

Senses

by *seвра28*

Two lonely hearts...that find each other.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

Two lonely hearts...that find each other.

I don't own, Property of J.K. Rowling.

A/N: This is an entry to [hpcon_envy](#) for Laiksmarei and Ferporcel who requested Severus, games, and Olfactory Sense. I didn't intend to mix the prompts, it just happened. Enjoy!

He was never good at relating to women, especially when it came to matters of the heart. He had been smitten with Lily Evans, but instead of expressing his love for Lily in a proper manner, he had allowed it to become a very unhealthy obsession that in the end took him more than twenty years to get over. When he first started to notice girls, they never gave him the time of day, judging him as ugly and awkward. Even now that he was in his forties, women tended to shy away when he approached them. At some point, he became content with being alone and turned to the seedy recesses of Knockturn Alley to fulfill his baser needs.

That was one of the reasons he sat staring at Professor Granger with a total look of disbelief. Usually he was very good at showing indifference, but this situation was unbelievable, and he was confused.

Severus (as she had lately started to call him) and Ms. Granger had been friends for years after she had become a Professor. After a rocky start, they agreed that he was an absolute git and that she was an arse-kissing know-it-all. They even got along to the point where they started having a weekly game night. Severus would escort her to her quarters, and they would play Muggle board games until early morning.

His confusion now was not over the fact that she served him a cup of their usual after-dinner tea. It wasn't because he enjoyed looking at her in her short, snug pajama shirt. No, it was because she had slipped a philtre into his tea. He didn't take Ms. Granger for the desperate type – she was a very beautiful woman – so he couldn't understand why she would do such a thing. She had to know that he was well aware that she had slipped him something: he was a Potions master and his olfactory sense was top notch. He was exemplary in his field and had come to love his nose because of this fact.

She stopped setting up the board game when she noticed that he had set his cup back down.

"Severus, is there something wrong with the tea?" At that moment, he knew that she had intentionally slipped him an enchantment potion. He only had one choice: he sipped the tea.

"No, Hermione, nothing at all." She smiled a smile that let him know that he wouldn't be disappointed.

"Good. Let the games begin."

Thank you AmyLouise

Please review.

