

She was Beautiful, and He was Naive

by Kore

AU. Severus Snape returns to his rooms to find something that even *he* could have never expected: a Gryffindor lioness in his bed.

She was beautiful...

Chapter 1 of 2

AU. Severus Snape returns to his rooms to find something that even *he* could have never expected: a Gryffindor lioness in his bed.

She is asleep in my bed.

Before you rumour-mongers start wagging your tongues, I would like to state this emphatically: No, I did not invite her here—there—here... oh, to my bloody bed! (If said witch were awake, I could imagine her berating me on my grammar.)

I have no idea why Hermione Granger is currently lying comatose across my sheets, but she is in for a rude awakening if she thinks she can get away with it. Oh, yes, I refuse to let her leave bits of her hair on my pillow, or the scent of the perfume I noticed that she just started to wear last week on my sheets, or make that deliciously soft sigh as she rolled over to snuggle deeper into my pillow—*my pillow!* Need I even mention that scrap of fabric that doesn't even deserve the title of nightgown? I doubt that her brassiere and knickers would cover any more skin. The sheets cover her body to her waist, but I can't believe that a nightgown so abbreviated on top wouldn't do the same thing below.

What is a warm-blooded wizard to do? I hope she's enjoying my pillow because I'm certainly not. I don't even know how to react to this unprecedented situation. In fact, I can count on one hand the number of times I've had a willing woman asleep in my bed. Ah—on second thought, I could have counted on no hands.

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When I had entered my bedchambers, I had been prepared to go to bed (alone) and changed into a nightshirt after my nightly ablutions. I had turned to my bed, only to nearly jump out of my skin (not that I'd ever admit to being so surprised).

My surprise however, had no bearing on that fact that she is still soiling my sheets with her 'Gryffindority.' With a disconcerted huff in her direction, I sat down in the rickety chair I use to lay my clothes on. With some luck, the damned thing wouldn't break. Then again, if it can hold up my voluminous robes, it can certainly hold me.

I put my elbows on my knees and stared at her subtly moving figure. I waited and waited. My head drooped, and time passed without measure.

Finally, she began to stir. Slowly, Hermione—erm, Professor Granger—stretched with a sigh. Her back arched off of my bed, and the sheets pooled around her hips. Her breasts jutted out and strained the glistening confines of her blue satin gown, and her skin was warm and pale in the candlelit darkness of my bedroom. She was beautiful.

Surely, some deity was laughing at my predicament. Severus Snape, the man who never got anything he wanted in his life, suddenly had proverbial manna thrust into his

lap, and I didn't know what to do with it. In the end, my hormones made the decision for me. I felt myself hardening at her display, and I lifted my head to get a better view.

She was beautiful. I was afraid to breathe.

She was stunning. I wanted to run from the room.

She was here. I wanted to pin her to the bed and do every dirty deed that had ever crossed my mind.

I grimaced and turned my head only to glance back. Who was I kidding? This is probably a horrifying mistake and Hermione simply Floo'd into the wrong room and went to bed. (Not that that option makes any sense, either.) No one ever slept voluntarily in my bed. How could they, when most of the Wizarding world considers me scum? No, this had to be a terrible mistake. But, like watching a broom wreck, I couldn't turn away. I could picture her waking up, horrified as to where she was, and who she was with.

Oh look, she's waking.

Hermione lifted her head, opened her eyes, and screamed.

Bugger.

* * * * *

I felt wetness on my arm, and looked down to see that I had drooled on myself. In fact, Hermione was still asleep. I had fallen asleep in this damned chair, and the scream was my fear getting the better of me. Wiping the spittle from my chin, I stood carefully. For the first time in my life, I was at a complete loss. I supposed that I could simply pretend I didn't know she was there and go sleep on the couch, but... even I couldn't resist the temptation to move closer to her.

So, like a fool, I moved closer and stood at the side of the bed. I even had the gall to sit on the edge and watch as the resulting dip caused her to roll in my direction. In my stupidity, I brushed the hair out of her face and realized just how soft her hair really was. In my daftness, I admired her beauty. Inanely, I ghosted my hand over her in a semblance of a caress because I was afraid to touch her lest this all be a dream.

To top it all, of all the imprudent, foolish, and ludicrous things I could do, I leaned towards her. She was like a magnet, and I, cold iron, could not resist her. Without thinking, I brushed my lips against Hermione's in the most gentle of kisses. The delicious softness of her skin scorched my senses, and I was deeply afraid.

This girl, this woman, had stolen the heart I had buried many years ago, and she didn't even know.

In that moment, I hated myself. I hated the ease in which I had opened myself to the impossible. There was no way that this could be real; I was simply not anywhere near that lucky.

I stood, disgusted with myself, and turned for the bedroom door. I would sleep in the sitting room tonight and forget that this had ever happened. If she were still here when I woke, I'd explain it all away in the morning.

As I reached the door, I heard the bed creak, a womanly purr, and a soft voice calling from my bed.

"Severus?"

I stood still, but did not turn around.

"I've been waiting for you."

I forced myself to snarl, "What do you want?"

I heard her give a low laugh. "I tried subtle, but gave up and decided to go for direct."

I didn't understand. "Answer me, witch. What do you want?"

She answered me with one word, and with that word, all of my fears and misconceptions were dispelled. I turned to see the truth in her eyes.

"You."

A/N: Thanks go out to Slytherin-Princess and Rynn Hoyt for being my lovely betas.

He was Naive

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione has finally had enough. You'd think that a man as brilliant as the Potions Master would realize her affections, but noooo...

I am not in his bed.

Severus Snape, that absolute git, has managed to ignore every single advance that I have made thus far.

I'm just a tad miffed, that's all.

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I was sitting in the Great Hall, eating breakfast and waiting for Severus to show up. It was early Saturday morning and we have an excursion planned for later. I'd had some Charms books come in, and I knew there was a tome at Flourish and Blotts that he'd been salivating over.

It had taken me my first year of teaching to come to grips with my feelings. I've never been good at not thinking, and I'm sure I've already analysed a few relationships to a painful, unromantic demise. I considered it a personal triumph for me to finally realise that I fancied Severus Snape.

(Alright, *more* than fancy. I think he's bloody marvellous, and I have spent the past year trying to get him to realise my affections. But, to my utter consternation, I've gotten nowhere! Nothing. Nada. Zilch to reward my efforts.)

I looked up when Severus walked through the door, and I smiled. He sat down in the empty chair to my left, and I decided it was the perfect moment for a spot of flirting. As opposed to tea.

I resisted the urge to slap myself in the face for that last thought.

I leaned in his direction and smiled coquettishly. "Are you looking forward to later, Severus?"

No answer. He cut off a pad of butter with his spoon and dumped it into his porridge.

I took my right hand and laid it on his arm. "I know there are some books that I can't wait to get my hands on." I accompanied my statement with a squeeze of said arm and batted eyelashes.

"Pass the sugar, please."

Pass the sugar? Dumbfounded, I did what he asked and passed him the sugar bowl.

I couldn't understand my utter rejection.

I refused to believe that my once being his student was the cause of my rebuff. Sure, that excuse would have worked *ahem*...five years ago, when I was his student. However, two years of being colleagues should have quashed that.

I also doubted that my being a Gryffindor had anything to do with it. After all, he and Minerva get along well enough. Once joining the staff at Hogwarts, I had learned that they were actually dear friends, not the bloodthirsty rivals they pretend to be. Ah, politics.

No, I believe that there was a much droller reason for my rejection.

That handsome, biting sarcasm, otherwise brilliant man was really, and I mean *really*, that dense. Was it just a wizard thing, or were all men that blind when it came to taking a hint? To quote Rodgers and Hammerstein, 'What's a matter with the man?'

Blimey, what'd I have to do? Break into his rooms and throw myself on his bed? Oh, and maybe I should be starkers, too!

I found myself grumbling under my breath, and Severus caught me at it. (Finally, something he noticed.)

"Is something bothering you, Professor, or are you usually this petulant in the mornings?" he asked me.

In my pique, I had prepared to give a suitably scathing reply... and stopped myself. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

Instead, I smiled. "Oh... I just remembered some paperwork I had to take care of," I lied. "And it's Hermione, Severus. You know that."

"Pardon me," he said, inclining his head. "Old habits die hard." He looked at me with narrowed eyes. I wondered what he was thinking. "We can postpone the trip if you have work you'd rather be doing..."

"That's all right," I answered quickly. I was not going to allow him to weasel out of this trip that easily.

Well, that was *fun*. If you please, put extra emphasis on the sarcasm.

I had never been so humiliated in my life.

We were leaving Flourish and Blotts, our arms full of new treasures, when one of those picture perfect, only-happens-in-a-chick-flic kind of moment happened. It was as if I were viewing everything from behind a surreal, glowing mist. The sun had finally broken through the fog of London and illuminated the worn stones of Diagon Alley. Colours seemed brighter and truer, and I'm sure I heard birds chirping merrily above our heads. I happened to look up at the exact moment that the sunlight caught Severus' hair, making it gleam blue-black against his pale skin. As he turned to see if I were following, I received the only genuine, true smile that he had ever given me. A smile, not a smirk! Ha!

In that moment, he was handsome. No, it wasn't in the Lockheartian sense of the word, but handsome in a way that you see a person's faults and they seem dearer for it. I felt my heart skip a beat (how sweet!), and I gave him a blushing smile in return.

I glanced up at him through my eyelashes and knew it was the proper moment to finally bare my heart to him... Was that the ground?

I fell flat on my face.

Ow.

No, really... Ow.

Where's a mediwitch when you need one?

We returned to Hogwarts and I was nearly in tears. I had embarrassed myself in front of the man I lov... er, greatly admire, and beyond his normal concern for a colleague, there was no sense of emotion. Nothing beyond, "You're not usually this clumsy."

Clumsy? *Clumsy!*

Argh!

I walked swiftly to my quarters and threw myself on the bed like a petulant teenager. Tears welled up in my eyes, and as much as I tried to hold it back, I had already begun to snuffle.

"I'm not going to cry, I'm not!" I told myself. Evidently, my body wasn't listening, for I began to cry in earnest.

Maybe I should just give up. No, not just on Snape, but on love in general. Krum was a mistake, Ron is... well, he's like my brother, as much as we tried otherwise, and I'm sure I'd only get in the way of his Quidditch groupies.

I threw a pillow off my bed, and it hit the wall with an unsatisfying thud.

"I give up!" I said to the room. *"I give up!"*

I wanted to rip my hair out.

I wanted to scream until the whole castle could hear me.

I wanted to shred every sentimental thought I've ever had.

I wanted to go down there and beat him until...

I stopped my rampage and looked at the mirror. My reflection seemed to be laughing at me. I was sweaty, my face was mottled in my fury, and tears had dampened my cheeks. In a fit, I pulled out my wand and pointed it at the mirror, determined to blast it to kingdom come.

I paused, looked at my reflection, and I realized I had been going about this the wrong way. Severus would have never expected subtle from me, of all people. In all of his dealings with me, I had been direct and to the point. Maybe that's why my flirting had failed. It... it wasn't me.

I lowered my wand.

There's a reason why the Gryffindor mascot is a lion. I'd had enough of this fit of melodrama.

I was going to charge down there and get what I wanted.

The time was ripe. It was Severus' turn for evening rounds, and I had just the perfect thing to wear... somewhere.

I had a negligee whose sole purpose was to be taken off (rather than worn), courtesy of Ginny Weasley. She had given it to me as a gag gift for my twenty-first birthday, complete with an admonition to not become a cat lady. Shortly thereafter, she learned that she wasn't the only one who could cast a Bat-Bogey hex.

I slipped on the ice-blue gown and shivered as the satin slid over my skin. I donned my professorial robes over that, stepped into my shoes, and slipped out the door.

Oh, bugger.

Thrice damned bugger.

I forgot one important detail in planning this excursion: Severus Snape has wards to rival Gringotts.

I was standing in the dungeon corridor, hoping nobody would come by, and seriously regretting my choice of attire.

Now, I knew better than to tamper with another wizard's wards, especially one whose paranoia was only surpassed by Moody's, so I looked for alternative means of entering. There was a painting covering his chamber door, not that it would do me much good without the password, or someone to give the password to...

Was that whistling?

I leaned over and peered down at the pastoral scene and heard a rather wolfish whistle.

"Nice view there, mum. Do you mind leaning over a bit further?"

"I beg your pardon!" I said with no small amount of outrage to the small shepherd peering at me from behind a tree.

"Just a little show?"

This painting had no idea just how close it was to destruction.

"Please?"

"No."

"O come off it, luv... how much action d'ya think I'm gettin' down 'ere anyways? You're a sight fairer than ol' greasy any day," the shepherd chuffed.

I removed my arms from their protective placement across my chest as a plan developed. "'A sight fairer,' you say." I glanced down at what I assumed was the door's guardian. "What would you do for a proper look?"

On principle, I'm generally opposed to such debasement and cheapening of the female figure (not to mention how Harry and Ron would have a heart attack if they knew), but I was desperate! I could see the shepherd salivate and nearly trip over himself in his haste to enter the foreground as quickly as possible.

"You'd do that fer me, mum?"

I loosened my grip on the front of my robes. "And your trade?" I asked again.

"I... uh... I'd let... I'd letcha through t'door!" he finally stuttered. "Yeah, and not breathe a word; swear it on me honour!"

I smirked. It may not be the most satisfactory means, but certainly the quickest. I obligingly opened my robes, and the portrait nearly fainted.

"Bless you..." he said, and the door to Severus' chambers swung open.

Men. Berks, the whole lot of them.

I had awakened as he was readying to leave his bedroom. I didn't know how long he had been standing there, but there was an uncharacteristic aura of dejection about him and he seemed unguarded in his actions.

"Severus?"

He stilled on his way to the door but did not turn around.

"I've been waiting for you." I hoped that he wouldn't throw me out.

"What do you want?" was his terse reply.

"I tried subtle, but gave up and decided to go for direct." It seemed that I was safe, but would he stay and hear me out?

"Answer me, witch."

He had the temerity not to understand my intentions. Was my being asleep in his bed not proof enough?

I gave him a warm smile and knew my eyes betrayed my longing.

"You."