

# Captive

*by clare009*

Five years after the defeat of Voldemort, Hermione Granger is still trying to hunt down the infamous traitor, Severus Snape.

## Only Chapter

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The smell of burnt ashes and sulphur reached her, and she knew that she was close. Years of searching, painstakingly sniffing out information and chasing ghosts that led to dead ends, had finally brought her to this point. This time there would be no dead end. This time she was certain she had her prey; she could smell it.

Hermione Granger crept silently around the perimeter of the house, if such a dilapidated building could be called that. She looked towards the pale light flickering in the window on the second floor. The rest of the building and the grounds surrounding it were cast in darkness. Covertly, she drew her wand and tested the wards she knew would be there. He wouldn't be so careless as to leave his hideout unprotected.

She touched the barrier with her wand and immediately sensed his signature in the magic. A sharp thrill ran through her at the confirmation. Only a few times during her hunt had she come this close to him, and always he had managed to slip away. Now, he didn't even know she was coming. She quickly stamped down the impulse to breach the wards and storm the house, wand blazing. She might catch him by surprise, but the few seconds of notice she would give him by breaking through the barrier would be enough for him. She wasn't about to let him get away this time not after so long. She wasn't about to turn desperate.

It took her a full hour, and by the time she was done she was sweating, but she managed to create a hole just big enough for her to crawl through. Snape's wards were always a bugger to deal with, but she had the measure of him now. She'd certainly had enough experience. It took much less time to repair the hole, and when she was done, she gave herself time to rest.

Crouching in the darkness, she focused on that one flickering window. He was obviously brewing tonight. The new moon and the pervading smell of sulphur gave her a clue. He was making Wolfsbane. She knew he sometimes got extra cash by selling illegal or hard to brew potions on the black market one of the ways she had been able to trace him in the beginning. Wolfsbane was still very expensive, and only the most affluent of wizards afflicted with that curse could get it on a regular basis. Snape could have made himself a small fortune by selling it if he wasn't a fugitive, that is. As it was, he was barely able to brew enough as she kept him on the move, and what he did he only managed to sell for way below market value. It was enough to keep him alive.

The fact was, she should have caught up with him a long time ago, but he was a slimy bastard who always managed to slip out of her grasp. He was as clever and as devious as the snake that was his house mascot. So many times in the past he had eluded her, only fuelling her frustration and anger. But each time he had escaped, so she had grown in experience. It was a tough and sometimes ridiculously tedious method of learning, but Hermione Granger was nothing if not a good student. And right now, her old teacher was going to get a lesson of his own.

She allowed herself a small smile of satisfaction at the thought. Everything that she had, everything that she was, had been thrown into this her money, her time and energy, her very self. She lived, ate and breathed the hunt and she never, ever backed down from her initial promise. At all costs, she would capture the traitor and bring

him to justice. She would not stop until she had her retribution.

Now that she was so close, she was tempted to give in to triumph. To do that would be dangerous. This may have been the closest she had ever come to success, but until he was bound in front of her, she would not drop her guard. When she had him, then she would ...

She shook her head. She was not yet prepared to think that far of what she would do when she finally had him.

A breeze picked up and shivered the branches of the trees near the house. Hermione looked up and saw dark clouds moving across the starry sky. Firelight sputtered in the window that she was keeping watch on and then was snuffed out. The world was plunged into intimate darkness.

She stiffened. Her senses, now fully alert, spread out around her, and then she felt it. With pure reflex, she whirled around, wand drawn, to face her enemy. All she saw was the red light of the Stupefy before blackness took her completely.

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Either moments or hours later, Hermione blinked and wiped the drool that was leaking out of her mouth. She raised her head, still foggy from the remains of the spell that had hit her and looked towards the light. There was a bright fire in the hearth, and she squinted her eyes because of the glare. Slowly, she sat up from where she had been lying on an uncomfortable sofa. To her left a throat cleared, and she froze.

"It's about time," the silky voice she hadn't heard in so long said. "I thought I might need to cast Rennervate."

Snape! Her entire body became taut as her heart slammed against her ribcage. Slowly, she turned to confirm her fears. There he was, smug as ever, sitting in a wing-backed chair in the shadows of the corner. He was cast in darkness except for the light that reflected off his long nose and in his black eyes. Memories of the last time she had seen him, raging on the battlefield with eyes alight and wand aimed with precision, tumbled through her mind. His presence in the shadows of the shabby room was just as menacing. Long ago, Hermione had learned how to control her ability to feel fear. Seeing him here, now, set the emotion free. She clutched at the sofa to keep her hands from trembling.

His eyebrow inched upwards. "You have been looking for me, Granger. What will you do now that you have found me?"

"You bastard," she managed to hiss out between clenched teeth. All the fear, anger and frustration she had felt over the last few years came to the fore, and she steeled herself to keep from rushing at him like a Banshee. Now was not the time to lose control.

"I suggest you calm yourself," he said, twirling his wand in his long fingers. "You really are in no position to test my patience."

He was right. She didn't bother reaching for her wand he would have removed it and any of the other gadgets she'd had up her sleeve. Pushing the emotions back down into the self-made hole, she composed herself. In more steady tones, she said, "What do you want, Snape?"

"What do I want?" He snorted. "Did you know that nobody has ever asked me that? I know bloody well you're not about to appease any of my wants." He drew the word out on its sibilant. "The only thing you're thinking about is how you can get out of this. Don't even bother I've thought of everything."

Arrogant as always. "How did you know I was there? Was it the wards?"

He smirked at her. "I knew you were there before you even touched the wards. You really did underestimate me, Granger." He leaned forward in his chair, and his eyes glinted in the firelight. He was close enough that she could smell him, fire and brimstone like the devil himself.

"You've been brewing. Always a good market for Wolfsbane. Who are you supplying?"

"As always, your nose is spot on. The Wolfsbane was last night, however. I made something else tonight something special."

"Oh, please, don't keep me in suspense, Snape. Tell me your dastardly plan so we can just get on with it."

"Sarcasm was never your forte."

"You knew I was here because you lured me here, didn't you?" She crossed her arms in front of her. The thought that she had been so easily tricked dismayed her, but she wasn't going to back down.

"So, you've managed to work it out, have you? I didn't think it would take you this long. But really, you shouldn't beat yourself up about it I do have twenty-odd years more experience at this game than you do. You're dealing with a master spy, after all." Snape stood, revealing his lean frame, and walked over to a cabinet by the wall. He set about arranging two glasses on a tray and pulled a bottle out from the cabinet. "Would you care for some wine? It's a very good vintage."

"You think this is a bloody game?" Hermione cried out, trying in vain to keep control of her temper.

"Not that elf-made rubbish, either. Muggles do have some skills worth preserving. I've been saving this one for a very significant occasion."

Hermione stood in defiance. "No, I don't want any wine, Muggle or otherwise. What are you playing at, Snape?"

He swung around, glass in hand, with a deadly look in his eyes. "Careful, Granger. Perhaps I should ask you the same thing?"

"I'm not playing games. I want justice, that's what I want. I want to see you pay for what you've done."

"Justice?" he said. "Do you even know what that word means? Don't try to make this ugly little obsession of yours into something righteous. I paid for my crimes long ago. Call it what it really is revenge for breaking your heart."

She stood dumbfounded as he pressed the wine glass into her hand. She said, "You did not "

"I did. I left you when I knew that you loved me. I broke your heart."

"I never loved you," she whispered as his fingers slid around her wrist.

"Don't lie. I knew it, Granger. And I left you. You hate me for that."

His fingers against her skin ignited an old spark she had long thought was dead. She felt as if her whole world, the one she had built for herself over the last five years, was now crashing down around her. "But you killed Dumbledore."

Snape slid closer to her and brought his other arm up around her shoulders. "You know why I did that. You know the sacrifice he made for the cause."

"I believed you," Hermione said. "I believed with all my heart that you were on our side. Then Harry " The hole in her heart threatened to engulf her. "Harry was killed because of you."

"You're angry, but not at me you're angry with yourself. I didn't kill Potter. You chose me over him. I only did what was needed to help Potter rid us of my Master. His death was an ... unfortunate by-product."

"Would Harry have lived if I hadn't trusted you? Is that it?"

"None of us would have lived." He pulled her into a gentle embrace just as her tears began to spill over. Angrily, she wiped them away. She had cried enough over this five years ago. He led her back to the couch and made her sit. "Drink the wine I've not poisoned it."

She nodded and he released her. Snatching up the second glass from the cabinet, he returned to his chair in the shadows.

Taking sips, the alcohol helped to warm her. She felt truly defeated. Snape remained silent while she tried to collect all her thoughts. It had been a long time since she'd given over to the contemplation of those events that had irrevocably changed her world and set her on this path. She had been so consumed with her anger, with what she thought was her hatred of Snape, of his betrayal, that she had been blind. She had trusted him, and that, ultimately, had led to Voldemort's downfall and Harry's death. That was her betrayal. And in the end, it was the right thing to do. But what's worse, she had fallen in love with him.

Once upon a time, she had believed herself to be in love with Ron, her best friend. But then Snape had come along, with his dark charm, his intelligence that deeply stimulated her, mentally and emotionally, and he had opened up to her about his life, shown her there was more to him than the spy of dubious loyalties. She couldn't help but think that she had met her match, her mate. She had trusted him and loved him beyond reason and logic. No books could teach her otherwise. She had been willing to give it all up for him.

And he had known exactly how she felt and had not cared a single moment beyond what her use to him was. That was what ached the most not Dumbledore's sacrifice or Harry's wasteful death, not her estrangement with Ron.

Snape had never once shown her a glimmer of hope that her feelings might be returned, not that she had expected it then, but after ...

Hermione buried her face in her hands. "Why did you leave?" she asked.

"Half the Aurory was out for my blood. Did you really expect me to stay? I would have been sent straight to Azkaban, or worse, killed by some zealot like Moody. "

She looked up at him and shook her head. "That's not true! There would have been a trial. I would have testified."

"You would have been given Veritaserum and spilled your little heart out for them. I would then be accused of subverting you with love potions as well as murder."

"Then you should have taken me with you! I would have done anything for you. You knew that and you left me!"

"I have been on the run for five years, girl. And not just from you. Do you think that's something I could have brought you into? You would have had no life."

Hermione stood, enraged. She clenched her hands into fists at her side. "I have had no life. Every last waking moment has been spent thinking of you, Severus Snape. All I've done is eat, breathe and sleep this compulsion to find you. Look at me look at what you've done to me. There's nothing left of me but you."

She stared into his black eyes and felt the floodgates of her mind open. This wasn't his doing, but hers. It felt like a reverse kind of Legilimency as she pushed it all onto him. Everything that she had gone through in the last five years because of him all the hurt, pain, anger, hatred. Her emotions welled up and spilled out in waves, washing over him, and he was helpless to stop it.

Snape choked back a grunt of pain and slid off the chair onto his knees. "Stop." He gasped. "Please, for God's sake, Hermione."

The last wave of emotion broke through, and she sagged to the floor in front of him. "There's nothing more," she said. She reached for him and pulled his hair back from his face. "Do you see, now?"

"Yes," he croaked. His eyes were red-rimmed and filled with pain her pain. "I know it's not enough, but I'm sorry "

"It's enough."

She leaned forward and kissed him. Slowly she moved her lips over his and brought him back to life.

"I'm sorry," he whispered between her kisses as her hands slid around him. She nuzzled at his neck and ran her hands down to the band of his trousers, pulled out his shirt and brought them in contact with his skin. "Do you know what you're doing?" he said hoarsely.

She sat back on her haunches and looked at him. "Severus, no more games. I should have done this a long time ago, but if you have any doubts, then tell me now. As hard as it will be for me, I will leave, and I will try to forget ..."

He looked at her through half-lidded, predatory eyes. "No. I have no doubts now. But one thing you do need to know: I did lead you here, but only because I wanted to end this madness. I'm tired of running, Hermione. The potion I was brewing for you was Amortentia."

"But it smelled like "

"I know it smelled like Wolfsbane. I've been brewing that for so long that I can't get rid of the sulphur. It's in my skin."

"You smell like Wolfsbane."

He nodded, his hair hung down like a curtain, shadowing his eyes.

"You thought you needed it to show me that I loved you. That I still love you."

He nodded slowly again. "I wanted you to stop trying to find me. Perhaps you would have been able to convince the others that I was dead. I wanted to use you, again."

Her eyes narrowed at him. "But your plan backfired, didn't it?"

He gave her a rare wry smile. "When I carried you into the house, I knew I couldn't do that again... You see, I had smelled the Amortentia, too."

This time, when she kissed him, it was a brand of forgiveness.

Her hands returned to their spot on his lower back, under his shirt, and she arched into him. He returned her kiss with force, and her heart began to race. This new knowledge, that he loved her, that Severus Snape was just as much in her power as she was in his, created a heady sensation in her chest. She could feel the truth of it in the way his hands roamed hungrily over her body and pulled at her clothes. She let him go for a moment so that she could rid herself of her top and give him access to bare skin.

Snape skimmed his hands up her torso until they reached her bra; then he slid them around her back. She felt the hooks of her bra snap, and the constricting garment dropped away. Her breasts were exposed and she flushed under his scrutiny. He lifted one finger and brushed over a hardened nipple, her sensitivity caused the sensation to shoot to her groin and she moaned. Cupping her breast with his hand, he gently tested its weight, then squeezed.

"Perfect," he said roughly before his mouth descended onto her other breast and he began to lick and kiss and suck in earnest.

Hermione clutched at his head. Oh, God, she was going to explode simply with this teasing of her nipples. His ministrations and the astringent scent that only belonged to him aroused her and created a burning sensation between her legs. She squirmed, then roughly grabbed his head and pulled his lips back to hers.

They kissed hungrily, with the steady interplay of lips and tongues that only added to the building tension. Her hands tugged impatiently at the waistband of his trousers, and she reached for the buttons at the front and was foiled.

"How," she said, gasping as his hands played over her breasts as he sucked at her collarbone, "do you get these off?"

"You're a witch, Granger." His voice vibrated against the sensitive skin of her throat. "Use your wand."

She giggled. "You have my wand."

"Oh bugger," he said, sitting back on his haunches. "I hid it from you, didn't I?" Snape reached over and snatched his own wand up from the floor, then turned back to her with a smirk. "Let's go find it in the bedroom, shall we?"

By the time they reached the bedroom, neither of them was concerned with removing his trousers any more. Hermione managed to angle it so that she could push him onto the bed and crawl on top of him. She had him exactly where she wanted him.

Their kisses and caresses reached a new urgency. Severus moaned as Hermione brushed her hand over his groin. She felt his erection through his underwear it was solid and warm. His hips shifted and bucked under her teasing fingers.

"Christ, Hermione, this will be over before we start it's been a while..."

She straddled him in response and rubbed her groin on his cock. Grinning down at him mercilessly, she said, "Oh, really?"

"You know very well it has, girl. You've been like my bloody shadow. I bet you knew every time I so much as sneezed." He grabbed her arms and thrust her off him, reversing their positions. "Let's see how you like it."

Faster than she thought he was capable, he removed her jeans and pants. Then, he roughly spread her legs and with a sigh of pleasure, stuck his head between them. Snape, she realised, was a very goal-oriented man she was not going to object.

At first, all he did was breathe in her scent through that glorious nose of his. He took his time savouring her tangy essence, which only served to add to Hermione's frustration. The anticipation made every nerve ending in her pussy tingle with need. Then, like a master painter with his brush, the first touch of his tongue was brief but deft, and precisely, deliberately placed.

Hermione choked back a sob. She gathered the sheets tightly in her fists as Snape set to work in earnest. Each lick and stroke brought her higher and maddeningly close to release. His hands held her firmly in place as her back arched taut. She began to unknowingly make mewls and cries as every thought and feeling was aimed tightly at the bundle of nerves that was her clit.

Then, he moved his hand with insidious intent and slipped a finger into her pussy. With the masterstroke, he roughly pressed his finger against the front wall of her vagina, and the tight, white knot of sensation inside her exploded.

She cried out her pleasure, which rolled over her in waves. Snape lifted his face from her pussy and gently used his fingers to stroke the now sensitive area and bring her back to him. When her breathing slowed and she was able to look at him, she saw the obvious satisfaction in his eyes.

"Beautiful," he whispered.

Lifting her hand, Hermione leaned up to touch his cheek. "Thank you," she said.

She watched with half-lidded eyes as Severus inched upwards and claimed her lips. The kiss began gently and then grew as she felt his simmering passion reawaken. His cock rested just above her mons and she moved her hips so that her pussy lips brushed along his tip. Snape grunted in response.

"I think it's time to finish what we started, don't you?" Hermione said.

He gave her a devilish smile and adjusted so that his cock was poised at the entrance to her vagina. "Would you think less of me if I said that I've dreamed of this moment?" he asked.

"You'd better prove that you're not going soft on me, Snape." With one motion, she claimed his cock, swallowing it deep inside her.

He began to move with deliberate motions at first, then with more and more abandon. She held him steady as he pumped wildly into her pussy. Hermione knew she wasn't going to come with him, not this time, but the feeling of being his anchor, holding him as he let go, was as powerful as any orgasm.

Snape was right in that it didn't take him long to climax. He was silent as he came; only his face twisted into a mask of agony, and his cock twitched and jerked inside her. She knew how difficult it was for him to lose control, as difficult as it had been for her.

When he had stilled within her, he hung his head and waited to catch his breath. Then he rolled off her onto his back. Hermione felt his warm semen trickle out of her and onto the sheets. She turned and reached for him, pulling him close to her. "I love you," she said gently.

"We'll need to do that again. I'm a bit rusty at the moment," he replied.

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Hermione woke with stiffness in her body brought on by pleasure. In many ways, she felt at peace. Her demon had finally been laid to rest, and in its place was a whole, real emotion. She stretched out and rolled over to look at her newfound lover.

He wasn't there. There was barely an impression in the bed to show where he had lain. Hermione sat up and looked around the room. His clothes were gone. In fact, anything that could have belonged to him was gone. He'd left no trace.

"That fucking bastard!" she screamed into the silence. He'd done it again. He'd left her and this time after practically confessing that he loved her. After he had felt all her emotions. After they had made love. Was she such a terrible shag?

Hermione wanted to weep with frustration. She slumped back down in the bed. She should have known it was too good to be true. She beat her fists against the mattress hard several times. *For God's sake, Granger, are you ever going to learn? That man is Slytherin to the core did you really think you could take him on and win? Bugger it all.*

She really did love him. It was hard to deny especially after the last night, but was she a match for him? Should she just give up and go home, proverbial tail between her legs? She tried to contain the sob. No, she would find him again, and this time he would really pay.

Just as she was about to give in to despair, a savoury scent drifted up to her. Bacon? And eggs?

The bedroom door creaked open and a dark head stuck itself through the crack. "You'd better get up, Granger. Breakfast is waiting and we should be out of here soon the rest of them are likely to pick up the trail I left for you at some point today."

"Oh, God, you scared the hell out of me, you stupid man!" She rushed at him and kissed him hard.

"Hermione, please, if you continue this without a stitch of clothing on, we shall never leave. Do you want to join me in prison as my accomplice?"

"Of course not. Have I told you that I love you?"

"Several times, my dear. Now get dressed so that we may eat and run." He spanked her bare bottom loudly and kissed her again.

She smiled broadly at him as he backed out of the room. She really had won. Of course, she would need to let him keep thinking that he had won otherwise she really would never see him again. Yes, she did think she could live with that concession.

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