the dungeons cleaning bookshelves for Snape. She had already been cleaning for an hour while Snape continuously graded papers.

"Sir?" Hermione asked carefully. "Can I ask you a question?" He looked up at her and glared her for a moment.

"What is it, Miss Granger?" Annoyance was obvious in his voice.

"I was just wondering if you had any ideas as to who broke into the trophy room last night." Seeing his eyes narrow, she quickly added, "Of course, you don't have to answer, I was just wondering."

"Miss Granger, I assure you that I have looked into the matter," he hissed. "I personally interviewed every member of my House, and given that these were Gryffindor trophies, it is far more than I should have done."

"So... you didn't figure out who did it then?" she asked hesitantly. "I mean, it had to be someone from your House, sir. Who else could it have been?" Hermione knew she was pushing the issue, but she had promised Ron and Harry that she would do her best to find out. Plus, he was actually talking to her, which was a definite improvement from the silence that plagued her detentions.

"You stupid little girl," growled Snape. "Very few people can lie straight to my face without my knowing it, even less students. And as for your question on the integrity of my House, I will not even dignify that. I guarantee you that no one from Slytherin House pulled that little stunt last night. Now, I suggest that you get back to work and leave this matter to the staff."

"Yes, sir," she replied and got back to work. Maybe pushing him into conversation was not the best strategy after all. Not another word was spoken between them until he dismissed her. Hermione was a little disappointed. Every time she saw him, she kept expecting some clue, however small, that the night they had shared had actually happened. She was starting to wonder if she hadn't just dreamed it up. The only thing that convinced her that it had actually taken place was a small love bite that she had discovered on her right shoulder. *So why is he pretending it never happened?* she wondered as she made her way back to her room, even more bruised than she had been the night before.

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"Guys, I'm telling you," insisted Hermione. "I don't think it was a Slytherin!" She had told Harry and Ron about the conversation she had had with Snape. Of course, the two boys were convinced he was lying. "No one could lie to Snape and get away with it, and I seriously doubt he would deceive Dumbledore if he knew who was responsible."

"Hermione, this is Snape we're talking about here!" argued Ron. "And besides, if it's not a Slytherin, then who the hell is it?" Before Hermione had time to, once again, restate her opinion, Neville sat down next to her. He was completely out of breath, and a look of pure shock haunted his features.

"Neville, what's wrong?" asked Harry, concerned. "Are you all right?"

"The... The..." Neville was struggling to catch his breath, so they waited patiently. Ron, however, finally distracted from their previous conversation, was looking up and down the long table, baffled.

"Guys," said Ron. "Where's the food? Why is there no breakfast on the tables?" Hermione and Harry looked at the table, realising he was right. They had been so distracted they hadn't even noticed the lack of food. In one glance, Hermione noticed that all of the students were looking around confused. A look at the staff table revealed that only Sprout and Flitwick were present. All the other professors were missing.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," said Neville, finally having caught his breath. "The house-elves in the kitchens were attacked last night!" All three were left so speechless by this announcement that they couldn't even find the words to respond. Hermione was the first to find her voice.

"Are they alright, Neville?" she asked, terrified. "I mean... they're not... dead, right?" The three turned to Neville expectantly, silently asking him not to confirm their worst fear.

"No," he said, and some relief passed through the three. "They were all hit with binding spells, but none of them were actually hurt. I was one of the first to get to the hall this morning, and I was surprised that there was no food. Dumbledore, Snape, and McGonagall noticed that too, and they all headed down to the kitchens to find out what was going on. Most of the staff and a dozen students followed them down, including me. Dumbledore freed all the elves. But now that they're freed, they feel guilty about not having breakfast ready for everyone. The teachers are still down there trying to stop them from punishing themselves."

"That's horrible," cried Hermione. "They were attacked; it's not their fault! And who would do such a horrible thing? How could someone do something so cruel?"

"Whoever it was," stated Harry, "I'll bet it's the same someone who broke into the trophy room! It had to be a Slytherin. Who else could have possibly done all this?"

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Later that day, Hermione was sitting in Herbology listening to Professor Sprout talk about the properties of the Baboru plant.

"...and so, as a result of Aistol's research, we now know that the Baboru plant can be an extremely powerful potion additive. Most people have found it very useful in producing healing potions," said Professor Sprout. "These plants are not too rare, but still difficult to obtain. Hogwarts has managed to obtain four Baboru plants. I was going to have you divide into groups and work on these plants today. Unfortunately, they were torn out of the ground last Saturday night. I suspect some animal of some sort wandered out of the Forbidden Forest. The plants can be saved, but they are far too sensitive for you to work on today. I gather most of you did not get to eat this morning, so I'll give you the rest of the morning off. Class dismissed."

As the students walked out of the greenhouse, most were too happy about the early dismissal to have really heard what Professor Sprout had just told them. All, except for Hermione. *Isn't it strange, she thought, In the same week that someone breaks into the trophy room and the house-elves are attacked, an animal happens to wander out of the forest and tear out Professor Sprout's plants?* Somehow, Hermione knew this wasn't a coincidence. Something very strange was happening at Hogwarts.

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The week passed by, and Hermione woke up every morning to find that another horrible event had taken place. On Tuesday it had been the trophies, on Wednesday it was the house-elves. On Thursday, the Divination classroom had been turned upside down (which, truth be told, Hermione really didn't mind). And finally, on Friday, the Gryffindors woke up to find their common room sofas had been slashed to bits and the words 'Potter Stinks' written in red on the wall.

Now the entire school was convinced more than ever that a Slytherin was behind these attacks. However, no one could ignore the fact that a Slytherin could never gain access to the Gryffindor common room without a password. Poor Neville had been interviewed by teachers and harassed by students about whether or not he had written down the password. Everyone remembered all too clearly how Sirius Black had gained access to the common room just a few short years ago. Neville, of course, had not made that mistake again.

It was now Friday night, and Hermione was making her way down to the dungeons, once again, to continue her detentions. The bookshelves had not taken as long as she had originally thought. She only had one bookcase left, and it was only her fifth night of detention. Tonight, she would finish the task that Snape had given her. *Will he give me any other detentions?* she wondered. *Or will this be my last night with him?*

Hermione knocked on the door, and as usual it opened, and Snape was behind his desk, working on papers.

"Good evening, sir," Hermione said politely. Not showing any sign that he had heard her, Snape waved her to the bookshelves. Hermione set herself to work, and within two hours she was finished. She stood and dusted herself off. She was about to tell Snape that she was done, but he spoke first.

"Miss Granger, you will meet me here tomorrow at four o'clock." He said this without looking up from his papers. "Since it is Saturday tomorrow, you do not have classes to get in the way of detention, and I expect you to be here. This will be your last detention." Hermione stood there watching him, expecting him to say something else.

"Well, Miss Granger, what are you waiting for? Get out!" Hermione hurried out of the room. As she made her way back to her rooms, her mind kept wandering to Snape's appearance that night. His hair had been a mess (more so than usual, anyway), and he had dark circles under his eyes. *He looks like he hasn't slept all week. I guess these attacks have taken a toll on him*, she speculated.

*And what about tomorrow night?* thought Hermione. *It might be my last chance to show him how much I want him.* She had been dreaming about him all week, waking up sweating in the middle of the night. In her dreams the two of them had gone much further than they had that night; she had even brought him to orgasm. Hermione grasped that she was quickly falling for her professor. *After all*, she reasoned, *the man is a war hero, incredibly brilliant and appealing.* Not to mention, dark and mysterious, which was far more erotic than she was willing to admit to herself.

*Tomorrow night*, she thought determinedly, *I will show him just how much I like him. He won't be able to resist.*

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**A/N:** Make sure you stick around for the next chapter. It will be very juicy! (And maybe a little sour. \*grin\*) As usual, any thoughts or comments are more than welcome; they are wonderful motivators. And thank you so much to those who have reviewed so far!

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite

## Into the Forbidden Forest

Chapter 4 of 9

\*Completed\* Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter or any related characters; they are the property of JK Rowling. I am merely obsessed and like to borrow them occasionally, so please do not sue me. I am making absolutely no profit from this story.

**A/N:** Hiya, guys. I'm so sorry this update took so long. Real life has been absolutely hectic, and I just couldn't ignore it. Hope the wait was worth it. And a big embrace to my stupendous beta, Nom de Plume.

### Chapter 4

#### Into the Forbidden Forest

Saturday morning brought more bad news to the halls of Hogwarts. The attacker had struck again; this time the Whomping Willow had been set on fire. The tree was badly damaged, and if it hadn't been for Hagrid's fast thinking, it would be completely destroyed. Harry was particularly outraged about this, since the tree symbolised so much more for him.

Hermione was devastated by the news, but over-all she was in a good mood today. She was looking forward to spending her Saturday night with Snape. Her school uniform was thrown into a corner of her room, and she had opted for a more curve-hugging outfit. If Snape was going to see her as a woman, then she would have to do her part. Hermione picked out her 'perfect' pair of jeans that accentuated her curves. Originally she had thrown on a red T-shirt but quickly decided that her pale green T-shirt was far more appropriate to bait a Slytherin. Not to mention the V-neck cut might allow him a peek. Nervous that her wild curls would get in the way, she once again had her hair up in a ponytail.

She was determined that she would take a risk today. If Snape showed any signs of being interested, she would start referring to him as Severus. If he argued with her decision, she would merely point out that what they had already done more than merited her to use his first name.

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At ten minutes to four, Hermione was outside of Snape's office once again. She had been so anxious that she had headed down early. When she knocked, however, the door did not open. She tried again, and when there was no answer, she figured she was too early, so she waited patiently. At exactly four o'clock, Snape walked around the corner, robes billowing behind him.

"Follow me, Miss Granger," he snarled, "and do try and keep up."

Hermione did as she was told and followed Snape out of the dungeons, out of the castle, and across the grounds. *Where is he taking me?* wondered Hermione, *It looks like we're heading for the Forbidden Forest... He wouldn't take me in there... Would he?*

"Umm, sir?" Hermione said timidly. "Are we going into the Forbidden Forest?"

"Yes," hissed Snape, "and unless you wish to serve two more weeks of detention, I suggest you cease your incessant questioning and follow quietly." Hermione actually considered refusing to go for a moment, thinking that two more weeks with Snape might not be so bad, but the bruises on her body and his temperament quickly chased that thought out of her head.

The two walked into the Forbidden Forest. Snape never slowed down, and Hermione did her best to keep up. Hermione was eternally grateful that she had decided to wear sneakers instead of the low heels she had been considering. They walked on flat ground for a while, but after about half an hour, Snape veered off the path. The way was becoming far more arduous, and Hermione found herself constantly tripping over rocks and tree roots. She had fallen so many times that she had made holes in both knees of her jeans. Snape continued on as if nothing was happening, making what was quickly becoming a climb, rather than a walk, look extremely simple.

After what seemed an eternity, Snape finally stopped at the mouth of a small cave. Hermione turned to look at the setting sun and approximated that the time was probably somewhere between five and six o'clock. Snape had been standing in front of the cave, waiting for her to catch up.

"Are you done holding us back now, Miss Granger?" he asked in a neutral tone. "We do not have all night."

"Sorry, sir," she replied breathlessly. Snape turned around and pulled out his wand. A quick *Lumos* and the tip of his wand lit up. Hermione pulled out her wand and did the same. Snape then advanced into the cave with Hermione just a few steps behind him. She looked around at the cave walls and was surprised to see how rounded and smooth they were. This cave was definitely artificial; nature could never carve out a cave like this. The tunnel was extremely straight and led deep into the mountain, but it was so dark that Hermione couldn't tell just how far it went.

Ten more minutes of walking brought them to a sharp turn in the tunnel. Hermione could see a subtle white glow coming from the other side of the curved wall, and her encyclopedic mind quickly ran through possibilities for that glow. Before she could figure it out, though, Snape stopped them.

"Miss Granger," he said in a tone she had never heard before. "What you are about to see must, under any circumstance, remain a secret. You are not to utter a word of this to anyone, including those two idiot friends of yours. Do you understand?"

Hermione nodded. "You have my word, sir." This seemed to satisfy Snape, because he then turned around and proceeded towards the white glow. Hermione followed, but what she saw when she turned the corner left her so stunned that she stopped in her tracks as if frozen. Right in front of her was the most beautiful sight she had ever laid her eyes on: an underground field of flowers. The flowers were the purest white she had ever seen, so pure that they glowed, making their lit wands useless. The room was shaped like a circle, and she estimated it to be about 200 feet deep. With the exception of a small path down the middle, every inch was covered in flowers.

"Miss Granger, don't just stand there, get over here!" Snape's bark brought her back to reality, and she realised her jaw had been hanging open. She quickly closed her mouth and started making her way towards Snape at the edge of the flowers. However, a closer examination of the flowers caused her to freeze again. She looked up at Snape, an amazed look on her face.

"Sir, are these White Miani flowers?" she asked in a hushed whisper.

"They are," was Snape's only answer.

"But that can't be!" Her voice now much louder. "White Mianis are extinct. They have been for years!"

"Miss Granger," he snarled, "I am in no mood to lecture at the moment. Now if you will..."

"Well, that's too damn bad!" interrupted Hermione, obviously very irritated. Snape was so shocked by her response that he just stared at her wide-eyed. "You made me feel like I had wasted the most precious ingredient in the world! I was horrified at what I had done. I felt absolutely terrible! And now you're telling me that there's a whole cave full of these things, and you want me to just nod and accept it! And you..."

"If you're quite done, Miss Granger," barked Snape, "we have work to do, and I will not..."

"No, I'm not done!" shrieked Hermione. "You owe me an explanation!"

"Miss Granger!" spat Snape, but before he could continue he noticed the look on her face. And despite the fact that he was a grown Slytherin male, not to mention an ex-Death Eater, he thought better than to pick a fight with her. Especially deep in a cave where there would be no witnesses. With an exasperated sigh, he continued, "Very well, Miss Granger. Have a seat and I will explain everything."

Hermione was so worked up that she sat down a little harder than she meant to, receiving painful protests from her bruised bottom. But she was so anxious to hear what Snape had to say that she didn't complain. She leaned back against the cave wall and watched Snape as he sat about six feet from her on the opposite wall.

"Miss Granger," he said in his practiced lecturing voice, "do you know what White Miani flowers are used for?"

"I think so," said Hermione hesitantly. "Aren't they used to stabilise extremely powerful potions that would otherwise not be possible?" Snape simply gave a short nod to let her know she was right.

"There are many potions in this world that should not exist," he continued. "And I believe that is why they cannot be balanced. However, the White Miani root has an element within it that exists nowhere else on the planet. It is an element so hard to identify that even the greatest wizards cannot properly describe it. Therefore, it cannot be replicated.

"Seventeen years ago the Dark Lord entered the Potter residence and was destroyed. As far as most know, he was not seen again until Harry's first year at Hogwarts. Unfortunately, that is not the case. There was not a moment when the Dark Lord was not trying to bring himself back to life. I was more than aware of that, and so I started making a list of all the ways in which he could bring himself back.

"One of those ways, Miss Granger, was with the use of the White Miani flower. There is a very powerful potion that, if brewed correctly, could bring back those on the edge of death. But the potion could not be possible without the stabilising agent: the White Miani root. At the time the flowers were growing in select spots of Europe and Africa. They would have been far too easy for the Dark Lord to access.

"I took it upon myself to destroy them all. However, being a Potions master, I couldn't bring myself to finish the job. Instead I settled for hiding them in this cave, where no one would ever wander, therefore keeping them safe." Everything was quiet for a while, with nothing but the sound of trickling water in the background.

"If they are so dangerous, sir, then why do you use them?" wondered Hermione. She was not really expecting him to answer, so she was surprised when he did so willingly.

"Dumbledore is an old man, Miss Granger. He has seen many wars and fought many battles. This has caused his heart to weaken, and so I brew him a special potion to help him function normally. Dumbledore is crucial to the wizarding world, and they need him around, especially now." Hermione nodded to show that she understood. Another question though had been on the tip of her tongue for a while.

"So then why were you so angry with me when I accidentally used them?" whispered Hermione.

"Because, Miss Granger, it is not like you to make errors, and I found it very upsetting." His honesty was startling, but Hermione found it somewhat refreshing.

"I'm sorry I disappointed you, sir," she replied sadly as she looked at the floor. Snape then stood up and pulled a small brown case from his pocket. After a wave of his wand the case expanded to its normal size. Snape placed it on the ground and opened it, revealing two dozen empty bottles. He took out one of the bottles and moved to the edge of the flowers.

"Come, Miss Granger, I will show you how to properly bottle these." His tone was much softer now, almost friendly~~almost~~ - this was still Snape after all) and Hermione liked it. She gave him a small smile and moved to stand beside him. They both knelt down, and he showed her how to pull the flower and properly cut the roots off. He then taught her the preservation incantation to properly bottle the roots without losing the magical properties.

Hermione was really enjoying this one-on-one lesson, and once in a while she would 'accidentally' brush her hand against his, causing her skin to tingle. He was so close to her that she could feel his body heat, and Hermione wanted nothing more than to throw her arms around him and kiss him. It took all her restraint to pay close attention to what he was saying; she did not want to disappoint him again, so she took careful mental notes of everything he said.



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An hour and a half later, they were almost done filling all the bottles, and Hermione's body was hurting more than ever. Being bent over so long was really not helping her already bruised back, but even worse than that was having to kneel. After falling so many times on her way through the forest, her knees had many cuts and scrapes. When she finally bottled her last roots, she sat back and looked at her knees. The cuts were now filled with dirt and throbbing painfully. She would have healed them earlier, but she was too intent on following Snape's directions. She reached for her wand and cast a healing spell on one of her knees, but before she could do the other, Snape stopped her. She wasn't sure how he could move that fast, but he was now kneeling in front of her, holding her wrist so as to stop her incantation.

"Miss Granger," he said softly. "You cannot cast a healing charm without first disinfecting your wound." Their eyes locked, and Hermione was already getting lost in the depths of his black gaze. She could feel a fire starting to build inside her. Snape gently removed her wand from her hand and set it aside.

"Allow me," he said. Snape then cast a spell to undo her last incantation. He pulled out a bottle of water and gently poured some on her knee. With his long fingers, he carefully removed the dirt from her cuts. The feel of his fingers on her skin was causing Hermione's heart rate to increase. The fire in her stomach was roaring now. She wanted more, so much more. Once Snape had finished getting the dirt out, he cast a cleaning charm to completely disinfect the wound and then a healing charm to close the wounds. Just to make sure he had been successful, he ran his fingers over her knees one last time. His eyes then moved up to meet hers, and it felt like an eternity passed before either one of them moved.

"Well, Miss Granger," said Snape in a soft growl, "your knees are all healed. I trust you will figure out how to stay on your feet on the way back down."

"Yes, sir," said Hermione uncertainly. "Thank you for your help. I really appreciate it."

The two then moved to stand up, but Hermione stepped on a rock and felt herself falling backwards. Instinctively she reached out and grabbed Snape's robes to steady herself. Unfortunately Snape was in the middle of standing up, and when she grabbed at him he lost his balance and fell forward. Hermione was now spread out on the ground with Snape between her thighs. His face was just an inch away from hers.

"You are far too clumsy for your own good, Miss Granger," whispered Snape. Hermione couldn't help but notice there was no anger in his voice.

A softly whispered "Sorry" was all she could manage. He was staring at her with such intensity that she felt like she would melt under his gaze. The weight of his body was so comforting and warm. Neither one of them moved for a moment, simply lost in the other's eyes. It didn't take long for Hermione to note that he wasn't getting off of her, but he wasn't doing anything else either. *I'm gonna have to make the first move, she thought, otherwise the moment will end, and I may lose him forever.*

Before she could change her mind, Hermione lifted her head and claimed his lips. She held on to the front of his robes, terrified that he would move away if given the chance. He was unresponsive at first, but he wasn't moving away either. After a minute of indecision he seemed to have made up his mind because his kiss came with such force that her head hit the ground behind her. His lips pressed against hers, and before he could ask, she opened her mouth and allowed him entrance. Snape was pushing down on her with so much need and desire that she couldn't help but to return it. Their tongues were in an all out war for control, wrestling and pushing against each other. The fire inside Hermione was quickly intensifying and settling between her thighs.

Finally they had to pull away from each other for lack of oxygen. Their breathing was ragged and uncontrolled. Snape was looking down at her with a look she had never seen before; his eyes were filled with passion and lust and... something else. Before Hermione could figure out what that something else was though, Snape reclaimed her mouth again. His kisses were so demanding and possessive that Hermione thought she might have burst into flames right on the spot. She shifted her body to better align herself with him when she felt it. His erection was pressing on her pelvis. *Oh Merlin! she thought, I want him... no, I need him inside me!*

Snape suddenly realised that he was pressing against her. He pulled back abruptly and moved off of her. Without giving her a second glance, he turned and retrieved all the bottles. He placed them in the case, which he then shrunk and placed in his pocket.

"Come, Miss Granger," he said as he moved towards the exit. "It is getting late. We must return to the castle immediately."

"Wait!" she screamed. "Severus, we..." Snape turned back around with a venomous look in his eyes. It caught Hermione so off-guard that she stopped talking.

"You, Miss Granger," he spat, "will never show me such disrespect again! I am your professor and you WILL address me as sir or professor. Do you understand?" Hermione was so shocked that she couldn't help the tears that were rolling down her face. She looked at him for a moment, hoping he would change his mind, but his demeanour was unaltered. Hermione just gave him a shaky nod and stood up.

Snape led the way out of the forest, never once turning around to look at her. Hermione was devastated and did her best not to cry as she carefully watched her step so as not to fall. *I've lost him, she thought desolately. Severus will never care for me. Severus could never care for me. I'm the fool for thinking that that night ever meant anything.*

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**A/N:** Okay, I know I promised you some lemons in this chapter. Snape, unfortunately, is a stubborn man and he just wouldn't cooperate (*Please don't throw things at me!*) But here's the good news, chapter five is very sour. Snape will cooperate if I have to tie him down to do it! (*Of course, I might just do that anyways. \*evil grin\**) Please let me know what you thought of this chapter.

The next updates will probably be two weeks apart; it's just unrealistic for me to strive for weekly updates. Sorry.

Lotsa Love,

Cyana White

## The Fireplace Shadow

Chapter 5 of 9

\*Completed\* Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

please do not sue me. I am making absolutely no profit from this story.

**A/N:** Thank you so much to those of you who left reviews! I really appreciate it. I always welcome any comments, suggestions, advice, or even criticism that the readers may have. It helps to know that you're on the right track, lol. Now, pucker up, because without further ado, I proudly present chapter 5! EnJoY!

**Warning:** Adult Situations; if this bothers you in any way please skip this chapter.

## Chapter 5

### The Fireplace Shadow

By the time Hermione got back to her room that night, she was crying so hard she couldn't control it. She had wanted so badly for Severus to kiss her again, but this was not how she had imagined it. She was in love with him. She knew that now; there was no way rejection would hurt this much if she wasn't. Her mind, body, and soul felt like they were being ripped apart. The pain was so horrible she wanted nothing more than to crawl into a corner and die.

The warm stream of a shower should have helped, but Hermione didn't feel any better. She pulled back the covers on her bed and curled up, hugging her pillow. It was a long time before Hermione cried herself to sleep.

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For the second time that year, the fireplace in the Head Girl's room glowed green, and a tall shadow stepped out. He slinked over to the side of Hermione's bed and gently stroked her cheek. Hermione had not been asleep very long, and the sudden touch roused her from her dreams. The sleepy girl looked up, and her eyes widened at what she saw. Severus was standing over her in her bedroom!

"Pro... Professor," she stammered, not sure how she should react. "What are you..." Before she could finish her sentence, Severus bent down and grazed her lips with his. It started out soft, but his kiss was quickly intensifying, filling her senses. Hermione was utterly confused. *What is he doing here? Didn't he just make it clear that nothing would ever happen between us? Wait a minute! Is he using me? Does he think he can stroll in here and play with my emotions whenever he feels like it?*

Hermione was angry now, and she roughly pushed Severus away from her bed. She swung her legs over the side of the bed, intent on throwing him out. Severus, however, had other ideas. He recoiled from the shove very quickly and grabbed her legs, which were now hanging off the side of the bed, and wrapped them around his waist. Hermione tried to scream at him, but he quickly claimed her mouth again. His tongue pushing inside her protesting mouth and exploring with a hungry rage.

Snape had her pinned to the bed, and he was far stronger than Hermione. Her struggles almost went completely unnoticed as his hands began to wander over her curves. One hand quickly found her breast and began kneading it, stopping to tease her hardened nipple. Hermione found her struggles lessening as she began to give in to his touch. As angry as she was with this man, she loved him more. As the fire raged inside of her, she knew she could no longer resist. She wanted him, and if this was the last night they spent together, then at least she would have it to remember him by.

Hermione began returning his kisses with all the pent up passion she was feeling. Her hands quickly found the clasp on his robes and began working on his buttons. One of Severus' hands had found its way between her legs and had penetrated her folds. His long fingers were dipping inside of her and spreading her juices all over, stopping only to tease her clit. Hermione was now gasping and whimpering into his mouth, unable to stop the sounds she was making. Her body was rising to meet each thrust of his fingers. She had finally managed to get his shirt open and was pleasantly surprised at how nicely he was built. His frame was strong and lean with just a shadow of black hair.

As Severus continued to pleasure her, she could feel herself losing control. Her body was now thrashing wildly and unrestrained. Severus' mouth had moved to her neck and was now caressing her with his tongue. The sensations were shooting all over her body, and she couldn't hold back anymore. She screamed with the strength of her release, screaming out Severus' name.

Hermione was breathing heavily, still trying to recover from her orgasm when she felt a new sensation between her legs and her eyes snapped open. Hermione looked down and realized that Severus was licking her clean. His tongue was lapping up every drop carefully. As much as she was relishing this new sensation, Hermione was starting to feel guilty for not pleasuring him. She reluctantly moved away from him and pulled him up to face her. Their lips met for the briefest moment before she guided him to lie on his back on the bed. Her hands moved towards his waist and started undoing his pants.

Hermione carefully watched his face as she did this, somewhat disappointed by the neutral expression he was displaying. His eyes were completely glazed and unreadable. Hermione pulled his pants down, as he lifted his hips to help her, and finally released his erection. She just stared at it for a few moments, she had never seen a naked man before, and Severus was larger than she had imagined. The tip of his penis was red from being hard for so long and a drop of moisture rested at the top. Hermione carefully ran her fingers along his shaft, a little unsure of what to do. She began massaging his length gently, moving the moisture around to completely lubricate him. As she became more certain of her movements, she tightened her grip and moved her other hand to massage his balls.

Remembering Severus tasting her earlier, she began to wonder what he tasted like. She looked at his face again, saddened by her lack of an affect on him. He was still completely neutral and had yet to make a single sound or under a single word.

*Dammit! The bastard might as well be asleep!* she thought angrily. *Is the man completely incapable of showing any positive emotions?! He's insufferable!*

Determined now more than ever to please the man she loved, Hermione lowered her mouth and kissed the tip of his erection. Her hands continued to massage the lower part of his length and his balls as her mouth took him in slowly. She swirled her tongue around him, caressing him with her lips and softly teasing him with her teeth. As she continued her ministrations she was rewarded with the sound of Severus' breathing intensifying. Small groans were starting to resound in the room. Finding encouragement from this, Hermione increased her speed. It wasn't long before she felt him trembling as the force of his orgasm hit him. His warm seeds spilled into her mouth, and she did her best to get as much of it as possible. She loved how he tasted and didn't want to waste any of his salty juices. She was about to lick him clean when he jerked away. Hermione looked up just in time to see Severus lose his balance and fall off the edge of the bed, legs flying in the air. CRASH! His hand had swung and hit her beside lamp, sending it smashing to the floor.

"What the fuck..." hollered Severus. Hermione quickly jumped off the bed and rushed to his side, kneeling down next to him.

"Oh Merlin! Are you all right, Severus?" Severus sat up very swiftly and stared at her, a look of pure confusion on his face. Hermione just stared at him, desperately trying to figure out what had gotten into him.

"What the fuck is going on here, Miss Granger!" he hissed. "Where am I and why are..." Severus suddenly looked down with wide eyes, as if just realizing that his pants were down around his knees. He quickly stood up and fastened his pants.

"Severus, are you okay?" asked Hermione, very concerned at his behaviour.

"Miss Granger!" he barked. "I thought I was very clear earlier that you are to show me respect!" Hermione's anger came rolling back like thunder.

"Well, you sure as hell didn't seem to mind when I was screaming it in the throes of passion!" she hissed back, venom dripping from her voice. Severus looked like she had suddenly slapped him in the face, and for the first time in his life, he was truly lost for words. He tore his eyes away from her and quickly spotted his robes on the other side of the bed. He walked around her to retrieve them and pulled out some Floo powder from his pocket. Realizing that he intended to leave, Hermione made a mad dash for the fireplace, but Severus' speed and agility were far greater than hers. In a flash of green, he was gone.

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"Pull yourself off the floor, Miss Granger," he said, but there was no hint of menace in his voice. Hermione slowly stood up and wiped her eyes.

"I'm really sorry, sir," she said in an uncertain voice. "I didn't mean to bite you, it's just that..."

"Don't lie to me, Miss Granger. Your bite was quite deliberate." As he said this he raised his eyebrow, as if daring her to argue. "But regardless, you came here to tell me something so I suggest that you get on with it. I don't have all day." His snark was quickly returning, so Hermione decided she needed to tell him quickly before he tried to force her out again.

"Well, sir, I believe you are responsible for all the destructive acts that have taken place at Hogwarts in the last week." When she saw the look on his face darken, she realised that that had not been the right way to start, so she quickly added, "Please let me finish before you say anything, sir! I swear it will all make sense soon." Severus narrowed his eyes at her, but didn't say anything. Instead he moved to sit behind his desk and crossed his arms over his chest. His eyes settled on her, staring at her intently, waiting for her to continue.

"Well, sir," she said with a little more confidence than she felt, "like I was saying, I think you are behind all the strange things that have been happening in the last week. But I don't think you were conscious while doing these things. I think you were sleepwalking." Hermione looked at him expecting a reaction, but when she didn't get one, she took a deep breath and went on.

"The attacks all seem to be somehow connected to your emotions. When you go to sleep at night, those emotions somehow surface, and you act on them without really intending to. I haven't figured out exactly why you are sleepwalking, but you are. The attacks have all happened overnight and have taken place every night this week. The first attack was discovered on Sunday morning when..."

"Miss Granger," hissed Snape, "the first attack was discovered Tuesday morning, not Sunday! I suggest you get your facts straight before you start making up your preposterous theories." Hermione shook her head and went on.

"I beg to differ, sir; you see, Professor Sprout woke up on Sunday morning to discover that her four Baboru plants had been ripped out of the ground. She thought that an animal had been responsible, and so she did not bother to report it. I, however, don't see how an animal could rip out four plants without doing damage. Most animals would have to use their teeth or claws, and the plants would have been ruined." She looked at Severus to see if her explanation was acceptable, and seeing that he didn't argue, she continued.

"I couldn't figure out exactly how this first one related to you personally, but all the other attacks can be linked to you."

"I can probably assist you there, Miss Granger," he said coolly. "Going on the assumption that your theory is correct, of course, which I still doubt that it is. I can tell you that Professor Sprout and I had a disagreement on Saturday. I needed a single Baboru plant for my sixth-year Potions class, and the unbearable wench insisted she needed them all."

"That would explain it," said Hermione with a nod, hiding a small smile at his reaction. "Now, on Tuesday morning it was the Gryffindor trophies. That one is rather obvious, I mean, Gryffindor and Slytherin have a huge match coming up, and Slytherin will probably lose, which..." Hermione had just been speaking her mind, so she hadn't really realised what she had just said, but Severus hadn't missed it.

"Miss Granger," he barked, "I assure you Slytherin will not only win that match, but all of your little Gryffindor friends will wake up in the hospital wing!" Hermione allowed herself a small chuckle, truly amused at his behaviour.

"Sir, that is beyond the point," she giggled, "besides, I promise you that with our new Beaters, there is no way your house could win."

"I would be willing to bet anything that Slytherin will win that match!" Severus quickly retorted.

"Anything?" asked Hermione in a teasing voice. She was certain Gryffindor would win, and if she could get something out of Severus in the process, victory would be all the sweeter.

"Name your price," growled Severus, "but be warned, Miss Granger, if you play this game, it also means that I get to make a request of you when Slytherin wins."

"I'll do whatever you ask, sir," purred Hermione. "As for what I want: I want you locked up with me in your private rooms for an entire night." She realised she was pushing her luck, but she had to at least try.

"When I win our little bet, I want you to swear you will never speak to me again." He said this without a hint of hesitation. "I suppose the question now is: how confident are you that those Gryffindor dunderheads will win the match?" Hermione was shocked at his request. She could feel her heart breaking all over again. *Not now, Hermione!* she scolded herself. *You have more important things to worry about.*

"Very well, sir." She smiled as she extended her hand to Severus. "You have a deal. If Slytherin wins, I will never speak to you again. And when Gryffindor wins, you are mine for an entire night." Now it was Severus' turn to be shocked, but he never turned down a bet, so he extended his hand, and they shook on it. Hermione turned and sat in the chair facing his desk.

"Now, where was I?" she mused. "Ah, right. Your obvious Quidditch frustrations led you to destroy the Gryffindor trophies. Then on Wednesday morning we found the house-elves bound in the kitchens. Now it's no secret that you don't let the house-elves into your rooms to clean. And on top of that, you are constantly seen yelling at the poor things for giving food to the students. You really shouldn't be so hard on them, they..."

"They are rewarding students who are out of bed past curfew with snacks!" Severus barked. "They deserve to be yelled at!" Hermione giggled at his response; as bad as she felt for the house-elves, she was amused by the fact that he just kept verifying her theory.

"You are just proving my point," she continued, trying to ignore the annoyed look on his face. "That is why I believe you bound the house-elves. Now, on Thursday morning, Trelawney woke up to find her classroom in shambles. And seriously, Professor, you should have invited me to that little party. I would gladly have helped!" Again Hermione giggled, and again she was met with a stone-hard glare.

"Anyway." She tried her best to straighten her face. "Everyone knows you hate Trelawney and her entire subject. On Friday the Gryffindors woke up to find their common room ripped apart and the words 'Potter Stinks' written on the wall." Hermione realised that Severus was smirking at that one, and she shot him a nasty look before continuing.

"Again, far too obvious what that one has to do with you, and being a professor, you could have easily gained access to the Gryffindor common room. Then, very early on Saturday morning, Hagrid found the Whomping Willow on fire. I remember my third year very clearly, Professor, and I'm fairly certain I know why you hate that tree." Hermione stopped at this point because she knew that the next part of her theory was going to be awkward. After a short pause, she continued.

"There have been no gaps or breaks in your attacks, sir. Every night since last Saturday there has been an attack, including last night."

"Miss Granger," he snarled, "you either do not know your days of the week or you are avoiding something. Your list is clearly missing Monday morning and this..." Severus suddenly froze. His mind was piecing the puzzle together. If her theory was right, then he knew why there had been no attack last night not any that the school knew about, anyway: because it had happened behind closed doors. One look at Hermione's low head and uncomfortable expression only confirmed his fears.

"Do you mean to tell me..." he said, afraid of what her answer would be, "that last Sunday night I was in your room?" The question hung in the air for a few minutes while Hermione tried to find her voice.

"You were," was all she managed to say.

"Oh, Merlin," Severus muttered into his hands as he let his head fall. After a minute, he looked back up at her, concern etched all over his features. "Miss Gr... Hermione... did I hurt you? ...What did... what did I do to you?" Hermione had never heard him sound so nervous before, he almost sounded scared. She wanted so much to go over to him and comfort him, but she knew he would never allow her to do that.

"Please don't worry yourself," she said softly to reassure him. "I'm fine, really."

"I know this must be difficult for you, Hermione," he said softly, "but I need to know what happened. I need to know that... that I didn't force myself on you... There were no attacks last night, and I woke up in your room. This can only mean that twice in one week I have possibly forced myself on you. That means that two of my attacks were directed at you... and I am honestly terrified of what I could have done to you. I am capable of doing horrendous things, Hermione... and I need to know that I didn't harm you." Hermione once again had a tear rolling down her cheek, but she still managed to give Severus a small smile.

"That is not how I see things, Severus." She paused to see if he would object to the use of his name, but when he didn't, she continued, "Your attacks this week have all been destructive, coming from pent up anger and resentment. But when you came to me, it was not out of anger, it was out of passion. Your need to be close to someone, to feel another's touch, is what brought you to me. Severus, I can't even begin to tell you how grateful I am that you came to me, over anyone else." The tears in her eyes were falling freely now, and her vision was so blurred that she had a hard time making out Severus' face. "I've never been the kind of woman that a man would desire... and for the first time in my life, you made me feel like a real woman. You made me feel needed and desired."

"I'm begging you, Severus; don't regret what you and I did. I promise you I was a willing participant, and I am still a virgin. We never got that far, so you have nothing to feel sorry for." Hermione then realised that she had told him everything she had come to tell him, and she didn't want to hear his response to her confessions. Her heart wouldn't survive any more harsh words. She got up and moved to leave, but as her hand reached for the doorknob, she realised she had something else that she needed to tell him. She stopped, but didn't turn around.

"I love you, Severus," she whispered before opening the door and walking out.

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A/N: Poor Hermione, love can be so hard, and Severus can be such a bastard. Let me know what you thought of this chapter, I'm looking forward to your reviews. (Please feed my muse!)

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite

The Bet: Lion vs. Snake

Chapter 7 of 9

Completed Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or any related characters; they are the property of JK Rowling. I am merely obsessed and like to borrow them occasionally, so please do not sue me. I am making absolutely no profit from this story.

A/N: I wish I could travel far and wide to give all those who left reviews a huge hug, but I can't. So everyone who left a review, take a moment to hug yourself, and pretend it's me doing so. Tee hee. The last chapter brought in a new plot twist I had not expected. Severus and Hermione are both so hard-headed, they just wouldn't follow my original plot. They went and made a bet over a Quidditch game without my permission! So this should be interesting, I'm curious to see where it takes me, lol. EnJoY!

Chapter 7

The Bet: Lion vs. Snake

The rest of the week went by without incident, and the entire school was thrilled that the attacks had stopped. Hermione was relieved, although she still couldn't understand why Severus had been sleepwalking in the first place, or how he had been able to stop it from happening again.

On Thursday, Dumbledore announced that the culprit had been caught, although he refused to reveal his identity. He also announced, to a cheering roar from the Gryffindor table, that all the Quidditch trophies had been restored. Hermione knew that Severus had told him what had happened, but she wondered whether or not he had told Dumbledore everything. Did Dumbledore know about them? Somehow, she didn't even care. Usually something like this would have driven her mad, but her mind seemed to have shut down.

Since she had left Severus' office, she had not allowed herself to cry. Hermione had always been a realistic person, and she knew that Severus could never love her. And so the only way she could stop the pain from completely consuming her was to push all of her emotions away. This entire week had been a blur for Hermione. She walked from class to class like a zombie, mindlessly performing her tasks. In Potions, she had sat in the back and stared at her desk or cauldron the entire time. She didn't have the nerve to look at Severus, and in turn he seemed to be ignoring her. He hadn't addressed her or yelled at her all week. Hermione almost hoped he would, any sign of normalcy would have made her feel better.

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By Saturday morning, the entire school was in an uproar. The energy flowing through the halls was affecting everyone. Today there was a Quidditch match, and the two top houses would be going head to head: Gryffindor vs. Slytherin. Every student and professor in the school was proudly displaying their house colours.

Hermione tried to forget her problems for the day, and she was feeling a little better sitting amongst her classmates in the stands. She had found a seat between Neville and Lavender and cheered with everyone else as the teams made their way onto the field. Harry, Ron, and Ginny were all on the team, so she wanted to be supportive.

"Hey, guys!" screamed Parvati over the roar of the crowd as she made her way over to them. "There's a bet chart going around, and I'm collecting any bets before the game starts. Interested?"

"Yeah!" shrieked Lavender as she dug through her pockets and pulled out her money pouch. "Put me down for eleven Sickles on Gryffindor!" Parvati took her money and turned to Hermione.

"What about you, Hermione? Any bets?" But Hermione wasn't listening; she was staring across the stands where Severus was sitting. *I can't believe I forgot!* she thought. *I already made a bet... I made a bet with Severus!*

"Hey, Hermione!" shouted Parvati. "I asked if you wanted to place a bet."

"Huh? Oh, umm, no thanks, Parvati. I already put in a bet," said Hermione, giving her friend a smile. Parvati then turned to Neville, and after he placed a bet, Parvati left. Hermione was still looking at Severus across the stands as the players lined up on the field. Suddenly, Severus looked her way, and their eyes met for the first time in a week. Neither one of them looked away, both lost in their own thoughts. Finally, they were forced to look away because the game had started, and players were blocking their views of each other.

*Will he still honour our bet if Gryffindor wins? wondered Hermione. And what if Slytherin wins? Will he expect me to honour our bet?... Will I honour our bet?* Hermione never gave her word to anyone without following through on it. She knew that if Slytherin won, she would keep her promise and never speak to the man she loved ever again. A shiver went through her body at that realisation, and Hermione pulled her cloak tighter around her. Of course, if Gryffindor won, she would not expect Severus to keep his word. She didn't want him to keep his word; that would mean that she would be stuck with him for an entire night. An entire torturous, heart-wrenching night.

Finding herself depressed by all these thoughts, Hermione turned her attention back to the game. It had only been a few minutes, but Slytherin had already scored twice, making the score 20-0. For the next hour, the stadium was filled with Slytherin cheers and Gryffindor sneers. The Slytherins were using more than questionable tactics, but poor Madam Hooch wasn't fast enough to catch them all. To make matters worse, Gryffindor had lost one of its Chasers in a Bludger collision. The score now stood at 90-10, in Slytherin's favour. Hermione was praying that Harry would catch the Snitch soon.

Another hour passed, and things did not look any better for Gryffindor. Being one Chaser short was really hurting them, and they just couldn't manage to score. Slytherin's cheating tactics continued, and although Madam Hooch kept penalising them whenever she could, they were quickly making up the lost points. The score stood at 150-10. Hermione was constantly scanning the skies, watching Harry and hoping that he would spot the Snitch first. Suddenly, all at once, everything exploded; the two Seekers were both diving for the Snitch while the Slytherin Chasers headed uncontested towards the goal hoops. And then it happened.

"Slytherin scores! And Harry caught the Snitch! Gryffindor caught the Snitch!" screamed the announcer. "The final score is 160 to 160! We have a tied game! This is unbelievable, ladies and gentlemen! Hogwarts hasn't had a tied game in over twenty-one years!" The Gryffindors erupted into cheers and applause, extremely relieved that they had not lost. The Slytherins on the other hand were extremely angry, and they were shouting insults across the field.

Hermione remained seated, in complete shock, the standing crowd around her completely covering her. *What happens now?* she wondered. If we tied, then that means that our bet is meaningless, right?... I suppose it's for the best; this way neither one of us has to be put in an awkward position. Hermione then stood up, hoping to get a final glance at Severus to see if she could gauge his reaction, but when she finally saw through the crowd, she found that his seat was empty. *Well, I guess that's it then,* she thought sadly. *It really is over.*

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Everything was quiet as Hermione made her way through the halls of Hogwarts. The students had been given permission to go to Hogsmeade, and apparently everyone had taken advantage of it, including the professors. Hermione was quickly returning to her depressed self, as she dragged her feet up the stairs towards her room. She was halfway up when she heard it.

"Hermione." A silky drawl carried through the silence to reach her on the stairs. She froze, afraid to turn around and find that she was dreaming. *It can't be him. It can't be Severus. This has to be a dream,* she thought.

"Hermione, please, look at me." This time she was sure of it; there was no doubt in her mind that Severus was standing behind her. She slowly turned around to find him standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking right at her. His eyes held something that was foreign to him... It almost looked like desperation. But it couldn't be...

"Professor," she said as evenly as possible, although she had a feeling that some of her emotions had leaked out in her voice. "Can I help you with something?" Severus sighed heavily and closed his eyes for a moment, his posture slightly loosening.

"That was an interesting match today," he said plainly as he lifted his head up to look at her again. "I certainly did not expect them to tie."

"Neither did I, Professor," she said politely, still trying to figure out why he was talking to her. Then as an afterthought, she added, "I expect you were disappointed in Slytherin today." He looked at her for a moment, as if considering what she had said.

"I was disappointed," he said with a nod. Hermione just stared, but then a thought occurred to her. *He probably wants me to keep my promise anyway. He wants me to promise him that I'll never speak to him again. Why else would he be so nice?* As those thoughts went through her head, her eyes began to well up. She closed her eyes to stop the tears from falling, but it was no use. The tears were coming whether she wanted them to or not.

"If you would like, Professor, I will keep my promise to you just the same," she said desolately. If this is what he wanted, she was going to give it to him; it was all she could do for him. "After all, Slytherin did out-perform Gryffindor today. If it weren't for Harry, we would have lost. I will keep my word, and I will never speak to you again, sir."

"Hermione, that is not what I want," said Severus as he shook his head sadly. "As a matter of fact, I came here to concede to you." The shock of his words were evident in Hermione's face. She was about to ask a question, but Severus put a hand up to stop her. "We Slytherin are a despicable bunch, Hermione. We rarely admit defeat, and we will do anything to win. If Madam Hooch had caught all of the fouls my team performed today, we would have lost. So, technically, Gryffindor won today's match." Severus then looked up at her, waiting for a reaction, but it never came. As much as Hermione was shocked, she was even more confused. She honestly had no idea what to do or say.

Realising this, Severus moved up the flight of stairs until he was standing in front of her. He was a step lower than her, but their faces were perfectly even. Severus moved his hand up to her face and gently began wiping the tears from her cheeks. Hermione lifted her head to look at him, and for the first time, she could see compassion in his eyes. His features were so sad. Hermione had never seen Severus like this, and before she realised what she was doing, she had thrown her arms around his neck and started crying uncontrollably into his shoulder. The tears that she had been holding back came flooding out; all the loss and desperation that she had been suppressing all week were finally being released.

Severus wrapped his arms around her tightly, wanting so much to comfort her and protect her from the harshness of the world, to protect her from the cruelty of his world. They stood on the stairs for what seemed an eternity, simply content to be in each other's embrace.

Severus knew that if they stayed there too much longer, though, the students would begin returning, and they would be forced to go their own ways. He didn't think he could bear being away from her, not now, not when she needed him.

"Hermione," he whispered gently in her ear, "come to my room with me." It was not a command, simply a request, but either way Hermione didn't care. She just wanted to be with Severus; she would follow him anywhere he wanted her to. She gently lifted her head off of his shoulder, gave him a soft smile and nodded. She didn't think she could have talked at the moment even if she had tried.

Severus placed his arm around her shoulder protectively as he tenderly led her down to his rooms.

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An hour later, Severus was sitting in his armchair by the fireplace as he watched Hermione fast asleep on the sofa next to him. When they had gotten to his rooms, he had

held her while she cried, and finally feeling drained, she had fallen asleep. Severus was now watching her peaceful face as he contemplated the events of the past two weeks.

He had been impressed with this witch for a very long time now. Ever since she had solved his potion riddle to help Harry reach the philosopher's stone back in her first year, he had known she was something special. Her intelligence, meticulousness, and persistence had always amazed him. However, he had never really seen her as a woman - not until that Sunday at Hogsmeade. He had spotted her being dragged through Honeydukes by her two friends and was shocked at her appearance. She had been wearing a one-piece denim dress that was quite form-fitting. He could still picture those long legs, her perfect hips and her ample breasts. This was not the same little girl he had been teaching all these years. How is it that he had never noticed these changes before now?

It did not take Severus long to figure out just how flawless she was. Not only had she blossomed into a gorgeous young woman, but she was also brilliant beyond words. Plus, Hermione had proven her strength and loyalty many times during her years at Hogwarts. Not to mention, that her skills in potions were far above average and could potentially rival his own. Their mutual love of research alone could keep them entertained for hours. *If she were mine, I would never let her go*, Severus had thought. *If she were mine, I would treasure her and care for her as she deserves to be cared for*. But even as those thoughts had gone through his head, he had also realised that she was his student, and in reality, she could never be his. He couldn't even allow himself to consider such a possibility.

*She would be perfect for me*, was the conclusion he had drawn that day. *Unfortunately, there is no way she would want a man like me. Not only am I old enough to be her father, but I have been nothing but her bastard Potions professor since she met me. I have been extremely cruel towards her. I'm not sure I would even know how to be nice if I tried. My past holds so many dark secrets, and my life has been so tainted that I am certain no woman could ever want me. Not to mention my horrid looks; if my nose were any larger, it would consume my face. There is no way Hermione would ever want me... but Merlin, I want her.*

*That's why I went to her room that night*, thought Severus now. *I so desperately wanted to be near her*. But that had been his sub-conscience acting, not him. The real him had pushed the idea completely out of his mind; he had never given it a second thought. His years as a Death Eater had taught him great control over his thoughts and emotions, and his ability to suppress them was uncanny.

However, despite his best efforts, all these feelings had come flooding back when she had met him for her Saturday detention. That outfit she had been wearing was extremely fetching (and the green colour of her shirt had not gone unnoticed). As they had walked up the mountain, he had been keenly aware that she kept falling, and he wanted nothing more than to turn around and help her. But he couldn't allow himself to touch her; if he had, he wasn't sure he would have been able to let go. Her clumsiness should have been aggravating, really, but he couldn't help but find it endearing. In the end, her clumsiness had proved his undoing. The kiss they shared had been like nothing he had ever experienced before, and it had taken everything he had to pull away. Walking away from her crying figure on the floor had been the most painful thing Severus had ever done. He would have taken ten Cruciatus Curses rather than experience the pain he had felt that day. *I had to end it, though*, he had thought on the way down the mountain. *Hermione had no idea what she was doing; she was tired and confused. She will go back to her room tonight and vomit at the memory of it. But Merlin, I've kissed women before... yet it has never been that intense. I must be even more obsessed than I thought.*

It was no wonder that his sub-conscience had brought him back to her that night. When he had woken up in her room, he had been so confused and befuddled he hadn't known how to react. Fleeing was the only thing he could do. Her words about 'screaming his name in the throes of passion' had haunted him; he could not make any sense of the situation. When she had shown up at his office so early the next day, he was so ashamed and angry with himself that he could not face her. All he could think about was getting away, but seeing her crying on his office floor reminded him of abandoning her in the cave the day before, and he could not bring himself to send her away.

Hermione's explanation of her sleepwalking theory had made a lot of sense; too much sense to ignore. Severus had wondered why he had been waking up sore and exhausted all week. Every morning when he rolled out of bed, it had felt like he hadn't been sleeping, but rather like he had been running a marathon all night.

Even now, as he sat there watching Hermione sleep, he could still recall with vivid clarity the words she had whispered before leaving his office. *How could she possibly love me?* he had questioned. She was just young, inexperienced and confused. *She only thinks she loves me*, was the conclusion he had drawn. However, he had watched her carefully this past week, without her knowing of course, and had witnessed her depressed behaviour and mindless movements. The more he watched her, the more he wondered if maybe she had been telling the truth.

That morning, he had been sitting in the Quidditch stands, remembering the bet they had made. He had asked that she never speak to him again in the hopes that he could then forget about her, and she could move on with her life. Thinking back on it now, he was no longer convinced he had made the right decision. When he had met her eyes across the field, he had found himself wishing that Slytherin would lose. And for the head of Slytherin house to wish for such a thing was crazy desperation indeed. As the Slytherins had scored again and again, Severus had been cursing himself for teaching them such slippery tactics. A sense of relief had overtaken him when the game had tied. In that moment, he made up his mind; he was going to take a chance on Hermione. He had spent his entire life helping others and making sacrifices; and as selfish as it sounded, he wanted something for himself. If she ended up rejecting him or leaving him later on, then so be it; at least he would have tried.

He had walked back into the castle, intent on finding Hermione. As he entered the castle, he had spotted her on the staircase. He had watched her for a moment as she slowly made her way up. Some uncertainty had started to creep into him, but he soon felt the uncontrollable need to call out her name. Severus hadn't even been sure what he was going to say to her, but in that moment he knew the truth. He wanted her, despite consequences. There was no denying what his entire heart, mind, soul, and body were screaming. *Do I love her? Of course not, I could never love someone, but I do care about her. I could care about her immensely, given time* was what he had been thinking, right before he wrapped his arms around her.

It had been a little over half an hour since Hermione had fallen asleep, and she was beginning to stir on the sofa next to him. She opened her eyes and stared at Severus; it took her a moment to remember where she was, but as it came back to her, she smiled. Severus moved to sit next to her on the sofa. Hermione remained lying down, looking up into his deep black eyes.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked her softly as he brushed her cheek with his fingers.

"Much better," she whispered as she tentatively placed her hand over his. Severus leaned over and placed a soft kiss on her forehead.

"I'm not going anywhere, Hermione," he whispered back to ease the question he knew she must have been thinking.

"Severus, can I ask you something?" asked Hermione hesitantly.

"You may," replied Severus with a nod.

"After I told you about your sleepwalking, it suddenly stopped, and I was just wondering how you did it." Hermione was still worried that it might start up again; she was afraid that this time Severus could hurt himself in the process.

"I'm afraid that I can't explain that to you without telling you how it first started," explained Severus. "The instant that you explained to me that the first attack took place on Saturday night, I knew exactly what had been happening. You see, on Saturday morning, I was in the Forbidden Forest gathering potion ingredients. Unfortunately, I came face-to-face with a centaur.

"I know most centaurs in the forest, as I go there quite often to collect potion ingredients. This particular centaur was named Siyamak, and I knew him to be one of the friendlier centaurs. But friendly or not, centaurs cannot be taken lightly. You must show them great respect or risk your life. I was not in a particularly good mood that day, so I simply ignored him and kept walking. In a few short leaps Siyamak was in front of me, blocking my path. He accused me of being rude and arrogant. My only response was to tell him to get out of my way."

"Oh, Merlin," squeaked Hermione as she sat up abruptly. "Severus, you didn't! How could you do something so dumb? He could have killed you!"

"Believe me, Hermione," his voice full of regret, "I am fully aware of that. It was a foolish thing to do. Fortunately for me, it was Siyamak and not one of the younger

centaurs. He simply asked me to apologise and bow before him to show my respect. When I refused, he began uttering some nonsense poem, something about uncontrolled emotions and being cursed under the sky of the moon. It's obvious now that he had placed a curse on me, but at the time I did not realise it. Siyamak then moved from my path and told me that when I wish to get my life back, I simply needed to seek him out and apologise."

"Oh, Severus! You can be such a dunderhead sometimes!" hollered Hermione. Severus cocked his eyebrow at her.

"I believe you are stealing my vocabulary, now," he said in a low growl. "What's the matter, the know-it-all can't think of any original insults?" Hermione simply laughed at this comment. Somehow she thought that his insults were cute and endearing now. She was seeing Severus in a whole new light. Not sure how he would react if she were to talk back, she decided to play it safe.

"So then when I told you about your sleepwalking, you went into the forest and apologised to Siyamak?" asked Hermione, and Severus nodded.

"He found the whole situation quite amusing, actually," said Severus with a hint of annoyance in his voice. "He said he was surprised I had figured it out so soon. Siyamak was even more shocked when I told him I had woken up during one of the events; he explained that it would take an extremely powerful emotion to pull me out of my sleepwalking state." Hermione averted her eyes and tried to hide the smile that was threatening to emerge. Severus' deep chuckle caused her to snap her eyes back to look at him again. He was obviously letting his guard down, so she decided to do the same.

"Now see what happens when you are rude, Severus. It gets you in all sorts of trouble," she said in her best lecturing voice. "Don't you regret it now?" To her surprise, he just smiled at her; she had never seen him smile before, but she liked it.

"Hermione," he said gently, "how can I regret something that brought you into my arms?" Hermione looked at him, astonished.

"You... you want me?" she asked uncertainly.

"I care about you, Hermione," he confirmed tenderly. "I have for a while now. I just wasn't strong enough to admit it to myself, and it took a centaur's curse to help me see it."

"I want you too, Severus," she said without hesitation, "and I always will." Hermione had wanted to tell him that she loved him, but wisely decided that it was far too soon for her to say it. She had whispered it to him in his office, but she doubted he had heard her.

As the two looked into each other's eyes, an understanding formed between them, and they both knew that this was for real. Severus leaned forward and captured her lips in a soft embrace. Their lips slowly explored each other as Severus pulled her into his arms. Hermione parted her lips allowing his tongue to claim her mouth. The fire in her stomach was taking her over as the kiss deepened. Severus relished having her in his arms, yet he wanted so much more. The kiss was quickly intensifying, and Severus realised he was losing control. He slowly pulled away from her lips and placed a few more gentle kisses around her mouth before pulling away completely.

"I do not want to lose you, Hermione," he said, and then added a little more seriously, "However, you are still my student." Hermione was opening her mouth to protest, but he placed a finger over her lips to quiet her. "Don't worry, love, I'm not letting you go, but I do want us to take things slowly. This is the first serious relationship either one of us has ever had; and being student and professor will make things even more complicated." Hermione nodded to show she understood, but she couldn't help smiling at the fact that he had just called her *love*. He, however, did not seem to have noticed, so she chose not to say anything.

"I think that perhaps it is best that we limit our relationship to kissing," explained Severus, "just until you graduate."

"I'll try, Severus, but I can't promise anything. After all, you are one tempting piece of man-meat," Hermione joked as she winked at him, a sly smirk on her face. "I just might try to seduce you a few times; my self-control isn't all that great, you know,"

Severus chuckled. "You are not going to make this easy on me, are you?"

"Don't worry, Severus," she giggled. "There are only six and a half months left before I graduate."

"Oh, Merlin," moaned Severus, "I don't know if I can last that long." Hermione laughed as she pulled him down for another kiss.

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**A/N:** Yeah! Finally the two stubborn lovers are together! \*tears of joy\* Hope you liked this chapter; it was very difficult to put together. Trying to make Severus give in to his feelings while still keeping him in character is very difficult. Please let me know how I did. I always enjoy reading your comments. Even if it's just one word, I really want to know what you think. I know most of you were probably expecting Hermione to win that bet, I'm sorry if I disappointed you, but I felt it was more important for Severus to make the move on his own.

Just two more chapters to go! And a happy holiday to everyone!

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite

## Finally

*Chapter 8 of 9*

\*Completed\* Hermione is awakened in the middle of the night by a mysterious shadow in her room. Before she has time to react, she finds herself in a situation she had never even dreamed of! Many strange and seemingly inexplicable events ensue.

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter or any related characters; they are the property of JK Rowling. I am merely obsessed and like to borrow them occasionally, so please do not sue me. I am making absolutely no profit from this story.

**A/N:** Thank you so much to those who left reviews, I truly appreciate it. I'm really sorry about the six and a half months thing, lol. I know a lot of people were probably expecting some lemony goodness in the last chapter, and don't worry I won't disappoint! EnJoY!

**Warnings:** Adult Situations; please skip this chapter if this bothers you.

**Chapter 8**



## Finally

The graduation celebration had started two hours ago, and Severus was getting impatient. He was watching Hermione from the corner of the Great Hall as she went around talking to people. She was absolutely radiant and glowing with pride.

They had managed to keep their relationship a secret from most people. Of course, Dumbledore quickly found out, but to their surprise, he had been quite delighted at the news. Ron and Harry, however, had been a slightly bigger problem. The two boys had become puzzled over their friend's constant disappearances and had followed her down to the dungeons one night to find her kissing Severus. They had pulled their wands on Severus, which of course prompted him to pull his wand on them. Hermione had to stand in between them as the boys kept shouting threats at Severus, and he, in turn, taunted them. Hermione had finally gotten them to calm down and threatened to hex the two boys several times each if they ever told anyone about her and Severus. They had sworn to keep quiet; they knew better than to get on her bad side. Eventually, Ron and Harry grew accustomed to Hermione and Severus' relationship. *After all, they reasoned, who else could possibly handle a witch like Hermione?*

Over the past six months or so, Hermione and Severus had grown increasingly close. Hermione had realized that what she had felt for Severus in the beginning was nowhere near real love. Her feelings for him had grown so intense through the months it made her past emotions seem insignificant. Now she knew what love was, and she had no doubt that she was deeply in love with Severus Snape.

As for Severus, it took him a little longer to come to the same conclusion. Stubborn as ever, it took him almost four months to admit his feelings to himself. After the fifth month, he finally confessed to Hermione that he had fallen in love with her.

Severus had kept his word, and they had not consummated their relationship yet, despite the fact that Hermione had kept tempting him relentlessly. Now she had graduated, and he was no longer her professor. Tonight, Hermione would finally be his; tonight he would truly show her the extent of his love. But at the moment, it felt like tonight was ages away. *This blasted celebration will never end!* swore Severus to himself. He watched Hermione as she made her way back to Ron and Harry. *Those two have had enough of her time tonight, it's my turn now.*

Severus swiftly made his way through the crowd and approached Hermione from behind. She had not seen him approaching, so when arms started wrapping around her, she was initially surprised. However, the familiar touch quickly registered with her, and she smiled, realizing it was Severus.

"I have been quite patient with you, love," he hissed in her ear, "but my patience is waning."

"Well, you'll just have to wait a bit longer, Severus. I'm talking to Ron and Harry." She winked at her two friends as she said this, which caused the two to blush profusely. They knew, as did Hermione, why Severus was getting impatient, and she was enjoying teasing him.

"I am leaving, Hermione," he growled, "and I am taking you with me, whether you like it or not."

"Oh, look! They're bringing out the dessert!" said Hermione excitedly. She was ignoring him on purpose to get a reaction out of him ... she was curious to see how far she could push him. As she quickly found out, it wasn't very far; having had enough of her taunts, Severus swept her up in his arms.

"Don't say I didn't warn you, love," he snarled as he moved towards the exit of the Great Hall. Hermione giggled as she wrapped her arms around his neck and snuggled into his shoulder. The entire Hall was staring at them, stunned at what they were witnessing, but neither one of them cared. They were soon out of the Hall as Severus made his way to the dungeons.

"I love it when you take control like that, love," purred Hermione as she kissed his neck. "It's so hot."

"You are an impossible woman, Hermione," he said flatly.

The two finally made it into Severus' bedroom, and he put her down gently next to the bed.

"Gods, I have been waiting for this for so long," he whispered softly as he cupped her face with one hand. "I love you so much, Hermione."

"I love you, too, Severus," she whispered back. Severus pulled her gently into a deep, demanding kiss. She could feel the need and desire flowing from his body, and she was quickly responding. Their kiss was so intense that she could feel the moisture between her legs already building. Hermione pushed back against his mouth with just as much passion and fervour.

Severus could feel his erection burning, and he didn't know how much longer he could wait. He needed to be inside her, soon. He pulled his wand out and quickly cast a charm, melting the clothes from both their bodies. Hermione moved back just a little bit, stopping the kiss.

"You bad boy," she purred as her eyes scanned his lean, muscular body. She had seen it once before, but that seemed like so long ago. Her eyes landed on his erection, and a scorching heat enveloped her body. She looked up and noticed Severus' gaze falling over her curves. She realised that this was the first time he was seeing her naked ... after all, last time he had been sleepwalking and couldn't remember any of it.

"Merlin, Hermione," he said so softly, she barely heard him, "you truly are flawless." Their eyes met, and Hermione could see the hunger in the depths of his black eyes. She took his hand and pulled him with her as she lay back on the bed.

Severus' hands began tracing her curves, revelling in the softness and beauty of her perfect skin. Hermione's breathing was starting to increase, and she could feel her heart beat quickening. She moved her hand and placed it behind Severus' neck and pulled him down into a passionate embrace. Severus' hand finally settled on her breast, he gently began massaging it with his long fingers. His fingers slowly circled her hardened nipple before pinching it, ushering a moan from Hermione. Releasing her lips, he started nipping and licking his way to her chest. His mouth moved to her soft breast, and his tongue found her nipple. Severus flicked his tongue and gently teased her nipple with his teeth. Hermione's moans were getting more frequent and louder as Severus continued to tease her.

Severus' nose hadn't failed to pick up the scent of her arousal, and he could no longer ignore it. He left a wet trail of kisses on her stomach as he moved closer to the sweet smell of her arousal. Hermione felt his hand pushing her thighs apart and she willingly complied, spreading herself for him. Severus teased the inside of her thigh with his tongue as his fingers slowly entered her folds. Hermione gasped at the sensation. He was beyond pleased with how wet she was and felt himself getting harder, if that was even possible. His long fingers slowly explored her folds, purposely avoiding her clit, and he could hear her moans of protest as her hips began moving.

"Please... please, Severus," she whimpered.

"This is your punishment for teasing me, love," he said in a deep, husky voice.

"You're... an evil... bastard," she managed between gasps. His harsh chuckle only managed to arouse her more, and her hips began moving faster underneath his hand. Severus finally took pity on her and moved his mouth closer to her pink clit. He inhaled her scent before lowering his lips onto her. He pressed his tongue into her clit as he sucked it gently and was rewarded by a small shriek escaping Hermione. *Gods, he thought, this must be what heaven tastes like.*

His fingers found their way into her tightness and began thrusting into her. Her hips were now bucking, meeting each thrust of his fingers as her whimpers filled the air. Hermione could feel the pressure building inside of her as her breathing became ragged and uneven. Severus increased the speed of his ministrations, knowing she was about to come. His teeth gently grazed her clitoris, and Hermione felt her entire body convulsing with the force of her orgasm as she screamed out Severus' name. Severus was watching her intently as she came, adoring the sight that met his eyes. He had never seen anything more beautiful or more breathtaking in his life.

As Hermione began to regain her senses, Severus moved himself above her and placed a soft kiss on her lips. She could taste herself on him, and she loved it. Severus aligned his erection against the edge her channel.

"This is going to hurt, love," he whispered into her ear, "but it won't last long. I'll make it better, I promise." Hermione nodded and gave him a nervous smile. Severus captured her lips into an embrace that conveyed all the love he was feeling for her as he thrust into her. She screamed into his mouth as her body tightened from the shock of the pain. Her nails dug into his back, and Severus pulled her closer to him, wanting to take her pain away. She was so deliciously tight; he wasn't sure how long he could last, but he knew he had to hold out as long as possible. This was her first time, and he wanted her to enjoy it.

As he felt Hermione begin to relax, he began moving in and out of her slowly, letting her get used to the feel of having him inside. The pain was slowly receding, and Hermione could gradually feel the pleasure returning. Her hips began to move, meeting each thrust from Severus, and their motions started picking up speed. Severus braced himself on one elbow and moved his other hand between them. His finger quickly found her clit and started teasing it, wanting her to come again. Hermione's thrusts were becoming more frantic, and her breathing was becoming ragged.

"Oh Merlin, Severus! Harder!" she screamed. Hearing her scream his name was more than he could stand, and Severus couldn't hold back anymore. He braced himself on both his elbows and began pounding into her wildly. Hermione responded by meeting each thrust, and she could hear the low predatory growls coming from his throat.

"Severus!" Hermione screamed as she found her release. Severus could feel her tight muscles pulsing around his shaft as he too found his release, screaming Hermione's name. They both slowed their movements gradually, drawing out their orgasms. Finally, he collapsed onto her, all strength drained from his body. Hermione wrapped her arms around him, holding him while they tried to catch their breaths.

Severus finally rolled off of her and pulled her with him as he moved onto his back. Hermione cuddled against his chest as his arm wrapped possessively around her waist.

"I love you, Severus."

"I love you more," he rumbled.

Hermione giggled. "I don't think that's possible; if I loved you any more than I already do, I think I would explode from the intensity of it. Besides, it's not a competition."

"I'm not competing. Merely stating a fact," he said in his silky voice. "You love me, but you also love all those pesky friends of yours, and you love your parents and any other family members you may have. That's a lot of love inside one person, so you see you can only love me so much. I, on the other hand, only love you. You, Hermione, are my one and only love, therefore I love you more."

"Severus," Hermione laughed and looked up at him, "you're so silly. You know that's not how love works; it's not like your potions where everything can be measured."

"I still love you more," he said stubbornly. Hermione just shook her head as she giggled and lay her head back down. Severus could be hard-headed, and she had learned in the past six months that sometimes it was best to let him have his way. They lay comfortably in each other's arms, simply content to be together.

After a few minutes, Severus spoke. "I wonder where we're going to be in a few years." Severus had become far more open with her in the last few months, speaking his mind much more freely. Hermione lifted her head, a little wary of his comment.

"Well, like we've already discussed, I'm going to finish my Arithmancy apprenticeship, and then I'm going to come back to Hogwarts to teach so that Professor Vector can retire. You're still going to be here teaching Potions." Hermione didn't understand what he was thinking of. It had been his idea to ask Dumbledore to offer her the position, and they had talked about it many times before.

"That's not what I mean, love," he replied softly. He didn't say anything for a while, lost in his own thoughts. "I've decided something," he finally said matter-of-factly. "You're going to be my wife." Hermione sat up to look at him wide-eyed.

"Severus Snape," she said a little harshly, "of course we're getting married, but that can't be the best proposal you could come up with. I know you're not the romantic type, but that was just pathetic."

"It wasn't a proposal, love," Severus chuckled. "I'm not asking you to be my wife: I'm telling you you're going to be."

"What?" she snarled. "You're commanding me to be your wife! That is low, Severus, even for you." Severus grabbed her wrists and flipped her over so that he had her pinned to the mattress.

"So what are you going to do about it?" he jested as he raised his eyebrow. "Leave me?"

"You're nothing but an evil git, you know that," she snapped. Severus just gave her a mischievous grin. As Hermione looked up into the face of the man she adored, her eyes softened. He was all hers, evilness and all. She gave Severus a loving smile and whispered, "Please, don't ever change."

"Don't worry, love, I wasn't planning on it," he smirked as he leaned in for a kiss. Severus then moved off of her to shift towards his nightstand, he could hear her sounds of protest at the sudden separation.

"I want to give you your graduation present," he said as he turned back towards her with a small box in his hand. He took her hand, opened it tenderly. After placing a small kiss on the inside of her palm, he placed the small box in her hand. "This is yours." After a short pause he added, "If you will have it... and me."

Hermione shrieked and threw herself into his arms. "Merlin's beard, yes!" she squeaked. "Yes, Severus Snape, I will marry you." Severus took the ring out of the box and gently placed it on her finger. Hermione examined the ring; it had a simple, yet elegant round diamond setting on a silver band. Severus had never been one for flash and over-exaggeration and neither had Hermione.

"It's perfect," she said softly as he pulled her tightly into his arms, cradling her against his chest and ensnaring her lips in a passion-filled embrace. *Finally*, he thought. *Finally, she's truly mine.*

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**A/N:** Well, there you have it; I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I realize that Severus was slightly OOC in this (and last) chapter, but there is no easy way to have JKR's Snape fall in love without bending the rules a little. However, in our own little fandom, this Severus makes perfect sense, LOL. I know it seems like the end, but it's not! The last chapter is being posted very soon, so look for it. It will be very short, just a small epilogue to wrap up the story.

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite

## Forever



As always, Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite