

Know Me Not

by lady_rhian

The Order instructed Hermione to find Severus Snape. A year after the search, she is still dealing with the consequences and the recently discovered reason behind his disappearance. Inspired by challenges at the [grangersnape100](#).

I

Chapter 1 of 3

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Disclaimer: It all belongs to the one and only JKR.

A/N: This is part one of a three part series. This segment was inspired by the Exposed, Traitor to the Light, Hermione's Bad Day, and Page 197 challenges at the [grangersnape100](#).

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She sat in the lounge chair, her weight sinking in, the just-received letter discarded on the floor. She twirled her fingers through her curls, mind blank, thoughts banished from this place.

Albus is alive.

Severus was innocent.

Voldemort had been killed years ago at the end of what would have been her seventh year. Harry had done him in, but not at the expense of Ron's life. Contrary to what everyone expected, Ron had not given his life for Harry, but for Hermione.

She had been inconsolable.

In the aftermath, there were marriages. Ginny's career had taken off, and Harry was happy to care for the children that quickly came.

And her?

*

We need you, Remus had said months after the Final Battle. They needed her. So she had accepted. She had gone off with Moody on a search for Severus... the traitor who had fled.

After a year of relentless searching, Moody had fallen ill. He had returned to England to be cared for by, of all people, Remus and Tonks, but Hermione had remained in

Asia, where they had left off their search. *The damn man*, she'd thought. *Damn his twenty years of experience to my twenty years of life.*

She'd taken rest in Shanghai, writing the Order to tell them that she needed a reprieve.

*

She hadn't loved Ron nearly as much as he'd loved her, she reflected. Yes, she'd searched for Severus, desperate to capture a Death Eater, desperate for vindication. *You don't need to do this, Hermione*, Ginny had told her. *The war is over, and we won. That is what Ron wanted. He would want you to find peace. And he wouldn't want you spending so much time thinking about the greasy git, anyway.*

She grunted in memory, amused at how much time she'd spent thinking about Severus over the past three years.

She closed her eyes, remembering a night in Shanghai – the night that changed her life forever.

*

She sat at a table by the window in a Starbucks café – one chain that could guarantee its presence in any part of the globe. She had purchased a copy of the Sun Times earlier, and had propped it up to shield her eyes from the piercing sun. It was doing a marvelous job. The Muggle news was always a fascinating read. The United States was still cleaning up its Iraqi mess... at least the cleanup is easier for wizards, she thought. Sometimes.

She hadn't noticed the man who sat down across from her until his hand was on the paper. Startled, she looked up and screamed. Or, would have screamed, had he not already cast a silent Silencing Spell. She grabbed her constricted throat, eyes wide in panic.

Severus had smirked and quirked an eyebrow.

"Finished, Miss Granger?"

*

She opened her eyes, not noticing how her hand rested gently on her chest, fingers at the base of her throat. She could practically see him sitting across from her now, looking just as he had then. He'd cut his hair, but not too short. He'd worn a crisp white shirt under a black suit coat with black pants and leather shoes. He'd done well for himself, as she'd soon found.

She closed her eyes again...

"Pardon my intrusion," he said after releasing the spell. "You will forgive me?"

She bit her lip harshly to keep from screaming at him, and she clenched her fists to keep from trembling with excitement. He was here. She'd found him... more or less.

*

"I know you and Moody have been searching for me for over a year. It's a shame Moody's heart acted up again."

"How do you know that?" she asked sharply, eyes piercing, hands tightly bound together.

He gave a wicked grin.

"You gave him something to make him ill again, didn't you?" she whispered, sickened.

"I had to, if I was going to get you alone."

"Why would you want that? You've always hated me."

*He waved a hand, ignoring her. "It's no secret that Moody hates me. You are the only one I can trust **to judge without bias.**"*

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The first bolded quote taken from *Drums of Autumn* by Diana Gabaldon. The second is from Marguerite de Navarre's *The Heptameron*.

Part II coming soon!

II

Chapter 2 of 3

The Order instructed Hermione to find Severus Snape. A year after the search, she is still dealing with the consequences and the recently discovered reason behind his disappearance. Inspired by challenges at the grangersnape100.

Disclaimer: Inspired by the work of JK Rowling. I claim no ownership.

A/N: Part two of three. This segment was inspired by the [pre]Smut, Hermione's Bad Day, Back From the Dead, and Elf-Made Wine challenges at the gs100.

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They spent almost four hours in Starbucks, him telling his story, her listening, him answering her interrogative questions... feet brushing against each other under the

table, her licking her lips, his eyes piercing...

He'd nearly convinced her of his innocence when he'd offered to take her to dinner.

They'd gone back to her hotel – a wizarding one – so she could change.

"Make yourself comfortable," she said, kicking her shoes off before darting into the bedroom.

He'd leaned against the counter, short wisps of hair tumbling in front of his eyes.

He could hear her changing in the bedroom.

Hermione could see him from where she was standing... which meant that if he turned around, he could see her, too.

Sure enough, he'd turned around, breathing in sharply at the sight of her, clad only in a tight tank and tiny knickers.

They hadn't made it to dinner.

*

He'd been gone when she woke up the next morning.

Serves me right, Hermione thought, letting him seduce me with pretty explanations before taking me to bed. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Angry with herself – again – she rose from the chair, walking to the kitchen. She had a bit of a walk. Her flat was large – too large for her. Too large for one person.

She poured herself a glass of elf-made wine, trying to banish thoughts of that night. They'd had sex twice and had spent most of the night talking about the war, talking about each other's lives. He'd been remarkably open and unguarded.

That was my first clue, she thought miserably, downing her glass in one gulp.

She poured another.

*

"What am I coming to?" she asked aloud after she'd sipped from her second glass. She rested her palms on the counter, taking a deep breath in. It'd been a year since Severus... since Shanghai. She'd come back to England, as Remus had recalled her barely twenty-four hours after Severus' departure. She'd bought the flat in Glasgow, eager to stay away from the Order, who were largely based in London. She'd avoided embarrassing questions and had delved into research. She read and reviewed scholarly articles for various wizarding publications. It didn't require her going to a nine-to-five job. It did, however, allow her to wallow in self-pity.

Which, for the first time in her life, had been exactly the thing Hermione Granger felt like doing.

*

As she returned to her chair with a newly-filled glass, she remembered the thing that had started this frenetic tale spin...

The letter.

That blasted letter.

She reached down and picked it up from where it lay, discarded on the floor in upset.

Hermione,

Albus is alive! He's been in Beijing with Severus – who, damn it to hell, was innocent the whole time. They're still in the process of telling – well, everyone from the war, really – what's happened. We're all at Grimmauld, save you. Severus has gone on a trip and not told anyone where, but Albus says that it's about time Severus got out.

Get your arse here as soon as possible.

I miss you!

Love,

Tonks

*

Part III coming soon!

III

Chapter 3 of 3

The Order instructed Hermione to find Severus Snape. A year after the search, she is still dealing with the consequences and the recently discovered reason behind his disappearance. Inspired by challenges at the grangersnape100.

A/N: The last segment. Inspired by the Fight, Page 197, Snape Has It All, and 2nd person POV challenges at the gs100.

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As the letter dropped to the floor, she heard a distinct pop of Apparition.

Finally.

"It's about time, Severus," she remarked softly.

She heard him walk towards her and stopped, but didn't bother to turn around.

"You knew I was coming."

A statement, not a question.

"Tonks wrote me." She sipped from her wine glass, shutting her eyes, willing her tears away.

She felt a hand move against her shoulder. It took the glass from her and dropped it.

He turned her around roughly. "I did what I had to do."

"And what was that?" she asked tersely, gritting her teeth.

*

"It wasn't time," he responded calmly.

"Wasn't *time*? Two years after Voldemort's death, Severus, good timing!" she yelled, her hands waving erratically.

"Albus wasn't healed!"

"Albus has been DEAD for three years! I can't HANDLE this!"

"Hermione," he said, catching her as she fell to the ground.

"He's alive, you're here, you're *innocent*, you were overwhelmingly guilty and I still tried to prove them wrong..."

"I know," he said, holding her to his chest.

"And still, you lied to me!" she yelled in a renewed force of anger, pushing against his chest. **There you are, a mature man with experience of the ways of the world, who ought to be able to tell right from wrong!**

*

"Tell me what was right, Hermione!" he insisted, hands on her shoulders, eyes piercing hers. "Was it right to tell you the truth, to reveal Albus to all of you when he was not ready? Was it right for me to betray my mentor?"

"Was it right for you to fuck me and leave me?" she asked, heaving breaths. He looked down, his hand moving to his forehead.

"I wouldn't have pegged you for that type," she muttered softly, eyes downcast.

There was a long pause.

"It wasn't right. I am sorry." He took her chin with his fingers, forcing it up. *I am sorry.*

She looked in his eyes, tears welling in her own. "You never say you're sorry."

"I'm saying it now," he said simply. "I've had a year to think about that day – that night – and a year to contemplate what it would mean when I returned."

*

She shut her eyes tightly. "I've been here for a *year*," she whispered. "Miserable for thought of you, desperately *wanting* you, berating myself over how I let you seduce me..."

"Do you regret it?" she heard him ask, feeling his fingers drop from her chin.

She also heard the unwritten question.

Do you want me to leave?

"No," she whispered. "Stay."

"I didn't ask..."

"Yes, you did," she said, opening her eyes, looking at him. "I want to talk with you."

He reached over to her face, tracing the path her tears had traveled. "Let's talk."

*

Two Years Later

Dear Hermione & Severus,

Congratulations on the birth of the twins! Remus and I are so happy for you. Johanna Elizabeth is a beautiful name, and Severus must be congratulated on allowing his son to have Ronald as a middle name. It is a moving tribute.

Alright, Remus wants to write something:

Congratulations! Took you long enough.

I had to hijack the pen from the man. He's incorrigible!

I'm just happy for you, and seeing as how Remus has me locked in a cabin in the Caribbean for the first holiday we've taken in years, we probably won't see you soon. But, honestly, who'd want to?! Two Orders of Merlin, thriving careers, and beautiful children. Some people have all the luck!

And others have shag condos...

Tonks is done writing now.

Best wishes,

Remus *and* Tonks ;)

*

The quote is taken from Marguerite de Navarre's *The Heptameron*.

Thanks for reading. :)