

# Speechless

*by ferporcel*

Hermione is rendered speechless by Severus Snape. One-shot. A/U. Post-HBP.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N:** I started writing this a long time ago as an exercise. Shey Snape read bits of it and insisted that I finish it, and she only had to wait a few years! \*lol\* Annie Talbot was generous enough to beta-read it for me. Yeah, she's awesome. \*hugs Annie\*

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Hermione was Severus Snape's assistant. No, she wasn't his apprentice or anything as formal—the war had made it so that whatever relationship she had with this man couldn't be anything but clandestine. She secretly aided him to help Harry find and destroy Horcruxes, but Hermione liked to think of it as the continuity of her education, nonetheless.

Of course, the lack of formality made it difficult for her to think of him as Professor Snape, shadow of the dungeons, master of spiteful words of derision, and Head of Slytherin House. Now, he was Severus Snape, owner of the basement lab, master of spiteful words of derision, and Voldemort's most loyal Death Eater. Okay, he was actually a spy in the Death Eater ranks for Hermione, who was the only one he seemed to trust with helping him bring down the Dark Lord.

She wanted this to change. She'd been telling him that they needed more than the few hours they managed to spend secretly working in his lab. They needed more than only two minds working on this.

It frustrated her to no end that he wouldn't agree or, worse, trust her that she knew who could or couldn't know of his true allegiances.

"I have to insist," Hermione affirmed.

She stared at the man with his back turned to her, ignoring her demands. He added another couple of ingredients to the cauldron as if she wasn't even there with him in his basement lab. She had more arguments, though.

"I know you never gave him much credit and that you dislike him just as much as you despise Harry, but his participation is crucial to the success of this operation. Although you don't acknowledge it, Ron has the courage and the brain for the job. I have endless faith in him, and he'll be able to work with us without threatening your position," she argued.

In two long strides, he invaded her personal space, and in one unexpected move, he grabbed her by the hair, tilting her head so she now met his gaze.

"What are you—?" She never finished her indignant inquiry, being cut short by soft lips caressing hers.

She didn't answer his unexpected kiss right away. The shock of surprise was only replaced by a shock of awareness when she felt his tongue tasting her lips, and then she melted into his mouth. The hand pulling at her hair lost strength and came to cup her head, supporting it for a deeper kiss.

He tilted his head a little more, finding a better angle to fully ravish her lips, and the movement made her open her mouth slightly, stunned by his ability to make her shiver.

He didn't wait for any more invitation to slide his tongue inside, ensuring a soft moan from her that died in the warmth of his mouth.

The dizzying sensations were like nothing she had experienced, and she wanted more and more. Hermione brought her hands to his shoulders, pulling him closer, letting a hand travel up to get lost among the locks of soft, coal-black hair.

One of his hands reached the small of her back, pulling, and there was no space between them.

His tongue caressing hers fully made her lose coherent thought, and her hand moved from his shoulder to his back, imitating the circling touch of it. It was overwhelming. She felt the need to step away from him for some air; she knew air was important, but somehow, dying from lack of it seemed perfectly fine, right at that moment.

He removed the hand from her head, which tilted back without his support, breaking their lips apart by mere inches.

She stilled her hand and opened her eyes—which she had no idea when she had closed—and met those intense, black ones studying her. The only sounds in the room were those of the simmering cauldron and of their frantic breathing.

Hermione had never seen anything more fascinating than Severus Snape's lips.

Without a word, he soon closed the inches separating their mouths again, initiating another mind-numbing kiss. His parted lips were tantalizing, an invitation to sample the flavors inside, and she absolutely needed to fill the gap between the soft flesh with her tongue, earning a rich, deep moan for her boldness.

He tasted of herbal tea with a ginger touch to it, and it was enticing. When he opened his lips more and she delved in deeper, the taste got bitterer but never unpleasant.

There was nothing but pleasure in Severus Snape's mouth, and his hands, and his soft hair, and....

Hermione's mind shut off when his teeth held her lower lip, sucking it ever so gently—ever so gorgeously. His nose touched the tip of hers, and his quickened breath bathed her mouth from far *too* far.

She opened her eyes groggily, finding his darker than ever ones, and wanting his mouth again. Hermione cupped his sharp face, pulling and arching, trying to take another step into oblivion.

He let her, but only conceded a brush of his lips on hers, moving them away as his nose caressed her cheek.

"You," he whispered in her ear and then buried his ever lovelier nose into her hair, nuzzling the back of her throat. He slid his lips back the way his nose had gone. "Only you." He bit her earlobe, making her gasp. "Am I clear?"

Hermione took a shuddering breath, but then couldn't find her voice to answer when his tongue tasted the skin of her neck. She stuck to a weak nod.

He pressed his forehead to hers, took his strong hands from her, slowly, and then backed away, never breaking eye contact. When he was near the bubbling cauldron, he turned from her, and his voice was both soft and dry when he commanded, "I need sliced valerian roots."

She tried to say something, be indignant, demand explanation, but nothing except how graceful he looked while he worked on the cauldron came to mind.

Hermione blinked. She had been rendered speechless for the first time in her life.