

Always Faithful

by Hanagasume

For Severus Snape, love seems like something too far out of his reach, but in this case, he was more wrong than he could have ever been - Hermione Granger has a secret of her own...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was her smile always that damn smile that made him want to do the most absurd of things. It was very cliché, he knew, but that did not change his mind one iota. Sometimes he would casually, as if by accident, do something nice for her, just to see her smiling at him. His stomach felt all jittery at just the thought of her smile, with those perfect, even white teeth and soft-looking lips. But it was not just her smile that he appreciated. Her perfect, almond-shaped cinnamon eyes were lovely, and her hair, now that she was older and it fell in a silky brown tumble of curls, was beautiful.

Severus Snape had always been quite solitary, even as a child. He had never grown up knowing much affection or company and therefore had little need for it as an adult. But when he saw her, sitting along the Head Table at meals, sitting at a table in the Library, patrolling the halls, and walking on the school grounds, he longed to be beside her. She was a breath of fresh air: beautiful, intelligent, and kind. Everything that he was not, but wished he could have been.

Sometimes, perverse as he was, Severus would allow himself to imagine running his hands all over her smooth, white flesh, gripping her small waist, kneading her small, but desirable breasts, or worshipping her long, slim legs. She was tall for a woman, reaching almost to his nose, and this gave her a slightly severe appearance when she wore her hair in tightly wound chignon. But he had never been the type of man who liked voluptuous or overly curvaceous women.

All of these thoughts spun through his mind like a kaleidoscope of colour, with her as the only colour that he could see, until he felt a gentle touch of a hand on his forearm. He looked down and then along the arm that was joined to said hand, until he met the hazel eyes of Minerva McGonagall. She smiled at him, even as he continued to feel a little dazed by his thoughts.

'Severus, what is bothering you?' she asked kindly.

He shook his head. 'It's nothing,' he said curtly. 'Do not bother with me today, for I am in no mood for chatter,' he added as she opened her mouth to speak again.

Minerva gazed at him sadly. He had been very maudlin lately even more so than usual the last few days. Despite the fact that the Dark Lord had fallen over five years earlier, Severus had seemed to become even more withdrawn and irritable than ever. Minerva, and Albus rest his soul, had both thought that his mood would improve and he would somehow manage to work out his life.

But it appeared that they had been very wrong indeed. Severus, before the final battle, had confided at least a little in Minerva, and now that he did not, she was becoming worried. It couldn't be helped, as she cared for him and loved him as if she were her own son. His real mother probably hadn't loved him as she did which was a very sad thing to think about. She thought perhaps, now that he served no master but himself, he was lost and did not know how to proceed. But she then came to agree with Albus that he was perfectly capable of that, with his personality.

'Severus...' Minerva tried once more, but he stood abruptly from the table, dropping his dinner napkin onto his unfinished meal.

'No, Minerva,' he hissed quietly, careful to ensure that neither the students nor other staff would hear him speaking like that to the Headmistress.

Without another word, he turned and made a direct beeline to the staff door. He opened the door with a fair amount of force and was confronted with the frightened face of Hermione Granger, who apparently had been just about to open the door herself when it was wrenched from the other side. When he saw her, his heart clenched painfully, but unwilling to show anything, he simply narrowed his eyes at her and stormed right past her.

She watched his retreating back, still reeling from having the door yanked away from her by the tall, foreboding man, and shook her head in confusion. Severus Snape was a mystery to her, and he was still snarky and mean. She entered the Great Hall, ten minutes late for dinner, but Minerva didn't seem to mind as she sat down beside her in the recently vacated seat.

'What's wrong with Professor Snape?' Hermione asked in a worried tone.

'Honestly, I have no idea, Hermione,' Minerva answered, resuming the task of picking the raisins out of her Indian chicken curry with a fork. She hated raisins.

Hermione had joined the staff at Hogwarts only two years before. She had spent two years at a Wizarding College in Aberdeen studying History of Magic and Potions and had apprenticed for a year at Beauxbatons to complete her Master's certificate. She was a fully qualified Potions mistress and the current History of Magic Professor at Hogwarts, after Professor Binns had decided to pass to the other side after all of those years floating around.

Decidedly, Hermione had initially turned down the position to be Head of House, but at the beginning of that school year, she had decided to accept and was the Gryffindor Head of House. But surely that was not the reason for Snape's most foul mood. He was never upset over something so trivial. Her mind was still reeling over the fact that he had seemed to angry when he had glared at her. Maybe she had done or said something about him that he did not like.

But that could not be it. She had never spoken to any of the other staff about him in a way that was not strictly professional. She would never talk about him behind his back. So it certainly was a mystery to her, and everyone who had watched him leave so abruptly. He hadn't even eaten his dinner, which sat before her, the napkin resting on it lightly.

Sighing, she shifted aside his plate, which disappeared, and a new plate reappeared for her to begin eating. Once she was full, she pushed her plate aside, and then pudding followed, and there was a rather vast and tantalizing selection that evening. She had a mouthful of something chocolate, and then thought hard on dinner, and a new plate of the dinner arrived before her, and she put a stasis charm on it.

'You're not really going to go down there, are you, dear?' Minerva asked in a concerned but tense voice.

'Someone has to go down there and make sure he eats something,' Hermione said with a sigh. 'We've all seen him. He sits here and barely eats a thing, and everyone just assumes he eats in his chambers. But even I can see that he is more pale and thin than he used to be so it is safe to assume he does not eat.'

Minerva nodded in understanding. 'He will not like this interference on our part, but I am glad that I am not the only one who noticed,' the older woman said in approval.

'Minerva, I know it sounds hard to believe, considering my past experience with Severus being as it was, but I have never hated him, and I will not start a bad habit now,' Hermione said firmly.

'I know, dear,' Minerva said gently. 'Go to him.'

Hermione carried the plate with her and left the Great Hall through the staff door. She made her way down to the Dungeons, and then hesitantly, she knocked on the door to his office. She heard a small thud, and then heavy footsteps, before the door opened just enough for her to see Severus Snape scowling, with his arms crossed, leaning in the gap he had created. Despite that, she still wanted to do something nice for him. After all, he was always there to assist her when her need was at its greatest. Whether it was by accident or intentional she didn't know. All that mattered was that it was her turn to do something.

'You didn't eat dinner,' she said meekly, holding the plate out to him. 'Nobody can survive without food, Professor Snape.'

'You're not my mother, and I refused to be babied,' he said tersely, but he stepped back to allow her entrance to his office anyway. 'You and Minerva are both too meddlesome for your own good.'

'I'd like to think of it more along the lines of concerned,' Hermione replied with a small smile, setting down the plate on his fine oak desk.

'You would,' he said sarcastically.

She sat down on the edge of his desk, totally uninvited, and crossed her arms, frowning at him. He was thin, and unnecessarily so. If she had to force the food down his throat, she would do it, just as long as she could see him healthy. He did sit down in his chair behind the desk, and then Hermione moved to sit in the chair on the opposite side, staying to make sure he actually ate. Growling softly in annoyance, he snatched up the fork that she had provided and removed the stasis charm. She watched as he ate over half of it before she was finally satisfied.

'See? That wasn't so hard now, was it?' she said in a light and teasing tone.

A lone, dark eyebrow rose at this, and she simply smiled at him and shrugged. She tapped her wand against the plate and it disappeared from the desk, possibly ending up in the hands of the enthusiastic elf that would clean it. She gazed at him for a moment, taking in all of his features.

He had a slightly hooked, distinguished nose, which others thought was huge and ugly, while she had merely come to appreciate it as being very aristocratic. It suited him, and he would look odd with any other. His lips were thin and so used to sneering that many found them as undesirable as the rest of him. Hermione thought they looked very soft, but because he always pressed them tightly together, they seemed harsh and unlovely. His eyes were midnight orbs that were positively captivating, and he did not have an extra ounce of flesh on him anywhere. Even if he put on a little weight, she was sure he would remain taugth, firm, and strong.

She found him unbelievably attractive in his own, unique way. He was the most intelligent man she had ever know save for Albus Dumbledore, and he was passionate about his work. He never did anything by halves, and he was always precise and tidy. All of these characteristics were ones that she admired in a man. He was just so hard to reach out to. She wished she could know him better.

'Did you want dessert at all, Professor?' she asked carefully.

His eyebrows seemed to nearly rise to the ceiling at this. 'Whatever would I want that for, Miss Granger?' he asked in incredulous tone.

'Well, I missed out on supper, so I was going to nip into the kitchen and have some tea and cake,' she began quietly. 'I was wondering if you would join me.'

Severus contemplated this for a moment. The woman he was in love with was standing before him, asking him to have tea and cake with her. She had just recently followed him down to his Dungeons, concern written plainly in her expression, and a plate of dinner for him in her perfect, slender hands. What kind of fool would he be to reject what time alone with her was offered to him? He did not want her to discover his feelings for her, knowing that she would just throw it in his face and laugh at him. He

would not expose himself that way. But what could it hurt? It was just a little while.

'Fine, I'll come and have tea and bloody cake, but then will you stop your incessant pestering?' he agreed gruffly, almost perfectly in character.

Hermione's brilliant smile at his answer in the affirmative made him feel a little weak in the knees. Severus cursed his body's response to that damn smile. She was going to be the death of him. Hauling himself out of his chair, he opened the door and allowed Hermione to exit the office and lead the way to the kitchen. Once they had arrived, the elves went mad trying to bring all sorts of desserts and different types of tea for them until Severus commanded their attention and yelled that if they continued he would have them all in little clothes before they could say 'tea-towel'.

Once they had finally gotten a pot of simple black tea and two pieces of rather delicious-looking chocolate cake, he calmed down. After a while, he decided to respond to her as she spoke about things that interested him, such as a new book she had bought, or the latest issue of *Ars Alchemica*. Those things he could relate to and understand. He had always had problems with relating to other people. But Hermione was not like other people. She was special.

Severus looked at the pocket watch in his breast pocket and nearly fell off the bench when he saw how late it was. They had been in the kitchens since some time around seven, and it was already nearing midnight. He did not want to keep Hermione up, because they had a long Friday ahead of them the very next day, so he stood and she followed suit, and they bid goodnight to each other and walked in their opposite directions: he to his Dungeon chambers and she to chambers on one of the upper floors.

His head felt like it had been repeatedly thumped against a stone wall. Friday had come and passed, as had the rest of the weekend in fact, and on that blustery November afternoon, Severus felt like death would be preferable. It had been such a painful weekend, filled with marking student essays, hall patrol, and constantly bumping into Hermione. It had pained him to see her chatting and smiling with the other staff members, especially after that Thursday night, when it had just been the two of them (and the infernal house-elves).

Severus was especially jealous when he had seen her in Hogsmeade on the Sunday, sitting in the Three Broomsticks with a dashing blonde man with blue eyes and handsome features. It did not surprise him that she was dating attractive and charming males closer to her age. She was radiant, and any man would be a fool not to notice how lovely she was. If he, the great greasy git of the Dungeons, could love a woman such as her, than how much easier would it be for another man?

'Professor Snape?' squeaked a voice from the doorway.

'What is it?' he snapped, looking up to see a second year Slytherin student standing there timidly.

'Ummm, well you see Charles Vincent decided that it would be fun to cast a tripping hex on Millie Brown, the Gryffindor girl...' said a very nervous Carolyn Greengrass. 'She got hurt, and Professor Granger was asking for you to come up to the Hospital wing with some potions. She said you would know which ones to bring.'

He sighed heavily and nodded, dismissing the girl with a curt nod. He got up from his desk and quickly swallowed a headache potion before grabbing a mahogany box from the bottom drawer of his desk and striding out of his office. The wards immediately went up once he had stepped out, and he made his way briskly to the Hospital Wing. Upon his arrival, students immediately parted to allow him entry, and he barked at them all to go back to their common rooms, which caused most of them to scatter.

'What seems to be the problem?' he asked irritably as he stood by the bed of the patient who appeared to be covered in blood.

'Mr. Vincent here decided it would be entertaining to trip up Miss Brown,' Hermione replied, looking at Severus with a burning anger in her eyes, not to mention an exhausted frown on her face. 'Apparently, he had not thought it dangerous to cast this hex while they were standing at the top of a staircase, and when she tripped, she fell down the stairs,' Hermione continued, casting an unhappy look at the boy in question. 'Madam Pomfrey has healed her broken bones, and we have applied bruising paste, but I needed a blood replenishing potion, and anything else you think she might need. Poppy is out.'

'Very well,' he said, opening the box and pulling out three vials.

Hermione helped him administer the three potions, which she had immediately recognized as a blood replenishing potion, a pepper-up, and a dreamless sleep. It would allow the girl to rest peacefully as her body fully recovered. After this was done, Severus turned severely on his student, who did not look one bit sorry for what he had done.

'Mr. Vincent, you will be doing detentions with Mr. Filch every night for one whole month, and I shall be removing 50 points from Slytherin for such deplorable behavior. Young gentleman should not trip anyone, and least of all ladies. If you ever step out of line again, you will be kicked out of this school faster than you can say detention,' he said in a cool voice.

'Yes, Professor,' he said meekly, and Snape dismissed him with a wave of his hand.

Severus then went to the door of the hospital wing and opened it to reveal a thick crowd of students standing there and trying to listen in. He glared at each and every one of them for being such nosy busybodies.

'All of you get back to your common rooms or it will be detention for a month and loss of points for all of you as well,' he thundered in an angry voice.

Not one student remained in the hallway this time, but for good measure, Severus cast a silencing charm on the door as he closed it and moved back over to where Hermione remained vigilant at the bedside of her student. He sat down in the chair beside hers, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. This had made his headache far worse than it had been all afternoon.

'Thank you for that, Professor,' Hermione said, resting a graceful hand on his forearm lightly in thanks.

'Call me Severus,' he said gruffly.

'Well then, thank you very much for all of the trouble you went to, Severus,' she corrected herself gratefully.

Severus felt his heart miss a beat when she had said his given name. 'I would do the same for any other student, Professor Granger,' he replied.

'Now, that's not fair. If I get to call you Severus, then you must call me Hermione,' she said with a small smile at him.

He nodded in defeat and then stood up from the chair and looked down at her. Gods, how he loved her! She was so kind and gentle, like a lioness guarding and taking tender care with her cubs. She would be a wonderful mother. She would be the mother to some extraordinary children, who, if they were even half as smart as she was, would excel at everything also. He often found himself longing to be the father of her children. It was a ridiculous notion, he knew, but he liked the dream.

He nodded at her and then walked out of the Hospital Wing without another word. He loved her still, despite the fact that he had seen her with another wizard. He felt no ill will towards her just the pretty boy that she had dined with. Growing under his breath, Severus stormed back down to the Dungeons and the ever-present promise of his eternal solitude.

'... Pomona told me that she saw you with a dashing young gentleman in Hogsmeade on Sunday,' Sylvia Sinistra said to a rather flustered Hermione.

The day had only just begun and it had already taken a turn for the worst. Hermione was at the Thursday morning staff meeting, only to be assailed with a litany of questions about her "date" the Sunday just passed. She had immediately felt annoyed that people were trying to pry into her personal business. Her personal business was just that personal. Either way, she had not enjoyed the date one bit. Ginny Weasley had set her up on a blind date with a Healer from St. Mungo's that she used to work with, and then this pretty boy with blonde hair and blue eyes had shown up.

She had not been the least bit attracted to him, and as he talked, he had not once asked her any questions about herself, her job, or her interests. He was only interested in talking about himself, flawed as he was. As he was talking to her, all she could think about was how he compared to one Severus Snape, and the Potions master came out on top every time. Thinking about their night of conversation on the Thursday had been the thing that kept her smiling throughout the date. She had not contacted her blind date man since, nor did she plan to.

'Actually, it was a rather terrible date and a horrible mistake,' Hermione admitted to Sinistra and all of the other staff members who were listening to her. 'He was rude and vain, and I should never have let Ginny set me up on a blind date again especially after all of the other livestock she has sent.'

Pomona Sprout gasped in surprise at Hermione's crude description of the man. Meanwhile, a dark-haired man sitting none-too-far away inwardly smirked. So the man had been a dunderhead from the very start thank the bloody lord. He could never imagine Hermione with a man that carried around a comb in his back pocket. Not that he was one to judge who her type was.

'What was wrong with him?' Sylvia asked.

'He talked about himself the entire time. I don't think I said more than two words to him before he interrupted me,' Hermione said a little tersely. 'Now if you don't mind, I think I would rather not talk about it.'

Severus actually smirked that time, an expression that was not missed by one Minerva McGonagall, who was determined to keep Severus behind after the meeting. Within the hour, everything that needed discussing was discussed, and everyone moved to leave the staffroom to head to the Great Hall for breakfast. Minerva put a hand on Severus' arm, asking him to stay behind. Once the door was closed, she turned to him.

'Now, Severus, I can see that this is going to be difficult, but as your friend and employer, I beg of you to tell me what has been causing you distress since the fall of the Dark Lord?' Minerva said in a pleading voice.

'It is nothing, Minerva,' Severus said stiffly.

'Alright, then I command you to tell me,' Minerva said, her voice becoming stern. 'I understand that you value your privacy and secrecy, but who would understand you better than I?'

Severus sighed and nodded reluctantly before sucking in a deep breath to tell her everything. 'I'm in love with Hermione,' he said so softly that she almost didn't hear him.

'Hermione Granger?' Minerva said, surprise blooming on her face.

'Indeed, for that is the only Hermione that I know, Minerva,' he snapped, losing his patience with the Headmistress. 'And now that you know, are you pleased you go it out of me finally?'

Minerva smiled then. 'Of course I am pleased, Severus. However, I fail to see why this would make you so maudlin,' she replied.

'I am miserable because it is most obviously unrequited, you foolish woman. She is too beautiful, intelligent, and kind for a man such as me with my dark past and personality,' he said, his voice sounding defeated.

'You really should give her more credit than that, Severus,' Minerva said seriously.

'Minerva, there is nothing about me that could possibly attract the attention of a young, vibrant, brilliantly beautiful woman,' Severus said, cursing himself for being so maudlin and for saying too damn much.

'Severus, all you need to do is ask her on a date,' Minerva said carefully. 'She will either say yes or no but at least, whichever the answer, you will know how she feels about you too.'

'I I can't do it,' he said quickly.

'I don't see why not. She is perfect for you,' Minerva said softly, gently cupping his cheek with her hand in a motherly way.

'She is far too good for me,' he sad sadly. 'I shall never deserve her.'

Minerva shook her head and let go of her Potions master and exited the staffroom. Severus stared out after her, feeling his control slipping. He wanted to cry but Severus Snape certainly never cried, nor would he ever start. Blinking back the stinging, tingling tearfulness in his eyes, he straightened himself out and followed the same track as everyone else to the Great Hall.

Hermione stared out at the lake, the moon and stars reflecting off the surface. Her breaths came out in puffs of fog because the air was chilled. Winter was only about a week away from starting, and soon the grounds would be covered with snow, and the lake would be frozen over. Then the students would pull their skates out of storage and the snowball fight season would begin.

She had felt a great sadness settle over her during the past three weeks. It had all started when she had taken Severus some dinner a month beforehand. In that time, her feelings for the man had changed, and instead of being simply attracted to him, she believed she was falling in love with him. It came as quite a shock to her when she had realized what she had been feeling, but by that night, she was feeling rather bitter. Severus Snape could never love her. He was out of her league, not to mention that he was older than her and probably thought she was beneath him.

'Damn,' Hermione muttered to herself.

'Why the cursing, Hermione?' asked a familiar, velvety smooth voice from behind her.

Hermione spun around in shock to find Severus standing very close to her. 'Severus you gave me a fright,' she said a tad breathlessly.

'I apologise, Hermione. It was not my intention,' he said smoothly, his voice taking on a polite, charming tone. 'What, pray tell, are you doing outside in this weather? You're going to get yourself sick. Isn't it bad enough that the dunderheads that we teach are spreading disease?'

Hermione laughed softly at his snarkiness. She had wondered for a split second back there if he had been kidding or not. She decided that he had been, and all of the suaveness had just been a lapse in judgment. He looked nice in the moonlight despite the shadows the moon cast making his features seem sharper. He truly was an astoundingly beautiful man.

'I like it out here,' she answered carefully. 'It's quiet, peaceful, and there is quite a lovelier view down here than through the castle windows.'

'Solitude,' he remarked dryly.

'No, Severus these stars definitely mean peace,' Hermione said, smiling at him a little shyly. It was seeing the smile he returned that caused the damn to break.

She walked right up to him and wrapped her arms around his waist in a tight hug, burying her face into the black fabric of his coat and robes. He stiffened, but soon after relaxed and wrapped her in the warmth of his arms and his robes combined. Severus could feel his heart racing in his chest as she snuggled further into his warmth. This was everything he had ever wanted to have his touch accepted by someone.

'Hermione...' he breathed out, pulling her back from him so that he could look her in the eye. 'Come on let's get out of the cold.'

She nodded wordlessly, but before he could turn around to leave, her instincts took over and she pulled him back, reaching up to cup his face between her hands. And then she kissed him. It wasn't the hot, steamy, tongue-tangling kiss that she wanted to give, but the chaste press of their lips together sent a spark through them both. Severus had never been more stunned in his life and didn't respond for a moment before he realized that the woman he loved was kissing him.

Their lips moved innocently against each other for a while before Severus pulled back to gaze at Hermione, her lips slightly swollen, cheeks flushed even in the moonlight. She was beautiful.

'...Hermione...' he said breathlessly.

Hermione took his hand then and led them both back to the castle, bypassing the stairs going up and leading him down to the Dungeons. They arrived at the door to his office, and he barely had the presence of mind to take down the wards. He did, however, and he locked it behind them. Once they were alone in his office, he pulled her to him again, and this time, he initiated the kiss. It was not like their first kiss. His tongue immediately sought entrance to her mouth, which she readily gave.

Severus thought he might faint from the emotions pulsing through him. Then he realized what a ridiculous thing to think he would do. Severus Snape did not faint. If anything, he would pass out. But the feeling of her tongue against his and her body pressed to his sent those thoughts packing. He would not deny himself this. Minerva had been right. He should have said something sooner. He reached behind him and pressed a stone on the wall, breaking away from their kiss just long enough to mutter a password.

He lifted Hermione up into his arms and carried her through the corridor that appeared, taking her with him to his chambers. They both knew by then what would be happening that night and they both wanted it. Hermione felt herself being placed reverently on a bed before Severus was kissing her again. And then it was all a blur from there but a very pleasurable blur indeed.

When Severus woke up an indefinite amount of time later, he felt a little disoriented at first. He felt something move from beside him and looked over to see the very beautiful, warm form of Hermione Granger, curled up under his bedding. He knew then that their lovemaking had not been a dream, and he smiled, curling himself around her body and allowing his eyes to close once more.

'Severus?' said a soft voice from outside his sleep. 'Severus, wake up!'

He grumbled and pulled a pillow over his head so he could not hear anything, but that was immediately ripped away from him. Severus frowned and blinked a few times as he opened his eyes to see the smiling face of Hermione Granger looming over him. He felt himself smiling back at her and reached out his arms to pull her back down to him and kissed her. When she pulled up for air, he could see the silly grin looming over her beautiful, glistening lips.

'Severus, really, not now,' she said firmly. 'There's only an hour until we have to be in the Great Hall for breakfast.'

'It's Sunday, Hermione,' he said in a whining voice. 'We are not obligated to go to any meals today. Besides, I'd much rather eat you.'

Hermione stifled a giggle with her hand and swatted him playfully on the chest. It had been two months since that night when he had cornered her out in the cold, and New Years had already come and gone. There was rarely a night that the two of them had not fallen asleep in the same bed since then. Hermione found that loving Severus was so much easier than hating him. He was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her. She had given him her virginity, which he had apologized for countless times, but she was glad that it had been him.

'I love you,' Hermione told him, kissing his cheek. She had told him that every morning with a tiny peck on the cheek since the morning after their first time together.

He chuckled and hugged her around the hips tightly. 'I love you too,' he replied, sitting up so that he could press a kiss to her neck as he always did.

'Perhaps we could just stay in bed all day?' she said, snuggling her nude form against his and wriggling around until she was comfortable. 'I'm sure Minerva and the other professors will have a field day.'

Severus sat up sharply when she said that. He didn't care if anyone knew that he was with Hermione, but he couldn't stand being the source of everyone's amusement. 'Not in this lifetime,' he growled, hauling Hermione out of bed with him and into the bathroom to take a shower. One hour later, a very sated Severus Snape entered the Great Hall with Hermione walking along beside him. He pulled out her chair and let her sit before he sat next to her with Minerva on his other side.

'Good morning, Severus,' Minerva said with an amused smirk. 'I must say you certainly have been looking healthy these days.'

This caused many of the other staff members to chuckle quietly. He scowled at the woman and poked at his food. If he didn't love Hermione so much, he would not be putting up with it. After all he was Severus Snape, and he did not become a simpering half-wit simply because he was getting laid on a regular basis. Even in a relationship, he would not be anyone other than who he was.

'Then, Minerva, I suggest you get some help you're looking a bit under the weather these days,' he said snarkily, causing the entire table to erupt in laughter at the Potion master's wit and Minerva's expression.

The students in the Great Hall simply watched the spectacle, not understanding why it was that the staff was all laughing, or even more mysterious, why Professor Granger leaned over to kiss Professor Snape on the mouth. Their school just got stranger and stranger all of the time.

Please feel free to review and let me know what you think!