

# That Kind of Man

by *blackaces924*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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That Kind of Man

She remembered the first time she really looked at him.

Looked at him as a man.

It had been mid-morning on a beautiful May day; she had walked into his office after having just finished teaching a second-year Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff class to find him asleep in his chair with a copy of *Potions Monthly* on the floor. He must have been too tired to notice; otherwise, she was sure he would never have allowed his precious books and journals to flop down onto the floor.

She stopped short at once. She had never been more entranced by the sight of a man—a man, not a boy—a man who seemed to have discarded his customary black teaching robes. The long legs stretched out in front of him seemed to have enhanced his height. Her eyes slowly travelled up his frame to be jolted to yet another stop. She almost gasped out loud. The top two buttons of his shirt were undone. It showed pale, smooth skin with the hint of a sparse sprinkling of chest hair.

She reluctantly dragged her eyes away, only to find her breath truly caught in her throat, then.

It was something as mundane as morning stubble. Of all things! But it *was* his morning stubble. Perhaps all the more so because it *was* his. Oh, his long legs and the subtle hint of a sinewy yet powerful chest bewitched her mind, but it was without a doubt that his morning stubble had ensnared her senses.

The short hairs dotted along his jaw line. They were black—as midnight black as his shoulder-length hair. She suddenly wondered what it would feel like to have his cheek scrape against hers. A frisson of excitement skidded down her sides. She imagined that it would feel rather prickly, just like the surly personality he cloaked himself with and portrayed to the rest of the world. Would it have the same texture as his chest hair? She knew he had shaved this morning because she had passed him by hurriedly on her way to the Great Hall for breakfast. And an unshaven Professor Snape would have registered in her mind because she never saw him like that.

The sight of his morning stubble hit a nerve somewhere inside her and sent a tingle down her spine. The fact that he had shaved this morning and yet was now sporting stubble on his jaw, she surmised, meant that he was a very virile man.

At that moment, it unnerved her that the obvious evidence of the masculinity of him, this man whom she had admired and respected for so long, was doing strange things to her insides. She felt an inexplicable urge to place her cheek next to his. Or if she were to be particularly impulsive, to ghost her lips lightly along his jaw. To feel the rasp of his manly stubble under her soft lips.

She barely reined in that particular urge at the last moment, but she did wonder whether stubble burns would be left on her face as a result of an impassioned ravishment, should he ever kiss her.

Yet, she couldn't take her eyes off this rough growth of hair, so she leaned closer, pretending to sweep a dangling lock of hair behind his ear.

Suddenly, her wrist was caught in his hand in a vice grip.

*“Stay.”*