

# Cake Mix

by DawnEB

Having taken refuge with Hermione Granger, Severus Snape can't hold his tongue.

## Cake Mix

Chapter 1 of 1

Having taken refuge with Hermione Granger, Severus Snape can't hold his tongue.

Severus Snape sat at the small kitchen table and watched from the corner of his eye as Granger searched through the cupboards and banged ingredients on the counter. Her evident anger amused him. Good. He was making her as uncomfortable as he felt in her presence, if not in the same way. It was for the best, he thought.

He'd been forced out of his home whilst an infestation of Puffskeins was dealt with. The furry creatures that made for pleasant, easy-care pets became a pest when a population explosion was triggered. Snape had no idea how they'd got into the house, but it rapidly got to the stage where he couldn't open a cupboard without a small avalanche of furry bodies falling out onto him - much to the amusement of his colleague, Hermione Granger, who had come to borrow a book he had mentioned owning. Barely able to contain her laughter, even under his most withering glare, she restrained herself long enough to suggest he avail himself of her spare room for a few days while he had the Magical Pest Control in to deal with the problem.

She'd soon regretted her offer. Snape had endured her attempts to be a 'good host' with ill grace. He was, truth be told, grateful for her offer, but soon realised it had been a mistake. As a colleague, he knew how to deal with the woman, both in the workplace and in the small out-of-hours meetings engendered by work. He was cordial yet slightly remote and enjoyed the occasional lively debate with her on all manner of things. Here, in her home, he was distinctly ill at ease.

He could cope with sharing her kitchen or living room; he had visited her briefly in the past, and these rooms were somewhat familiar. However, there was something different about sharing a bathroom, something more *intimate* about stepping naked into a shower that her equally naked body had occupied (albeit unseen) only minutes before, her scent still in the moist air. And the way she curled up beside him on her small two-seater sofa, absorbed in some paperback novel with her bare toes almost touching his thigh was... excruciating. Her evident ease around him only increased his awareness and tension as his feelings about her emerged.

The Puffskeins had proved harder to remove than expected, mainly due to Granger's insistence on using humane methods, and instead of the expected two nights, three had already passed, and the weekend (which the Magical Pest Controllers didn't work when dealing with less noxious beasts) loomed. Snape didn't think he would be able to maintain his professional relationship with the witch if he had to endure her lounging around in that conservative-yet-flattering satin dressing robe of hers until late morning, sorting out her underwear from the laundry pile, as she had informed him was her usual habit of a Saturday. Even if *she* hadn't noticed he was still a man, as a wizard he was still in his prime, and he was forced to admit he found Hermione Granger to be altogether a very attractive package.

Snape needed to distance himself from her before his libido made a fool of him, and if he wasn't in a position to simply up and leave without an explanation then he would retreat into his old ways and drive her away with his sniping and snarky comments. This had come to head when he'd made a particular cutting remark at work that day and Hermione had glared at him before storming off to the tea room. He realised he'd gone too far. She'd avoided him, and he'd arrived back at her flat before her. Upon her arrival she blatantly ignored his greeting and had set to with whatever task she was intent on undertaking.

Before long it became obvious that Hermione was making a cake—or trying too. The amount of anger she was channelling into the process would have been better suited to bread making, and Snape frowned as her heavy handed beating threatened to ruin the batter. He didn't want to push the witch too far, but eventually he couldn't refrain from commenting.

"You're doing that wrong," he said. Hermione stopped her beating for a second before starting to beat with even more abandon. He sighed. Much like potions, he abhorred seeing good ingredients wasted by poor technique, especially when he knew she could do so much better. Standing up, he walked around her and attempted to wrest the bowl from her before she went too far.

"Granger, if you don't—"

"Snape, get your hands off—"

They spoke over each other as they tugged on the mixing bowl, and Hermione gestured threateningly at Snape, forgetting she still held the spoon. A fat glob of cake batter hit Snape on the brow and slowly dripped down his face. After a moment of shocked silence, Hermione burst into a fit of giggles, which wasn't helped when Snape raised an eyebrow still thick with batter at her.

"So you think that's funny, do you?" Snape's voice was deceptively calm as he reached his fingers into the bowl and flicked the batter at her, effectively stilling Hermione's laughter as the mix splattered across her face and proceeded to drip off her chin and onto her cleavage.

"Oh, Severus Snape," Hermione intoned slowly as she put the bowl to one side. "You are so not getting to lick the bowl now!" Both of them looked down at the trail of batter mix as it dripped below the neckline of her robes.

"I can think of something far more pleasant to lick the batter from than the bowl," Snape murmured distractedly. An indrawn breath alerted him to the fact he had just made the comment aloud, and he looked up in horror at his slip. Their eyes locked, and something he saw there prompted Snape to follow his instincts. He moved in and gently sucked the batter from her cheek before moving to her mouth, letting her taste it straight from his tongue for a moment before moving down and following the trail down her sternum, nuzzling his somewhat large nose across the upper swell of her breasts as he did so.

"I-I didn't think you were interested... I made all sorts of openings, but you never seemed to respond positively..." Hermione murmured breathlessly as her fingers moved through his hair and scratched gently at his scalp.

"Then curse me for a fool for mistakenly thinking I was seeing more than was there through my own desire," he replied once he had licked clean as far as he could reach.

"Mm, it's just a shame I wasted the ingredients before we came to our senses," Hermione said ruefully, looking at the overworked mixture in the bowl. A glint appeared in Snape's eye.

"Perhaps we can find a way to use it anyway," Snape said suggestively as he lifted the bowl in one hand and tugged Hermione gently towards the bedroom.

AN: Prompt From savinesnape: Hermione is baking a cake, Severus is struggling to hold back comments about her technique stirring the mixture etc.