Just Dessert

by debjunk

Severus invites Hermione to his room for evening pudding.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus glanced over at Hermione. The witch who'd been making his life miserable was chatting happily with Minerva. Did she not know the affect she had on him? There it was… the smile that turned his stomach inside-out. Oh, and there was the little thing she did with her fingers. Wouldn't it be nice to have those fingers doing that to his chest?

Merlin, shut up already! You will drive yourself insane with this non-stop longing.

He couldn't help himself, he peeked at her from behind his curtain of hair again. *Bloody hell, she's caught me gawking at her. Now what do I do?*

Severus straightened his already rigid body into a more rigid pose. He glared at Hermione. She eyed him back. Her eyebrows rose questioningly.

"Evening pudding in my quarters, Professor Granger!" he spat.

Hermione's eyebrows rose even higher on her head.

"And don't wear anything complicated!" With that request, Severus rose from the table and stalked out of the Great Hall.

"My, he's in a snit tonight, isn't he?" Minerva mused. "I wonder what you've done to anger him so?"

Hermione stared after him. "I'm not sure," she muttered before going back to her roast beef. She mulled over the short yet odd conversation with Severus. He'd been almost livid, yet his request for her to wear something uncomplicated had sent a shiver down her spine. Why would he want her to do that?

Severus stormed down the stairs to the dungeon. *What in the name of Circe have I just done? Those raised eyebrows called to me, and I just gave in. Then, I had to go and ask her to my room. And that comment about her clothing. Where did that come from? Oh, I know exactly where it came from, but Hermione would slap me in the face if she ever knew.*

She's not for me, and I know it. That infantile Weasley has her affections. She could not ever see me as more than a colleague and resident thorn-in-her-side. That's all I am. And now I've gone and invited her to my room for… what? Embarrassment, obviously. I should just be prepared for her to laugh at me. That's all I'm good for… a laugh. Hah, hah, Snape fancies someone. What a lark! Has he looked in the mirror lately?

Severus sneered as he approached his door. With a wave of his wand, his wards were lowered, and he stalked into his room. The door slammed of its own accord, reflecting the darkness that surrounded the Potions master. He skulked to his armchair to await the arrival of the woman who would be his downfall.

It didn't take Hermione long to come down to Severus' room. His house-elf had barely had time to make up the table when there was a knock on his door. The house-elf disappeared as Severus stalked to the door. He threw it open and glowered at Hermione. He saw her visibly shrink away from him. Glancing at her attire, he felt his pulse quicken. The woman could wear anything and look sexy. She had on a simple, black wrap-around dress with summery sort-sleeves. It was as if she'd planned to make his blood boil, the way the dress accentuated every curve on her body. Severus grunted to himself.

"Well, come in!" he demanded.

Hermione furrowed her brow before stepping into his room. He ushered her to the table and got her seated before sweeping to the opposite seat and gracefully settling into the chair.

"Help yourself," he offered as he loaded his plate with chocolate trifle.

Hermione served herself some apple crumble, and the two silently began their dessert. Soon, their plates were empty, but no words had been spoken. The long, uncomfortable silence seemed to be too much for Hermione. At long last, she cleared her throat.

"Why did you ask me here, Severus?"

Severus scowled at her. "I wanted to ask your help with a potion. It takes long hours and must be monitored constantly. I could use someone to take turns watching over it." He pointed to a robe used in lab work. "You may change into that, if you'd like."

Hermione sighed, but dutifully got up and moved to Severus' bathroom. She emerged soon after, clothed in the white lab-robe. The two moved back to Severus' lab.

It was true he had a potion he was working on, but it didn't need constant supervision. The witch beside him need never know that. He approached the potion and explained that it was in the simmering phase. Hermione peeked into the cauldron and looked at the potion. She waved her hand over it and sniffed. Straightening up, she gave Severus a curious look.

"Severus, this is a simple Fire Protection Potion. It doesn't need to be monitored constantly."

Damn! Severus narrowed his eyes at her. "Are you questioning me?"

"Well, no, but I'm sure this doesn't need…"

"*I'm* sure, Professor Granger, that not being a Potions master like myself, you would have no idea what this potion needs or doesn't need."

"Now wait a minute! Just because I'm not as savvy as you doesn't mean that…"

"I will not argue with you about Potion brewing semantics!"

Hermione narrowed her eyes at him. "What is it with you? You've been sniping at me all day."

"It doesn't matter!" Severus snarled as he turned away from her.

Hermione grasped his arm and held him in place. "Of course it matters! Have I done something to upset you?"

Severus wrenched his arm from hers. "No! You have done *nothing.*" He stalked out of the lab.

Hermione sighed in frustration and followed him out.

"Just what does that mean?" she asked when she was behind him again.

Severus wheeled around. "It doesn't matter. I said before, it doesn't matter. Go back to your darling, red-headed Weasley. I want nothing to do with you!"

"Ginny? Why would I go to see Ginny?"

"Not Ginny! The imbecile you call a boyfriend."

Hermione looked confused for a minute. "You couldn't mean Ron, could you?"

"Of course I mean *Ron.* Who else encompasses your thoughts night and day?"

Hermione studied Severus for a minute. The minute ticked away agonizingly as Severus glowered back at her. She finally arched an eyebrow at him.

"Actually, you encompass my thoughts night and day."

Severus' jaw dropped. "I beg your pardon?"

"You, Severus Snape, are all I think about anymore! Your eyes haunt my dreams, that scowl comes to mind at the oddest times. I'm incredibly attracted to you, Severus. I just thought you weren't interested in me that way."

"But what about Weasley?"

Hermione laughed. "Weasley and I broke up three months ago! Didn't you hear me tell Minerva that?"

Severus looked down at the ground sulkily. "I must have been trying to ignore you on that day."

Hermione tilted her head in amusement. "You try to ignore me?"

"Every minute of every day, Hermione," Severus admitted.

"Are you going to keep ignoring me?"

Severus looked quickly at Hermione. Hope filled his soul. It was an emotion he hadn't felt in a long time.

"I would rather not."

Hermione grinned at him… *that* grin. He came undone. Closing the distance between them, he pulled her to him. His mouth claimed hers. She moaned as he caressed her lips with his. Her moan sent him into a fury as he intensified his kisses, entering her mouth and lovingly worshipping her.

Finally, they broke apart. He rested his forehead on hers. The woman who he had sworn would be his undoing now belonged to him. This had certainly been the best night of his life.