

Why Would You Save Me?

by belle4life

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HP is not mine.

The pain is too much; it's the only thing I feel. It surrounds me and encompasses me, allowing nothing else in. My neck is throbbing and I hear a ringing in my ear. The ringing won't stop. I blink my eyes open slowly; the dinginess of the room aids my light poor eyes. I look up at the ceiling hanging over my head. The wood is rotting and falling apart around me, and everything comes back to me. The pain, the shock, the blood, and the green. The glittering green eyes. Potter! Oh, I hope he killed that snake snogging bastard. The ringing is still going and I look over to my left. Fawkes stands there trilling at me, and I realize what has happened. Phoenix tears. The bird has saved my life. But as I look at him something unbidden comes to my mind. A pair of chocolate brown eyes swims before me. I cannot place them, but I know I've seen them before. Whoever it is, I recall them calling Fawkes to me before they ran off. I don't know whether to be happy that I'm alive or pissed off that I'm not dead and done with this travesty of a life. I guess this wouldn't be the life of Severus Snape if it wasn't made difficult by my mere existence. I can feel the tears working their way through my bloodstream now. I'm getting sleepy, probably an effect of the healing process.

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The floor has grown remotely comfortable since I was last awake. I wonder how long it has been since I fell asleep, or since the battle for that matter. I open my eyes and immediately close them. I am no longer in the Shrieking Shack, but in some type of hospital by the looks of it. I hear murmurs in the distance of 'he's awake' and 'get her'. I groan as I shift my head and look around the room to try and discern where I am currently located. I think it's St. Mungo's, but I can't be entirely sure. I breathe in and try to speak but a hand is there pushing me down and holding a straw to my mouth to give me a drink of the cool water that calms my hoarse throat. I look up and into the chocolate eyes from before. And I remember. Of course, it's her, how could I forget? I stared at those eyes for six years; you would think I would know them by now. Only she would be smart enough to call Fawkes. I owe my life to Hermione Granger. The irony of this is not lost on me.

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I smell dust. My eyes gently squint open, and I am once again surrounded by a dingy atmosphere. Was it all a dream? If so, it was rather vivid. But, I sit up and look around. I'm not in the Shrieking Shack. I am in a room that I have not been in for a long time. The walls covered in posters, the room obviously had not been touched, and it was like a shrine. The letter and picture that I left torn on the floor are gone, and I wonder who found them. I climb out of the rickety old bed, not really wanting to remain in something once slept in by that mutt Black. I move towards the window and a breathtaking site meets my eyes. Apparently Potter had some fun with his Godfather's house; the backyard now has a pool and an outdoor kitchen. But the thing that was most shocking was the occupant of this apparent paradise. A petite brunette lay next to the pool, one leg dangling in the water, moving back and forth just enough to cause little ripples in the water. Her hands were behind her head and a thick book floated above her head, pages flipping with the movement of her head. She lay in what some would call a bikini; it seemed almost indecent to me. Why anyone would want to show that much skin in public is beyond me, but then again I was never really into the whole exhibitionist thing, that was Lucius' shtick. But her body was built for men to salivate

over. She had curves where a woman should have curves, and her legs stretched for days, even though she was not that tall. I could just imagine holding her perfect sized... Where did that come from? Bloody hell! I haven't had those kinds of thoughts since, well, in a long time. Almost as if she could sense the direction of my thoughts, she looked up at the window where I stood and gave me a smile that would make me weak for days. What is wrong with me? I think that snake venom affected my personality; clearly I'm going crazy, having impure thoughts about a former student. What would Albus think, or Minerva for that matter; she is her precious Gryffindor princess after all. It's the hero complex: she saved my life, so now I'm getting attached, and that is all. Nothing else. "Yeah, right," a voice says in the back of my mind, "keep telling yourself that, and maybe one day you might actually believe it."

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I stand in the kitchen cooking some breakfast. I smell her before I see her. The scent of gardenia leads her everywhere she goes. Why does she have to wear my favorite fragrance? Is it to torture me further? I can assure you I am being tortured enough by the mere idea of being sexually attracted to not only a former student, but a member of the Golden Trio, the know-it-all. Why me? Potter enters after her and sends a smirk my way as if he knows something I do not, or he knows my secret. Either one doesn't bode well for me. She comes up behind me and leans around me to see what I am doing. Gods, does she realize how easy it would be to just pick her up, throw her down on the table and ravish her until she is mine? I think if she knew my mind, she would run screaming for the hills of Hogwarts.

"What are you making, Professor Snape?" Her chocolate eyes sparkle at me with something I have never seen before.

"Miss Granger, one, I am no longer your professor. So please refrain from calling me by that title. Two, you can clearly see that I am making eggs," I say with my usual attitude, hoping to keep her away, but at the same time hoping that she sees through my ruse.

"Would you rather I called you Severus?" She smirks at me as my whole body goes stiff. If only she would call me that. I nod curtly, not speaking for fear of something embarrassing coming out. I hear a chair scrape from behind, and as I turn my head, I see the back of Potter slinking out of the room.

I look at her and then look back to the eggs, focusing all my might on them. "I haven't had a chance to thank you for... for saving my life," I stutter out. Hoping I don't sound completely imbecilic.

"You don't need to thank me, Severus, it was the least I could do. After everything you did for us," she says as she glances away as her cheeks redden.

"But you didn't know what I had done at the time that you called Fawkes to help me," I state, wondering what she is trying to hide. For it is quite clear that that is what she is doing. I know her facial expressions after teaching her for six years. If possible, her cheeks redden even more before she runs from the room. Apparently, I have hit a soft spot. Hmmmm, curious.

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A week later, I find her curled up in a dingy chair in the dingy library of this dingy house. I really need to get out of here. But I can't seem to leave. It's not why you think; it's not because of her. Okay it might be a little because of her, but it's also because I need to figure out how to repay her for my life, even if I don't think it was worth saving. Wait, if she saved me she must think I was worth saving, or she just has a good, kind heart, no, don't go there because that will just add another positive to the long list of great things about her. She has been avoiding me for the past week. I think I got too close to something that day in the kitchen and she panicked, but I don't know what it was. I gently shut and lock the door as I sneak into the library. She has her back to me and doesn't see me coming up behind her. I will figure out what is going on today or we will remain locked in this room until I do. As I move around her chair I see that she has fallen asleep. Her hand has fallen to the floor and the book she was reading is lying on the floor. I pick it up and look at the spine; the cover intrigues me. I read the back and it sounds like a cheesy romance book, something about a girl being in love with a boy and him being a vampire. The black book is clearly well loved and has been read multiple times: it must be one of her favorites. I rest the book on the table next to her head and sit down in the chair across from her sleeping form. I watch her delicate features relaxed in sleep. What I wouldn't give to wake up to that sweet angelic face every morning. What is happening to me? Severus Snape, the feared Potions master, greasy git, right hand man to the snake snogger, is waxing poetic about a slip of a girl. I look back down at her and she is staring at me, that weird look is in her eyes again.

"May I help you, Severus?" she asks, a smug smile comes across her face, almost as if she can read my mind. But that's not possible. Is it?

"I wanted to talk to you about last week. You ran off before we could finish our conversation." Her eyes glance toward the door, and before I can even blink, she is up out of the chair and across the room, trying the doorknob. I continue to sit in my chair, my trademark smirk on my lips.

"What did you do? Did you lock us in here?" she demands in a snotty tone that does startling things to my nether regions.

"I told you I wanted to talk to you. Did you really think I would let you go that easily?" She guffaws at my statement and returns to her vacated chair.

"I guess not; if you had I would be sorely disappointed," she states as she gets comfy in the rather dusty chair. "So talk."

"Why... why did you save me?" I stutter, hoping that she says what I want to hear, but knowing that she won't.

"Well, I'm not some heartless being that can leave another person to die on the floor of a dusty, gross, ramshackle shack. I had to do something, so I called Fawkes. I knew he was still in the Forbidden Forest because when we were walking to the shack, I could hear him in the distance. I figured that if he saved you, then there would be time to go finish the battle and come back for you later. And if Fawkes didn't save you then, well, I didn't really want to think about that option," she said as she played with the tassel on the pillow that she was clutching in her lap.

"But for all you knew, I killed Dumbledore. Why would you save the man who killed your beloved Headmaster?" I question her as I watch her delicate fingers manipulate each strand of the tassel.

"Well.... Ummmm. I kinda...."

"Spit it out, Miss Granger!" I snarked at her, cringing internally as the harsh words left my mouth.

"I knew why you killed Dumbledore!" she shouts as her hands come up to her mouth, covering it, most likely hoping to pull the words back in, but they are out in the open, floating around for all to hear.

"How?" I demand.

"The night you were out in the Forbidden Forest walking around, I had fallen asleep against my study tree, right on the outskirts of the forest. I heard your entire conversation with the Headmaster. That's how I knew you were innocent; I heard it right from your and the Headmaster's mouths." She cringes as though expecting me to pounce on her in rage. I just stare at her completely gobsmacked at this new revelation.

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Two weeks later, I am still mulling over the fact that the entire time I thought I was alone, completely deserted by everyone who supposedly was my friend or acquaintance. She knew. She knew all along that I was innocent; well, innocent in the reason behind me killing Albus. I just can't get over it. She knew. I need to clear my head. I look out the window in my room and the pool glitters in the moonlight.

I dive into the refreshing water. It's past midnight, and the whole house is asleep. I feel the cool water rush over my skin. It soothes me, and I sink beneath the surface, surrounding myself by silence, escaping my feelings and emotions. When I finally come up for air, a shadow falls on me. I look up and my curly haired temptress is standing there in a sheer nightgown, the moon backlighting her and giving me a rather tantalizing view of her delectable figure.

"I didn't tell you the whole truth, Severus," she says shyly as she shuffles her feet on the ground, pushing a pile of dirt around.

"What do you mean?"

"I had other reasons for saving you other than the fact that you deserve to live in a Voldemort free world, that you had sacrificed enough and didn't need to lose your life for the cause as well." I wave my hand in a circular motion, indicating for her to continue. "I... I... I love you!" she shouts at me and then runs back into the house. I stand frozen in the pool unable to move, completely flabbergasted at this other new revelation.

"I think she's been in love with you since around the beginning of our sixth year. I knew something was up, but I didn't really know what it was. She became very defensive of you anytime Ron or I or anyone would make a crass comment about you. I think that's what tipped me off first. Then I just watched her and saw her focused on you a lot of the time. I put two and two together finally and got four, even though at the time I really wanted to get five or ten or even red," he chuckled, "but, she chose you. I finally sat down with her tonight and told her that I knew. She was shocked to say the least, but I told her it didn't bother me. I just wanted her to be happy and for you to be happy. And after watching the two of you dance around each other for weeks, I realized that that happiness would be found together. I convinced her to tell you. She was adamant that you didn't return her feelings, but I've seen you staring at her like she was something to eat, pardon the cliché. By the way, you might want to get out of the pool and go and find her before she flees from embarrassment and a belief that she has been rejected." He smiles as he walks away. I honestly think that is the most Potter has ever said to me, and for once I am happy for him opening his mouth and putting his nose in other people's business.

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I walk up the stairs, dripping chlorine water all over the runners. As I get to the top, I hear drawers slamming shut, and I know that Potter was right. She is planning to run, but I will stop her. I must stop her, for my future happiness and hers. I walk to her door and lean in the doorway, just watching her rush to pack as much as she possibly can into her two suitcases; the fact that she's a witch has apparently left her mind because she is doing it all by hand. I chuckle and her head immediately lifts up and sees me standing there. She freezes like a deer in front of one of those Muggle contraptions.

"Where do you think you are going?"

"I have to go. I have humiliated myself, and now I'm fleeing."

"And where exactly are you going to go? All your friends are here, and your parents are still in Australia. Don't leave on my account. Please. I don't think this house will be the same without you. It would be rather boring, plus I wouldn't have my nightly reading companion." I take a step into her room and stop, afraid I'm over stepping my bounds.

"Severus, what are you trying to say?" she questions me.

"I guess I'm just trying to say that... Oh bloody hell!" I exclaim and just cross the room and pull her to me in a bruising embrace, crashing my lips down on hers, hopefully showing her how I feel through my passion. I brush my hands over her hips and pull her tighter to me. I can't seem to get close enough to her. I release her mouth so we can breathe and immediately move down her cheek, leaving little kisses along her jaw and under her ear and down her neck. Gods, her neck smells amazing. I want to bathe her in this perfume. I want to bathe in her, period. My hands roam her luscious body, grasping for something I can't name. She gasps my name, and I think I have finally died. I can't possibly be this happy. It can't be real.

All of a sudden I sit up, my body covered in a sheen of sweat, and I cry out. It was a dream. How cruel? This is the cruelest thing that could happen. I feel a hand on my back, running up and down my spine. I look back, and my eyes meet those chocolate brown depths that have haunted me for weeks. She smiles at me, a true, happy, genuine smile.

"What's wrong, Severus? Did you have a bad dream?" she asks as she pulls me back down to her bed.

"No, it was a beautiful dream. I was remembering earlier, but it was as if it was a dream and hadn't happened," I say as I look at her beautiful face.

"Does this feel unreal to you?" she says as she straddles my hips and pulls my hands to her perfect breasts. They fill my hands perfectly. She sits up and guides me into her, and I know two things are for certain: this is definitely real: no dream could compare to her, and I am finally home. And as she comes apart in my arms, I whisper the words that escaped me earlier.

"I love you."

Many thanks to sirsevchick for betaing this.

Please review and let me know what you think. I hope you enjoyed it.