

# Anywhere the Wind Blows

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Hermione gets a Valentine present, but has no idea who sent it.

## one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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*Nothing you recognize belongs to me. Just borrowed. Will be returned. Snape is welcome to stay, though.*

As always, my heartfelt Thank You to Maggie and Melusin for making my stories readable and helping me navigate the punctuation maze. You are the best!

This was written for the 'Amortentia and Chocolate' challenge on the livejourna community 'romancingwizard'. The prompts were: a canon wizard, a canon witch, a potion, a sweet, February, a picture prompt.



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Hermione Granger stared out of the window of a rented room above the Leaky Cauldron. She had left Godric's Hollow to Harry, Ron, and their girlfriends that evening for them to spend some time together. The war was in its fourth year now, and Harry and his friends weren't any closer to finding the last two Horcruxes than they had been a year ago.

Today was the 14th February, Valentine's day. Hermione sighed. Ever since her break-up with Ron two years ago, she had banned romance from her life. She had no time for it, and yet, there was this secret yearning, this nagging certainty that there was someone waiting for her; someone she dreamt about, but whose face she could never remember when she woke up.

A sharp knock woke her from her reverie. An owl was sitting on the windowsill, waiting impatiently. With a frown, Hermione let the bird in. But as soon as she had removed the small parcel from the owl's outstretched leg, it took flight again, not waiting for a reply.

Hermione stared at the small parcel in her hands. She cast a few revealing charms, found nothing to be worried about, and opened it. It contained a single chocolate cauldron and a piece of parchment with one sentence: *'Anywhere the wind blows.'*

Hermione swallowed. Somehow that phrase hit a note. Her eyes became glassy, and she stared at the chocolate cauldron for a moment. Then she picked it up swiftly and

put it in her mouth. She sighed and sat down on her bed.

As the chocolate melted on her tongue, Hermione became aware of a liquid filling. For a brief moment, worry overcame her dreamy state of content, but she was reassuring herself that her revealing spells would have detected poison or dangerous potions if there had been any. So she leaned back, closed her eyes and relished the taste of mint and chocolate. And then the memories came back...

She had followed him for over six months. It had always been some inconspicuous Muggle who had sent the mail with the riddles that turned out to be warnings of impending Death Eater attacks. It had been her, the Muggle-born, who had made the connection, who knew where to look, whom to ask. And finally, she had figured out who had to be hiding under the Muggle disguise.

When she was certain, she decided to go and establish a connection, to make it easier for him to get his warnings to the Order. She was deeply satisfied by her findings, since she had never wanted to believe that he was the evil, traitorous murderer everyone else thought he was. She had always admired and respected him for his sacrifices for their side, his courage, and his loyalty. And that he should have thrown everything away in the ultimate act of betrayal, in the murder of Albus Dumbledore? She hadn't wanted to believe it, but all the evidence had pointed that way.

But now she had proof that he hadn't changed sides, that he wasn't a traitor. She still didn't understand how he could have killed the man who had been his mentor for so long, but she was convinced that there was a very good explanation for everything. She refused to believe that Albus Dumbledore, the wizard who was loved and respected by so many, had been nothing but a too-trusting old fool in the end.

When she finally confronted him, he wasn't happy. But she was tenacious, and so he had agreed to meet her in secret. She wasn't a stranger to stealth and secrecy, and he had been impressed by her skills, although he was as reluctant to give praise as ever.

Over time, they had become friends. But then Hermione became aware that her heart hammered painfully whenever she heard about Aurors killing a Death Eater. After that, it didn't take her long to realize that her feeling of contentment each time she met him was in reality fierce joy to be in his presence. And from that moment on, she couldn't act without being self-conscious.

Naturally, he noticed. And he played cat and mouse with her. A brief touching of fingers, his warm breath on her neck, a sharp glance out of his bottomless black eyes... Hermione felt like a mouse hypnotised by a snake. That made her angry. Two could play at that game.

She had to know if there was more behind the teasing than mere mockery, so she subtly started to tease back. And eventually, she caught him staring hungrily at her cleavage. Her amused smirk was met by his raised eyebrows. That started the battle of minds.

Crossing words with Severus Snape was twice as challenging as crossing wands, but it was also twice as satisfying. Neither of them held back, and to their mutual amusement they found that their views on their fellow wizards, Voldemort, the Ministry and the world in general didn't differ much. After one of these exhausting exchanges of wit, they just sat and smiled at each other. The smile on Snape's face was open and honest, and it softened his harsh features. It gave his eyes a warm sparkle instead of the usual cold glitter and relaxed his thin lips into a sensual invitation, asking to be kissed. So she bent over and kissed him.

This was all it took to unleash the passion. There was no question of mockery or teasing anymore. One deep kiss followed the other until his lips found their way down her throat to her collarbone. He stroked her arms and helped her out of her jumper, then his lips continued on their path to the back of her neck. Gently lowering the straps of her brassiere, he trailed kisses over her shoulders.

Hermione threw her head back and leaned into him until he finished undressing her. Then she returned the favour. He sighed deeply when she opened his shirt and put her hands on his chest, marvelling at his soft and almost hairless skin. When their bodies finally touched, naked skin on naked skin, they couldn't hold back their desire any longer.

Hands and lips moved to where they were wanted most. Husky questions, "Do you like that?" were answered with a breathless, "Oh yes, right there," and when their bodies finally joined, they were staring into each other's eyes for a long moment.

"Oh, Merlin, how I love you!" Hermione gasped when he started to move. She didn't expect an answer, but the words he whispered in her ear almost inaudibly sounded very much like "I love you, too."

Their efforts soon brought them to the brink of completion, and just after Hermione climaxed, he found his own release, whispering her name as he did.

"This has to stop, you know," he said when they had finally come back to reality.

"I know. It puts you into too much danger."

"Not me, but you." He kissed her tenderly. "Someone will eventually ask where you disappear to all the time. And your Occlumency skills aren't very sound; I could read your thoughts clearly." He smirked when she glowered at him. "We will have to stop seeing each other, there is no other way. I couldn't function now, knowing that you are in danger because of me."

"But, I'm in danger all the time..."

"It's not the same. If someone finds out, we're both dead. Potter would kill you if he knew, before he hunted me down. He still hasn't learned to control himself..."

"True... So the memory of this night will be all we have?" She choked, suppressing the tears.

"Not even that, I'm afraid. It would be best if I cast an *Obliviate* on you, that way you'd be in less danger..."

"Not an *Obliviate*! Please, Severus, leave me some memory of this. I don't want to lose you completely." The tears were now falling.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "Maybe there is another way. I could combine an *Imperio* with a Euphoria-inducing potion... a certain word or phrase, followed by the potion, would bring back your memories for a short while when it's safe to do so. Do you trust me, Hermione?"

Hermione stared into his eyes and nodded.

"*Imperio!*" The command and the song from a rock band blaring out of the speakers of the pub under their room were the last things she was aware of from that night. '*Anywhere the wind blows...*' He must have taken the phrase from that old song... She closed her eyes and drifted into sleep.

The next morning, Hermione woke up feeling happy and loved. She had dreamt of the faceless lover again, and felt content and elated. That feeling gave her the energy to face another day of searching and fighting, to face as many days as were necessary to beat Voldemort, so that wizardkind could live in peace and freedom again. And then, perhaps, her dream lover would finally have a face.

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A/N: The line 'Anywhere the wind blows' is from the song 'Bohemian Rhapsody' by Queen.