

Sasha

by chivalric

In Snape's house at Spinner's End there is a door that contains a secret, and it takes
a visit from Miss Granger's parents to reveal it.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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The elderly couple looked for a doorbell, but there wasn't one to be found. After hesitating at first, they eventually knocked, still not being sure if their idea of calling around uninvited had been a good idea at all.

The man was tall, balding, and bony with piercing brown eyes. The woman by his side was small, with unbelievably bushy brown hair. She wore glasses and had an enormous handbag entwined in her hands. They had knocked, only once, and now it was too late to turn around. Encouragingly, the man took his wife's hand. That small knock seemed to have become more of a thunderous bang, making it impossible for them to simply slip away unnoticed. Carefully they stepped away from the door just in case. One never knew what could happen when waiting on a stranger's doorstep.

After a while the door opened. A young woman stood in the late autumn light. She was more a girl, really, looking ridiculously young. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw who had knocked. She cast a look into the darkness behind her, as if waiting for a reaction from inside. Then sighed. "Mum, Dad," she greeted them, but there was an unsure smile on her face. "I must admit, I didn't expect to see you here of all places! How on earth did you find out where I... work?"

The facial expressions of the man and the woman gave away a sense of uneasiness. Her father then decided that she should know. "We bumped into one of your friends last week," he explained. "The redhead. Can't remember his name, though, something with ferret..."

"That would have been Ron then," his daughter cut in. "His surname's Weasley. And he told you where I am? That can't be true because he doesn't know." She still hadn't invited them in.

"Now... well, I didn't say that he *told* us, love, I didn't say that at all," her mother stated, eager to get the frown off her daughter's face. "But we, erm, had already employed someone to find out where you were and, well, this Ron being used as bait, this someone just had to wait until you met with Ron, inform us, and all we have to do then is to follow you here... sort of."

"You engaged a private investigator?!" Hermione couldn't believe it. That was outrageous, but then she should have known her parents by now. They had pressed her for months for an address where they could reach her. They never gave up if they wanted to know something. She was sure of that because she had inherited the same trait. She never gave up, either. "All right then, do come in. But tell me... No, swear to me that no one else knows you're here! You know how dangerous that would be for me, with all those Death Eaters still on the run."

"Of course not, deary," her mother soothed. "We just wanted to know if you're alright. We came here straight away!"

They both stepped into the house. It was old, ancient really, in a remarkably good condition and surrounded by a huge garden. All the walls were white and the light of the evening sun danced on the dark wooden floor. It was eerily silent.

"Do you live here or do you work here, Hermione?" her mother asked in awe. "How did you find a job that allows you to work in such a lovely house?! It's beautiful and... I mean, what are you doing anyway? And..."

A door opened in the darkness, and someone came into the light of the hall. Someone male.

Mr and Mrs Granger paled. "You!" her father hissed. Her mother nearly fainted at the sight of the man.

"You!" she whispered, grasping her husband's arm.

The dark man just turned an eyebrow upwards.

"Visitors, Severus." Hermione said, stating once more the obvious.

Severus Snape looked at the two people standing in his hall and then stared at the woman beside them. He was and this happened rarely at a loss for words. He had never imagined that one day he would have to deal with things like parents. But then had become headmaster which meant meeting parents on a regular basis. Still, he avoided them whenever possible and certainly had avoided being introduced to Mr and Mrs Granger, Hermione's parents. Hermione who happened to be his... well... how should he refer to her anyway? He had heard them talking through the door of his study. Her parents assumed that she worked here. Therefore he would be her employer? *Fine, let's see where this will lead*, he thought and greeted the two anxious looking Muggles with a curt nod.

"What on earth is this?!" Her father's voice, booming.

Hermione could see how angry and utterly furious he was. She looked at him and couldn't help but thinking that this evening would turn out to be a catastrophe. He had taken her mother in his arms, a fragile woman with hair just as frizzy as her own and with a certain will to solve every problem brought upon her. At the moment the problem was her daughter and this...this...nightmare!

"Answer me, child! What is this man this man out of all men! doing in the same house as you?!"

Of course, they knew who he was. It had been in the *Daily Prophet*, and as parents of a witch, they had the newspaper delivered regularly. They had seen the articles about Snape, revealing him to be a killer, a Death Eater, being a supporter of the Dark Lord. They had seen his picture and certainly knew that he was 19 years her senior, the latter certainly being the biggest problem in her parents' eyes.

But because they had been in Australia towards the end, blissfully unaware of the events happening back home due to a memory charm she had cast upon them, they didn't know that this very man wasn't what he had seemed to be. Unfortunately, even if they had known, there was still the problem with the small gap in their ages... 19 years older! He was 19 nineteen! years older than their only daughter!

Severus felt he was being attacked, a sensation he utterly despised. "Actually, this is my house," he said, but played along. "Miss Granger is working here with me and therefore you are my ... guests." His cool voice didn't betray any emotion he might have felt. But with his slight hesitation, he had implied that it was up to him to throw them back out whenever it pleased him.

Hermione just cast him a look and shook her head slightly. Then she turned to her parents, hugged them and ushered them in the living room. "I'll explain, Mum, Dad. I'll explain everything, believe me. Severus, could you make us something for dinner? Please?"

Of course he could. Anything to get out of this rather unpleasant situation. He escaped to the kitchen and locked the door behind him just in case her mum felt like talking.

Being in the living room was not much of a relief for Hermione's parents. There were books, which was fine for them in general, but some ~~those~~ books snapped and some growled and one tried to bite her father's leg.

"Sorry, Dad," she murmured, snatching up the offending book and ramming it back into the shelf. Her parents were used to a certain amount of wizardry around them, but that was all too much, and at the moment they just weren't in the mood.

"Now, girl," her father inquired. "Is this man really who I think he is, and, if yes, why on earth do you open his front door?"

"Now, Father, don't scare her. I'm sure there is a perfectly innocent explanation for all of this," her mother said, always trying to see the brighter side of things.

Hermione sighted. That wouldn't be easy. "He's teaching me potion making," she started, which wasn't exactly a lie. It was just not the whole truth, either, as the teaching business really didn't consume the main part of their day.

She didn't mention this to her parents, though.

"I need the potions, you know. I am a bookbinder I reign in unruly books, dangerous books, therefore I need every bit of help I can get. One method to tame a wild book is a potion brewed for the occasion. Severus Professor Snape is helping me tremendously with this task." *And when he's done with teaching, he does things you definitely don't want to know about*, she thought with a tiny grin.

Her father grumbled. Her mother mumbled. Both were more than happy with this more than poor explanation. "So he's not, sort of, this Death Eating thing anymore? A bad man? A murderer? He's not... not... you know... getting too close to you?"

Hermione nearly laughed. He was all of it and worse. He was a spy and still tracked down every Death Eater available. It was dangerous to live with him, but they had both found out a while ago that it was impossible not to be with each other. Plus, he did a lot more than just 'getting close'. "He is Hogwarts' headmaster and teaches Potions to the sixth and seventh years." Narrowing his jobs down to the acceptable ones and crossing out the rest seemed a sensible thing to do under the current circumstances.

Her mother leaned forward. "And you are sure that he is doing a good job there in the kitchen?" she whispered with an anxious eye towards the door. For a moment Hermione didn't know what she was talking about. Then she remembered... dinner! "He's a marvellous cook, Mum, despite the fact that he is a man!"

But her mother wasn't satisfied. "Your father is a good cook if he can find the kitchen, dear. His scrambled egg is famous. What I am saying is I just don't like the thought of someone just wagging his finger a bit and 'hey presto!' dinner's ready! It's not right. You are sure it won't harm your genes or health in any way?"

Hermione stared at her mother. She had forgotten how mistrusting Muggles were when it came to magic. But she could reassure them. "He doesn't use his wand in the kitchen, and the only time he waggles his fingers is when he wants me to pass the parmesan."

Her parents shared a disapproving look obviously because their daughter spent quite a bit of time in this house without learning potion making. Parmesan, really!

Hermione went on quickly. "In fact, he likes cooking the usual way he says it's like potion making with harmless ingredients and a less fatal outcome if done badly." She smiled a wicked smile her parents had earned this little rebuke.

Eventually, they were sitting around the big table with dinner steaming in several bowls, but none of them was particularly hungry.

There was mostly silence during dinner. Severus was a master in not saying a word at meals. He had perfected this skill in the Great Hall at Hogwarts. Trelawney on one

side, Flitwick on the other. Not much to talk about there.

Hermione's father cast the man with the long black hair evil looks every now and then. Men with long hair should always be regarded with suspicion even if it was tied in a ponytail, was his rightful opinion.

Her mother tried in vain to make small talk, and Hermione was somewhere in between, wishing she could leave.

She sighed, wishing time would fly by. "Shall I show you the house then?" she asked in a voice that didn't sound all too happy. "I mean, Professor Snape, may I please show my parents your house? I know they would appreciate the opportunity."

He looked at her, wondering where this would lead to. He had played along so far, not mentioning that she was slightly more than just someone he taught the arts of potion making to. They never had visitors, and no-one knew about them, not even their closest friends, and now her parents appeared on the doorstep, stayed for dinner, and now she wants to show them their house! He nodded briskly. He found that talking wasn't easy with the disapproving eyes of her father upon him. It seemed strange, really, that a Muggle could have that effect on him.

He followed them round the house, keeping a small distance. She showed them the kitchen, his workroom, the study and the garden, then led them upstairs. The house wasn't that big.

He had been born here and had grown up here. His mother had died on the floor of the dining room; here he had once made an Unbreakable Vow.

After the Dark Lord's death, he had suddenly woken up and realised that it was the most dreadfully decorated and furnished house in the entire world and had renovated, redecorated and refurnished it from the cellar to the attic. Hermione had brought a very unique touch to it, and now he truly liked living here during the summer break and whenever he could manage to escape Hogwarts.

They were upstairs now. Apparently, she had shown them the bedroom. He smirked. Nothing suspicious here just a desk, chair, wardrobe, fireplace and bed. The bed was narrow at first sight, barely big enough for one person. Most of the time it was only her who slept in it, alone, as he was almost always too busy to share it with her. But if he was home, the bed was still big enough for the both of them. They had never seen the need to get a bigger one. The sheer size of it must have been a relief for her parents.

"What's in here, then?" her mum asked, gesturing towards another room behind a closed door. Hermione wanted to reach for the handle, but was too late. Her father had already decided that a closed door staying closed was unacceptable and therefore needed to be opened. Behind it might lie a dangerous secret!

Hermione heard a small sigh Severus, standing only inches behind her. She half-turned, looked at him and smiled. True, there was a secret behind that door. Not a dangerous one, though, only a small one.

It was a beautiful room. The big window viewed towards south and during the day the room was bright and friendly. The walls were the only ones in the house not painted white, but in a sunny yellow. Pictures decorated them. There was a small bed, a small table, a small chair, a wardrobe shaped as a big owl, and there were several toys on the floor. It was a child's room. Both Mr and Mrs Granger didn't hesitate to cross the light wooden planks as quick as lightning to take a look into the bed.

"But, but, but...?" Mr Granger said.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my!" Mrs Granger managed.

"Hmmm," said Severus Snape as he quietly stepped into the room, taking a look over their shoulders and peering down at what was laying in the bed, fast asleep. "Now that looks like a little girl in there. Wonder how she came to be here?" There was a slight hint of mock surprise in his voice.

Hermione's parents spun round, staring at him, then fixing their eyes on the child again. They clearly wanted to say something, something useful, but the words just weren't willing to come out. Her father gulped; her mother trembled. Both were holding hands like children lost in the woods.

Finally Hermione took pity in them. "Nasty bat," she said fondly, standing next to the tall man who apparently didn't just teach her potion making and lightly kissed his lips. "Mum, Dad, that's my daughter, Sasha, and that's her father. Better say that you are pleased to meet him, or he will turn you into something small and slithery."

That had been an hour ago.

"You can't have a child you are too young!" Her mother, sobbing.

"You can't have a child he's too old!" Her father, filled with rage.

"You said he's only teaching you potions!" both of them spluttered, furious.

"He is! Was..." said Hermione, quite distressed. "I didn't want to tell you all at once. We are ... he is... well, I only wanted to break it to you slowly!"

Mr and Mrs Granger, outraged and pacing the sitting room, were in the most thunderous moods imaginable.

"Invitations expected within the month!" her father demanded forcefully.

"I don't care about the necessity of keeping this a secret!" her mother snarled. "You will do what you are told, Mr Snape! After all, we are her parents and know what's best for her!"

They had left, fuming, but not without another look at the child. The sleeping little girl with the raven black hair.

Severus was in the kitchen doing the washing up. He was in a terrifying mood, which was easily noticeable by the way he clattered the dishes, now and then uttering some malicious words.

"Do what I'm told? How dare she?! Her, making her an honourable woman, stupid. Really..."

He only did the washing up when he wanted to be left alone. But of course, Hermione had to explain a few things first before she did so. "I'm sorry," she said, standing near the door.

He didn't even turn.

"I didn't know they would turn up here! They hired a private investigator, they coincidentally bumped into Ron, they followed me home after that guy had told them where I had met Ron for tea last week and here we go my parents are standing on our doorstep! Not really my fault, you must admit!"

Porcelain shattered. A string of swear words rang through the kitchen. Yes, he was annoyed... very annoyed. She smiled.

Turning, he grabbed a towel and dried his hands. He crossed the floor in a few long strides and towered over her, glaring at her. Sometimes he could still make her cringe with this stare. His eyes were so dark that she couldn't tell where the iris started and the pupil began.

"Your parents," he began, his voice tense with outrage, "your parents are expecting an invitation to our wedding! Within the month!"

"Do you mind marrying me?" Hermione broached the question lightly.

"NO! But... but I didn't expect your father to start telling me that I am to make you an honourable woman in my own house! Your mother telling me that I !! am to do what I am told! Sheer impertinence! He... they have no right to talk to me like that! I could turn them into..."

"...something small and slithery?" she finished the sentence for him, and her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Don't you worry they terrify me as well as you!"

She thought for a moment that he would strangle her on the spot when she indicated that he was in fact permitted to feel slightly uncomfortable, especially in her father's presence. But he just took a step closer and growled, "You are in my way."

"Well, make me move then!" she snapped.

Unceremoniously, he grabbed her round the waist, lifted her up and placed her on the worktop. Some onions were laying there, a bit of garlic, leftovers from dinner. A glass was standing near the edge.

"So, how about the last Saturday in August before term starts?" She placed both hands behind her on the table, dangled her legs and watched him pacing the kitchen like a panther in a cage. The way he moved, silently, was always a sight that made her breathless.

"What about it?" he snarled.

"Well, the wedding. If we don't, they'll be back!"

He spun around facing her, pondering that particular scenario for a very brief moment, then nodded. "Very well," he agreed. "Although I doubt it will make you honourable."

She laughed. "Of course not! I'm living with you. Whatever I do, nothing will ever wash my skin of this shame."

She had him there. It had taken a while, but she had him. He cast away the towel he had still been clutching and grasped her fragile shoulders with his strong, pale, long-fingered hands. His expression was thunderous. Pushing her knees apart, he stepped closer and brought his face only a breath away from hers. "Shame?" he murmured, and his voice all of a sudden was silky, warm, and seducing. Moving his hands down to her blouse, he ripped it off her body together with her undershirt. Cupping each breast with one of his hands and pushing her back, he suggested that maybe it was time for a thorough scrubbing to get rid of the said shame.

"You wouldn't dare!" she screamed, but it was too late. He didn't even bother to get his wand out, just held her down, stripping her of her clothes with a wordless spell, leaving her naked on the workbench, shivering, disbelieving. He wouldn't do that. Wouldn't dare! Or would he?

She found out only moments later. He snatched a sponge out of thin air, wet with ice cold water and then started to rub it harshly over her naked skin, scrubbing her, rolling her about on the workbench like a potato before peeling, ignoring her screams until her skin was hot and rosy and she gasped, every inch longing for a different texture than that of a stupid, wet sponge.

There was a very wicked smile on his thin lips when he stretched, reached behind her and took the glass from the workbench. It was filled with wine, the Spanish wine she so cherished. Taking a generous sip, he pressed his lips to hers, parted them with his tongue, and she felt the sweet flavour of the wine pour into her own mouth. Moaning, she swallowed and allowed him to push her down once more as they kissed. He moved southwards, his hands safely caressing her nipples into erection. His lips left a trail of wine drops upon her skin, and she could feel them running one by one down her sides. It was strangely arousing. His hands moved along her ribs, touching first her hips, then her thighs, massaging her damp skin and making her beg for him to continue.

But he didn't. He brought his face and his hands up to her face again, and she could feel his eyes upon her, waiting for her to look at him.

"You better start telling the truth, Hermione," he murmured, his breath smelling of her skin and of wine and of garlic and pepper.

"What truth? There's no truth to be told," she breathed, struggling, but he just pressed her down with his weight. She only then realised that he was no longer wearing a shirt. She put her hands on him and trailed her fingertips along his shoulders, down his back, until she touched his hard, muscular arse and found that he wasn't wearing trousers anymore, either. *Dessert*, she thought. *Yummy*!

Wrapping her long legs around his waist, she reluctantly left his buttocks untouched for a moment and reached for his neck. Freeing his long black hair from the ribbon that held it back, she enjoyed the dark cascade that fell down around his shoulders, over his face and upon her skin. Burying her fingers in the dark strands, she pulled his face to hers again for a mouth-plundering, greedy kiss, only to let her hands trace back down to his bum seconds later, urging him closer to her wet centre, throbbing for him, longing for him, but not getting him. Not yet.

"The truth," he whispered, rubbing his loin and his hardness against her. "You really think I believed the rubbish you told me for even one moment?" He moved his hands down her trembling body, lifting her up a bit and pulling her closer, even closer to his waiting, eager cock, now moving his hips in a slow, hypnotising rhythm right at her waiting entrance. He felt her shiver in anticipation of him moving inside her.

"No Muggle could follow a witch; no one could follow you. You are too careful. Besides, there are so many protection charms around this house that even I fail to find it at first try sometimes. Your parents just turning up like that? Ridiculous! So, what did you do?" He growled now, and the little hairs in her neck stood up at the sound.

"Arranged it!" she gasped, and because she couldn't, wouldn't, wait for one more second for him to enter her, she propelled herself off the workbench, knocking him off his feet and landing quite conveniently right on top of him.

He gave a surprised laugh, but didn't give up that easily. He wanted her more than anything now, but fighting with her was far too good to be abandoned too early.

"Take me!" she moaned.

"No!" he replied, slipping his fingers inside her instead, circling his thumb round her needy, wet, hot clit until she came with a shivering gasp.

"You damn..." she managed, breathless, but was distracted somehow when he swept her onto her back, thrusting inside her with one hard push, because now it was him who couldn't wait anymore. He needed her, needed to be inside her, to come inside her. He rode her to a second orgasm on the kitchen floor, making her scream his name and yelling out hers less than an hour after her terrifying parents had finally left the house.

"You are one deceitful woman, you know that?" Laying back to front in the small bed upstairs, he gently stroked her neck. She was sleepy, but he could hear her smile when she answered.

"Of course I know it. Didn't take me long to figure out how to arrange for you to finally meet my parents."

"You could have asked," he gruffed.

"I did ask. You always said 'Soon'. When I realised how desperately they were trying to find me, I asked Ron to coincidentally bump into them, knowing they would take up the opportunity."

"What about the shielding charms?"

She gave a tired chuckle. "I timed them. When Ron informed me that they were on their way, the charms lifted just long enough for my parents to find the door. Of course, Ron knows nothing about your part in the story, and I made sure no one followed them." She turned to face him. "You know that I would never be so careless as to bring any harm to you or Sasha. You know that, don't you?"

Kissing her gently, he nodded in the near darkness of the room. Only the moon painted silvery puddles on the floor.

"And all this because..." The question was hanging in the air. He suspected that there was more behind this than her wish for him to meet her parents.

She put one slender hand upon his lips. He could see her eyes shining in the darkness. After a second he realised that she was crying. "No one knows about us," she whispered. "We can't even marry in our world because our marriage would be filed at the Ministry of Magic. And I want it to stay like that. With you still spying on the Death Eaters, no one can know about us." She moved and sat up. Silently he watched her, sensing her urge to talk about something they never had talked about before. "But at least in the Muggle world we can marry. My parents now know about us. And if something happens, not only to you, but to both of us..." Her voice faltered.

He quickly reached up and pulled her close to him again, cradling her in his safe embrace. "I see," he said. Nothing more it wasn't necessary. He understood. If no-one knew and if something happened to both of them, there needed to be someone to take care of Sasha. And who would tell her who her parents had been both of them.

He sighed heavily and could feel her muscles tense. "And therefore, I not only have to marry you now, but have to endure regular Sunday dinners with your lovely parents. Your charming father, especially. Really, I am very grateful for this delightful change to my weekly routine."

The way he said those words so severely, she couldn't help but give an amused snort. Chuckling about the thought of Severus fidgeting under her fathers piercing eyes, she fell asleep, knowing that everything would turn out fine in the end.

Severus Snape held his future wife in his arms, not daring to sleep until the sun rose to chase away the monsters under their bed. Because, as he knew only too well, sometimes things didn't turn out well at all.

A/N: The last sentence is a hint towards the sequel "At All Costs."