

# Who's Sexy?

*by debjunk*

Hermione and Ron have a small disagreement.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione and Ron have a small disagreement.

"Ron, really, you need to calm down!" Hermione snapped as she walked quickly down the hall next to her friend.

"Calm down? You want me to calm down? Sorry, Hermione, I'm not going to calm down!"

Hermione stopped and faced him. "It's just a job, Ron!"

Ron scowled. "A job with that git!"

"Ron, he's not a git!"

Ron gritted his teeth together. "Did you not go to the same classes I did in school?"

"Yes, Ron, I did."

"And did you not live through years of abuse from that great bat?"

Hermione sighed and looked to the ground. "Yes, I did," she answered. "But that was during the war. He was playing a role! Ron, be reasonable!"

She realized as soon as she'd said it that she'd have better luck asking the giant squid to fly than have Ron Weasley look at Severus Snape in a reasonable way.

Ron folded his arms. "I'm just saying... he'll treat you terribly, and as his apprentice, you'll have to take every bit of it. Why would you want to work for him?"

Hermione folded her arms as well. "He stimulates my mind."

Ron glowered. "I bet he stimulates more than that," he said under his breath.

"Pardon?"

"He's a git, Hermione. I don't want you associating with him."

"You... what?"

"You need to quit."

Hermione gaped.

"I don't want you involved with the likes of him."

She gaped wider.

"Besides, I don't see enough of you." Ron looked into her eyes. "You know we can be good together," he finished.

"I am not your possession, Ron. We are friends and friends only!"

Her eye caught a distant swish of black behind a suit of armor.

"But, Hermione, we could be so much more!"

Hermione put her hand up to his chest to stop his motion toward her.

"No, Ron, we can't."

Ron stepped back, his fists clenched. "It's him, isn't it?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Who, Ron?"

"The git, Hermione. The great, greasy git."

"Don't call him that."

"What do you expect me to call him? He stole my girl."

"Merlin, Ron, I was never your girl."

"Yes, you were! You've always been my girl!"

"Ron..."

"What do you see in him, Hermione?"

She arched her eyebrows at him. "For one thing, he's not a jealous prat."

"I am not a jealous prat."

"Nor are you my boyfriend, so drop it!"

"No! What does he have that I don't have?" Ron whined.

Hermione mulled that one over. How could she tell him that Severus Snape far surpassed him in every aspect.

"I enjoy his company," she finally said.

He grimaced. "I don't know how you could."

She'd had it. "Do you know what I like about him, Ron? He lets me be me. He doesn't tell me what to think or how to do things. He's respectful, he is intelligent, and he's damn sexy."

"Sexy? You think Snape is sexy?!?"

Hermione lifted her head a little. "Yes, I do."

"He's putrid! He's ugly and..."

"Enough, Ron."

"Vile..."

"Ron, enough."

"And he's ancient."

She glowered at him. "Ron, that's enough."

Ron grimaced. "Oh, could you imagine his paws all over you? What if he tried to kiss you? Oh, his thin disgusting lips would make you shrivel up and die."

"That's enough!"

Ron moved toward her, his arms outstretched. "He must have given you some love potion or something. Come here, let me help you!"

She lifted her wand. Ron stopped for a second, then came forward again.

"I can help, Hermione. I've been the victim of love potions before, you know. Just let me help."

"I said stay away, Ron!"

"Hermione..." He advanced again, and she shot a hex at him. The shock on his face was priceless. His reflexes were sharp, though, and he flung himself to the floor before the hex came near him. Hermione watched in horror as the hex flew past him and straight for the suit of armor in the background. She cringed as it passed by the armor and hit something solid behind it. In a matter of seconds, the stiff form of Severus Snape fell to the floor.

"Oh, no!" Hermione cried as she raced past Ron and over to Severus.

Ron got up and ran to her. "See? He's a sneak. He was spying on us!"

Hermione turned to Ron and pointed her wand into his cheek. "I swear, Ron, if you don't leave this instant, I will turn you into a pebble and throw you out the window!"

Ron took two steps back. "Geez, Hermione, you don't need to get all upset."

"Don't bother visiting again, Ron. Not until you've grown up a bit."

"Fine," Ron huffed. "I hope you're incredibly happy with your bat, Hermione." He turned and stalked off without another word.

Hermione sighed and turned back to Severus. She removed the stunner and knelt down beside him.

"Severus, are you all right?"

Severus sat up and shook his head to clear it. "That was some stunner, Hermione," he grumbled.

"I'm sorry. As you could obviously see, it was meant for Ron."

Severus looked to the ground. "I wasn't trying to eavesdrop. I came down the hall and heard you fighting. I didn't want to interrupt."

Hermione frowned. "Perhaps you should have. Maybe you wouldn't be on the floor right now."

Severus looked up at her with a scowl. "I must congratulate you, Granger. Making things up about me to annoy Weasley was quite inventive."

Hermione held his gaze. "I didn't make anything up, Severus."

He snorted. "The idea that you think I'm sexy..."

"Is absolutely true."

Hermione saw Severus' eyes widen in shock. She smiled at him shyly. "I hope I didn't embarrass you too much, Professor."

"You find me... sexy?"

"Damn sexy, if I remember correctly."

"Really?"

"Why else would I take this job?"

He narrowed his eyes at her. "I thought it was because you had a love for Potions, or was that a bunch of tripe?"

"Oh, I do. I'm incredibly interested in them, but my interest in you far surpasses my interest in Potions."

"It does?"

She nodded.

"What if my interest in you wasn't just as an apprentice?" Severus asked.

She smiled. "That would make that whole horrible encounter with Ron well worth it."

"I'm very interested in you... and not just as an apprentice," Severus said boldly.

She nodded her head up and down slowly, almost thoughtfully. "So, Ron had a right to be jealous?"

"I thought there was nothing between the two of you."

"There's not."

"Then why are we still speaking about him?"

She giggled. "I've no idea."

He reached over to her and pulled her down into his lap. "Now, you were saying how sexy I am."

Her hand came up and caressed his neck. "Oh, so very sexy... every part of you."

Pulling him closer, she kissed his nose. "Starting with your nose..." She moved to his cheek and kissed it, then the other cheek. "All the way down to your toes... but especially... right here."

Her lips softly kissed his. He responded in kind, sending shivers down her spine. When he finally pulled away, she pouted at him, wishing he were still kissing her.

"Don't stop now," Hermione sighed.

Severus smirked devilishly. "I'm just getting started." His lips captured hers again and didn't let up for quite some time.

**The End**

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*A/N: Prompt given by brenamarie: An accident of some sort. SS/HG please. Hermione has to be the one who caused the accident. Happy ending required.*