

Night Encounter

by imhilien

Hermione and Snape encounter each other in their nightwear at Grimmauld Place. Tempers flare, naturally. For the 'Grey Nightshirt' challenge from grangersnape100.

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It was a hot night at Grimmauld Place, Hermione waking feeling thirsty. On her way to the kitchen though, she bumped into a nightshirt-clad someone. Of course, it had to be Snape.

His voice snapped, "Lumos," the light of his wand then bathing them both.

"Could you not charge through this house, Miss Head Girl," he hissed. Wasn't it bad enough she excited his thoughts without this?

A combination of thirst and midnight insults from Snape was not a good way to end – or rather, start – Hermione's day. She noticed though that without his black robes, Snape looked pleasantly lean.

His grey nightshirt looked like a Victorian era relic, however.

"I was not charging, sir," she retorted.

"In a hurry to meet... Potter, are we?" he purred, his eyebrow raising as he eyed her sensible nightwear. To his discomfort though, it was easy to see the sweet curves of her body.

"I'm thirsty," Hermione said pointedly. "Besides, I could say you're off to meet a lady friend yourself."

She was surprised though at the spike of jealousy her words provoked in her.

"Don't be impertinent," Snape growled, his face looking distinctly flushed in his wands light. "Ten points off Gryffindor!"

"Aha, you can't do that here," Hermione retorted triumphantly as she waved a finger at him, hoping that she was correct in this.

"Then you shall be punished this way...". Snape snapped before he swooped down, his mouth crushing hers hungrily.

Hermione was shocked, startled... Then found herself returning his kisses with equal hunger, their bodies straining close to each other.

When they broke apart, stunned, Snape held his hand out almost hesitantly to Hermione.

"I... have a jug of water and a clean glass in my room," he said gruffly.

Hermione considered... and then reached out to take his hand.

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