

Hermione's Diary

by *_Levicorpus_*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A storm raged outside the tall windows of the spooky library. Hermione was right at home in her nook amongst the books as she wrote in her treasured diary. The ominous bookshelves were alight suddenly in the thunder, but it hardly fazed her as her hand flew across the page. She was faithfully detailing an erotic dream she had had the night before about a man who just happened to be caught at Headquarters as well.

Then I am thrust up against the rock, the waterfall pounding down my spine. I arch my head back, and his mouth is immediately at my throat. I cry out in ecstasy as he...

"Ahem," the voice came as her old Potions professor rounded the corner. She slammed her diary shut, regarding him with wide eyes.

"Professor Snape!" Her voice was an alarmed squeak as she regarded the man who, moments before, had been doing unspeakable things to her on the page of the very leather-bound book that was clutched against her heaving chest.

"You are currently occupying my chair," he said. The candle in his hand illuminated his features as the words rolled forth from a practically unmoving mouth. *The very same mouth that just last night...* Good God! Hermione admonished herself in her head, visibly twitching.

"Perhaps you should get some rest." He turned his head, appraising her suspiciously with one eye.

She said nothing and scurried past him. He watched her retreating back as he sunk into his chair.

Hermione took a seat at a table in the main room and continued to write. She ran her hands through her hair with frustration, for the memory of the dream begun to melt away. Also to distract her was the fact that Tonks and Lupin were committing some heinous PDA two tables away. She pressed her pen back into the page, closing her eyes, letting the memory of her dream-encounter fill her with warmth through her abdomen.

I am unabashed by my naked body as we dive into the water. My legs tremble even as we swim. He watches me with that look that means he is seriously considering something important. I grin easily when he swims up to me and begins to lovingly pull my wet hair away from my face. And the greatest shock of all comes when he...

"What are you writing, Hermione?" A very red-faced Lupin called from across the room.

"Just my diary."

"Really? That's very...oh, god!" Tonks grinned deviously as his voice cracked. Hermione rolled her eyes, fed up and very hungry. She dashed out of the room, trying very hard not to look under the table where the newlyweds were sitting. By the time she reached the kitchen downstairs, she could hear the couple's footsteps thundering up the

stairs.

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Little did she know the dark man in the armchair around the corner had watched the entire exchange between the young woman and the werewolf through the bookshelves. He was the only one out of all four of them who had noticed how she had dropped her diary on the floor. It had skittered under an armchair. He knew she would never find it if she came back, so his original intent was to simply place it on the table where she was sitting and flee the scene of the crime.

But some sense of curiosity welled up within him when he saw the blank leather cover. He untied the meticulously wrapped cord and casually flipped it open to the fourth or fifth page, miming like it had been an accident. Glancing about surreptitiously, he proceeded to look down at the page before him. The page was filled with the neat, prim print he had received on scroll after scroll for the seven blossoming years of her education. But this was no droll essay. His eyebrows nearly strained for how fast they shot up upon reading the page before him.

Ever since I broke up with Ron, I've been having a lot more dreams like the ones I used to have in seventh year. I wake up sweaty and distracted. I can't think about anything else ever since my stupid crush has reemerged. And now I'm stuck at Headquarters with him while everyone else is too busy with their lives to provide a buffer. Though training to become a Healer is wonderful, it pales in comparison with my life in my dreams. And having winter break has turned me into this creature of the night, wanting nothing more to fall asleep and once again be close to him.

He was intrigued. He immediately assumed that the entry was old enough for it to be about the notorious Bill Weasley. He had been there at the beginning of the winter holiday. Severus was still interested, though. The sheer thought of a former student having such a dark, presumably sexual side was so forbidden that he couldn't tear himself away. The voice of propriety that usually welled up within him was viciously muffled and strangled by a mental pillow. He retreated into his dark corner and began to read the next entry.

Our hands touched today. At dinner he passed me the bread basket, and his hand touched mine. I could hardly fall asleep that night, but when I did I had the most erotic dream yet. I think I'm still too embarrassed to give full detail, but it's only me who will read this, right?

He almost laughed to himself. *Wrong, Miss Granger,* he thought.

I am called down for detention in his classroom. At first it's perfectly normal; he is seated at his desk and I am scrubbing a cauldron.

What? he thought to himself, sitting forward in his seat. He read on, half sickened and half excited.

But then the whole mood changes and everything feels so real. He strides up to me, his signature robes billowing out behind him. He lifts my hand from the cauldron and turns me around. We instinctively begin to kiss. It is more sophisticated and passionate than anything I have ever experienced before. And then, without explanation or preamble, he throws me down on the very desk I day-dreamed at all of seventh year.

Severus was sweating, running his finger through his collar again and again. He hardly knew what to do but keep reading. He flipped to the most recent entry and read, flabbergasted, as he had the best sex of his life under a waterfall with a former student. He gulped loudly into the empty room, his whole body on fire. He jumped to stand on his feet when the door to the library swung open, and hurried footsteps paced the room.

"Looking for this, Miss Granger?" he asked, emerging from around the bookshelves.

She swiveled slowly on the spot. She was in her nightgown, clearly having expected him to already be in bed as it was well after eleven. Her eyes were wide as she debated what to say in her head. She crossed her arms over her very exposed form, causing the red silk of her negligee to ride up even more. He wondered if he was suddenly implanted in one of her dreams by the sight of her. It was too perfect...alone together in an abandoned library in the middle of a storm; that, and he was deliriously aroused.

"Did you read any of that?" she asked, her eyes pointed to the unraveled cord dangling into thin air.

"How would you react if I took this moment to reward your creativity?" He stepped towards her and she stepped back, colliding with the table.

"What do you mean?" she asked, her voice absolutely trembling with embarrassment.

"You defy the traditional clichés. A waterfall, the jungle...very creative. I was a little surprised you never included an abandoned library, considering our mutual love for the written word."

Her jaw went slack. He prided himself on his victory.

"Promise you won't tell anyone," she pleaded, still not catching on to his intent.

"Only if you read me a passage before we retire." He locked the door, quirked an eyebrow at her.

"Which one should I read?" she asked, still a little nervous and seemingly on the verge of tears.

"Your favorite," he commanded, reclining easily into the armchair where the book had originally fallen.

She cleared her throat and awkwardly began to read from a section in the middle of the volume. "Today Professor Snape was out of the house. I was so bored from not having someone to avoid that I went to the library and read. I fell asleep right in my armchair after just a few pages." She whimpered a little, taking a deep breath to steady herself. "I was immediately in a vivid dream involving the same man who occupies all of these pages. We are sitting at the dinner table with Lupin and Tonks. I am taking a sip of my wine when his hand slides between my thighs. Unable to speak lest I alert our guests to the situation, I try to move his hand away. But within moments I couldn't care less who is watching us or what they might think." Her breathing was becoming erratic with his as he closed his eyes and listened to her voice.

"And, because it is a dream, Lupin and Tonks get up to do the dishes just when I most desperately need them to." Her voice faltered as she looked up at him from the page. He saw her moment of need and quickly strode across the room, encircling her in his arms and kissing her full on the mouth. She was stunned and shocked. She pulled back, moving to place the table between them.

She ran her hand through her hair and put her forehead in her other hand. She was so overwhelmed that she couldn't do anything but breathe...and that was becoming increasingly difficult.

"This is very confusing," she said. "What happened to years of hatred and distance?"

"I don't really know," he responded uncharacteristically.

"What you don't really know is me," she said daringly. "My dreams are only a small fraction of who I am."

"Yes," he agreed, reeling from the sheer unexpectedness of this turn of events.

"I have to go," she said, grabbing her diary off of the table and running out the door.

He collapsed into a chair. It was his turn to flush with embarrassment.

During the following weeks they treated each other cordially, banishing the memory of their midnight encounter in the library. He fell asleep night after night just hating himself for how fast he had moved. For during the time following their unexpected meeting, he began to watch her more carefully. He once walked past the bathroom when she was fixing her hair, and was transfixed by the way her elegant fingers wove through her unruly hair. Another time, she walked past him close enough that he could smell powder rising off of her. At meals for their remaining four days, he watched the way the light from the window played across her face. His momentary longing had transformed into an odd, reverential sort of curiosity that bordered on affection.

The end of their two-week stint at Dumbledore's abandoned manor came too quickly for Severus's taste. She hardly said goodbye when she rushed out the door in the afternoon. She Disapparated for school and didn't look back once. The tearful fear in her eyes, though lessened, was still present when she looked at him. And images of those eyes taunted him mercilessly in his own dreams.

He trotted up the stairs to finish packing and found an unexpected visitor on his bed. Hermione's diary stood in all its forbidden glory against his pillow. It was very deliberately placed, and had a note in its cord. The attached note, without signature, commanded him to read. He obeyed, turning to the bookmarked page.

I am wracked with guilt over how I treated Professor Snape in the library. Every time I catch him looking at me, all I want to do is explain myself. But I find I cannot. I can't even bring myself to delve deep enough into my own poor reasoning to solve the mystery. What I do know is that I feel regretful, and that is enough. If only there were a way to rewind to that night and lie down with him. We could have talked; we could have gotten to know one another. But from what I gather, that was my last night to get to know him. All I want is to replay it, to muster up the courage that I've always dreamed of having.

He was touched. He sighed heavily and turned to the next page. Rather than finding anything else, he found latitude and longitude coordinates. Looking at the page, he also noticed a time. 4:30pm. He wondered how much courage he really had when faced with the series of numbers. Wrapping the cord around the treasured tome, he stood from the bed. Looking at the clock, he realized that he had exactly twelve minutes to decide if he was going to go.

He was two minutes early when he arrived to the location. It was a sprawling field with great oak trees encircling it. He glanced around, feeling thoroughly stupid *Why isn't she here?* He asked himself, drumming his sweaty fingers on her journal. Just before he was about to turn around and leave, he heard a pop right next to him. He turned and saw Hermione standing in the knee-high grass. She held a red quilt and picnic basket. She smiled upon seeing him, and then led him to the middle of the field.

He wordlessly helped her spread out the blanket. They stayed standing up and faced each other. There were no words. When her eyes met his, he only knew one thing to say.

"May I kiss you?"

She smiled and he walked across the quilt. He took her cheeks tenderly between his hands and placed his warm lips on hers. He had never experienced perfection before that moment. Images of her flashed before his lidded eyes...the way she measured her spoonfuls of oatmeal, the way she ran her hand up her upper arm when she was being brave. He brought one hand to the small of her back and she sighed a little, giving in. The sunlight slanted over the trees and framed them in a spotlight of simplicity. All wounds were healed.

And the soft rain was back, rising the sweetened heat from the tall, yellow grass. They fell back on the quilt, embracing each other without words. The words had ruined them before they had begun, so words were forgotten. Severus knew 'beauty' by looking at the curve of her pink lips; Hermione knew 'safety' by noticing the eyelashes that framed his warm, obsidian eyes.

The diary lay discarded amongst the yarn of nature. Its opened mouth drank in the rain, causing all the ink to bleed into an illegible mass. The lovers never spoke of it again because they didn't need to. Back on the quilt, Severus began to lovingly smooth the wet hair away from Hermione's face...a ghostly echo of the dream world. She laughed softly.

"What?" he asked, a world of words settling over him.

"Nothing," she said. "Just déjà vu."

Author's Note: Thanks a million to Marble Meadows for the prompt, which can be found posted as a review on the sixth chapter of my story, Captivation and Obsession. More thanks to Snow Patrol and Sufjan Stevens for their songs Spitting Games and The Dress Looks Nice on You (respectively). They completely transformed the second half of this story.