

Snape Gets Caught

by ayerf

Semi-sequel to 'Snape the Seducer'.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all associated characters are not mine.

AN: Many thanks to septentrion for betaing this.

Originally written in answer to the Fight Challenge on GS100, this is a sort of sequel to 'Snape the Seducer', which I wrote for the Winter 2006 gift exchange. This might make sense without having read that first.

Severus Snape could hardly believe that his world could be turned upside down in the space of a heartbeat; that Hermione could go from being a lovely bride to a vengeful harpy in the blink of an eye. It was all Weasley's fault. Well, perhaps Severus should have found another way to split the lovers up than manipulating Weasley to burn library books as a twisted proposal, but how was Severus to know that the fool would select Hermione's personal library to burn?

Until now, Hermione had been unaware of Severus's part in the loss of her pride and joy.

The bottle of champagne used to toast their marriage had been spiked with Veritaserum. Fortunately for Severus, he had realised this in time to get them both away to their honeymoon suite without falling prey to Potter and Weasley's inane questions.

Unfortunately, Hermione had thought to ask Weasley why he'd burnt her books, as his reasoning at the time hadn't satisfied her. She'd heard the truth just as Severus pressed the Portkey to both of their hands and activated it.

Severus nervously eyed her where she stood with her back to him, fists clenched, having wrenched away as they arrived.

"Don't worry, Severus. I'm not about to demand an annulment or a divorce." Hermione's voice was deadly calm, yet still sent shivers down his spine. "I won't need to," she continued, her voice dropping to a hiss as she glanced over her shoulder, pinning him in place with a murderous glare.

"Her-Hermione," Severus spluttered, unable to believe that she had him stuttering. "I can explain everything."

"For the love of—" Hermione threw her hands into the air, turning to face him, exasperated. "By the time you had Ron burn my books, I was on the point of dumping him."

"I didn't mean him to burn your books." Severus backed away, hands upraised to ward off the expected attack.

"But you did bewitch him. I see now why you kept gifting me with books during our courtship. But many of my books were irreplaceable!" Hermione lunged forward, striking

at her target.

“—” Words failed Severus as she grabbed his crown jewels in a menacing grip, fingers curled like claws. His eyes almost crossed, watering.

“Now, I know your intentions were to gain me for yourself. But doing so at the price of any books is near unforgivable,” Hermione snarled.

A strangled groan escaped Severus as Hermione tightened her grip on him.

“If I didn’t know you were so good in bed, I’d tear these off. As it is, you should consider yourself lucky that the thought of burning your library is inconceivable to me.”

“You’re going to spend the rest of your life in penance.” Squeeze.

“Your library is *my* library now.” Squeeze.

With one last squeeze, she let go. He fell to his knees, clutching at his groin, tears streaming from his eyes. Severus flinched as she leaned in close to gently brush a kiss across his lips.

“Give me a wedding night to remember and I might not be a widow at dawn,” she whispered, before flouncing into the bedroom of their luxurious suite.

Severus swallowed hard. Had he not killed Bellatrix Lestrange himself, he might have thought that it wasn’t really Hermione in the next room.

“Severus, I’m waiting!”

He cringed, closing his eyes as he tried to imagine anything that might arouse him through the pain. Nothing seemed to work. Had she done some permanent damage to him? He eyed the Portkey, almost willing to risk Potter and Weasley’s revenge for the latter’s failed proposal.

“Where are you?” Hermione called in a singsong voice.

“In the entrance hall to our honeymoon suite,” he automatically replied, unable to keep from answering.

“Well, don’t dawdle. Get your arse in here!”

Glowering down at his groin, Severus didn’t move. With Hermione in her ticked-off state, he didn’t dare set foot in the same room unable to perform to her expectations.

“Severus, c’mere.” Standing in the doorway, clad in scraps of silk, Hermione beckoned to him, only to be puzzled by his lack of reaction. “What’s wrong with— oh.” She looked guiltily at him before frowning in deep contemplation.

Suddenly Hermione had her wand in hand, pointed directly at the unresponsive area of his body.

Sure that he could feel his balls threaten to retreat inside his body, Severus forced himself to hold still, vaguely wondering where she had hidden her wand. A jet of red light darted out at him. For a moment, nothing happened. Then the remaining pain and his impotency vanished. He tentatively reached down, relieved when at last he felt signs of life.

‘Oh, good. Nothing’s broken.’

“Hermione, love of my life; have my servitude, take my library, *just don’t go for my balls again!*”