

Remains of the Spy

by broomclosetravenclaw

The war is over. Hermione is getting married, but Snape has other obligations.

Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

The war is over. Hermione is getting married, but Snape has other obligations.

Disclaimer: JKR owns all the characters. I just like to have fun with them occasionally.

A/N: Three drabbles in response to the "Married to Another Challenge" on grangersnape100

He stared down at the *Daily Prophet*, transfixed on the two entwined figures seemingly smiling up at him from their two-dimensional image.

Snape was flabbergasted. Hermione Granger was marrying Remus Lupin.

The war was over, much had been lost, and few things gained. But amongst the acquired seemed to be a desperation for love. Weddings were occurring at an alarming rate, solace easily found in another's arms, marriages of convenience.

Snape thought back on the war. He had figured that Hermione would end up with Potter or Weasley, yet she had chosen comfort in an older man, Lupin, no less.

~*~

Snape closed his eyes, imagining what it would have been like had Hermione taken an interest in him instead. Her soft lips pressed against his, her hair brushing his cheek, her body molded against him, her legs wrapping around his waist as he slowly relished every inch pushing into her.

A noise behind him brought him out of his reverie. He chastised himself; he knew better than to dream. It could never happen. Before his demise, Voldemort had insisted that Snape take one more vow to prove his loyalty.

Voldemort was gone, but the remains of the vow were not.

~*~

"Anything interesting in the paper?" the remnant asked, leaning over the back of the wooden kitchen chair.

It took all of his composure not to slam the paper down on the table in his displeasure. He didn't want to draw unwanted attention to Hermione. So instead, Snape neatly folded the paper as he said, "No, Bella."

"Then come back to bed," she paused, fixing her sadistic sneer back onto her face, "dear."

Snape gave one last look at the paper in his hand before throwing it into the hearth and following his wife to their bedroom to sate his frustration.

