

# Warmth

*by Ladymage Samiko*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Severus Snape was warm. That's how he knew he was dead. Alive, he hadn't been warm for... an extremely long time. But that was all the same now. He was dead, after all.

Carefully, uncertain of what he would find, he opened his eyes. They became almost impossibly large as he ascertained his true whereabouts.

Still in the Shrieking Shack. (Merlin, how he hated the place!) Hermione Granger hunched over him at an awkward angle; he froze, becoming even more alarmed until he realised that she was not dead, merely asleep. Propped up by the wall, she was seated Indian-style.

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His head was in her lap.

He could feel thick cloth wrapped around his throat; a blanket draped over the rest of him. That's why he was warm. Granger had found him, bandaged him, stayed with him. She'd tried to make him comfortable.

Motionless, Snape regarded the girl, her head tilted slightly, appearing inquisitive even while sleeping. Her mouth was slightly open; he half expected her to start spouting questions. His own mouth quirked slightly.

There was a slight pressure on his neck; Hermione's hands were cradling his injuries.

She was caring for him. That was why he was warm.

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AN - Sempraseverus has created a lovely bit of art that was inspired by this drabble pair and which may be found at her deviantart account by following [this link](#).