

Forbidden Obsession

by Corazon

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 25

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This story is not my normal genre of humor. It is a dark story with many warnings, so please take heed.

I co-wrote this story with Jonathan, who has passed away before its completion. I know he is still with us in spirit.

Shem beta read the first part of this story and Pollinatrix has since taken over. Thank you to both. A big thank you also goes out to Snapesflower for her overview of the chapters.

Disclaimer: I do not own the Harry Potter characters and I am in no way making any money from writing this. The plot does belong to me.

The first part is taken from the Goblet of Fire with some of my own interpretation added in.

Corazon

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Forbidden Obsession

Prologue

The night was suddenly full of the swishing of cloaks. Between graves, behind the yew tree, in every shadowy space, wizards were Apparating. All were hooded and masked, and one by one moved forward.... slowly, cautiously, as though they could hardly believe their eyes. Voldemort stood in silence, waiting for them. One of the Death Eaters fell to his knees, crawled toward the Dark Lord formally thought of as dead and kissed the hem of his black robes.

"Master, Master, " he murmured.

The Death Eaters behind him did the same, each of them approaching Voldemort on their knees and kissing his robes, before backing away and standing up, forming a silent circle which enclosed Tom Riddle's grave, Harry Potter, Voldemort, and the sobbing and twitching heap that was Wormtail. Yet there were gaps in the circle, as though the kin were waiting for more of their own to arrive and make the imperfect ring whole. Voldemort, however, did not seem to expect more. He looked around at the hooded faces, and, though there was no wind, a rustling seemed to run around the circle as though everyone in it had shivered at once.

"Welcome, Death Eaters," said Voldemort quietly. "Thirteen years.... thirteen years since last we met, yet you answer my call as though it were yesterday. We are still united under the Dark Mark, then! Or are we?"

He tilted his head to further expose his terrible face and sniffed, his slit-like nostrils widening.

"I smell guilt," he said. "There is a stench of guilt upon the air."

A second shiver ran around the circle, as though each member of it longed, but did not dare to step back from him.

Severus Snape stood his ground, not foolhardy enough to move while his Master continued to address the Death Eaters. He listened carefully to every word the Dark Lord spoke.

Finally the time came where the Dark Lord was acknowledging several of his Death Eaters by name while walking around the circle. Before getting to Macnair, the Dark Lord passed Severus by, not acknowledging him, along with several other Death Eaters. He continued on with his ratification of the remaining servants as Severus avoided eye contact with Potter, making sure that the boy had not noticed him among the circle.

As the night wore on, a battle of power and will developed between Voldemort and Potter. Tensions ran high even amongst the still Death Eaters and peaked as Potter managed a miraculous escape. It was the Death Eaters who suffered Voldemort's wrath that night. His humiliation at his own failure was thrust upon his followers as punishment, the Dark Lord's pleasure and status reconfirmed in the minds of those present as they twisted, bucked and screamed under his Cruciatus Curse.

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When Severus finally returned to Hogwarts, he spent his time helping Headmaster Dumbledore to piece together the night's events. Although Severus' body was crying out for rest, his mind was satisfied, knowing that he had survived. However, just as Severus was reassuring himself that the worst was behind him, Albus requested that he return to the Dark Lord, and he was filled with a renewed fear and desire for self-preservation. If Voldemort decided to curse him again that night, he would not survive. But that was his secret, and he held it close.

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Severus' body was still displaying the tremors from the Cruciatus when he closed his eyes, placed his right hand over his Dark Mark and concentrated. He knew what he needed to do; his fear and reservations were born from believing he did not have the strength to do it. His energy had been drained and it took all of his willpower and concentration to Apparate without being splinched.

Feeling his feet touch the ground, Severus slowly opened his eyes. When his sight focused again, he glanced around anxiously, until with relief he found what he had been searching for. He had indeed arrived before the Dark Lord. He looked taller than Severus remembered, but then again, Severus lacked the strength to stand his full height. He shrugged off these superfluous thoughts, and composed himself as best he could to play his role convincingly.

Dropping to his knees, Severus slowly crawled to his Master and kissed the hem of his robes. His legs trembled while trying to get back to his feet. Severus almost lost his balance, before he felt an arm assist him.

"Allow me," said the enthusiastic voice of Wormtail. Severus considered Wormtail to be nothing more than a traitor, a coward who would switch sides to save his own arse. Severus loathed the man, but out of necessity allowed him to help him to his feet. It was clear that Wormtail now resided in a higher position with the Dark Lord and that he needed to show him respect. In Severus' eyes however, Wormtail was only a minion and nothing else. Severus, too was a traitor, but rather than being a groveling coward, Severus maintained his self-dignity within Voldemort's ranks.

"Severus, my son," hissed the Dark Lord, "Clearly Dumbledore wishes to continue this charade of sending my own servant to me as a spy. Tell me, son, who is your Master?" His breath was stale, almost rotten, as might be expected from a creature of pure evil.

Looking into Voldemort's red eyes, Severus gathered his strength, held his head high and said with confidence, "You are my only Master, my Lord." Respectfully, Severus bowed his head, momentarily losing balance because of his weakened physical state and needing to step forward quickly to catch himself as he lost his balance.

"You are weak, Severus. I can see in your eyes that Dumbledore has denied you the pleasures you require."

Severus' head snapped up as his eyes flashed from the Dark Lord to Wormtail. "You are correct, my Lord," he said calmly, but too quickly. His heart began to race at the implications of his Master's words.

"Your eyes betray the calmness in your voice, Severus. I can see the intensity of, not your need, but your desire to feed."

Unconsciously Severus slowly licked his lips. It had been over thirteen years since he had fed properly. "You are correct, my Lord."

"Then allow me to satisfy that desire." The Dark Lord waved his wand and an unclothed woman appeared on the ground. She was curled in a ball, crying and shaking from the evident danger surrounding her. Her long blond hair was dirty and knotted, testament to the struggle she gave.

Severus cautiously approached her, not believing he was finally going to feed the way he required. Earlier in the evening, the Dark Lord had made clear his disappointment at the failure to kill Potter; now that Severus had returned to his Master's presence, he was expecting the same harsh treatment as the other Death Eaters had received. But he was wrong. It was Voldemort who truly understood Severus' necessity to live to his potential. Silently Severus thanked his Master.

Dropping down to his knees, Severus stretched his hand out and slowly ran it along the woman's shoulders and down her spine. Even through his leather gloves, he could feel her shiver, and she coiled further into herself under his touch. The corner of his lip curled, as a lustful smile spread over. His arousal was evident, but he didn't care. He was too weak and it had been too damn long for him to maintain his composure.

Placing his hand on her shoulder, he rolled her onto her back. She resisted, so he slammed her down hard. She let out a cry, and tried to cover herself with her hands.

Her eyes darted around like a wild animal's. Severus pulled his arm across his body and backhanded her across the mouth. Her head snapped to the side as the blood trickled down her cheek, her delicate lips sliced on her teeth, her blonde locks tousled over her head and across her eyes. She let out another cry while covering her face. Grabbing her by the wrists, he pinned her arms above her head and looked into her eyes. She returned his gaze. This was her fatal mistake.

His eyes remained fixed on hers and, after a moment, he removed his hands from her arms. She didn't move. Removing his gloves, Severus swept his finger along the blood that was running down her cheek. Bringing it to his mouth, he deliberately licked it, savoring her reaction. Her eyes widened in shock, but no sound came from her as his black, empty eyes bore into hers. She couldn't look away. She didn't want to look away. A calmness took over her body, and her breathing began to slow down, as did her heartbeat.

Only those who were observing closely enough noticed that he was able to synchronize her breathing with his. Slowly they began breathing together. Even her heartbeat began to pulse in rhythm with his. The ritual of feeding came naturally to him.

Once he had her in his complete control, his eyes moved away from hers and onto her body. In the moonlight he could see her milky white skin and luscious curves. Her breasts swelled outward with every breath they took together. Leaning down he ran his tongue along her jaw to her ear. She shivered, but not from repulsion, from desire.

He leaned his body against hers so she could feel his hardness. She jerked slightly and whimpered.

His fingers glided them down her chest, grazing each nipple. The warmth of his hand on her skin was rewarded with her sensitive flesh hardening under his touch.

The Death Eaters had always been fascinated with Severus' feeding sacrament, and, as in the past, they did not turn away but merely watched in silent awe and respect. The power that he could obtain over his victims was mesmerizing. They saw her willingly raise her mouth up to meet his. Even though they had seen him feed before, they still could not get enough of his powerful display. They watched him, yet again, place his mouth over hers, patiently waiting for the spectacle to move forward.

She flinched and let out a cry. Severus had bitten her bottom lip, drawing blood. Greedily he sucked the warm liquid.

Removing his mouth from hers he sat up. Taking his fingers, he glided them over her breasts again, circling and caressing each one while maintaining eye contact with her. He ran his warm hands along her ribs and abdomen. She could feel the gentleness in his caresses and though she shivered under his touch, her body craved more. Slowly his hands slid lower, circling her hips and thighs. His strokes were purposeful yet delicate. He traced the curves of her hips, making his way to her inner thighs, never breaking eye contact.

Finally she closed her eyes under his ministrations and together they both breathed in sharply from her response. With her eyes closed, Severus was not receiving her energies.

Moving his hands, he again stroked her breasts, rolling her hard nipples between his fingers. Her eyes remained closed while her breathing became deeper. The firmness of his touch brought her a sense of security, the first she had felt all night and as his fingers circled downward, along her abdomen to her dark curls, she responded by submissively opening her legs for him.

Every voice in her head was screaming at her, telling her this was wrong and that she should be fighting him, but as she opened her eyes and looked into the blackness of his her desire grew. She not only wanted him to take her, she needed him to.

Lying back, she willingly opened for him completely, silently pleading for him to touch her, to make her feel the pleasure his fingers promised.

He could smell the musk odor of her arousal as she positioned herself for him. He traced his fingers along her inner thighs, brushing against her curls. Closing her eyes again, she let out a soft moan. He could feel her desires. He could sense her inner muscles of her walls pulsing, begging to be stretched.

Dipping one finger into her, he was rewarded with her erotic acknowledgment of the power he held over her as she moaned. He slid another finger into her to spread her wetness around, quite aware of his colleagues' desires to enjoy her ambrosia themselves. He spread her essence along her walls and lips and down onto her thighs, a small gesture of dominance to prove to the others that he was in control.

Sliding his fingers upward, he stroked her wet folds causing her hips to move. Opening her eyes, she pleaded with her eyes and with her moans for him to touch her most sensitive spot, but he merely smiled at her and avoided her swollen nub, playing with her, reminding her gently who was in charge. She relaxed once more and allowed herself to again enjoy the gratification of his fingers moving on her.

Finally her patience was rewarded as his fingers found her nub and stroked it firmly. Her hips bucked as she let out a cry of pleasure. Her breathing increased deeper and she continued to stare intently into his. Her mind and body were now completely entranced by his spell.

"Sit up," he whispered. She obeyed him as his fingers continued to massage her nub and they both moved into a sitting position. Her legs began to quiver and he pulled his fingers away from her quickly. "Not until I allow you," he hissed.

She nodded slightly, knowing that if she had any chance of him allowing her to climax, she would need to obey him. "Now, take me out," he said, gesturing toward his pants. "I want to fuck your mouth."

Obediently she unfastened his pants and released his throbbing erection. She lowered her head and placed her lips over the head of his cock. Greedily she began to suck and stroke him, taking all of him in.

He leaned back on his hands, watching her head bob up and down. Glancing at those witnessing his ritual, he noticed but was undisturbed by the obvious arousal each were displaying, except when his gaze passed to Wormtail, who was stroking himself at Severus' gratification, making him wince.

Severus took a steady deep breath to help maintain his composure; she was good, very good. The pressure was building in his groin and he knew he wasn't going to last long.

"Stop," he whispered before he could release. "Get on me and fuck me now." She willingly climbed onto his lap and lowered herself onto his glistening erection. Highly aroused, she began to move up and down on him enthusiastically. "Touch yourself," he hissed.

She sat up a little straighter and, placing one hand on his shoulder and the other one between her legs, she began to massage her nub while keeping a steady rhythm. Her movements were smooth and well practiced.

Severus leaned back, allowing her to do the work. Her wet, warm walls were pulsing his shaft, quickly driving him toward the edge, but he held back. Timing was everything.

Her eyes bore into his and her rhythm increased, both with her fingers and her pumping up and down on him. She began to moan and cry as the pressure built and the fire spread throughout her body. Her eyes began to glaze over and her legs began to tremble.

"Oh fuck!" she cried, releasing, her inner muscles massaging his shaft fiercely. He placed his hands on her hips and slammed her down harder on him. A few thrusts later he came as well.

Together they both cried out, their breathing still in sync. Severus grabbed her head and forced her to look into his eyes as she rode out her orgasm. The great amounts of energies her body was creating and releasing from her pleasure were transferring themselves to Severus, entering his body at the point of his own release.

As the others watched, they witnessed the loyal Death Eater's strength return. His color came back. His face was no longer sallow or sunken.

When Severus was finished, he shoved her off him. Getting to his feet with his back to the others, he fastened his pants and then turned around.

It was a sight to be seen. All the power and strength that Severus Snape was once known for was now fully displayed, and a sense of awe swept over the others.

Stepping over the woman, who was close to unconsciousness, Severus approached his Master and obediently knelt down before him.

"My Lord, how may I repay you?"

"By returning to me Severus, thus proving your loyalties, you have repaid me. Thirteen years ago I ordered you to spy on Albus Dumbledore and for thirteen years you did just that, never leaving your post. You are my loyal servant. Rise, Severus."

Severus stood up smoothly, maintaining eye contact with the Dark Lord, who he now had the strength to stand eye to eye with. It had been years since he felt this alive.

There was the sound of whispering and a smile spread around the circle.

"Enjoy her, my servants," commanded Voldemort. The remaining men approached the woman, who no longer held a desire to sexually satisfy Severus, or anyone else for that matter. The control that Severus had held over her was gone and her fear had returned.

Severus watched just long enough to see Wormtail pull his pants down and thrust sharply into her, her cries breaking through the silence of the night. The men cheered him on while another Death Eater released his own erection and began to violate her mouth. They ravished the woman over and over into the night while Severus spoke

with the Dark Lord.

"Severus, my son, my plans have failed for tonight, but I have come too far to give up now. I expect you to maintain your post at Dumbledore's side. The old fool is going to reconstruct the Order of the Phoenix, correct?"

"Yes, my Lord," Severus answered obediently. He knew what information to deny and what to confess. For his benefit and to confirm his trust with the Dark Lord, Severus decided to admit to more than he normally would.

"Good, then you shall become their key member, providing them with crucial information about our own meetings." The sarcasm was thick in Voldemort's voice. "For now we shall remain inactive. I am not prepared to take on both the Ministry and Dumbledore. From what you have told me, Dumbledore will be taking on the Ministry for me. For now, I will let that feud brew while we make our own plans."

"As you wish, my Lord."

"Go now, Severus. Finish feeding, my son."

"Thank you, my Lord." Severus bowed respectfully before returning to the group of Death Eaters.

The woman was lying on her back, barely breathing. Her body was bruised and bloodied.

As Severus approached, the Death Eaters immediately stepped aside, allowing him through. Kneeling down between her legs, Severus flipped her over. Unfastening his pants, he released his erection, which had appeared instantly at the Dark Lord's suggestion. Pulling her hips up, he spread her buttocks apart to reveal the place she had been fucked, but Severus had yet to take her. Thrusting sharply into her caused her to give out a pain-filled cry. The cry only aroused him further, making him thrust harder and faster into her. She was tight, so incredibly tight. He held onto her hips while the rest of her body became limp as she finally stopped fighting. Severus' release came shortly after she gave up her struggle and he groaned as his seed spilled into her. Pulling out, he saw the evidence of his climax along with her blood trickle down her buttock.

As he rolled her onto her back again, she looked at him with her empty blue eyes. Slowly she blinked, knowing the end was soon to come. Severus lowered his head between her legs to her inner thigh. Licking and then sucking a particular place on her smooth skin, he bit into her.

Her body jerked from the pain and shock, but it ended quickly. A warm, erotic euphoria spread throughout her. Her body relaxed as everything went black.

~TBC

Primero

Chapter 2 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

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Primero

Two years later, Hermione Granger, Harry Potter, and Ronald Weasley were sitting in the kitchen of Number 12 Grimmauld Place, waiting for a meeting of the Order of the Phoenix to begin. They had already begun their seventh year so they resided at Hogwarts like all students, but would return to the old Black residence for the meetings.

After Sirius' death, Harry had inherited everything belonging to his Godfather, including the house. Harry had agreed that the Order could remain there under one condition: that he, Ron, and Hermione would be treated like adults and information would not be withheld from them. After much negotiation, it was agreed that the three would become adult members of the Order in addition to spending their summers at Grimmauld Place.

The members of the Order were on edge, silently waiting for Severus Snape to arrive. Everyone was very aware of the seriousness of the role Severus played and showed their appreciation of him whenever they could everyone, that is, except Harry, Ron and Hermione. They still hated Snape as much as he despised them. Although Hermione made a valiant attempt at times to remind her friends of the crucial role Snape played for the Order and the respect he deserved from them, she wandered every time he insulted her why she persisted in trying to give Snape the appreciation she felt he deserved. Even though she only spoke of it with her friends, Hermione felt as though her dislike for him was a betrayal of their valued ally. Snape's ongoing harshness, though, kept her antipathy at a constant low boil.

At last, Severus entered the kitchen wearing his trademark black robes that billowed behind him as he strode into the room. He hurriedly made his way to the front, making it clear in the minds of all present that he did not have a second to waste. It pleased him to find everyone in attendance, waiting for him, confirming and acknowledging his vital role to the group.

Albus Dumbledore stood to welcome Severus as he approached, his light blue robes and the white beard that blended with the intricate embroidered pattern on his front, contrasting with the severe, solid black of the Potions Master's clothing. The half-moon glasses balancing on the tip of Albus' nose moved slightly as he greeted Severus with an appreciative handshake.

Severus leaned in and whispered something to Albus before letting go of his hand and continuing to the front of the kitchen. Albus shook his head in acknowledgement and murmured, "Of course, Severus," but said nothing more.

"The bat almost looks human tonight," Ron loudly whispered, turning to face Harry and Hermione.

A 'SMACK!' echoed throughout the kitchen, followed by a "Shhhhh!" as Molly Weasley heard her son whispering just as Severus was about to speak, and reaching across two people she smacked Ron on the back of the head. Ron gave his mum a dirty look, but didn't say another word.

Snape's eyes darted in their direction and he scowled at them for a moment before turning his attention to the rest of the group. It was no secret that there was discord between Snape and the three students, but because they were working on the same side, they tacitly agreed to stomach the others' presence for the sake of harmony within the Order.

"Severus, please inform us of the latest developments concerning Tom," requested Albus, attempting to direct the attention of those present back to the purpose of the

gathering. It wasn't often that Severus attended meetings, so, when he did, it was clear he had information the others needed to be informed of.

Severus nodded and before he spoke, his eyes scanned each of the members silently commanding all of their attentions. They gave it to him, even Harry, Ron, and Hermione. His voice was quiet and smooth with an underlying authoritarian quality that compelled everyone to listen to him intently as the words flowed from his mouth...

"The Dark Lord is currently planning an attack on Azkaban. He wants the rest of his Death Eaters by his side."

During their sixth year, the Death Eaters had attacked Hogsmeade, but in an impressive battle, the students that were present and mainly members of the D.A., were able to fight them off until the Order arrived.

A group of students decided that they needed to learn how to protect themselves due to their belief in a few years ago when Voldemort returned many wizards and witches refused to believe it because the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, denied the claims that were made by Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter. There were a few students who did believe that Voldemort had returned and felt they needed to be prepared to defend themselves. The current Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher was Dolores Umbridge. Umbridge, by orders from Cornelius Fudge, did not teach the students defense spells and curses, so with the persistence of Hermione, Harry formed a club that taught defense spells and curses. The students who joined became known as Dumbledore's Army, the D.A.

During the attack on Hogsmeade, several Death Eaters had been taken into custody, and all had proven to be powerful, loyal servants to the Dark Lord.

"The specific intricacies of the Dark Lord's plans have not been made available to me as yet, but I am aware that the raid on Azkaban will take place during the next full moon." Severus' eyes flashed to Remus Lupin, searching for his reaction. Voldemort's most recent attacks had all occurred during full moons, preventing Remus from fulfilling his duties as an Order member.

The gray streaks through Remus' light brown hair had become more evident over the past two years, just as the lines of stress had deepened on his face. Remus Lupin was a well-liked man amongst those who knew him well, but, generally, those around him misunderstood him due to his lycanthropy, which had proven itself to be more than just a physical curse. Remus' affliction had controlled his life to the point he believed that he had lost everything: his friends, his rightful life, and his desire to exist. With his defeatism came the burning need to fight his frustrations out on the battlefield. In his mind, he had nothing to lose; his existence was something he was willing to sacrifice for those who did know him, those who showed that they cared.

Hearing Severus emphasize the date of the next attack once again made him feel redundant. Clenching his fist, Remus forced himself to calm, not wanting to give Severus the satisfaction of seeing his rage and frustration. Remus returned Severus' gaze, knowing it would annoy Severus. He unclenched his fist and controlled his outward reactions.

Severus saw Remus' fist clench and quickly relax. The corner of his mouth curled. Maintaining eye contact with Remus, Severus took a slow, deep breath, utilizing the energy from Remus' emotions before continuing.

"The Dark Lord believes that it will be most advantageous to attack during the full moon, because the Esbats celebrations bring power and inner strength, increasing the powers of the Dark Lord. He wants three of his Death Eaters returned to him, Lucius Malfoy and both Bellatrix and Rodolphus Lestrange. The others are expendable and he doesn't care whether they are returned to him - they have failed him too many times."

Severus' eyes moved to meet Remus' again, confirming his heightened negative emotions due to Severus' baiting.

"Now that the Goblins are in full control of Azkaban, it will be very difficult to get in," Molly offered.

Molly had noticed after Sirius' death that Severus would remain at the house slightly longer than before. It may have been only an hour or two more, but it caused Molly to be concerned with even the most minor details when preparing for a meeting. She held a deep respect for the caustic wizard, and even though she knew it was unlikely that Severus would eat while in the Black house, Molly made sure that all Severus' preferred foods and beverages were available. She, along with several of the other members of the Order, recognized Severus as being an integral part of their plans to defeat Voldemort, and she was willing to do the extra work to let him know that he was appreciated.

Albus stood up and turned to face the group. "Yes, it will be more difficult for Tom to successfully release his Death Eaters. The Goblins agreed to take over Azkaban on the condition that they have full control, which includes fighting to any degree necessary to keep the peace. It will be a violent battle."

"Severus, what strategy is Voldemort using to access Azkaban?" asked Kingsley Shacklebolt in his deep slow voice. The tall, black Auror, who sported a single gold hoop earring and dark brown robes, was a key player within the Order because of his connections inside the Ministry.

Severus respected Kingsley for his ability to fight and the level of intelligence he displayed, but still held a grudge against Kingsley for leading the Ministry astray in its search for Sirius Black, shortly after his escape from Azkaban.

"He told his Death Eaters to use any means available to us to return his servants," Severus answered in a cold voice.

The meeting continued with the laying out of different strategies which, they hoped, would cover all angles of attack while protecting as many Order members and Goblins as possible. At the conclusion of the meeting, Harry, Ron, and Hermione stood and made their way to the buffet table.

Ron and Harry were no longer scrawny boys, both having filled out in all the right places. Their increased height and weight gave them the appearance of two bodyguards standing over Hermione. Ron was slightly taller than Harry, and both were heartthrobs among the ladies. Hermione was tall and slender, her hair longer but just as bushy as it had been her entire life. The extra length allowed her to tie it back and keep it out of her way. She had also filled out in all the right places, but kept it hidden underneath her robes. She didn't want or have time for a boyfriend. The three were still inseparable, best friends tried and true.

It was close to midnight when dinner served. The three youngest members of the Order were all very hungry, but Ron was so completely famished that he rushed to the buffet without decorum, to quell his stomach's protests.

"Okay, I understand mum's motive to provide Snape's favorite foods, but bloody hell, the bat never eats here," spouted Ron in between bites of apple crisp and pudding. He was always the first to fill his plate and the first to start eating, even if they weren't sitting at the table. "How does mum know that he even likes this if he's never eaten here?"

"She spoke to the house elves at Hogwarts," whispered Hermione. "Dobby informed her of the foods he prefers, but it's a waste if you ask me. He doesn't even thank her."

Harry silently watched the members of the Order make their way to Snape, expressing their gratitude and appreciation, yet Severus seemed to be unmoved by the gestures. It was clear that Severus was enjoying the position he held in the group, in his usual smug manner.

"Come on Harry, fill your plate," insisted Ron, handing one to him. "Mum is too busy gushing over the bat to even notice her children are starving."

Harry looked back at Ron and then down at the plate that was being shoved into his abdomen. "Thanks," he muttered, taking the plate and filling it with the delicious foods Molly had spent all day preparing. Glancing back, he noticed that Snape was leaving without even glancing twice in Harry's direction. He was grateful for Snape's quick departure, but insulted at the same time, considering that it was at his house the Order was based. He would have liked some kind of acknowledgement from the man. The only thing Snape ever offered was an occasional snide comment about Sirius.

"Come on, love," snapped Ron, taking Hermione's hand, "Let's go sit at the table and enjoy what mum made, even if it wasn't for us." She willingly followed, carrying her plate in her other hand.

"Your mum means well," she said, taking that seat the Ron pulled out for her.

Sitting down heavily in his chair and sighing, he said in a calmer voice, "I know, Hermione. I'm sorry, but it just makes me mad that she goes out of her way to do something nice and doesn't get the recognition she deserves, even if it is from Snape."

"Don't take it so personally, Ron. It isn't like Snape ever gives a compliment," said Harry, joining the two.

"I know, Harry, but hell, this is my mum and I only want what's best."

Hermione suddenly stood up and announced, "Well, maybe he was never taught good manners, but I certainly was." She took her cloth napkin from her lap, laid it on the table, and left before Ron and Harry could say one word.

"Oh gods, she's going to lose points from Gryffindor," moaned Ron.

Harry smiled at her, watching her determinedly catch up with Snape. "Leave her alone," he said with an amused tone in his voice, "she knows what she's doing."

Ron shook his head and went back to eating his food. The thought of Hermione facing off with Snape was something he would rather hear about than witness since both had tempers that could not be reasoned with. Just as Severus was opening the front door to leave, Hermione called out.

"Professor Snape, may I have a word with you, please?"

His hand was on the doorknob, when he heard her call. He cringed. 'Gods, and I was mere seconds from a clean getaway,' he thought. Turning to face her, he closed his robes while crossing his arms in one smooth movement. Silently glaring at her, he cocked one eyebrow, implying that she was wasting his time.

Standing tall and proud, she said matter-of-factly, "Professor Snape, you are a man of intellect, one who pays attention to detail, so of course you have noticed that Molly Weasley, once again, has gone out of her way to prepare an array of delicacies to please your sophisticated tastes. Yet you never stay to enjoy them, or even acknowledge her efforts."

Severus was impressed with her bluntness, but keeping his expression solemn, he leaned closer to her, maintaining eye contact, and said in a smooth, deep voice, "Did it ever occur to you that it might not be the food, but the company I would have to keep?"

Hermione's eyes narrowed as her fists clenched at her sides. Her face turned red from anger and her mouth opened to speak, but she quickly closed it, forcing herself to remain silent. She saw the corner of his mouth curl and realized he seemed to revel in her angry reaction. Forcing herself to calm down, she took a deep breath, noticing that he too took a deep breath, as if they were in sync with one another. As quickly as she noticed it, though, he had nodded and left.

Hermione turned and stomped back to where she had left Ron and Harry who were busy eating. Flopping down in her chair, she crossed her arms and glared in the direction Snape had left.

"Let it go, Hermione," coaxed Harry, "he's not worth it. You have better things to spend that pent up energy on."

"Like what?" she snapped.

"Like the transfiguration essay Professor McGonagall assigned us."

"Oh gods, I still need to research the differences between organic transformation and inorganic transformation," she squeaked. Jumping up from her chair, she kissed each boy on the cheek, grabbed her book bag and left.

Ron and Harry looked at each other and laughed. They had finally learned a surefire way to distract Hermione when she was fuming: just remind her of a current homework assignment. So far it had worked every time.

~TBC

Segundo

Chapter 3 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Segundo

The Goblins had changed Azkaban, giving it a much different appearance from when the Dementors were in control. It now had numerous underground tunnels similar to those at Gringotts, making escape virtually impossible. This night, however, Voldemort won the Goblins maze game. Using Legilimency, Voldemort and Severus were able to locate the captive Death Eaters and direct the attacking Death Eaters to their locations. Both the Dark Lord and Severus waited in the shadows, the full moon illuminating the grounds around the prison and acting as the perfect guide for all in their escape. It was an easy rescue; the only difficulty of note was in following the Goblins around the prison in order to memorize the paths taken. With the aid of several spells, they mapped out the routes for the retrieval of Bellatrix, Rodolphus, and Lucius.

As the three prisoners made their way to the main level of the prison, the battle began. Both members of the Order and Goblins took their positions against the Death Eaters who were waiting to escort their colleagues out of the prison.

Voldemort's plan had not succeeded without complications. Bellatrix Lestrange and Lucius Malfoy escaped injured and wandless whilst Rodolphus did not escape at all. Despite Lestrange having been slain, it had been a good battle.

After Bellatrix and Lucius had been healed, they took their places among the circle of Death Eaters, waiting for their Master to speak. Bellatrix was standing next to the space that had been saved for her husband, Rodolphus. She stood tall and proud with her black hair tied behind her and her hooded eyes looking around at her fellow Death Eaters, exhilarated that she was able to serve her Master once more. Her eyes fell on each of her colleagues until finally she found the one she had been yearning for the most: Severus Snape. It was apparent that the death of her husband had not affected her in the slightest; she wasted no time making her intentions known.

During the battle, when her husband had faltered in casting an Unforgivable after taking the wand from a fallen Death Eater, Bellatrix had turned her back on him for such

an outward display of weakness. He was killed by a curse thrown at his back by a Goblin. She had been shamed by her husband's apparent cowardice on the battlefield, now that Bellatrix was back in the circle, a sense of pride overtook her in being a faithful Death Eater and she held her head high.

The Dark Lord addressed his servants, commending them on their success. He waved his wand and over a dozen women appeared, ready and willing to pleasure each of them. As they scattered to select their prizes for the night, Bellatrix made her way to Severus, who was waiting silently in the shadows for her. She wasted no time in throwing her arms around his neck, pulling him towards her and claiming his lips with her own. Severus reciprocated by placing his hands around her waist, pulling her closer as his tongue entered her mouth. It was no secret that the two had been involved and now that Rodolphus was dead, they didn't hesitate to display their ardor to all around them. Someone came up behind Bellatrix and tapped her on the shoulder before they spoke.

"Bellatrix, my condolences on your husband."

She stopped kissing Severus, but remained in his embrace as she slowly turned her head to see who had dared interrupt what she had been denied for almost a year. Wormtail stood in front of the couple, looking up at Bellatrix with eyes that were full of admiration.

Reaching into Severus' robes, she withdrew his wand and flicked it at Wormtail, whispering, "Crucio." Bellatrix loathed Wormtail as much as Severus did, so it took very little energy to cast an Unforgivable against him.

A few of the Death Eaters stopped playing with their prizes for a moment to see who it was that was screaming and bucking under the Cruciatus, but once they realized it was Wormtail, they smirked and shrugged before returning to their activities.

After a few minutes and with the evidence that Wormtail had lost control of his bodily functions, Bellatrix removed the curse and hissed, "I have no time for condolences, especially from a man who was too weak to assist in my escape. I saw you, Wormtail, hiding in the shadows like a pathetic slug. Come near me again and I will kill you."

Wormtail quickly retreated, stumbling over his own feet as he tried to get away from her and back to the Dark Lord for protection. Ignoring him, Voldemort walked past without recognition, making it clear that his usefulness was wearing thin.

Bellatrix turned back to face Severus, only to have him grab her by the throat and shove her against the tree behind her. She winced from the pain.

"Fuck you, Severus," she hissed before spitting in his face. Instantly he backhanded her before wiping the spit from his cheek. He then leaned into her, pinning her body with his and placing his mouth at her ear. She could feel his warm breath against her skin and his hardness grinding into her.

Pulling up her skirt, he found her knickers and tore them off. Roughly shoving his fingers into her, he discovered that she was wet. "You are nothing but a filthy whore," he hissed, biting her neck so that she would wince in pain.

She gasped, but spat back, "Then be a man, Severus, and fuck me like a whore should be fucked!" Severus took his free hand and fumbled with his pants, exposing his erection.

"Touch me," he hissed. Bellatrix obediently submitted, reaching down and roughly stroking him until he moaned.

Hoarsely she begged, "I want to taste you Severus, please."

"Your tastes always include teeth," he sneered before biting on her lip, drawing blood. Pushing her hands off him, he grabbed her leg, wrapped it around his waist and thrust into to her smoothly but powerfully.

Letting out a cry of pleasure, she yelled, "Harder, Severus, harder!" He began to viciously pump into her, ramming her hips and buttocks into the tree. "Fuck me like a man!" she screamed. He squeezed her throat harder, causing her to gasp for breath, but knowing it would trigger her climax.

Within minutes, he felt her walls pulsing and milking his shaft before her body fell limply against his. Severus continued driving into her until he reached his own orgasm and released into her. Slowing down his thrusts, he rode out his climax and then abruptly pulled out, letting her go as he moved away. Her body slid down the tree and onto the ground and while Bellatrix gasped for breath, Severus adjusted himself and fastened his pants. Putting his hand into his pocket, Severus pulled out a knut and flicked it so that it landed in front of her.

"For services rendered," he sneered before walking away.

"Fuck you, Severus!" Bellatrix said in a strained voice. Ignoring her, he made his way to the other women to acquaint himself with them.

~TBC

El Tercero

Chapter 4 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

El tercero

A week later Hermione, Ron, and Harry were making their way to Defense Against the Dark Arts with Professor Lupin. He had been re-hired by Albus Dumbledore with full support from the Ministry. Cornelius Fudge was no longer entrusted with the office of Minister of Magic since his denial of the return of Voldemort. It was felt amongst top-level officials that had Fudge acknowledged the return of the Dark Lord and aided Dumbledore when the first rumors of Voldemort's reappearance arose, he might not have been the threat to the wizarding world he was today.

Griselda Marchbanks was the new Minister of Magic. She had been head of the Wizarding Examinations Authority and had administered the N.E.W.T.s for so many years that she even administered them to Albus Dumbledore in his seventh year at Hogwarts. The only break in her many years of service had been her protest to Delores Umbridge's appointing herself Hogwarts High Inquisitor. Griselda refused to tolerate such nonsense and resigned to show her full support for Albus Dumbledore. The Ministry of Magic saw this action as a display of true integrity and therefore appointed her Minister of Magic.

Severus was quite resentful that he had not been offered the DADA position, and he took a rather depraved pleasure in taunting Remus about the werewolf's value, or lack thereof, to the Order. He knew full well the way that it sent Lupin into a cycle of self-condemnation; and his emotions were barely restrained while he was in the company of the surly Potions Master at the best of times. But the animosity Severus bore the man was not solely born of his opinion of him. Over the years that he had contributed to the Order and to Hogwarts, Albus had assured Severus that he held full faith in him. The Headmaster's continued denial of Severus' request for the Dark Arts position, however, confirmed in Severus' mind that he was considered an expendable pawn. His pleasure, enjoyment, desires, and ambitions were held in escrow, easily taken from him if doubt or suspicion ever fell upon him. His life was a mere game for those higher powers who would use him to help them divide, defeat, and conquer, but he would be lucky to end as fodder for Hippogriffs if he should ever fail or become redundant.

As his class entered for their DADA lesson, Remus stood quietly outside the door, collecting his thoughts, when Severus glided to his side. Hermione knew of the almost tangible animosity between the two wizards, and inwardly cringed when she noticed her Potions Professor's appearance.

Speaking just loud enough for Remus to hear, Severus hissed, "Always an observer, Lupin. Your usefulness is wearing thin." Severus continued walking as though nothing had occurred, but inwardly satisfied that it was just enough salt to rub in the wounds he had scraped into Remus' thoughts and feelings, bleeding him slowly of his confidence and purpose.

Letting out a low growl, Remus stormed into the classroom, slamming the door behind him. He had spent a great deal of his life trying to search for a place to belong, finding it once in his illicit adventures with James, Sirius, and Peter, but it had been short lived. The seven years they had spent together had blessed him briefly with a sense of belonging and acceptance, but it was only a memory now. His friends had been picked off one by one, and now he was left alone, more so than he had been in his entire life.

The seventh year Gryffindors and Slytherins watched Professor Lupin storm into the room, a gesture, that until now, they had been under the obviously mistaken assumption was trademarked by Snape. There was no warm greeting today as Professor Lupin spoke in a tone that none of the students had thought him capable of. His voice was low and menacing.

"For your N.E.W.T.'s Defense Against the Arts Class, you will write a 20 foot essay on vampires." Hermione's hand shot up in the air, but Remus ignored her. "I am aware that you wrote an essay on vampires, but this time you will explore them in depth, researching specifically the Romanian Vampire and how this particular vampire feeds upon its victims and how it can be destroyed." He emphasized the last word, leaving a chill in the room. "Contrary to common belief, not all vampires are dead, but I will leave the rest for you to discover on your own. It will be due in one month." The class groaned, not because of the topic of the essay, because the length was beyond reasonable. Not even Snape assigned a paper that long. Class continued with the lecture they had begun the previous week, the topic of vampires left for another lesson. Having already read in depth the subject of discussion, Hermione allowed her mind to wander to the vampire essay. It was so uncharacteristic of Professor Lupin to show hostility at all, let alone while he was teaching, but then again, Professor Snape had that effect on people. Still, Hermione sensed that there was more.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

A few nights later Hermione was in the library with a stack of books, including a few on vampires, when Ron and Harry reluctantly entered the library. They would have rather been practicing Quidditch than doing homework, but they had promised Hermione that they would follow the study schedule she had created for them.

Hermione and Harry, as Head Girl and Boy, had less time for studying. Their responsibilities as Hogwarts student leaders took time, increasing their need to focus when they did have studying time available to them. When they were first notified about being selected as Head Boy and Head Girl, Ron initially displayed years of suppressed resentment towards Harry, having lived in his famous friend's shadow his entire Hogwarts experience, but his anger was extinguished when Harry persuaded the Gryffindor Quidditch team that Ron would make a fine captain. Ron, being the Quidditch fanatic he was, felt this station to be at least as important as being Head Boy, and stopped holding any grudge against Harry. The Golden Trio were proud of the status they held at school, but didn't let it get in the way of who they really were - best friends.

"I should have known, Hermione. You're already starting the essay Remus gave us," grumbled Ron, but Hermione did not acknowledge him, nor stop her note taking.

"Hermione!"

"Did you know that some vampires are born vampires, while others are created?" she asked, not looking up. She had heard every word they had said, but prided herself in her ability to ignore them. The book she had checked out from the Restricted Section on vampires was too fascinating for her to be drawn from it to respond to their never-ending complaints about her studying.

"Don't waste your time reading, love. If you want to know about vampires, ask Snape," said Harry flatly gesturing over his shoulder. They looked up to see that Snape had just entered the library, heading directly toward the Restricted Section with his black robes billowing behind him.

"He might look like a vampire, but he can't be one," whispered Ron, "Vampires can't survive in the sunlight, and you know that Snape hasn't missed a Quidditch match in years."

"Only the Strigoi cannot tolerate sun, because they are dead vampires. The Moroi are living vampires and can tolerate the sun, though they are more comfortable in the shadows," stated Hermione, proudly sharing the information she had discovered. Ron and Harry were less than impressed as they covertly watched Snape walk out of the Restricted Section and over to Madam Pince. Although the boys were fully aware of the role Snape played within the Order, they preferred not to turn their backs on him, and they watched him closely as he crossed his arms, wrapping his robes around himself.

"Bloody hell, you mean he really is a vampire?" choked Ron, as the implication of Hermione's words finally registered with him. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"If that were the only characteristic that qualified someone to be a vampire, then half the wizards and witches we know would be vampires too."

"She's right, Ron, don't read so much into it," said Harry. "If I honestly thought he was a vampire, I would have sprayed him with holy water by now." Ron laughed nervously as Snape's head snapped around in their direction, both boys feeling intimidated at the thought that he had heard their conversation.

"I suggest that you two stop watching vampire movies and start researching the facts, then perhaps you will find out that Hollywood portrayals of the vampire are based on unsubstantiated rumors and fables," Hermione interjected in a vicious hiss.

Wanting to avoid an intellectual debate they were clearly under-prepared for, Ron and Harry sat down and each pulled out a project to work on, neither of them acknowledging the vampire essay that Hermione was so evidently enthralled in. They were, in all honesty, a little resentful that Remus had assigned such a difficult essay.

Draco Malfoy entered the library a short time later with his two cronies, Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. All three had grown noticeably in the past two years, but whereas Malfoy had grown taller, Crabbe and Goyle had merely become thicker and more feeble-minded. Draco looked very much like his father now that his hair was longer and pulled back. He was almost as tall, but not as muscular, as Lucius. It was Malfoy who noticed the Gryffindor trio and led Crabbe and Goyle over to them.

"Well, what do we have here?" sneered Malfoy, "The Boy Who Lived, or should I say, an obedient watchdog, just like his useless mutt of a godfather." Crabbe and Goyle let out a few grunts that could only be interpreted as laughter.

Harry began to stand up, but Ron placed a hand on his shoulder, holding him down. Malfoy glanced down at Hermione's book on vampires and snorted. Turning to Hermione, he smirked at her, "You are supposed to be such a know-it-all, yet you can't even see what has been in front of you all these years."

Hermione's eyes narrowed, her mind working quickly, attempting to interpret Malfoy's meaning.

"Shut up, Malfoy," Ron hissed as he jumped to his feet, and stood to face off with Draco. Ron was slightly the taller of the two, and resembled a bulldog with his chest puffed out, ready to defend Hermione's honor.

Crabbe and Goyle again grunted at Ron, while Draco ignored him, instead turning to Harry as he hissed maliciously, "It's nice having father back after all this time. But I guess that is something you will never understand, hey, Potter?"

In one smooth move, Harry stood, drew his wand, and aimed it at Draco's throat. Annunciating each word slowly, Harry spoke in a dangerously low voice. "One. More. Word. Malfoy. And. It. Ends. Here."

"Harry!" hissed Hermione.

"Twenty points from Gryffindor, Potter, and put your wand down," said the deep voice of Snape, who had approached the group. The sneer on his face made it clear that the Potions Master was enjoying the situation. "And another twenty points from Gryffindor," his eyes flashed to Hermione. "You are Head Girl, Miss Granger, needless to say I am disappointed in your lack of ability to take charge. I do believe I shall be obligated to discuss with Professor McGonagall your apparent inadequacies as an effective leader."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all fuming with anger, but they managed to refrain from saying anything else, thinking of the number of points Snape would take off if they retaliated. Narrowing her eyes again and glaring, Hermione was the only one to make eye contact with Snape, but when he raised an eyebrow as if challenging her to reciprocate, she quickly backed down and turned to Harry and Ron, fearful that her own temper would result in her expulsion from Hogwarts.

"Let's go to the Gryffindor common room where we can study in peace," said Hermione in a pretentious voice. Harry and Ron glared once more at Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle before gathering their things and leaving.

Severus turned back to Draco and hissed, "What the hell was that all about?"

Draco snorted while glancing at Crabbe and then Goyle. "Just having fun, sir," but before Severus could comment, Draco continued, "Sir, there is something you should know..."

~TBC

Cuarto

Chapter 5 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Cuarto

A week after the Gryffindors' library confrontation with the Slytherin trio, Professor Lupin appeared to be in a somewhat better mood as he stood in front of the DADA class, wearing a set of robes that had clearly seen better days.

"I must apologize to you," he began with a slight hint of sarcasm, "but as I was taking a closer look at what you will be tested on during the N.E.W.T.s, I realized that you only need to know the basic principles of a vampire, which we covered in your third year. I am canceling the essay on vampires that I assigned you last week. Clearly, it would be a waste of time, since we have much more important topics to explore." His eyes flashed in Malfoy's direction as he finished.

The class breathed a sigh of relief, except for Hermione, who was not only disappointed, but also a bit suspicious of Remus' motives. It was so incongruous for him to make such an error. Hermione simply smiled, however, and pretended to be just as pleased as her classmates with the revelation.

The lecture began immediately, so it wasn't until they broke into small groups to discuss the applications of the new defense curse they just learned that Hermione leaned closer to Harry and Ron and whispered, "It doesn't make sense. Why would Remus backtrack on an assignment? It's not like him."

"What are you talking about, Hermione?" asked Harry.

"The Vampire essay."

"I don't care what his reasoning is, even if it's insanity, just as long as I don't have to write a twenty foot essay," snapped Ron.

"I have to agree with him there, Hermione. Our homework load is much heavier than it's been in the past, and a twenty foot essay on Vampires is not what I want to be spending my time on for the next month," added Harry. Faced with the apathy-motivated opinions of her friends, Hermione dropped the subject and concentrated on her current assignment. Harry's observation on their workload was, in all fairness, accurate, but she was still concerned about the true genesis of Remus' change of heart.

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The month passed by slowly for the three, consumed in homework and classes. Together they made the decision to become Aurors, and since they had all their classes together, they were able to work on the assignments together.

Despite her best efforts, Hermione's thoughts still wandered occasionally back to the vampire essay that Remus had reneged on, so she decided to complete her research for it to see if the something in the material itself would establish the reason for its cancellation.

She had been working on the research for almost two weeks when she received a letter from Madam Pince.

Miss Granger,

You have in your possession a book called *The Legendary Elements of the Romanian Vampire*, by Antigonus Eglamous. A professor is in need of this book, so I am requesting that you return it as soon as possible.

Madam Pince

Hermione read the note several times before tucking it away and pulling out a scroll to write her reply. She had always been considerate of others by quickly reading and

efficiently returning books before they had been due, so this note was unusual and worrisome. Also, Hermione had already noticed that this book had not previously been checked out by anyone for over 20 years. Her suspicions grew because it was a professor, rather than a student, who wished to borrow it. Feeling more than a little put out by this request, as well as suspicious, Hermione decided not to simply give in and return the book easily.

Madam Pince,

I assure you that I will promptly return the book when I am finished reading it, just as I always have. Please take into consideration that the book contains over 5000 pages, so I will need the full two weeks that I am allotted when checking out a book.

Sincerely,

Hermione Granger

The next day Hermione received another note.

Miss Granger,

I am requesting that you return the book, *The Legendary Elements of the Romanian Vampire*, by Antigonus Eglamous immediately. The professor who has requested the book needs it to prepare for a class, and until this book is returned, you are prohibiting the education of the professor's students. I will expect the book in my library today at five o'clock.

Madam Pince

Hermione made her way to the library a little before five o'clock with the book in hand. She had finished reading the book and had taken the necessary notes, so she was ready to return it, but she was still offended at the notion that she was keeping other students from learning. Madam Pince was sitting behind her desk, looking at the Head Girl sternly as she entered the library and approached her.

Her hair was pulled back in a tight bun while her eyes searched Hermione suspiciously, as if the girl were there to destroy all of her books in retaliation.

"Miss Granger, I see that you decided to return the book," she said irritably. She resembled an underfed vulture, with her shriveled face and cold eyes.

"Considering that I didn't have a choice, Madam Pince, I decided that it was best." Hermione handed the book to her and waited. Madam Pince snatched the book from her hands and placed it on the desk before returning her attention to what she had been working on. Looking up after a short time, the Librarian was surprised and irritated to see Hermione still standing in her presence expectantly, her arms crossed and her fingers drumming absentmindedly.

"Can I help you with something else?" snapped Madam Pince.

"I am waiting for you to send the book to the professor who needs it, seeing that he or she couldn't bear to be without the book for another moment."

"Miss Granger, I suggest that you mind your own business before I take points from Gryffindor. Do I make myself clear, young lady?"

Hermione gave her a small smile, answering mechanically, "Perfectly clear." She then turned and found a table to sit at to work on her homework. Hermione sat in the library the remainder of the evening, waiting to see who came in for the book or to whom Madam Pince sent it. Needless to say, there was an array of both professors and students that entered the library, but none, as far as Hermione could tell, approached Madam Pince and left with the book. At ten o'clock, the library was set to close, and Hermione casually walked by Madame Pince's desk. The book was gone.

Hermione was ready to kick herself. It was occasions like this when she realized that she still thought like a Muggle, when witch's logic was what was needed. It was obvious that there were other ways for a professor to get a book from the library without actually walking into the library - or were there? It didn't matter now, since the book was gone and there had been too many people in the library for her to possibly remember who might have taken it. Gathering her things, Hermione left in frustration.

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That weekend, Severus was summoned by the Dark Lord, and found himself standing in the circle of Death Eaters, waiting for his Master to speak. There was a new moon, so the evening was not only cold and windy, but dark and eerie. Of course, it could have been the middle of a summer afternoon and the Dark Lord's presence would still create an atmosphere of foreboding.

"It is time to remind Dumbledore that I am in control. I want a member of his Order to die, but not just any member. I want Remus Lupin dead. It is time to put an end to the Marauders," hissed the Dark Lord. His servants murmured amongst themselves as he slowly walked to each Death Eater, reading their thoughts. When he came to Severus, he stopped.

"Severus, you have no thoughts, my son?" Severus didn't move, but maintained eye contact with his Master. "There is only one reason for this. You are keeping information from me."

Severus did not respond, knowing that denial would make it worse. The last thing he heard was the cold hiss, "Crucio!"

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With all Hermione's duties as Head Girl, her homework, and regular meetings of the Order, it had been a long, stressful week. She decided to make some time for herself by enjoying the serenity of the night while sitting by the lake. It was very late, but if she didn't take the time to clear her mind, she would only deny herself another night's rest. She often suffered sleeplessness because of her ever active mind, which constantly churned over events in her life, searching tirelessly for answers and solutions that usually failed to come forth.

Sitting on a rock outside Hogwarts' grounds that she had claimed as her own, she curled her legs up to her chest, rested her chin on her knees, and wrapped her robe tightly around her body to keep the night chill out. She could easily have placed a warming charm on herself, but preferred the comforting feeling of her robes.

She stared off into the direction of the lake, listening to the ripples caused by the movement of the squid lap against the rocks at the shore. Only the stars could be seen tonight, as there was no moon to illuminate her surroundings.

This was Hermione's time to reflect and try to make sense of what her life had become. She certainly wasn't complaining or disappointed that she was a witch, but the challenges, prejudices, and wars that accompanied rewards were complications she had never anticipated in childhood.

Slowly breathing in the crisp night air, she momentarily held her breath before exhaling, releasing her tension. Closing her eyes, she emptied her mind.

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Severus lay on his back, trying to regulate his breathing and overcome the pain from the Cruciatus that had been inflicted upon him by the Dark Lord. Hearing his Master say, "That is all," Severus finally breathed a sigh of relief instead. He heard his colleagues of the dark Disapparate and became painfully aware that he was drained of his energy. Keeping his eyes closed, he concentrated all his energy to Disapparate.

Severus opened his eyes to the blackness of the night. He heard the familiar sounds of water splashing into rocks and realized he had again succeeded in Apparating under strenuous circumstances. He continued to lie on his back, waiting for death. His energy had never been so depleted and, not having the energy to find a victim to

feed upon, he resigned himself to his fate and readied to face his mortality.

With her mind feeling relaxed enough to sleep, Hermione slowly rose from the rock and began walking back to the castle. Suddenly, she tripped over something in the dark.

She fell flat on her face, but quickly rolled onto her side and drew her wand to defend herself.

"Lumos," she whispered. A light shone from the end of her wand, and she turned it toward the object lying in her path.

"Oh gods," she whispered, seeing Professor Snape lying on the ground. Dropping to her knees, she leaned over him to see if he was conscious. Shining her wand over his face, she could see that his hair was wet and he was sweating. Assuming that he was sick, she touched him on the cheek and cradled his face.

"Professor Snape," she said gently, "you will be okay, sir. I'm going to help you."

The voice sounded so far away, but Severus forced his eyes open. Looking into a pair of familiar brown eyes, Severus recognized Hermione Granger.

Faced with the choice of life or death, Severus' natural instincts took over.

On the occasions that Severus had to save his life, whether for self-defense or survival, he would automatically go for his victim's jugular which would guarantee his victim's death but his survival. When feeding to restore his low energy levels, his victim of choice was a woman, because sex, like the energy released at the point of death, was far more powerful and restorative than blood alone.

With a strained voice, he replied to her assurances, "I know." Then he was in her mind, controlling her.

A warm and alien feeling of comfort and desire flooded Hermione as she searched into the depths of Severus' eyes. Her fears and doubt disappeared, replaced with security and a need, a passion to please and an urge to give the man lying beneath her all she possessed. She wanted him. She wanted nothing more than to do his bidding, to be rewarded with his validation of her - his scent making her heady, the feel of the skin of his face tempting her to give him the same pleasures that he was bestowing on her. Somewhere deep inside she could hear a voice, a familiar voice, trying to scream out, but its warnings of danger were muffled by the unadulterated calm she found herself succumbing to. She was lost within herself and she would not fight him.

Maintaining eye contact with him, she continued to hold her lit wand in one hand and stretched out her other so that her wrist was over his mouth. Severus buried his sharp fangs into her soft tender flesh, slicing her skin and piercing her artery. The blood pumped into his mouth and he drank eagerly. At first he swallowed quickly, desperate to replenish his energy reserves, but after several minutes he slowed down and was able to suck the blood from the artery, taking full swallows.

Hermione flinched from the initial piercing of his teeth, but quickly the pain turned into a feeling she had never experienced before. Her hiss of pain turned gradually into a feral moan of delight and desire as she began to move her hips restlessly and bite her lower lip in anticipation. Further down her body there was a release she had not known before, a damp heat that spread not only to her senses, but also to the man beneath her. Sucking on her more enthusiastically, he groaned as well, thrusting his hips towards her, a mutated dichotic relationship. She was giving back his life, and he was passing on the eroticism of a thousand past encounters to her. Breathing as one. Their hearts beating as one. Their life forces pulsing and fusing to form the perfect entity. Unstoppable. Insurmountable. Beautiful and strong. The feeling was so pure it caused a relaxation to spread over her body, so powerful her eyes rolled into the back of her head and closed. The contact had been broken, del Severus was sure. Many other feedings had ended prematurely for the same reason. He prepared himself to have her pull her wrist away, but instead he heard her whisper, "More."

He quickly let her go, frightened by his victim's acquiescence despite the broken contact, for the first time ever. His fear brought Severus back to the reality of his situation, well aware of the ramifications of draining too much of her blood, well aware of what he would do to her - his student, entrusted to his care - if he allowed himself to continue.

He took her hand, removed it from his mouth, and sat up. She opened her eyes, surprised, to see him sitting in front of her. She looked down at her wrist: two perfect punctures. Her eyes flashed back to his face; he was no longer sickly. Then it all became clear. Snape was a vampire.

Both stood up, facing each other. Holding up her wand to see him, Hermione stared into his dark eyes and opened her mouth to speak, but before she could utter a syllable, she heard, "Obliviate."

~TBC

Quinto

Chapter 6 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Quinto

Severus Snape's rooms were lit only by candlelight, flickering and casting an array of shadows against the walls. Severus sat motionless in his chair. He had removed his dress robes and jacket. The top button of his black trousers was unfastened, and his white dress shirt was unbuttoned and open, its sleeves rolled up. His black, limp hair was disheveled, covering part of his face. His expression was hard and cold as he considered the events of the evening.

The only movement was when he raised his glass of cognac to his lips. The sip of liquor warmed his throat as it began its journey to helping him forget yet another mistake -- but had it been a mistake? In all his years of being who he was, he had made it a rule never to drink from an acquaintance. He had been warned about such things long ago and had abided by the restriction until now. Now he had fed, not just from an acquaintance, but from his student. It had not been a complete feeding, yet he had as much energy as if it had been.

Taking another drink of his cognac, he closed his eyes as he swallowed slowly, concentrating on the heat of the alcohol. The chill of the dungeon's air was sharp against his throat as he breathed in, causing his attention to return to the problem.

Covering his eyes with his free hand, he slowly rubbed his temples. It was difficult enough trying to convince himself he had drunk Miss Granger's blood to save his life, but it was even more of a challenge to convince himself his life was worth the sacrifice. He was well aware that his life was in the hands of others, yet he made decisions to always protect his own life. Because of these decisions, he was merely a pawn, while others controlled the game.

Removing his hand from his eyes, he raised his glass in the air, saying a silent, meaningless toast, and then finished the cognac in one quick swig. Putting the glass down, he waved his hand and every candle in the dungeons was snuffed out.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

The intensity of the sunlight shining through Hermione's window was what finally woke her. Opening her eyes, she quickly shut them, thinking someone had turned her light on. Instinctively covering her eyes with her hands, she slowly removed them so that her eyes could gradually adjust.

She looked around her room, realizing the source of the light was from the sun. "It can't be," she whispered, looking at her clock. It said 2:12pm. Hermione Granger had never slept past nine o'clock, but today she had.

"Unbelievable," she muttered, crawling out of bed. "That cool air last night was more relaxing than I thought."

Getting out of bed, her legs were weak, but she assumed it was due to being in bed for so long. Pulling her lavender cotton nightgown over her head, she gingerly walked into the bathroom. Tossing it onto the floor, she rubbed her eyes, heading to the sink. Squinting into the bathroom mirror, she cringed at her reflection. Her hair looked like a bird's nest. It was going to take several detangling charms to undo that mess, she thought while reaching for her toothbrush.

When her teeth were clean, she filled the bathtub with hot water and Sandalwood oil. It was one of the scents given to her by Tonks. She was a bit insulted that Tonks would give her an oil that was for nervousness, anxiety, and acne, but Tonks whispered to her that it also contained the power to stimulate arousal and awaken erotic desires.

Until now, she had never wanted to use it. Removing her knickers, she carefully stepped into the tub and allowed the water to envelop her body.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

The following Monday, Hermione was walking two paces behind Harry and Ron who were busy discussing their latest plot to defeat the Hufflepuffs in the next Quidditch match. Hermione was relaxed, thinking about potions class. They had been assigned an essay on the properties of dragon eggshells and how they varied from species to species. She was mentally going over her essay, making sure she covered every aspect of the objectives that Professor Snape had outlined, while following Harry and Ron.

Lost in thought, Hermione began to notice Harry's and Ron's voices fading, to the point that she could see that they were speaking, but could not hear what was being said. As if moving in slow motion, she turned to look at the students in the hall who were slowly walking past her with their voices softly fading but still she could not decipher what was being said.

Confused by what was happening, she raised her hand and reached out for Harry. He had been within arm's length of her but now he was more than an arm's length away. She tried to reach further out to touch him, but he seemed to always move just out of her reach.

"Harry," she said, but he didn't respond.

Her heart rate began to increase out of panic, but she became acutely aware of a second heartbeat that was echoing in her ears. The sound of the heartbeat increased to the point that she could not only hear it, but she could feel it. Fear struck her and her heart rate increased as she realized it was approaching her from behind. Just as she saw a person coming into her vision, she felt her heart rate instantly slow down and come into sync with the other pulse. As the two heartbeats merged into one, Hermione saw who the person was. Professor Snape moved into her line of vision.

As if time had stopped altogether, their eyes met. Their breathing was synchronized, as were their pulses. She couldn't look away. She didn't want to look away. His dark eyes looked past her eyes and into her soul. For a second she thought he had entered her mind.

"Hermione."

"Hermione."

She was vaguely aware that someone was calling her name.

"Hermione!" Ron repeated sternly.

Hermione snapped out of her trancelike state and realized that Ron had been calling her.

Unsure what was happening she whispered, "What?"

"I asked are you planning on attending the Quidditch match this Saturday?"

Looking past Ron, she noticed Professor Snape passing by. Every other time Professor Snape had walked past them, he had never looked back, but just now, for a split second, his head snapped toward her, making eye contact for a fraction of a second before he disappeared inside the classroom.

"I ... yes," she said half heartedly, trying to figure out what had just happened. She was sure she had been hit with a spell, but as soon as it had happened, it was over. Shaking her head, she continued into the classroom.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

A meeting of the Order was taking place to discuss the latest demands of Lord Voldemort. Everyone was gathered, quietly visiting with one another.

Usually Severus made a dramatic entrance, flaunting the power he held but tonight he sat in the front of the room, facing the others.

With his long legs crossed, he rested his elbow on the arm of the chair while his fingers pinched the bridge of his nose. He was very still, barely breathing. It appeared that he was staring at the stone floor, but he was so deep in thought that the intensity of his dark eyes prevented anyone from approaching him.

The whispers quieted down as Albus moved to Severus' side.

"Again, thank you for being here. You are all quite aware that the short notice for this meeting has set the tone for the evening, but I will allow Severus the opportunity to share his information with you."

All eyes fell on Severus, who made his first movement of the night by closing his eyes for a brief second. Taking in a deep breath, he slowly let it out. Opening his eyes, he focused directly on Hermione. Standing up, his tall, thin figure, adorned in black, dominated those who were seated. There were no sneers or smirks or displays of power tonight. Severus' voice was smooth and deep as each syllable rolled off his tongue.

"The Dark Lord has ordered the next slaying to take place during the full moon." He

looked at Remus as he spoke his last words, but didn't wait for a response from him. "He has ordered your death, Lupin and it shall take place during the full moon, when you are at your weakest. The Dark Lord wants to finish off the last of the Marauders." There were hushed whispers among the members.

"He won't kill him," shouted Harry, jumping to his feet. "It ends now. I'm tired of death and I am tired of just sitting by, allowing it to happen."

"And I suppose the rest of us are just allowing it to happen, Mister Potter?" sneered Severus. "Do I need to remind you of the work I have been doing for the past three years?"

"I am well aware of your work, professor, since you regularly remind us of it."

Hermione stood up and grabbed Harry's arm. "Stop it," she hissed in his ear.

Harry jerked his arm out of her grasp and continued, "The only reason I am not out there fighting with you is because all of you treat me like a child." His voice was angry, but remained in control.

Severus moved closer to Harry and hissed, "The reason you are not out there fighting is because you would get killed within minutes, fulfilling the prophecy in the Dark Lord's favor."

Harry stood his ground with his fists clenched at his sides. The look in his eyes displayed his hatred for the man standing in front of him. Harry still blamed Snape for the death of Sirius, and if Remus died it would be Snape's fault too.

Severus also stood his ground; his stance was less defensive but more intimidating. Severus' black, limp hair fell on either side of his face. He slightly tilted his head forward so that his eyes looked down, glaring at Harry. His black eyes bored into Harry with such intensity that Ron could be heard, swallowing hard.

"I believe Mister Potter has a point," said Albus. "I do believe that past seven years have allowed him to prove that he is fully capable of participating in the battles."

Severus glared at Harry for a moment more before looking sideways at Albus, but didn't say anything. Instead he stepped back, taking his position at the front of the group.

Albus continued, "If Voldemort wants Remus dead at the next full moon, then we all need to prepare ourselves, including Mister Potter."

Harry slowly nodded at Dumbledore, thanking him for his support.

A stern voice was heard next. "I refuse to allow anyone to fight my battles." It was Remus, who was making his way to the front of the room. "If Voldemort wants me, then he shall have me, but not without a fight."

"Don't be ridiculous, Remus. With your Wolfbane potion, you will be as defenseless as a mutt," Severus said with a distinct sneer in his voice. The insult was clearly understood, but Remus did not back down.

"I will not allow you to fight my battles, Severus."

"Remus," said Albus gently, "I am afraid Severus has a point. You are in no condition to fight while transformed. Even if you didn't take your potion, you might cause far worse damage to those around you as a werewolf."

Remus ran his fingers through his hair and glared intently at Severus, who smirked in return.

This was too much for Remus, who turned and stormed out of the kitchen. Hermione stood up and took off after him. She knew he was already under enough stress trying to find his place with the Order. Dumbledore siding with Snape was too much for him.

"Don't go to him, Hermione. You are only playing into his game," hissed Severus.

Hermione turned back around, glaring straight at Snape. He returned her look for a moment and looked away. She looked at the others, but they showed no reaction to what Snape had said. Looking back at him, she narrowed her eyebrows in confusion and then shook her head. "I must be going crazy," she thought, realizing the voice had only spoken inside of her head. She proceeded out the door.

~TBC

Sexto

Chapter 7 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Sexto

Standing at his door, Hermione softly knocked. "Remus, it's me."

The door unlatched. Pushing it open further, Hermione walked inside. Remus was sitting on the bed staring at the fireplace, not acknowledging her presence. She cautiously sat down on the bed beside him to avoid obstructing his view, and remained silent.

Hermione had an idea of just how inadequate he felt, but didn't know what she could say to help him. Hesitantly she took his hand in hers.

"Remus, we won't let Voldemort kill -- "

"Hermione," he said gently as he turned to look at her, "I don't want to die, but I would rather face death, even if it is against Voldemort, than remain here, doing nothing." He turned to face away from her again. "A man can only feel useless for so long before he looks from somewhere else to belong." Hearing his words, Hermione pictured Professor Snape, wondering if a similar dilemma had caused him to become a Death Eater.

"What are you saying, Remus?"

"Hermione, I know that I am of no use here -- "

"But you are!"

"No, love, I am not. Every member of this Order is available at a moment's notice, except for me."

"The last few battles have been purposely scheduled during the full moon. Voldemort knows how effective you are against the Death Eaters. That is why -- "

"Hermione, Voldemort knows how to break a man, as does Snape, although Severus is

doing it for personal reasons."

"Why?" she asked, "This is life and death. Why would Professor Snape be doing this for personal reasons when you are clearly capable of aiding the Order?" Remus looked into Hermione's eyes. It was an honest question.

"Because I didn't stop Sirius and James," he said simply, standing up. Remus walked toward the window and gazed out of it, into the darkness. "Severus was the top wizard of our year while at Hogwarts, but he was also a loner, an outcast." Remus sighed as his gaze fell to the ground in shame. "Severus was very knowledgeable about spells and dark magic, and he would use them when needed. Sirius and James interpreted this as Severus mocking their ignorance, so every time Severus was not in the company of his Slytherin peers, they would belittle him in front of the student body, making sure he knew his place."

"So Professor Snape is holding a grudge?"

"Hermione, James and Sirius tormented the man in front of the entire school and I did nothing but look the other way. If I had been Severus, I would have killed James and Sirius."

"Remus, I'm sorry -- "

"Please, love, I am paying for my sins. Perhaps I will find absolution one day."

Hermione's expression grew sad as she watched him. A broken man stood before her. She opened her mouth, wanting to bring comfort, but the words failed her. Instead, Hermione stepped toward him, and placed her hands on his back. He quickly stepped away and turned toward her as if to say something.

Sighing, he placed his hands on her shoulders, looking at her in the eye. Remus tried to understand why she was there with him. There were too many unanswered questions, and this was just one more. Forcing himself not to analyze her motives, he allowed her to proceed.

Hermione slid her arms around Remus, holding him, comforting him.

The warmth and security of her embrace brought a level of comfort he had rarely known and Remus pulled her further into him, securely holding her, drawing in the strength she offered.

Hermione rested her cheek on his chest, and sighed. She was content in his strong arms. Remus had always been the voice of reason as well as a trusted friend. Hermione cared deeply for him. Her heart ached to see the misery in his eyes. She wanted to take away his pain.

His chin rested on her head, flattening her bushy hair. He admired Hermione as much as he had Lily Evans. They both found the good side in everyone. He held Hermione tighter, closing his eyes. He inhaled her sandalwood perfume, causing his inhibited desires to come alive. In his mind's eye flashed an image of Lily and then Hermione. He shook his head, clearing his mind. It was Hermione who was in his arms, but Lily's image kept coming back, along with the desires he once held for her.

Moving his hand to her face, Remus lightly brushed Hermione's jaw with the back of his hand, feeling her quiver. He stroked her jaw again, and Hermione lifted her chin slightly toward him. Remus looked into her eyes and for a second almost expected to see those loving green eyes of so long ago, but now he looked into brown ones that held as much love and concern. They were full of warmth, inviting him to explore.

Hermione looked into his eyes, which were as gray as a cloudy day and just as sad. At one time Remus had held a spark of desire, a drive to grasp his destiny and move forward, but now his eyes showed no hope. Hermione desperately wanted to help him.

Remus cupped her jaw in his hands and slowly lowered his mouth to hers. She responded by raising her mouth to his, and their lips pressed unambiguously together. He opened his mouth slightly and slowly moved his tongue to caress her bottom lip. She leaned further into his embrace, and opened her mouth in response. She felt his tongue gradually enter her mouth, unhurriedly tasting her lips and stroking her tongue. She pulled him closer. They deepened the kiss, slowly tasting and exploring each other.

His hands hesitantly moved down her waist to her thighs and on to the hem of her skirt. His fingers fumbled with the hem, not sure whether she would allow him to proceed. Shifting her position, she moved one hand down, placing it over his. Curling her fingers over his, she took her skirt in their grasp and began to lift it.

Remus' stomach tightened as he realized that she was willing. He pulled back and looked into her brown eyes once again. She met his gaze and smiled. Tilting her head back, she exposed her neck, inviting him to taste her. Remus moved his mouth to her soft flesh while letting out a growl.

Hermione whimpered at the growl. It was the growl of a wild animal, and, though she fought to remain in control, her body betrayed her and she felt the warmth increase between her legs. He continued to leave soft kisses along her bare skin, but soon he could no longer restrain the urges rising from deep within. He bit into her flesh, causing her to gasp but not breaking the skin. As he let another growl escape, she threw her head back and her eyes rolled. A moan came from her throat, indicating she was willing to be with him.

Remus' hand moved further up her leg, finding her inner thigh. His fingers traced the lace of her knickers, slowly moving to her core. Pushing her knickers to the side, he ran his fingers along her curls, teasing her. His other hand held her head securely while claiming her mouth again. She whimpered into his mouth as his fingers pushed past her folds, finding her wetness. He moved his mouth back down to her neck and behind her ear.

"Hermione," he whispered. She parted her legs, giving him access.

Her eyes were closed, concentrating on what his mouth and fingers were doing to her body, taken aback at how he affected her. She moved her hands across his shoulder and back, pulling him closer, wanting more of what he had to offer.

He turned her around so that her back was pressed against him. He continued to kiss the back of her neck and throat while his fingers continued caressing her, spreading her moisture around. He listened to her tattered breathing before he found her clitoris and rubbed. Her body quivered, letting a ragged moan escape.

Remus' eyes shot forward to the mirror they stood in front of. He intently watched her body grind against his fingers that were moving in and out of her. Her hair fell over one arm while her head slowly rolled. Her whimpers and moans increased with the movements of his fingers.

"Look at us, Hermione," he whispered. "Look at how we belong together."

Hermione heard his voice from the depth of her enthrallment, but found it too difficult to concentrate on.

"Look, Hermione," he commanded. Recognizing the voice, Hermione opened her eyes and looked into the mirror. Disbelief and shock came over her as she saw Snape holding her.

"No," she whispered, "No!" With this last 'no' she pulled out of his embrace and turned to face him.

She was shocked to be facing Remus. The display of confusion was evident on both of their faces. Looking around, she ran her fingers through her hair, moving it out of

her face.

"I -- um," she didn't know what to say. She couldn't fathom why she saw Snape holding her.

"It's okay, Hermione," he quickly responded. "It was my fault. We shouldn't have done this."

"Remus, I am -- "

"No, Hermione, please. Don't say anything. There is nothing to be said, I beg you." Remus' eyes showed his disappointment, but his voice displayed how serious he was about not saying anything. It was not the first time he had been rejected and he found it easier to cope with by changing the subject.

"We had better return to the meeting," he said.

Understanding, Hermione nodded. She straightened her skirt and left the room with Remus following her. It was best if they both returned together and as soon as possible to avoid any insinuations about their activities.

Severus was in the kitchen discussing the recent turn of events with a few of the members of the Order when the image of Hermione and Remus appeared in his mind. Anger consumed him as he watched Hermione and Remus entering the kitchen. Severus glared at them both, causing Hermione to blush furiously.

She glanced at Remus to see his reaction, but he ignored her, heading in the opposite direction. Hermione felt Severus' gaze follow her across the kitchen as she walked to where Harry and Ron were.

"Is Remus okay?" asked Harry, pulling out a chair for her.

"Yes," she said quickly, sitting down. She had become accustomed to Severus' obvious attempts at intimidating her, but this time there was something more. Trying to ignore it, she turned her attention to Harry and Ron. "Remus is tired of hiding. He is ready to face Voldemort."

"We all are," agreed Ron. "I wouldn't mind seeing Remus take on Voldemort in his wolf form."

"Voldemort would kill him," said Hermione. "The Wolfbane potion prevents him from becoming vicious."

"If he takes it," added Harry.

"He will take it," snapped Hermione. "Remus is not about to risk his life or others'. Besides, if he tastes human blood his soul is eternally damned and nothing will redeem him." The three silently glanced in Remus' direction; none of them dared ask the question that had been on their minds: had Remus tasted human blood? Carrying a glass of bourbon, Remus left the room.

"Maybe I should go with him," offered Hermione. "He shouldn't be alone." She quickly followed him out of the room, not noticing Severus, who was attentively watching her. Harry and Ron shrugged. They knew Hermione cared for Remus along with all of their friends.

"Remus," she said, running to catch up with him in the other room. Remus stopped in mid-step. His head and shoulders drooped as he sighed. He didn't face her.

"Hermione, you need to go back into the kitchen with Harry and Ron."

"No, Remus, I need to be with you." She took his hand and held it. "Please," she whispered. He pulled his hand away.

Turning to face her, he was prepared to send her away, but the sincerity was so clear in

her eyes. Against his better judgment, he found himself taking her hand.

"Miss Granger," said Severus. His voice was low and threatening, surprising both her and Remus. Hermione spun around and came face to face with Severus. Severus grabbed her by the chin, forcing her to look into his eyes.

She felt him enter her mind, running through the most recent activities of her and Remus.

'No,' she cried mentally, but he ignored her pleas. He sneered as she relived looking into the mirror, hearing his voice say, 'Look Hermione. Look at how we belong together.'

When he let go of her, she staggered backward, into the wall. Severus turned to Remus and sneered, "Abusing your position of power, I see."

"No more than you, entering an unwilling mind," hissed Remus.

Severus stepped toward Remus and said in a dangerously low voice, "I saw her first."

Remus' eyes flashed dangerously to Hermione and then back to Severus, sensing that Severus was trying to establish his boundaries along with his property.

"I suggest you keep her on a leash," snapped Remus. He turned and left up the stairs to his room.

"Remus," Hermione called out, trying to follow him, but Severus grabbed her by the wrist.

"You will stay away from him," Severus snapped. She jerked her wrist out of his grasp. She stepped toward him, quickly pulled her hand back to slap him. Severus caught her by the wrist again and smirked at her.

"You do not tell me what to do, Professor Snape. Being my professor does not give you the right to dictate my actions." She pulled her arm out of his grasp and continued up the stairs. She went straight to her room and slammed the door.

Severus stood at the foot of the stairs. "It has begun," he whispered.

~TBC

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Forbidden Obsession

Octavo

The storm increased. The howling wind in addition to the rain made it almost impossible for the three to stay together. The lightning helped them find their way, but in the darkness, they continually got separated. It was too dangerous to use the light from their wands, so they trudged ahead to the edge of the forest.

After a good hour, Hermione was completely separated from Harry and Ron. With the wind blowing her hair tie flew away she was left with her hair whipping around in her face, her visibility was down to a few feet in front of her. She didn't dare use her wand to point her to her destination because the wind would blow it away. Instead her hand clenched around it, knowing that it was the only thing that would save her if she came into contact with a Death Eater. Holding her hair back with one hand, she ventured forward, hoping to catch up with Harry and Ron.

Lightning flashed against the black sky and within seconds its thunder shook the ground. Hermione managed to make out a figure during the flash of lightning about 100 meters ahead. Cautiously she circled around, moving toward the place she had seen the figure. She needed to know if she had seen a Death Eater or a member of the Order.

Again lightning flashed. The figure had its wand drawn in a defensive position, looking at someone or something off in the distance, which caused Hermione to look around at what or who was threatening him. She tried to identify if this person was wearing a Death

Eater's mask, but darkness engulfed the sky once again.

Lightning struck again. In that split second, the figure swung around to her with his wand drawn but in the same instance she felt a hand cover her mouth, slamming her down to the ground. The back of her head hit the ground hard, and her hand fell open, releasing her wand. A single hand grabbed her by the throat and pinned her down.

She tried to fight by kicking, punching, and clawing, but quickly halted in her actions when she felt the tip of his wand pressing into the side of her neck and his body shifting over hers, preventing her arms and legs from moving.

The lightening lit up the sky and she saw her assailant's face. It was Snape. His body pinned hers to the ground.

"You stupid girl!" Hermione's eyes lit up with fear because his mouth was not moving and she knew the wind was howling too loud to hear him speak, yet she could hear his voice. "Stay here and don't move or I will kill you myself!" She nodded, too terrified to move.

Severus moved off of her and quickly disappeared into the darkness. Hermione's breathing was fluctuating, as was her heart. The anger she saw in Snape's eyes was intense, as intense as she had ever seen. Slowly feeling the ground around her, she realized she was next to a tree. She cautiously sat up, pressing her hand gingerly to the back of her head. It felt as though the skin had split, but with the hair drenched from the rain, there is no way to distinguish if there was blood.

The lightening flashed again and standing in the near distance was Remus. Forgetting about her head or the warning from Severus, she jumped to her feet and ran to him.

~*~*~*~*~*~*

"Where's Hermione?" mouthed Harry. Ron shrugged his shoulders and squinted back into the darkness. Harry gestured with his hand to move forward. They continued for another two hours before reaching the edge of the forest.

Ron grabbed Harry's arm and pointed to their right. In the bushes was Tonks. They went to join her.

~*~*~*~*~*~*

Remus quickly grabbed Hermione, protectively pulling her into an embrace as his eyes scanned the surrounding area. His wand was drawn. He sensed the danger approaching them and he pulled her closer. Lightning lit up the sky again, disclosing a grove of trees.

Being out in the open left them too vulnerable, so he kept Hermione close and cautiously made his way to the nearby grove of trees.

"Hermione, what are you doing here?" he yelled, still watching the darkness. The wind had calmed down, but it was still raining hard, still making it difficult to hear.

"I couldn't let you do this alone," she yelled back, still watching darkness around them. Lightning lit up the sky again.

"Hermione, you don't understand. I didn't take my Wolfsbane potion," but she didn't hear him as the thunder rolled, shaking the ground. The time span between the lightning and thunder was becoming longer and longer, indicating the storm was beginning to pass in addition to the rain letting up.

"What?" she yelled. Suddenly Remus' face came into view in the darkness. Their eyes darted the sky. The clouds had parted, unveiling the full moon.

"Oh gods!" he yelled, pushing her out of his arms. He tried to run, but the transformation took control, leaving him powerless against his other self.

"Remus!" she cried, going after him. "Remus, it's okay. I won't leave you!"

His limbs began to shake as hair grew over his body. His jaw became long and protruding. His head transformed along with the rest of his body. His size increased, causing his clothes to tear and fall from his body. His snarls could be heard through the

storm.

"Remus, relax!" she cried, knowing that in this form, he would be nothing but a timid dog. She rushed to him, throwing her arms out to embrace him.

The werewolf snarled at her, growling defensively. He swiped at her, shredding the front of her robes and slicing her skin across her chest. Realization hit Hermione. She turned to run away, but the werewolf grabbed her and threw her to the ground.

"NO!" she screamed, "Please, Remus, no!" Her screams were muffled by the snarls and gnashing of his teeth. His claws ripped into her flesh again and again and all she could do was scream in pain.

Severus could feel Hermione's pain as her screams echoed in his mind. Concentrating he Apparated to her location.

Severus drew his wand and yelled, "Stupefy!" The werewolf stiffened and became motionless while his body remained on Hermione, smothering her. Severus then levitated Remus off of her. He knew his magic would not hold a werewolf for long. "Run, Hermione!" he yelled. At that precise second, the werewolf broke the spell and launched for Severus, throwing him to the ground.

Hermione struggled to her feet as the pain pierced her body like sharp knives. She looked around for the others. They had to be near. The members of the Order had to be close.

"Where are you?" she screamed out of desperation. She looked at Remus and Severus and her heart sank. It was at that point she understood why she had not met any other Death Eaters or Order members in the forest tonight. It was Severus who was to kill Remus.

Severus' words echoed in her mind, "Run, Hermione!" She saw Severus pounding his fist on Remus' back with strength that a normal man would not have. If she walked away now, one or both of them would end up dead.

'I must stay,' she told herself, but the pain of her injuries was unbearable. It took all of her strength to stay on her feet.

'Run!' Severus' voice again echoed in her head and she began to run. She glanced back to see Remus throwing Severus across the ground, but she forced herself to continue running and not go back. She knew she was injured and had to seek shelter. An uneasy feeling was over taking her body and it begged her for rest, but she continued

running.

The air burned her lungs as she held on to her side. The worst of her injuries was just below her rib cage on her right side. She could feel the warmth of the blood oozing through her fingers, yet she continued to run until her body collapsed onto the

ground.

Lying flat on her back, she fought to catch her breath. Her lips were dry and her throat was raw. She stared into the night sky. The storm had dissipated and the stars twinkled above her. She tried to concentrate on staying conscious. Her heart was pounding as if it was going to burst out of her chest. She looked at the stars again and tried to identify constellations.

'Stay focused, Hermione,' she demanded of herself. "Orion is made up of Betgeuse, Rigel, Mintaka, Alnilam, Alnitak, Meissa, and Bellatrix."

She inwardly laughed at the irony. The one constellation she picked to name contained the star Bellatrix. She squinted at the stars, trying to keep them in focus, but despite her effort, everything went black.

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It was the Dark Lord's plan for Severus to kill Remus. Voldemort was fully aware that a werewolf's bite did not affect a vampire, so given the position Severus was maintaining for the Order and with the Death Eaters, Voldemort felt it ideal for Severus to be the one who brought Lupin to his death. It was not revealed to Severus until tonight that he would be given the task, or honor, as Bellatrix referred to it, of killing Lupin. Now that the werewolf was attacking him, Severus had little choice but to kill Remus, even if it was a hastily made decision based on self-defense.

Severus' head snapped back again as his body flew across the ground, but he jumped to his feet and charged the werewolf. It was all instinct for Severus to have his teeth displayed, ready for a fatal bite, but he forced himself to resist. He would only kill if it came down to preventing his own death. Quickly scanning the area, Severus saw what he needed to do. He stepped back and then rushed the werewolf, slamming him against a large tree where a broken branch stuck out. With all his strength, Severus thrust Remus' body onto the branch, piercing the wolf through the back and puncturing his

lung.

The silence of the night was broken by the painful howl of the werewolf.

There was a pop and Severus turned with a start. Kingsley Shacklebolt Apparated not more than five feet from him and scanned the area for other Death Eaters. His eyes fell on the werewolf whose breathing was ragged.

"Severus, is he dead?" asked the dark wizard.

"No, but he needs help. As long as he remains a wolf under the full moon, he is alive, but if he changes " Severus stopped in mid-sentence. His senses were overloaded and he whispered, "Hermione." Severus couldn't feel her or hear her. Not being able to locate Hermione he turned to run, in search of her. Kingsley followed, knowing it had to be important if Severus was leaving Remus.

After searching for an hour, Severus located her. She was unconscious, her left hand still covering her injured side. Both men dropped to their knees on each side of her.

"Enervate," Severus whispered, pointing his wand at her. Hermione opened her eyes and looked startled. Her eyes moved about rapidly trying to make sense of her surroundings.

Placing a hand under her chin, Severus guided her face so that she could see him. His eyes met hers. She was locked into his gaze as he began to transfer his energy into her.

Their breathing became synchronized, as did their heart rates.

Kingsley watched, understanding fully what was occurring. He was well aware of Severus' secret and although he didn't understand his connection with Hermione, he didn't dare question Severus' actions.

After several minutes of silence, Severus spoke, "Hermione, did he bite you?"

She closed her eyes and winced at the pain that consumed her body.

"I don't know," she whispered.

"Lumos," whispered Kingsley. He held his wand over her body. Severus gently opened what was left of her robes and clothes so that he could see her injuries. There was no doubt that the wound she had been protecting was teeth marks.

~TBC

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

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Severus inspected the other wounds along with the bite mark. His eyes closed for a moment as he weighed his options. Thinking aloud, he quietly spoke, "Her blood is already carrying the werewolf enzymes throughout her body. Transformation has already begun."

Kingsley moved his lit wand over the rest of Hermione's body, also inspecting her wounds.

"The rest are claw marks," confirmed Kingsley. Severus nodded, still keeping his attention on the bite mark.

"Kingsley, I can save her, but I will be of no use afterwards. When I am finished you will need to get her to Hogwarts. She needs to be placed in Pomfrey's care."

Severus looked down at Hermione and saw the tears streaking down the sides of her face. Her eyes were full of fear. He gently wiped away the tears with the back of his hand and then looked back at Kingsley.

"I am placing her in your care."

"I understand, Severus." Accepting the assignment to be Hermione's protector and guardian, Kingsley agreed, pledging that his own death would come before Hermione's.

Severus looked back at Hermione. The choice had been made. Slowly his lips pulled back, revealing his fangs. Hermione's eyes widened, but she didn't make a sound. Severus lowered his mouth to her side and, directly over the bite Remus had inflicted on her, Severus bit into the damaged, sensitive flesh. All that was heard was her scream from the indescribable pain he brought her.

Draining the tainted blood from her body, Severus felt his energy draining from him. He forced his mind to stay focused on the task at hand so that he wouldn't drain too much of her blood. The contaminated blood had a sharp, bitter taste to it, but he kept drinking it until finally he tasted the sweet, clean blood that he had experienced once before.

Severus' instincts to protect himself from the tainted blood were taking control of his actions, preventing him from stopping, but if he didn't stop draining her blood, Hermione would suffer the most unbearable of all consequences. With his body fighting his mind he abruptly pulled himself back as a low, primal growl escaped. His mouth dripped with blood as he stared at Hermione, who was now unconscious. Severus was still fighting the intense need to finish feeding from her.

Kingsley watched Severus stagger to his feet and stumble away from them. Narrowing his eyes, Severus took one last look at Hermione and then Kingsley before Apparating into the night.

Kingsley slowly shook his head, knowing his friend's life was in serious jeopardy. Gently, he scooped an unconscious Hermione into his arms and Apparated her to the edge of Hogwarts.

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"This was a waste of time if you ask me," complained Ron. "The entire Order was out there, waiting, and You Know Who never even showed, not even one Death Eater and now Hermione is missing. I swear if this is his idea of a joke, I'll..." They had just turned the corner when Harry grabbed Ron by the arm and stopped him. They watched Kingsley Shackbolt carry someone into the infirmary. Looking at each other, they followed him."

"Madame Pomfrey," stated Kingsley in his deep, slow voice that was very calm under the circumstances. "This young lady requires your assistance."

A few beds over was Madame Pomfrey attending to another student when she looked up, and for a brief moment, froze, recognizing the injured girl in his arms. Shaking her head, she immediately pointed to another room.

"Put her in here," she snapped, rushing over to the only bed in the room.

Kingsley carefully laid her down. Poppy opened her blood soaked robes, revealing Hermione's wounds, and carefully inspected them.

"Hermione!" gasped Ron. Poppy and Kingsley looked up at the doorway to see Harry and Ron both entering.

"Out! Everybody out!" snapped Poppy. "Miss Granger needs immediate medical attention and I will not tolerate any disturbances." She pointed her wand at Harry and Ron, causing them both to fly backward and the door to slam shut. Turning her attention back to Hermione, Poppy continued to inspect each of the wounds, but paid particular close attention to the bite wound.

"There are two different sets of bite marks. Whose are they?" she asked Kingsley while keeping her eyes on the wounds.

"Remus and Severus." There was no sign of hesitation in his reply. Kingsley understood by Severus' request that Madame Pomfrey could be trusted.

Poppy sighed and continued inspecting the bite wound. After a few minutes, she sat down in a chair next to the bed and slowly shook her head before looking at Kingsley.

"There is nothing I can do for her. Evidently she had the proteins imbedded in her from Remus' bite for over an hour before Severus could remove them. The proteins contain a retrovirus that goes directly to her cell's DNA and begins the transformation of becoming a werewolf from within, mutating her blood and then her tissue. Severus has removed these proteins, inhibiting transformation, but her body is fighting the changes that have already taken place. If I were to heal her, with or without magic, it would inhibit her own immune system from transforming back to her normal self." In silence they both watched Hermione.

"I need to change her clothing and clean her wounds to prevent infection. Cleaning her wounds will not inhibit her body from healing itself from within," Poppy added in a whisper before Kingsley could object.

"I am staying with her," Kingsley stated. His tone indicated there would be no discussion or argument. Poppy had spent enough time attending to Severus while he was a student and a servant for the Dark Lord to understand that Kingsley had been assigned to protect Hermione. Poppy had a general understanding of vampires and their guardians, so Kingsley's presence made his role clear to her.

"Very well, but I request that you turn around while I undress her." Kingsley did so without argument.

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Bellatrix slowly twirled a silver dagger between her fingers while she impatiently sighed. Her eyes narrowed, but remained on Severus. 'Enough,' she thought. Suddenly seizing the dagger in her clenched fist, she raised it above her head and brought it down, stabbing the mattress. The blade was inches from Severus' ankle.

"Damn it!" she cried, "Wake up, Severus! I don't have the luxury of time!" Pulling the dagger from the mattress, she stood up and began to pace the room. Her fingers fidgeted around the handle, occasionally stopping and pointing it to Severus. "I get what I want," she hissed, "I always get what I want." Severus remained unconscious in Bellatrix' bed.

She stopped in mid-stride as a mischievous grin spread across her face. Changing her tone, she stepped toward him.

"Perhaps you just need a bit of motivation to wake up, lover." She sat back down on the bed and began to run the dagger along his ankle, blade down.

"Last chance, lover," she whispered, pressing just enough to make an indentation.

No response. She pushed the blade harder, splitting his skin. She admired the blood that oozed out. Removing the blade, she brought it to her lips and licked it clean. Her eyes gazed at the deep scarlet liquid coming from the cut.

"I'll just do it myself," she hissed. Lowering her mouth down to his leg, she began to greedily drink.

"It doesn't work that way," said Severus. His voice was weak and raspy. Bellatrix sat up, wiping the blood from her mouth with the back of her hand.

"What do you mean?" she hissed. Severus ignored her and sat up. He looked down at his body and was not surprised that she had kept him unclothed. He was still very weak. Cautiously he looked around. It appeared that they were alone, but with Bellatrix, appearances were deceiving.

"Bellatrix, I need to return..."

"No!" she snapped, shoving him back onto the bed. "You owe me, Severus."

"Yes, I owe you, but not this way," he hissed, trying to sit back up again. She raised an eyebrow and moved closer to him.

"Perhaps," she purred, waving her wand, "you just need a little motivation?"

She transfigured her robes into a black, silk nightdress. Leaning her body into his, she claimed his mouth.

Severus' lips were firm and non-responsive. She continued kissing him, but still he did not respond. Pulling back abruptly, she slapped him.

"Bastard," she hissed. Getting to her feet she pointed her wand at his throat. "I will do it, I swear to the Dark Lord himself that I will do it."

Severus knew she would kill to please their Master, but he also knew that what she desired most would prevent her from killing him.

"Bellatrix, for me to perform such a task requires a level of energy that I don't possess at the moment."

"I'm not an idiot, Severus," she snapped, "I am offering myself for you to feed from and then you can complete my transformation."

"When I feed," he said, getting to his feet, "I do not allow my victims to survive."

"You lie, Severus. I saw you feed from that Mudblood and then you allowed Shackbolt to take her away." Severus glared at her, but maintained his composure. Bellatrix had clearly witnessed more than she should have.

"What makes you think she was still alive?" he sneered.

"I'm not a fool, Severus. I know the werewolf bit her. I know you healed her. I heard you tell Shackbolt to protect her. If you do not want our Master to discover this information, then you need to give me what I want, what I deserve."

"Deserve? You ignorant bitch!" he spat. He knew exactly what she deserved, but refrained from commenting. "No one deserves the life I have, not even you, Bellatrix. I have told you before: I will not do it."

His wand was on the small table by the bed. He took it and conjured himself some clothes.

"It was not in our Master's plans for the Mudblood to die tonight. I suggest you forget what you witnessed."

"Perhaps," she purred, "if I get what I want." Severus' eyes narrowed, staring intently at her. "I always get what I want, Severus."

"Don't count on it, Bellatrix." Severus then Apparated. Bellatrix took her wand and blasted the bed into pieces.

"I will have your power, Severus. You will not deny me," she hissed. The evil glint in her eyes was more apparent than ever.

~TBC

Décimo

Chapter 10 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Décimo

Hermione's eyes opened and she looked around slowly.

"Welcome back, Miss Granger," said Kingsley, "I was worried that you would not return." Hermione immediately recognized Kingsley's voice and turned to face him. The confusion on her face was apparent.

"We are in the infirmary at Hogwarts, in a private room. You have been here for two days, unconscious, but never fear, child, you will be okay," he reassured Hermione.

Closing her eyes, she began to recall the events that led her here. Remembering her wounds, Hermione's hand immediately went to her side, and found her wound was bandaged.

Her eyes flew open and she turned to face Kingsley. "Professor Lupin? Professor Snape?" she struggled to speak. Her throat was dry. Kingsley poured a glass of water for her. She took it and sipped it slowly while he spoke.

"Remus is being taken care of at the Order's headquarters."

"And Professor Snape?" she asked.

"You need to rest, child. Your body is still healing and I believe that Mister Potter and Mister Weasley would like to visit you," Kingsley said. He walked over to the door and summoned Madame Pomfrey who was in her office, along with Harry and Ron who were waiting outside.

Madame Pomfrey bustled into the room and removed one of Hermione's bandages. After inspecting the wound, she smiled.

"Miss Granger, I do believe that you will be fine, dear, but you still need your rest." Harry and Ron were standing in the doorway, listening to Madame Pomfrey. "Your wounds need to heal on their own without the aid of magic or anything else," she said sternly, warning Hermione not to use Muggle remedies.

"Yes, Madam Pomfrey," said Hermione.

"Boys, you may come in, but only for a few minutes. Miss Granger requires rest," said Poppy while securing Hermione's bandage. Harry and Ron nodded, entering the room. Poppy looked sternly at them once more, making it clear that they should not overstay their welcome, and left.

"Hermione, what happened?" asked Ron. Harry and Ron each pulled up a chair and sat down next to her.

"Well, I'm not sure. After we were separated in the storm, Professor Snape found me. I remember him telling me to stay put and then he left. I then saw Remus and I ran to him. Before I could really talk to Remus, the storm let up a bit, allowing the moon to appear. Remus kept pushing me away and I didn't understand why, but after Remus' transformation, I realized he had not taken his Wolfsbane potion. He attacked me – I mean, the werewolf attacked me. That was not Remus. Remus would never do such a thing." Both Harry and Ron nodded in agreement. "Then Professor Snape appeared and he was able to stop Remus just long enough for me to run away. The next thing I saw was Professor Snape leaning over me..." her eyes glanced at Kingsley who was slowly shaking his head 'no.' Hermione didn't know why, but she listened to him and skipped the next part of the story. "... and then I woke up here."

"Hermione, you are incredibly lucky," said Harry.

"Yeah, if Remus had bitten you, you would be a werewolf," gasped Ron. Hermione's hand moved to her side, touching the bandaged bite wound, realizing Harry and Ron didn't know about the bite. Her eyes glanced at Kingsley who slowly moved his head, saying 'no,' again.

"Yes, I am very lucky," stated Hermione before taking another sip of water. "I think I need sleep. I still feel a bit weak," she added.

"Oh, right," said Harry, getting to his feet. "We'll let you rest."

"Yeah, Hermione, you get some sleep and we will be back to visit you later," said Ron. They each put their chairs back and left.

"Mister Shacklebolt – " Hermione began.

"Kingsley," he corrected her.

"Kingsley, what did Professor Snape do to me? What I mean is, I remember what happened, at least I think I do, and if I do remember correctly, well, that means he is a – " Hermione looked at him, waiting for some reassurance to what she had witnessed.

"Miss Granger, you will need to save your energy and get some rest," he said gently.

"He is correct," said Madame Pomfrey, who was standing in the doorway. "Your body and mind need plenty of rest so that it can heal." She moved further into the room and handed Hermione a glass of pink liquid. "This will help you sleep."

Hermione nodded and took the liquid. She did feel a bit edgy and exhausted. Lying back down, she stared at the ceiling. Her eyelids were getting heavier as she blinked. She looked at Kingsley who just nodded politely. Again she blinked. She could no longer focus on the details of the stone ceiling. She blinked one last time and her eyes remained closed.

It was an odd sensation. Hermione was aware that she was lying in the infirmary, asleep, yet her mind reeled from scene to scene of her most recent events with Remus and Professor Snape. Standing in the middle of the forest with Remus, Hermione could see the look of terror in Remus' gray eyes after he looked at the moon. She could feel him throw her aside as if she was a rag doll, but persistently she returned. Mentally she yelled and screamed, telling herself to stay away, yet she continued. It was similar to a Pensieve. Seeing herself hold on to Remus in werewolf form, she was trying to reassure him that he would not fight alone. She felt each claw dig into her skin, but this time she did not feel the pain that accompanied it. She closed her eyes, blocking out the sight of the attack.

When she opened her eyes again, she saw Professor Snape leaning over her. He reached his hand down to her face and felt him wipe away her tears. She tried to look into his dark eyes, but his strands of hair fell across his face, blocking her view. She could tell that he was looking her, and talking to her, but she couldn't see his eyes.

'Why is it so important that I see his eyes?' she thought. She continued watching, wanting to see this next part. Hearing Professor Snape speak to Kingsley, she watched Professor Snape carefully. His lips slightly pulled back revealing fangs.

Hermione gasped as he lowered his mouth down to her bite wound.

'No,' she thought. 'No. He can't be. He just can't.'

Evening had arrived, and Kingsley sat silently in the corner of the room, observing Hermione. She was struggling in her sleep. Her eyelids were displaying the rapid eye movement that indicated she was dreaming. She would flinch and whimper, but didn't wake.

"Hello, Severus," said Kingsley. Severus' arms were crossed as he stepped out of the shadows in the corner of the room of the dimly lit room.

"Miss Granger will make a complete recovery from the werewolf bite," Kingsley stated. Severus acknowledged him with a slow nod, but he did not take his eyes off of Hermione. Kingsley continued, "Mister Potter and Mister Weasley are aware of nothing." Again Severus nodded in silence.

Severus slowly walked around Hermione's bed and leaned over her to observe her closer. Suddenly her eyes opened and she turned to face Severus. Her breathing increased as did her pulse, but Severus did nothing except to place his hand over her eyes. When he removed his hand, her eyes were closed and she was sleeping peacefully. Severus turned to face Kingsley.

"It is almost complete," said Severus. Kingsley nodded in agreement.

Severus stepped back into the shadows and disappeared.

Undécimo

Chapter 11 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Undécimo

Hermione was still asleep in the infirmary, restless, as her mind would not shut off while sleeping. Her thoughts kept returning to the vision of Professor Snape revealing his secret. Her mind was debating the rationality of him being what he was. In her dream she found him in the empty corridors of the school. His arms were crossed, his robes encased around his body. His limp black hair fell on each side of his face. His brow line was creased and the intensity of his gaze upon her gripped her body and mind like a vise. Her breathing was shallow as she made her way toward him. Fear consumed her but curiosity controlled her as she stood in front of him, forcing herself to return his gaze.

"What are you?" she asked. His eyes never left hers as he slowly uncrossed his arms. His robes opened and his hand reached out for hers. Willingly she placed her hand in his. Was it trust? No. She was not in control of her choices, but what were her choices? Would she had left if she could? No. She needed to be here here with him.

'Need,' she thought. He was more than a need; he was a desire, but a desire to what? She was not sure but she could not bring herself to disobey him.

He took her hand in his and raised it to his mouth. Turning it over, he placed his warm lips to her skin and gently kissed it. His eyes still bored into her as if reaching into the depths of her soul.

"Why are you here, Hermione?" he asked in a low voice. She closed her eyes and slowly inhaled. Opening her eyes she exhaled, looking into his once again. She could feel him in her veins and in the breath she took. She knew.

'Desideratum,' she thought, 'you are my desideratum.'

"And you are mine," he replied. She gasped at his response but immediately calmed when his gaze upon her softened. "Are you ready, Hermione?" he asked. She had no conceptualization as to what lay ahead and it did not matter just as long as she was with him.

"Yes," she whispered.

He nodded. Still holding her hand close to his mouth he turned it back over, revealing the inside of her wrist. Again his lips touched her skin, but so did his tongue. Slowly he ran it across her soft flesh, causing a wave of intimate gratification to engulf her body. His lips surrounded her wrist as his tongue circled and stroked her flesh. At the precise moment his teeth pierced her skin, her eyes opened and she connected with him. The blood pumped fiercely through her veins for him, and slowly he drank. There was no rush or desperation. This was not a feeding.

Hermione brought her hand to his face and cradled it as he consumed her warm liquid. Her fingers slowly stroked his skin, feeling his muscles contract with each swallow. She continued looking into his eyes and she understood she belonged to him.

Closing her eyes again, she felt a wave of energy spread through her body, bringing both a sense of fulfillment and an understanding of what needed to be done. Her head tilted back as her body leaned into his. His other arm embraced her, pulling her closer to his body. Her desire intensified as she found her hips leaning towards his. She needed this man.

He withdrew his mouth from her wrist and leaned down. His lips grazed hers just before...

She awoke.

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Hermione was soon released from the infirmary on her own recognizance. Though Kingsley questioned her restlessness during the night, she gave no indication of the content of her dreams, as vivid as they had been. Her mind was on Professor Snape, and that was who Hermione needed to find.

Madame Pomfrey had given her another stern lecture, forbidding her from using any form of magic or Muggle techniques to heal her wounds. Hermione knew her only chance to leave was to sound as convincing as possible. Of course she was not going to jeopardize the healing of her wounds. She made her promises and was released.

Hermione spent the next few hours searching for Professor Snape, trying to get a glance at him, but as luck would have it, she did not find him. She attended her classes so as not to bring too much attention to herself, promising herself she would continue her quest after dinner.

She, Harry, and Ron were in the Great Hall eating breakfast. Hermione was still weak but did not reveal this information to Harry or Ron. Harry and Ron were discussing Quidditch, as usual while Hermione was lost in her own thoughts. 'And you are mine.' The words echoed throughout her mind. His touch had been so real. Even now her body reacted to him.

"Hermione?" asked Ron, "What are you staring at?" Hermione sat with a dazed look on her face, staring at the high table.

"Professor Snape is not here," she mumbled.

"What?" asked Ron, not sure if he heard her right. She looked at him startled realizing she had spoken aloud.

"And Remus is gone too," she added hastily.

"Of course Remus is not here. Professor Dumbledore will be teaching for him today. As for Snape, I'm not sure." Hermione gave him a bit of a puzzled look and then shook her head, quickly clearing her thoughts.

"I'm sure Remus is fine," said Harry. "He always needs an extra day or two after a full moon."

"I suppose you are right," she said, trying to sound convinced. Her thoughts then went back to Snape. She hadn't seen him since the night she was attacked. She felt a part of her aching to find him, but she refrained from doing so.

'It was just a dream,' she repeatedly told herself. She had nightmares before that had stayed with her and that is what this was, just a nightmare.

"May I have your attention, please," requested Dumbledore. Silence fell across the Great Hall. "It is my deepest regret to inform you of a tragedy that has occurred." Dumbledore drew in a breath before continuing. "This past weekend there was a battle with one of Lord Voldemort's followers, a Death Eater. This Death Eater has taken the life of our very own Professor Remus Lupin." A murmur fell across the hall of both disbelief and shock. Dumbledore gave very little detail about the event but nonetheless, most had tears in their eyes, including Hermione, Harry, and Ron.

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"My Lord," said Bellatrix, dropping to one knee and bowing her head. "I have information that I believe you will find useful." Voldemort slowly walked around his faithful servant, observing her while entering her mind. Bellatrix opened her mind to him trying to free the thoughts of her fear she held for her Master.

Voldemort knelt behind her and leaned close to her ear.

"You are wise to fear me, Bellatrix," he said in a harsh whisper. She cringed, closing her eyes. Her body quivered from his closeness but she maintained her position. He ran his long, bony fingers over her robes, along her spine, stopping just at her buttock. She squirmed a bit when his fingers stopped. "Are you disappointed I stopped?" he hissed.

"Yes, my Lord," she said in a husky voice.

"Are you offering yourself to me?" he asked. Placing her other knee on the ground she leaned forward a bit more, knowing her place.

The Dark Lord snapped his fingers and her clothes were gone. He had smelled her arousal when she had walked in and was not going to let it go to waste. Placing his hands on her hips, he raised them and then roughly shoved his fingers into her wet cunt. Bellatrix let out a moan, exposing her desires.

Voldemort knew well that her desire was not for him, it was for another. He stroked her a bit, brushing against her clit before removing his wet fingers.

"Pity this was not meant for me," he said.

"But my Lord, it is. You are who I desire ..."

"Don't lie to me, bitch!" He quickly raised his robes, exposing his own erection. His fingers entered her again but this time it was to spread her wetness around his cock.

Bellatrix lowered herself down onto her elbows, waiting for him to fuck her. She needed this after being denied by Severus.

Grabbing her hips, Voldemort raised them a bit and thrust not into her wet folds but into her anus. He only provided enough lubrication for his benefit, as was obvious when she cried out in pain.

He viciously pumped her tight ass as his fellow Death Eaters came out of the shadows to watch. Voldemort pulled all the way out and entered again and again, causing her as much pain as he could. Every time the head of his cock tore through her tight ring of muscles she cried out in pain and it was with each cry that brought him closer to his release. He made no sound, not even his breathing changed. With only a quickening in his thrusts, he came. His warm fluid oozed out of her and down her legs, stained with her blood.

He got to his feet, straightened his robes and calmly said, "You may rise, Bellatrix."

"Thank you, my Lord." Her voice quavered, but she did as she was told. She stood in the middle of a group of Death Eaters, naked. Their eyes didn't dare look at her body for it was clear she belonged to their Master and was not an offering to them. Lucius approached her with her robes and she snatched them out of his hands. Covering herself, she hastily took her place in the circle. Her legs trembled and her anus spasmed in pain from being violated but she gave no indication to her discomfort. Silently she vowed that Severus would pay.

"What information do you have for me, Bellatrix?" asked Voldemort, sitting down in his chair, facing his faithful servants. Bellatrix respectfully stepped forward and spoke.

"Severus killed the werewolf but he spared a mudblood's life."

"Which mudblood?" hissed Voldemort.

"Potter's friend."

"Why would he do such a thing? It goes against my work," snapped the Dark Lord.

"Severus claimed it was not in your plans to kill the mudblood, so he spared her life," she said quickly. Voldemort got to his feet and approached her. Bellatrix swallowed hard, trying to hide her fear, forcing herself not to move from her spot.

"And how would you know this, Bellatrix? Severus does not explain himself to anyone except to me."

"I...I..." her words failed her.

"Do not lie to me again, Bellatrix." His voice was calm but his threat was clear.

"I questioned him myself, my Lord." She then hastily added, "Forgive me." Dropping to her knees, she prepared herself for her punishment.

"Crucio!" cried the Dark Lord.

~TBC

Decimotercero

Chapter 12 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Decimotercero

"Lucius," hissed Voldemort, "You will stay." The Dark Lord had dismissed the rest of his Death Eaters. "You requested to speak with me earlier. Speak."

With Voldemort's return three years ago, Severus had quickly moved up in ranks, and it was no secret that Lucius was envious of the attention his old friend had received from their Master.

"Thank you, my Lord. According to my son, Draco, Severus has been faithful to the heirs of current Death Eaters while at Hogwarts." The Dark Lord nodded. "But on several occasions when Draco seized the opportunity to bring Potter and his friends down a peg or two, Severus would always appear from the shadows, terminating their fun before it began."

"Obviously a ploy of his charade," responded Voldemort. Raising his wand, he pointed to Lucius. "You will not waste my time because your son and his friends are not capable of executing adolescent games on their own."

Lucius flinched but quickly spoke, "No, my Lord, there is more. Severus may be indecisive as to where his loyalties lie." The Dark Lord lowered his wand.

"Continue."

"I believe Severus will wait until the final battle and then join the winning side. Until that final battle occurs, he is serving two Masters." Voldemort got to his feet and slowly walked around Lucius. Lucius realized he had his attention and continued, "A man cannot serve two Masters. He will love one and hate the other. Which one does he despise, my Lord? You or Dumbledore?"

"Do you have proof of such accusations, Lucius?" he hissed.

"No, my Lord."

"You do realize the consequences of your accusations, Lucius?"

"I do, my Lord. It is against our nature to degrade and dishonor a fellow Death Eater, but, my Lord, I serve only you and for me to withhold information from you would be dishonoring you." Lucius bowed his head and waited his punishment.

"CRUCIO!" cried Voldemort. While Lucius' body shook from the curse, the Dark Lord was pondering the placement of Severus' true loyalties.

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Lucius staggered into Bellatrix' room and collapsed on her bed. His blonde hair was spread across his face, stuck to the beads of perspiration from enduring an unforgivable. His breathing was staggered and he winced from the tremors his body he had endured.

"What did he say?" Bellatrix shrieked upon seeing him. "What did our Master say when you told him?" She had been anxiously awaiting Lucius' return.

"The ... the potion..." Lucius stammered. Bellatrix retrieved a vial of Pepper-Up potion and handed it to him. He took it with shaking hands and drank the contents. Within seconds he felt a calmness take over. His eyes retreated to Bellatrix as a smile consumed his face. "My reward, first," he hissed. Grabbing her by the throat, he claimed her mouth in a lust-filled kiss.

Bellatrix melted under his kiss, and between her legs dampness took over. Lucius stood up, bringing her with him. Pushing her against the wall, he pinned her down by her throat with one hand and used his other to tear the clothes from her body. Her breasts were exposed along with her womanhood.

"Let's see how bad you want me," he hissed, thrusting his fingers into her. She was wet and ready, just as she always was. Pumping her with his fingers he brought them out. They glistened with her warm liquid and he offered them to her. "Taste yourself, Bellatrix. See why men are addicted to you."

Obediently she opened her mouth and greedily sucked his fingers clean. Lucius watched her as she worked her tongue on his fingers. His erection was pressing against his trousers, begging for release. He could wait no longer. Unfastening his trousers, he released his cock. Lying back down on the bed, he motioned for her to join him. Bellatrix dropped to her knees giving him the first of many rewards promised.

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The meeting of the Order took place that next Saturday. With his hands held out, Albus brought the room to silence. The disarray was soon put to rest as he began to speak.

"Allow me to extinguish any doubts or concerns you may be having. Please join us..." He turned to a side door and gestured someone toward him. It was Remus Lupin, alive as ever. Realizing his death had been staged, most of the members of the Order jumped to their feet and welcomed Remus "back from the dead." Hermione felt a twinge of guilt due to her interference on the night of his "death" so she decided to wait her turn and speak with him later.

Severus Snape remained in the corner, arms crossed with a smug look on his face. He was well aware of the accusations and threats that had been directed to him over Remus' death. This was not the first time he had been misjudged and he knew it would not be the last. Nothing needed to be said.

When the meeting was over, Hermione found Remus in one of the side rooms, alone. Closing the door behind her, she quietly approached him.

"Remus," she said, walking toward him. He turned to face her. Hermione was so overjoyed to see him that she threw her arms around his neck and embraced him. He had a pungent odor of alcohol about him. "I can't begin to express how pleased I am that you are alive." Remus didn't return her embrace. Instead he pulled her arms off him

and turned his back to her.

"Hermione, you say that like you have forgiven me." His voice was cold.

"Forgive you? For what?" she asked, confused by his behavior.

Turning around to face her, he hissed, "Do you not remember that I tried to kill you?" Hermione's eyes widened at his sudden display of anger. His hair was a mess, falling across his face.

"It...it wasn't you...it was the werewolf...he tried..." He stepped closer to her and she stepped back in fear. His breath was reeked with alcohol. His clothes were tattered and filthy.

"I am the werewolf," he snapped. Hermione tried stepping away from him but with every step she took, he closed in. "Even now you fear me."

"Remus, I..."

"Step away from her, Remus, or else we won't have to worry about keeping your survival a secret," said Severus in a low threatening voice. Relief washed over her when she heard his voice. She quickly moved behind Severus. Remus' eyes looked at her and then Severus.

With a smug look on his face, Remus said, slurring slightly, "Yes, I did hear that you were the hero in this particular situation." He took a glass, filled it from the half-empty bottle of firewhiskey and drank it. "Tell me, Severus, how does it feel to play the part of a hero? It's a new role for you, am I correct?"

Severus made a movement forward, but Hermione grabbed onto his arm, holding him back. Again Remus' eyes fell on Hermione, and he snorted. Filling his glass again, he drained it. Placing it down on the table next to the nearly empty bottle, he turned to face both Severus and Hermione.

"So, Severus," slurred Remus, still looking at Hermione, "I've never known for you to keep a woman around so long. She must be good."

Severus launched himself forward, knocking Remus back into the table that held the bottle of firewhiskey and glass. It splintered underneath the weight of both men. As Remus lay on his back, Severus reached out and grabbed him by the front of this shirt, pulling him up.

"You will not speak of her," he hissed in a deadly tone before throwing Remus across the room. Remus slammed into the wall, bringing down a tapestry. Staggering to his feet, Remus threw the tapestry off his body and drew his wand.

"Accio, wood!" cried Remus. A larger part of the table that had shattered flew into Remus' hand. Severus drew his own wand, but before he could cast a spell, the wooden stake came flying at him, piercing him in the chest.

Severus' body flew backward, slamming into the opposite wall. Seeing the stake protruding from Severus' chest, Hermione let out a scream, alerting the others.

"Shut up!" Severus hissed to her. Grabbing her by the arm, he left the room through a different door while the others entered.

"Remus!" cried Tonks, who was one of the first to arrive. The others had their wands drawn, prepared for the unexpected. She quickly moved to his side and knelt down next to him. "What happened?"

"Nothing," he hissed, trying to get to his feet. Just as he managed to do so, he toppled over on his face, passing out. Tonks looked up at the others and then at Albus.

"I can take care of this," she said. Albus nodded and escorted the others out of the room.

There was a silent understanding of why Remus was drunk. He was basically under house arrest, just as Sirius had been.

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Severus entered one of the many bedrooms, bringing Hermione with him. Warding the door behind them, he turned his attention to the piece of wood sticking out of his chest. Hermione stared in shock as he yanked the piece of wood out. Blood immediately oozed from the wound but before Hermione could even react, the gaping hole closed and the wound healed itself.

Trying to comprehend what she had just witnessed, she took a few deep breaths and just stared at him. Not knowing what to say, she sat down. The silence in the room was uncomfortable so she spoke.

"Why would Remus do that?" she asked. Severus placed the last of the charms on his clothes, repairing the tears from the wooden stake.

"It's his twisted sense of humor. All those years he spent with Black rubbed off on him," he sneered. Hermione didn't find the humor in the comment. "Hermione, he tasted human blood. He's given up. His soul is condemned."

"But I survived. I'm not a werewolf."

"It's not about survival, it's about tasting human blood."

It was the first time Hermione had spoken to Severus directly since the night of the attack and now that she was here, alone with him, she didn't know what to say. She should have been concerned about Remus, but something else took over her thoughts and emotions. All she could do was just watch Snape, admiring him, understanding what he was yet not knowing what he was. Her eyes traveled the length of his body, from his legs to his chest to his face. His eyes met hers and suddenly she was thrown into an indescribable sense of urgency to become his. Severus quickly looked away, reminding himself it had to be her choice and he could not influence her.

She got to her feet and walked toward him. Taking his hand in hers, she raised it to her mouth and kissed it just as he had done. She then looked up at him with her dark brown eyes and began to whisper, "I..."

"Severus, Miss Granger, will you please join us?" said a voice. Hermione spun around to see the Headmaster standing in the doorway with a very grave expression. Clearly the wards had not kept him out. "We are waiting for your presence so that dinner can be served."

~TBC

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Duodécimo

Chapter 13 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Duodécimo

That night Hermione found herself wondering the corridors of the school. She had to find Snape. Her heart ached for Remus, but it ached even more for Severus. She had to see him. She had to know he was safe. She had to know if it was a dream or if she really did have some kind of connection to him. Using the light from her wand to guide her through the dark corridors, she made her way down to the dungeons.

"Miss Granger," said a pleasant voice. Hermione spun around, nearly blinding the person with her wand.

"Professor Dumbledore," she squeaked.

"You are out late."

"I was just patrolling the halls, sir."

"Ah, at this late hour, Miss Granger?"

"I was just... making sure everything was safe... you know, for the students."

"Why don't you leave that to me, my dear?" His eyes twinkled as he smiled at her.

"Yes, sir," she said. Defeated, she turned and made her way back to her rooms.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

The next day in potions class, the Hermione, Harry, and Ron were seated, waiting for the arrival of Professor Snape. The Headmaster ordered that classes resume as normal, explaining that it would keep the students' minds off of Professor Lupin's death. On cue, the door opened and in walked Snape. He moved slower than usual, but the stern look on his face was no different from what they had seen before.

Standing in front of the class, he turned to face his students. An instant chill went down to the pit of Hermione's stomach as she looked at him. His skin was pale and sunken, worse than she had ever seen.

Perhaps it was the toll of his taking Remus' life,' she thought. She looked at Harry and Ron to see if they noticed the changes. The only look in Harry and Ron's eyes was anger. They wanted revenge for Remus' death, but had sworn to Dumbledore that they would do no such thing. She then looked at Malfoy, who gave no regard to the appearance of his head of house. Malfoy was wearing a smirk on his face, though, displaying his support for Remus' death.

"Today you will be brewing a Blood-Replenishing potion," Professor Snape spoke in a low voice. His usual intimidating tone was astray, alerting Hermione that something was definitely wrong. He flicked his wand at the chalkboard and the instructions appeared. "You have exactly two hours to turn in your potions. Begin."

Hermione watched Snape walk behind his desk and sit down. Pinching the bridge of his nose with his hand while resting one elbow on the desk, he did not move for the rest of class.

Perhaps because it was a N.E.W.T.s class, the students brewed their potions without incident. Hermione glanced up at Snape often, both making sure he was okay and hoping for some movement out of him. At this point she would have welcomed his yelling or belittling of a student, but there was nothing. He didn't bother to walk around the classroom to oversee the brewing of the assignment.

At the end of class the students quickly bottled a sample of their potion and cleaned up, while Hermione procrastinated just enough until most of the students left, including Harry and Ron.

Pouring her potion into the bottle, she sealed it. Taking a steady breath in, she slowly let it out. She approached his desk where he was looking over the samples of potions the other students had left. Placing hers next to them, she waited.

"Class is over," he said harshly, not looking at her.

"I know, sir, but I just need..." Her words broke off. *Need,* she thought. *What do I need?* She needed to comfort him, tell him that Remus' death was not his fault. She needed to make sure that he was okay.

"Leave now, Miss Granger, or Gryffindor will suffer." He made his point. Hermione grabbed her book bag and left.

Severus watched the door shut behind her. Gathering his strength, he left to his private rooms. He needed to feed soon, but he also needed her for more than just feeding.

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A week later, Hermione placed her stack of books on her desk in the Head Girl's rooms. She didn't know if she was more exhausted from the homework she had just completed or trying to keep Harry and Ron motivated to complete their own homework. The one thing she did know is that she was ready for a hot bath and bed.

Hermione pulled her hair up and tied it in a loose bun, sliding her wand through it to hold it in place. She stepped into the hot bath she had drawn. Adding the last of the sandalwood Tonks had given her, she closed her eyes and relaxed.

Inhaling the aroma, she began to feel a desire build between her legs. Her breasts began to tingle, and her breathing slowed. She inhaled and exhaled slowly, titillating the hunger enthralling her body and senses.

Hearing whispers around her, she was engulfed in darkness.

Drawing her wand from her hair she quickly opened her eyes and looked around. Her bathroom was fully lit and her door secured. Placing another ward on her door, she settled back into the water.

"Just relax, Hermione," she whispered to herself. Pulling her hair back up, then twisted it into a knot again. The ends of her hair dipped into the water. Closing her eyes once again, she leaned her head back onto the edge of the porcelain tub. As her body relaxed, she slipped into the darkness once more but this time she did not resist.

The whispers were indistinguishable, but there was comfort in them. The lascivious desire returned, captivating both her mind and body. Her skin ached to be touched as she brought her hand to her neck and slowly caressed her skin. Her fingers lazily drew circles down her neck to her throat. She ran her fingers along her collarbone, reaching across to her shoulder.

The whispers continued.

Her hand moved across her chest as her forearm brushing against her nipple. Sliding her arm back across her chest, her fingers brushed against her hard nipple, sending a chill throughout her body.

"Touch your breast," she heard. It was the first whisper she could comprehend.

Obedying the voice, her fingers circled her hard nipple. She was acutely aware that her breathing quickened as she rolled the nipple between her thumb and middle finger. Her other hand moved to her other breast. Her fingers traced its curve, sending a wave of excitement down the right side of her body. Slowly her fingers meander to her nipple and rolled it between her fingers. Her chest arched out. Her fingers flicked and rubbed her nipples while her hands kneaded her breasts.

The warmth increased between her legs, as did the salacious hunger that was building deep from within her core. One hand moved further into the water, down her abdomen to her pelvis. Sliding her hand further down, she laced her curls between her fingers.

"Touch yourself," said the whisper.

Her fingers traced the opening of her labia and carefully she opened the folds, feeling the warm water enter. A wave of passion a desire consumed her and again the whispering continued but this time she felt a warm breath against her neck.

"Touch yourself."

Her fingers slid further into her warm folds, feeling the slickness her body had produced. A hand covered her own, guiding its movements. Her fingers moved along her folds up to her clitoris and she inhaled sharply. Slowly she stroked her nub, first one finger, then two. Her strokes increased in speed while her body ached for release. She had never felt a hunger consume her like this. The hand covering her guided her every movement.

"Open your eyes," commanded a deep, silky voice.

Obediently, Hermione opened her eyes and locked onto the set of dark eyes. His desideratum for her immersed her senses and her orgasm overtook her body violently and instantaneously.

She rolled her nub between her fingers while her hips rocked in the water, splashing it over the sides. Her breathing intensified, remaining in sync with his. She felt his warm breath against her lips and face as her fingers thrust into herself. Her thumb rubbed against her clit, bringing herself to another orgasm. Her walls spasmed and she closed her eyes.

"Keep your eyes open," the voice demanded. She obeyed, gazing into the set of black eyes before her.

"Mine," the voice whispered, "You are mine."

"I am yours," she whispered.

Hermione awoke, finding herself in her bed with the covers drawn. Her room was dark with the only the moonlight coming through the opening in the curtains. She started to sit up when she realized she was not wearing any clothing. Her mind raced trying to remember what had occurred. All she could remember were his dark eyes and the erogenous desires that had been achieved.

Closing her eyes, she settled back into her bed and slept.

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Severus sat in his leather lounge, sipping brandy. Once again his energy was restored, but at what price? He could have Hermione anytime he wanted, but for it to be complete, she must be the one to come to him.

He finished the rest of his brandy, and, with a wave of his hand, he snuffed out the candles.

~TBC

Decimocuarto

Chapter 14 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Decimocuarto

Severus entered the Headmaster's office. Aware that this was neither business nor a social call, Severus was not surprised to see Albus with such a serious expression.

"Have a seat, my son." Severus nodded and sat in the leather chair placed in front of the desk. "Tea?" he offered. Severus declined.

Albus removed his spectacles and rubbed his tired blue eyes. With a sigh, he looked at his friend before putting his glasses back on. He wanted to get on with this meeting.

"Severus, you have been in my service for nearly 20 years. In all of those years you have showed me an endurance of faithfulness and dedication to both educating the students here at Hogwarts and protecting our future. I receive that kind of service from very few. So what I am about to say will be difficult." Albus stood up and began to slowly walk around his office, carefully inspecting a few trinkets and objects along the way. After a moment he turned back toward Severus.

"In all these years I have only denied you one thing, and that is to allow you to feed the way in which you are required. It is apparent that Lord Voldemort has met these needs." Albus paused, looking over his spectacles at Severus. Severus returned his gaze with a raised eyebrow and nodded, acknowledging him. There was no reason to deny the obvious.

"I must deny you one more thing, my son. Hermione Granger." Severus did not react. "I do not know why you chose her, but Severus, you cannot have her. For her protection and yours, I feel that I am required to take extreme action. Your contact with Miss Granger will be limited to class only. You will reject any attempt she makes to contact you." Severus sat back in the chair and remained silent. Even Albus could not read his expression but gave him a moment to comprehend the request.

"Severus, do you understand?"

Silently, Severus got to his feet, respectfully bowed and left.

Albus sat down behind his desk as Fawkes flew over to him and landed on his shoulder.

"Did I make the right decision, my friend?" he asked his faithful bird. Fawkes sang sweetly, but gave no indication to whether the right decision had been made.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Once again Hermione found herself unable to sleep. Pacing her rooms, she stopped to check the clock two in the morning. She couldn't remember the last time she slept. All she could think about was Professor Snape. She had made every attempt to speak with him over the past few weeks, but he did not respond to her.

There was such a dire need to see him, to go to him and... she couldn't explain it, not even to herself what she needed to do but she just needed him. He consumed her emotionally and spiritually. She couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep, she was even neglecting her class work and Head Girl duties. When in his presence during class she would only fidget with her wand or ingredients, ruining her potions. All she could think about was him and how she could be his.

Pacing the room a few more times, she gave in. Putting on her robes, she took her wand and entered the darkened corridors. Once again she was going to look for him, but this time she vowed she would find him.

"Lumos," she whispered. The halls were colder than usual and became colder once she entered the dungeons. Pulling her robes tighter around her, she proceeded with caution. For some reason her nerves were on end but it did not stop her from seeking him.

Standing in front of his door, she knocked. No answer. She knocked again and again and still he did not answer. She made an unorthodox decision and tried to break into his room, but was unable to bring down his wards. Giving the door a good kick, she collapsed onto the floor, crying.

"Please, Severus," she cried softly, "I need you." She knew he was there. She could feel him.

Severus was on the other side of the door. Sitting on the stone floor, his hand was pressed against the weathered grains of wood, listening to her, feeling her. He needed her too. The transformation was almost complete and she would no longer be his victim but his life mate, if he allowed her in. That was the consequence of allowing his victim to survive. Severus had been warned, and he had heeded the warnings, but just this once he could not allow his victim to die.

Now she was sitting on the other side of his door, but he had been forbidden to accept her. She was nearly 20 years younger than he, and that in itself was sinful, to feed from someone so young. Severus turned and leaned his back against the door. He closed his eyes and sighed as he listened to her soft cries. His heart ached to hold her, to comfort her, to take away her pain, but he forced himself to remain where he was. If she left now, the transformation would begin to cease and she would not be his. He had to let her go.

Nearly an hour had passed when her crying stopped and her breathing steadied. She was asleep. Severus did not move. He would remain by her side, even with the thick wooden door separating them. Another hour went by, and he heard the footsteps of the Headmaster.

Albus gently lifted Hermione into his arms and returned her to her rooms, as this had been the same routine for the past week.

Severus closed his eyes and dropped his head, allowing a tear to fall. Part of the transformation included love, an undying love that could only be accomplished through a completed transformation. This was the closest he would ever come to loving another, and, as that single tear fell, he silently told his Hermione goodbye.

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"Ah, Severus, please come in," said Albus in a cheery voice. "I have some good news." Severus eyed the old man for a moment before taking a seat in front of his desk. "Lemon drop?" Severus waved off his offer. "Severus, I have come to a decision that I believe you will agree is for the best. I have decided to relocate Hermione Granger, just until she is able to better cope with the situation at hand."

"And what situation would that be, sir?" Severus sneered.

"Severus," the Headmaster's tone was a bit more serious, "Don't be coy with me, my son. You are well aware that the situation with Miss Granger has not only affected how she is behaving around you but it is affecting her grades and responsibilities. You were just as studious in your days as a student and you too would have been devastated in a decline of your academics." Severus' eyes narrowed, but nodded only in the slightest. "Good, so you understand the importance of removing her, not to mention the prevention of any future complications."

"Is there anything else?" Severus asked.

"No, you may leave." Severus left in silence, trying to control the anger consuming him.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Griselda Marchbanks, the Minister of Magic, held a tight ship. She refused to be swayed by outside influences, namely the Malfoys. Griselda saw herself as too damn old to tolerate the absurd expectations of prestigious families and she proved this in her decisions, showing fairness for all social classes. Her beliefs quickly earned respect throughout the wizarding world since a majority of the families lacked the financial resources these prestigious families were accustomed to.

Unfortunately this did not sit well with Lucius Malfoy, because controlling the Ministry was his edge in gaining favor with the Dark Lord. At least Cornelius Fudge had the sense when to understand the promise of certain protection when accepting a "donation." Lucius had been ready to bring down Marchbanks along with the entire Ministry when she first refused his suggestions that accompanied his donations, but Voldemort reminded Lucius to show patience and that this was not a war for personal vendetta. 'In good time, my son,' Voldemort would tell him. 'We will attack when it benefits all of us, not just you.'

Today Lucius Malfoy displayed an expression of joy that was unequalled to any he had previously displayed. His blue eyes sparkled through his silver mask.

"My Death Eaters, today we will be victorious. Today we will publicly announce we are in control. Today, my loyal servants, will be the day the Minister of Magic and her

followers will understand their grave mistake of turning their backs on me Lord Voldemort!"

The Death Eaters cheered their Master. All were adorned in black robes, black leather gloves and silver masks, ready for battle.

A hearing before the Wizengamot was scheduled, so not only would Marchbanks be present, so would Dumbledore.

Using an array of spells, charms, and the Imperius curse, the Death Eaters gained access to the courtroom. Once inside, they contained it, preventing anyone from Apparating or Disapparating.

The Wizengamot drew their wands and courageously battled the Death Eaters. There were flashes of green, red, and blue light as curses and counter-curses were thrown. Magical shields were of no use against the unforgivables. Many of both the Wizengamot and Death Eaters were slain. Those that remained ignored the dead as they continued fighting, each for their own cause.

Severus had been injured, but it did not stop him as he cast several more curses, bringing down four more members of the Ministry. Limping over to the bodies, he silently whispered a curse, sealing their fate. The injury to his chest was excruciatingly painful yet he continued on. The battle was almost over.

Keeping his wand drawn, he spun around, seeking out his next victim. Standing before him was Albus Dumbledore with his wand raised. Behind Albus was Kingsley. Severus' eyes flashed dangerously at Kingsley for a split second before returning to Albus.

"So it comes down to this, Severus?" asked Albus. The disappointment in his tone was obvious. Severus raised his wand, pointing it at Albus and remained silent. The two men locked eyes. 'Twenty years,' Severus thought, 'twenty years.'

Both Albus and Severus lunged forward, each casting a different curse. There was a blinding flash of green and red followed by a cloud of smoke. As it cleared, one man had been slain and the other remained standing.

~TBC

Decimoquinto

Chapter 15 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Decimoquinto

By the time the Order had arrived, it was too late to save those who had been slain. Those Death Eaters still alive fled, victorious. The Ministry had taken a big hit, with a majority of the Wizengamot seriously injured or dead. Among the dead were Griselda Marchbanks, Amelia Bones, and Albus Dumbledore.

It would be only a matter of time before word spread, inhibiting the motivation to fight against Lord Voldemort.

The Death Eaters now gathered, waiting for their master to speak. Their circle, which had been complete prior to the battle, now contained several open spaces.

Voldemort stood before his followers, noting the empty gaps. "My children," he softly spoke. "On this night we are victorious. In the morning, the world shall have no doubt that Lord Voldemort is the new power." The Death Eaters cheered.

The Dark Lord turned toward the empty space in the circle belonging to Severus Snape. The rest of the Death Eaters only noted the empty space but remained silent.

"For years Severus has remained my faithful servant. Tonight we witnessed a true act of loyalty." He glanced at Lucius and Bellatrix for a moment. "The confrontation between Dumbledore and Severus during our battle with the Ministry will be one to speak about for generations. The Old Fool always believed good would dominate evil. On this night, he witnessed firsthand just how wrong he was." The Death Eaters chanted. "Severus, step forward, my son."

Severus Snape stepped out from the shadows, slightly limping from his injury, but standing tall and proud. The Death Eaters stepped back, allowing him through. Taking his place next to Voldemort, Severus stood still, his expression smug and arrogant. Clearly the loss of Dumbledore had no effect on him.

"Severus, you are my highest ranking servant." The Dark Lord turned to his servants and commanded, "Bow to your liege Severus!" Quickly they dropped to one knee, murmuring, "Severus," and took it in turns to kiss his hems.

Lucius and Bellatrix obediently paid their respects to Severus. Knowing he now held a higher rank infuriated them. Each already held a prominent position with their Master, and neither had been outranked until now.

"Celebrate, my children." With a wave of the Dark Lord's hand, several dozen willing women appeared. In the light of the full moon, the Death Eaters indulged in women and drink, celebrating late into the night.

Voldemort walked around, proud of his servants, but noticed Severus was not joining in on the celebration.

"Severus," hissed Voldemort, "Do you not join in because you have openly defied Dumbledore?" Severus quickly bowed and stood before his Master.

"No, my Lord. It was only a matter of time before Albus saw who my true Master is."

"Then I do not understand, Severus. Having destroyed Albus you now hold the highest rank among my Death Eaters, yet you do not celebrate our victory."

"Forgive me, my Lord." Severus quickly bowed again and left to join the festivities. Voldemort watched him leave, suspicious of his explanation.

"Master, may I have a word with you?" spoke the smooth voice belonging to Lucius. Voldemort turned to him, eyeing him suspiciously, along with Bellatrix who was standing by his side.

"Speak quickly, Lucius." It was evident he was losing patience with Lucius.

"My Lord, I have information that you will find of interest." The Dark Lord drew his wand, sneering at his servant.

"And I assume this information will be worth the risk of you earning a punishment..." He eyed Bellatrix, "...for both of you?"

"Yes, my Lord," Lucius bowed quickly and then stood. "It seems that Remus Lupin is alive and well. He was just spotted roaming the woods not far from here, in werewolf form."

Voldemort's hands grasped his wand so tight that it snapped in two.

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Hermione sat on the windowsill, watching the movement of every branch, every leaf, every flicker of shadow waiting for him. Her hair was tangled and knotted but pulled back with a tattered piece of ribbon. Her clothes were stained and wrinkled, giving off a stale odor from being worn for several days.

"How is she?" asked Professor McGonagall, watching Hermione's head turn momentarily in her direction only to show disappointment that it was not him.

"She won't eat. She won't sleep. She won't even allow me to clean her. All she does sit by the window and stare, waiting. I have administered a sleeping potion but it has no effect. The spells I try to cast have no effect either," said Madam Pomfrey.

"How soon before this ends, Poppy? She can't go on much longer," asked Minerva with a quiet, wavering voice.

"I am unsure, but from what I understand the transformation should begin reversing soon, just as long as we keep Severus away."

"How could he have done this to her?" Minerva whispered harshly. "She is only a child."

"Minerva," said Poppy gently, "I explained to you that Severus had no choice in the matter. He saved her from a life of lycanthropy..."

"Forcing her to be his life mate?" snapped Minerva. "I'm not a fool, Poppy. I know it takes more than one feeding to do this." Hermione's head turned toward the women again, eyeing them suspiciously. She stood up from the windowsill, approached them, and glared at her Head of House.

"He is not forcing me," she whispered. "I want to be with him but..." Hermione turned back around and silently took her place by the window. Her every attempt to be with Severus failed, and she could only assume he didn't want her. "He will come for me," she said softly. "Please come for me, Severus."

"I don't know how much more I can take, Poppy. What are we going to do?" Minerva placed a hand over her mouth, muffling her sobs as the tears fell from her eyes. Poppy consoled her friend. Silently they sat together, watching Hermione, the most promising witch of her age, deteriorating before their very eyes. They had yet to be informed of the demise of Albus Dumbledore.

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"Severus, walk with me," said Voldemort. The celebration had ended hours ago, yet Severus still remained.

"Yes, my Lord." Severus took his place next to the Dark Lord, walking into the woods. The tiredness in his eyes indicated he had not fed.

The moon was full, but the thickness of the branches blocked the light, allowing the darkness to dominate. Yet Voldemort did not draw his wand to light their way. He either had the keen ability to see in the dark or sense the direction he was going. Severus was not sure which.

"Nearly twenty years of service and this is the first time you have refused my offer to feed, Severus."

"Forgive me, Master, your generosity has not gone unnoted, but the women you provided tonight cannot suffice my needs."

Voldemort closely watched Severus' expression, understanding his meaning.

"Then who will fulfill your needs, Severus?"

Without hesitation, Severus spoke her name. "Hermione Granger."

The Dark Lord allowed a slight smirk to cross his expression. Her name did not surprise him, for she was known to be an exceptional witch. Understanding what Severus was and his need for this Mudblood, he was aware she was the key to Severus' survival. It was the playing card he needed.

Voldemort looked at his two Death Eaters who were waiting in the shadows. Nodding at them, they approached. Severus' eyes followed the movement in the shadows and saw Lucius and Bellatrix approaching him with smug looks and wands drawn.

"Remus Lupin is alive..." whispered Voldemort. Severus' stomach clenched at these words and then he heard, "CRUCIO!"

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Severus was lying on the ground with his hands bound above his head and his legs bound at the ankles. His clothing was torn and ripped where various curses had hit him. His breathing was shallow and staggered. His hair was soaked and matted against his head from both blood and sweat. The pain coursing through his body was like none he had ever endured. It took all of his energy just to take a breath.

"Tell me!" shrieked Bellatrix, "Tell me now!"

"I...I don't know," whispered Severus, forcing out the words. He felt a sharp pain on his side along with another crack. He then heard a moan, realizing it was coming from himself. Again Lucius had kicked him, breaking at least one rib.

Kneeling down next to him, Lucius leaned in close to Severus' face. The few stray locks fell from Lucius' ponytail, sticking to Severus' sweaty skin. And for a moment the white on black hair reflected the irony of the situation.

"Severus, my friend, tell us the wards and this shall end," whispered Lucius. Lucius placed a hand directly on Severus' broken ribs and applied pressure. Severus flinched and another pain-filled moan escaped, but Severus did not speak.

"Enough," hissed Voldemort. Leaning over Severus he looked at his fallen Death Eater. "Perhaps you are telling us the truth, but it will not stop us."

Severus looked into his Master's eyes and saw the gleam of satisfaction. He realized Voldemort knew all along he did not have the wards to Hogwarts and that this was just a way to enjoy Severus' punishment for lying about Lupin. Severus also suspected there was a reason to have Lucius and Bellatrix present but he was in no condition to solve that mystery.

The Dark Lord stood up and snapped, "It is time. Bring him." He Apparated into the night.

~TBC

Decimosexto

Chapter 16 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Decimosexto

Voldemort, Lucius, and Bellatrix Apparated just outside the grounds of Hogwarts with Severus draped over Lucius' shoulder. Lucius dropped Severus onto the ground with a loud 'thump.' The three stood before the castle, surveying the area.

"Master, you have the wards?" asked Bellatrix. There was a note of surprise and anticipation in her voice.

"We do not need the wards," hissed the Dark Lord. "The wards recognize Severus. Now bring him along." Voldemort began walking toward the castle to the entrance he knew only Severus used.

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"DUMBLEDORE'S DEAD!"

"DUMBLEDORE'S DEAD!"

"DUMBLEDORE'S DEAD!"

It could be heard throughout the castle. The students were in mayhem, running throughout the castle in search of answers while others were in search of siblings and friends. Some were crying and weeping openly and others hid in corners, too in shock to react. The professors and staff were just as distressed, and were of no use to bringing order.

Harry came running into the Gryffindor common room. His eyes frantically searched for Ron and Ginny and ran over to them.

"Ginny, are you positive? Are you sure?" asked Ron. "How can she...and...he...oh gods this is too sick!"

Tears were flowing down Ginny's face, but she kept nodding 'yes.'

"I have it," said Harry breathlessly, holding the Marauders Map out for them to see. "But I haven't located Hermione." Ron and Ginny quickly stood up. Their eyes scanned every inch of the map, trying to find Hermione.

"So you believe her?" asked Ron. "You really believe her?"

"Come on, Ron, do you really think Ginny would make that up?" snapped Harry. Ron looked at his sister and then at Harry.

"I don't know. The thought of Hermione going down to Snape's rooms every night, begging him to...I just can't..."

"There!" squeaked Ginny. She pointed to a black dot labeled Hermione and all three looked closer.

"What part of the castle is that?" asked Harry. He traced his finger from the main corridor, following the path to Hermione's location. "It must be a hidden floor." His finger followed several paths. "I think it needs to be accessed through Dumbledore's office."

Ron closed his eyes and slowly shook his head while his sister started crying again. It was too painful to think about their Headmaster.

Arthur Weasley was the representative from the Ministry who broke the news of Dumbledore's death. The students and staff had been gathered in the Great Hall for the announcement. At first there was stunned silence. Then the crying began. Professor McGonagall was not even capable of addressing the student body as she sobbed openly at the High Table. Hagrid grabbed the table he was sitting at and launched it into the windows. Shattered glass flew. Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff all mourned the loss of the Headmaster, but the Slytherin table openly wore satisfied expressions and left the Great Hall for a silent celebration. In the Great Hall, it was only Harry who didn't cry. Instead a wave of anger consumed him, and, looking in his eyes, the rage was never more evident.

Gripping his wand tighter in his hand, Harry hissed, "Let's go."

Ginny had been concerned about Hermione's behavior over the past few months. She had been acting skittish, which was strange for Hermione, so Ginny decided to watch her a bit more closely. One night, when her Head Girl rounds were over, Hermione went to the dungeons instead of her Gryffindor rooms. Ginny had followed her and had learned of Hermione's obsession of Snape. At first Ginny didn't know what to think, but she kept Hermione's secret.

Ginny knew if she shared with Harry and Ron what she had discovered, they would overreact, so Ginny decided to keep following Hermione and in case she could help her. Each night Ginny followed Hermione down to the dungeons, and each night she saw Professor Dumbledore take an exhausted Hermione back to her rooms.

Still not wanting to go to Harry and Ron, Ginny had finally gathered the courage to speak with Professor Dumbledore. Before she reached his office, she overheard him speaking to Madame Pomfrey about locking Hermione in a special room at night to keep Professor Snape away from her. She could only assume the obsession was mutual. Still Ginny had not told anyone, but as soon as it was announced that Snape killed Dumbledore, Ginny knew her friend was in serious trouble, and she had no choice but to tell Harry and Ron.

Ron and Harry were searching for an opening to the passage when Ginny cried, "Voldemort!"

Ginny pointed to the map where they saw a dot labeled T. Riddle, along with L. Malfoy, B. Lestrangle, and S. Snape.

"Look!" cried Ron, "Snape is at the entrance by the dungeons!" Only three dots were moving. Snape's dot did not move.

"Ginny, go warn the others! Ron and I will enter from the outside of the castle!"

The three took off running, hoping to prevent another tragedy from occurring.

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Once again Severus was dropped to the ground, barely conscious. His vision was too blurred to see where he was but the voices he heard indicated he was not alone. The smell of his surroundings was all too familiar - he was home.

Severus closed his eyes and ignored the pain his body was feeling. Breathing as steady as he could manage, he focused on where Hermione was. If he could somehow connect with her thoughts, he could tell her to hide. Severus had no doubt Voldemort would use Hermione to destroy him and then destroy her. His thoughts blurred and again he slipped into an unconscious state.

"Find Granger," hissed Voldemort, "Bring her to me."

"The Mudblood?" questioned Bellatrix. The Dark Lord pulled back his hand and slapped her across the face.

"You will not question me," he hissed dangerously.

"Forgive me, my Lord," she quickly replied, rubbing her stinging cheek. "Where will we find her?" Voldemort smirked and looked down at Severus.

"He will find her for us." Voldemort then whispered, "Legilimens."

Inside Severus' mind were many layers, but it was not surprising that the knowledge Voldemort was searching for was easily retrieved. It was evident that Severus was in survivor mode, and he needed this Mudblood to survive.

Following the path of the portraits that lined the corridors of Hogwarts, Severus was inside the minds of the subjects, trying to find the route Hermione had been taken. He had done this hundreds of times before, always finding students after hours, and this would have been no different if not for the vast amount of energy that had been drained. Severus finally located the one that eventually led to the room Hermione was in. Severus realized there were no portraits in the room with her. It was only a door that stood between them.

Severus suddenly felt a sharp pain in his thoughts and realized he was not alone in his mind. The Dark Lord was invading his thoughts too. Severus was well aware his Master was using Legilimency on him, even in his unconscious state. Severus was highly skilled in Occlumency but it was too late. He had shown him where Hermione was.

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Voldemort raised his wand and blasted the door open.

Hermione was startled off the window ledge, falling to the ground. She crouched low as if trying to remain unseen.

"Grab her!" commanded Lucius. Bellatrix raised her wand and cast a stunning spell at Hermione. Hermione was launched back into the stone wall but was only dazed. Lucius stunned the girl again, and this time she fell unconscious.

Grabbing her by the hair, Bellatrix began dragging Hermione out of the room and down the corridor, following her Master. Lucius was behind her.

Voldemort quietly hissed, "If the Mudblood is unable to restore Severus' energy supplies, then both your deaths will have to suffice."

Registering his words, Bellatrix froze in mid-stride. Letting go of Hermione's hair, Bellatrix looked at Lucius. He picked Hermione up and threw her over his shoulder, carrying her the rest of the way.

Hermione regained consciousness only to find herself upside down and her face rubbing against wool. From her perspective she could only make out the stone floor and black robes. It was the intricate silver patterning of the Malfoy family crest on the hem of the robes that gave her a clue as to who had her.

Realizing her arms were not bound, she reached up and pulled as hard as she could on Malfoy's ponytail. His head snapped back, causing him to lose his footing. Both went down to the ground with a hard thump.

"You little bitch!" spat Malfoy, pulling his hand back and slapping her. Hermione wasn't quick enough to move out of the way as her head snapped sideways. Ignoring the pain, she got to her feet, but, when she realized she was in the presence of Voldemort himself, she froze.

The Dark Lord slowly approached Hermione. His red eyes were slitted in annoyance. Both her hands clenched into tight fists. She might have been wandless, but she was not going without a fight.

"Listen carefully, Mudblood," he hissed, "I have what you *need*. The choice is yours." Her eyes widened at the word *need*: she understood he had Severus. Unclenching her fists, she nodded. In a silent understanding, Voldemort turned and continued down the corridor with Hermione following. They entered the dungeons and quickly left through the exit. In the darkness, they heard a voice.

"Voldemort," hissed Harry. His wand was drawn, ready to fight.

Lucius and Bellatrix came to a sudden halt with their wands drawn.

"Harry Potter," hissed Voldemort. "I do believe this is my lucky night. First Albus and now you." Raising his wand, he prepared to destroy Potter. Voldemort had the ability to repair his wand and was not ready to use it to destroy.

"NO!" cried Hermione, standing in front of Voldemort, as if protecting him from Harry. "NO!" Hermione's only thought was to get to Severus - nothing else mattered.

"Hermione, move!" yelled Ron.

"NO! I *need* him!" Ron and Harry were stunned.

The Dark Lord took advantage of their confusion and threw an unforgivable. "Avada Kedavra!"

Harry and Ron both jumped out of the way. When they got to their feet, Voldemort and the others were gone.

~TBC

Decimoséptimo

Chapter 17 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Decimoséptimo

"Potter! Where is he?" cried Professor McGonagall. She and several other staff members were hurrying toward them with wands drawn.

"He's gone, and he has Hermione!" yelled Harry.

"How?" asked Flitwick.

"Malfoy and Lestrage were with Voldemort. I don't understand..." Harry's words broke off.

"Hermione jumped in front of Voldemort as if she were protecting him," continued Ron. The professors looked at each other questioningly and then back at Harry and Ron.

"Listen carefully, boys: was Professor Snape with them?" asked McGonagall. Harry and Ron looked at each other quickly and then pulled out the map. Snape's dot was gone.

"He was here. According to this map he was here, but we didn't see him," said Harry. McGonagall wrapped her arms around herself as her expression grew solemn. Deep in thought, she did not hear what the others were saying.

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'Thump!' went Snape's body, as Lucius threw him onto the stone floor. Hermione tried to go to him, but the Dark Lord grabbed her by the throat and brought her face to his. Voldemort's eyes had a cunning expression to them, which made them all the more threatening.

"Your Master was punished for lying to me. You will heal him, and then I shall decide if you are of any use to me." He threw her onto the floor and left the room. Hermione could hear the wards activate on the door as it sealed itself.

Hermione immediately went to Severus and knelt next to him. Her eyes scanned his body, noting the blood on his torn clothes and unnatural positioning of his limbs.

Gingerly she touched his face and whispered, "Severus, what did they do to you?" His head turned toward her and slowly his eyes opened. Both eyes were red and swollen. In his left eye the blood vessels were ruptured.

Realizing it was Hermione, his lips slightly parted as if to speak but no sound came out.

"Shhhh," she gently whispered, cradling his face.

Severus closed his mouth along with his eyes and rested in her arms. He couldn't move. He couldn't think. All he could do was breathe.

Hermione comforted him while she silently cried.

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"Snape killed Dumbledore and now he's kidnapped Hermione!" snapped Harry. "Come on, Ron, we're going to get her back and kill that bastard!" Ron took his place next to Harry. Their expressions of hatred left no doubt that blood was going to be shed.

"You boys will not leave the school grounds," snapped McGonagall.

Harry marched over to her. Looking into her eyes, he hissed, "He took Hermione. We are getting her back." McGonagall quickly raised her wand and cast two stunning spells, one for Harry and one for Ron. The red light blasting from her wand rendered both boys unconscious.

"Forgive me, boys, but you are not seeing the entire picture," she whispered.

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"He gave that Mudblood to Severus!" shrieked Bellatrix. She was pacing her rooms frantically, displaying her frustration and anger. "After Severus' betrayal he..."

"Shut up!" hissed Lucius, who was staring out the window. "Severus' lies about Lupin were enough for him to be punished but why give him a Mudblood?"

"You fool!" she snapped, "Severus has chosen a life mate. He has chosen that Mudblood!" Lucius' face paled. He turned to face Bellatrix. His eyes narrowed and his jaw was trembling with anger. Grabbing her by the throat, he slammed her against the wall.

"Severus Snape is a pureblood wizard. He despises Mudbloods," he hissed. His voice turned dangerously low. His fingers closed tighter around her throat with each word. "Don't insult the name of Snape by even suggesting he would choose a filthy Mudblood as a life partner. The Mudblood is nothing more than a sacrifice to get to Potter."

Bellatrix was clawing frantically at his hand to release her. Her vision was blurring. Instinctively she quickly raised her knee and thrust it hard into his groin. Lucius immediately let her go and fell to the ground with both hands covering his groin. Bellatrix slid down the wall, gasping for breath.

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With her eyes closed, Hermione continued to hold Severus while whispering to him. Her tears fell freely down her face and onto his.

"Please," she whispered, "please tell me what to do."

Somewhere in her mind she was aware that the man she was holding had killed Dumbledore and that she herself had prevented Harry from dueling Voldemort, yet the only thing that mattered was her saving Severus.

'Heal him,' she thought. Voldemort told her to heal him. But how?

She opened her eyes to look at the man in her arms. His face was almost unrecognizable from the swelling. Leaning down, she gave him a gentle kiss on his lips. When she leaned back, she noticed some of her blood from where Lucius had slapped her smeared onto his lips. His tongue slowly came out to lick it. The swelling around his mouth decreased.

Hermione realized what she had to do. She was aware there were consequences, but it would be worth the sacrifice to save him. Sucking in her bottom lip between her teeth, she bit down on it, reopening the wound. Touching her lips to his, she let him slowly suck on them, taking her blood. She closed her eyes and caressed his face as she gave him life. Breathing deeply, she could feel her energy transfer to him. Warmth and desire spread across her body.

Letting go of her lip, he whispered, "More." Hermione sat up and pushed her sleeve back to expose her wrist. She knew this is what she needed to do. Placing his wrist on his lips, she felt a sharp pain that was quickly overshadowed by concupiscence.

In Severus' mind there was a battle for survival. He drank fully, swallowing full gulps of the life-blood she offered. The warmth and energy flowed through his veins and arteries, overriding his ability to comprehend he was drinking from Hermione. His instinct to survive consumed his actions as he drank more and more from her. He felt his body trying to heal, his legs starting to stretch and resume a natural position, but the blood she offered was not enough. His bones and lacerations began to repair themselves, but he needed more energy. His head slightly jerked, trying to release her wrist. He needed her jugular. He needed to kill to be complete.

His eyes flew open and he released her wrist. Grabbing her head and pulling it toward him, he brought her throat to his mouth. He opened his jaw wide, his teeth extended to make the cut. This was the most powerful bite of a vampire, and took the most energy, but in return it guaranteed life for him and death for his victim. His tongue licked the skin then his teeth pierced it, slicing through each layer of skin to the muscle. His lips covered the area, ready to receive life.

Hermione's heart was beating with his. She was consumed with his needs. She tilted her head back, offering her life to him.

"Please, Severus," she whispered, encouraging him to continue. His desires became hers and she was going to give him anything he needed. She was under his power.

Severus' eyes flew open at the sound of her voice and realization washed over him. Quickly he shoved her away, breaking the connection.

"No," she cried. "You need me..." her voice trailed off. She looked at him, still injured and lying on the floor. Her eyes scanned her surroundings. The connection was broken.

"Severus," she said. Her voice cracked. Her eyes filled with tears and they began to roll down her face. "How can I heal you?" she whispered.

He looked away and said, "There are other ways." Gingerly Severus got to his feet, wincing at the pain from his injuries. Closing his eyes, he took several calming breaths. Between his injuries and pain, his head spun and he fought not to lose consciousness. Beads of sweat formed on his brow. His hand shook as he pushed his hair back and away from his eyes. *'Her choice.'*

Hermione watched him take a step to the bed and collapse onto it. He lay motionless on his side, his body on the bed with his legs hanging off. With tears streaming down her face, she went to him.

"Severus, I need you," she whispered. He did not respond, as once again he was unconscious. Hermione tried moving him further onto the bed, but he was too heavy. Dropping to her knees, she cried.

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Ron was sitting in a small wooden chair when Harry woke up. Gingerly he sat up and looked at his surroundings.

"McGonagall must have hexed you a lot harder than me," smirked Ron.

"Where are we?" asked Harry, putting on his glasses.

"I'm not sure, but I imagine it's near the same place Dumbledore had Hermione. The location is not too clear on the map."

"Hermione!" gasped Harry, suddenly remembering what had happened. "We need to get her!" He jumped out of couch was lying in and headed for the door.

"It won't open," said Ron. "And yes, I used magic," he added. "There are too many wards placed on it." Harry kicked the door and then turned to Ron.

"So you are just giving up?" he snapped. Ron smirked.

"Never." He took Harry's wand from the side table and tossed it to him. "I was just waiting for you to finish getting your beauty rest so that we could bring down the wards together. After all, two wands are better than one." Harry gave his friend a smile. "But I do need to mention one thing Hermione did betray us."

~TBC

Decimoctavos

Chapter 18 of 25

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Forbidden Obsession

Decimoctavos

Hermione had cried for nearly an hour when she suddenly sat up. Biting her bottom lip, she flinched. It was still painful and swollen. She could taste the dried blood and salt from her tears. Wiping her eyes she looked around. An expression of realization washed over her and she quickly got to her feet.

'How could I be so stupid?' Her thoughts were clearer than they had been in weeks. Pushing her hair back, she carefully inspected her surroundings and found what she needed a potions cabinet. With a pleased expression, she opened it. Inside were vials of potions, collectively organized, and each labeled with Severus' handwriting.

It had finally occurred to her that they were locked in Severus' rooms. Voldemort had not hesitated over which room to put them in and the wards sealed not from the outside but the inside, indicating that the room recognized Severus.

She went into the bathroom with several vials in hand. It was clear from the well-stocked potions cabinet and the large porcelain bathtub that Severus was prepared for similar situations. Drawing a bath, she opened a few of the vials and added the contents to the water. She then emptied the rest of the vials into a bowl and placed it next to the tub.

Going back to the bedroom, she gently patted Severus down in search of... "There you are," she whispered, drawing out his wand. His body still lay motionless on the bed. She carefully levitated him into the bathroom and removed both their clothing. She stepped into the bath and levitated him down into the water in front of her. She cradled his limp, injured body, supporting it with hers. Leaning his head back against her chest, she dipped the washcloth into the bowl of potions and gently washed his face.

Hermione finally understood what was occurring between her and Severus. She had been chosen as his life mate -- although she used the term 'chosen' lightly. She was aware of the circumstances that brought her here but there was something powerful occurring between them and she did not want to stop it. Remembering what she had read about the Romanian vampire, she knew their connection was real, and it finally occurred to her how she could heal him. It would just be a matter of time before she could restore enough of his energies to allow the final step in his healing and their transformation to be complete.

She gently rubbed and massaged his body with her hands, caressing his skin with the potions. Closing her eyes she ran her fingers along his torso, memorizing every scar, every crease, every detail. Her legs surrounded his, holding him, supporting him. Her fingers slowly moved down his thighs. The cuts her fingers had passed were now healing. Her fingers moved up to his abdomen back to his chest. Keeping her eyes closed she slowly inhaled his scent. Concentrating all of her energies on him, she slowly exhaled through her mouth, releasing her love for him. Severus did not move. She did it again. Still he did not move. Hermione held him closer, grazing her lips against his face. Again she breathed deeply.

Severus' breathing had been steady, but on his next breath he inhaled deeply, taking in her energy. His body, still broken and battered, lay on hers, but with each breath his body slowly began to heal. With her every breath, Severus breathed in.

Hermione knew that a Romanian vampire survived on the energy produced by other living creatures and that blood and sex were the two greatest sources of energy. This is why Voldemort had abducted her from Hogwarts and demanded that she heal him. If she was in fact to be his life mate, then she was the only one capable of this task.

Severus' eyes opened and fixed on the ceiling of the bathroom. The injuries his body had endured were evident as tremors moved along his limbs. Hermione leaned forward a bit so that he could see her better. A bit of the blood had drained from his eye. His breathing was still staggered.

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"Remus!" cried Tonks, "We've been searching everywhere for you!" Remus staggered in, clutching his ribs. He had four cuts across his face, indicating another creature had clawed him. He headed toward the nearest chair, trying to maintain his stoic attitude, but flinched as his sat. Still clutching his ribs, he pushed his hair back and glared at Tonks.

"You're not my keeper," he sneered.

"No, I'm not, but I am your friend," she snapped back. "Why didn't you take your Wolfsbane potion? You know we can't risk you being seen, especially now." He readjusted himself in his chair, again cringing from the pain. He glared at her.

"Gods, we can't let the werewolf be seen because it could jeopardize Severus' position," he said sarcastically. "Why should we protect him now? Look what he has done!" Remus got to his feet, winching from the pain. "He has fucked up everything! He has shown where his loyalties truly lie, and yet, you are protecting him." Tonks approached him. Crossing her arms, she glared back at him.

"Did it ever occur to you that **you** are the one I am protecting?" she spat. Remus' expression went from anger to shock.

Turning his back on her, he quietly said, "I'm not worth protecting."

"Yes, you are," said Tonks gently. She watched Remus' shoulders drop along with his head. He had given up hope. She walked up to him and took him by the hand. Moving to face him, she said again, "Remus, you are worth protecting." She looked into his gray eyes and saw his pain.

Remus closed his eyes and slowly shook his head. He heard her words, but they meant nothing to him. He felt trapped and as far as he was concerned the only way out was death.

"Come on, love," she said gently. "Let's clean your wounds and fix those broken ribs." Tonks led him to the kitchen, silently vowing that she was going to prove to him that he was worth protecting.

She opened the door to the kitchen. Remus slowed down to allow her to walk through first and she slowed down to allow him to walk through and together they walked in side by side, getting wedged in the door. Tonks blushed and looked up at him with dark, twinkling eyes.

"Did I ever tell you that I'm dead clumsy?" A gentle smile spread across Remus' face that soon turned into a frown. He began crying. Tonks turned to him and held him as he sobbed.

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Severus soon regained enough energy to be able to sit up on his own. The water splashed over the sides of the tub. Both of them remained silent. He knew what had to be done to insure his survival, but he did not know if she was willing. Fighting his instinct to feed forcefully, he kept his back to her. She could offer so much more if he could just contain his urge to survive, allowing the transformation to happen. If she were willing, she would be his life mate. If she were not willing, she would become just another victim.

"Hermione, there is more that I require of you." His voice broke the silence. There was a pause before she answered.

"I know." Her voice was without emotion. It was for her to decide his fate, but to her the decision had already been made.

"Are you willing?" Severus knew that which ever answer she chose, he would be leaving here with his energies fully restored.

Hermione remembered searching the dungeons for him, trying to break into his rooms, desperate to find him because she needed him. Sitting here with him she questioned herself, was she doing this for her needs or his? The control of the transformation was so powerful that she could not answer the question.

"Yes," she said.

He stood up and stepped out of the bathtub. His legs were still a bit shaky, but it did not stop him. Offering his hand to Hermione, he assisted her out of the tub too. Hermione normally would have been self-conscious at being unclothed in front of a man, but she was more nervous of what she had to do. Severus escorted her to his bed. Still holding her hand, he turned to face her, but didn't look at her. Standing in front of her, water dripped from the ends of his black hair, down his body. She stood in front of him with water running down her body, and she waited.

"It wasn't supposed to be this way," he said. She looked up at him, but he was looking past her. "Do you understand that this will be the final step?"

"Yes."

"You understand that you will be my life mate and will be faithful to me, no matter which path I choose."

"Yes."

"Hermione, there is no going back."

"I know, Severus."

Closing his eyes, he breathed in and out very slowly, drawing all of his energies. Opening his eyes, he made eye contact with her. Her reaction was instantaneous as she inhaled quick and deep, as if taking the breath of life. Her head tilted back and her chest puffed out as it filled with air. He looked into her eyes for several moments, reading her thoughts and desires. Satisfied with what he saw, he lifted her onto the bed and joined her.

"This won't be gentle," he whispered, "I don't know how to be gentle." There would be no control in this consummation. It would be driven by desire and need, along with her willingness to accept him. Positioning himself on top of her, he quickly claimed her mouth, crushing her lips with his.

His mouth was bruisingly hard with both desperation and passion. She felt the kiss burning into her. His hand moved to the back of her head and laced through her hair, pulling her closer to him. His tongue demanded entrance and she parted her lips, allowing it to thrust inside, tasting and exploring. Desire and need consumed her soul. The intensity of her desperate need for this man tormented her, making her hunger for what she knew only he could offer. She wrapped her hands around his back, just below his shoulder blades of his thin frame. Thrusting her tongue into his mouth, she responded to him.

Breaking off the kiss, he took his free hand and pushed her jaw up, exposing her neck. Her creamy white flesh taunted him. He had to taste her, all of her. Licking her neck, he bit her, but didn't break the skin. He continued nipping and biting her down her throat to breasts while she whimpered. His hand moved to her breast, kneading it. Her nipple was hard and he sucked it into his mouth. Stroking his tongue over the peaked end, he roughly grazed his teeth against the sensitive flesh, causing her to cry out in reaction.

Severus grasped her hair tightly, holding on and fighting the urge to just ravish her. His need was intense, but he had to do this correctly for her to become his. It would be the first time he had performed such an act without controlling his victim, but she wasn't his victim, she was his life mate.

Inhaling deeply, he smelled her arousal and had to taste her. Releasing her hair and her breast, he moved further down her body, forcing her legs open. She gasped at the intrusion. As much as she needed him, this was all new for her. She forced herself not to resist him as he pushed her legs open, revealing her dark curls. He slid his fingers into her, just enough to spread apart her folds and revealing the glistening moisture of her arousal. The desire moved down to his groin and his erection throbbed to be inside of her, but he resisted.

Hermione laid on her back, scared to move for fear this was just another dream. She closed her eyes as her fingers slowly touched her between her legs. Her breathing was short and rapid. The anticipation was tormenting. Her hips squirmed, wanting him to thrust into her, but she was still scared. She felt his fingers slowly move along her slit, as if teasing her. He spread her moisture around, inhaling her scent.

Suddenly she felt warm, wet strokes flicking across her clitoris. Propping herself onto her elbows, she saw his head between her legs, his tongue was stroking her clit. Her hips responded by pushing upward, against his tongue. He sucked her nub into his mouth, and devoured it with his tongue, grazing it with his teeth.

Hermione whimpered and cried out at the sensations he was causing as her hips bucked harder. He was bringing her to climax with a level of urgency she had never experienced.

"Oh gods!" cried. She looked directly at him and he at her, and she came hard. Her walls pulsed and her wetness flowed out of her as his tongue continued stroking and sucking her nub. Severus never took his eyes off her, as he was one step closer to making his claim.

Instinctively, he knew the ritual and he would complete it, but his need was so intense that he could no longer hold back. Moving his body back over hers, he kept her legs open, bending her knees. Moving his hand to the back of her head, he grabbed a fistful of hair, forcing her to look directly at him. Hermione placed her hands on his shoulders, bracing herself for what was to come. With his other hand, he guided his shaft to her opening and entered her swiftly.

She flinched from the sharp pain of her barrier being torn, but he kept a tight hold of her so that she could not look away. Her fingers dug into his flesh. She knew she had to maintain eye contact. Her eyes watered with tears, but she did not look away. It was almost savage, the way he took her, but as she looked into his dark eyes, she knew this was how it was meant to be. With or without pain, she was going to become his.

He began thrusting into her hard and deep. As much as he wanted to slow down, he couldn't. He was no longer in control. The transformation was in progress and it would be complete. She was so tight that it was painful to prevent himself from climaxing before it was time. He reached down between their bodies and began to stroke her clit.

"Together," he hissed in a ragged voice. His thrusts increased, becoming more powerful. He stroked her nub rhythmically with his thrusts, helping find the pleasure she felt earlier and slowly she began to respond, indicating the pain was subsiding. Her hips began to meet his, developing a rhythm that quickened.

Her breathing grew faster and her walls began to pulse. Relief spread over Severus as he was finally able to allow his climax to come. Her walls grasped his shaft, pumping and milking it as she came. A deep moan escaped him as his warm fluid released into her and together they climaxed, her energy transferring to him.

Severus collapsed on top of her, exhausted from what had taken place. Hermione wrapped her arms around him as her legs trembled from their coupling. Their hearts pounded in their chests and their breathing was staggered. Neither one said a word.

It was only a few moments before Severus moved back down her body. Opening her legs again, he saw a bit of her virgin blood mixed with both his fluids and hers. He leaned down and drank it. The blood from her torn hymen provided a sufficient amount of energy, contributing to their bonding. Moving to her inner thigh, he was ready for the final step. Kissing and licking her skin, he opened his mouth wide and bit into her soft flesh. She whimpered for only a second as his sharp teeth pierced her artery. Severus drank her warm blood freely. Calmness fell over them.

Together they were one heartbeat, one breath, one life.

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The next thing Hermione heard was **his** voice.

"You were correct, Severus, she was exactly what you needed," hissed a low, menacing voice. Hermione jumped at the sound of it. Severus instinctively covered her with his body, shielding her from Voldemort.

"Too bad she cannot stay," hissed the Dark Lord. Severus was painfully aware that Hermione was now a pawn, just as himself and in order to protect her, he would have to play along.

Sitting up, Severus still used his body to shield her. Both still were unclothed. Reaching for his wand on a nearby dresser, Severus cast a few spells that clothed both of them. Standing, he walked over to Voldemort. Severus dropped to one knee and kissed his hems.

"My Lord, thank you for bringing her to me."

"Rise," the Dark Lord snapped. "She is useful, especially for a Mudblood, but as I stated, she cannot stay."

"I'm not leaving," Hermione snapped. Voldemort looked at her with a smirk and tutted.

"I have plans for you, but do not worry " He held up his hand and turned it to make a 'come here' motion. Hermione found herself flying across the room, into his grasp. "I will be keeping close tabs on you." The Dark Lord grabbed her left arm. Drawing his wand, he hissed the sacred incantation. Severus grabbed onto her, trying to pull her away, but the magic was too powerful.

Hermione screamed with the pain inflicted upon her, causing both her and Severus to collapse. She found herself on her knees in front of Voldemort.

"I am now your Master. Rise, Mudblood." Hermione looked down at her arm to see the Dark Mark burned into her flesh. She glanced at Severus who nodded slightly, indicating she should do what he said.

Obediently Hermione got to her feet and whispered, "Yes, my Lord."

"She is still faithful to you, Severus, but she shall learn quickly." Voldemort grabbed Hermione and Disapparated.

~TBC

Decimonovenos

Chapter 19 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Decimonovenos

Hermione found herself on the outskirts of Hogwarts with Voldemort still grasping her arm. The Dark Mark still burned on her skin, but she was more concerned of what was going to happen now.

"You will stay here, Mudblood, for all to see who your new Master is." He held up her left arm, waving the Dark Mark in her face. "Potter and his followers will soon learn I control everyone and cannot be defeated."

Hermione tried jerking her arm out of his grasp, but he squeezed tighter, pulling her close to his face. His breath was fowl. "You will obey me or the next time your *Master* needs healing, you will not be capable of handling such a task." Before Hermione could respond, he pulled out her wand and dropped it on the ground, quickly Disapparating.

"Bastard," she hissed under her breath. Rubbing her arm where he had grabbed her, she made her way to the castle to find Harry and Ron.

Most of the students were in the Great Hall. A few were eating, some were picking at their food and others were openly mourning Dumbledore's death. Hermione looked around for Harry and Ron, but they were nowhere to be seen.

Draco stepped in front of her and sneered, "I don't know what you did, Granger..." Looking at her from head to toe, he added, "Or should I say *who* you did, but to have the audacity to show your face here, I am impressed." Hermione was in no mood to put up with Draco. Several of the Gryffindors spotted her, including Ginny and quickly approached her. Stepping past Draco, she went to meet them.

"Oh gods, Ginny!" she cried, hugging her friend. "Where are Harry and Ron?" Ginny hugged her back.

"I don't know," said Ginny. "Everything has been crazy around here. Dumbledore is dead. Snape killed him. Voldemort then showed up last night with Snape, Lestrangle, and Malfoy...Hermione, there's a rumor that you protected Voldemort when Harry tried to cast a curse against him." Hermione let go of Ginny and stepped back.

"Ginny, I um..." Hermione started but couldn't get the words out. Ginny looked at her and saw the truth in her eyes.

"No, Hermione, it can't be true," whispered Ginny, stepping back. Crabbe and Goyle now joined Draco. The three took their positions at Hermione's side, as if they were her bodyguards. Ron and Harry entered the Great Hall. Upon seeing Hermione, they quickly walked over to her.

"Get away from me, Malfoy!" Hermione snapped.

"Oh, it's not that easy, Mudblood." He grabbed her left arm, pulled back her sleeve and revealed her Dark Mark to everyone watching.

"No!" Hermione screamed, but it was too late. The Gryffindors, along with the rest of the student body froze at the site of the mark. Hermione struggled to get free from Draco, but he was too strong.

"Hermione, how could you?" asked Ron in disbelief.

"It's not what you think!" she cried, after seeing her friends' reactions. Hermione tried to pry his fingers off of her, but he held her arm high above her head for all to see.

"Then why did you protect Voldemort last night?" asked Ginny. Hermione finally jerked her arm free.

"You don't understand..."

"I think she does understand," sneered Harry. "We all understand." His eyes flashed dangerously.

"Snape is a traitor and so are you," hissed Ron. Hermione saw the disappointed look in Ron's eyes and her heart clenched. He truly believed she had crossed them.

"Hermione, I saw you last night," said Harry, trying to keep his voice down. "Ron and I both saw you. You stepped in front of Voldemort, protecting him." The rest of the students gathered around to listen.

"I wasn't protecting **him**," she said. She looked around, wishing she could speak with Harry and Ron in private, but with the student body crowding them, she had no choice but to defend herself in front of all.

"Hermione, Voldemort has been my sworn enemy since the day he killed both my parents and now you have the gull to tell me you were not protecting him? I'm not that stupid," hissed Harry.

"Harry..." she began, but Harry quickly grabbed her arm, revealing the Dark Mark.

"You made your decision when you stepped in front of him. Now you have taken the Dark Mark. There is nothing left to say." Harry let go of her arm and quickly left with Ron and Ginny following. The Gryffindors, along with several of the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs turned their backs on their Head Girl. Hermione tried to go after Harry and Ron, but Draco grabbed her by her arm and spun her around to face him.

"You are nothing but a Mudblood and you will never be one of us, but I have my orders," sneered Draco, dragging Hermione out of the Great Hall. Crabbe and Goyle faithfully followed Draco.

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"Let go of me, Malfoy!" yelled Hermione.

"Shut up," he hissed, throwing her on the black leather couch in the Slytherin Common room. He then turned to the only other students in the room, a group of first years and glared at them. They quickly gathered their books and left. Standing in front of Hermione, his hands hung by his sides with fists clenched. His smug look had been replaced by anger.

"Listen and listen closely, Granger. As much as I detest it, I have strict orders to keep you safe and the only way to do that is to keep you close tabs on you. That means you will be staying here in the Slytherin house. Your rooms have already been transferred here along with your belongings. You will not leave without one of us accompanying you. Classes have been cancelled for now, but when they resume, you will be escorted to them too, understand?" Hermione glared at him.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" she spat while trying to get up. He slammed her back down into the couch.

"Your guardian," he said dangerously. "And believe me, it was not by choice." Draco turned to Crabbe and Goyle. "Show her to her rooms." He then left.

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A week later, Professor McGonagall was named the Headmistress of Hogwarts. She was desperate to increase the security of Hogwarts since Voldemort's last appearance, so she decided to not only have more members of the Order present but she also hired one to take Snape's place. The only willing member was Tonks, so she was named the new Professor of Potions.

"Good morning, class!" said Tonks cheerfully from the back of the classroom. She was dressed in professor robes that were bright purple, contrasting with her pink hair and she walked quickly so her robes billowed behind her. "I practiced all night on that. How did I do?" referring to her robes.

The only one who reacted was Ron and that was because he sneezed. "Hmm...tough crowd," she muttered, but it didn't discourage her. She scanned the instructions for a particular potion in the book in front of her, double checking the ingredients.

"We are going to brew something exciting." This caught a few of the students' attention. Harry and Ron were seated in their regular seats and Hermione was seated next to Draco along with Crabbe and Goyle on either side of them. She decided not to resist Draco by allowing him to carry out his orders of "protecting" her.

"We are going to brew a love potion. First, we will need the eggs from an Ashwinder, which I was able to acquire prior to today's class." She pulled out two dozen Ashwinder eggs.

"Those are frozen, right?" asked Hermione. Hermione was very familiar with the properties of Ashwinder eggs as long as they remained frozen, they would not cause damage.

"Frozen?" questioned Tonks. "Oops. I guess in all of the excitement, I forgot." Hermione's eye lit up with fear, but it was too late. The eggs burst into flames. In minutes the entire potions classroom was engulfed in flames.

Tonks lasted one whole class before being replaced and Tonks spent the rest of the week rebuilding the potions classroom. Everyone escaped with only minor injuries. Tonks was then reassigned to assist the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Professor McGonagall explained it would be safer.

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Hermione sat looking out the window of her new room. It had been a week and still no word from Severus, but it didn't matter. Their connection was strong and she knew he was safe.

Professor McGonagall knew she was staying in the Slytherin house. Every time Hermione approached her to discuss it, McGonagall would dismiss her, making some excuse or another. Hermione was painfully aware that her Head of House also saw her was a traitor, but against the wishes of the student body, Hermione was still the Head Girl. Hermione faithfully attended to her duties. At times it was awkward having to reprimand those who were breaking the rules, especially if it was a Gryffindor, but she took her position seriously. Of course intimidation was a factor she was never alone, always in the company of a Slytherin, giving little room for argument from the other students.

Still dressed in her Gryffindor school uniform, she put her robes on, tucked her wand in an inside pocket and left to do her final set of rounds before retiring for the night. She was still a Gryffindor and unless the sorting hat said otherwise, she would proudly display her house colors.

She walked through the Slytherin common room to find Crabbe spread out on the couch, snoring loudly. He was assigned to guard her tonight. Hermione didn't even bother to wake him. She was actually looking forward to walking the castle without company.

Hermione always felt closeness to Severus when walking down in the dungeons or near his rooms, but tonight was different. Walking deeper into the dungeons, the candlelight always leaned in a particular direction but tonight the shadows flickered differently. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up and a chill ran down her spine. Realizing she was not alone, she quickly reached for her wand, but it was too late as she found herself pinned against the stone wall.

~TBC

Vigésimo

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Vigésimo

The side of Hermione's face was flush against the cold, rough stone wall and a strong hand captured both her wrists. Bringing them above her head and pinning against the wall, a body pressed against hers. A hand reached down below her skirt and ran along her thigh. A chill ran through her body and she smiled.

She barely whispered his name. "Severus."

His hand moved higher on her thigh to her hipbone, finding her knickers. He ran his fingers under the elastic down to her front, grazing her curls. Fire spread through her body from his touch. Her arousal was evident with the sudden dampness between her legs. She wanted to turn around to face him, to hold him, to touch him, but he was too strong. Instead she closed her eyes and concentrated on him exploring her body.

Keeping his fingers under the elastic, he traced her skin to her backside. Releasing her hands, he brought his other hand down to her knickers. Stepping back just a bit, he raised her skirt, exposing her arse. Using both hands to tear the knickers from her, her body jerked.

"These are a waste of time," he whispered. A chill ran across her body again, causing her to gasp at his words. He moved back further, allowing her to stand away from the cold wall.

Remaining behind her, he moved both hands to the front of her blouse and grasped the opening with both hands. In one swift jerk, her blouse tore open and buttons flew. She could hear them bouncing against the stone, echoing in the corridor. He quickly reached up to her bra and did the same, exposing her breasts to the cool air of the dungeons. As she tried to turn to him, he pushed her flush against the wall and she gasped again. Her nipples hardened instantly from the cold stone and goose bumps rose along her skin. Pressing his hardness into her backside, his body covered hers.

Severus moved her hair to one side, exposing her neck. Pushing her head to the side, his mouth found her soft skin and he slowly licked it while his hand pulled her blouse off one shoulder. Moving his mouth along her collarbone, he bit and nipped at her soft flesh. Her body tingled, and the heat between her legs increased.

He stepped back again and pulled her with him. He placed his foot between her feet and pushed her legs apart while leaning her forward. Hermione placed her hands against the wall to support herself. His other hand moved down her backside to her inner thighs and found her folds. He wasted no time thrusting his fingers into her. She blushed, knowing how aroused he would find her.

Severus was impressed with her evident need and desire for him. He moved his fingers to his mouth and tasted her nectar.

"Perfect," he whispered. He reached down and fumbled with his trousers. Releasing his erection, he leaned one hand against the wall and the other lifted her skirt. Positioning himself with one leg between hers and the other slightly behind, he took his shaft in his hand and guided it into her wet folds. Swiftly thrusting into her, they both gasped. She was still tight and needed to accommodate to his size, but he didn't care. Judging from her moans, she didn't care either. She pushed back against him, meeting his thrusts. He was taller than her so she found herself on the tips of her toes, bracing herself with her hands against the wall.

His hand reached around, cupped on breast, and roughly began to knead it. He rolled her hard nipple between his fingers, pulling and pinching it while continuing his thrusts.

Moving his other hand down to her front, he located her clitoris and began rubbing and stroking it. Her hips pushed back, meeting his thrusts as his fingers pressed against her clitoris. Every thrust was rewarded by being filled with him and having her clit rub against his fingers. Her head fell back against his chest as she continued to brace herself with her hands. Their rhythm was continuous as was his breathing, but hers was becoming erratic. Her thighs began to tremble and her walls pulsed.

Severus stopped thrusting, but remained in her. His fingers began stroking her nub, bringing her to a full climax. His breathing became heavy and ragged as he fought not to thrust into her. Her hips bucked against him. Her walls were warm velvet, gripping and stroking him with her movements. Her head fell forward as soft moans escaped from her, her orgasm took control of her body.

He slowed his strokes on her clit as he withdrew from her and bent her forward a bit more. Hermione was still supporting herself against the wall she felt his hand move to her folds. Her moisture had increased from their coupling and her orgasm. Spreading her butt cheeks, he spread her moisture along her anus, lubricating her.

Pushing her forward, he brought the head of his penis to her small, pink hole and began to push in. Hermione leaned forward, inviting him. She knew it would be painful, but she had no reason to fear him.

His head pushed past her tight ring of muscles and she whimpered from the pain, but continued leaning forward. Once his head was past her opening, the pain decreased a bit. Slowly he pulled out, but did not withdraw. Again he thrust into her, but with a bit more force than when he entered. His breathing was heavy again and there was a slight growl with each thrust. Hermione whimpered slightly each time he buried himself deep inside of her. This was so unfamiliar to her, but her trust in Severus relaxed her a bit and even aroused her, knowing he could only do this to her now. There would never be another for him to find pleasure in.

He moved his fingers back around to her clitoris and began rubbing it again. Hermione was already aroused from him taking her this way that it didn't take long for her second orgasm. Her walls began pumping but this time she was very aware of how powerful her buttocks muscles clamped around his shaft because he was actually moaning during her climax. His thrusts became powerful and sped up to the point it was causing her pain, but she didn't care. She wanted him to share in the pleasure he brought her. She contained her whimpers so as not to discourage him while she listened to him moan. It was with a final growl he finally climaxed, releasing his hot fluid into her.

He wrapped his arm around her waist, while he braced himself against the wall with his other arm. Their breathing began to slow down and he withdrew from her. She flinched a bit, but remained against him.

When both their breathing returned to normal, he finally stepped back from her, allowing her to turn and look at him for the first time. She stood before him with her skirt wrinkled, blouse and bra torn, and her breasts exposed. Her legs were slightly trembling. Her expression was solemn as she looked into his eyes.

He stood before her, dressed in his traditional black robes and black, tailored suite. His trousers were still unfastened and he was still exposed. He glared at her with his black eyes narrowed. If she had still been his student and nothing else, his expression would have been intimidating but she looked past his expression and saw more. She saw his insecurities and doubts due to how he had just violated her. Hermione reached up, laced her fingers in his hair and pulled him down to her. Bringing his lips to hers, she possessively kissed him.

He didn't respond and she was not surprised. She slowly ran her tongue along his bottom lip and slowly sucked it into her mouth, between her teeth and continued stroking it with her tongue. Quickly she bit down on his lip, causing him open his mouth while flinching. She then thrust her tongue into this mouth, deepening the kiss. She tasted and explored him, proving to him she was his and that she had no regrets.

He wrapped his hands around her waist, pulling her body against his and returned her kiss. He had been searching for any conformation that she did not regret becoming his and even after the way he violated her, she had freely accepted him. He moved one hand to the back of her head, deepening the kiss. Their tongues stroked and tasted each other, giving every indication each wanted the other.

When the kiss ended, Hermione pulled back and looked into his eyes. They were a bit softer, but still displayed a small level of harshness. He looked at her, waiting for her response and she gave it. With her big, brown eyes staring at him, she gave him a warm smile and this was all it took to remove the last bit of harshness from his eyes.

Severus let go of her and drew his wand. Waving it several times, he placed a cleansing spell for each of them, a healing spell for her because he caused some damage taking her from behind, and a mending spell for her clothes. Grabbing her by the arm, he led her to his rooms because the night was far from over. He would be returning to the Dark Lord, but not before he enjoyed what was his.

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Hermione sat, looking out the window of her rooms. Severus' visits continued and he always managed to surprise her, to a point, that is. It was obvious when he was near because her bodyguards seemed to become distracted long enough for her to escape their presence. She also had an increase in energy when he was near.

From what she read she knew vampires were erotic creatures since their existence was dependent on sex and blood, but she never anticipated how strong her desire and need for him would be. Even though she was not a vampire, she fed off of his energies. It was a part of the bonding between them. His nearness was all she needed because it gave her the energy and strength to face and deal with the daily challenges.

Her eyes gazed across the moonlit grounds of the school, watching the shadows from various owls passing in the sky. Suddenly she felt the Dark Mark burn. Grasping her forearm, her fist clenched from the pain.

"Gods, what now?" she whispered. The door to her rooms flew open and Draco was standing there, holding his left forearm too.

"It's time," he stated.

~TBC

Vigésimo primero

Chapter 21 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Vigésimo primero

"Time for what?" asked Hermione, trying to maintain her composure despite the pain of the Dark Mark.

"The Dark Lord is calling us," snapped Draco. Wearing Death Eater robes and holding a silver mask, he was still grasping his left forearm.

"I am not leaving this castle. I refuse to assist Voldemort, therefore I would be useless," she said in her Know It All tone. Draco's eyes narrowed. Clearly he was not in the mood.

"Who said you are to be useful tonight? Maybe you are just the entertainment," he sneered. Grabbing her by the wrist, he led her into the corridors. The pain crept along her arm, intensifying and she cringed.

"The Dark Lord will make the pain equivalent to the Cruciatus if you resist and if that doesn't work, he will then go after Snape," sneered Draco, who was also cringing from the pain." Realizing the pain would not cease until they were standing before Voldemort, so reluctantly she went with him.

Walking quickly to the edge of the grounds, she asked, "Do you know how to Apparate?"

"No. It's not required. The Dark Lord will take care of it for us. All we have to do is get to a location where Apparation is possible." Before taking the final step off Hogwarts grounds, he turned to her and said, "Don't fuck this up, Granger." She looked at him, startled. They crossed the boundary together and both disappeared into the night.

Hermione found herself being led to a small grove of trees, away from a group of assembled people who she assumed were Death Eaters. Draco quickly searched the ground. Picking up a set of robes and a silver mask, he handed them to her.

"Put these on," said Draco. The tone of his voice was different, indicating just how serious the situation was. Hermione did so, without dispute. He then led her to their place in the circle of Death Eaters.

Hermione's eyes scanned the group, noting that there were more than fifty members present, each in identical robes and masks. Regardless of the attempt of anonymity, her eyes narrowed in on Severus. Her connection was strong enough that she could have located him blindfolded. He gave only the slightest nod of his head, acknowledging her.

The Dark Lord Apparated into the middle of the circle, and every single Death Eater dropped down on one knee. Hermione had no intention of doing so, but had no choice as Draco grabbed her arm and forcefully brought her down with him.

"My faithful servants," hissed Voldemort, intentionally glaring at Hermione, showing her the irony of how he was in control and not Severus. "Once again, you answer my call," continued the Dark Lord, slowly walking the interior of the circle. "Rise. The time is nearing when we no longer require meeting in such limited numbers." Hermione's stomach tightened as she realized there were many more Death Eaters than those present. She didn't realize their numbers had increased so dramatically.

"It was Muggle-loving fools, like Dumbledore, who risked revealing our magical world to Muggles," hissed Voldemort. "It was Muggles who prosecuted our ancestors for being a part of the magical world. It was Muggles who tried to destroy our magical world. Now the Mudbloods and the wizards and witches of Muggle parentage are the ones who threaten to destroy our world once again! But, with their destruction, there will be nothing standing in our way to continue our mission of protecting the wizarding world. Our enemies are Muggles! Wizards and witches with Muggle parentage are our enemies!" Hermione's anger seethed, but she fought the urge to lash out. The consequences would be too great. "These Mudbloods cannot be trusted," he spat, walking straight to Hermione.

Grabbing her by her hair, he jerked her roughly to the middle of the circle, causing her to fall. Pulling her to her feet, he ripped off her mask, exposing her identity. Murmuring could be heard throughout the circle as the rest realized who she was.

"According to Severus, this Mudblood can be trusted..." Voldemort slowly circled her. "...and even though I trust Severus...I want proof." His servants chanted in support. Turning to face Hermione, his eyes narrowed. "Tell me, where do Severus' loyalties lie?"

Knowing her facial expression could betray her, she took a page from Severus' book and narrowed her eyes, glaring back at the Dark Lord. She was very aware of Voldemort's use of Legilimency, and this frightened her because she was not prepared for him. As a part of the DA's training, Harry had told her how to guard against Legilimency by clearing her mind, but she had never been tested. She had never been properly trained in Occlumency.

Voldemort's methods in finding the truth began with breaking his victim's concentration.

"Crucio!" he cried. Hermione dropped to the ground, screaming with pain. Severus attempted to go to her, but two sets of hands belonging to the Death Eaters on either side of him held him back.

Hermione thought her head and chest were going to explode from the intensity of the curse. It felt as though her skin was being peeled from her body and her bones were being crushed. She was gasping for breath as the pressure and pain on her chest intensified. Just when she was ready to beg for death, the pain stopped.

"Now, Mudblood, where do Severus' loyalties lie?"

"With..." she was breathless, but forced the words out. "With...you." Voldemort slowly shook his head.

"That is the answer we were all expecting you to say, but I want the truth CRUCIO!"

Again Hermione screamed as her body shook violently from the curse. Severus dropped to his knees while witnessing her torture. His anger rising, but he forced himself to control it. The hands holding onto him kept their grip, preventing him from getting any closer. He could have easily fought them, but he knew to maintain his position with Voldemort.

When the curse was taken off this time, Hermione was near unconsciousness. Her breathing was staggered and beads of sweat rolled down her face. Rolling onto her back, she looked up at the stars of the night sky and an image flashed back into her mind the night Remus had bitten her. She remembered naming the stars, trying to stay awake and she remembered, *Severus is going to kill Remus and then come and save me. He will save me.*

"Why?" a voice asked her. "Why would Severus save you?"

Why? I remember. I remember the night I found him, lying on the ground. He fed from me. He fed from me and he allowed me to live. He is going to kill Remus, as ordered, and then save me. He needs me.

"But he did not kill the werewolf, why?"

His survival is dependent on mine. If I die, he dies. He left Remus for dead when he came searching for me.

Again, the voice asked her a question. "Who does Severus serve?"

He is faithful only to one

Her thoughts came back to the present, realizing Voldemort had been in her mind. It was too late. Using Legilimency, he saw the answer. She tried to get to her feet, but he placed his boot on her shoulder and shoved her backwards. As her head hit the ground, she bit her lip.

He leaned over her, sneering, "Who? Who is Severus faithful to?" Licking the blood from her lip, she sighed.

"You," she hissed. "He is faithful to you." Voldemort stood up and backed away. Satisfaction was written on his face.

"The Mudblood speaks the truth," he announced. The Dark Lord then walked over to Lucius and Bellatrix. "Don't ever doubt him again," he hissed dangerously. Lucius and Bellatrix murmured a quick apology, but Voldemort did not stay to hear it.

Voldemort nodded to the two Death Eaters who were holding onto Severus. They released him and he immediately went to Hermione's side. Scooping her up in his arms, he Disapparated with her.

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"Are you feeling better?" he asked. He was sitting in a leather lounge, holding Hermione close to him. She was sipping on a warm cup of tea that contained a strong healing potion. She nodded yes and leaned her head back into his chest. She could feel his guilt and it pained her.

"This is not your fault, Severus," she said. She sat up and turned to face. "I will not allow you to take blame because of the choices you have made." He was still amazed at how she could interpret his feelings, but in return he knew it was a lie. He could have prevented this, all of this if only he had...*Allowed her to die? Allowed himself to die?* He didn't know anymore.

Hermione sensed his confusion. Placing her cup of tea down, she turned further around so that she was straddling his lap.

She looked into his eyes and saw his pain. Smiling, she wrapped her arms around him and held him. She took a deep breath and sighed. Words would not bring comfort, but perhaps her love and understanding would.

"Severus, how did you become a vampire?" she asked. She felt him tense up, and realized her question touched on some deeper emotions. She sat up and looked at him, refusing to withdraw her question. She wanted to know. She wanted to understand. "Will you please share with me?"

He closed his eyes for a moment. Her voice was sincere and Severus knew her interest was genuine. He had never shared his story with another but, for her, he would make the effort. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"I will tell you, Hermione, but allow me to get a drink first." She slid off his lap, allowing him to get up. As he poured himself a glass of bourbon, Hermione sat down in the chair. She pulled her knees up to her chest and waited for him to begin. She was in no rush and would allow him as much time as he needed to share his story. Severus sat down in the leather lounge next to hers and sipped on his bourbon.

"I was four years old..." he began, taking her back to his childhood.

"Severus, you must concentrate!" growled his father, leaning down and backhanding his son. Severus' little head snapped to the side, but made no sound. "Now try it again!" snapped his father. He father towered him, dominating him and Severus didn't dare look up at him. Instead he forced himself to concentrate on the spell.

Severus stood with his feet shoulder width apart and held his wand in front of him. His face stung from the slap, but he ignored it. As many times as he had been punished for failing to cast a spell, he had grown numb to the physical effects of the punishment. The pain was only in his self-esteem.

"Diffindo!" cried his little voice. The sparks shot out from his wand, hitting its target. His father always had him practice on live creatures so that the impact made more of an impression. Today's target was a rabbit. He wiggled as the curse hit him. As his white fur split, the blood oozed from the rabbit..

"Again!" yelled his father.

"Diffindo!" The rabbit was hit again and more blood came from him.

"Again! Again! Again!" demanded his father. Severus cried the spell a dozen more times until the rabbit was no longer white and it no longer moved. "Very good, my son. You are going to make our Master proud." Severus looked up at his father and nodded.

For such a young child, Severus lacked the excitement a child his age should display when a parent was proud of him. But then again, it was not normal for most children his age were not encouraged to kill innocent creatures.

His father led him from the dungeons up to the main floor. He was pleased his son had learned today's spell so quickly; now he could attend to more important tasks. His father pushed open the door and they both entered the kitchen, but froze at the sight before them.

On the ground was a man, dead with his mother leaning over him. She sat up quickly when the door opened. She was kneeling with blood dripping down her chin. Two of her teeth were extended beyond what normal teeth grew. She quickly got to her feet while wiping the blood from her mouth.

"Mother?" said Severus, not understanding what was happening. His father knew what was happening and launched at her, grabbing her by the throat.

"You bitch!" he yelled. "I warned you not to bring your victims here!" He pulled his fist back and punched her. The crunching of bone could be heard throughout the kitchen. He pulled back again and punched her several more times.

This was not the first time Severus had witnessed his father beating his mother. Quickly he hid under the table, waiting until it was over. But this time was different. Instead of just punching her, his father went to the counter and grabbed a knife.

This terrified Severus but instead of cowering, he crawled out from under the table, drew his wand and cried the first spell that came to mind. "Diffindo!"

His father flinched as the curse hit him. Touching his cheek with the back of his hand, he saw blood. He then looked at Severus with the same crazed look he had in his eyes when beating his mother.

"You will pay for that, boy!" Severus tried to run, but his father was much too fast. He grabbed Severus and pulled him toward his body. Turning him around to face his mother, Severus saw his father making a swiping motion with the knife in front of him from left to right. Severus then looked up to see his mother's broken and beaten face and to see her scream.. Feeling his father release him, he dropped to his knees. His mother continued screaming as she launched herself at his father.

Severus didn't understand why his mother was screaming. He began to feel sleepy, very sleepy, and he fell forward onto the floor. Lying on his stomach with his head turned to the side, he saw a puddle of blood surrounding him. He heard a cry, and then silence. He knew the cry belonged to his father. The next thing he saw was his father lying next to him, dead. His eyes were still open and filled with fear, and his throat had been ripped out.

"Severus!" cried his mother, rolling him over gently. He tried to speak. He wanted to tell her he was okay, but the words didn't come out. He put his hands to his throat and felt a warm liquid cover them. He didn't understand what was happening. Raising them up to see what the liquid was, he realized it was blood. The puddle of blood was his. His father had sliced his throat. Panic set in and his tears began to fall. His mother was already crying, begging for anyone to help her, but with the house empty, no one came.

Severus tried to keep his eyes open, but he was so tired. The last thing he saw was his mother leaning over him. The last thing he heard was her asking for forgiveness...

"It was my mother who turned me into what I am," whispered Severus. Hermione looked up at him. Her tears fell freely down her face. "My father was not her life mate. She was in an arranged marriage. There was no love. She never told him what she was. He discovered it by accident. He thought he could beat it out of her..." His words trailed off.

The glass of bourbon he held was empty. Hermione got out of her chair and crawled back into this lap. His pain was hers and even though he still did not cry, she cried for the both of them.

~TBC

Veinte Segundo

Chapter 22 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Veinte Segundo

Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle sat at a corner table at the Three Broomsticks with Hermione sitting between them. The expression on her face indicated she was not there by choice. She sipped on her butterbeer, lost in thought as the other three took turns intimidating and harassing the other patrons, most of who were fellow students.

"Look who just walked in," sneered Draco, motioning toward the door.

Hermione caught his words and looked at the entrance. It was Harry and Ron. Her initial reaction was to join her friends but instead she watched Harry and Ron walk over to a table of Gryffindors, greeting each other with smiles and laughter. Just then a group of Hufflepuffs walked in.

"Let's go have a bit of fun," offered Draco. Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle got up while Hermione remained behind. Not wanting to watch the three bully and intimidate others, she decided to leave. Grabbing her jacket, she hastily made her way out the backdoor before they could take notice. She didn't know how much more of this she could take as she quickly walked down the street.

"Hermione, wait." Hermione turned to see who was calling her.

"Harry," she smiled.

"Hermione, we need to talk." His expression was solemn but his eyes showed sadness, the same sadness her heart felt every time she saw him and Ron. He offered his hand to her. Hermione nodded in agreement. It was time for them to talk. She took his hand and he led her away.

Harry was just as cautious as she was. They both scanned their surroundings, noting the people around them, paying particular attention to those who just might be following them. He led her down sidewalks, behind buildings, and down several alleys. It wasn't until the fifth alley they finally stopped. The tall buildings on either side blocked most of the sunlight, so only shadows could be seen. Harry held onto her hand as he led her deeper into the alley. They both drew their wands and muttered a few charms to both alert them of another's presence and to prevent their conversation from being heard.

"Hermione, please talk to me. Help me understand what is happening," he whispered, leaning close into her to keep their conversation as private as possible. Hermione wanted to tell Harry everything. She wanted him to understand more than anything, but it was impossible, so she told him the only thing she could.

"Harry, please believe me, I am not serving Voldemort," she whispered back. She could feel Harry's mouth against her ear.

"I want to believe you, love, but you protected him when I tried to kill him."

"I wasn't protecting Voldemort."

"Then who were you protecting?" he asked. Hermione closed her eyes to concentrate. It wasn't that she wouldn't betray Severus, it was that she couldn't betray Severus. It was a part of their bond. Even if she wanted to tell Harry everything, the words that came from her mouth would never allow her to betray Severus.

"Harry, one day I will be able to answer you, but for now, I am not working for Voldemort."

"It was Snape," said Harry. Hermione panicked.

"I need to go," she whispered. Worried she may have betrayed Severus, she gave Harry a quick kiss on the cheek and left.

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"That bitch will pay," hissed Lucius, "and so will Severus. How could he even touch a Mudblood let alone fuck one?" Lucius was standing near the fireplace with a half-empty bottle of Firewhiskey. The top button on his black trousers was unfastened. He was barefoot and shirtless with his blonde hair hanging loosely around his shoulders and down his shoulder blades. He brought the bottle to his lips and gulped the liquid. Bringing it down, he exhaled loudly as the firewhiskey heated up his throat.

His eyes flashed dangerously at the woman who was spread out on his bed. The sheet covered her middle, but her bare breasts and long legs were exposed. Her eyes were closed but she was awake, carefully listening to him. Gingerly sitting up, she got off the bed and walked over to him, naked.

"Cover yourself," he hissed. "You look like a whore." Her eyes narrowed, but she obeyed him. With the sheet wrapped securely around her body, she turned toward him.

"Your solution is simple. Kill the Mudblood."

"It's not that simple," Lucius sneered. "Severus holds the highest rank amongst the Death Eaters and because that Mudblood is the only thing that can keep him alive, she can't be touched."

"Clearly I chose the wrong Death Eater to marry," she muttered.

"What?" snapped Lucius. Narcissa smirked at him.

"You heard me. I married the wrong Death Eater. I married a coward." Lucius pulled back to hit her but she what she said next stopped him. "It should have been you who was rotting in Azkaban next to my sister."

"What are you saying, Narcissa?" he hissed, lowering his hand.

"You have been fucking Bellatrix since the first day I brought you home. You fucked her on our wedding night and even now I can taste her on you." His blue eyes flashed dangerously and he smiled.

"And how do you know what your sister tastes like?" he sneered. Narcissa knew just how to hurt him.

"Because I have tasted her on Severus." At this Lucius pulled back and slapped her before she spoke another word. Her head snapped and her body stumbled backwards, collapsing onto the floor.

"It should have been you," she whispered. "It should have been you. Severus should have handed over the evidence but ..." Lucius paled.

"What are you talking about?" he hissed. He grabbed her by the arm and pulled her effortlessly to her feet. "What evidence?" Narcissa didn't look at him, as she continued speaking.

"I saw you, on our wedding night. You were in my bed, our bed, fucking my sister when you were supposed to be making love to me. I was a fool to think marriage would change you. The anger I felt on that night... I took a dagger and was prepared to kill you, but Severus stopped me. He knew Bellatrix was with you and he tried to prevent me from coming up here to witness it but it was too late. As I took the dagger in my hand and walked toward you, Severus stopped me. He took me downstairs and comforted me."

"You mean he wanted to fuck you," hissed Lucius. Her eyes snapped up to his.

"No, he comforted me. He held me while I cried. He convinced me to return to you in the morning and I did, after I fucked him."

"But I took your virginity," he said, confused. She snorted.

"Severus is a Potions Master. It took a simple potion to resolve that problem and you were none the wiser."

"How many times did you fuck him?" he hissed. His anger was seething as he slammed down the bottle of whiskey, shattering it.

"As many times as you fucked my sister and any other whore you could get your hands on." She turned away from him. "But it doesn't matter now. Severus has a Mudblood to take care of him and his *needs*. That explains why he doesn't visit me anymore." Narcissa dropped to her knees and began crying. In between sobs, she cried, "I want him back. I want Severus back." She looked up at her husband. There was madness in her eyes he had never seen before. "Kill her, Lucius. Kill the Mudblood so Severus will return to me. I will become his life mate."

"You filthy whore!" He was ready to hit her again but her words stopped him.

"Not unless..." but her voice trailed off as she turned away.

"Unless what?" he asked. She ignored him. He grabbed her by the arm and shook her.

"Unless what?" he said in a harsher tone. She wiped her tears and jerked her arm free.

"Unless the Dark Lord knows why Dumbledore took him in."

"The Dark Lord assigned Severus to work at Hogwarts."

"But have you ever wondered what Severus did or said to that old man that made him hold such a high rank at Hogwarts?" She laughed demonically and Lucius just listened. "I followed you to a revel and witnessed all of the Death Eaters' activities and then created a Pensieve. I gave it to Severus and told him it was to get rid of you. I wanted you in Azkaban so desperately that I could taste it. Severus didn't flinch when I offered the Pensieve to him but I never expected him to do what he did."

"What did he do, Narcissa?" Lucius' clenched his fists at his sides, but he forced himself to remain calm.

"He then turned himself in to Dumbledore along with the evidence. He willingly told Dumbledore he would testify against all of you and go to Azkaban."

"What happened that he didn't testify?"

"He was going to. He was prepared and then it happened. The Dark Lord was killed by Potter." She suddenly got to her feet and faced her husband. "Don't you get it?" she screamed. "Who knew the Dark Lord was going to kill the Potters that night?"

"Severus..." whispered Lucius.

"Who is the only one powerful enough to block the killing curse?"

"Severus..." Lucius whispered again. "Severus protected Potter that night?"

"You have all questioned how a child could survive the killing curse, but you still don't get it. Severus wasn't protecting Potter, he was trying to kill the Dark Lord! With the Dark Lord dead, Severus would not have to testify!"

"And he is seen as a hero in Dumbledore's eyes," whispered Lucius.

"Where is Dumbledore's body?" she sneered. "Severus is very good with potions and spells."

"What are you saying, Narcissa?"

"I bet the old man is still alive, just as Remus is still alive," she snapped. "You fool." A grin spread across her face. "Severus turned spy by choice. Severus has been betraying you all these years! And now he has betrayed me! I was supposed to be his life mate! I was supposed to be his chosen one! Draco was supposed to be his child! Instead I ended up living a life of hell with you! Kill her, Lucius! Kill the Mudblood!"

Lucius drew his wand and raised it to his wife. "Avada Kedavra!" he yelled and his wife fell to the floor, dead. He turned and left the bedroom as his anger consumed him. Bellatrix was waiting for him in the hall.

"I heard everything," beamed Bellatrix. "It's time to kill a Mudblood and a traitor."

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Hermione cautiously made her way back to the Three Broomsticks, just in time to see Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle exiting from the front doors.

"Where the hell have you been, Mudblood?" seethed Draco. Ignoring his question, Hermione strode up to him.

"Are we ready to get back to Hogwarts?" she asked without alarm.

"You are not leaving my sight again," he hissed, grabbing her by the arm. Hermione knew when to be obedient and now was that time. Walking to the edge of town they turned the corner and came face to face with none other than Lucius Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange.

"Perfect timing, my son." Lucius was dressed in his finest robes, carrying his cane with the silver snakehead. His hair was pulled back, tied with a black ribbon. Next to him was Bellatrix, who was dressed in black dress robes. She held him by the crook of his arm. To strangers they appeared to be the perfect couple.

"Father," acknowledged Draco, gripping Hermione's arm tighter. "I wasn't expecting you." He glanced at Bellatrix and sneered at her, but he still acknowledged her. "Aunt Bellatrix, it's been awhile."

"How are you, Draco?" Lucius asked smoothly. He acknowledged his son's friends by nodding to them and then quickly turned to Hermione. "I see you have been rather busy with the time you spend away from your Master." Hermione attempted to move toward him as if to challenge him, but Draco held her back. Bellatrix let go of Lucius' arm and slowly circled them, coming to a stop behind Hermione.

"Father, we were just about to have a bit of fun, so if you would excuse us," said Draco, attempting to leave. Lucius held out his cane, pushing it against Draco's chest.

"I don't think so, son. After all, where are your manners? Didn't occur to you Bellatrix and I just might want to join you in your fun?"

"Forgive me, Father but your level of fun requires more time than we have. Our presence is soon required back at school. Now if you will excuse us." Again Draco tried to walk past his father, but Lucius pushed his cane further into his chest, stopping him.

"Why do I get the feeling you are not wanting to share, Draco?" There was a sneer in Lucius' voice along with a dangerous note of sarcasm.

"Father, since when do we share our prizes?" Draco retorted with the same tone. He stood eye to eye with Lucius, as if challenging his father.

"Prize? Interesting choice of words, but I would rather refer to her as a gift...from you." Lucius nodded to Bellatrix, who quickly grabbed Hermione by her hair, jerking her from Draco's grasp.

"NO!" yelled Hermione, but it was too late. Bellatrix Disapparated with her.

Draco turned to his father and hissed dangerously, "She was mine."

"And now she is mine," Lucius said matter-of-factly. Moving his cane back down to his side, his eyes narrowed. "Why do I get the feeling you were protecting that filthy Mudblood?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Father. I told you, she was a prize. Now if you show me some common courtesy and bring her back to me so that I can enjoy her."

"I can't do that, Draco. I promised her to Bellatrix, but," he leaned in closer, "I will allow you to have what is left." Lucius stood up and with a sneer on his face, he Disapparated.

Draco tightly closed his eyes, trying to control his anger. Crabbe and Goyle just looked at each other, confused.

Veinte Tercer

Chapter 23 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Veinte Tercer

Hermione found herself being thrown through the air, coming to a halt as her body slammed into the wall, and falling onto the floor.

"You filthy, Mudblood bitch," spat Bellatrix. "You have taken from me what I most desired. CRUCIO!" The pain was indescribable as Hermione's body shook. Just as she felt as if her skin were splitting, Bellatrix lowered her wand. "I know how it works. Your energy level can only be restored by *him*, but he is not here to save you this time."

Bellatrix watched Hermione curl up against the wall, trembling. Like a cat playing with its prey, Bellatrix enjoyed torturing her victims before killing them.

Using the wall to support her, Hermione gathered her strength and tried to get to her feet, but Bellatrix's hit her with the Cruciatus again. Hermione dropped to her knees, screaming in agony. Her head fell back and her arms and shoulders hung behind her, shaking. Bellatrix' deranged laugh could barely be heard over the screams.

Again, the curse was removed. Gasping for breath, Hermione's body shook with the aftermath of the curse, but she did not give up. Forcing herself to her feet, she concentrated on what she had to do by focusing on Severus. He was her priority. If anything happened to her, he would die.

"You are not going to survive this," hissed Bellatrix. "You will die and then Severus will die. Now that he has made you into a creature like him, your survival depends on him." Hermione listened as she leaned against the wall, limbs still shaking. "I begged him. All these years I begged him to turn me into what he is, but he refused. Hermione slowly moved her hand to her wand. "Now you both will pay."

Bellatrix allowed Hermione to face her. She wanted to see the fear in her eyes when applying Cruciatus again. Raising her wand, Bellatrix looked into Hermione's eyes and was a bit surprised to see the gleam of amusement.

Catching Bellatrix off guard for a fraction of a second, Hermione quickly raised her wand and cried, "CRUCIO!"

Bellatrix fell to the ground, screaming while her body ferociously convulsed. Hermione knew the Unforgivables would only work if she meant it. From the way Bellatrix' body reacted so violently, it was clear just how much Hermione hated this woman. Images of Severus, Sirius, and Neville's parents flashed in her mind as she held the curse on her.

After several minutes, there was no movement from Bellatrix. The only sound was Bellatrix gasping for breath and Hermione finally lowered her wand.

"You don't know how it works," sneered Hermione. "I am Severus' life mate, his true love, and the only one who can heal him, but my survival does not depend on him because I am not a vampire. You will pay for what you've done to him, to Sirius, to the Longbottoms, and to me, you bitch!"

"Please, please don't kill me," whispered Bellatrix, who was still motionless on the floor. Hermione's eyes flashed dangerously, contemplating what to do, but it was too late. Bellatrix quickly sat up and fired off three curses. Hermione flew backwards, slamming into the wall. Sharp pains spread throughout her body and she looked down to see dozens of arrows sticking out from her legs. She now lay on the floor, behind a piece of furniture that distracted her view from Bellatrix.

"You are a Mudblood," Bellatrix spat, collapsing back onto the floor. "You are nothing."

Hermione's legs grew numb and she realized there was poison in the arrows. She had to stay conscious and distract Bellatrix at the same time. Severus' survival depended on it.

"If I am nothing, then what is Voldemort?" hissed Hermione, trying to mask the evident discomfort in her voice.

"What do you mean?" snapped Bellatrix. A confused expression crossed her face. "He is my Master!" she replied angrily.

"How can he be your Master? He is not even a pureblood," said Hermione as she tried to push herself further back onto the wall. Bellatrix' eyes lit up with anger, but Hermione kept speaking. "His father was Tom Riddle, a Muggle. His mother was a witch."

"You lie!" she screamed, trying to sit up.

"Tom Marvolo Riddle. He needed the remains of his Muggle father's body to return back from the dead. Why do you think you were in a Muggle cemetery on the night of his return?"

"You will pay!" screamed Bellatrix.

Hermione saw her running at her and quickly Hermione raised her arm, firing a blasting curse along with a binding charm. Bellatrix' body came to a sudden halt in midair and then flew backward, slamming into the wall. Hermione drug herself a few feet, just enough to see that Bellatrix was unconscious, bound with chains.

"Expelliarmus," whispered Hermione. She reached up and seized Bellatrix's wand. Not being able to move any further, Hermione collapsed onto the floor. Her legs were useless, and she could feel the poison spreading throughout the rest of her body as her mind blurred. Holding Bellatrix's wand in one hand and hers in the other, she closed her eyes. Only one thought came to mind: Number 12 Grimmauld Place.

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"Oh dear, you did get yourself into quite a mess, didn't you? Never fear, I shall have these arrows out of you in a moment, but first I must determine what kind of magic was used." Hermione heard words, but they made no sense. It wasn't until she felt a hand trying to pry Bellatrix's wand from her grasp that she realized she was not alone. "It's

okay, Miss Granger. I only need the wand to determine what kind of poison was used."

Hermione kept her eyes closed. Her body was so numb that she wasn't even sure whether she still had a body. All she could think of was Severus.

"Ah yes," said the voice. "I see she used quite a nasty combination of spells. Never fear. I will Disapparate the arrows without releasing any more poison into your system."

'Bellatrix' and arrows,' she heard, and then she remembered. Opening her eyes, she found herself staring into a set of blue, twinkling eyes.

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"Where is she?" hissed Severus. Wearing black Death Eater robes and speaking in a tone showing he would stop at nothing to get her, he entered the kitchen of the Headquarters of the Order, demanding to know where Hermione was. Tonks and Remus were in the kitchen. Tonks was startled to see him, but Remus remained unaffected.

"Who?" asked Tonks, but Severus did not answer. With his wand grasped tightly in his hand, he walked straight to Remus. Remus got to his feet while drawing his wand. The hatred the two men shared was obvious as their eyes narrowed and their hands gripped their wands tighter.

"How dare you show your face here, Snape," spat Remus. "You will die for it."

Hermione entered the kitchen to see Severus facing Remus and quickly stood between them.

"Severus," she said calmly. Severus took a step toward her. The anger was still evident as his eyes quickly scanned her body for injuries. "I'm okay," she said, taking him by the arm. "*He* healed me," she whispered. Severus nodded and then turned back toward Remus and Tonks. Looking past them both, he Disapparated with Hermione.

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"Where are we, Severus?" Hermione asked, looking around. The room was dark and cold.

"My home." Turning, he walked toward the fireplace and waved his wand. The fire instantly ignited, providing the only light.

Hermione looked around. The room was small, containing only a bed and a desk. There was one door, which she could only assume led to the rest of the house, and a small window. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling, clinging to the melted candles that lay dormant along the walls.

The bed was small. There was no headboard, just a mattress on a frame with a few worn blankets and pillows. On the worn desk lay a few quills and bottles of ink that were covered thickly with dust and cobwebs.

"I haven't been here in years," he said, offering no other explanations. He took his wand and murmured several cleaning spells. The dust, cobwebs, and stale smell were gone. His room was now clean, but Hermione felt that this room did not contain joyful memories. She quietly sat down on the bed.

"How did I escape Bellatrix?" she asked.

"It was a safety measure Albus provided when you, Harry, and Ron became members of the Order. Since neither of you could Apparate at the time, he provided a type of portkey, made from phoenix blood, which worked off of your lifeline. If you were in the process of dying, you would instantly Apparate to his side."

Severus sat down on the edge of the bed next to her, and dropped his head in his hands. '*It wasn't supposed to be this way,*' he thought. He felt Hermione shift on the bed again and place her hand on his arm. He loved her. Every time he had to leave her, his heart ached. Every time he saw her, his heart ached. All he wanted was to be with her. She consumed him in every way possible. She gently squeezed his arm, and he closed his eyes. He could lead her into the fires of hell and she would willingly follow.

Opening his eyes, he turned to look at her. He could see in her eyes that she loved him, there was no doubt. And it was because of this love he allowed himself to do something he had always forbidden himself to do dream. His life had never been his so it was useless to dream, but when he held Hermione, he realized he wanted his life to be his own. He allowed himself to dream of a future and in this future he saw himself walking with Hermione, free. They were both free.

He looked at her hand that was placed on his arm. Her arm was thin enough that the Dark Mark nearly wrapped around it. He closed his eyes and dropped his head. As long as he was a servant of the Dark Lord, they would never be free.

"Severus," she said quietly. Her heart ached to see him this way. She ran her fingers through his hair, resting her hand on the side of his head. He leaned into her touch and looked at her. There was no hope in his eyes.

"It needs to end, Hermione. It all needs to come to an end." His voice was almost a whisper.

"It will. The final battle will soon occur and it will be over." She tried to sound optimistic, but her voice failed her.

He looked at her and said, "It will never be over unless I end it." Hermione's eyes widened and she slowly shook her head no. "It needs to end," he said again. "I don't know what the outcome will be, but I love you too much for you to live this way. I would rather give you up than for you to be anyone's servant." Her eyes filled with tears that spilled over, freely rolling down her cheeks. She understood what needed to be done.

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"You expect us to believe Snape is trustworthy?" spat Remus. "For gods' sake, he killed Albus!" Hermione closed her eyes and sighed. She was unable to forsake Severus by revealing the truth.

"Please Remus, you can trust Severus. We all can trust Severus," she pleaded. There were murmurs among the members who were sitting in the kitchen of Number 12 Grimmauld Place. Harry got to his feet and approached the front of the room, standing next to Hermione.

"She is right," he said. The members became silent. "I am not sure what the right thing is to do, but I do trust Hermione and if she says to trust Snape, then we trust Snape." The murmurs were louder this time. Harry held up his hand, silencing the crowd.

"Listen to me. Dumbledore has been fighting Voldemort for over 20 years. Snape has been fighting Voldemort for nearly 20 years." Harry sighed before continuing. "It came down to a battle, Dumbledore against Snape. If Snape refused to kill Dumbledore, he would die and we would lose our informant. If Dumbledore had killed Snape, we would have lost our informant. But Dumbledore knew if he was the one to die, the Order would still have an informant." The members began speaking out at once, but again, Harry quieted them down.

"If we do not come together as one, we will be defeated and Voldemort will win. Do you want Dumbledore's death to have been in vain? Look at Voldemort he is nothing without his Death Eaters. The night he killed my parents, his faithful servants fled. Look at us. Our leader is dead, but we are still here together. We are the Order of the Phoenix and it is together that we will defeat Voldemort." A few of the members began to nod in agreement.

A few members broke out into loud chatter, discussing what they just heard. Some openly agreed with Harry while others were not sure. Remus remained in the shadows, refusing to comment. It was a good while before the crowd grew silent and Arthur Weasley stood up.

"Harry, we are the Order of the Phoenix. Our purpose is to defeat Lord Vold...the Dark Lord. We will stand together and fight this battle together." Hermione had a big grin on her face as she grabbed Harry's hand and squeezed it.

Ron got out of his chair and walked over to her and Harry. He wasn't quite sure what to say, but it didn't matter. Hermione threw her arms around him, nearly knocking him over.

"I've missed you, love," said Ron, towering over her while hugging her. He had missed his friend.

"Me too," said Hermione, hugging him tight.

"I'm sorry I doubted you," he said. She stopped hugging him and stood back.

"Don't you ever doubt me again, Ronald," she snapped, and then hugged him again.

From the back of the room came the clapping of one person. Heads turned to see who it was. It was Albus Dumbledore.

"Very good, Mister Potter," Albus praised as he made his way to the front of the room. "You have the makings of a powerful leader, my son." The members jumped to their feet and swarmed around him. After a few minutes of hugs and handshakes, Albus was at the front of the room.

"Did I ever tell you that being under House Arrest is excruciatingly boring?" he chuckled and was the only one to do so. "Mister Potter is correct in his assessment of the situation. My death would be less harmful to the Order than Severus'. And due to the unfortunate events of others that we had to hide in the past, I chose to keep my death between Severus and myself...oh, and of course, Miss Granger." He turned in her direction and looked at her with his twinkling eyes. She gave him a smile.

"Now," he clapped his hands together and turned back toward the members, "we have a battle to prepare for."

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Bellatrix and Lucius were each on one knee, bowing before the Dark Lord. They had just finished a grueling session of Legilimency and were now awaiting their Master's reaction.

"Rise," he said slowly. They each got to their feet and stood before Voldemort. His voice was dangerously low. "Ignoring for now the fact that you chose to ignore my warnings Severus will die tonight." Voldemort took his wand and touched Lucius' Dark Mark.

~TBC

Veinte Cuarto

Chapter 24 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

Forbidden Obsession

Veinte Cuarto

Standing in the kitchen of the Order, waiting. Suddenly, Hermione grasped her left arm. Nodding to those around her, she was instantly Apparated somewhere. Before she could register her location, she was being pushed to the ground, her body pinned down and her mouth covered.

"Don't say one word," hissed the person. "Do you know where Snape is?" Hermione didn't respond, obeying his first directive. "The Dark Lord knows his position with the Order. Do you know where Snape is?" Hermione still didn't respond. "Stupid Mudblood," he muttered, and it was then she realized it was Draco. "Stay here. Your and Snape's deaths have been ordered." Hermione's eyes grew wide with fear. "Good, then I take it you understand." She nodded yes. Draco got off of her. He put on his mask and joined the rest of the Death Eaters who were assembling together.

Hermione rolled onto her stomach and cautiously took in her surroundings. There was a three-quarter moon out, enough to give some light, and cast an array of shadows throughout the area. About fifty meters in from of her she could see the Death Eaters, each taking their places in what she assumed was a circle, but there were too many trees to give her a clear view.

Hearing several more "pops," she stayed low. Death Eaters were still Apparating and she didn't dare reveal her presence. She closed her eyes and tried to feel Severus; she needed to know if he was near and if he was safe. Trepidation threatened to take over when she didn't feel him, but she forced herself to remain composed. *'Patience,'* she told herself.

When it appeared that no more Death Eaters were going to Apparate, Hermione quietly got to her feet. Voldemort's voice was too muffled; she needed to get closer to hear what he was saying. With her wand in hand, she transfigured the color of her clothing into black to camouflage with the night, and she set off. The dry grass under her shoes crunched loudly, so she placed a silencing spell on her shoes. Approaching the circle of Death Eaters, she was only able to hear her heart pounding in her ears. She was so nervous it felt like it was going to explode out of her chest. Taking several deep breaths she forced herself to calm down. Walking closer, she listened.

"Be prepared...realization...victorious..." She still could only hear bits and parts of his conversation. If she dared get any closer, she would reveal her position. She looked closer at the circle and realized the gathering tonight was much larger than in what she previously witnessed. Standing in a large opening, the circle had three, perhaps four layers of Death Eaters. Closing her eyes again, she tried to feel for Severus. It was the next set of words that made her lose concentration.

"Albus Dumbledore..." said Voldemort. Hermione quickly looked around for Dumbledore, but realized he was only a part of the Dark Lord's conversation. Her heart rate increased again, and this time she couldn't control it. Her chest was about to explode as she stepped backwards to take cover in the trees. She felt a wave of warmth and comfort come over her as her heart rate slowed, matching the one behind her. She felt his arm slip around her waist and guide her backwards, past a small grove of trees.

'One body, one mind, one heart...' she thought.

In the moonlit night, he was able to see her eyes and into her mind, and Hermione allowed Severus in. She hid nothing from him. She even led him through her mind as he gained knowledge from the meeting and how the Order prepared for the battle. Before he left, she took him to one last memory. She showed him a vision of her in the upstairs hallway of the Number 12 Grimmauld, waiting for him to return from being summoned by Voldemort. With fear and concern displayed on her face, she waited hours for his return. And when he finally entered through the front door, a sigh of relief was spread across her face and then was replaced with a smile. The memory was

from a time before he fed from her, before he possessed her. She needed him to understand that even before he possessed her, he had already consumed her thoughts.

Severus left her mind and looked back down at her. Gently he kissed her lips, knowing it would be the last time. "I love you," he whispered. He then looked in Voldemort's direction. His eyes narrowed as he focused on his objective. He looked back to Hermione and she nodded, acknowledging that she was ready, and he left.

"Tom Riddle," echoed a voice, interrupting Lord Voldemort. The Death Eaters turned in the direction it came from. It was Albus Dumbledore. He stood a several meters away from the circle, his light blue robes obvious against the darkness of the night. Several "pops" were heard as the Order Apparated on site. Albus raised his wand and placed an anti-apparation charm around them.

"Positions!" hissed Voldemort. The Death Eaters immediately formed a circle around him, facing outward.

Harry, Ron, and Tonks were on one side with Remus, Bill, and the twins on the other, and the rest of the Order spread out. Members of the Ministry were present along with the rest of the D.A., Dumbledore's Army, yet Death Eaters still outnumbered them.

"This doesn't look good, mate," Ron told Harry.

"Stand your position," said Harry. Ron nodded, holding his wand a bit higher.

Several of the Death Eaters on the outer perimeter of the circle panicked at facing Dumbledore's wand and tried to Disapparate. Their bodies were immediately bound and stunned.

"POSITIONS!" cried Voldemort. It was clear that his survival depended on his Death Eaters. Death Eaters from the inner part of the circle filled in the empty places.

"See? They fear us because we believe in our cause," said Harry. Ron exhaled and a bit of the fear left him.

"Surrender, Tom. It is over," said Albus, in a calm voice.

"You fool," spat Voldemort, "You honestly believe that I will surrender? You will need to kill me, Dumbledore... if you can. Such brutality is beneath you, correct?" With his wand raised, the Dark Lord fired the first curse. Before the spark could hit its target, the Order fired back. An array of colors lit up the night sky along with screams of curses being both thrown and received.

Hermione joined the battle, taking her place between Ron and Harry. The three stood with their backs to each other, casting curse after curse. Hermione was good at deflecting curses, which came in handy for a few of the D.A. members near her who had two or three Death Eaters attacking them at once. Just as she threw a curse at one Death Eater, a curse struck her right arm, causing her to let go of her wand.

Dropping to the ground in pain, she tried locating her wand. "Guard yourselves," she cried to Harry and Ron. They nodded and each moved so she was between them, protecting her.

"Hermione, are you okay?" cried Ron, still fighting the Death Eaters.

"My arm is cut," she said. Reaching for her wand, she placed several charms to stop the bleeding, but it didn't help. "The bleeding won't stop!"

"What kind of curse was it?" cried Harry, not taking his eyes off the battle.

"I don't know, but..." she said, cringing from the pain. "I can't get the bleeding to stop..."

"George!" cried Ron, "Fred!" The twins made their way over while battling the Death Eaters. "Hermione's hurt. She can't stop the bleeding."

"No problem, love," said George. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a special toffee. "Suck on this, love." Hermione didn't have time to argue. Taking it, she popped it into her mouth. Immediately her wound sealed itself. George smiled at her.

Jumping to her feet, she quickly cast a shield around George just as purple sparks hit it. The impact sent him back five feet, but he was unhurt. Giving her a quick wink, he and Fred were off.

The green and red sparks dominated the night sky as bodies were thrown or slain. Screams echoed in the night.

"Where is Snape?" yelled Harry.

"He will be here!" yelled Hermione. Harry nodded, hoping it would be soon.

"Keep moving this way!" he said. Ron and Hermione followed Harry who was slowly making his way toward Voldemort.

The Dark Lord was being well shielded behind his Death Eaters, which bothered Harry. He had never known Voldemort to hide during a battle. Nonetheless, Harry continued fighting. One by one, they brought down the Death Eaters, slowly making their way to the Dark Lord.

Kingsley was dueling Malfoy. Bellatrix came up behind Kingsley, nodding to Lucius and then a jet of red sparks flew from her wand and straight toward Kingsley's back. Unexpectedly Kingsley's body jerked and flew a few feet into the air before the curse could hit him.

"NO!" shrieked Bellatrix. Lucius Malfoy was on the receiving end of the curse. His mask fell off, showing his expression of shock and confusion. His knees buckled first, causing him to fall to the ground. He stared at Bellatrix, blankly, and then with no emotion he fell facedown onto the ground.

Bellatrix looked around enraged and distraught for the enemy responsible for moving Kingsley out of the way. A lone Death Eater stood with his mask removed and wand drawn.

"You little bastard!" she spat. "You just killed your father!" Draco's eyes narrowed, glaring at her. The corner of his mouth was bleeding, indicating he had been hit by a curse or two. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and then spit out a mouthful of blood at her feet.

"No, Aunt Bellatrix, I just avenged my mother's death," he sneered. Bellatrix's eyes widened and her nostrils flared. Raising her wand, she shrieked, "AVADA KEDA..."

"CRUCIO!!!" cried another voice and Bellatrix was on the ground, shaking and screaming. Draco saw who was placing the curse and smirked.

"You have to mean it when you cast it, correct, Lestranger?" sneered Longbottom. Draco gave Neville a respectful nod and returned to the battle, continuing to fight for the Order.

"This isn't working," cried Ron. "We are losing too many!"

"Harry Potter," hissed Voldemort. "It ends tonight!" The Dark Lord swept past his Death Eaters, straight for Harry. Harry grasped his wand tight, positioning himself to duel. Neither waiting for the other, both fired a curse at the same time, green against red. Since Voldemort's wand was no longer a brother to Harry's, the curses met in the middle, causing an explosion.

Voldemort quickly fired another curse, but Harry deflected it. Those who were left to fight for the Order were trying to make their way over to assist Harry. Voldemort fired several curses, killing six combatants instantly, including two of his own Death Eaters who were caught in the crossfire. The blast knocked Harry off his feet and his wand

out of his hand. Voldemort quickly moved toward him to finish him off.

Suddenly, Severus appeared and entered the battle. He held no wand as he moved toward the Dark Lord.

Voldemort saw him and turned to hold his wand on Severus, and for a moment the two stared at each other, intently. Without warning, Severus rushed in with immense speed and force but, instead of defending himself, the Dark Lord lowered his wand. An arrogant grin spread across Voldemort's face as Severus grabbed him by the shoulders and head. Wasting no time, Severus sank his fangs into Voldemort's jugular.

A scream of pain was heard over the battle, causing many to stop and take notice. Voldemort was lying on this back, his limbs shaking, grasping at Severus, trying to push him off, but Severus' teeth were locked into his throat, draining him of his blood.

Fully aware that Severus had the ability to kill him by draining his blood, the Dark Lord had purposely contaminated his own blood. The two things both he and Severus shared were their desire to live and their fear of death. Voldemort was betting that once Severus tasted his tainted blood, he would have no choice but to stop drinking. But Severus was not falling back. Voldemort's expression turned from smug and arrogance to fear.

"Oh gods!" cried Hermione, collapsing to her knees. "NO! NO!" she screamed.

"What is it?" cried Harry, running over to her.

"His blood is tainted! Voldemort's blood is tainted! If Severus doesn't stop drinking, he will die too!" she cried, falling further to the ground. Harry knelt next to her, trying to help her.

Hermione rolled onto her back and her body began shaking. "Help him, please," she said in a strained voice. "Make Severus stop." Harry looked at Hermione and then back at Severus and realized her connection with him.

"If Snape dies, Hermione dies!" Harry yelled at Ron. "We have to stop him!" Together they ran toward Snape, but were stopped by two sets of hands. Kingsley grabbed onto Harry and Draco held onto Ron, preventing them from getting any closer.

"If we don't stop him, Hermione will die!" yelled Harry.

"No, she won't die," said Kingsley, struggling to hold him back. Harry did his best to escape, but Kingsley was too strong. Draco had put Ron in a chokehold, incapacitating him.

Severus had anticipated his Master taking such action and it was confirmed when the first drops of blood burned the back of his throat, yet he did not let go. Severus vowed that if anything would come out of his death, it would be for Hermione to be free. She would not be a servant of the Dark Lord, nor would she be a slave to the Order. She was going to be free.

His hand and body pinned down Voldemort's shoulders as his other hand pushed back the Dark Lord's head. Severus had to drink as much of his blood as he could to guarantee death. If he drank too little, Voldemort would become a Moroi or living vampire, like him. The blood blistered his throat and esophagus as it flowed into his body, but Severus forced himself to continue drinking. His organs began to shut down as the tainted blood passed through them, yet he continued.

"Please," Hermione whispered, "Please... I love ... you ..." she said. Her heartbeat began slowing with his... with each beat, each swallow of tainted blood, she felt him leaving her. She became very tired, and then very calm, just as everything went black.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

"Hermione."

"Hermione."

"Please, love, wake up."

Hermione opened her eyes to find Harry and Ron looking down at her. Quickly she sat up and looked around. Bodies were spread across the ground and those injured were being attended to by mediwitches being led by Madame Pomfrey. Her eyes scanned the grounds quickly, looking for him.

"Severus," she whispered, "Where's Severus?"

"Sorry, love," said Harry, "He didn't survive." Her eyes filled with tears and she shook her head no.

"No," she whispered. The tears spilled over and flowed down her face. "No," she said louder, "No!"

"Love, he's a hero. He died a hero," said Ron gently. Hermione looked at Ron and then Harry. Closing her eyes, she began to sob. Her two friends held her tight as she grieved.

Wiping her tears, she whispered, "Where is he?"

"Over there," said Harry, pointing to a small grove of trees. Ron helped her to her feet and together they both led her to Severus' body. Tonks and Molly were standing over him, holding each other while silently crying.

Hermione looked down to see her Severus lying on the ground. His eyes were closed, his expression solemn. She dropped to her knees, threw her arms around him and began sobbing. His body was still warm but there was no heartbeat. She cried out his name over and over, pleading for him to return to her. Letting her cry for a bit, Harry and Ron tried to pull her away, but she just yelled, telling them to leave her alone. Molly told the boys that Hermione needed time alone, so they left.

She held him with her head against his chest and wept. Her entire body was numb, except for her heart, which ached with more intensity than she had ever known possible. Her sobs were uncontrolled and her breathing erratic. She wanted to die too. She didn't want to be without him. She openly wept for the man she loved.

The next thing Hermione knew was that someone grabbed her by her hair, forcing her to sit up. Hermione came face to face with a woman who was kneeling on the other side of Severus. Her eyes were as black as the night and stared intensely at Hermione. The woman's thin, black hair hung around her cloak-covered shoulders. Still grasping Hermione by the hair the woman looked down at Severus and the back at her.

"You were his life mate." It was not a question, rather a statement. Her voice was gentle, but Hermione noted the serious tone.

"I **am** his life mate," corrected Hermione. There was no doubt in Hermione's tone that she would remain Severus' forever.

"No," replied the woman. "He is dead. Your bond has been broken." Even though her voice was gentle, she easily stated the facts.

"Our bond can never be broken," snapped Hermione. She was becoming angry with this woman.

"Your bond only lasts while you are both alive. My son is dead, therefore you are no longer his life mate." Hermione was shocked by her disclosure, but the woman continued, "You still cry for him. Why?"

"I love him." It was simple. The love Hermione felt for Severus was still present and was still as strong as it was with the bond.

"My son has never known love." The woman let go of Hermione's hair and moved her hand to her son's face, brushing it along his cheek. Hermione carefully watched his mother touch him. "I do love you, son," she whispered. His mother leaned further into him and gently kissed him on the cheek. "I will not deny you what is rightfully yours." She then moved her mouth to his throat and bit into his flesh.

~TBC

Veinte Quinto

Chapter 25 of 25

Professor Severus Snape is a man of few words who is serving two masters along with having many mysteries – one that is about to be solved by none other than Hermione Granger. A story of lust, love, need, desire along with darkness.

AN: Upon finishing this story brings about bittersweet feelings. I originally began this story with a dear friend, Jonathan, who passed away from Leukemia. Through out his ordeal, he made me promise that I would finish this story and I have now done this. Part of me did not want to because in a way I was able to hold on to what we had. I now know that no matter how soon or how long I took to finish this story, I will always be able to hold on to what we had.

A special thank you goes to my beta, Pollinatrix, who has done a fabulous job and to Sirius Lives who stepped in to help beta read! Also to Qmouse and Country Mouse, who both did me the honor of checking the plot and giving some wonderful suggestions to help bring this to a close. And to Snapeflower, who shares my passion of Snapey goodness and has encouraged me throughout all of my writing! "squeeeeeeeeeeeeeee"

And most of all I need to thank Pussicle, who was with me when this story was first born and gave me the strength to finish it. I do love you, Sweeeeets!

One more note, I must mention that I honestly do not believe that Snape is a vampire, but if you have read my other 31 stories, then you will understand full well that I am not one to overlook or ignore a challenge. Writing a convincing story that Snape is indeed a vampire was too much of a challenge to pass up.

Thank you to all my readers who have shown their support through both reviews and private emails.

Hugs to all,

Corazon

Veinte Quinto

Hermione watched in shock as Severus' mother drained him of his blood, but did nothing to stop her. Hermione couldn't explain her reason for not reacting; all she could do was watch in astonishment. The woman took long, deep swallows, causing his skin to pale even more. After several minutes, she slowly lifted her head, looked at her son, and in a low voice said, "I do love you, my son."

"What did you do?" whispered Hermione. The woman looked at Hermione, remaining silent. His mother's eyes rolled back and her eyelids fluttered. Her body began to convulse and Hermione realized the tainted blood was now in the woman's system. Hermione was reaching out to help her when the woman's body suddenly burst into flames. Hermione quickly scooted back, not believing what her eyes were witnessing. Instantaneously the flames went out. All that remained was a pile of ashes.

Swallowing hard, Hermione glanced around to see if the others had also seen this. Harry and Ron were running toward her, but it was Kingsley and Draco who were already standing next to her.

Without saying a word, Kingsley waved his wand, levitating Severus' body a few feet from the ground. He turned to Draco, nodded, and then Disapparated with Severus. Hermione was almost breathless as she realized Severus was gone. Panicking, she jumped to her feet and turned to Draco.

"Where did he take him?" she snapped.

"It doesn't matter. You can't help him now," said Draco, maintaining a solemn expression.

Hermione grabbed Draco by the front of his torn robes and screamed, "Then why did Shacklebolt take him?"

"Listen!" snapped Draco, pulling her hands off of him, but before continuing he took a deep breath, calming himself. "You're a smart witch, Granger. Surely with all the time you have kept your nose in a book, you've read about what just occurred." Hermione looked at him with a puzzled expression and then she diverted her eyes to the pile of ashes.

"Hermione, what happened?" asked Harry, stopping by her side, but Hermione didn't answer. Ron protectively pulled her into him. She continued to stare at the ashes until realization dawned on her as to what had just occurred.

"We need to go, Granger," hissed Draco, pulling on her arm.

"Don't touch her!" hissed Ron. Hermione didn't respond to either of them.

Ignoring Ron, Draco spoke again, "Now, Granger." She looked at him and then at Harry.

"I need to go," she said softly.

"Hermione, what is going on?" asked Ron, who still held her. Hermione turned to face him.

"Ron, you once said you would never doubt me again. I need to you honor those words now." Her voice was shaky but her eyes held a seriousness that Ron could not ignore. Reluctantly he nodded and released her.

Draco took hold of Hermione's arm and Disapparated with her.

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Letting go of Hermione's arm, Draco waved his wand, lighting the candles in the small room. There was a bed and desk, both familiar to her.

Looking around, she whispered, "I know where we are; I've been here before."

"Severus must return home for his transformation to be complete," said Draco, cautiously walking around, securing the windows and doors.

"Seven days," whispered Hermione, "And then he will return."

Draco nodded, adding, "If he chooses to return. If he does, he will be more powerful than we can imagine."

She slowly looked around the kitchen, remembering Severus' story. She looked at the floor and couldn't help picturing Severus as a child watching his mother and father fight.

There was a long silence between Hermione and Draco when she finally asked, "Do you serve Severus?" She was curious as to what part Draco played in the situation. He glared at her for a moment and then smirked. He walked toward the window and looked out into the darkness.

"No," he said. His tone sounded final, as if ending the conversation, so it surprised Hermione when he spoke again. "He made my mother happy."

"Did he love her?" The words slipped out before she could stop them. She wasn't sure if she even wanted to know the answer. Hermione couldn't bear the thought of Severus loving another woman. The physical relationships Severus had experienced with other women were much different because they were based on survival.

"No," Draco stated and then sighed, still staring off into the darkness. "He treated her well, but he did not love her. But," he paused, "she loved him. My mother learned the hard way that Severus will risk anything for himself and his survival." He paused again and then added, "Mother once said that she wished Severus was my father. I hated her for that, but over time I realized Severus was more of a father to me than Lucius ever was. It was her happiness that was important to me. My mother loved me and I vowed to do anything in my power to make her happy. I don't serve Severus, I serve my mother."

"I am sorry about your mother," she said quietly. He nodded, and then again there was more silence.

Breaking the silence again, she asked, "Does Kingsley serve Severus?"

"Yes," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Out of debt, and, before you ask, I do not know what that debt is based on," he snapped, but continued, "All I know is that Kingsley has always been around as long as I can remember." Hermione refrained from asking any more questions. An hour passed silently before the outside door to the kitchen opened and in walked Shackbolt.

"It has been done," he said, wiping the dirt from his hands with a handkerchief. The legs of his pants and boots were covered in dirt. He noticed Hermione looking at him. "I had to bury him without magic. Now the rest is for Severus to decide. If he so chooses, he will become a Strigoi vampire. If not, then he is gone forever. Miss Granger, we must be prepared if he chooses to accept his transformation. He will be more powerful than all of us put together, but he will have new requirements for his survival."

"What do you mean?" she whispered. "Why would he refuse the transformation?"

"He will no longer survive from blood alone. He will require souls," said Kingsley. "Severus will need to steal souls from the living in order to survive. He will be limited to only being awake in darkness. We will have to wait for seven days to find out what his decision is. Miss Granger, you must be prepared; Severus vowed he would never become a Strigoi vampire." Her heart clenched in her throat at his words.

"Then why did you bury him?" she whispered, trying to hold back her tears.

"Because Severus has spent most of his life serving two masters. Now he can be free, and I am giving him the chance to make this decision. He can either be free, here on earth as a Strigoi vampire, or he can be free, resting in the afterlife for eternity. It is his decision, but neither one can occur unless he is buried in the ground of his native home. The other option would be purgatory, and I will not allow that."

For the past hour, Hermione had kept her mind off the obvious, but the realization of the night and what Severus was about to face suddenly hit her and Hermione collapsed on the floor, sobbing. Draco ignored her, continuing to look out the window, but Kingsley went to her. Kneeling on the floor, he comforted her. All Hermione could think about was her Severus and in her heart, she knew he was gone.

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For the next seven days, Hermione waited in Severus' home. Shackbolt tended to her, convincing her to eat and drink. Reluctantly she did so, but very little. Together he and Draco also guarded Severus' grave.

Hermione nearly went insane trying to keep her mind off the fact that Severus was gone. She would wait until the seventh day before giving him a proper funeral. She prayed and hoped beyond reason that he would return to her, but ultimately she knew the decision had been made. Several owls came to the house carrying letters from Harry and Ron, and others, but the only answer Hermione gave was that she needed time.

On the seventh day, Hermione sat in Severus' bedroom in the small wooden chair, watching the sunset. She was preparing the parchments that would officially announce Severus' death. Even though Kingsley had stood by her side, without Severus, Hermione was more alone than ever.

Draco remained by Severus' grave, protecting Severus in his most vulnerable state. The transformation would either be complete or Severus would be permanently laid to rest. Draco circled the outer perimeter of the yard. There was still a chance that a Death Eater or two would want to exact revenge for Severus' killing Voldemort, and neither Draco nor Kingsley was going to take the chance of having Severus' final decision jeopardized.

As soon as the sun set and the sky darkened on the seventh night, the wind began blowing, howling through the trees. Draco's robes whipped around his body as he made his way back to Severus' grave. Kingsley was standing over the grave, waiting.

The ground began to shake, knocking Draco off his feet. Kingsley stepped back and held onto a nearby tree, supporting himself, trying to maintain his balance. Hermione came stumbling out of the house toward the grave. It was dark enough that she had difficulty seeing her surroundings. The ground shook violently as she struggled to make her way over toward them. Her hair whipped around her face as she now crawled to her destination.

The earth over Severus' grave began to part as a soil-covered hand broke through the dirt. The hand reached up, as if searching for something. Hermione's eyes widened at the sight of the hand, and she knew it was Severus.

"Severus," she whispered, and she crawled forward on her knees, grabbing it. The hand grabbed onto hers and began pulling her down into the grave.

"Severus!" she cried, trying to break away. His other hand broke through the soil and grabbed at Hermione, grasping her hair in his clenched fist, and pulling her toward him. She was sinking further into the dirt, screaming. Kingsley and Draco tried to make their way over to her but the ground was splitting further apart, preventing them. Hermione was pulled into the grave, the loose earth muffling her screams.

Suddenly, the wind stopped blowing and the ground ceased shaking, so Kingsley and Draco rushed to where Hermione had gone in. Before their very eyes, Severus exploded from the ground. Dirt fell from his hair, his shoulders, and the rest of his body as he slowly rose. His clothing was dirty and torn. In his arms, he clutched Hermione, holding her close to his chest. Once Severus was out of his grave, the ground sealed itself, and he collapsed onto his knees, dropping Hermione. She gasped

for air, choking and spitting the dirt from her mouth.

"Severus," whispered Hermione, looking up at him from the ground.

Severus remained on his knees while looking at his surroundings. While the others struggled to see in the darkness, Severus' eyes were naturally suited to the darkness already. He first looked at Kingsley and then Draco. After carefully scanning the area, he looked down at Hermione. She was trying to sit up but was too overwhelmed.

"Severus," she whispered again, not believing he was really here. He tried to reach for her, to hold her or at least touch her, but he couldn't.

"I must go," he said with a strained voice.

"No," pleaded Hermione as she reached out for him, but he pulled back, out of reach. Severus struggled to his feet as Hermione got to hers. It was evident he was weak and needed to feed. "Please, stay," she begged, reaching for him, but he stepped back again, slowly shaking his head no. Just as she reached out to grab him, he Disappeared.

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Severus Apparated to Azkaban. He allowed his instincts to take over as he gracefully made his way through the tunnels and down into the cell, which contained the one person he was seeking.

Bellatrix looked up, startled to see Severus standing there. Her hair was unkempt, and dirty. Her clothing was torn and stained with dried blood. It had only been seven days, but those seven days had taken a toll on Bellatrix. The dark circles under her eyes, her shallow skin, and the infected lacerations and cuts upon her face and arms gave evidence that the goblins were much more serious about the prisoners than the Dementors ever were.

"Severus! You...you were dead. I saw you die," she said, both shocked and scared. Having no wand left her defenseless and vulnerable.

"You wouldn't be that lucky, Bellatrix," he said smoothly. The bars bowed outward, allowing him to pass through them and into her cell.

"What do you mean?" she asked, quickly getting to her feet. She was smart enough to know Severus was not here for a social call.

"Bellatrix, you should have known that I would return..." He slowly moved toward her. "And that I would seek you out." She stepped back, finding herself trapped against the wall.

"What the hell do you want?" she cried. He stared at her for a moment, as his black eyes bored into her and he smirked. His robes flowed elegantly as he crossed his arms, making her feel all the more uncomfortable. She looked from side to side, as if pleading for help, but there was no one. "What do you want?" she cried again. Staring into his eyes, she found herself unable to move. Her heart was beating rapidly against her chest as if trying to escape. She found it difficult to breathe.

"I want your soul," he said. His black eyes stared into hers and for a moment she saw them flash red. For the first time in Bellatrix' life, she was truly afraid. He leaned further into her and whispered, "You should be afraid."

Bellatrix opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out as Severus covered her body with his, claiming his newly required energy.

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"Hermione," said Severus. He stood at his full height before her with his voice strong, signifying his strength had returned. His clothing was repaired and his skin free from the dirt. She turned to him. It was evident she had been crying. "Come to me, Hermione." Whether it was a request or a demand, she wasted no time going to him. He pulled her into him as she closed her eyes and welcomed the comfort he brought. "I had to feed," he explained. "My will for survival is stronger now, and, if I had not left when I did, I would have fed upon you." There was a moment of silence before he continued. He knew what needed to be done. "It is going to be different now, Hermione."

"I know," she whispered.

"No, I don't think you know," he said, pulling back from her. "Hermione, you and I became..." he carefully chose his words, "involved due to circumstances that no longer exist. The bond we held is no more. You no longer are my life mate. You no longer serve me. You are free to go." A knot formed in her stomach at hearing his words. She refused to comprehend what he was telling her.

"No," she said, but her voice failed her, only allowing a faint whisper to escape her lips. Her eyes began to water, but she took a quick breath, trying to retain her composure.

"What I did to you was unspeakable & it is unforgivable," he hissed.

"I gave consent to everything you did to me," she snapped, her voice cracking. "Everything you did to me, I allowed to happen."

"No, Hermione. Every time I fed from you, you were under my control. For the past several months, you did not act only upon your own accord. I controlled your actions, your decisions, and your thoughts. You were my puppet and I was your master." He stepped further back from her. "As I said, you are free to go."

"No!" she snapped, "I do not want to go. I am staying." Her voice was stronger, fighting to keep her emotions at bay. She had waited seven days for his return and now he was letting her go. She reached out for him, trying to pull him near, but again he stepped back. Before she could respond there was a 'crack' and he Disappeared.

I don't think so," she snapped. Reaching into her robes, she drew her wand and said an incantation that tracked his Disapparation trail. It took only a few minutes for her to find him, so she guessed that he wanted to be found.

"Severus," she snapped, storming into the dungeons at Hogwarts. She should have known he would return here. "We were in the middle of a very important conversation and you left!" she hissed, walking toward him at a fast pace.

"Hermione, I explained to you..." he began.

"No, you did not explain anything to me. All you did was make a decision. Well, I have news for you, Severus Snape, any decisions concerning me will be made by me. Do you understand?" She stood before him with her arms crossed and eyes narrowed. He knew Hermione was very strong-headed and determined. These were only a few of the many qualities that he admired in her, but when he had returned from feeding and found her crying, he knew his relationship with her would only destroy her. It was because of him that she had her innocence stripped away. He had brought her pain, death, and heartache, and this was something he could not bear because he loved her too much to hurt her anymore.

"Hermione, I didn't think..." he began, but she didn't give him the chance. Uncrossing her arms, she began poking him in the chest.

"I have made too many sacrifices for you - all in the name of love, and don't you even try telling me that I am too young to know what love is, because the connection I had with you was love, true love, and now that the connection is broken, I still have that same feeling for you." She stopped poking him and looked up at him to find his expression full of astonishment. "Severus Snape, I love you," she said sternly.

While cocking one eyebrow, Severus just looked at her. He opened his mouth to respond, but thought better of it since she had already interrupted him twice, so instead he placed his hands on either side of her neck and lowered his mouth to hers, kissing her with all the passion and love he had for her.

Hermione pulled Severus toward her with desperation and need. He was her life and she was not about to let him go. Breaking off the kiss, she rested her cheek against

his chest.

"I know what we had was due to a bond that made me your life mate, but Severus, I do love you. When you died, my heart never felt so much pain. How could my heart ache so much if what I feel for you is not love? Even now I know the bond has been broken, but my love for you is real." Resting his chin on her head, he smiled.

"Hermione, I do love you, but there is so much that we need to discuss. Now that I am a Strigoi vampire, my life - our lives - will never be the same."

"I know," she whispered.

"My only reason for accepting the transformation was because of you, Hermione. Having shared such a short portion of my life with you gave me such a desire to share more. For once, I was not alone. I have to have you."

"Severus," she said, pulling back to look at him. She looked up at him and smiled. "I love you." As quick as she said it, Severus entered her mind with more force than she had ever experienced from him. He searched her mind, finding not only her thoughts of him, but also her feelings. Together they relieved her feelings for him, from the first time she felt an attraction to him to the first time they consummated their relationship to the heartache she felt when he died, and her love for him when he returned. Even though Severus had been in her mind only a few times, neither had shared such intense emotions. It was clear he was much more powerful than before.

"Take my hand, Hermione," he said, offering it to her and she did so. "From here on out, you are mine. You will never belong to another. I will kill for you. I will live for you. I will die for you. The day you leave this earth is the day we die together." He brought his mouth down to hers, kissing her.

Carrying her to his bed, he gently laid her down. Her messy, brown, curly hair spread across the pillow and her dirt-stained clothes were wrinkled and torn, but she was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. He knelt next to the bed and held her hand while looking into her eyes. All he knew was how to sexually exploit a woman for his need to feed, but he realized that for the first time in his life he was about to make love and it scared him.

Hermione sat up and with a gentle, warm smile, she reassured him. It was in that smile that Severus knew he could do no wrong. He realized his love for her was more than just physical, it was spiritual, something he had never believed in - until now. They spent the night, among many other nights, making love.

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"It's beautiful, isn't it?" asked Dumbledore, who was sitting next to Hermione on a bench near the lake at Hogwarts. They both gazed off into the distance, watching the sunrise. Hermione nodded in agreement while smiling. "I do believe it is the most beautiful sunrise I have ever seen," said Albus.

Hermione couldn't help but laugh. "You say that every morning, Headmaster."

"Yes, because it is testimony that I have been granted another day to live." They watched the sun slowly rise above the mountains as the colors changed along the way.

"I can't believe today is the day," she said. "Severus has waited for this day for so long and he can't even be here to enjoy it." Her voice became shaky and her eyes began to water. Taking Hermione's hand in his, Albus turned to her.

"I know, dear, but he is being acknowledged for his participation in bringing down Lord Voldemort. I am sure if it had not been Severus who stunned Griselda Marchbanks during the battle at the Ministry, she would have been a bit more forgiving. It took a lot of convincing on my part to make her understand that Severus never intended to remove her from her position. He only placed a sleeping spell on her so the Death Eaters would believe she, along with the others, was dead. She is still bitter about having to remain under house arrest while the world went on without her, but I did convince her that Severus had earned the First Order of Merlin. It's a pity it has taken a year to do so."

"I appreciate your being an advocate for him, and so does he. It is obvious that the Ministry holds a strong prejudice against vampires. I just wish the ceremony were being held at night, so Severus could attend."

"I know, dear," said Albus, patting her arm, "but Griselda scheduled it during the day for the very purpose of making sure he misses it. I'm afraid that our next battle will be convincing the Ministry that Vampires are our allies, and that will occur in time. But you, Hermione, will do that." Patting him on the hand, she smiled in agreement.

"Hermione, you do understand why I tried to keep you and Severus apart?"

"Because I am so young," she answered. Many people had made it obvious that her and Severus' age difference was a concern, especially since she had been barely above the legal age of consent when they had become involved.

"That is part of it. Most life mates are turned into Moroi vampires and then, after death, become Strigoi vampires. I was very concerned that this would happen to you, without your consent. I didn't want to see your life's decisions being made for you."

"Like Severus' decision was made for him?" she asked.

"Correct," he said. He knew not take the implication of her words personally.

"But Severus didn't turn me into a Moroi vampire. He was always careful never to drink enough blood for that process to occur."

"I realized that too late, my dear, and I am sorry for having jumped to such conclusions. I was just trying to protect you."

"I understand, Albus. Even now Severus won't turn me into a vampire. He said that decision would come later, much later." She smiled and so did Albus. As the sun cleared the mountains and shone brightly against the land, Albus got to his feet.

"Are you ready to go and receive the First Order of Merlin on Severus' behalf?"

"I am," she said brightly. He escorted her the castle where the ceremony was to take place.

It was a grand ceremony. Kingsley escorted Hermione to the podium to accept Severus' award. There were a few who snubbed her for not only supporting a vampire but for being a vampire's lover. Of course the Order, including Harry and Ron, were present, showing their full support for both Severus and Hermione.

That night when Severus woke up in their home under the lake, Hermione greeted him.

"Good evening, my love," she said with such pride while displaying his medal in her hand. Severus reached out for her and she came to him. Lying next to him, they both closed their eyes and Severus entered her mind. He was able to experience the ceremony through her thoughts. This is why she watched every sunrise and every sunset - so as not to deny him the experiences the limitations of being a vampire brought.

Hermione slept for a few hours while Severus remained in her mind, experiencing her daily events. This was a ritual for them and usually the only activity to interrupt it was an impromptu session of lovemaking.

When Hermione woke, she found Severus sitting in front of the fireplace, holding his medal. She silently watched him, intrigued with how he just stared at it.

"I always thought these were just a trivial piece of metal..." he said and then turned to her. "Now it has a whole new meaning."

"You deserve that three times over, Severus." He smiled at her, gently, something that was rare - a sign of affection he only shared with her. She crawled into his lap and leaned her body against his while resting the side of her face on his chest, and together they held each other. After several moments, she broke the silence.

"What is on the agenda for today?" she asked.

"Tonight we will perform the final analysis on our potion. Mad-eye Moody has agreed to test it, and will be here in a few hours. He knows several cunning methods to outmaneuver Veritaserum, so if he is not able to resist our questioning, then it will be ready for you to present to the Ministry." Hermione sat up with a big smile on her face.

"Mad-eye Moody agreed? I can't believe it!" she said, hugging him. "How did you get him to agree?"

"I just explained to him that we were creating a potion stronger than Veritaserum and that if the Ministry were to accept it, he could find out who the remaining Death Eaters are and take them into custody. This is something he couldn't refuse, so naturally he volunteered when I mentioned we needed one final test subject."

"And it will be one step closer to the Ministry accepting you as an equal," she said proudly.

"Don't get your hopes up, Hermione. We still have a long way to go before that ever occurs," he reminded her.

"But it is one step closer," she added. She was always the optimist, never taking 'no' for an answer, so Severus knew it was not worth the argument.

Severus and Hermione continued to utilize Severus' increased powers by producing potions that not only benefited the light side, but mankind. His level of magic was so highly concentrated that their potions were unique and powerful, but it was a double-edged sword. The Ministry respected Severus, yet feared him at the same time, but this did not stop him and Hermione from working on future projects. Hermione's ultimate goal was for the Wizarding World to respect Severus Snape as he deserved while she spent the rest of her life loving him. Until then, they remained in their home, under the lake at Hogwarts where they were protected by the security measures Albus had provided.

Epilogue

Hermione was one hundred sixty-eight years old as she lay in her bed. Her white, wavy hair was pulled to one side, neatly braided. Her eyes remained closed as her breathing slowed. Severus sat on the bed next to her, holding her hand.

He entered her mind and together they relived some of their past events.

"Hermione, you can't add flux when it has been crushed! It must be diced!" hissed Severus. Hermione looked at him for a moment while holding a fist full of crushed flux over the boiling cauldron. A smirk appeared on her face as her fist flew open, dropping the ingredient into the cauldron. Severus grabbed Hermione and pulled her into his protective arms as the cauldron exploded, causing rays of light to shoot straight up into the vaulted ceiling of their lab.

"It's okay, Severus," she said, looking up at the ceiling. "Look."

For the first time in fifty years, Severus saw and felt the sun. Severus squinted at the light as he felt the heat of the rays warm his face. Hermione had been trying to replicate the sun for years and finally succeeded. It was the one thing Severus missed from his former life and Hermione had vowed to find a way around it. She had tried every spell she could think of, but none came close. It was when she decided it had to be in a potion. She had secretly researched it during the day and tested it out while Severus slept. She had mastered Occlumency so that she could keep this a secret until she was ready to reveal it. Severus never loved his wife more than he did at that moment - not because of the sun she provided, but because she loved him. They shared many picnics under that sunlight, along with visits to the beach and to the mountains, all in part due to her excellent transfiguration skills. He had always sneered at the idea of a picnic, because it was a waste of time. Eating was a necessity that one should do in a quick and quiet manner. But he was amazed at how enjoyable a picnic was, with the right company.

Severus remembered all the times he woke up to find her holding him. Never had he believed he would be loved the way she loved him. Even more amazing was how much he loved her. He wanted to share everything with her, including his past. He taught her Occlumency and Legilimency so that they could both share everything so she would protect herself against those who wanted to destroy them.

She spent endless hours convincing the Ministry that he was an ally. With the potions Severus and Hermione developed, the Ministry was able not only to capture the remaining Death Eaters, but to increase security and assist the Aurors in the counteraction of dark magic.

Severus had made several acquaintances amongst the vampires who joined in their fight to make an alliance with the Ministry. It was actually Hermione's fight at first, but Severus soon realized the need for the alliance. He could feel his Hermione embrace him in his thoughts.

"You will not be alone, my love," he whispered. Severus had not aged a day since becoming a Strigoi vampire, so he placed an aging charm on himself to match her appearance. He and Hermione had decided long ago that one lifetime was all they needed on earth, and that they would spend eternity in the afterlife together.

Severus sat with her for the next several hours, until she took her final breath. He gently caressed the back of his hand against her cheek and then brought her hand to his mouth, kissing it.

"I will be with you shortly, my wife." Severus put her hand down and moved off the bed. He went to his dresser drawer and opened it, retrieving a wooden stake. Grasping the stake, he returned to lie next to his wife. Taking her hand in his, he closed his eyes. Even though vampires were now treated as equals in the wizarding world, Severus had no intentions of living without his Hermione. With his other hand he brought the stake above his chest and, lowering it quickly, he joined his wife.

~THE END