

A Night at Grimmauld Place

by yumalanhans

Snape is forced to attend another dinner at Grimmauld Place with the Order, and finds himself sharing a room with someone he least expected.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

Snape is forced to attend another dinner at Grimmauld Place with the Order, and finds himself sharing a room with someone he least expected.

The moon was shining down upon the wet street, and the rain was coming down upon the head of Severus Snape. His traveling cloak was billowing behind him as he walked slowly along the street. He smelled faintly of whisky, his breathing heavy as long exhales of his breath flew before him. Soon enough, number twelve, Grimmauld Place was in his line of sight and Severus grunted. He had arrived at Headquarters of the Order earlier in the day to drop off his things and had left for a tumbler of firewhisky to soothe his already agitated nerves before they were trampled carelessly by the Golden Trio and the other barely tolerable members of the Order.

He had much work to do, well, that is what he had told the Headmaster, but for his own sake and sanity, the man just wanted to be left alone in the privacy of his room as soon as the dinner was over. Albus had insisted that he attend, and he had obliged, only after becoming extremely pissed off at the older wizard. Severus should have learned long ago that there would be no chance of refusing anything to the only man that had the ability to manipulate him with his deepest, darkest secrets.

Severus lowered his wand, muttering a soft 'Nox' to put the light out. As soon as he approached the door, he pulled off his cloak and extended his arm to open the door when it flew open and Albus Dumbledore came into view.

"Glad to have you with us, Severus," he said with a smile. A small twinkle was evident in his blue eyes. "The rest of the Order has just arrived and dinner is about to start."

He gave a curt nod and thrust his cloak out to Kreacher, who walked away slowly, mumbling under his breath.

The house was more crowded than he expected it to be. The rest of the Order, Potter, Granger, and all of the Weasleys were at the table waiting for the dinner to arrive, chattering obnoxiously. He ran a hand through his hair, which probably appeared greasier than it already looked naturally, due to the rain. Severus licked his lips and took a seat in between Dumbledore and Lupin at the end of the table.

"Severus," Lupin said, giving a slight nod and shifting in his seat. His hair sported more flecks of gray than it usually did, and several strands of his hair were sticking out in different places. A long, somewhat deep cut was across his left cheek, and he seemed to notice Severus staring at it. "Long night last night," he heaved a sigh, but then smiled a bit. "But I'm okay... are you well?"

He grunted, trying to keep the conversation with the werewolf as short as possible, even if he could tolerate the man. "Never better."

Severus averted his attention to the food that now appeared on the table and picked up a fork. He would eat his dinner as quickly as he could without being rude to Molly. She was, after all, very hospitable towards him. Then he would excuse himself and, with a billow of his black cloak, be out of sight and in the privacy of his room. He was torn from his reverie when Dumbledore began to speak.

"Here is a toast, to all of you and the amount of effort you have given to this war. I thank all of you," he rose his cup and took a drink after everyone had given their cheers.

He looked over to Severus and smiled, "Looks as if you've already had a rough night yourself, Severus."

"Obviously," he said, taking a bite of his food. "This food doesn't even remotely taste appetizing," he muttered, putting his fork down and hoping Dumbledore missed his sardonic comment.

Dumbledore chuckled, "Picky, Severus. You never were the one to eat much at a feast. I assume you know we're partnering up for rooms tonight?"

Severus jaw dropped, "What? Albus, you know perfectly well..."

Albus held up his hand, halting him. "I know you enjoy your privacy, Severus, but most of the Order is going to be here tonight, leaving little room for what we may feel is comfortable. Harry and his company need a room as well, so you will be sharing quarters with Miss Granger. It is, of course, the safest option."

His jaw dropped. "You're must be bloody joking. I have business to do. You may have me dangling on your every whim to win this war, Dumbledore, but I'm certainly not going to share a room with one of my students." He gave an awful sneer at his last word.

Severus glanced over to look at Hermione, who was arguing with the Weasley boy about her cat. Her hair was less curly than usual, hanging around her shoulders, thick and shiny.

"I'm afraid you have to, Severus. It cannot be avoided. Ah! Molly, can you get me another cup of brandy?" His attention had been taken away, and Severus knew this was made final.

The red-haired, plump witch grinned broadly and Severus' eye twitched. His entire hopes of getting a bit of rest tonight were ruined. At least she wasn't too much of a pain. It could've been worse... He could've been stuck in a room with all three of the dunderheads.

"I suppose I'm going to head up early then," he said, standing up rather quickly. His thighs hit the table as he stood and made his plate clank noisily. Without another word, he headed upstairs.

As he headed up the stairs, he noticed the place was truly going to the dumps. The wallpaper on the wall was peeling off miserably, and the paintings on the walls were extremely crooked. It was no better than his home on Spinner's End, but the thought of the Blacks living here so long always sent a shiver down his spine. He met Kreacher at the top of the stairs, who seemed to be waiting for him.

"You will be in this room, Mr. Snape. To your left..." He bowed and held out his right arm, leading Severus into the right direction.

He said nothing but continued into the room, turning the door handle and entering quietly. It wasn't too horrible, and it was a rather large room. There was one four-poster bed to his left, and one across the room. The curtains were a faded shade of dark blue, but very tattered and sporting many rips and tears. There was a closet that was to the right in the back of the room and a few moving pictures and old newspaper articles across the top. He'd rather not go and look at them. More than likely, it was nothing but old pictures of the Blacks and their newspaper clippings on You-Know-Who's next move. Next to it, a tattered door led to a small bathroom. The door was hanging slightly off its hinges, and he figured he'd change in there later.

Severus decided the bed on the left was his, because a trunk similar to his own was lying across the bed. He walked over and opened the trunk and realized that it was not his. He stared down at it in confusion, and finally figured it out when the sound of the door opening distracted him.

Turning to see who it was, a few strands of his hair covered his eyes, and he moved them to find Hermione standing there. She shut the door and stared at him for a moment, looking puzzled.

"Good evening, Professor," she said quietly. "Um, I believe those are my things. Your bed is over there," she pointed to the other four-poster across the room.

He pursed his lips tightly before slamming the trunk shut and walking across the room. He slipped off his shoes and looked up to see Hermione still staring at him. Severus raised one eye brow. "Yes, Miss Granger?"

"Nothing, sir, I was just wondering... How did we end up in the same room? I mean, not that I'm complaining, I just thought you were sleeping across the hall." She fidgeted, wringing her hands before letting them fall to her sides.

A look of disgust spread across his face before he began to speak. "I'm about as excited with these sleeping arrangements as you are, Miss Granger. I'd much rather be across the hall, minding my own business, without any disturbances."

Hermione's lips parted slowly, looking offended. "I didn't mean anything by it, sir..."

"It does not matter, you attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine. It's been a long day, and I'd much rather be sleeping under a cupboard in the kitchens with the house-elves than be sharing a room with one of my mediocre students." He sneered, taking a seat on his bed and adjusting his covers. They smelled slightly of dust. "Seems they don't know how to clean either," he muttered to himself.

Hermione huffed, taking a seat on her bed as well, removing her shoes and her socks. "If you don't mind, I'm using the lavatory to change into my night clothes. So if you'd not interrupt..."

"I don't know why you think I would," he replied firmly.

She shut the door behind her, and he sat there, anger boiling in the pit of his stomach. It wasn't so much that he minded being around her, he just thought it was ridiculous he had to share a room with her. Of all days in the year, he had to spend the night with her when he was not in the right state of mind. Before she had returned to the room, he quickly dressed in his own night clothes and adjusted himself underneath his covers.

The pillow beneath his head was extremely uncomfortable. He folded his hands across his chest and heaved a heavy sigh as he stared at the ceiling. Severus heard the door open, and peered over to see Hermione heading over to her side of the room.

The pupils in his eyes dilated as his lips parted, showing extreme interest in what the girl was wearing. She wore a white silk shirt that matched the shorts she was wearing, holding her Muggle attire in her arms. Hermione was setting her things in her trunk when she noticed black eyes watching her intently.

"Yes... Professor?" She asked slowly, giving him her full attention.

Severus sat upright on his right arm and leaned over to look at her. "Whatever has possessed you to wear such a thing in front of a man who is old enough to be your father?" he snapped.

Hermione's face wrinkled up into a look of disgust. "Well, I'm sorry, sir, but..."

"You just want to look good, don't you? Well I don't think now is quite the time to be looking your best Miss Granger, considering..."

She cut him off, becoming bolder. "You're being ridiculous. Since you and I have to share this room together, we can at least be civil. You do what you like, and I shall do the same."

"Repulsive, with your... Muggle ways," he scoffed, throwing off his blankets and turning to his side to stare at the wall.

Before Severus knew it, he heard heavy, angered foot steps heading towards him. He quickly turned around to find a very livid Miss Granger staring down at him with her

arms crossed.

"You want to insult my background do you? Something I couldn't possibly control? You'd think someone of your age would be more mature but..." She looked upset, and turned her back to him. She couldn't bear to look in his eyes. "I guess not. No need to discuss what you're wearing, is there?" She turned back to look at his black shirt and trousers, which were faded from being worn so much.

"How dare you..." he stood up to face her but she continued to stand her ground. She no longer cared what happened if she stood up to him.

"You're evil, you know that? Downright evil, and a coward at that... You find pleasure in teasing me because of the blood that runs in my veins? I'm sorry I can't be like you, a so called 'worthy' pure-blood whose family is wizards from the very start. I'm sorry you think I'm disgusting, mediocre, and untalented because I'm a Mudblood," she said, tears forming at her eyes.

He immediately darted up out of his bed and placed his face so close to hers that their noses were almost touching. "For your information, Miss Granger, my father himself was nothing but a filthy Muggle, and you have the nerve to speak to me as if you know a damn thing about my life? I am constantly putting my life on line for you and your precious little friends."

Hermione was a bit taken aback by his sudden confession of being a half-blood. She had never known. "You constantly do nothing but torture Harry. Are you that unhappy that you must take your frustrations out on him? And also, you never give me the slightest bit of attention in your class. I'm always trying my best to answer your questions. But what do you do? Nothing but continuously ignore me or insult my attempts to impress you..." She stopped and blushed. She had been babbling to the point where she let slip more than she had wanted to say. She wiped a hand across her eyes and sniffed.

Severus took a step back from her and remained silent. He clenched his fists so tight that his knuckles turned white and didn't release until a sharp pain went up his arms. "Well, Miss Granger, constantly bickering with me definitely won't improve your chances."

Hermione remained silent. She stared at him until he returned her gaze, and her eyes moved to a different direction. "There was no way to improve from the start." She looked back up at him and sniffed again. She began to turn away from him when Severus found himself reaching out to gently touch her arm.

"I'm not finished with you," he said, not unkindly. A puzzled look spread across his face, as well as hers, as they stared into each other eyes.

A moment of understanding and mutual feelings passed between them. Hermione felt as if the world had suddenly stopped spinning on its axis, and all she could see were his eyes. It was as if they were alone in this great, decrepit house by themselves, and everyone else in the world no longer existed. It was just her and Severus Snape and this new found chemistry between them that she had never felt before. Yes, she respected him and found him mysterious and attractive in his own special way, but never before had she longed to be so much closer to him.

"Yes?" she finally asked, the remnants of her tears falling from her face.

He said nothing, but continued to examine her. Something inside of him stirred as he stared into the depths of her amber eyes, which blinked gently every so often, fluttering her long, beautiful lashes. He stepped closer to her and seemed to be concentrating. Severus reached out a hand to touch her face, licked his lips and tilted his head into the crook of her neck and whispered into her ear, "Forgive me."

A shiver went down Hermione's spine as his smooth, velvety voice whispered into her ear. She opened her mouth to say something, but was at a loss for words as he pulled away slowly to continue looking into her eyes. She realized that he had felt something, too. Something sparkled beneath those dark eyes of his. "... sir, I don't..." she couldn't find the words to say. "Are you aware of what you're doing?"

Severus hesitated a moment, but then nodded, "Yes, Miss Granger, I believe I'm aware." He drew his wand from the counter next to his table and waved it, dimming the lights, and the door locked with a small click. He set it back down to where it was before and cautiously leaned into her face again, wrapping his left arm around her waist and cupping her cheek with his right, caressing it lightly. He suddenly realized what he was doing and pulled away from her.

Hermione's mouth dropped slightly as she stared at her formidable Potions master, who was standing across from her, his head turned away from her and staring at the ground. "Sir?"

His black eyes moved up suddenly to meet hers, and once more their eyes locked. After a few moments he spoke.

"I shouldn't have, it was very inappropriate, Miss Granger," he said, more quietly than he had meant to. He took a small step back from her towards his bed.

Hermione noticed suddenly that he would not look at her. Carefully, trying her best to not let the moment pass, she took a step forward and reached out to touch his face.

That worked. He looked up to meet her eyes, and Hermione saw something very different there, and at the same time, felt something very different change inside of her. She felt respect, admiration, for this man who constantly sacrificed his life for the side of the Light, a side who never seemed to care whether he lived or died.

She swallowed nervously and, before she could think better of it, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him forcefully on the mouth.

At first he did not respond, but soon she felt his arms snake around her and his lips began to move against her own.

Shifting a bit to let her know it was okay to touch him, he slowly, very slowly, kissed his way up her neck, and she let out a small gasp. He raised his head, placing his lips only half an inch away from her own, their noses touching.

Hermione stared him directly in the eyes and opened her mouth to say something when he stopped her.

"Shh," he said, grabbing her hand and pulling her forward again. "It's alright... come."

He set her down on the bed and crawled on top of her, straddling her. Severus leaned over and kissed her lips slowly and closed his eyes. He felt her tongue press against his lips in an attempt to taste him, and he was more than willing to let her gain access.

A large, smooth hand slid up her shirt to gently slide across her smooth skin. The sensation of his touch was so overwhelming that she could not deny anything he may have wanted. He reached up another hand to entwine it in her curly locks and delved his tongue into her mouth even further, to taste her, to devour her.

Severus pulled away to look down at her, placing his hands on either side of her head to hold himself up. "I think this should make up for the attention you deserve," he said quietly, leaning back in to kiss her hungrily, his hands now running down her curves and landing upon her inner thighs.

He felt her jerk slightly, but his hands continued to move up the side of her stomach, gently tugging at her shorts. She placed her hand on his and helped him slowly pull them down to reveal her lacy knickers.

Hermione moved to his neck and began placing soft, wet kisses there and sucked gently. One of Severus hands was placed on her breast, rubbing it softly, and the other was beginning to slip beneath her warmth. His hand slowly grazed over her neatly shaven curves, and he slipped his thumb down into her and began massaging her clit in a circular motion.

She let out a gasp of delight and let her hands run up his chest to take off his shirt. She arched her back and allowed him to pull down her knickers as he continued to please her with his long fingers. Her eyes looked up to find the man on top of her with eyes full of lust and passion.

"Severus," she moaned, her hips rocking rhythmically to his touch.

The sound of her moaning his given name made his blood rush south. He began to bulge roughly into the side of her leg and decided it was the time to push a little further. He removed his hand from her wetness and placed it on her side as he began to undo his trousers. He slipped them off, only leaving his boxers.

Severus leaned back over to place another kiss on her lips as he fumbled to remove her shirt. He moved down to her breasts and began sucking on her nipple, biting it gently.

As he did this, Hermione took him by surprise by touching his groin, which sent an electric shock through his body, and he stopped what he was doing. He immediately began to pull his boxers down, revealing his erect and pulsating cock.

Her eyes widened in shock, uttering, "Oh my..." but before she could finish, he kissed her roughly on the mouth. He grabbed her wrists and pinned them down above her head, spreading her legs so that he could grind against her. The soft, creamy skin of her inner thigh against his cock felt so wonderful.

Severus kissed her neck and then gently nipped her earlobe. He let out an audible moan as he felt his cock brush her nether lips.

Before she knew it, he thrust himself into her quickly, making her cry out in ecstasy. "Severus!" she cried, clawing at his sides.

Severus grunted, removing himself completely and then thrusting all the way down into her wet heat. She was so very tight that the pleasure he was feeling was indescribable.

They continued like this for several minutes, their bodies moving quickly together. The only sounds in the room that could be heard were their moans and gasps and the sound of skin slapping together.

He bent his head down into her neck and nuzzled her, their hands still clasped together above her head. His cock was throbbing inside of her as their bodies rubbed together, sweating profusely.

Severus felt his climax begin to creep up on him as he quickened the pace, thrusting into her with quick, hard strokes and moaning in her ear. "Hermione... Merlin, please... Gods, Hermione, I'm...I'm going to come," he said, in a tone of voice she had never heard before.

Hermione could not believe he was saying her given name, and so desperately. But all she could do was hold onto him tighter as she came closer to her own release, her nails raking at his lower back.

They hit their orgasms together and moaned loudly, and he exploded inside of her, shaking uncontrollably, his eyes clenched tightly together.

He collapsed on top of her, breathing heavily. It took him a few moments before he rolled off of her and onto his back. Severus draped his arm over his face before he turned to look at Hermione. He slowly leaned forward and brushed a strand of hair out of her eyes. For the first time in his life, he was lost for words.

Hermione smiled and leaned forward to kiss him tenderly. "I would've never imagined this happening."

"Me either," he said quietly, turning his face away from her to stare at the ceiling.

Hermione frowned at his sudden change. A few minutes before he was so open, so vulnerable. He must have realized he had let himself open. Now he was being... distant.

"Look at me," Hermione said, placing her hand on his cheek.

He turned to face her, searched her eyes and did not see pity, but respect and understanding.

Severus shifted in the bed and turned to face her, his eyes never leaving hers. He let his own hand touch her cheek and then roam down to her waist.

Pulling her closer to him, she rested her head in the crook of his neck and smiled. It had been a very long time since she had felt this content. With keeping up with her school work and studying, dealing with Ron, and helping Harry, it had been a very difficult year. To be laying in the arms of this man was nothing short of a blessing to Hermione Granger.

"We can discuss everything in the morning. For now, let's rest," he said, while idly stroking the skin on her hip.

"What if we get caught like this, Professor?" asked Hermione in a muffled voice. She sighed and inched closer to him, the feel of his long, slender fingers tracing across her hip and towards her inner thigh brought her libido to life once more. It was best to ignore that sudden rise of feelings for now.

Severus smirked, "I locked the door, love. And for now, you can call me Severus. I rather find I like the way you say it, and I'd like to hear it come from your lips many more times after tonight."

Hermione smiled. She couldn't have possibly felt happier as she nestled in closer to the one man that could make her feel so safe.

He felt her smile against his neck and found himself smiling as well. He had a feeling he would be sleeping very well tonight with this girl in his arms, as well as many more nights in the future.