

I Kissed...

by savine_snape

A fun look at how Severus and Hermione may respond to their first kiss.

I Kissed A Girl (And I Liked It).

Chapter 1 of 2

A fun look at how Severus and Hermione may respond to their first kiss.

Disclaimer: I do not own Pottermore; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention. I am writing for fun not profit.

This was not what I had planned for tonight, I planned to get drunk and tolerate the damn Ministry Fifth Anniversary Celebration of the fall of Riddle. I had never planned to kiss the girl

Her lips were soft and warm; we'd both drunk far too much of Ogden's Finest. She resisted at first, which made it feel so wrong. Then, in the next breath, she was returning my ministrations, and that made it feel so right. She tasted of Ogden's and something delectable that I couldn't pinpoint.

I kissed a girl, and I liked it. It felt so wrong, yet it felt so right. It doesn't mean that I'm in love.

So, you ask, who the girl was. Why, none other than the delightful mastermind behind the Boy-Who-Lives-To-Haunt-My-Nightmares, the brightest witch of her age. I kissed Granger, and I liked it. She looked so resplendently mystifying in her dress robes and high heels. Her skin was soft, her lips so red, so kissable, so hard to resist, so touchable. Just begging for me to touch, to taste her.

Whom did she kiss back? Me. The greasy bat of the dungeons, ex-Death Eater extraordinaire, evil personified.

I am Severus Snape, and I kissed a girl, and I liked it.

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Also, thanks go out to Sbrande. Sonia, thank you for casting a second pair of eyes over this. You rock dearest.

I was Kissed by my ex-Professor (And I Liked It).

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione's response to Severus's kiss.

Disclaimer: I don't own Potterverse, nor do I make any money.

This wasn't what I had planned for tonight. I was becoming tired of the endless celebrations that occur every year on the anniversary of Riddle's demise. I planned to get drunk; I never dreamt I'd kiss my ex-professor.

Contrary to popular belief, his lips were warm. We had both drunk far too much of Ogden's finest. At first, I was startled by the presence of his lips upon my own, but then I melted into his kiss. He tasted of Ogden's and the salty caviar he had eaten before kissing me. He smelled divine, a mixture of bergamot and subtle musk: so quintessentially him.

I kissed my former professor, and I liked it. It felt so wrong, yet it felt so right. It doesn't mean that I'm in love.

So you ask who the professor was. Why, none other than the greasy bat of the dungeons, ex-Death Eater extraordinaire, dual spy for the cause. I kissed Snape and I liked it. He looked so different in his dress robes. His skin was lightly tanned, his eyes were alive, his body was toned, so touchable, so hard to resist his scent. Just begging for me to touch, taste him.

Whom was he kissing? Me. The brightest witch of her age, the brains behind the brawn of the Golden Trio.

I am Hermione Granger, and I kissed a professor and I liked it.

Thanks to both Scoffy and Sonia for looking this over. Ladies you rock!