

Concern

by debjunk

Poppy makes sure Severus is well after he spends the day in a snow storm.

oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Poppy makes sure Severus is well after he spends the day in a snow storm.

Severus Snape descended the staircase wearily. His hair was covered in snow, and he was chilled to the bone. If he wasn't careful, he'd catch a death of cold. One of his students had exploded a cauldron in class the day before, covering him with green goo. He was afraid the goo had messed with his immune system. Despite his misfortune with his dunderheaded student, he'd had to chaperone the Hogsmeade trip, and it had been snowing all day long.

He was almost to his rooms when a shadow loomed from behind him. He turned and saw Poppy Pomfrey coming toward him.

"Madam Pomfrey, I didn't think you ever left your hospital wing."

Poppy looked at him seriously. "I do when I know that the most stubborn professor in the school has just spent the entire day being snowed on." She frowned at him. "Look at you! You look like death!"

She physically turned him around and pushed him toward his room. He eyed her with surprise, marveling at the force that she was using to get him moving. Once they were in his rooms, she continued to push him to his bed.

Forcibly making him sit on the edge of the bed, she began to wave her wand around him. When she was done, she placed her hand on his forehead to gauge whether he was running a fever. The warmth of her hand made Severus look up at her. She nodded to herself and continued to wave her wand once again. Finally, she conjured up a mug of hot cocoa and placed it in his hands.

"Well, you seem to be healthy. Hopefully that spilled potion won't cause any more trouble."

She was about to turn and leave when Severus grabbed her wrist. "Why is it you go out of your way to attend to me?" he questioned.

Poppy blushed. "I'm just doing my job, Severus."

He arched an eyebrow at her. "I don't see you chasing Minerva around when you think she might be ill."

Poppy tilted her head and gave him a wry smile. "That's because Minerva comes to see me when she's feeling ill, unlike *some* people."

He placed his mug on the bedside table. "I think it's more than that..."

Poppy gave a strangled laugh. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I've seen the way you glance at me all the time, my dear," Severus explained. He pulled her closer so that she was forced to sit next to him on the bed.

"Severus, I..."

"During the war, I know you waited up for me to return from Death Eater meetings."

"I was just doing my job," she protested.

"Poppy, when it comes to me, you always go way beyond the requirements of your job."

She caught her breath. "Severus, please!"

"I appreciate everything you've done for me," he told her.

She smiled at him thinly. "Really, I'm just doing my job."

"Then you'd be very put out if I did something like this?" Severus pulled her to him and kissed her. He felt her stiffen at first, then fall into him. He couldn't help his smile as he lavished her with the most tender kisses.

They pulled apart, both a bit breathless. Severus rested his forehead on hers.

"You were never supposed to know, Severus," she whispered.

"Is it so bad that I do?" he asked.

"I just don't want to be hurt. Every time I let myself feel, I get hurt."

Severus pulled back and gazed into her eyes. "I have found the same to be true in my own experiences." Caressing her cheek, he continued. "Poppy, I don't want those thoughts to keep me from living. You shouldn't either. I care about you, and I think you care about me too. We should try to make this work between us."

Poppy searched his eyes. Sighing in relief, she smiled. "I would like that."

He pulled her closer still. "We'll work together. I want something long-lasting with you."

"Me too," she whispered before his mouth was upon hers again. Severus thought they felt like heaven.

A/N: Prompt from janus and 00sevvie: Poppy Pomfrey/Severus Snape, and use two or more of these: staircase, surprise, snow, shadow, warmth, "my dear"