

A Telling Treatment

by OpalJade

Hermione uses an unorthodox treatment to help Headmaster Snape get rid of an unwanted medical condition.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione uses an unorthodox treatment to help Headmaster Snape get rid of an unwanted medical condition.

A/N: My response to the GS100 "Any Means Necessary" challenge. As always, huge thanks to Lariope and Lulabelle72 for the beta and the encouragement.

"Madam Pomfrey, you look rather preoccupied considering it's the first day of the summer hols!" said Hermione cheerfully while returning her first aid kit to her older colleague for annual inspection.

"Well, there is something troubling me at the moment," admitted Pomfrey thoughtfully. "I can't seem to find a way to help our poor Headmaster."

"What's wrong with him?" inquired Hermione.

"He would not appreciate me sharing." Pomfrey sighed. "But nothing I've tried seems to have worked ..."

"What is it? Maybe I can help," said Hermione, clearly worried. She suddenly realized she hadn't seen Professor Snape in over two days.

~~~100~~~

Pomfrey hesitated before confiding, "Severus has the hiccups. As you can well imagine, he finds his situation quite undignified."

Hermione grinned. Yes, she could imagine him being bothered about the lack of control over his own body.

"I've, of course, given him the Hiccupper Draught with no results. He tried holding his breath, but again, no success. He even drank large amounts of water, swallowed upside down, no less, which only managed to make him choke."

Hermione thought for a minute. "Have you tried scaring him?"

"Miss Granger! What could possibly frighten that man at this point in his life?"

~~~100~~~

Hermione contemplated the situation.

Pomfrey was right, what could they possibly do to scare Severus Snape? If he could keep his calm in front of Voldemort, and not recoil in front of a giant snake, a simple *boo* wasn't going to do the trick.

Really, the only thing that seemed to make him even slightly uneasy was when she sat next to him in the staff room.

Come to think of it, she was pretty sure she had seen fear in his eyes the time their hands had accidentally touched.

Hermione stood, a potential solution forming within. "I've got an idea."

~~~100~~~

"If you could leave me alone with him next time he's in the infirmary, I might be able to try something."

"He's all yours, dear." Pomfrey pointed to Snape striding over to them purposefully. "Feel free to use any means necessary. He's been quite grouchy, and frankly, I would be thrilled to have him off my hands!"

Hermione wished she'd had more time to prepare. It was still just a vague notion in her mind that she made him feel uncomfortable when she was near.

Now she'd have to improvise, for here he was – and looking as *jolly* as ever.

~~~100~~~

"Granger, *hic*, get out of here."

Snape was indeed perturbed to be seen, or heard, in this condition.

Hermione took a small tentative step towards him, and when she saw him jump back, she was somehow reassured that this might work.

"Headmaster, you know I really admire you," she started, touching him slightly on the sleeve. "I think you are incredibly brave and smart."

"Miss Granger, brown nosing will not—*hic*—secure you any kind of a raise."

"I am being honest, sir. Actually, there are many things that I have been meaning to tell you for a long time."

~~~100~~~

"*Things?* How eloquent," he sneered, but somehow the desired effect was lost when his rebuttal was followed by another *hic*.

She approached him until a mere centimetre separated their bodies.

"Yes. For instance, I would really like to bring you to a bookstore and share my favourite books with you. I would also love to brew a Relativity Potion with you."

*Hic* was all that came out of his mouth. He was looking at her as if she were completely crazy. His eyes were bulging, his face paling.

*Look how uncomfortable he is! It's working; he's really scared of me.*

~~~100~~~

"*Hic.*"

She continued with renewed fervor.

"Severus, I would like to spend more time with you and get to know you in a different context."

He looked so puzzled and vulnerable standing in front of her, as if he had been Petrified.

"*Hic.*"

"I want to kiss you hard and feel you pressed against me," she whispered, suddenly realizing that she was not making this up *Oh, gods, where is this all coming from, Hermione?*

"*Hic.*"

"Granger, mocking me will—"

She reached for the back of his head and ran her fingertips nervously through his soft, fine, dark hair.

~~~100~~~

She let her hands trail down to the front of his black robes.

"I want to find out if the hair on your chest feels as soft against my bare skin." A delicious tingling saturated her lower belly at the thought. "I want to take your breath away, Severus, and make you lose all control."

*Hermione, stop it! You're scaring yourself now.*

Indeed, it felt like her heart was echoing louder than his hiccups across the room.

They stared at each other, wide eyed.

Long seconds ticked by.

"*Hic.*"

His eyes narrowed and seemed to darken with... rage?

~~~100~~~

Oh, shite, I'm going to lose my job over a case of chronic hiccups.

Mortified, she turned to leave, but Snape's arms came up and somehow their bodies meshed, close and warm and hard. When their lips finally met, they stood there and kissed and kissed, terror and exhilaration mingling and passing between them.

Wrapped around each other tightly, they fell hard against the small hospital bed, their mouths never pulling apart. Their hands were everywhere, exploring hungrily and

intimately, as if *they* had known all along what their minds had just discovered.

After a long time, they came up for air.

~~~100~~~

Hermione was still sprawled on top of the Headmaster, her face hidden in his hair and his in hers.

They stayed like that for a while, wondering what next and catching their breaths.

The silence in the infirmary was noticeably loud.

Snape's hiccups were gone.

From the doorway, a stunned Madam Pomfrey quietly replaced the expired bottles of Hiccuping Draughts with the fresh ones.

She was relieved that Miss Granger's rather... unorthodox treatment... had worked. This way, he would never find out about her careless mistake, and no one would lose her job over a case of the chronic hiccups.

~~~THE END~~~