

# A Real Man

*by sunny33*

An expanded scene for The Runner, written for the Picture of a Man community on LJ. Hermione discovers Severus Snape has pubic hair.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: None of the characters are mine, much as I would like to have them.

The glistening bead of sweat, called by gravity's inexorable force, slowly rolled down... down... down. Past the plain of the wizard's chest, past the toned abdominal muscles, diverting briefly around the navel. Lower... lower... slowed by the trail of dark hair leading towards the low-slung waistband of his running shorts. Finally, disappearing into the thick, surprisingly curly hair that was not quite covered by the brief garment. Pubic hair. Severus Snape's pubic hair. Severus Snape had pubic hair.

She shouldn't have been surprised. After all, he was not merely a powerful wizard, a bitter ex-spy, a dour Potions master. He was a man. Male – a sexual being, his pubic hair giving evidence of the other male attributes surely to be found nestled in its embrace. Why was this wizard's pubic hair so fascinating? She had seen Ron and Harry's pubic hair on many occasions while camping in the Forest of Dean. Living in such close quarters for so long had left few secrets between the three of them. But theirs was of little interest. Nothing to provoke the secret thrill the uninvited intimacy of viewing this man's pubic hair had done.

His usual buttoned-up, repressed demeanour was not conducive to contemplation about pubic hair. The subject of what lay under his many, concealing layers of clothing was regularly discussed within giggling groups of female students, but as far as she was aware, the topic of pubic hair had never been mooted. It was as if the concept of his sexuality was as foreign to their minds as granting points to Gryffindor was to his.

She felt a sudden urge to run her fingers through those black curls. Were they crisp and crinkly, or soft and silken? Would a light touch across their tips cause a gasp of pleasure? From him – or from herself?

Watching as he used his T-shirt as a makeshift towel, she imagined herself in its place as it passed across his lower abdomen, brushing the sweat-soaked waistband aside, revealing more of the hidden treasure beneath. Not quite revealing his most private anatomy, but nevertheless the singularity of the view left her breathless. All too soon, he turned and walked away, unaware of the transfixed witch sitting in the shadows considering the notion of Severus Snape, the man.

Back in the Great Hall, the lively chatter surrounded her as breakfast was consumed, gossip was shared, and classes were discussed. A glance at the staff table showed that Severus Snape looked his normal self. Surly, non-communicative, and fully clothed. Only she knew his secret. Pubic hair. Normal, male, incredibly sexy pubic hair. She sighed. Potions class was about to become extremely trying.

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A/N: This expanded scene from The Runner was posted on LJ for the Picture of a Man community. Thanks to rdholmantx for the beta.