

# Unexpected

*by jenbachand*

Hermione had set off on holiday with certain plans in mind. She got so much more.

## Unexpected

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione had set off on holiday with certain plans in mind. She got so much more.

DISCLAIMER: I made no money from the writing of this fic.

NOTES: This was both requested by & beta'd by mingsmommy who requested a Snape/Hermione story. :)

\*\*\*\*\*

When she had crossed an ocean and a continent three months ago, she'd had plans: a break from the Ministry, from Harry and Ginny's wedded bliss, and from Ron's constant whine about how she should get back with him because they were "destined" to be together. A nice little holiday seeing magical sites in America, enjoying all the paid leave she'd acquired, and reading books; magical, Muggle, it didn't really matter to Hermione, she just wanted as much leisure reading as possible, hopefully combined with lots of warm sunshine that England just couldn't deliver until summer.

So, having stopped in a bookshop in wizarding San Francisco, she had definitely not been planning to bump into a very real and very alive Severus Snape. Hadn't planned on badgering him until he gave up the tale of his continued existence (Malfoy & Shackbolt), his residence in the States (Shackbolt), and his ownership of one of the finest bookshops she'd ever been in (surprisingly enough, his own money from patents).

She also hadn't planned on kissing him, but late one night after he had closed up the shop and they had taken their continued argument about genetic counseling in the wizarding world upstairs, she had done just that. She had kissed his thin lips, felt the rough stubble from the day scratch her face, and when she traced her tongue along the seam of his mouth, he had gotten over his shock and kissed her back. Kissing had led to frantic disrobing, and before she'd had a chance to take a deep breath they had been in his bed, bodies slick with sweat and minds awash in lust.

She'd expected it would just be the once. That he'd be furious with her for taking advantage of him. But when he took her hand the next evening and coaxed her up to the flat above the shop, she'd been surprised and ever so pleased to find dinner and conversation and at the end of the night an invitation to share his bed again.

So three months had passed. The last half of it spent in stimulating conversation and stimulating activities. He'd tentatively asked if she was returning home soon, and she'd said she hadn't thought much about it. He'd been stoic that night, and she had a feeling that if he'd been the sort, he would have asked her to stay. But he was Severus Snape, and she was going to have to take things upon herself if she wanted to keep him. That mindset had worked so far in their relationship; she saw no need to change it now.

Hermione had met with a few potential employers in the last week, securing one position and one freelance consulting job, and sent an owl back to the British Ministry of Magic with her resignation. Her plans for her holiday had been more than she'd ever hoped, except for one little problem.

Having not been in a relationship for a while, she'd left the calendar for when she needed to take her contraception potion back in her flat in London. So here she was, standing in Severus' loo waiting for a plastic packaged stick (some things Muggles still had the market on) to turn colors. A tentative knock on the door drew her attention

from the harbinger of her fate. The Severus Snape standing on the other side was rumpled and distressed, a far cry from the buttoned up school master of her childhood, and at that moment so very dear to her heart.

“Well?”