

# Bedknobs and Broomsticks

*by juniperus*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione knows what goes bump in the night. Meets the GS100 Grey night shirt, possessive!Snape, Shakespeare quote challenges.

Hermione startled, bought back from the brink of sleep by... what?

She ticked off the list of those currently staying at Grimmauld Place (not quite clean, but Dumbledore-visage free): herself and Harry. Luna and her father had departed...after months of magical and structural repair on their home...and now the Burrow, too, was repaired, so the gaggle of redheads were (thankfully) gone.

She craned, trying to hear what lay beyond the silence. There it was again! The footsteps were slow, deliberate... but each creak of the stair a testament to the presence of another. Harry *never* walked so softly.

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They had, just the day before, heard from Professor...now acting-Headmistress...McGonagall that Severus (no-longer-Headmaster) Snape had recovered enough to finally leave St. Mungo's. Harry had offered him sanctuary, but had heard nothing in response.

McGonagall, thankfully a stubborn Scot to the marrow, had sent an Auror and a junior Healer to see to his person, not expecting that they would find him alive.

He'd lain still in a pool of blood mingled with stray wisps of memory, voluminous robes spread 'round his shockingly thin body. His hold on the last tendrils of life had been tenuous, but grasped he had.

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The footsteps stopped, the blackness suddenly eerily silent.

Hermione held her breath as she heard the quiet scrape of a doorknob...*her* doorknob...turn and unlatch.

The door closed quietly. Shuffling steps approached. She wracked her brain to think of who was still at large, who could break the wards, who would target *her* when The Boy Who Triumphed was just down the hall.

She shrunk back into her pillow as she felt the chill air hit skin bared by the rising bedclothes.

The soft brush of cotton, heat, and a long and lanky body reclining next to her.

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"Wha...Miss Granger? What is the meaning of this!? How dare you...," a deep, raspy voice demanded.

"Professor! What are you doing in my room?" she interrupted, shocked beyond all measure.

"*Lumos!*" Severus Snape snapped. "What do you mean *your* room? This has been *my* room since Grimmauld Place was made Order headquarters! Cease your occupation at once!"

"I will *not!* Since *you* didn't respond to Harry's offer, *I* didn't clean a room for you...the only clean bedrooms are his and mine," she huffed. "Which of us do you prefer to share with?"

"This. Is. *My*. Room," he spat.

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"Not. Tonight," she countered, angrily. *Who does he think he is, arriving in the middle of the night, barking orders?* Hermione stared, curiosity overruling decorum as her eyes took in his thin form, and his... ratty, grey nightshirt?

"See anything you like?" he sneered, then pulled the bedclothes over his pale, spindly legs.

Hermione blushed. "N-no! I wasn't! I didn't!"

"The Lady doth protest too much, methinks." He smirked before laying his head on the pillow and pulling the bedclothes to his chest. "As difficult as it is for me to admit, *your* presence is preferable to Boy Wonder's. *Nox.*"

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*MMmmm.* Warmth, strong arms circling, a large hand resting on her hip...

*Oh Ron,* Hermione thought as she snuggled into the... wait! Ron was a sweaty furnace. He never held her so much as trapped her against the mattress under the dead weight of his sprawling limbs, and he clung like a limpet if she made any attempt to extricate herself from his clutches.

Not to mention their row over her intention to continue her education and be more than a baby machine. Her breaking things off and his resulting epic sulk may have precipitated their timely *en masse* evacuation.

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Hermione's mind whirled. *Who..?*

Her eyes flew open in realization.

Oh.

*Oh my, oh... this is...* Comforting, pleasant, very nice, very... *assuredly*, definitely *not good*. *Professor Snape will throw a wobbly!*

Well, best then he never know.

She took a deep breath before beginning to shift. In half-inch increments she twisted her shoulder back toward the man spooned behind her as she dropped her hip and tried to ease out from under his *delightfully warm, strong... no, stop that!* hand. Breathing shallowly, each wiggle carefully executed. She quietly exhaled as she realized how close she was to escaping certain doom.

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Hermione had made it onto her back and began to inch her hips toward the side of the bed. Each creak of the mattress caused her to hold her breath and will her heart to keep beating.

Once she felt his grasp slip she made her move.

Probably a bit too abruptly.

She felt, more than heard, a low rumble from deep in his chest just before *strong!*...really *strong!*...arms snaked out and possessively pulled her body back against his. He curled around her like a question mark, burying his face in her hair before becoming still once more.

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*Bugger! Bugger, buggery, buggerific,* she mentally chanted as she took stock of the situation and realized that she was utterly fucked.

She stubbornly ignored the other voice in her head...the one that had something positive to say about the possibility of *that* situation. No, best not to think about that. Especially when she found his embrace so physically pleasing.

*Too* physically pleasing.

*Bloody, buggery* Fuck! *No, I'm not the least bit interested, I'm not...* The little voice was poised to chime in. *La, la, la... can't hear you!* she thought, desperately.

"I know you're awake, Hermione," he whispered.

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She gasped. "I, uh, that is...I-I'm sorry, I just..."

"Yes?" he drawled. She swore she could hear him smirk.

She also swore the temperature in the room had increased markedly. The running commentary by that little voice was hardly repeatable. She was glad the room was too dark for him to see her blush.

He shifted his weight, leaning on one arm as he loomed over her. Unlike her years as a student, she didn't find herself afraid or anxious *No, now you feel squirmy and you're worried you've dampened your knickers, aren't you?*

*Shut up, shut up, shut up!*

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She wanted to reply to him, but she was finding it rather hard to breathe. And think. My, it certainly *was* getting warm.

He chuckled, darkly. "Come, you expect me to believe that the likes of *you* has the least bit of interest in the greasy git, the dungeon bat, the..."

"Stop it!" she snapped. "I never *called* you those things, nor did I *think* them! In case you don't recall, I spent years trying to impress you and to earn your respect! And..." she whispered, "sixth year... to get your attention in ways that... didn't lose points for Gryffindor."

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"I recall," he admitted, "the former, but not the latter."

"So much for your vaunted observational skills," she muttered.

"Indeed." His hand came up to cup her face. As he gently rubbed his thumb across her cheekbone he exhaled, "I never knew."

Severus dipped his head to brush his lips against hers, smiling against them as she inhaled at the contact. He lightly brushed his fingers up her forehead and along her hairline. "Like that, do you?"

She whimpered and shivered under his touch. "Oh, yes!"

He snatched his hand back as if he'd been burned. "Don't toy with me."

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His tone grew darker. "I thought you and young Weasley were practically wed."

She snorted. "Hardly. Too-long anticipation and confusion of war clouded my virginity-addled sensibilities. The anticipation was *er,unwarranted*." Hermione cleared her throat when she realized what she'd said. "I broke it off, happily so."

He snarled, pulling away. "And so you think I'm as expendable? I'm no mere boy to be cast aside!"

"Would you demand I end my education and bear you a Quidditch team?" she asked.

"No, I certainly would *not*!" Severus snapped.

"Well, then, I don't forsee casting you aside a possibility," she concluded.

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He was silent.

Hermione sighed. No matter how many times she'd dreamed of this (not that she'd admit that to anyone), she refused to throw herself at him.

She turned and whispered, "I'm sorry. I'll go."

He was not only strong, he was fast. Quick as a wink, she was pinned under his weight; one hand holding her wrists above her head, the other tangled in her hair.

"I *do not take this lightly*," he hissed, his face so close to hers she could feel his panting breaths. "If you give yourself to me you will *be mine*."

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Harry had told her everything. This was *not* a man who let things go...not guilt, not promises, not even destroyed childhood friendships.

"I understand," she said, because she certainly *did*. She thought of the past seven years, of sharing everything...poorly-divvied...and her oft-forced solitude. "And/ don't share. Not anymore."

She heard his sharp intake of breath.

"You won't have to," he whispered, then crushed his mouth to hers. The hand holding her wrists trailed down her arm, stopping to cup her breast through the fabric of her nightgown.

Oh yes, it was getting *very* warm in there.

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She smiled as she awoke, not even the dust dancing in the sun that escaped the grip of the heavy curtains could spoil her mood.

She wiggled her bottom against the man who was...again...spooning against her back, inordinately pleased to be greeted with a moan before his breathing deepened once again. She was warm, she was comfortable, and she could ignore the fact that she had to use the loo for a few minutes more.

She replayed the night's events. Twice. When she got to certain, er, points of the evening she couldn't help but blush.

Uh... *twice*.

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"How do you take your tea? I'll bring a plate of the oatmeal biscuits I baked yesterday."

One dark eye opened as its brow quirked. "With currants?"

"And chopped raisins." She grinned as she noticed that he'd opened his other eye and was taking a frank and appreciative inventory of her person.

"Mmmilk, no sugar." Severus groaned as he turned over.

"Not a morning person, right." Hermione added this information to her growing list. She hummed to herself as she padded down the stairs toward the kitchen.

She would happily prepare tea, but she didn't plan to prepare another bedroom.

