

Les Innocents

by RedOrchid

This story has been abandoned. (See A/N of last posted chapter for details) It was meant to be a summer of leisurely exploration, of enjoyment in a relationship that no longer was forced to hide in shadows. At Spinner's End, however, Hermione was soon to learn that some secrets can never be buried deep enough.

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 2

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A/N: This plot bunny just wouldn't stop biting me. This story is loosely based on the movie "Les Innocents" (I think it's called "The Dreamers" in English). It can be seen as the sequel to "Aboard the Hogwarts Express" (archived at Ashwinder), but isn't really written as such. Still, if you like stories going into each other, feel free.

Prologue

Spinner's End

The address had a slight eerie feel to it and the place itself more so. Mist was drifting towards the dirty river bank, shielding Hermione's feet from view as she pulled her cloak closer to her body in the chilly summer evening. The darkness broken only by the occasional street light, she moved forward half-blindly, a worn piece of parchment in her hand her only guide.

Reaching the correct door, she hesitated, leaning her forehead against the wood while debating with herself on how to proceed. The mist crept over unkempt grass, closing in on her as she straightened her back and lifted a nearly steady hand to knock.

"Severus."

The dark eyes had only appeared for a second before the door slowly opened to reveal the man who had been her teacher for seven years and who was now something else altogether. She managed a small smile as he reached for her hand and guided her through the doorway. She tried to keep her breathing normal despite the jolt of electricity which passed through her fingers at the contact and chided herself for her trembling behaviour. They both knew why she was here.

"You knew I would come." She met his eyes squarely for the first time in weeks, struggling to keep her composure.

"Of course I did," he replied softly, putting a hand on the small of her back to lead her into a small living room. "Your curiosity is a trait which I have found always easy to bend to my advantage." She stopped just inside the room, and her eyes widened in wonder, taking in the walls which were lined with books down to the every last inch. *Curiosity...* It suddenly felt like a new word to her.

"Oh, yes, curiosity." She hadn't heard or felt him shift positions and jerked in surprise as she suddenly felt his arm around her chest and his body pressed close against her

back. His voice was heavy and dark in her ear, feeding the same sensations to her own body. With his next words, it turned into a soft murmur, a whispered caress which made the hairs on her arms stand on end. "Such a marvellous and dangerous thing."

His words would have bewildered her if she had still been in a condition to distinguish them from beneath the heavy sound of blood drumming in her ears. Rational thought was long lost, and after having spent five weeks doing nothing but thinking about their current situation, she found her mind completely blank. Lips found her neck, and she felt herself being turned and pushed against the wall of books, the scent of parchment mixing with arousal as Snape made quick work of her cloak and clothes, and she wrapped her legs around him to hold on to where she most needed to be.

There was no more talking as hands, breaths, lips and bodies conveyed all present thought and desire. Neither of the two noticed a beautiful glass sculpture of a ballerina on point open its eyes in the semi-darkness.

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

Chapter 2 of 2

This story has been abandoned. (See A/N of last posted chapter for details) It was meant to be a summer of leisurely exploration, of enjoyment in a relationship that no longer was forced to hide in shadows. At Spinner's End, however, Hermione was soon to learn that some secrets can never be buried deep enough.

A/N: Shakespeare wormed himself into this story somehow. Last time he did that, "Eulogy to Light" was the result. Consider yourselves warned. :-)

Chapter 1 - Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

Past

"Severus!"

He looked up from the book he was reading just in time to have the breath knocked out of him as she threw herself in his arms. They went around her waist, and he hugged her back fiercely, hiding his face in her thick, blonde hair. She smelled of flowers and fresh grass, and he felt a burning sensation behind his eyelids. Suddenly the world of magic seemed very far away, the mounting political tension and increasing bouts of violence a distant memory. He was back with her, and she had her arms around him.

"I missed you terribly." The voice was muffled against his shoulder, as though she didn't want to let him go for long enough to get the words out properly. A muscle tugged at the corner of his mouth, and he pressed her tighter to him, one hand absently stroking her soft, golden hair.

"I missed you too."

She raised her head and looked up at him, eyes wet from happy tears and a trembling smile on her lips. She looked different from when he'd seen her the summer before, and he let the changes wash over his mind like a stream of sparkling water. She'd always been the mark of summer for him, all sun and freshness and innocence. He touched the skin of her cheek with his fingertips and marvelled at the smooth sensation. He felt a smile bloom on his lips for the first time in countless months.

"You're beautiful." He hadn't meant to say it out loud, but the slight blush and the smile on her face made him glad that he had.

"Thank you." She turned those incredible blue eyes of hers back on him, and he felt another wave of happiness overwhelm him. Ever since the first bud had graced the willow trees around Hogwarts, signalling the start of spring, she had been on his mind. To only see her once a year was heartbreaking, but the fact that he had her to think about during the long, lonely evenings of winter brought happiness to his life. He wrote her letters, of course, wonderful, long letters filled with stories to amuse her and tales of his life. He wondered if they ever made it through to her.

He didn't have many friends and knew better than to give that title to the people he socialised with on a daily bases. He might regret his position and long for the companionship of his peers, but after six years at Hogwarts, disappointment had taught him to replace hope with bitterness and to keep his own company. At one point, he had been foolish enough to think that Lily Evans, a Gryffindor, might become his friend, but the sparks that he'd seen shooting between her and James Potter during a horrendously humiliating episode after their OWL exams had told him, all too clearly, that she would never look his way again. He'd insulted her for good measure, taking little joy in the hurt on her face since he knew that there was no chance that he would ever mean enough to her to wound more than her pride. Correct in his observations once again, he'd watched her as she blushinglly accepted Potter's arm around her waist less than a year later.

"You have far-away eyes again." Her soft accusation brought him back to the present, and he returned his focus to the girl in his arms. The tight feeling in his chest increased, and though it worried him slightly, he enjoyed it too much to push her away. Even though he knew that he was only allowed to see her during his summers at home and that she would never be allowed to fully be a part of his world or life, he cherished the moments he had with the only person he knew loved him without reserve.

"I'm sorry, Serafina," he replied gently, brushing a stray golden hair from her face. "It's a bit hard for me to believe that I'm really here again."

She rose on tip-toe and pressed her lips to his in a chaste kiss before taking his hand and leading him from the bench by the old bus station over to where a very battered old bicycle was tilted against a tree.

"I'm glad you're home. We'll have such a marvellous summer together." Grabbing the bicycle, she handed it to him and moved to sit on the bar between his outstretched arms. "Now take me home, Severus. Mum's been beside herself all day getting everything ready for my party tomorrow, and I know you'll need some time to think of a fabulous present for me." She gave him a saucy smile and grabbed his waist tightly, leaning her head against his chest. Letting go of the resentment and anger he'd built up during his school year and shoving aside the trepidation he always felt deep in his stomach at the perspective of seeing his father, he pressed a kiss into her hair and set the bicycle into motion, speeding down the hills and sending her into fits of giggles. It was good to be home.

Present

Hermione awoke from a deep slumber and stretched languidly on the soft sheets. It was their first morning together, waking up in the same bed. In truth, it wasn't yet morning - she could still discern the moon's shape quite clearly through the window - but it would be in a few hours, and she looked forward to waking up with him, no longer having to sneak out in the dead of the night to avoid being caught in her professor's chambers.

He'd asked her to come spend the summer with him shortly after graduation, and she'd hesitated for several weeks before deciding that she wanted to know what would happen if she went. She was infatuated with and intrigued by him, and she wanted to know more. In the end, the invitation to his home, represented by the note with the address to his house in her pocket, had been impossible to resist. Smiling, she moved close to her sleeping lover and started pressing feather-light kisses along his neck and shoulders. He stirred in his sleep and rolled over on his back, giving her access to his chest and arms. She teased the familiar skin for a few minutes, until a deep, rumbling sound called her attention to his face. His eyes were open and seemed to pin her down, even though, technically, she was the one on top. The beginnings of a smile graced the corners of his mouth, and he stretched beneath her, putting his arms to rest under his head and propping himself up with another pillow.

"Go ahead, Hermione," he instructed, his voice husky from sleep and arousal. "Show me just how beautiful you are when you move above me; how your cheeks flush with want as you lie between my legs, pleasuring me." Hypnotised by his voice, she moved downwards, placing herself between his legs and running a hand over the top of his thigh, making little circles with her fingers. Emboldened by his encouragement, she lowered her head and made her tongue grace the tip of his erection. The shiver that went through him at the contact made her smile, and she was soon stretched out in a comfortable position, pleasuring him with her mouth and hand as he murmured words of praise through bouts of heavy breathing. She raised her eyes towards him and found him watching her, eyes hungry and filled with naked, raw desire as they met her gaze. A shiver of anticipation shot down her spine, and she redoubled her efforts, determined to make him cry out her name before surrendering to the promises of dark pleasure in his eyes...

A while later, she was on her back, out of breath and still tingling from the assault he'd visited on her senses. He was still lodged firmly inside of her, and she closed her eyes in pleasure as he shifted his position slightly, turning her hips with his to keep them connected as he moved. A long finger stroked her cheek, and she felt a chestnut curl being tucked away behind her ear.

"You're beautiful." He hadn't meant to say it out loud, but the slight blush and the smile on her face made him glad that he had.

"Thank you." She rose against him and placed an almost chaste kiss on his lips before taking his hand and falling back against the pillows, returning to sleep. Feeling tiredness overtake him, he placed his other arm securely around her and settled down to rest.

2008-12-08

A/N: This story has been abandoned. I'm very sorry about that to all of you who liked it and stuck with it this far. There are two reasons for this decision. Firstly, these were started in 2004 and when I went back to finish them, I realised that I wasn't the same person anymore. 2004 was a pretty dark place, and that darkness is woven so tightly into the stories, I don't really want to take them where I fear they would need to go. To be honest, I'm not entirely sure you would either. Second reason is that I've lost faith in the SS/HG pairing. I don't see it anymore. I don't believe that it could work anymore. I tried to. I really did. I joined the 2008 SS/HG exchange to sort of try to rekindle with this pairing again, but instead, it ended up being the final nail to the coffin, of sorts. (The fic that came out of it is one of my favourite pieces of fiction ever, though, and it will be posted here after the reveal, so look out for that.)

I still have the outlines little pieces of future chapters on my computer, so if anyone wants to read that in spite of this, you're very welcome to e-mail me.

Thanks again for all the comments and lovely support. Big hugs to you all. /Red