

# Snape's Mistress

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What will Hermione say about her husband's other love?

## Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

What will Hermione say about her husband's other love?

*A/N: This is not mine. Belongs to JKR. First and foremost, I want to thank Lariope for her beta work. Without her continuous support, I'd be lost. She is so patient with me and all the fics that I throw at her. I can't tell her enough how much that means to me. Second, I am so honored that Lulabelle72 was my second beta on this story. This was her first piece as a beta, and she was brilliant! And it was due to Lulabelle72 that I have this story. She gave me the plot bunny, and I just ran with it. (I'll explain more at the end of the story.) Again, without these two ladies, I'd still have a pile of words waiting to be put into something readable.*

Severus Snape had just come home from an exhilarating night. It was late--perhaps too late--and he was sneaking through the dark house, careful not to hit--dammit! When did that table get there? He was grateful that the picture frames didn't topple over; he didn't want to wake his wife. Even though his knee was throbbing, he continued to find his way through this maze of a house.

Since he had married her, a year ago, his home at Spinner's End had drastically changed. She rearranged the furniture. She added new pieces and sold his old tattered ones. She brought along her silly little knick-knacks, as she called them, her blue and brown textiles, and goddamnit! He had tripped. Over one of the hundreds of pairs of shoes that she brought when she moved in. He landed on his hands and knee--yes, the throbbing knee, and froze, waiting to hear her moving around at the sound of an intruder.

Silence.

Snape quietly groaned and stood back up. He was still a young man, forty, and in the Wizarding world, that was young, but he didn't fall down much. Well, perhaps when he got drunk. And that was usually only a few times a year. And marrying a young and nimble lady had kept him in shape--but even that couldn't help his bones cracking and the pain flowing through his body.

It was pitch black in the house. He was used to the dungeons and insisted that she shield all the windows from any seeping light. Now, he desperately wished he hadn't been so adamant on that subject. He wanted to cast *Lumos*, but didn't dare take the chance of her waking up. He had come home for the past three nights well after midnight. But tonight was different. It was almost three in the morning. She would be pissed.

He made it to the stairs and carefully walked upward, sticking his foot out in front of him and feeling for... things... before he stepped down. At the top of the stairs, his foot hit something solid. Then it moved. Oh, yes. The cat. She had brought that damn cat, too, when she moved in. Snape bent over, right arm held out and swiped the air until he felt the fuzzy hair of that fucking cat.

"Good morning, Crooks," he whispered ever so lightly as he petted his... erm... her cat. Crookshanks nuzzled his hand before hobbling down the stairs, and Snape continued to his room.

He ran his hand down the hall, looking for the entrance. It was at the end of the hall, and the door was ajar. He slowly pushed it open, cursing under his breath each time it

creaked. Finally, it was open wide enough for him to slip inside. He made his way to the bathroom and undressed in the dark, threw his clothes into the hamper, used the loo, washed up and then made his way back into the bedroom.

He tiptoed over to his side of the bed, pulled back the sheets and carefully crawled in. He took a deep breath. He had made it without waking her. Then, he slowly rolled away from her, tucked his arm under his pillow and closed his eyes.

"You've been out late. Again."

*Fuck!*

And although he couldn't see anything in the darkness, his eyes popped open.

"Yes," he said. He wondered how long she had been lying there, pretending to be asleep, waiting for just the right moment to rip him a new arsehole.

"With--"

"Yes, with *her*."

"I see," she said matter-of-factly.

"Don't act like that," he said, trying to keep his voice calm.

"Like what? Jealous? My husband loves *her* more than his own wife--how else should I feel?" she hissed.

"I don't love her more."

He felt her rolling over so that her back was against his own.

"I should have never introduced her to you. Goodnight, Snape!"

Oh, dear. Calling him by his surname was never a good sign.

The next morning was worse. She hadn't uttered an entire word to him, and it was nearing dinnertime. Her silence surprised him because she ALWAYS wanted to put her two cents in about something. She really was upset. So, he tried to... clear the air.

"Hermione. Don't you think you are overacting just a bit?"

She threw a book at him.

He decided against following her into the kitchen.

After about half an hour, the sweet smell of fried sausage tickled his nose, and he put down his book--the one that she thrown--and strolled into the kitchen.

She was sitting down eating. And there was no food for him.

"Hermione, where's my dinner?" he asked, looking around the kitchen for the extra food.

"If you want to eat, cook it yourself."

And those were the first words she had said to him since he woke up.

He stomped back into the sitting room, plunged into the new, oversized chair and slammed his feet onto the matching ottoman. Now it was he who was pouting. He didn't mind cooking. But he loved her cooking more and wanted some of that fucking fried sausage. He heard the clinking of the plates and the water as she washed up. Then, she came back into the room, looking smug, sat down in front of the fire, grabbed a book and curled herself into a ball.

He was hungry and irritated. He needed to get out of here. He needed to be with *her*.

He jumped up from his chair, walked over to the table by the front door, grabbed his belongings and opened the door.

"You're leaving?" she shouted from behind him.

He stopped. "Obviously," he sneered.

"Severus!" she whined.

He whirled around. "So, now you are going to talk to me! I'm hungry, my face hurts from the book that you so kindly threw and you have been ignoring me all day; therefore, I need some time with--"

"Don't say it."

"--*her*."

"You'll be gone all night! What about my parents coming over for dessert!"

"Since I haven't eaten dinner, there can be no dessert. And since there is no dessert, then your parents will not be joining us this evening! And seeing how we are in town for only a few days, I must be with *her* as much as possible. When we visit this home, you must learn to share *her* with me! Or better yet, join me and the three of us can be together!"

He stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

He really hadn't wanted to yell at her. He hated yelling at her. He knew it made her feel like they were back to the student-teacher scenario. And he had worked very hard with not only her, but everyone else, to treat her as his equal. It had been more than just a shock when they had told her friends and family that she was in love with an ex-Death Eater, the murderer of Albus Dumbledore, a man twenty years older, a man that, until two years ago, people had called a traitor.

He had realized that he loved her when one night, as he watched from behind a mirror, Bellatrix Crucio'd her and nearly sliced her throat open after the golden trio had been caught whilst looking for Horcruxes. He had been at Malfoy Manor that night, but was ordered to stay hidden. He watched her crumple to the floor, twitching and screaming in pain. Her wild hair, splayed all across the ground, her too-thin body nearly breaking--it was too much for him. He couldn't imagine a world without her in it--without that bushy-haired, bossy, know-it-all. Without the most intelligent witch he had met since his best friend, Lily. And he knew at that moment she was going to be his--if she lived through the attack.

And when she saved him from that nasty snake bite, he had told her so. Plainly, boldly and so unlike himself. He had found the courage, had told himself to fuck it all; he

was tired of hiding his emotions, and while lying in the hospital bed at St. Mungo's, after he was finally conscious and fully aware of his surroundings, he had told her that he wanted to marry her. That he had loved her for a while now and, if she could see past his ugliness, and his rough personality, that he would forever love her.

He expected her laugh. He expected her vomit. He hadn't expect her to say yes. Only after they had courted for at least a year, of course.

And then she introduced him to *her* three months ago.

And everything changed.

His temper was high when he left the house, but the minute he saw her--oh, gods, she was beautiful. And sexy. His dick got hard just thinking about her curves and the way it felt when he would ride her.

And Hermione was jealous. He couldn't blame her though--he would have gone on a rampage had the shoe been on the other foot. He offered, several times, to have her join in. And each time she declined--mumbling something about men.

And now here he stood, just staring at his new love. He wanted her, but he knew he should go back to Hermione.

But she called to him. Her headlights nearly winked at him to come and play.

And he remembered what it was like to smell her intoxicating scent, to be touching her, to be inside of her. Her skin was always slick--smooth as a pearl. But that wasn't what turned him on the most. And her scent--clean and fresh, like the smell of new book mixed with a pair of new boots, straight out of the box. It tantalized him. It teased him. But still, that wasn't his favorite part.

It was when he was fully inside her body. It was the way she conformed to his size and wrapped around him, making him feel snug. And when he pushed her buttons--the way she roared with pleasure, the way she groaned underneath him, begging. Begging that he drive her--to ride her hard and oh! So fucking fast.

He ran his hands over her. Gripping her, knotting his fists around her firm body--handling her. Then, he reached inside his pants, pulled out his vital tool and slowly and deliberately stuck it inside her. And rotated. She loved that. Her thunderous moans vibrated throughout his body.

He tilted his head back and sighed. "Oh. Yes."

She was impatient though; she wanted more. Always, always wanting more from him.

And he obliged.

He pushed into her, and she shot forward; then, she took over the rhythm, and he was slammed backward--the force she displayed when she wanted it was sometimes overwhelming. She was in charge now, and she made sure he knew it.

But he needed to go back. To his wife. He couldn't do this to her. Well, at least not every night.

One more go though--one more swift go at her, then he would leave her. Let her recover from his hard ride.

As soon as he finished his high, he just sat there with his head back, arms limp and eyes closed.

Suddenly, there was an earsplitting scream coming from afar, and then, his new love was being attacked.

By his wife.

"SEVERUS SNAPE! YOU OPEN THAT DOOR AND GET OUT OF THAT BLOODY CAR RIGHT NOW!"

She was beating her fist on the hood.

He flew out of the car and tackled Hermione to the ground.

"GET OFF ME!" she yelled, squirming underneath his weight.

"NO! YOU PROMISED! YOU PROMISED THAT YOU WOULDN'T HIT HER AGAIN AFTER THE LAST TIME--YOU NEARLY DENTED THE DOOR!"

She stopped moving. "Fine. Now, let me up."

He slowly pushed himself off of her, sat back on his heels and offered a hand to help her up. She reached out and grabbed it and pulled herself to a sitting position. Then, quick like a cat, she jumped to her feet and ran to the other side of the car where he couldn't catch her.

"Hermione!" he yelled, standing up and looking at her from over the top. "Don't touch her!"

"I put up with a lot of your nonsense, Severus. But, this--this has gone too far! Every time we come to Spinner's End, I never get any time with you because you'd rather be out, behind the wheel of this car--yes, CAR, not 'her'--than be with me!"

He walked around the back end to reach her, but she moved toward the nose, keeping her distance. "That's not true. You know I get to drive her only a few times a year! I love the way she makes me feel--it's a sensation that's--well, you just need to drive her to understand!"

"Oh, please. You're a wizard! You can fly--without a broom! What do you need this black convertible sports car for?"

"This is your fault, you know."

"My--MY FAULT?" she screamed.

"Yes. You let me drive your father's car. You are the one who told me to give the Muggle invention a try."

Hermione threw her arms into the air and let them slap back against her thighs. "A TRY--NOT for you to become obsessed with it!"

She kicked a tire.

"Listen here, you silly girl--stop beating on her! Shall I remind you how much I paid for it? And, might I add, you are one very jealous witch!"

He knew he had said the wrong thing--he ALWAYS said the wrong thing. But this time, he was glad he was outside--she didn't have any books to throw at his face.

But, she yanked out her wand from her sleeve and pointed it directly *ather*.

"You wouldn't."

"Try me."

"Okay. I'm sorry. Just put the wand away. I'll never drive this car again."

She huffed and put her wand down. "That's not what I mean. I'm saying that you don't need to drive--"

"Her."

"--*her* till three in the morning. Take a ride--an hour or two at most. Just not a bloody six--hour journey! And don't go driving when I have something planned. And I really hate it when you get up and just leave when I'm spending time with you!"

"You were asleep on the couch!"

She rolled her eyes. "Then at least tuck me into bed before you leave instead of leaving me there with my neck all twisted and shivering from the cold!"

"I covered you up. And kissed you. It's not my fault you kicked off your blanket."

"Severus!"

"Fine. I'll do those things. *If* you take a drive with me."

"Why?"

"I want you to know how it feels to be behind her."

"I've driven plenty of cars before."

"Your parents' beat-up Volvo does not count!"

She walked over to the drivers' side. "Give me the damn keys."

He tossed them over the top of the car and climbed into the passenger seat.

And buckled up.

"Severus--what is that?" she said, pointing to a green button.

"Invisibility. I discussed it with Arthur Weasley. And perfected it. I can't have the Muggle authorities on me now, can I?"

She snorted.

Then, she put the key into the ignition and turned. And *she* roared to life--that thunderous roar that vibrated through his body.

"Oh! That feels... nice."

The headlights sensed the dark and turned themselves on. The steering wheel automatically adjusted to fit her height and leg length. With a push of the button, the windows and top folded into themselves. Hermione backed the car out and pulled into the deserted street.

"What's that button?" she asked, referring to the black oval--shaped button with the letter 'S' printed on it.

"That's the sport button. Go ahead. Push it

She did. A small red light turned on, indicating they were now in 'sport' mode.

"Now, my love, the trick is to hit the gas pedal as hard as you can and just let her take over. And don't worry, we live on a deserted road--no oncoming cars."

Hermione looked at him. He could tell she was nervous. She was biting her lower lip.

"Okay. Hold on," she whispered.

And in five seconds, they were at a sixty mph. Both were thrown backward into the seats, and the roar of the engine was almost deafening. In another five seconds, they doubled their speed.

They were reaching the end of the street, and Hermione put the breaks on, turned the car around and took off back toward their house. Then, she pulled into the driveway and shut the car off.

"What's wrong?" he asked her.

She turned to face him, eyes wide. Suddenly, she lunged at him and attacked him with her lips. Teeth scraped, tongues wrestled and hands gripped his black hair.

"Oh, Severus," she panted. "You were right! That is so damn exhilarating!"

She kissed him again. Both their bodies were in awkward positions.

He did the only thing he knew to do.

He Disapparated from the car and into their bedroom. Onto the bed.

She hadn't even noticed and flipped herself on top of him, grinding her crotch into his hardened cock.

Harder and faster she drove into him--tearing at his shirt, trying to get to his skin as fast as possible.

He managed to push her off him long enough to remove their clothing. She reached out and grasped his erection into her tiny hand.

Her body glistened with the beginnings of her sweat. And she moaned. Then, with such a needy desperation, she said, "Fuck me."

He flipped her onto her back, grabbed her ankles, pushed her legs into her chest then and prodded until he found her warmth and pushed as deep as he could go.

Both of them cried out.

He pulled his hips back and drove into her again. Faster. And again. Faster.

She hooked her legs around his neck, found her clit and bucked wildly beneath him.

After they both climaxed, he fell limp and rolled off her. She curled into the crook of his body--both were breathless.

How could he have ever thought that being with *her* was comparable to being with Hermione?

Never.

His wife was brilliant. She was the most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes on. *Her* curves were nothing compared to Hermione's. And his wife's skin was as soft as silk and so fucking creamy.

Yes, nothing compared to Hermione. Not even driving his black convertible sports car.

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*A/N: So? Did you really think he would have another woman?? Ha ha ha. This story was inspired by Lulabelle72's An Unreasonable Man. I have the real sports car that Snape is driving in this story, and even though I'm a girl, this is how I feel when I get behind her. And there was a time that my hubby didn't understand my obsession with my car. Lulabelle72 insisted that I write a story with Snape driving--so I did. Again, thank you to my ladies for helping me out with this fic. I love you both! P.S. I would also like to thank the wonderful, Chivalric. She read through the story as well. And she gave me some great advice! Many hugs to her!*