

Daydreaming

by teshara

After Ron runs out on Hermione she finds herself at Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes demanding a custom made Daydream charm to get her frustrations out. Little did she know it would really give her what she needs.
Written before DH.

One

Chapter 1 of 2

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"Your daydream charms," Hermione growled impatiently at George. Her hair seemed bushier than usual, giving her the air of an angry lion.

"Yes?" George said timidly.

Lords, the woman had been tetchy since Ron had run off with their sister-in-law, Fleur. Hermione was approaching 30 and seemed to take the action as a personal insult. Molly had been scandalized. Bill was crushed. He had thrown himself into his work, and Gringotts was more than happy to supply him with work. Last anyone knew, he was in South America trying to crack a particularly hard curse on a Mayan temple.

"They're pretty tame," she said simply. She seemed to be sucking slightly on her bottom lip.

"We didn't want anyone to complain." George blushed. "I voted for different grades."

"I'll give you 50 Galleons if you can make me come." Hermione slapped her money on the counter.

Fred popped his head out of the back room, his jaw to his chest. He looked around.

"I'm glad you're the only person in here," Fred said, looking scandalized.

"It's why I came so early," Hermione said impatiently. "Can you do it?"

"Absolutely," Fred said quickly.

"Can we watch your reaction?" George said. Hermione scowled at him. "I mean," he added quickly, "we only have us to test it on. If we don't have a female, we won't have complete information."

"Maybe." Hermione looked at him suspiciously. "I'll decide after I see what it does."

"Right." Fred came out of the back room, his hands full of enchanted candy. "We could have something in a couple weeks. I think we have an old prototype or two hanging around."

"I can think of something that would make it brilliant!" George said. It seemed as if he remembered something. "Oh, it's perfect!"

"What?" Fred asked.

"Tell you later," George said quickly to Fred. He turned back to Hermione. "You don't want to be bored with design specs."

"I know the original makeup," Hermione said.

"Just a tweak," George said. "An expensive tweak. Worth every penny, though," he added hastily.

"Good," Hermione said. "Owl me when it's done,"

"Will do," Fred said, looking curiously at his twin.

Hermione turned on her heel and stalked from the building.

"Good lord, she's pent up," George snickered as they watched her stalk by the front window.

"No doubt," Fred said, raising an eyebrow. "What's your 'tweak'?"

"The Erised annals." George giggled.

"What?" Fred asked. "We aren't even supposed to have that book. Mundungus would kill us if we ratted him out for stealing books from the Black house. Not to mention it's dark magic."

"Ah," George said. "But it's not illegal magic."

"Part of it is." Fred frowned.

"Not the part of the enchantment we need," George said. "We're not going to search her soul, just find the object of her lust."

"What if it's Ron?" Fred made a face.

"What are the chances Ron's her deepest desire?" George said.

"Good point," Fred said. "Fine, we'll give it a shot."

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Hermione made her way through Diagon Alley to the twins' shop a few weeks later. She tried not to think too hard about what she was about to do.

As she reached for the door, it swung open, the bell clanged noisily and she looked up to see Dean Thomas.

"Well hello, Hermione," Dean said, holding the door open for her.

"Goodness you're up early," Hermione said weakly.

"Howard's getting back from his grandmother's today. It's his birthday." Dean smiled.

"Goodness, another one already!" Hermione said with a look of surprise on her face. "How old is he now?"

"Eight," Dean said proudly. "First year with fireworks. It'll be exciting. So why are you up so early?"

"Lots of things to do today," Hermione said. "I have to restock the laboratory again."

"You'd think you could order those in through the Ministry," Dean said, frowning.

"Well, I can." Hermione hesitated. "But I like to see what's available myself. Make sure things are fresh."

"Of course." Dean smiled. "Always the perfectionist. Well, have a good day."

Hermione felt like letting out a sigh of relief. "You too."

She slipped into the shop as Dean whistled his way up the street to the Leaky Cauldron.

"Do you have it?" Hermione asked as she bustled in the store and up to the counter.

Fred smiled widely at her. "You're afraid you're going to be seen with it."

"Hush," Hermione said, annoyed.

"Come on back then." Fred beckoned to her, and Hermione hastily hurried around the counter and into the privacy of the twins' back room.

"Well, hello there!" George wagged his eyebrows as she swept the curtain aside.

"Do you have it?" Hermione demanded.

"Are you going to let us watch?" George asked hopefully, holding up a plain brown box.

"Maybe next time," Hermione snapped as she turned on her heel and practically ran from the shop.

"Completely repressed." George shook his head.

"Such a shame." Fred shook his head as well. "How many are in there?"

"Three." George turned his attention back to the bubble gum prototype he had been working on. "Let's see if we see her again before the week's out."

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Hermione made her way back to the small cottage she shared with Crookshanks with haste. She knew no one could see through the box, but Mad-Eye seemed to pop up at the most inappropriate places.

She knew he was completely discreet, but still.

It was a small place. One floor, a kitchen, pantry, sitting room and two bedrooms. It was full of lacquered wood and old memories. She still hadn't the energy to take Ron's pictures down.

A Muggle picture of their wedding beamed from the mantle, although Ron had gained a pointed beard and horns.

Hermione locked her door behind her and made her way to the bedroom. She drew her curtains shut, and her bed creaked as she sat on the thin quilt covering it. She opened the box.

Three twists of sparkling paper lay on a small pillow of red satin.

"Wow," Hermione said as she lifted one of the bundles out. "Thanks, guys."

She put the box on her night stand and took a deep breath. She lay back on her bed and opened the twist of paper.

A small pink glow came from the paper for a second before the smell of roses and country rain filled her nostrils.

Hermione suddenly found herself in a barn. She was surrounded by piles of what appeared to be hay, but was strangely soft and un-scratchy. She giggled to herself.

A thunderstorm raged outside. Hermione peered out a window. It seemed like the barn was in the middle of nowhere. She saw grass and trees, but nothing else nearby.

Suddenly a door behind her was kicked in. Hermione turned to see a black cowled figure.

It didn't seem to be fully corporeal yet, like it was deciding what to turn into. Well, George did say it had only been tested on males. Perhaps what did it for women was more complex.

The black cowled figure snapped into view as it settled on a figure.

Hermione felt her heart leap into her throat as the figure lifted its head and a Death Eater mask stared at her, dispassionately.

Fred and George couldn't have known. There was no way they could have known.

It must be an adaptable spell. Hermione looked down at herself for the first time and realized she was wearing her old Hogwarts uniform. She shivered.

The barn shimmered around her. Hermione began to worry. It seemed like the interlude was adapting to her the longer she stayed entwined in the spell.

She could, of course, break the spell at any time, but she had a feeling what was coming up.

Her old Potions classroom shimmered into view. Hermione felt an ache in her midsection that she hadn't felt in years. As the room adapted to its surroundings, desks surrounded the Death Eater, and he shimmered again once more before turning into Professor Severus Snape.

The students sat at their desks, unblinking as if they were frozen in place. Or frozen in time.

Hermione stood before Snape's desk, facing the class.

"Imperio," Snape said, waving his wand at her.

Hermione felt herself becoming relaxed. It wasn't anything like the Imperius Curse, actually, but it was suitable for this fantasy. The one she had ran through her head on a constant loop her sixth-year.

Snape strode through the classroom, looking down at the students and smirking.

"Do you know how hard it is to pull off a Time Freeze Curse?" Snape said silkily.

"Yes, Master." Hermione heard herself coerced into saying.

"Do you know why I had to do this?"

"Because I'm an insufferable know-it-all and deserve to be punished, Master," Hermione said. She giggled through the fake Imperius Curse. Had she really been this silly? It made her feel slightly giddy.

Snape slapped her face. It hurt.

She stopped laughing immediately.

"Do you find something funny?"

"No, Master," Hermione whispered.

Snape grabbed her by the shoulders and spun her around. She banged her head on his desk as he roughly shoved her down. She was magically bound down. She felt her knees lock and her legs part. She was muted. She couldn't speak the counter spell to release her from the fantasy. Part of her was completely satisfied that 16-year-old Ron was watching the scene. She kind of wished she could see him staring at her.

She felt his hand come down on her backside three hard times. She opened her mouth in a silent scream.

"Stubborn, are we?" Snape said dangerously. Hermione knew he knew perfectly well she was muted. She felt as he lifted her skirt slowly, draping it up over her hips. His hand came down firmly three more times.

Hermione felt hot tears slide down her cheeks.

"Still nothing," Snape said, sounding slightly impressed.

She knew he was mocking her. She felt his hands gently tug her panties down. He rubbed her reddened skin gently. It burned at his mere touch. She squirmed slightly.

"I don't think you're understanding the situation." She heard him walk away. A cupboard door opened and closed behind her.

She knew what was coming. She was stuck in this nightmare. What had Fred and George done?

Hermione felt the wooden paddle come down on her backside hard enough to make a loud cracking sound. The muting spell was lifted.

She screamed as the other two smacks landed with precision.

"That's my girl," Snape purred. He poured a potion over her backside and the pain began to subside.

He started rubbing it in gently, but Hermione noticed how slippery it had become. He brushed his fingers over her privates and she squirmed. He did it again and she squirmed more. She was trying to stop crying.

"Well, that's annoying," Snape said and muted her once more. She was shocked by her lack of control of the situation, but even more by the feeling of Snape's nose nudging her privates. He rubbed more of the slippery potion on her privates as he sucked on her gently. Hermione felt herself nudging back slightly.

Two fingers entered her and she felt a strange sensation travel through her. Her privates began to tingle in anticipation, and she felt herself getting more and more aroused.

Snape chuckled behind her.

She heard a zipper. Then she felt something nudge her. He moved his cock over her, slipping the head in and out of her folds before inching it forward, stretching her open. She noticed the potion hadn't taken the sting completely away from her backside.

"You really are just a filthy whore, aren't you?" Snape asked casually. Hermione heard herself gasp and knew she could speak.

"Just yours, Master," Hermione panted.

"Are you telling me the truth?" Snape snarled as he roughly slammed into her.

"Yes, Master." Hermione pushed herself back onto him. "I only want your cock, Master."

Snape pulled himself out of her and pulled her off the desk, flinging her to the ground. As she tried to rise, she felt a hand on her head as Snape forced himself into her mouth. She knelt in front of him, swirling her tongue over his head.

"Suck on it," he hissed.

Hermione did her very best, grabbing his hips and pulling him into her mouth, hungrily. He groaned and leaned back onto the desk. She watched him watching her.

After a time, he pulled her to her feet and kissed her.

"I love tasting you on your lips," he whispered. She kissed him back.

He sat her on the edge of his desk, which wasn't really hard at all now, and kissed her as he entered her. She lay back and put her arms above her head. She felt them bind themselves together.

Snape reached out and slowly unbuttoned her blouse, running a finger between her breasts before he took a small knife and cut the small bit of fabric between her breasts, holding her bra on.

He pinched a nipple. Hermione moaned. He grabbed her breast roughly and increased his pace within her. He reached down with his other hand and began twisting and teasing her clit.

"Oh fuck," Hermione heard herself gasp. His hands were on her hips, driving himself in harder, but it still felt like his hands were twitching and teasing all of her.

"Say you're mine," Snape hissed.

"I'm yours," Hermione groaned.

"There are no others?"

"Never."

"Are you my sweet little slut?"

"Completely."

Hermione gritted her teeth as she came, a scream that sounded more like a snarl escaping.

As her final throes of passion began subsiding, Snape pulled himself out and pulled her head to him, aiming himself at her face.

As she took a faceful of him, she became aware of the Time Freeze Curse coming undone.

He tucked himself back into his trousers and billowed out of the room as he left her to face her shocked classmates.

"Oh. My. God," Draco Malfoy said, staring openmouthed.

The scene began to shimmer.

Hermione found herself laying back on her bed, trying to catch her breath, her body still throbbing.

She smiled to herself.

Dear Lord, she had two more.

Fred and George were going to make millions.

Two

Chapter 2 of 2

After Ron runs out on Hermione, she finds herself at Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes demanding a custom made Daydream charm to get her frustrations out. Little did she know it would really give her what she needs.
Written before DH.

Thank you to my betas: SnapeMyLove and SevereWrath. I am eternally grateful.

Daydreaming 2

"You have what?" Ginny breathed at Fred and George. She was sitting in the back room of the joke shop before she was due to head into work.

Fred dropped a brightly colored twist of paper in the palm of her hand. She marveled at it before he snatched it away.

"Hey!" Ginny protested. "I'm plenty old enough to use that!"

"First," George said as he entered the storeroom carrying a bag full of bright yellow canary feathers, "you're our sister and that's disgusting."

Fred laughed as he dodged a blow from Ginny in George's place.

"Second, those are expensive to make. Twenty Galleons."

"Twenty Galleons!" Ginny exclaimed as she reached for her shiny black satchel. "Robbery!"

"Thank you," Fred said as he took her money and gave her a small paper bag. "Tell everyone you shop here."

"Like I'd tell anyone about this," Ginny snickered. "No wonder no one's seen Hermione in a while."

"We thought she'd be back sooner. Maybe she thought we had a limited supply." Fred heaved the bag into a corner of the storeroom with a heavy thump. He took a breath and wiped his hands on his magenta work robes.

"We need to think about this," George muttered. "It's a product everyone wants, but doesn't know exists."

Fred nodded in agreement.

"Talk to Lavender Brown," Ginny suggested. "Sounds like her sort of thing."

"Mum reads Witch Weekly!" Fred exclaimed.

"Trust me." Ginny made a face at Fred as she swung her satchel over her shoulder. "I have to get to work. The goblins like you to be on time."

"Go figure." George smiled.

"Wait until you get home to use that," Fred warned, gesturing at her bag where she had concealed the twist of paper.

"No!" Ginny clutched her chest in mock horror. "But I had plans for my lunch hour!"

"We haven't observed a girl yet." Fred shrugged. "Your reaction might not be subtle."

"You might get a promotion!" George suggested.

"Goodbye!" Ginny waved at them as she bounded from the room. The door chimed merrily as she left the store.

"I really hope she listens to us." Fred shook his head.

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Hermione sat in her room, slowly fingering a light grey sparkling twist of paper. She shivered slightly.

The last time she had indulged in a daydream the result was unexpected and slightly frightening. She was terrified to talk to the twins about it for fear they would ask her more and she'd have to divulge what had actually happened.

What had really happened? She was expecting pirates maybe or perhaps an enthusiastic stable boy. Or two. Certainly not what had happened.

Against her better judgment, she lay back onto her bed and twisted open the paper.

A strong smell of pipe tobacco hit her nose. Her chest began to feel tight and weighted down.

Hermione's eyes flew open and she gasped.

"Finally awake, are we?" A deep voice rumbled from the other side of the room.

Hermione was lying on a bed in a large Victorian-era bedroom. Leather restraints held her arms and legs. Her clothing was middle class for the time period, although the shoes were missing, but nowhere near the social standing this bedroom demanded. Her corset was tight, but didn't bite into her.

She felt drugged.

The man standing at the foot of the bed looked like he belonged here.

Severus Snape stood erect in black trousers, a high necked white shirt, and a black-on-black embroidered vest. He was undoing the buttons on his sleeves.

Hermione smiled lazily at him, feeling slightly euphoric.

This fantasy wasn't one she'd indulged in since her Seventh Year. She'd nearly forgotten.

"I do hope you realize," Snape said dangerously, "you should refrain from accepting gifts from men you don't know."

'Hermione kicked experimentally. It seemed she had some movement, but the restraints were probably spelled shut. Either way, her legs felt as if they were made of lead.

"I shall endeavor to keep that a habit in the future," slurred Hermione.

Snape chuckled as he rolled his sleeves up. Hermione sighed as he ran a finger up one of her bare feet and fingered her ankle. She jumped slightly at the sensation of his touch.

"Don't tell me a little tart like you has never had a hand on her leg," purred Snape as his fingers lifted her skirts to reveal a calf. He brushed it softly with his fingers. Hermione relaxed slightly and sighed. Whatever imaginary potion she was dosed with, it certainly made her feel comfortable.

"It's never been yours," Hermione retorted lazily. Snape chuckled.

"Will you be so bold if I go further?" Snape brushed the back of her knee. Hermione squirmed. "You may scream to your heart's content. No one will hear you."

Hermione tried not to laugh. She was supposed to be from another time period and feeling totally violated. She moved her leg and murmured. She hoped he'd be satisfied and not beat her as thoroughly as last time.

"Perhaps not so much next time," Hermione heard him mutter.

Good. He just thought she was drugged rather than unresponsive out of stubbornness. He brushed the back of her thigh with his hand. Her skirts rustled loudly. She doubted she could see what he was doing, even if she tried to watch.

"Well, this is interesting," Snape purred as his fingers crept upwards. "One would almost think you could enjoy this."

Hermione heavily shifted her body and her knees fell apart. She felt his hand at the top of her bloomers, tugging them down. They remained wrapped around her ankles due to of her restraints.

Snape slapped her face lightly. She feigned sleep.

"If you hurt me, bitch, I'll make you pay," rumbled Snape quietly.

Hurt him? What on earth could she do to hurt him?

Cool air from the room caressed her legs as he lifted her skirts to her waist. He stroked her cunt gently. She wanted to clap her legs shut, but then he'd know she was awake. She still felt euphoric, but not to the point of passing out.

His fingers opened her and her breath came quickly as he tasted her. She squirmed, and he tried to slide a finger in her. He seemed surprised she was ready for him.

"You like this?" Snape asked incredulously. He stroked in and out of her. She shifted her hips for him. "You like this, you little whore?"

Snape slid two fingers inside her and stroked as his tongue teased her. She groaned and squirmed slightly. A hand came up and pressed down on her hips, holding her still.

Hermione moaned and opened her eyes.

He looked furious.

He abruptly rose to his knees and ripped his trousers open, buttons popping off and falling on the hardwood floor. He fell upon her and thrust forward.

Hermione screamed.

"That's more like it." Snape smiled briefly before sinking his teeth into her shoulder.

Hermione grasped his shoulders with the small bit of movement the restraints allowed her.

"Oh, God! Yes!" Hermione cried out.

Snape froze. She felt herself throbbing around him. His head lifted from her shoulder slowly, and the strands of hair that had come unbound from the dark ribbon tied neatly at the base of his neck fell over her face.

His eyes searched her face, and she felt his breath hot against her cheek, smelling strongly of whisky. He moved experimentally. She moved back. He thrust roughly. She clamped her knees to his sides and groaned. He grabbed a fistful of her hair and held her down as he bucked wildly. He even let her buck back for a few moments before he stopped again. He examined her face.

"You're not the only one that gets what they want," Hermione hissed at him.

He leapt off her. He tried to stuff himself back into his trousers, but he had popped off his buttons and had to hold his trousers closed. He ran a hand through his raven hair, pulling even more of it loose. "How long have you known?"

"Weeks." Hermione tried not to smile as she played along. Goodness knew how much of her time she had spent in college thinking fantasies like this up. The Historical Criminology class she took for fun had taken a firm hold on her fantasies.

"Who knows you're here?"

"No one."

"You expect me to believe that?" he spat out incredulously.

"I don't expect you to believe anything." Hermione's voice was still slurred from the potion. It hadn't completely worn off.

"Why are you here?" Snape asked slowly.

"Lydia Cromwell didn't go back to work after last week. I assumed you kept her."

"What makes you think I didn't kill her?"

"You're not that sloppy."

He looked insulted. "I'm not." After a moment's hesitation he added, "Her family had her relocated to Essex."

"They said they didn't know anything."

"They lied."

He looked at her. Her skirts were still bunched up around her waist. Her shoulder was blooming crimson and purple.

"You want me to keep you," Snape said slowly as if he were trying to understand.

"Not initially. I expected to see you again first."

"I never go to the same place twice," Snape said, shaking his head.

"You'll be at the Lion's Head in the west end next Thursday." Hermione chuckled.

He stared at her, stunned.

"How do you know who I am?"

"I work for Inspector Eddings," Hermione said. "I question your ladies."

"My ladies?"

"Well, you do brand them like chattel. We assumed you were claiming them."

"Actually, it has more to do with marking them off." He was letting his trousers go again. Hermione wet her lips as he started undoing the buttons on his vest. "You desire to be branded?"

"If you continue, a small mark would be but a small penance."

He kicked off his trousers and shook his head. "Do you even know what you're getting into?"

She opened her legs wide for him. "Do you?"

Snape threw his vest to the side and drew a wand out of his sleeve. He waved it at her and all her clothing disappeared. He drew breath as she watched his eyes race over her. "You know magic. You didn't scream."

"Yes," Hermione said, squirming at the rush of cool air from the room. He waved the wand at himself and his shirt disappeared. His penis bobbed erect in front of him as he leapt on top of her. To her surprise, he just kissed her roughly before slithering down the length of her body. She gasped as he stuffed two fingers into her and began stroking.

"I believe I was asking you if you liked this," Snape said, his tone dangerous.

"I do," Hermione breathed, her legs kicking slightly.

"We'll have to fix that," Snape said. Hermione felt his lips press against her thigh for an instant before she felt his jaw widen and his teeth bit down hard. She screamed and tried to pull away from him. He pushed her hips into the bed with his forearm and held his weight on it. The hand inside her maneuvered slightly and she felt his thumb press firmly on her clit. "Remember, you wanted this."

"Do the other side." Hermione panted, her hands balled into tight fists. Handfuls of bed sheets kept her nails from biting into her palms.

"Should I?" He stopped holding her down and pinched her labia sharply.

She thrust against his hand. "Please."

She felt hot tears slide down her cheeks as he obliged her.

She looked down to see the damage he had left on the first leg he bit. Indentations of his teeth marred her light skin. The area seemed flushed and swollen. She could have sworn she had felt blood on her thighs, but skin was difficult to break.

He rose above her quickly and slapped her cheek sharply. "Tell me everything you know."

"You pick out girls depending on the sign of the moon, the astrological sign in favor, and the color they are wearing."

"You think the Lion's Head next Thursday?"

"I was going to wear blue and green."

He took a fistful of her curly hair into his fist. Her head snapped back, and it was harder for her to breathe. He ground himself into her bruising, tender skin without entering her. "You think you're mine, do you?"

"I know I am." Her brown eyes opened in determined fury. She squeezed her legs against his thighs. His lips crashed down on hers and she tasted blood. He roughly kissed down the side of her face and neck, stopping at the collarbone to tear at the soft flesh with his teeth. She felt the head of his cock rub against her without entering her. She kept trying to maneuver him in, but he pulled back from her. She made an impatient noise. He pulled back and punched her in the face.

She gasped in shock, and Snape pinched her face painfully where he had hit her. "You'll do what I want, when I want, bitch." Tears of wounded pride spilled down her cheeks. He hadn't hit her very hard: there wouldn't be a mark.

He moved off of her and stood at the foot of the bed. He waved the wand that had been sitting on his pile of clothing and a strap wound itself around her bare waist. The frame she was strapped to rose into the air. Hermione looked around, startled. This hadn't been in her original fantasy.

She slowly turned in the air and found herself suspended above the bed face down. The frame didn't lower her. The wide strap around her waist allowed her to be suspended reasonably comfortably. She felt Snape slip under the frame behind her. She opened her legs for him.

"Good girl," Snape murmured as he entered her. He whispered an incantation, and the skin between her legs began to prickle with heat. Something felt like it was buzzing through her. He reached up and grabbed some of her hair with one hand as he dug his fingers into her waist with the other, keeping her from swinging too wildly. He swung her lightly and met her midair with a loud slap of bodies meeting.

"Please-," Hermione blurted out. She bit her tongue, afraid if she displeased him he would stop again.

"Please, what?" Snape asked lightly.

"Please don't stop." She tried to look at him over her shoulder. He smirked at her.

Snape let go of her hair and firmly gripped her hips. "I wouldn't dream of it when you ask so obligingly." A wide strap snaked across the top of the heavy frame, settling across her forehead so her neck wouldn't be strained.

"Thank you," Hermione said, gasping as she felt him thrusting and grinding behind her. Combined with the buzzing, she didn't last long. She screamed out a climax, but to her surprise, the daydream didn't end.

Snape pulled out of her cunt as the restraints let her go. She fell to the bed and he roughly turned her over.

Hermione groaned and tried to straighten out stiff limbs, but Snape grabbed her wrists and pinned her to the bed. His lips touched hers as he entered her. His tongue swirled in her mouth to the rhythm of her hips. When she stopped struggling, he let her go. Her hands fell onto his hips, pulling him into her. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist.

He pulled his face from her and nestled his mouth near her ear. Every so often he would bite the lobe. She dug her fingernails into his back as she approached another

climax.

He arched his back a few moments after she had had her pleasure. He collapsed on top of her. Still the daydream didn't end.

Hermione enjoyed having him near her for a few moments. She breathed in his scent. Then, a small knock came from the door. She wondered if Ron would walk in and be scandalized. The last time there had been an exhibition.

A muffled voice came through the door. "Papa! Marcus took my doll and threw it in the lake on his fishing pole! He says he's fishing for sharks! Don't let him feed Marissa to sharks, papa!"

Hermione froze. Snape looked at her face and chuckled. "This week sharks, next week dragons. A hero's work is never done."

Hermione smiled weakly. Snape rose from the bed and started to clothe himself.

"I'm coming," he yelled toward the door. He looked at Hermione. "I swear he takes after you."

"Me?" Hermione found herself spluttering.

"Sharks." He sniffed haughtily. "Indeed."

Hermione felt herself spinning out of the daydream. She opened her eyes and saw the familiar water stain on the ceiling above her bed. She tried to catch her breath. She stared at the third wrapper remaining on her bedside table and frowned.

What had Fred and George made?