

"That's not fair. I just needed a small loan until payday."

The back door opened, admitting the Hero of the hour. "Hi, guys." He stopped short, noting the apparent argument going on between his two best friends. With a sigh, Harry turned to Hermione. "What's the problem?"

"Ronald thinks Severus is trying to take advantage of me."

"I still don't understand why you defend him all the time. I don't care what he did. I don't trust him." Ron scowled, finding it hard to believe he couldn't make Hermione see things his way.

"I've heard enough." Hermione stormed out of the kitchen. She could hear Harry trying to talk sense into Ron, as if he could change the berk's mind this time. Stopping in the hall, she tried to decide where she could escape to without Ron finding her. Looking up, she was surprised to find Severus standing in the open doorway to the library watching her. "Hello, I didn't hear you come in."

"That was apparent."

"You heard."

"I'm quite sure most of the flats around here heard, too. You were arguing rather loudly."

Hermione pushed past him into the library, stopping when she heard him close the door behind them. "Ronald is an idiot."

"While I won't argue that point, he does care for you."

Hermione wheeled around, her hair fanning out around her. "Since when do you care what he feels?"

Severus stepped closer to the witch, one hand softly skimming along her arm. "I don't care one wit for what Weasley feels, but I believe his opinion of me is one that is commonly held among the wizarding world."

"After all you've done?"

He smiled as she leaned into his touch, his thumb gently grazing her cheek. "Most only remember my past. There are quite a few wizards that do believe I'm the Devil, regardless of any good I've done."

As if in a trance she stepped closer to the Dark man, her hand resting softly against the rough fabric of his coat. "Are you the Devil?"

"Hardly, I'm not as evil as all that, but then, you already knew that, but I'm hardly a saint. I can't deny that my past has been less than morally right, but I would hate to think you think that badly of me." Slowly, tenderly, Severus tipped Hermione's head up, his eyes gazing deeply into hers. He was pleased with the welcome he saw there. Slowly, he brushed his lips against hers, moving on to plant a line of gentle kisses along her jaw before nipping the sensitive skin of her neck. He stopped momentarily to whisper softly into her ear. "Why are you here, Hermione?"

Stepping closer into his embrace, she wound her arms around his waist. "You tell me. Are you after me? Maybe you are after the inheritance my parents left me?"

"I have no use of Muggle money, nor your Galleons. You may keep your silver and your gold. I am after something much dearer." One hand moved to her back, the other rose to tease her breast, toying with the rapidly hardening bud of her nipple. Capturing her mouth, Severus swallowed the moans his actions drew from the aroused witch.

Hermione held tightly to the man ravishing her, all rational thought gone. The feel of his hand stroking her body, the intensity of his kiss, the of allure of the man himself, was flooding her senses. His tongue stroking hers sent jolts of pure lust to her core. She could feel the blood sing in her veins as he palmed her breast. Her voice was a breathless whisper when they came up for air. "What is it you want from me?"

"I want... you. It's something I can no longer deny."

"Me?" His voice was captivating. Hermione gasped as his hand slid between the two of them to cup her mound, the gentle pressure of his fingers at her crux bringing her to a quick boil. It was only his arm at her back, supporting her, that kept her on her feet as his next comment sent her over the edge.

"I want you, Hermione, I want all of you. I want your body and your soul. I'm not after anything you don't want to give me. You have nothing to fear from me. I would never hurt you, but I'll do anything I can to win you from the world."

"Severusss." His name was a sibilant hiss as waves of pleasure crashed over her.

He held her tightly, tracing mindless circles along her shoulder and arm as she tried to control her labored breathing. "I can't give you the life he would give you, but I can take you higher than you've ever been before and show you things you never dared to see. You'll want for nothing. Come with me, and I promise I'll make you happy. Let your love come; you don't need to be afraid."

The sound of voices in the corridor intruded on Severus' confession.

"She couldn't have gone far."

"Ron, don't you think you've done enough damage for one day? How about you and I play a bit of Quidditch and let Hermione cool off?"

"I just don't understand why she defends the git? It's not like he didn't make our entire time at Hogwarts a living hell."

"Ron..."

"Look the library doors are shut. I'll bet she's in there."

"Let it go, Ron."

Inside the closed room, the pair stood in one another's embrace. "Come with me, Hermione."

Silently, she nodded her agreement. "Wherever you go, Severus, I'll go wherever you go." Hermione smiled as he captured her lips in another searing kiss.

She felt him wrap his cloak around her, heard the click of a lock giving way on the library door as Severus Apparated them to the edge of the property; a step outside the wards, and the pair, still wrapped in each other's arms, Disapparated from view.

~Fini~

A/N: Never say never! I always said I would never write a Filk fic, and well, here it is. This story has been bouncing around my head and refused to leave me alone. The song is written and performed by Kris Kristofferson. The words and sentiment made me think of Severus and Hermione. You can hear a clip of the song here:

http://www.amazon.com/Shake-Hands-Devil-Kris-Kristofferson/dp/B000002R4N/ref=sr_1_2?ie=UTF8&s=music&qid=1208766377&sr=1-2

As always, my grateful thanks to the wonderful [Southern_Witch_69](#) for betaing this odd bit of fic and for her endless supply of commas and help. The mistakes, however, are all mine.

~Pearle

~Chicago 4-20-08

Shake Hands With The Devil Written and Performed by Kris Kristofferson

I know some people say that I'm the Devil in disguise,

I won't try to tell you that I aint.

I don't like believing that I'm evil in your eyes,

But I aint make believing I'm a saint,

cause I'll do anything I can to win you from the world,

It's something that my senses can't control.

And if that's sin then shake hands with the Devil, little girl,

I want your body and your soul.

Chorus:

Shake hands with the Devil; don't be frightened, I won't hurt you.

I don't want your silver or your gold.

I'm not after anything that you don't want to give me,

I just want your body and your soul.

Other men can offer something peaceful and secure,

I can't offer anything but me.

I can take you higher than you've ever been before

And show you things you never dared to see.

And hand in hand together we can laugh the world away,

I'll keep you from the hunger and the cold.

So let your love come easy, you don't need to be afraid,

I just want your body and your soul.