

The Wrong Side of the Door

by sc010f

Written for the GS100 "behind closed doors" challenge. Assumes Hermione is of age.
Not DH compliant.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Mmmm. Oof! I don't think I can, ooohh."

"That's it, moan for me, my girl."

"Professor, I, oh . . ."

"Severus. I'm not your, ugh, teacher."

"Severus, this door is hard. Ooh, it feels so good. I can't. . ."

"Yes you can, my love."

"Mmmm. Oh, Severus, please, don't, don't . . ."

"Don't what? Do this?"

"Aaagh! Don't stop! Whatever you do don't you dare, oh my God!"

"That's it my girl, mmm, oh, God, Hermione, you are so . . ."

"Yes, oh, my, yes! Please! Please!"

"I can't hold . . .!"

Groaning, Snape came undone.

"Hermione, open the door!"

"Go away, Ron."

"What's the matter? You've been in there for twenty minutes."

"Go away, Ron! I'm having female problems."

"Do I need to send Ginny?"

"NO! Leave!"

"Hermione, what was that noise?"

"Ginny, it's okay. I'll be fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, God!"

"Hermione! What's the matter?"

"Ginny, please. Just give me a minute."

"Thank goodness you're here, Prof . . . I mean, Mr. Snape."

"What's the problem?"

"It's Hermione, she won't come out. I think she's been throwing up."

"And I can help."

"Please?"

"Miss Granger, open this door."

Snape rattled the handle in vain.

"You look like hell."

"Thank you, sir."

"Your friends are worried."

"I'll be fine. Nobody knows."

"They will find out eventually."

"I can hide it until . . ."

"Until what? You don't intend to . . ."

"No! I just . . . I need time to think."

"Do you know?"

"Whom do you think, Severus?"

"Oh, God."

"Yes."

"You said . . ."

"I was wrong."

"Hermione, what happened was . . ."

"Don't start. I don't want to hear about inappropriate behavior. I've heard it before. I always paid attention to *youlectures*, Professor."

Snape slammed his hand against the closed door.

"Her name is Fiona."

"I think it's a lovely name, dear. Goodness! What a pounding! We should let the men in, shouldn't we?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Mione!"

"Don't call me that, Ronald. Hello, Harry."

"Hi, are you . . . okay?"

"A little tired, very sore."

"Hermione, she's beautiful."

"Thank you."

"Listen, Snape showed up in the lobby. He won't leave."

"I'd like to see him."

"He's been gone a while."

"I'd like to see him."

"Okay, if you're certain."

"Hello, Severus. There's somebody here who wants to meet you."

Behind the closed door, Severus wept in his wife's arms.

AN: I received no denarii for writing this. My only reward is your review. And when the two of them are married is up to you, dear reader, to decide.