

# The Girl's Desire

*by septentrion*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Disclaimer : I just borrowed the characters for a bit of fun and made no money with them*

*This series of 100 words drabbles have been written for the livejournal community grangersnape100, the first four have been reread by Corisu and Somigliana, the rest by Somigliana. Their advice was much helpful, and I'm most grateful to them.*

### **The Girl's Desire**

Under his invisibility cloak, Harry followed his long-time friend, Hermione. He was curious to know where she went every other night when she pretended to visit her parents. He discovered that she'd been lying to him and the Order when he'd once tried to contact her there and found only an empty house. Neighbours told him that the Grangers had disappeared months ago.

He kept up with her, thanks to that tracking spell Tonks had taught him; a spell that only Aurors knew. She was in Diagon Alley; she took a turn down Knockturn Alley and went through an archway.

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He managed to slip through the door just behind her and went after her along a corridor. She knocked on a door and let herself in. Once more, Harry barely had time to get into the room before the door was closed. If he hadn't been so curious about why Hermione was meeting Snape in that unsavoury bedroom, he would've let his hatred explode.

"Do you have something new to tell me, Miss Granger?"

She nodded.

"We've found that Ravenclaw object that the Dark Lord's looking for; it's hidden at Grimmauld Place."

"What is the meaning of this?" Harry thought.

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In his surprise, Harry gasped audibly. The other two looked right at the place where he stood. Shit! He was caught! The next second, his cloak was in Snape's hands while Hermione watched him, horror struck. Wands were drawn at once, and Snape predictably had the upper hand: Harry was hanging upside down in the air.

"Why, good evening, Potter! One would wonder what you're doing in such a fine establishment."

He really didn't know how to answer, torn as he was between fury at the traitor and deep disappointment with his friend. He settled for just glaring at them.

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To tell the truth, Severus didn't know what to say, either. Potter wasn't supposed to know about his meetings with Granger at any cost, and to be on the safe side, no one else knew, either. He used the girl's information to help Potter's hunt. But what he didn't want to be public knowledge was that his help had conditions; the girl had to bed him.

He should have expected the girl's desire to meet his own, no bawdy pun intended. She slowly raised her wand to her friend and quietly spoke:

*"Obliviate. Stupefy."*

That had been a close call.

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"What do we do now?" she asked, subdued.

"You tell me about that Ravenclaw object, and I tell you how to destroy it. Then we'll build a story to cover our backs"

Hermione nodded, that was a sensible thing to do. She was still looking at her hanging and unconscious friend when she felt hands pushing her back against Severus.

"Hey! We're supposed to talk!"

"We're going to talk, among other things. You can tell me while I pleasure you."

"But," she spluttered. "Harry..."

"That is an interesting situation. I find that I like the idea of possibly being caught."

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He couldn't mean what she was thinking that he was saying?

Obviously he did, for he stroked her breast and ground his erection in her back while asking her again:

"What do you know of that Ravenclaw object?"

"It... it's a fibulaaaaaah..." His hand began to travel south. "Made of..." His hand had slipped into her jeans and found its aim. She was wet. She was turned on by his ministrations that she was receiving in front of her best friend, however unconscious he was. She felt shame and press her legs together to feel more blissful pressure from those fingers.

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How could she play the part of Ron's girlfriend and climax by the hands and cock of the man above her? How could she be so aroused at the mere thought of being fucked by him in the presence of her friend? How could she feel more embarrassed for being caught than for sleeping with the almost enemy?

Severus was delighted. He had to force the girl a little at the beginning of their arrangement, but he was right. He'd foreseen that she'd be a passionate witch, unable to resist the right coaxing. Corrupting her had excited him beyond reason.

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After they had fucked and exchanged information came the time to decide what to do with the still unconscious Harry.

"Simple," Severus stated. "I'll intrude into his mind and plant the idea he had met you and your parents by using Legilimency. We'll lead him to believe your parents had secretly relocated themselves for their own safety."

That wasn't a complete lie, Severus had moved them elsewhere to guarantee their safety. By doing so, he had assuaged Hermione's feeling of guilt for sleeping with him and lying to her friends.

There was really no other solution, so she didn't protest.

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Hermione and Severus increased their stealth after that incident. The excitement of being caught wasn't worth the consequences, and Harry never suspected that he'd been fooled.

At the end, they came face to face. She knew she could get away with it if she killed him, or made him suffer a bit, in retaliation for their forced relationship. But she also wanted to salvage what was left of her soul. She lowered her hand and told him:

"Just go and never come back!"

She watched as he aimed his wand at her.

*"Stupefy."*

He caught her limp body and Disapparated.

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When she awoke, Hermione found herself in a foreign bed. By the look of it, it was rather ancient. As were the sheets. But she didn't recognise the place.

She was still dressed in her filthy clothes from the battle, only her shoes had been removed. She remembered Snape Stupefying her without her resisting him. She couldn't have stopped him. The glint in his eyes had told her not to resist, that it was for the best, and she'd believed him. Why she'd believed him was another question. She left the bed and the room and went down the stairs.

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She entered a dingy library. Snape was sitting there, a cup of tea in his hand.

"Come here, Miss Granger, and take a seat. You must wonder why I didn't just comply with your wishes."

Gingerly, she sat in a fragile looking armchair and waited for him to speak.

"You told me to go and never come back. I think it should be the other way around, that you should go and never come back."

"Why? I could have killed you, given you to the Aurors, and I chose to let you live. Is that how you show you're grateful?"

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"Just think, Miss Granger. When the bliss of the Dark Lord's defeat subsides, what will happen?"

"There will be inquiries and trials. People and the Ministry will want to know everything that happened."

"Everything?"

Realisation dawned on her.

"They wouldn't be satisfied with my explanations about how I got such useful information. They would eventually search my mind and find we've been... involved."

Tears of despair and self-disgust appeared in her eyes. He forged on:

"You see, you are the one who should be grateful, for you will be spared the indignity of seeing all your secrets bared to the public."

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She was screwed! How could she have overlooked this? Now, she was stuck with Snape, and he didn't seem overly bothered at them hiding together. Of course he wouldn't be.

She could always escape this decrepit house of his, but she had better chances not to get caught by staying with him. He'd had practice at this, after all. And perhaps it'd be best if her friends thought her dead rather than a sneak. What would they write on her epitaph? "Beloved friend, she will be missed" was unimaginative, but sounded right; more like the epitaph for her old life.

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Ten years later, Bill and Fleur were in Paris when they stopped dead in their tracks: a few feet from them stood the spitting images of Hermione Granger and Severus Snape, only older. They were browsing the shelves of a bookshop on Boulevard Saint-Michel. The woman's belly was round, and the man was showing coloured albums to a toddler.

It couldn't be. Their bodies had been found; Bill himself had found the traitor's corpse. They had to know, but they suddenly remembered they'd promised to buy perfume for Molly. They never saw the jet of light coming from Severus' wand.

*Thanks for reading my humble work.*