

Stud-muffin

by debjunk

Hermione tries an unusual method to get Severus to admit his feelings for her. Will it work?

oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione Granger stared across the table at Fred and George Weasley. She looked down at the chocolate bar that was placed on the table. Her mouth turned down in a frown.

"And you guarantee that this will work?" she asked for the tenth time.

"Hermione, when have we ever gone wrong?"

Hermione gaped at her friends, the two biggest pranksters in the Wizarding world. "Quite often, actually... especially when you're developing a new product."

George waved a dismissive hand. "That's when we're researching. This product is tried and tested. It'll work. It's guaranteed to have the wizard of your dreams basically being a Casanova to you."

Hermione quickly grabbed the candy bar and placed it in her robes. "I'll pay after I see the results." In an instant, she'd risen and left the joke shop, Apparating away with a pop.

Hermione strategically placed the candy bar on her table. In a few minutes, Severus would be stopping by to go over plans for the next Hogsmeade weekend. They were to chaperone together, and he was insistent that they work out everything ahead of the upcoming weekend. She'd jumped at the chance to have him stop by. He'd been acting funny for a few weeks and late one evening, instead of sleeping, she'd spent the whole night analyzing his behavior.

He looks away when I smile at him. He runs the other way when I'm coming down the hall. He makes excuses that he has meetings with fictional people to avoid me. Who on earth is The Incredible Arse, anyway? Maybe he was talking about Dumbledore, he's been grumpy lately.

Realization hit her like a ton of bricks. Severus Snape was attracted to her. The rest of the night was spent in deliberating just what she was going to do about it.

Now she looked down at the results of her planning. That candy bar should loosen Severus up so he could tell her how he felt. She crossed her fingers as there was a light rap on her door. Hopefully it would work.

Severus stared down at the candy bar on the table with a furrowed brow.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, it's one of my favorite Muggle candy bars," Hermione explained. She motioned toward the candy. "You should try it. It's divine."

"I don't know how you could label anything other than Swiss chocolate as divine," Severus drawled.

"Try it and you'll see."

Severus gave her an annoyed look, but reached down and took the chocolate. He ripped the wrapper and took a bite. He chewed thoughtfully and was about to comment on the taste when he dropped the chocolate bar and smiled seductively at her. He lifted his chin and wiggled his eyebrows at her. Hermione gaped back.

Running a hand through his hair, he lifted his eyebrows at her seductively. He smirked as if he knew the answers to all the worlds' questions. Swiftly closing the distance between them, his hand reached up and fondled her hair.

"Your hair is the color of a beaver's tail." His hand moved to her cheek. "Your skin is as smooth as burn paste and your eyes... your eyes are as big as clocks." His seductive smile was back.

Hermione's eyes widened in shock. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"You are the perfect mate for me! I am the tall, dark, incredibly handsome yet misunderstood hero, and you are the woman who has waited for me for her entire life! Am I not the most gorgeous thing you've ever laid eyes on?"

Hermione blanched. "Gorgeous? Well, yes... but..."

He pulled her close, his arms encircling her waist, grasping her so that her body pressed against him. "Do you feel that?" he asked.

"Feel what?" she questioned back with a puzzled look.

"Do you feel how your soft curves complement my supple yet muscular chest? Can you see how we fit together like two pieces of a puzzle? Are we not meant for each other, Hermione Granger!"

Hermione's mouth opened a little, yet she had no idea how to answer him. She needn't have worried. At that instant, his mouth crashed against hers. He swept her back and bent her low as his tongue found its way into her mouth. Hermione's hands came up and tried to push him away, but he just continued on with his onslaught.

"You are the most divine being I've ever laid eyes on. We are a perfect match, you and I. With my good looks and your brains, we can do anything!"

He finally straightened up with her, and she stepped back and gazed at him as if he'd lost his mind. *How long is this chocolate supposed to last? Merlin, another hour.*

Hermione did the only thing she could do. She ran. Doubling around, she sprinted to her door, threw it open, and slammed it behind her as she flew down the hall in search of a hiding place where Severus would not find her.

"Hermione, my love... wait!" She ran even faster.

It'll be a cold day in hell when Fred and George get paid for that monstrosity!

An hour later, Hermione returned to her room to find Severus still there. He was sitting on her sofa with his head in his hands, muttering to himself.

"Of all the stupid... whatever could I have been thinking... she'll never speak to me again... I've blown any chance I've had with her."

Hermione was filled with compassion for Severus. This wasn't his fault. She'd tried to be Slytherin in her planning but had royally mucked everything up. Maybe she should leave the Slytherin guile to Severus from now on. Walking up to the sofa, she sat down next to him and placed a hand on his knee. He lifted his head and gazed at her in agony.

"I'm sorry," she told him.

"For what? I am the one who acted the complete fool!"

She frowned, fearing he wouldn't forgive her for her actions. Nonetheless, she needed to tell him the truth.

"The candy was made by the Weasley twins. It was supposed to help you to tell me how you felt about me. Instead, it turned you into... that man."

Severus looked into Hermione's eyes. "You know that I am attracted to you?"

Hermione shrugged. "It's rather obvious."

"And you wanted me to tell you, so you tried to coerce me magically?"

She looked at him sheepishly.

"Did you like the result?"

Hermione frowned and looked away. "No, I didn't."

"So, are you willing to let things move along at a natural pace from now on?"

Hermione's head snapped around as she looked at Severus with shock. "You... you would want to... to... whatever... after that stunt?"

"It seems only natural to do so."

He pulled her close and kissed her again. This time, he wasn't forceful or egotistical. He was gentle and caring. His hand came up to her cheek as his thumb softly rubbed it. Hermione sighed as the one thing she wanted finally occurred in the most wonderful way.

The next day, an owl delivered a small bag of galleons to Fred and George Weasley with this note: *Thanks for your hard work.*

The End

A/N: Many thanks to ApollinaV for her prompt: Severus fundamentally believes (for whatever reason) that he is the dashing hero of a smarmy romance novel