

Room 211

by DawnEB

Severus follows Hermione to a Muggle hotel.

A drabble series of 12 X 100 words, for the GS100 Deception and Undergarment challenges.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He shadowed her through the crowded Muggle streets, spying while she shopped. His mouth was set in a bitter line as she selected lingerie in shades of red and yellow.

His traitorous mind called up the image of her dressed in similar items, but then she had chosen black and green. *For you, Severus, only for you!* her words came back to taunt him.

Another shop, more items. Massage oils, although he blended his own. Chocolate body paint – he'd disliked the cloying smell, preferring the sharpness of fruit juices or wine on skin.

Now he knew: she'd found someone else.

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Hermione sauntered on, a sway in her walk and an anticipatory smile on her lips.

A few weeks before, he'd noticed that she would hastily slip her owl post into a pocket rather than regaling him with the contents as usual, and more than once he walked in to find her giggling and whispering with her head in the fire, only to break the connection when she noticed him, a blush on her cheeks. She claimed to have been talking to Ginny Potter or Tonks (as she still preferred to be called, despite marrying Remus), but...

So he watched her.

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He'd hoped it was something innocent, something she was too embarrassed about, like crushing on some unobtainable musician or sportsman. But he noticed nothing new: the same music around the house, no special interest in the sports pages of the *Prophet*, and only a cursory reading of the entertainment and social columns.

Then he had seen what was written in her diary before she noticed him and closed it a little too nonchalantly. *'...and everything is set for Thursday afternoon. The room is booked, and I need to go shopping for a few 'special' items...'*

So now he followed her.

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Disillusioned (in more ways than one), he slipped into the hotel behind her. She walked boldly to the desk.

"My friend is expecting me; Room 211, name of Lupin."

Severus didn't hear the rest. The sound of the blood rushing through his ears and the mental scream of anguish and humiliation drowned out the words.

He'd been expecting... He didn't know just what he'd expected. Some good-looking stud perhaps, closer to her own age, but certainly not *Lupin*.

Severus looked round in time to see the lift doors close on her, too late to follow.

He stumbled to the bar.

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After several attempts to catch the attention of the barman, Severus canceled the concealing charm and ordered a double brandy. He sat there nursing the glass, feeling numb. His Hermione was cheating on him with Lupin.

What did she see in him? The werewolf had seemed content in his own marriage, what could he want with Hermione? Was it just a fling? A taste for young women? Was he up there playing Alpha Wolf or some other kind of game? *'My, Remus, what big eyes you have, what big ears you have, what a big—'*

He was driving himself mad.

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Downing the spirits in one go, Severus lurched to his feet and crossed the foyer. Punching the lift call button repeatedly until the doors opened, he made his way to the second floor.

Damn the subtle, Slytherin approach, he wouldn't sit by quietly and play the cuckold. He would go up there and confront them, catch them in the act and demand... What? Did he dare risk the answers to the obvious questions?

He found himself leaning against the door frame outside Room 211. Unsure of his next step, he heard feminine giggles from within.

He blasted the door open.

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The scene within would be etched in Severus's mind for the rest of his life.

For a moment the occupants of the room were frozen in tableau. Hermione stood wide-eyed beside the bed, rubbing the oil she had uncorked on her wrist. Tonks was posing before the large wall mirror clad in one of the erotic sets he'd seen Hermione purchase just hours beforehand, and Ginny was kneeling on the floor amongst the litter of disgorged bags. The only thing that moved was the strange item that vibrated in Ginny's hands.

He swallowed rather loudly, then all hell broke loose.

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Ginny was the first to react, throwing the 'adult toy' into the air and bolting for the bathroom. Tonks made a reflex grab for it as it sailed past her, only to display her natural clumsiness (and quite a bit more, Severus noted) as she forgot she was wearing four inch stilettos and collapsed in a heap at the foot of the bed, accidentally pulling the cover over herself in a manner that preserved her modesty, if not her dignity, before she, too, made a staggering beeline for the bathroom.

He noticed that Hermione simply stood cross-armed, glaring at him.

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Years under the Dark Lord had taught Severus how to project the right amount of deference with just a touch of hauteur to avoid becoming a hapless victim, and he was putting that skill to good use right now as Hermione paced the floor.

Shortly after Tonks's clothes had been passed in to her, she and Ginny had slunk out to hastily gather everything up and depart with a promise to fire call in a couple of days. As the magically repaired door shut behind them, Hermione rounded on Severus.

"What were you thinking?"

He didn't know what to say.

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It was when she started to tap her foot his survival instincts cut in.

"I thought," he looked from Hermione to the double bed, "I thought you were... deceiving me... with another man."

"What? And just who did you think I had up here?"

"Downstairs you mentioned Lupin—" He was cut off by an incredulous snort.

'Nymphadora Lupin. The room was booked using her Muggle debit card." Hermione threw her arms to the side in exasperation at his mystified look. "Where on earth did you get the idea I was carrying on behind your back?"

He told of his suspicions.

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"Severus, the only person deceiving you is yourself. I told you who I was talking to. Don't you trust me?"

He sighed deeply and gathered her into his arms. "I find it difficult to believe you can be content with someone like me."

She looked up at him. "You are all the man I need."

He closed his eyes and placed a reverential kiss on her forehead, then looked down at her with a smirk. "That may be true, but just what were you three ~~led~~ *adies* up to when I

arrived?"

He raised an eyebrow at her in teasing enquiry.

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Hermione swatted him playfully, then sat on the bed, pulling him down next to her.

"Tonks asked Ginny and myself for some advice. Their anniversary is coming up, and she wanted to do something *special*, but Remus prefers her not to use her Metamorphmagus talents in the bedroom. We got her some non-magical things to try, and came here for some privacy away from our husbands' prying eyes."

He tried to look contrite. She patted his knee, then trailed a finger up his thigh.

"The room's paid for until the morning."

He grinned and swore never to doubt her again.