

Dreams Come True

by Bambu

Sometimes the journey is worth it. This is a cluster of drabbles in response to the
Snape Has It All Challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Title: Dreams Come True

Team Name: Death Eaters

Word Count: 100 each

Rating: Adult

Challenge: Snape Has It All

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: It didn't quite go as planned in the first drabble, so I had some work to do to fulfill the challenge. The first two are single drabbles, but then the come in multiples, two and two ... and three. Sometimes thirteen is a lucky number!

~o0o~

Everything

~o0o~

His erection surged between her breasts as she writhed against him. Dark eyes glanced up through thick lashes; his mouth went dry.

"I always respected you." Her hair was wild, strands of silk.

"... Admired you." She straddled him.

"... Believed in you, Severus." He bucked his hips, but she remained elusively beyond reach.

"Do you remember the day I asked you to return?" Her smile was a pastel study in remembrance. "I offered you everything ... *me*."

Potions-stained fingers hovered above a dusky nipple.

"... Remember your answer?"

"Bring the prisoner!"

"You said no."

The stones of Azkaban heard his tortured cries.

~o0o~

Comprehension

~o0o~

Metal bars *clanged* against stone.

"What the hell do you mean I reneged?"

Snape sat up, eyeing the wild-eyed virago. "Do I *have* you?" he snarled.

"What?"

"Do I have the respect of the wizarding world?"

"You "

"Do I still have your admiration?"

Words exploded from her mouth like a potion from a Longbottom cauldron. "You said NO!"

"But I didn't mean it."

She stared.

His shoulders slumped. "Hasn't anyone ever lied to you, Hermione? Betrayed your trust?"

"My god, Severus." She sank to the cot.

"I want to go home," he said quietly.

Hermione started to cry.

~o0o~

Bargains (100x2)

~o0o~

It was her fifteenth visit. "I can't get you home."

He eyed her distressed face with raven-like intelligence. "So that's it? You're giving up?"

"No! I just wanted to ..."

"Tease me?"

"No!" Parchment crinkled in her hand.

"Torture me with hope?"

"Damn it, Severus! They've made an Offer."

"Yes?"

"Banishment." Her posture was rigid.

"And?"

"A binding. Your magic would be bound to someone else."

"Then what's the problem?"

"The Binder has to go into exile with you."

"Is no one willing?"

She couldn't meet his eyes.

"Hermione ..."

She was gone, the Ministry's Offer drifting to the floor.

~o0o~

Hermione's eyes shone, her lips hovering above his. "Welcome home."

One again the cell door *clanged* against stone.

"Get out," he snarled viciously.

"I thought you might want to meet your Binder, Mr. Snape."

"Who are you?" Severus rose, his posture slightly feral, the way Azkaban had made him.

"Argus Pierpont, Liaison Office for the Disenfranchised." Short, plump, bald.

Snape asked hoarsely, "Who is it? Someone who hates me? Someone hell-bent on revenge?"

"Mr. Snape! You should be grateful. The Binder is willing to do their civic duty ..."

"Shut up! Who is it?"

"Me." She stepped into the cell.

~o0o~

Exile (100x2)

~o0o~

"Croatia?"

"It has over fifteen hundred uninhabited islands. We're within easy Apparating distance of "

"I can't Apparate." His tone was bitter as he eyed the open room, the wide veranda overlooking the Adriatic.

She turned away, spine rigid. "It isn't a cell."

"It's a prison."

She walked out.

He followed her, finding her in the flourishing kitchen garden.

"Hermione," he touched her shoulder in apology, "It's more than I had a right to ask."

Bees buzzed in the rosemary and other herbs.

"It's safe. You ... we are safe here," she whispered before returning to the house.

~o0o~

"What do you mean we're safe here?" He cornered her in what would be in other homes a formal living room. Here it housed her rather impressive book collection.

"The island is mine outright. It's Unplottable and under a Fidelius."

"I didn't know anyone was looking."

"If not for you, then for me. I've escaped five assassination attempts since Voldemort's death."

His mind raced.

She brushed hair from her face. "I finally realized the war will never be over, but it can go on without me."

"Hermione, who is looking?"

"Everyone."

"Potter? Weasley?"

"They didn't agree with my decision."

~o0o~

Resignation (100x2)

~o0o~

Lights sparkled on the distant mainland.

"I made dinner. Pasta with peas from the garden."

"Thank you." He accepted the bowl. "I can cook."

She smiled. "Then we'll take turns."

In the twilight she was so lovely it made him ache. "I'd like to ask about finances."

"I've contracted with three Apothecaries to brew potions, and some funds remain from my parents' estate."

He glowered. "Potions."

"It's lucrative. I had an excellent teacher. I don't expect --"

"I will contribute. You've given up everything for me, Hermione."

She glanced over her shoulder at him. "Not everything, Severus. Not everything."

~o0o~

Winter rain pounded against the tile roof. In what had once been a still room, Severus brewed Pepperup Potion. Demand was at its peak.

Hermione swept through the door. "My turn. Get some sleep."

He rested his hand on her shoulder, and, for the first time, she didn't tense up. "Six hours."

"Take eight. You'll want to read the newspapers. The Owl came today."

"Anything pertinent?"

"Ron made Special Assistant to the Minister."

Fear spiked in his guts. "Will he ..."

"He can't find us."

"Who is the Secret Keeper?"

She smiled secretively. "Remus Lupin."

Their most consistent Wolfsbane customer.

"Excellent." He went to take a nap in his room.

~o0o~

New Parameters (100x2)

~o0o~

"I've found a way to subvert the Binding."

Snape rose from the ground like a Snitch. "How?"

"It's ridiculously easy, but there are drawbacks."

His eyes narrowed. "Drawbacks?"

"I can release the Binding here, but not if you leave the island ..."

"Something to work toward then." He stared at the Flutterby bush he'd been pruning.

She stepped to his side, sunlight streaking her hair golden. "Here."

His wand.

It had been years.

He never saw her cast the spell before his entire body hummed with magic long denied.

"You're welcome," she whispered, pausing behind him before returning to the house.

~o0o~

"Hermione!"

She was trembling, eyes wide. She'd never Apparated directly into the house. "They ... he ..."

"Who, damn it?" He pulled her close.

"Bill Weasley. In Zagreb." She clung to him.

"Did he see you?" Strong hands held her tightly.

Her breath steadied. "No. He didn't. I saw him."

"They're stepping up their efforts," he murmured, allowing himself the luxury of pressing his lips against her hair.

"I'm not going back."

His heart sang. "I don't know that I could let you go."

Her head lifted. "Is that the truth?"

"Never doubt that I want you." And then he kissed her.

~o0o~

A New Life (100x3)

~o0o~

He fingered the scar between her breasts, his tongue in pursuit.

"Don't do this if you don't mean it."

His dark head rose, eyes hooded. "Do you doubt me yet?"

"There's such a thing as Stockholm Syndrome."

"You're not my jailor, Hermione." He lipped her breast.

"The island's still a prison."

"I had the choice. I chose you."

Her ankles locked behind his arse. "Severus?"

Black eyes met hers. "I choose you."

"Then love me," her voice hitched, "please."

He thrust, deep. She moaned, her hips rocking. His breath tickled her ear. "I do."

Hungrily, she latched onto his mouth.

~o0o~

Severus stared at the parchment in his hands. "It's a Pardon. The Minister ... Shacklebolt ... pardoned me."

"I'm so happy for you."

His fist clenched. "You can leave."

"What?"

"You've seen to your *civic duty*." His face was like stone.

Her eyes narrowed. "You don't mean that."

"Isn't that what you want?"

"No! I have what I want."

He pulled her into his arms. "I had to give you the choice."

"Don't you know yet that I love you?"

"I do now," he murmured before he kissed her.

After several minutes, Hermione said, "We could live anywhere you like."

"Here, then."

~o0o~

His erection surged between her breasts as she writhed against him. Dark eyes glanced at him through thick lashes.

"I still respect you." Her hair was wild, strands of silk.

"... Admire you." She straddled him.

"... Believe in you, Severus." He bucked his hips, but she remained elusively beyond reach.

"Do you remember the day I offered you everything?" Her smile was a pastel study in remembrance.

Potions-stained fingers hovered above a dusky nipple.

"Do you remember your answer?"

"I said, yes, Hermione."

She sank onto his erection, his fingers marking her hips as they rocked together, making a new life.

~o0o~

Fin