

# In the Dark

*by kizzy7*

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## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Not mine, just wish they were!

Severus followed her quietly and quickly, making sure that Potter and Weasley and even the omniscient Dumbledore didn't see him leave. He had been watching her, waiting for her to make the first move, to leave the room wanting him to follow. She had been looking at him almost all night; those bold, luscious looks that made him shudder, thinking about what they promised. Oh, he had waited so long for this moment.

And he had been so patient.

Severus was not a scrupulous man, yet he had drawn the line at getting involved with her whilst she was his student. It was simply not worth it, not worth his job (or possibly his life, knowing Dumbledore). But now...

Now, she had graduated. Hermione Granger would be his tonight.

Severus first noticed her interest in him at the beginning of the year. He was not a stupid man. He knew when his students, for whatever reason, fancied themselves fond of him. The breathy laughter, the consequential shortening of their skirts... He knew all the signs, and yet he had never been tempted. Until her.

She intrigued him in ways that he could not name. The girl was so smart it sometimes took his breath away. And soon the dreams began. Severus would awake in the middle of the night, her name upon his lips, sweaty, breathless, fully aroused. Her hair, twirled in his fingers. Her lips, tight and wet around his cock. Every day he was near her was torture.

And so he followed her out of the Great Hall, away from her friends, away from the party, celebrating her graduation and the fall of the Dark Lord. She was wearing a black, skin-tight dress... yes, which would soon puddle around her ankles, forgotten...

He followed at a distance. The minx sashayed through the hallways and into a deserted corridor. He waited with bated breath for her to turn around, to beckon him to her, to finally taste those lips.

Suddenly, she whirled around, her wand drawn. Her face was fierce as she spoke into the darkened hallway.

"Who's there?" Her voice was strong.

Severus smiled, stepping into the bleak light emitting from the tip of her wand.

"Miss Granger," he whispered, injecting a silken quality into his voice.

She lowered her wand. "Oh, you frightened me, Professor!" She shifted uncertainly. "I was... I was just going to get my shawl from the Gryffindor Common Room..."

Severus smiled again, amused by her innocent tactics to draw him to her. He took a step closer to her.

"Of course you were, Miss Granger. Of course." He stepped even closer and was again amused when she hurriedly stepped away from him. He continued his advance until she was trapped between him and the cold stone wall. Her eyes were wide.

He brought a finger to her face and traced the path of her cheekbone. He leaned close to her ear. "I've been waiting for this day, Hermione. I've dreamed about you. Do you have any idea what you do to me, my little witch?" He pressed his body full against hers, wondering if she could feel the length of his erection. She whimpered.

"Yesss," he purred, and he could feel her skin, hot beneath his hands. He lightly ran his fingers along her arms.

"Yesss..." he repeated, right against her ear now, and he could feel how fast her heart was beating, he could hear the pounding of her blood. It excited him, this illicit and unplanned meeting in the darkened hallways of Hogwarts.

He brought his hand to her breast and lightly squeezed. She hissed.

And suddenly the girl before him grabbed his shoulders and shoved him away with a kind of desperate strength he didn't think possible from her. Confused, he opened his mouth to speak, and then noticed the sharp glittering of tears in her eyes. She was crying.

"Hermione... this attraction between us... surely you knew where it was leading?"

She shook her head violently. "I don't know what you are doing, Professor, or why..." She sobbed. "There is nothing between us. There never was. There never will be."

Now, Severus shook his head. What was the chit talking about? Had not she been lusting after him the entire year? Surely it had not been all in his head; the very idea was ridiculous!

"I'm sorry, sir." She wiped the tears from her face. "I'm sorry, but I have to go now. Harry is waiting for me."

Potter. That explained it all. He watched as she turned away from him. He captured her tiny wrist in his hand. She turned back and looked at him warily, uncertain. Severus saw there was fear in her eyes, and for a brief moment he hated her. He hated himself.

"I... I love you, Hermione."

She sniffed. "Professor, I'm sorry... I have to go... Harry..."

Barely aware of himself, Severus let out an anguished cry. "Potter! How could you choose Potter over me? How could you, Lily?" And Hermione's eyes became fuzzy, blurred, mixed with the green eyes of Lily and her hair was suddenly red and Severus didn't know who he was talking to, Hermione or Lily, all he knew for certain was each woman had looked at him with the same expression— green eyes, brown eyes, wide, full of pity, sympathy, but not love. Never love.

He dropped her hand. "Just go," he whispered. "Just leave me."

And she was gone, taking everything good in the world with her.

Severus felt the cold stone wall behind him and slowly slid down, sitting on the cold stone floor in the dark. "Lily," he whispered. "Hermione..."

The cold and the dark swirled about, settling deep within him.

A/N: I usually prefer happy hg/ss endings, but this plot bunny would not leave me alone. I love reviews, as I am a newcomer to the addictive world of fanfic.