

Against the Wall

by averygoodun

Auror Granger makes a rash decision. Will she live to regret it? A one-shot with two endings.

fluffy

Chapter 1 of 2

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AN: This is a little one shot I wrote as a birthday present for my fabulous beta, Southern_Witch_69. However, it ended up having two endings. Here's the fluffy version first. Next chapter will be the same story, but with the other, darker ending. Hope you enjoy.

Thank you, Keladry, for betaing this!

I stand across the room from him, hugging myself in an attempt to stave off the chill from his glare. I don't know why I brought him here, or why I liberated him, but I have, and now here we are, glaring at one another.

"You could say thank you, you know," I say flippantly, tired of the silence.

"Thank you," he says insincerely, giving me a short, mocking bow.

I huff and turn away, willing myself not to let him affect me so. But it's too late for that, isn't it? I've already let him in too close, otherwise he wouldn't be here.

Suddenly, he has an arm around my hips and a knife at my throat. I freeze as he draws me back against him.

"Stupid, stupid girl! Never turn your back on a known enemy!" he hisses into my ear. "The worst wizards always have hidden weapons at their disposal." He flexes the hand on my hip suggestively and suddenly I find it difficult to breathe.

I'm trying to think, really, I am, but only one word fills my brain, and it is repeating at such a pace that no other thoughts can compete.

Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid!

Why had I thought bringing him here was a good idea? Why had I released him? Why had I trusted my gut? Why? Now he is poised to slit my throat, or worse, and I deserve it for my stupidity.

"I am amazed you have survived this far into the war, Miss Granger, doing foolish things like that." His soft, even breaths are loud in my ear; his words are quiet in comparison.

I swallow convulsively, very aware of the sharp edge bending my skin. I try to calm my breathing and my body, afraid that if I start trembling the knife will pierce the skin.

"You have placed yourself at my mercy, girl." His voice is so quiet it's a mere breath, but it evokes more fear than if he had yelled. I certainly am terrified at the moment. "You have given me power over you, over your body, over your *life*."

I feel his nose nudge my ear as he turns his head to watch me from his oblique angle. "Is that what you want?"

I close my eyes, trying not to swallow, afraid to shake my head for the friction it will cause. He seems to be waiting for an answer, though, so I breathe out, "No."

Keeping my eyes shut, I wait for the sting of the knife pressing into my flesh, but it doesn't come. Instead, he removes his hand from my hip and backs up slightly. Opening my eyes fractionally, I find the knife is in my view again. He is offering me the hilt.

I stare at it dumbly, completely unsure of the situation and his motivations.

I flinch when he grabs my hand and his voice heats my ear again, somehow seeming closer and more threatening than it did before.

"Another lesson you need to learn is to keep your eyes open and *never* hesitate when given an opportunity."

He wraps my fingers around the hilt of the dagger, but doesn't release my hand. I'm still very aware of his presence surrounding me, overpowering me, compromising me. Even though the knife is now in my hand, I feel even more powerless.

"Why did you bring me here... Hermione?" He stretches out my name, testing it on his tongue.

I open my mouth to answer, but find I've lost whatever reasoning I might have had when I stole him away. I helplessly shake my head.

His small snort of disbelief ruffles the hair skirting my jaw, tickling me.

"I don't believe you would do something so foolish if you had no reason. I could believe that of your friends, but you always seemed more... restrained."

"I had a reason," I whisper, trying to control my voice, "but for the life of me, I can't recall it."

He chuckles into my ear, the sound hard yet silky.

"You always were a clever one, weren't you, Hermione." His voice draws out my name almost seductively and I repress a shiver. My breath hitches and I have to resist the urge to moan, though a small whimper does escape.

As if in response to my sound, his thumb starts stroking mine, even as his grip on my hand, and the dagger, tightens. There's nothing I can do to stop the goose flesh creeping down my body.

"Tell me, Hermione, why did you bring me here?"

I shake my head again, biting my lip to keep it from trembling. He knows exactly what he's doing and I feel like a traitor for playing into his hands like I am. I suppose I am a traitor, having taken him away from his cell, but I know several of my colleagues would have happily killed him in the skirmish, claiming he had organized the attack. I know he is innocent of *that*. I've been watching him very closely, after all.

"I didn't want you to die." The words tumble out of my mouth, surprising both of us. I can tell he's surprised by the way he stills.

"Oh? Why wouldn't you want me to die, Hermione?" he whispers; his lips are so close to my ear I can feel them.

"I needed to know why."

He stills again, his hand tightening a little more, making his grip almost painful.

He doesn't say anything, though, so I continue. "I need to know why you killed him."

His grip tightens yet more, making me whimper again. Immediately he releases my hand altogether, as if to retreat, but then changes his mind and presses his fists to my stomach, restraining me still and making it impossible to turn around.

I find it odd, though, that the question literally disarmed him. A small seed of hope is developing in my chest.

"I was asked to."

His voice is hard, cold and mocking, like it was when he thanked me.

"Asked by whom?"

He snorts in disdain, turning away from my ear. I'm disturbed that I miss the warmth of his breath on my skin.

"Narcissa, Fenrir, Amycus, the Dark Lord. I'm sure you've read the transcripts from my trial. I know that question was posed repeatedly."

Now he sounds exactly like the professor he was so many years ago.

"I did read them. I was struck by the fact that no one asked the logical follow-up question."

"Which is?" he sneers.

"Is that everyone?"

He stills, if only momentarily. I can feel his fists clenching, and I chew my lip wondering what his response will be.

"No."

His hands start retreating, and I reflexively drop the dagger to stop their motion.

We both freeze as the knife clatters to the floor, both of us aware that the power has shifted yet again, but neither sure who holds it now. I have my wand in my robes, but my hands are holding his wrists, and he could certainly overpower me with brute strength. I don't think either of us knows who is faster.

"Did Dumbledore ask you as well?"

He flexes his hands, inadvertently caressing my stomach and causing a slight shiver to run up my spine. I hold my breath waiting for his answer, knowing my course of action depends upon it.

"No," he says finally.

I look down at our hands, quickly thinking of how to get to my wand before he can and almost miss his whispered words.

"He begged me."

The words are laced with agony, and I stop all plotting. I'm not sure if I am relieved or appalled or scared or heartbroken, but it feels as if the air has been stolen from my body.

I wasn't even aware of dropping his hand till I feel it moving down to rest on my hip.

"How could he do that to you?" I gasp, still not sure whether I should trust the man behind me, but glad I'm not facing him. I'm glad he can't see my face.

I feel him shrug slightly, though his hand tightens on my hip.

"It was the logical move." He says it without emotion, as if by rote. I wonder how often he's repeated that phrase to himself over the last few years.

"It was cruel!" I cry.

The hand I still hold captive strokes my belly in a distracted way.

"War is cruel, Hermione. The Dark Lord is cruel. *Life* is cruel."

I turn away from his soft breaths and whisper, "It doesn't need to be."

His hand leaves my hip and I wonder if he's going to retreat again, but then I feel his fingers, pushing my hair back to reveal my neck.

I can feel his hot breath now as he traces a path from my shoulder to my ear. When he reaches my ear, he breathes, "Optimism doesn't win wars, my dear."

"And cynicism doesn't end them."

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He's kissing me, nipping and sucking as if I am the sweetest thing he's ever tasted. I finally release the moan I've been holding, while bringing up his other hand, guiding him to my breast.

He growls softly at my invitation and deftly starts exploring, kneading my breast with one hand while the other abandons my thigh to curve in, pressing the fabric of my robe against my crux, sending sparks of desire throughout my body.

Deliberately exerting his control, he rubs his fingers against me slowly but firmly and my nipples tighten in response. Noticing, he tweaks one between his finger and thumb, rolling it and pinching it until I shudder, grinding into him.

He moans and pulls me closer. He frees his arm from my light grasp and slides it down my torso, ending at my hip. His large hand palms my thigh and draws me in, holding me against him as he grinds his erection against me, moaning again when I thrust back.

His hold on me has grown overpowering, and it has nothing to do with his grasping, teasing hands.

"Do you want this?" His voice is rough with desire as he deliberately thrusts against my arse and cups my sex. "Do you want me to plunge into you right here, fucking you till you scream my name?"

"No."

Instantly, he pulls away, breathing heavily. I mourn the loss of his body against mine and turn to see he's three paces away, his back turned to me. His head is bowed but his spine is ramrod straight with his fists clenched at his side.

I'm pleased he doesn't want to force me, but...

"I want to see you while we fuck."

He lifts his head as he slowly turns to face me. It's the first time I've seen him since he pulled the knife on me, and the difference is staggering.

His face is flushed with desire, and his eyes are fiery with need. I lick my lips and see his quirkling up in a feral grin, but I reflexively back up as he moves forward, stalking me like a predator.

"Is that so?" he whispers, his voice promising danger and pleasure and something else beyond.

I back up another step.

"Yes."

My body is calling out to him, desperate to feel him against me, around me and in me. I want to feel his power encompassing me. I want to make him lose control.

I back up another step.

"Tell me what you want," he demands, unbuttoning his paltry shirt as he nears me. I take another step back and find myself against the wall. He takes one more step and is right in front of me, his body nearly scorching mine.

He puts an arm on either side of me, effectively trapping me. I raise my face up to his as he looms over me threateningly, feeling only desire surging through my system.

He leans forward as if to kiss me, but teases me by quickly changing course, putting his lips on my ear.

"Tell me what you want, Hermione. Tell me how to make you scream."

I shudder at the intensity of his voice and the nearness of his body. My breath is coming in shallow gasps as he lowers his lips to my skin, nibbling my neck as he searches out all those little spots that make me gasp.

I reach out and pull his body against mine, discontented with the distance between us. He wraps one arm around my waist, pulling us together as he finally, finally presses his lips to mine.

His kiss is slow and teasing. Before I can deepen it, he pulls away, heading for my ear again.

"Tell me!"

He presses his lips to the junction where my jaw, neck and ear meet making me groan with need.

"Undress me," I moan into his ear.

He pulls away from me, his face a picture of satisfaction as he lets his hands whisper across my collarbones, meeting at the top button. I shudder as he undoes the last button with a kiss, revealing the pale skin below my breasts. He shifts the fabric aside, making sure it rasps gently across my taut nipples, sending a shiver of need down to my hips, before he takes one nipple into his fiery mouth and sucks. I can't help but arch my back, forcing it further into his mouth. He lets out a small chuckle of self-satisfaction before switching his attention to my other breast.

I'm hardly aware of anything besides the tight feeling coiling itself in my center, but soon I notice he has slipped my robe off my shoulders.

Holding my gaze, he pushes the fabric past my hips, leaving me bare but for my knickers. Slowly, ever so slowly, he kneels down, keeping his eyes on mine, and drags my knickers down, his hands embracing my hips and thighs.

Finally breaking his gaze, he closes his eyes and presses kiss after kiss on my belly, working his way down to my curls.

I gasp when his fingers trace my bum as his mouth finds an outer lip and gently suckles it. His fingers delve further, opening me to his mouth, and I moan wantonly as he catches my clit, teasing me ruthlessly.

I grab onto his hair, caught between the desire to keep him where he is - forcing him to eat me to completion - and to pull him up, wanting that mouth of his to play with mine.

The decision is taken away from me as I feel two of his long, tapered fingers enter me. I shudder and curse as he slowly pumps them in and out, never letting up on my poor clit.

Suddenly, it's too much. I can't control myself as my body pitches forward convulsing in bliss.

"Oh, lord!" I yell, feeling my body clench around his fingers, feeling his mouth on my clit, feeling myself lose control. I begin thrusting madly against his face, barely aware of his arm encircling me, holding me in place while he draws out my orgasm to the point of pain.

"Too much!" I gasp, pushing on his shoulders. He gives me one last suck, ripping a shudder from me, before withdrawing his fingers and looking up.

His face is the definition of smug.

My legs are shaky and I try to find a hold on the wall before I collapse. He slides up my body, his arms around my waist supporting me.

Once upright, he holds me up against the wall, licking his lips.

He leans forward and nuzzles my neck, saying, "As much as I like that honorific, I don't believe it counts as screaming my name."

His voice is silky, reminding me of his fingers.

"Well," I gasp, still running short on breath, "I don't believe that counts *asfucking*, either."

His desperate groan tells me everything I need to know.

"Fuck me, Severus. Now."

His mouth is on mine in an instant, forcing our tongues into battle. My weakness forgotten, I push off the wall toward him, my hands fumbling with his trousers' ties as I blindly seek entrance. He lets me struggle with his clothing while he restlessly explores my body with his hands, letting them come to rest buried in my hair, as he holds me, continuing his fervent kisses.

I finally release the skimpy ties and impatiently push the rough fabric down, wanting to wrap my hands around him and feel his masculinity before I guide him home. Before I have the chance, he grabs my hands and places them on his shoulders and then lifts me up by my hips, guiding me until I'm wrapped around his waist.

Without warning, he brings me down onto his cock, filling me completely. I barely have time to moan in pleasure before he's thrusting into me urgently. I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling us into a fierce hug. Our skin is already slick with sweat as we move against each other, taking what we need.

His fingers are digging into my thighs and I can hear his breathing growing ragged as he nears his release. I grind against him as I ride his cock, every thrust rubbing my clit, sending electric thrills throughout my body. I can feel him pulsing inside of me and it feels as if he's growing.

He moans huskily, pushing me over the edge.

"Oh, God, Severus!" I cry, arching back as my body is engulfed in wave after wave of pleasure. Severus tightens his hold on me, gasping and thrusting wildly, no longer in control. With a primal cry, he comes, slamming me down on him as he thrusts up, trying to reach farther as I clamp down once more.

We hold onto each other, breathing heavily as we slowly come down. I know I'm shaking again, but realize Severus is as well when he leans forward, pressing me against the wall as he tries to regain his breath.

"While I don't think that would qualify as a scream," he gasps haltingly, "I think it will have to do."

He pulls me into a hug that I wonder at until I feel him lowering us to the ground. I'm amazed he has the strength to do that; I'm a quivering mess right now. When we reach the ground, he leans back against the wall, leaving me straddling him.

As I lean against his chest, I can hear his heart racing painfully fast, and when I look up I notice his eyes are closed. He's not asleep, though.

"What do you intend to do with me, Miss Granger?"

Hurt by his formality, I frown and pull away. He wraps his arms around me, though, impeding my escape. I struggle a bit, but end up just glaring at him as he holds me still.

When he opens his eyes, I'm shocked stiff by the tenderness in his gaze. He takes advantage of my stillness to skim one finger up and over my cheek, then cups my face gently.

"What will you do to me?" he whispers absently.

I'm certain it's a rhetorical question, but I answer anyway.

"Well, I'm an Auror; you're a known criminal. I guess I'll just have to keep my eye on you and make sure you behave."

His face is inscrutable for a moment as he looks at me through heavily lidded eyes.

"You're willing to risk corruption?"

"Only if you're willing to risk redemption."

His lips don't move, but I can see he's smiling as he pulls me against his chest. It rumbles soothingly as he quietly replies, "I guess I have no choice in the matter. You have me up against the wall."

Bravo

Chapter 2 of 2

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"I needed to know why."

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He doesn't say anything, though, so I continue. "I need to know why you killed him."

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"I did read them. I was struck by the fact that no one asked the logical follow-up question."

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"Is that everyone?"

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"War is cruel, Hermione. The Dark Lord is cruel. Life is cruel."

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Suddenly, it's too much. I can't control myself as my body pitches forward convulsing in bliss.

"Oh, lord!" I yell, feeling my body clench around his fingers, feeling his mouth on my clit, feeling myself lose control. I begin thrusting madly against his face, barely aware of his arm encircling me, holding me in place while he draws out my orgasm to the point of pain.

"Too much!" I gasp, pushing on his shoulders. He gives me one last suck, ripping a shudder from me, before withdrawing his fingers and looking up.

His face is the definition of smug.

My legs are shaky and I try to find a hold on the wall before I collapse. He slides up my body, his arms around my waist supporting me.

Once upright, he holds me up against the wall, licking his lips.

He leans forward and nuzzles my neck, saying, "As much as I like that honorific, I don't believe it counts as screaming my name."

His voice is silky, reminding me of his fingers.

"Well," I gasp, still running short on breath, "I don't believe that counts *as fucking*, either."

His desperate groan tells me everything I need to know.

"Fuck me, Severus. Now."

His mouth is on mine in an instant, forcing our tongues into battle. My weakness forgotten, I push off the wall toward him, my hands fumbling with his trousers' ties as I blindly seek entrance. He lets me struggle with his clothing while he restlessly explores my body with his hands, letting them come to rest buried in my hair, as he holds me, continuing his fervent kisses.

I finally release the skimpy ties and impatiently push the rough fabric down, wanting to wrap my hands around him and feel his masculinity before I guide him home. Before I have the chance, he grabs my hands and places them on his shoulders and then lifts me up by my hips, guiding me until I'm wrapped around his waist.

Without warning, he brings me down onto his cock, filling me completely. I barely have time to moan in pleasure before he's thrusting into me urgently. I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling us into a fierce hug. Our skin is already slick with sweat as we move against each other, taking what we need.

His fingers are digging into my thighs and I can hear his breathing growing ragged as he nears his release. I grind against him as I ride his cock, every thrust rubbing my clit, sending electric thrills throughout my body. I can feel him pulsing inside of me and it feels as if he's growing.

He moans huskily, pushing me over the edge.

"Oh, God, Severus!" I cry, arching back as my body is engulfed in wave after wave of pleasure. Severus tightens his hold on me, gasping and thrusting wildly, no longer in control. With a primal cry, he comes, slamming me down on him as he thrusts up, trying to reach farther as I clamp down once more.

We hold onto each other, breathing heavily as we slowly come down. I know I'm shaking again, but realize Severus is as well when he leans forward, pressing me against the wall as he tries to regain his breath.

"While I don't think that would qualify as a scream," he gasps haltingly, "I think it will have to do."

He pulls me into a hug that I wonder at until I feel him lowering us to the ground. I'm amazed he has the strength to do that; I'm a quivering mess right now. When we reach the ground, he lies down on his back, pulling me with him.

As I lie on his chest, I can hear his heart racing painfully fast. There's an intimacy to lying on him, feeling his chest heaving against mine that, in a way, seems stronger than what we just shared. It soothes me, helping me relax into a laconic state. However, the bliss is interrupted by a slow clap coming from across the room.

Both our heads whip up to find Lucius Malfoy coming into view as his Disillusionment Charm trickles away. He's relaxing in one of the chairs, watching us with a lascivious sneer, a cigarette in one hand, my wand in the other.

Snapo relaxes his head back to the floor but I move to get up. His hands on my back tighten, signaling for me to stay put. I don't understand, but I don't really have a choice but to comply, unarmed as I am.

Lucius' eyes rove over my body; I can see distaste and lust warring under his cool demeanor.

"Bra-vo, Severus! That performance was *most* enjoyable."

I can feel Severus tense beneath me, but his tone is smooth and nonchalant when he says, "Thank you, Lucius. I know you have discriminating taste."

Lucius laughs politely, but says with a hard edge to his voice, "Enough pleasantries, Severus. Finish the job and let's fly. I expect even the half-wit Aurors will be able to track us here without much trouble."

Severus sneers, but sits us up and then pulls me in for a kiss. He brings his mouth down on mine passionately, and I can't help but respond. I don't know what is going on between the two wizards, but all my instincts are screaming that it isn't good.

I look into his eyes, expecting what, I don't know, but certainly not the thought he flashes into my mind.

I'm sorry.

Before his thought has time to settle, I feel a sharp pain in my side. Wide eyed and frozen, I watch as Severus forms his face into a cold mask, and I feel another sickening wave of pain as he jerks his hand from my side, bringing the gilded knife into view.

He cups the back of my head with his bloody hand and, with mock tenderness, he places me against the wall. When he is free of me, he whispers softly in my ear.

"The worst wizards *always* have hidden weapons."

All I can do is watch in cold horror as he stands, takes my wand from Lucius and clothes himself in a heartbeat. He takes one last dispassionate look at me, and I shiver when my side pulses in reaction. I'm only dimly aware of the physical wound, though. The loss of my innocence is much more dreadful.

It isn't until they've Disapparated that I realize my side is whole again. He healed me.

But I'm still shivering.
