

You Don't Have to Ask

by luvsev

Severus hears Hermione talking in her sleep.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Reclining in the stiff, wooden chair, Severus stretched and yawned, the bright, early morning light shining in his eyes as he did so. He shut his eyes to block the sun filtering in through the large windows in the library. It was too early to be awake, but there was mayhem to prevent, and he was the one elected to run early morning patrol.

A soft, muffled voice caught him off guard, causing him to tip his chair too far back. He jumped from the chair, and it clattered to the floor and broke.

Bloody hell! Doesn't McGonagall believe in replacing things? he thought.

He quickly repaired the damage he'd caused and went to investigate the source of the voice he had heard. It appeared as though the library was empty, at least until he arrived in the Restricted Section. In the far corner, he spotted the resting form of his colleague, Hermione Granger. She was surrounded by stacks of books, and a quill was still poised in her hand, although she was fast asleep.

'I can't have him; you know that,' she muttered.

Who can't she have? He crept toward an empty seat to hear what else she might have to say.

'Severus. I can't have him, Luna.'

Severus's mouth dropped open. *What? Why can't she have me? All she has to do is ask; hell, she doesn't even have to ask. She could just sit in my lap; I'm free for the taking.*

'—Luna, you don't understand. I can't just walk up to him and kiss him.'

Sure you can. Just don't expect to leave me after you do. Severus propped his long legs on a sturdy chair facing him.

'Because... I don't think he'd like the unwanted attention.' She began to stir, her arm shifting, and the quill fell to the parchment.

I'm tempted to wake her... show her that the attention is not unwanted. In fact, I could show her right on that table, or maybe against the wall. he mused.

Suddenly, she jolted awake, her head snapping up. Her heavy-lidded gaze fell upon her colleague's face. 'S-Severus,' she gasped, blushing.

'Morning, Miss Granger. Have *pleasant* dreams?' He smirked at her.

'Er... I guess so.'

'I'd say your last dream was interesting.'

She raised one soft-brown eyebrow and looked at him pointedly. 'Why would you say that?'

He chuckled as he changed his position and moved into a seat next to hers. 'You talk in your sleep.'

'Oh.' She flushed. 'How much did you hear?'

'Enough to determine that for some reason you think you can't have me. I wasn't under the impression that you wanted me.'

'The human mind is a tricky thing; it causes us to dream of things we never thought possible, things we may not want,' Hermione said.

Severus leaned forward in his chair until he was but an inch from her mouth. 'You're babbling, Hermione.' He caressed her jaw with his hand. 'So, if I were to do this, you wouldn't want it?'

'Do what?'

Severus pressed his lips to hers, effectively silencing her. He kissed her for a moment and pulled away. 'You know, you can have me. You don't have to ask.'

'Severus—'

'Yes?'

'Kiss me again.'

'As you wish.' Severus lifted Hermione onto his lap. He nipped her bottom lip, and she squeaked. 'Surprised?'

'I just never thought I'd be here,' she breathed into the only visible patch of skin on his neck.

A/N: Thanks to kittylefish for betaing. You are wonderful, darlin'. Also, this is a birthday present for my wonderful, talented friend, debjunk.