

Hiding Hermione

by ApollinaV

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or anything recognizable to the HP-Universe, JK Rowling does. I'm not making any money off the writing of this fanfic.

This was written in response to luvsev's drabble prompt: Hermione is trying to hide from someone and Severus stumbles upon her hiding place. What happens when he finds her?

BANG!

Severus' head snapped up from watching the last three cubes of ice melt in the dregs of his scotch when the outer door to his DADA classroom was slammed hard enough that he could hear it in his quarters. Someone was about to be very sorry they crossed him.

"Fucking kids," he muttered before heaving himself off the couch.

He slung his crumpled dress robes over his shoulders and tried to muster the 'givadamn' to stare down the hormonal students, no doubt fornicating on his dueling mats. It was the tail end of the Halloween Ball and unlike his blessed dungeons, the DADA classroom was conveniently located near the Great Hall.

Severus loudly banged his classroom door open, hoping to scare the little shits senseless.

"Get over here!" he barked.

There was no answer.

"If you don't present yourself front and center in exactly three seconds, I swear I'll give you so much detention you'll wish you had been expelled!"

His ears detected a slight whimper, and Severus' predatory eyes narrowed at the dueling dummies stacked against the corner.

"Gotcha," he whispered with a smirk.

The stinging stunner he sent towards the dummies resulted in a satisfying yelp.

Slowly, a lone figure emerged in the moonlight, and Severus' eyebrow arched in amusement.

"Professor Granger," Severus addressed smoothly, "Trysting in abandoned classrooms are we?"

Hermione winced and rubbed the scorch mark on her bum. The delicate material was puckered and no amount of spellwork would undo the damage. Damn the man.

She hobbled into the half-light streaming through the high windows, and Severus grimaced. The scant contents of dinner and copious quantities of scotch soured in his stomach. She was gorgeous in her champagne colored gown, but no more so than any other day. The very idea that some sweaty male would get his palms on her silken thighs, and in his classroom no less, was a curdling thought.

"I wasn't trysting, Professor," Hermione clarified with a nasty look in his direction. "I was hiding," she ruefully admitted under her breath.

Still, Severus heard the comment and was intrigued.

There was a tentative knock on the door.

"Help me," she pleaded.

"Petal?" Professor Slughorn's head peeked into the classroom, and he brightened when he saw her. "There you are, my rosebud! But why are you in the dark? You're not playing coy, are you? Oh, I do so love it when you play hard to get!"

Severus cleared his throat, announcing his presence.

"Horace, what are you doing here?" he asked with supreme distaste.

"I... uh... brought Petal some of my finest vintage wine. It was a gift from the Caliphate of Cordoba." He fished a bottle and two glasses out of his deceptively small pockets and held them forward with meaty hands towards Hermione. "It's very good, from a elven winery founded in the ninth century."

"Thank you," Severus stated simply, relieving Professor Slughorn of his gifts, and set them on his desk.

"But that's for Petal. I thought we could —"

Severus cut him off, "I can't imagine what you thought, but I assure you, I don't appreciate other men drinking with my lover."

Both Hermione and Professor Slughorn's heads whipped toward Severus, who stood in an intimidating stance that brooked no argument.

Horace looked wildly between Severus and Hermione, who'd moved towards Snape - seeking protective sheltering from the dark wizard.

"But... but..." he sputtered.

"Good night, Professor Slughorn," Severus intoned.

Horace turned and fled.

Severus began uncorking the wine.

Hermione tapped her foot.

"Lover?" she shrilly asked, accepting the tantalizing glass of red wine.

"Shall I call him back and tell him we've split up?" Severus asked with a wicked gleam.

Hermione knocked back a less than ladylike sip and shook her head. "Not on your life. Sluggo has been pawing after me all night."

Severus rolled his eyes, which landed on her ample cleavage. "You led him on," he stated simply.

Severus grabbed the bottle and headed back towards his living room, holding the door open for his 'lover.'

"I did not lead him on!" Hermione insisted while making herself comfortable next to him on his sofa.

"Oh? And just what was that flirting the other day then?"

Hermione's brows worried up. "Honestly, Professor, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Severus," he whispered gently into her ear. "If we are to play the part of lovers, Hermione, I dare say you should call me by my given name."

A thrill raced through him as she shuddered lightly. Severus lazily listened to her breathing slow and watched her bosom heave.

"You practically threw yourself at him at Monday's staff meeting," he murmured, nuzzling the soft crook of her neck. It was damned forward of him, but Severus didn't right care, and Hermione hadn't stopped him. No, judging by her shallow gasps, his attentions were very welcome.

"What are you talking about," she snapped, instantly breaking the mood.

"Your discussion with Rolanda and Minerva about wanting an older man. Hermione, you went on and on about how desirable mature wizards were and how much you love a man who can brew. Old Sluggo was practically drooling," he said disgustedly.

"You idiot!" Hermione wailed. "I was talking about you."

"Me?"

He hadn't actually considered that.

"Yes, of course, you. I've been leaving subtle hints that I fancy you for months."

Bewildered, Severus' mouth opened and closed several times. He was damned good at picking up on subtlety, and Hermione *had* been bugging him throughout the year, but he assumed if she felt anything towards him, she would be as obvious as a Gryffindor about it.

Hermione's eyes were dangerously narrowed, and she looked a bit like a wet harpy. "Well? Aren't you going to kiss me?" she challenged.

"Gladly."

Severus' hands cradled her impertinent jaw line that he'd ached for months to caress. His fingers tangled into the hair that he had fantasized about touching. And his mouth sealed over her tender lips he had longed to kiss.

Well, there you have it. Thank you to luvsev for her inspiring prompt. And thanks to Christev20 for beta'ing it. Unless she would prefer goat cheese...

