

You Could Be Mine

by Southern_Witch_69

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: J.K. Rowling owns the characters. I'm just having a bit of twisted fun with them.

I'd like to thank my brilliant beta, Charmed_Nay, who is always busy with work but finds time to help me out.

"And now we wait," Hermione said, leaning back against the counter to watch the simmering potion. The light blue liquid was bubbling stably and emitting a small amount of silvery smoke. Mesmerized by the swirling wafts, she missed what her colleague had said. "Sorry? What was that, Severus?"

"I said," he began again, "that you should come with me until this stage is complete." He nodded to the cauldron. "The fumes are not completely safe at this point."

"Right," she agreed, following him out into the office they'd been sharing. She sat down and kicked off her shoes, bringing her socked feet up to rub them, pausing when she saw his annoyed stare. "What?"

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"My feet hurt," she said, ignoring his incredulous expression and continuing to rub them. "My back doesn't feel too good either. Pity I can't reach that. It needs a good massage as well."

"Be that as..."

"Oh!" she gasped as the flames on the candles went out completely. "What's going on?"

"*Lumos*," Severus said, flicking his wand, bringing light back into the room. "Must have been a draft."

Hermione watched as he picked up a book from the desk and sifted through the pages. He was either quite thick or uninterested. She'd tried to give him as many hints as she could that she wanted something more than a working relationship with him. She'd just given him an open invitation to give her a massage, and all he wanted to do was scold her for getting comfortable and taking her shoes off. Hell, it didn't have to be anything serious. A few tumbles in the sack would be good enough for her...anything to sate her ever-growing curiosity about him and how it would be to have him in her bed.

The truth of the matter was that she was quite lonely. She supposed her attraction to him was because they'd been mostly locked up together...alone...for the past six months working on a potion that would allow for a quick trip into the future. They'd already worked on the potion needed to coat a new crop of Time-Turners, which enabled wizards to venture into the past, so they'd decided to work together to figure out a way to go forward through time instead.

"I believe that we've done it this time," Severus commented, tossing his book aside. "The consistency was perfect, the coloring was of the right shade, and the smoke rising..." His eyes narrowed. "Why are you grinning?"

"Er... because I'm excited about the potion of course," she blurted quickly. In her mind, she added *But I'm hoping we'll be able to do some celebrating later... you, me, firewhisky. I better not have shaved my legs and put on my best knickers for nothing.*

He simply nodded and stood, moving over towards the window, giving Hermione the opportunity to gaze at him without his piercing eyes catching her. Many minutes passed, and he seemed intrigued with something, moving his head now and then as if following something out in the darkness.

Quietly, Hermione walked over to stand at his side. "What is it?" she whispered, obviously startling him.

"Look," he said, pointing a finger out towards the back garden.

She tried to see what he was pointing at, but all she could see was shadows from the pale moonlight and dark shrubbery. "Sorry, I don't see it. What is it?"

Severus pulled her in front of him and placed one arm around her to direct her gaze. "Just there."

They watched as a pair of gnomes moved about his small garden to inspect some of the plants he'd grown to use as ingredients for his potions. "I didn't know you had gnomes here," she said in amusement.

"I hadn't any," he said, deep voice reverberating in her ear.

"Oh, they must be looking to make a home then." A smile lit her face as she watched the two tiny creatures.

She was uncertain how much time passed, but Severus' arm had shifted to rest against her, pressing her to his body possessively. Without thinking, Hermione sighed with contentment, and at the very moment she tried to lean back against him more firmly, he abruptly released her and moved away, his voice drowning out her mutter of frustration.

"It's time to try the potion," he said, striding away quickly.

Hurrying to catch up to him, she asked, "Severus, I don't mind being the one to test it. Really."

"Nonsense. If something should go wrong..."

When his voice trailed away, she had a moment of hope that he had intended to say that he couldn't bear it if something went wrong with the potion, causing her harm or to be stranded. Her hopes were shattered, however, when he found his voice again.

"Quick thinking and the ability to properly find a solution will be needed. Therefore, I will be the one to go."

She frowned and said nothing as he dipped some of the potion out with a ladle to fill the tiny compartment in the Time-Turner's center. It shimmered a bright silver color for a moment before it faded to a soft blue and then back to normal.

"It's ready," he said needlessly as he placed the long chain around his neck.

Their eyes met briefly before he started turning it forward.

"Severus, please be careful," she blurted as his body disappeared. She doubted that he'd even heard her. Bringing her hands up to rub her eyes, she sighed in frustration. "Please come back to me."

Many thoughts filled her mind. What if he never returned? What if something did go wrong? Why hadn't she found the courage to tell him that she was attracted to him, had grown used to having him in her life? Part of her hoped that there would be yet another project to work on after they completed the current one. She thought of his comment and frowned. "Arrogant prat..." she whispered.

Suddenly, she felt uneasy...as if someone were watching her. She slowly turned and looked towards the doorway to his office. The candles had gone out again, and someone was standing just in the doorway.

"Wh-who's there?" she asked uncertainly. Then it hit her. Severus!*Of course! He's gone forward and come back already!*"Did it work then?" There was no reply. Again she was filled with unease. "Severus? Show yourself."

The person took a single step forward into the light, causing Hermione to gasp.

~o~

Severus quickly grabbed onto the worktable in the darkened lab, taking note that his travel forward left him feeling slightly dizzy. As he stood there, he glanced around. *What the hell?* Nothing looked as it did when he'd left.

When they'd made the decision on who would test it earlier in the day, he'd been sure to tell her that he would only go forward one hour and wanted her to make sure that his other self stayed out of the room, ensuring nothing would happen to cause problems...even though his other self would be expecting his appearance. One could never be too careful when dealing with time travel and interfering in personal affairs.

"Incompetent," he muttered to himself. The room was dark, there was no fire in the grate, and even the cauldron with the potion they'd just completed was gone. "I'll have her arse for this!"

Striding towards the doorway, he stopped. Low firelight flickered from the room, and there was quiet whispering...one voice feminine and the other masculine. Stealthily, he made his way to the doorjamb and peered into the room. His breath caught at the scene before him. The wood in the grate was burning in a low fire that cast a warm glow over Hermione's naked body. She was straddling her male companion, but Severus couldn't make out whom it was, as his armchair was positioned just in the way.

"Oh, yes..." Hermione said, tossing her head back as she gyrated her hips in a slow, sensuous move, which elicited a deep groan of approval from her lover.

It was at this moment that Severus knew for certain that the man beneath her was not his counterpart. It was someone else. Reflexively, he pulled his wand, intending to stride into the room to hex the both of them. He wasn't gone for a few seconds, and she was taking it upon herself to fuck someone on the floor of his office? He stopped short as his eyes noticed the pair of hands moving up to cup her heavy breasts, the silver snakehead ring on one finger giving away her lover's identity.

Lucius.

How was this possible? When Lucius dropped by while they were doing their work, the pair hardly said anything to each other, aside from civil greetings and small talk. He frowned as Hermione leaned forward, riding him harder with quick, purposeful strokes. The hands that had been on her breasts slid around her body, down her back, and

rested on her arse, squeezing the plump cheeks with each upward thrust that met her eager body.

He looked away, hating what he was seeing. How was it that Lucius was the one who had been able to have her? Severus squeezed his wand tightly and clenched his free fist. Didn't *he* deserve her? Hadn't he been allowing her to take part in his daily activities, resulting in inappropriate desires developing? The ultimate betrayal was that she would do this in his office while he was gone... with his supposed friend.

A small voice snickered in his mind. *How many times have you and Lucius shared Narcissa? He didn't mind allowing you to join them back in the early days before she became pregnant with Draco.*

This was different. This was Hermione. He would never ask Lucius to join them. Nor did he believe that Lucius would purposely set out to seduce her. It was true that Narcissa had been living in France for the past year, claiming to need some time away to get herself back to good, but Lucius was quite particular when it came to women. Why would he be with Hermione?

Because she's beautiful. Only a fool would not see it or not muster the courage to make a move, a voice whispered.

He certainly felt like a fool. Of all the time that he'd been working with her, he'd not told her that he was attracted to her. He'd never asked her on a proper date. Oh, they'd shared many meals together and gone to functions as a couple, but it was a business arrangement only and had meant nothing to them...or to her at least. He took pleasure in small things, knowing that there would never be anything else for them. She had no idea what she did to him when she said things such as needing a massage and had no idea of the things he wanted to do to her when she thoughtlessly sighed and arched her body in an unknowingly provocative manner. Earlier when she'd stood with him to watch the gnomes, he'd been in heaven...the scent of her hair and light perfume wafting up to his nostrils... the feel of her soft body beneath his arm and against his chest.

And here was Lucius enjoying what he'd yearned for.

As he was deciding on his course of action, he received quite a shock. Hermione moaned in frustration, obviously not meeting her climax.

"Noooo, don't stop now," she said. "I was nearly there."

"As was I," Lucius said, voice quiet. "Come. Lie completely over me."

She did as bidden, head likely resting on the man's shoulder. Severus was about to step to the side to spy their faces and see if they were kissing when he heard another noise: a moan of approval...one that did not belong to Lucius or Hermione, but belonged to him. As if in a daze, he watched as his counterpart rose from the chair, naked, hand stroking his obvious erection as he moved behind Hermione, obviously intent on taking her from behind.

Mouth agape, he listened to their conversation.

"Why didn't you just join in from the first?" Hermione grumbled.

"He likes to watch first," Lucius answered for him, using his hands to spread her arse cheeks as the other Snape moved into position. "Always did..."

"Yes, but it seems that...Oh! Wait, it's... oh..."

"All right?" the other Severus asked, speaking for the first time.

"Yes," she mumbled, squirming slightly.

"Let me do the moving," he whispered, slowly continuing to push into her. Once all the way in, he pulled back leisurely but not entirely.

Severus watched as his other self began moving in a slow rhythm, eyes closed, a look of pleased torture upon his face. Hermione began moving with him easily, biting her lip in concentration, as Lucius resumed his thrusts.

"Severus..." Hermione said breathlessly.

It was this more than anything that sent a sharp bolt of heat to his groin, causing him to harden. He'd longed to hear her speak his name in such a way, but how had this happened? How was this possible? Something must have gone wrong. *Exactly how far into the future have I been tossed? Is this something that is truly destined to happen?* His eyes longingly moved back to the awkward trio of lovers who were doing their best to give one another pleasure and find release. Would he want to share her with him like this? Could he make certain that only he ended up between her thighs on his office floor this night?

He moved back into the darkened lab and checked the small calendar near the window, realizing he'd traveled one month into the future instead of an hour. This meant that they'd added too much of something. It wouldn't take long to figure out what once he got back to his lab and explained everything to her.

"Damn," he whispered. How would he explain this turn of events? What if she and Lucius had already started a relationship unbeknownst to him? *No, I would have sensed it. This is something that's happened since the time that I left.*

Mentally calculating the number of turns he would need on his other Time-Turner to bring him back to the exact moment he left, he heard heavy breathing, grunting, and cries of pleasure from the next room. He began turning his Time-Turner, hearing his counterpart's calling of her name before the room blurred away, making him even harder with need. Resolving to tell her that he wanted her upon his return, he allowed himself to play over in his mind again the way she'd moved as she sat astride Lucius. Surely she wouldn't deny him. If she allowed him to have her in their future, only a month away, then she would likely allow it sooner than that.

Hand hurting, he continued to count and turn until he was back to the time that he'd left. The room was deserted, and the cauldron that they'd been brewing the potion in was still simmering. He noted with his timepiece that he was a little earlier, meaning that his other self was still in the next room with her. He had to leave the room before they came in and decided to hide himself in the small storeroom that opened through a door in his office.

He saw her arching her body and complaining that she needed a massage. Why had he been so thick as to not notice she'd been trying to entice him? Flicking his wand to extinguish the candles, he silently slipped into the open doorway of the storeroom. He dared not move until he finally heard them go back into the lab. Once they left, he flicked his wand to extinguish the candlelight again, not wanting them to see him as he watched them from the doorway of the darkened office.

The brisk tone that his counterpart took with her made him cringe. It was a wonder that she even let him anywhere near her body with the way he spoke to her and treated her with disdain. In his defense, however, he'd only done that to hide the fact that he wanted her as more than a colleague. It wouldn't have done for her to have that knowledge and be able to reject him or use it against him. Part of him still feared rejection. What if she'd only allowed him to have her body because she'd wanted Lucius and thought herself to be doing him a favor?

Frowning, he pondered this until his counterpart left. It was the soft agonizing plea for him to be safe and to return to her that proved his attraction was mutual. She seemed clearly worried, seemed to care.

I am back and quite safe, he thought, heatedly adding, *and I will have you this night.*

"Wh-who's there?" she asked as she spotted him in the doorway.

He enjoyed the way her chest heaved with the breathless excitement of something unknown. It brought to mind the way her breasts looked with the glow of a fire gracing

them as they bounced and shifted erotically.

"Did it work then?" she asked, voice still somewhat uncertain. When he made no move to do anything but admire her, she said, "Severus? Show yourself."

Oh, yes, I'll show myself...in ways you've never seen, and you'll like it the thought conceitedly. Hearing the breathless tone of her voice as she said his name reminded him of how she'd said it when he'd been taking her from behind in the future. Suddenly alive with need, he stepped forward, letting all of his desire and emotion to show on his face, pleased that it caused her to gasp and step back.

She sighed in relief and began peppering him with questions. "Did it work? How did it go? What did I say to you when I saw you? How about the..."

"Do you still need a massage?" he asked quietly.

"Wh-what?" she asked, blinking in confusion. "Sorry?"

"You'd said that your back ached and that you wished for a massage."

"Oh, I... er... yes."

He could tell that she had no idea what he was on about, and he liked having that advantage over her. He slowly moved towards her, unclasping his robes as he did so. When her eyes widened, he softly said, "I find that I could use one as well." The smile she gave him quickened his heartbeat. She would accept him as a lover. He knew that for certain now. She wanted him, had likely wanted him for as long as he wanted her. "On my back... and other places..."

"Is that right?"

"Indeed," he said, stopping just before her, robes on the floor at his feet. Although he was dressed in trousers and a shirt, he still felt naked before her.

She brought a hand up to cup his cheek. "Well, it just so happens that I'm quite good with my hands. I'm certain that I'll be able to help you with ~~the~~ *leasing* some of this built up tension."

Not wanting to delay any longer, his head lowered and his mouth claimed hers in a fervent kiss, which caused his body to feel as if it were on fire. He would have to analyze those new emotions later. For at that moment, he simply had to have her, had to hear her call his name as he'd heard earlier. He broke the kiss and asked, "Shall we continue this in my private chambers?"

Nodding, she said, "Yes."

Forgetting about the potion and the discussion they should be having to fix it, he led her to his bedroom, intent on making love to her as many times as he could for the remainder of the night... and for as long as she'd stay with him the next morning. After frantically undressing each other and bypassing unnecessary foreplay for the moment, Severus slid into her welcoming heat and finally felt what he'd longed for... and finally heard her soft voice say his name as a lover would.

"Anh... Severus, yes..."

~o~

"Something's tapping on the window," said a groggy Hermione.

Severus opened one eye and saw an eagle owl impatiently pecking at his window. "Damn. It's too early," he grumbled.

Moving her leg off of his and sliding over to lie on her side, Hermione yawned and said, "It seems that the sun is high in the sky. I think we've had a bit of a lie in today."

He couldn't stop the smile he gave her as he took in her tousled hair and naked body...a body he'd become quite acquainted with. Not caring about his nudity, he stood, stretched, and made his way to the window where he allowed the owl to enter and took the parchment attached to his leg.

Severus,

I'm having the manor completely redecorated in a couple of weeks and wonder if you'd allow me to stay in your home. It shouldn't take very long, but I'm having most of it done without magic...higher quality and all that. I'd like it to be nice for Narcissa's return. Do you have any plans that this would interfere with? If so, I can always make arrangements to stay elsewhere. It's simply been too long since we've played chess and done things together as we used to.

My owl shall await your reply.

Lucius

Severus looked over to the bed where his younger lover stretched out languidly. So that's how it would happen, the three of them together, if he allowed things to carry on. Smirking, he quickly found a quill and wrote out his reply.

Lucius,

Unfortunately, something's just come up, and I will be away for some time. We do need to have a game of chess soon. Perhaps once your renovations are finished and my business has been attended to, we can get together for one.

Severus

He attached the parchment to the owl's leg and closed the window after it departed with a small hoot. A smug smile graced his lips as he made his way back to her. He wasn't ready to share her and was uncertain he'd ever be.

Southern's Notes: I wrote this for Shiv5468 last year sometime. She enjoys Snape, Hermione, and Lucius pairings.

About the title, I couldn't think of a proper name for it. I went through all sorts of cheesy ideas about destiny this and time that and was about to give up. Until a song came on the radio, that is. "You Could Be Mine" has always been one of my favorite Guns N Roses songs. It (the title) kind of fits the theme, so I snatched it.