

# Making a Move

*by ayerf*

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*Chapter 1 of 2*

Hermione keeps visiting Spinner's End. Severus thinks it's just because she enjoys his books. He's wrong...

It was the last evening of the summer holidays. Tomorrow it would be back to Hogwarts and attempting to keep the trolls masquerading as students from blowing themselves up. For the first time in years – if not the first time ever – Severus would miss Spinner's End.

Virtually every day, he'd had company in the form of the Hogwarts Arithmancy mistress, Hermione Granger. Of course, she was only with him because the school library was closed for renovation over the holidays.

But he could pretend otherwise with the way her face lit up: when she smiled, or when she was discussing something reassuringly intellectual with him over a cup of tea. For a few precious moments, Severus could pretend that she was with him not for his books, but for his own sake. Until reality came crashing down, and he remembered that he was so ugly even his mother had hated him; and that the only reason any woman would come near him was if she wanted something, be it an Unbreakable Vow or his books.

Severus hadn't looked at the book open in his hands all evening; instead his eyes were fixed on the young woman lounging on his sofa. He was savouring every last moment of Hermione's presence. Once they were back at Hogwarts, Madam Pince would have the pleasure of her company, and she didn't even appreciate it. Perhaps he would be able to lure Hermione into his office in the evenings, or maybe even into his private quarters. He did keep some rare books there, and with some strategic book shopping he'd have even more bait ...

Lost in thought, Severus's attention was brought back to Hermione when she heaved an exasperated sigh and tossed her book aside to land on the ragged carpet with a thump.

He blinked, mouth opening to protest this rough handling from a fellow bibliophile.

The feral look in her eyes took his breath away, and his words with it. Hermione swung her legs off the sofa, rose to her feet and stalked over to him, her posture too predatory for her movements to be called 'walking'.

A flick of her wand widened the armchair beneath him, before she flung the length of wood unceremoniously on the floor as well.

Severus was still trying to find his voice when she threw herself onto his lap, straddling him. She took his head in her hands, fingers sliding into his hair.

Then her lips were on his.

*Oh.*

His eyes slid shut at the first touch of her tongue on his shock-parted lips.

*Oh my.*

Perhaps she did like him after all ...

Just as the kiss was about to get really interesting, Hermione drew away. She looked as if she was going to be sick*Bugger*. That was the typical reaction to kissing him. But wait a second, that was when he was the kisser, not the kissed ...

*Idiot!* He hadn't reacted! She must think he didn't want her.

*Fuck. Move!*

Hermione had scrambled off his lap by the time his sluggish limbs responded. Thankfully she was still within reach. He tugged her back down, silencing her stuttered apologies with his mouth.

It was a clumsy kiss, with bumping noses and clashing teeth; Severus lacked the practice. But it got the message across.

Hermione took charge of the kiss, easing the pressure and tilting her head to slant her mouth across his.

Mentally noting her technique for future reference, he brought his hands up from her hips to her back, one sliding up further to cradle the back of her head.

She encouraged his lips to part by tracing them with her tongue, playfully nipping his bottom lip before stroking his tongue with her own. Returning the favour made her shift closer with a moan, pressing against his hardened cock.

For the second time she pulled away, but only to grind her hips against him. Before he could recapture her lips, she laid a finger across his.

"Wait." Hermione took a shuddering breath as Severus sucked her finger into his mouth, teasing it with his tongue. Then his brain caught up with what she'd said. He stilled, a lead weight in his stomach as his erection faltered.

"Perhaps we should continue this somewhere more comfortable?"

At her words, his cock twitched back to life, cradled between her legs.

Beaming, she pulled her finger out of his mouth for him to answer. Instead of attempting to speak, he Apparated them to his bedroom.

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In the morning, Severus picked up the discarded book, smirking. A fry-up was cooking in the small kitchen, and he could hear Hermione singing off-key in the bathroom. Bliss.

Hermione's voice was suddenly clearer, as if she'd opened the door. "Severus? Wash my back?"

Severus's smirk turned into a decidedly soppy grin. He dropped the book and ran up the steep stairs two at a time.

As if to prove that this wasn't a dream, breakfast burnt to a crisp and set off the smoke alarm mid-coitus.

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AN: Written for bluestocking79 to this prompt: Hermione keeps visiting Spinner's End. Severus thinks it's just because she enjoys his books, but she has other reasons.

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## Not Just a Bluestocking

*Chapter 2 of 2*

Hermione's version of events.

### Not Just a Bluestocking

*What does a girl have to do to be seen as more than just a fellow book lover? Why is it every man seems to think I'm just a brain? It's either that...*

Hermione glanced at the man ostensibly reading in the armchair across from her. Unless she was much mistaken, she was the focus of his attention, not the book in his hands. He was turning the pages too slowly compared to his usual rate. While possible that he was savouring it, she found it rather unlikely to be the case with *The Uses of Flobberworms in Potions*.

*...Or there's the rare man who does see me as more, as a woman, but is too cautious to make a move.*

At the very least, Severus regarded her as a friend. He didn't invite just anyone into his home, and for him to offer access to his private collection of books in her time of need... surely his interest was deeper than mere friendship?

The way he looked at her when he thought she wasn't watching certainly added weight to her assessment of the situation. Even when she didn't catch him in the act, she could feel his eyes on her, roaming over her body, lingering on her face.

But as usual for a man interested in her, he didn't attempt to seduce her. Just for once it would be nice to be swept off her feet, so she'd given him time. As the summer went by, she'd given him some encouraging nudges.

She would have offered to cook for him, but her skills or lack thereof might have put him off, if past experience was anything to go by.

Making tea was off limits, as Severus made it clear that she was the guest, and furthermore tea should only be made by the qualified Potions master in the house.

While she normally showed pleasure in his company, she added some flirtatious smiles to her repertoire. To her frustration, that only gained her the rare smile in return.

In case he was under the impression that she was only there for his books, she broke up the reading with conversations. They talked about anything and everything. Well, with the exception of the topic Hermione really wanted to cover: what it would take for him to get around to seducing her.

By the last day of the summer holidays, it was clear that if there was going to be any seducing, she would have to do it. However tempting it was to turn up naked under her cloak, she gave Severus until the end of day to make a move.

It was getting close to the time she usually left, when the remains of her patience were finally exhausted.

*Typical! If you want something done, do it yourself.*

She snapped shut *Explosive Possibilities: Potions and Arithmancy* and casually threw it aside, not caring where it landed.

*I hope you're ready, Severus Snape. It's your lucky day.*

Judging by the way he was gaping at her, this was an unexpected development for him. But he wasn't running away from her as she sauntered over to him, so it couldn't be an unwelcome surprise.

Wand retrieved from her pocket, she enlarged the armchair. That done, she dropped the wand as negligently as she had the book. Wouldn't do for him to feel threatened, after all.

Hermione sank down onto his lap, straddling him. She held his gaze as she stroked her hands over his cheeks to spear her fingers into his hair. Then she closed the gap between them and claimed his mouth.

She swiped her tongue across his lips, slipping between them to brush against his teeth. But she didn't deepen the kiss any further—he hadn't responded at all, his lips remained unmoving. Frozen in shock? Or was it more than that? What if she'd been wrong? Surely, if her actions were welcome, he'd have kissed her back by now...

*Oh God.* Hermione broke off the kiss, her heart lurching.

He didn't want her.

She'd just forced herself on him.

She scrambled off him, almost falling in her hurry.

*Fuck. What can I say?*

Hermione forced down the panic, not an easy task with the way Severus was frowning up at her.

"I-I-I'm so, so sor—"

He pulled her back down, crushing his lips to hers, clashing their teeth together. His nose clumsily bumped against hers.

*Oh thankgod, he did want her after all!*

For half a heartbeat the pain of a nicked lip mingled with euphoria. Then, even as her desire burned once more, her rational mind kicked back in.

So he wasn't the best kisser, but at least he was enthusiastic. Unaccustomed to kissing, perhaps? That would explain his shock, come to think of it...

She took charge again, moderating the pressure from bruising to passionate as she found a comfortable angle.

If his initiating their second kiss hadn't reassured her that he did want her, the way he cradled her head made it clear. Not many men would risk losing a hand to her hair.

Hermione explored the contours of his lips with her tongue, unable to resist gently taking his lower lip between her teeth. His mouth parted, she deepened the kiss, caressing his tongue with her own.

A ragged moan escaped her throat when he responded with equal fervour. She dug her nails into his shoulders, pulling herself against him.

Oh yes, he *definitely* wanted her...

She couldn't get close enough. Hermione broke off their kiss, pushing against his shoulders to grind against his erection. Severus leaned forward, intent on resuming their kiss by the way his hot gaze was fixed on her mouth. She halted him with a finger on his lips.

"Severus, wait." She inhaled sharply when he took her finger into the warmth of his mouth. Her eyes unfocused, imagining what else that clever tongue of his could do. When he abruptly stopped moving, she wondered what was wrong. Only when she felt his erection softening did she realise: he must assume she was having second thoughts!

Hermione hurriedly finished what she'd been going to say when he'd distracted her. "Perhaps we should continue this somewhere more comfortable?"

To her relief, his cock surged back to life against her. She pulled her finger out of his mouth, preparing to get to her feet.

The compression of Apparition caught her by surprise, her shriek soundless until they reached Severus's destination. The show-off had Apparated them to his bedroom. Where most would have Splinched, he'd positioned them neatly on the end of his bed.

With a feral growl, she shoved him over. He never let go, so his grip pulled her with him. Their lips met again, parted, tongues entwining once more.

Severus's hands roamed over her back to her waist, where they slipped under her shirt, stroking over her heated skin to fumble with her bra catch.

Before his struggles could spoil the mood, she reached into his pocket for his wand and dealt with their clothes.

"Much better," Hermione breathed against his lips, savouring the feel of skin to skin. To her delight, Severus could only groan in response, speech beyond him.

Speech was soon beyond her too.

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Hermione drifted awake, some decidedly intimate aches making themselves known as she stretched.

She was momentarily bothered to see that Severus wasn't there when she opened her eyes, but the scent of bacon frying reassured her that he hadn't scarpered. He'd

even been thoughtful enough to provide a Muscle Relaxant draught. Hermione drained the potion and made her way to the bathroom, still yawning sleepily.

She was partway through washing herself when it occurred to her that maybe Severus might like to join her. Hermione hopped out of the bath and opened the door, shivering as cold air rushed into the steamy room.

“Severus? Wash my back?”

Grinning, she settled back into the hot water as Severus bounded upstairs.

Of course, the smoke alarm had to go off right when she was on the cusp of orgasm.

Later she experienced the novelty of paper cuts on her feet when the bloody book she'd dropped last night exacted its revenge by biting her unprotected toes when she finally came down for breakfast.

On the plus side, Severus was there to kiss it better.

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AN: Many thanks to Kribu for alpha reading, and to septentrion and JunoMagic for betaing.