

Revelations of a Bed and Breakfast

by Soul Bound

Winner of the Potter Place Prompt Challenge! Days after the final battle, Harry Potter flees to Muggle London for some fresh air, ends up following Severus Snape to a secret meeting, and witnesses something he wasn't meant to see.

A One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes Thanks go to SW69 for beta-ing this for me. She did a marvelous job!

I saw this prompt and couldn't resist. Enjoy!

Snape! Harry hissed, narrowing his eyes.

Harry was alone and glad to be so. Just days after his difficult defeat of Voldemort, he had already begun to distance himself from the wizarding world. If life was annoying as 'the Boy Who Lived,' it was ten times worse as 'the Boy Who Conquered.' The scrutiny he'd lived under since his arrival at Hogwarts, at age eleven, had multiplied to the point of torture since the downfall of the Dark Lord days before.

He couldn't go anywhere without being accosted. Before the final battle, it'd just been people staring and the occasional enthusiast who'd been brave enough to approach him that he'd had to deal with annoying, but livable. Now, he couldn't get a moment's peace if he were within a kilometre of someone or something magical.

He'd spent a day in front of cameras and reporters and then decided to hole himself up inside Grimmauld Place. His friends and fellow Order members knew him well enough to leave him alone, at least, most of them did. Molly Weasley had destroyed his final sanctuary by insisting that he needed to 'talk.'

Harry didn't want to 'talk.'

He'd just killed a man several, in fact. Evil, and deserving of whatever Harry had done to him, Voldemort may have been, but Harry was going to need some time before he could reconcile himself to what he'd done.

And so that was how he came to be here, sitting at a flimsy iron table on a sidewalk in the middle of Muggle London. After five days of isolating himself, he'd finally broken down and decided he needed air. So he pulled on his Invisibility Cloak, stuffed some Muggle money in his pocket, and left a note for Hermione on his bed, telling her he needed a break and not to worry.

He knew Hermione well enough to know she'd worry about him.

It was as he sipped his coffee and pondered how glad he was to be away from anyone who could possibly recognise him that he saw the man he hated most in the entire world exiting a small store.

What the fuck is he doing here?

The man was dressed completely in black, as usual. Surprisingly, he was dressed as a Muggle, but Harry would recognise that lank black hair and scowling pale features anywhere. Severus Snape.

Snape had proven beyond a doubt his loyalty to the Order over the past year. Dumbledore's portrait had confirmed that Snape had been under complicated and unbreakable orders to kill him. He had proven invaluable as a spy in the war against the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters, but Harry would never forgive the bastard for killing his hero, for goading his godfather into leaving the safety of his home, for hating his father, and, most of all, for hating Harry.

There were just too many horrible things the man had done that Harry couldn't overlook. Snape was heartless, cold and unfeeling. He enjoyed causing others pain. Harry hated everything about him. Some part of him was bound and determined to prove that his former teacher deserved to spend a life in Azkaban, to watch him fall.

It occurred to Harry that Snape could be up to no good, here in Muggle London, dressed as a Muggle. The man clearly didn't want to be noticed, and that automatically put Harry on high alert. This could be his chance! This could be his opportunity to catch Snape in the act of... whatever he was up to, which was undoubtedly unscrupulous at best.

Without thinking too much about it, Harry rose and followed Snape, donning his cloak as surreptitiously as he could. When he was sure no one had noticed him, he set out at a safe distance behind the man. A million questions poured through Harry's busy mind. His entire body was filled with a morbid excitement at the possibility of revenge.

What was he doing in Muggle London? Where was he going, and why was he dressed as a Muggle? Snape *hated* Muggles! Harry's thoughts sped through him at light speed as he followed. He briefly feared that Snape would Disapparate, but he seemed to be going somewhere.

Harry's excitement built as Snape slowed and purposefully walked into a small Bed and Breakfast off of the main road. He was meeting someone here! Maybe a Death Eater!

Harry slipped through the door stealthily as a woman and two small children exited. He leaned against the wall silently as Snape strode up to the desk and nodded to a middle-aged woman who smiled at him. Harry didn't have to strain to hear the conversation.

"I'm glad to see you back again, Mr Sorenson," the woman said in a warm, professional tone.

Snape's stony expression did not alter one bit as he inclined his head slightly. But the woman didn't seem to be offended or intimidated by his countenance.

"May I ask how long you will need the room this time?"

"Just for the night, Madam, as always."

The woman smiled to herself as she quickly entered information into her computer.

Snape pulled a wallet out of his pocket and began rifling through bills. He apparently already knew what the cost would be. Harry couldn't see how much from his place against the wall, but he didn't care.

Snape paused and looked at the woman as she finished typing. "Is she...?"

"Already here? Yes," the woman finished for him. "Did you want a key?"

"She already has one?" Snape asked.

"Yes," the woman answered.

"Then, no, another key will not be necessary," Snape said and then paused again. "How long ago did she arrive?"

The woman gave him a knowing sort of smile, which Snape did not acknowledge. "Miss Green arrived about half an hour ago," she said.

Green... Green... Harry didn't know any Greens, but then Green was most likely not the woman in question's real name. Snape's certainly wasn't *Sorenson*.

Snape nodded again and turned to leave.

"Good luck, Mr Sorenson," the woman said quickly with another knowing smile.

Snape looked sharply at her for a long moment and then did something Harry never thought he would see—he smiled back. It was only a tiny quirk of the lips, but it was unmistakable.

Harry thought he'd lost his mind when the dark bastard gave her a tiny wink and made for the stairs. Harry literally shook his head as if to wake himself up, then followed. This was already on the weird side—things just weren't adding up. When Snape stopped outside a door and stared at it, as though at a loss at what to do next, Harry pondered whom the mysterious 'Miss Green' could be.

The only women he could think of for Snape to be meeting in such a clandestine setting were Bellatrix Lestrange and Narcissa Malfoy.

Harry gripped his wand tightly under his cloak, his heart beginning to pound.

Snape took a deep breath and knocked.

"It's open," a female voice said.

Snape opened the door and looked around, and after the tiniest of deliberations, Harry quickly darted in and ducked behind the nearest armchair. For a second, he thought he'd been caught, but luckily, Snape seemed distracted. Harry dared to peek his head from around the chair and nearly fainted from what he saw.

Hermione Granger, his best friend in the world, sat on the edge of the bed and stared up at Snape.

Harry went for his wand and had opened his mouth to hex the daylights out of Snape for threatening Hermione when her words stilled and shocked him.

"Hello, Severus," she said quietly.

Severus?

Harry's jaw dropped. He didn't even have time to be confused before Hermione stood and walked over to a place right in front of Snape.

Be careful, Hermione! He's dangerous! But Hermione didn't seem the least bit frightened.

The two stared at each other for a long moment, and Harry didn't have any clue what was going on or what to do. The expression on Snape's face was inscrutable, but there was something in his eyes that Harry had never seen there before.

"Is it really over?" she finally asked with hope in her eyes.

Harry could only watch in confusion.

"Yes, Hermione," Snape said softly. "It's really over. We're free."

It was like watching a train wreck. Harry felt overwhelming horror, but couldn't bring himself to look away as his best friend threw herself into the arms of the man he hated most.

And Snape, to Harry's shock and disgust, responded in kind. He cradled the young woman close and stroked her hair as she silently sobbed.

"Shh..." he whispered. "You're safe. No more threats. No more nightmares. No more secrets. No more Mark to call me away."

Hermione looked up quickly and sucked in a breath. "It's gone?"

In response, Snape pulled up the sleeve over his left forearm and showed his unmarred flesh to the woman holding him. Where the Dark Mark should have been, there was nothing. Just like Harry's scar, the Mark had disappeared completely the moment Voldemort's evil soul had left this earth for good.

Hermione stared at the pale skin, and then she smiled. It was a pure smile. And she let out a cleansing breath, like she'd been holding it inside for years. She closed her eyes and let her forehead fall forward lightly against Snape's chest. He lowered his sleeve and wrapped his arms around Hermione again, holding her tightly and resting his cheek against her hair.

Harry was trying as hard as he could to understand. But a large part of him felt numb. He blinked slowly as Hermione lifted her head to stare into those black eyes.

Snape brushed his lips softly against hers, and she smiled again, lifting her hands from his back to run her fingers through his oily hair. He brushed his thumb against her cheek and kissed her. Truly kissed her.

Harry swallowed hard, but still couldn't make himself turn away.

Snape's tongue darted out and coaxed Hermione's lips open softly. He brushed her tears away and pulled her closer, his eyes shut tightly with emotion.

It was the tenderness that astounded Harry the most. He hadn't known Snape was capable of such unguarded tenderness. He couldn't make heads or tails of it. Harry watched in morbid fascination as the two completely lost themselves in the other's embrace.

As much as he hated the man and as utterly betrayed as he felt by his friend, he knew he was intruding on something incredibly private, something nobody was meant to see. And when Hermione spoke again, he found the strength to turn away.

"Make love to me," she whispered.

"Yes," was Snape's murmured reply.

Harry wanted to run, but there was nowhere to go. He was trapped. He'd gotten himself into this, and now he was going to be forced to sit here and watch as his best friend gave herself to the Greasy, Ugly Git. All he could do was close his eyes and cover his ears, but he knew even that wouldn't block everything out.

And as abominable as it was to think, a part of him didn't want to turn away. A part of him wanted to remember every detail of this betrayal. A part of him was finding this the 'proof' he'd been searching for. He was literally catching Snape in the act. Sure, it wasn't the 'act' he'd originally imagined, but it was no less abhorrent.

And still, another part of him, betrayed though he felt, wanted to protect his friend. That part of him was honestly expecting Snape to attack Hermione at any moment. This was Snape, the bastard traitor. Snape didn't hug anyone. Snape didn't kiss anyone. Snape didn't 'make love.' The man had no heart. He lived to hurt and belittle others. This had to be an act. There was no other explanation.

Harry didn't know what Snape's angle was, but he knew beyond a doubt that something was off.

And so he gripped his wand even tighter, and he opened his eyes. Ready and determined to intervene the moment he had proof of Snape's duplicity, he watched.

Snape ran his arms up and down Hermione's softly and then went for the buttons at the top of her blouse. He kissed her with ardor as he unfastened her buttons, one by one. He pushed the pale blue fabric off her shoulders and pulled her against him again. He ran his fingers over her bare skin, leaving tiny trails of sensation on Hermione, making her shiver.

And when he left her lips and pressed his mouth to her throat, Hermione let out a gasp and opened her eyes.

"Mmmm, I love that," she said.

"I know," he said in a gruff voice.

Hermione smiled and leaned forward. She nipped playfully at the small part of Snape's neck that wasn't covered by his turtleneck, then soothed it with her tongue. Snape groaned and shivered in turn.

"Siren," he hissed as she sucked on his pale skin.

Hermione chuckled. "Devil," she whispered back.

Snape tilted his head back to give her better access, and his eyes rolled back into his head.

Hermione's hands moved under his sweater to trace the contours of his muscles as she nuzzled his throat with her lips and tongue enthusiastically. "Off."

Snape obliged and lifted his arms over his head. Hermione pushed his sweater up his body, and between the two of them, they got it over his head and onto the floor with practiced ease. He was thin, too thin. Scars were visible all over his uncovered skin. Some large, some small, all a mark of the life he'd lived. But Hermione didn't mind them. She wasted no time in tracing each and every faded white line on his milky torso with her lips, lovingly.

Snape's fingers rubbed her own skin lightly while she adored him. When she had licked him to her satisfaction, she brushed her fingertips over a nipple. Snape sucked in a breath as she latched on to one tiny bud with her mouth and let it out in a shaky rush as she hummed against him.

"Oh, God..." he groaned, grinding his pelvis against her lower abdomen.

Hermione gave the same attention to his other nipple as he deftly unclasped her bra and slid it off her. In a show of strength, he slid his hands under her bum and lifted her off the floor, encouraging her to wrap her legs around his hips. Coherent thought left them as they held each other close and claimed each other's mouth. Snape pulled his

wand out of his pocket and spelled his shoes off his feet with a murmur.

Hermione kicked off her own sandals and was left only in her jeans. She rubbed her naked breasts against his chest, and they both groaned in pleasure.

"Yesss..." he moaned. Without breaking their kiss, he moved forward until he could set her down on the bed. He stood between her legs, panting as though he'd run a race as she quickly unbuttoned his fly and slid his trousers off his hips, hooking his thumbs through his shorts and dragging them down, too.

She eyed his erection smugly as he stepped out of his clothes. He stood there, completely naked and unashamed, breathing heavily and watching Hermione hungrily as she stood and removed her own jeans, leaving her only in plain blue knickers.

Snape dropped gracelessly to his knees and planted a kiss to her stomach, sighing. She smiled contentedly and stroked his hair. He pulled her underwear down her legs, and she stepped out of them. He leaned back on his heels and surveyed her naked body with a look of reverence in his eyes.

He let out another shaky breath.

"What is it?" she asked as he placed another kiss just below her navel.

He chuckled. "I... I'll never understand what I've done to deserve you."

Hermione tugged on him, silently directing him to stand. When he was on his feet, she moulded her body against his and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her cheek just above his heart.

He cradled her close and sighed again. After a long moment, she moved to pull away and lean back onto the bed, but he pulled her close again.

She giggled. "Severus?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you planning on making love to me anytime soon?"

"I always knew you were in this for the sex," he said in a mock-accusatory tone.

"You caught me," she said against his chest, then pulled back enough to look into his eyes.

"I love you, Hermione," he said.

"I love you, too." She grinned and placed a soft kiss against his lips, then leaned back onto the bed and pulled him with her.

He settled himself between her thighs and rested his weight on his arms on either side of her head.

With one hand he reached down between them and helped Hermione position him at her entrance. He ran his hand through her moisture and rubbed it over his shaft, hissing in pleasure. When they were both ready, he looked into her eyes and plunged into her depths.

They both cried out when he hit bottom. Hermione shifted her legs to wrap them around his waist. And he shifted his weight until he was resting on his elbows, putting them at eye level.

He claimed her mouth passionately as he began to rock into her. She tilted her hips up against him and twisted as he thrust down into her softly, making sure to rub against her clitoris on each stroke.

"That's so good," she moaned, dropping her head back against the bed.

He opened his mouth against her neck as he focused on his thrusts and the pleasure he was giving and receiving. He sped up slightly and stoked harder as Hermione's moans and sighs became louder.

And on they went, completely lost in their own pleasure and in each other, filling the room with sounds of unguarded ecstasy, until Hermione hit her peak.

"Oh, God, Severus!" she cried. "Oh God, oh God, Severus, oh my God!! Love, I love... Severus! Ah!"

Hermione's clenching muscles over his shaft was enough to push Severus over the edge. He came with a shout and a shudder. He shot his warm seed into her depths, his eyes rolled back into his head, and his face twisted in pleasure.

"Hermione! FUCK!" was his shout. "I love you, I love you... yes, heaven," he muttered as he came down, then collapsed on top her, neither lover caring that he was crushing her.

He groaned in satisfaction against her neck, and she placed messy kisses wherever she could reach, wrapping her arms around him and holding him to her as tightly as she could. After they caught their breath, Snape wrapped his arms around her and rolled over onto his back, pulling her with him. She looked into his eyes and smiled, playing with his hair. And he smiled back.

"That was fantastic," she said.

"It always is," he replied with a smug smirk.

"Mmmm," she hummed, rolling off of him to lie next to him. He put an arm around her and closed his eyes. They rested for a moment before Snape turned his head to look at Hermione. His face showed a moment of deliberation, and then he spoke.

"Hermione?"

"Hm?"

"I have something to show you," he said.

She turned a questioning glance to him.

"Close your eyes, love," he commanded. "I want to surprise you."

Hermione rolled her eyes but obediently closed them. "I hate surprises," she grumbled.

He chuckled. "You'll like this one. Keep your eyes closed."

Harry, who had watched the entire event with astonishment, closed his eyes to block out the image of Severus Snape's naked body getting off the bed.

This is the part where he leaves, Harry thought.

From the moment they'd kissed, Harry had been waiting for either someone to yell, "April fools!" or for Snape to drop the act and break Hermione's heart. He was a good actor; Harry had to give him that. He would almost have believed the whole thing if it hadn't been Snape. The man simply wasn't capable of real human emotion. It had quickly become apparent to Harry just how deeply his friend felt for Snape. And the bastard had the gall to let her! He had led her on, fucked her, and even told her loved her! That was when Harry had known for sure that Snape was full of shite. That bastard couldn't love anyone.

And now he had told her to close her eyes, and he was going to leave her. And Harry was going to have to pick up the pieces of his friend's broken heart. Harry silently added this to a list of offences he swore to one day exact revenge on Snape for.

I'm not even surprised... he thought bitterly as he watched Snape look back at Hermione to make sure her eyes were closed.

Son of a bitch! He silently raged as Snape bent over to pick up his trousers.

It did, however, come as a surprise to him when instead of donning his trousers, the bastard rifled through one of the pockets.

What the hell?

"Please, God, let her like it..." Snape muttered.

Huh? Harry thought. That comment seemed rather out of place to him, considering the situation. Of course Hermione wouldn't like him leaving!

"What was that, Severus?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing, my dear, keep your eyes closed," he said.

Hermione sighed her annoyance.

Harry watched with his eyes narrowed as Snape fished a small, black velvet box out of his trousers.

Harry instantly went on alert, holding his wand up, ready to hex the daylights out of his greasy-haired nemesis the moment he opened that box and whatever was inside went after Hermione.

Snape gripped the box in his hand and took a deep breath. He climbed back onto the bed, hiding the box inside his fist. He crawled up until he was straddling Hermione over her upper thighs. He leaned back on his heels and smiled down at her, hiding his hand behind his back.

"What are you...?" she muttered. "Severus," she said sternly, "can I *please* open my eyes now?"

"Yes, my love, you can open your eyes."

Hermione's eyes shot open, and she looked around, searching for something out of the ordinary. When she didn't find anything, she turned narrowed eyes to Snape. He scooted up her body with a smug expression on his face until he was straddling her hips.

"Severus Snape," she said with a playful accusatory glare, "you'd better not have put me through that little game just to get back inside me."

Snape snorted. "My dear, we both know I don't have to play any sort of game to get inside you."

"Are you calling me *easy*?"

"If the shoe fits..."

Hermione pretended to be affronted and punched her lover lightly in the stomach. "Bastard," she grumbled, then molded her hands to his hips and gave him a squeeze. "It's not my fault you're so damnably shaggable."

Snape chuckled. "Nor mine."

"So? What could possibly be worth leaving me all alone on this bed for?" she said, her eyebrows raised.

"Normally, nothing," he responded promptly, and Hermione grinned. "But I had to make an exception this once."

Hermione quirked a questioning eyebrow. "You said you wanted to show me something."

"Indeed," he replied and took another deep breath.

"I don't see anything, Severus," Hermione said dryly.

"Patience, my sweet," he leaned forward and engaged Hermione's lips briefly "is a virtue."

Hermione took advantage of closeness and kissed him for true. It didn't take long before both had seemingly forgotten Snape's "surprise," lost in passion.

But Harry knew he hadn't forgotten, that ruthless bastard! And he was right.

"Hermione," he muttered, resting his forehead against hers for a moment before sitting back up.

Oh, Merlin, here it comes, Harry thought, rolling his eyes. It was sending a stab of hatred through him every time the blowhard dared to use Hermione's name, like he *cared* about her!

Hermione smiled up at Snape and sighed. Snape stared back at her with a look of worship on his face that Harry didn't understand.

"I adore you, Hermione," he breathed.

"I know you do," Hermione said softly.

He looked at her again with that expression, and when he spoke again, his voice sounded slightly choked.

"You make me... so happy."

Hermione smiled lovingly at him, and Harry shook his head.

Right, he thought, this coming from a man whose facial expressions range from angry to angrier...

"I never thought I could be this happy. I certainly don't deserve to be," he said.

"Of course you..." Hermione interrupted, but Snape silenced her with his free hand on her lips.

"Let me finish," he said softly. He pulled his hand away, and Hermione remained silent, looking at him with wonder at his strangeness, but still with absolute trust in her eyes.

Even Harry could see it from where he was standing, and it saddened him.

"I've done terrible things," Snape continued. "I've lived a life that no one could be proud of. I know I don't deserve the peace I've found with you, but I'm not stupid enough to look a gift horse in the mouth."

Hermione looked like she wanted to say something, but she remained silent.

"When I had no hope left, you came to me. You had faith in me you trusted me. You gave me something to hold onto. You've been the light in my darkness this last year. I could love you just for that, for what you've done for me."

The last year? Harry thought. This wasn't making any sense. And why was he saying all this to her? Harry listened carefully as Snape went on.

"But I don't love you just for what you've done for me," he said. "I love you for so much more than that, for what you are. You are brilliant, and vibrant, and true, and good, pure and clever as the devil... and bossy, and stubborn, and impertinent, obsessive." He smiled wryly. "In short, Hermione Granger, you are perfect."

"And you are everything to me. You make me whole."

Hermione had tears rolling down her cheeks as she smiled.

"I know that I am... a difficult man to be with. I am who I am, and I know what I've been. I make no illusions about myself. I'm sarcastic, stubborn, irritable, moody, and often cruel. And that's on top of all the terrible things I've done, things I can't take back, as much as I wish I could. But I love you."

He pulled the box out from behind his back and held it in front of him. Hermione's eyes went wide as he opened it.

So did Harry's. But somewhere during Snape's speech, the belief that the dark man was going to harm his friend had evaporated. Harry knew perfectly well what was in that box.

Snape opened the lid and turned it around so Hermione could see inside. "I love you more than I could ever say, Hermione, and if you'll have me, I'll spend the rest of my life doing my best to prove it to you." He took a breath. "Will you be my wife?"

Hermione's smile lit up the room. She wiped her tears away and laughed happily.

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes!" she said, laughing again.

"Truly?" Snape said.

"Nothing would make me happier, Severus," she whispered.

He breathed a sigh of relief and, for a moment, looked like every other man would look at this moment. And then he smirked. "I told you you'd like my surprise," he said smugly as he pulled the diamond ring out of its case and slid it on Hermione's finger.

"Yes," Hermione said wryly, "but you certainly took quite a few deep breaths for someone so sure of himself."

Snape leaned down and rubbed his nose gently against Hermione's as he smiled. "Cheeky wench."

Hermione laughed again before putting her arms around her fiancé, pulling him close and attacking his lips with her own.

Harry slumped quietly against the wall and slid down to a sitting position. He had a lot to think about. His best friend was in love with, and now engaged to be married to, Severus Snape. And after that last little display, Harry was forced to admit it went both ways.

He rested his head on knees and pondered... everything... while the couple made love again. As odd a place and time as it was to do so, he thought of everything he'd been avoiding thinking of for the last year. He remembered what Snape had said about things he'd done, things he wished he could take back. Harry knew just how he felt.

He thought of those things he'd done, but still couldn't bring himself to consider them acceptable things to do. Yes, it was a war. Yes, sacrifices had to be made. But knowing those things didn't take Harry's pain away. Maybe Snape knew how he felt. It occurred to Harry as he sat there that maybe Snape hated himself as much as everyone else hated him. And yet, Snape seemed to have found happiness in the arms of Hermione.

And Hermione, his friend, Hermione... Harry thought of the things she done for him, of the support she'd given him and the worrying she'd done for everyone around her. He felt a pang at the thought of her sneaking off to be with Snape. It hurt him to know she hadn't trusted him. And then he felt an even bigger pang as he realised that she couldn't have trusted him. He wouldn't have understood. He would have thrown it back in her face without even trying to listen.

He still didn't understand, not really. But actually witnessing Snape making love to her and hearing his heartfelt proposal had changed Harry's mind enough to admit that what they shared was real. He felt anger, yes, but he also felt guilt, knowing that Hermione was probably terrified of telling him the truth about her relationship with Snape. Hermione, who had never been anything but the truest of friends to Harry, felt she couldn't trust him with her feelings. And she was probably right.

So he made a silent vow, then and there, that when Hermione found the courage to approach him about this, he would listen, no matter how angry he was. Hermione deserved that from him.

Harry lifted his head and looked at the two of them, so happy together as they melded into one.

Would he, Harry, ever find a love like that?

He hoped he would, but like Severus Snape, the man he had hated for so long, he didn't feel he deserved it. That, more than anything else had so far, sent a stab through Harry.

He needed to do more thinking.

And he needed to get out of this hotel room and give his friend some privacy, whatever was left to be had.

He cast a Silencing Spell on himself and quickly Disapparated, appearing again moments later in front of Grimmauld Place.

And the couple he left behind was never any the wiser that they'd been spied upon.

This is how this story ends or, should I say, begins.

Harry Potter took a deep look at himself and realised he really didn't like what he saw. So he did his best to become better, someone he liked.

Severus Snape did as he'd promised he would; he spent a lifetime proving to his wife how much he loved her.

Hermione Granger became Hermione Snape, and it was true what she'd said that day in the hotel nothing made her happier.

Fin

I hope you liked it! Review!

A huge thanks to all who voted for this story, and even read it. It won 1st place! *grins stupidly*