

Birthday Kiss

by luvsev

Hermione has an obsession.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione Granger had an obsession with Severus Snape—more precisely, his lips. Everything from the gentle pout his lower lip formed to the dip above his upper lip. Even the slight dryness made her want to lick his lips to moisten them.

His lips looked soft, and when curved, they devastated her. Every time he even faintly smiled, which wasn't often, she wondered what it would be like to press the tiniest of kisses to his pale-pink lips. Would he shiver and pull her closer? Would he sigh into her mouth? Or would he back away from her as if she had struck him?

A touch of his lips to hers was all she wanted for her birthday this year—just one moment to feel the soft warmth radiating from him, one moment to rest her hand on his black-clad chest and to feel the rhythmic beat of his heart. Alas, it was an idle wish of a fool.

This day was the same as many of the others; she was seated at the other end of the staff table, and she was fighting the urge to stare at Severus, who was buttering a piece of toast.

Sensing someone's intense stare, Severus looked up from his task and caught Hermione gazing at him with a hungry, devouring look in her eyes. She couldn't be thinking about him, could she? Maybe she wanted a piece of toast—there wasn't any on her end of the table. He would do the gentlemanly thing and bring her a stack.

'I caught you staring at me, Hermione.'

Startled, she gasped. 'I... I wasn't staring at you, Severus.'

'Sure, if you say so. I noticed you didn't have any toast. Would you like a piece of mine?' He offered her a piece from the stack he had brought on a silver-edged snack plate.

'Oh, thank you,' she said, wishing it was something else he was offering.

It was nearing midnight, and after tossing and turning for more than an hour, Hermione decided that sleep was out of the question. She needed a distraction... something to make her sleepy again. A mug of warm milk was a possibility, but she really wanted to take a stroll in the cool, late night air. Donning a cloak over her magenta-coloured, matching pyjamas, she slipped on a pair of sandals and made her way out of the castle.

Once outside, she looked up at the cloudless midnight sky and breathed deeply, the cool, sweet air filling her lungs. Standing by the lake, she saw a shadow appear beside her, but she did not startle because she knew who was standing at her side without looking—his scent of mild herbs and soap revealed his identity.

'It appears I'm not the only one who finds a late night stroll soothing.'

'Indeed, Severus.'

'Rumour has it today is your birthday.' The wind picked up and blew his raven hair in his face.

She peered at the moon. 'It is now. How did you know?'

'I always remember the important things, Hermione,' he whispered.

Turning, she met his longing gaze. 'And why is my birthday important to you?'

'Because... I wanted a special occasion to be able to do this.' He leaned forward and captured her lips with his own, gently kissing her as the air caressed their bodies.

Settling into his embrace, she said, 'You didn't have to wait to kiss me, Severus.'

'I wanted the perfect moment.' He pressed a kiss to her temple.

A/N: This was written as a birthday gift for christev. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for betaing.