

# Like A Winter Snow

*by Stefdarin*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Reaching out, palm up, Severus held a bottle of red ink, casting a shadow over Hermione's face. Looking up, she found the source for her loss of light, and one side of her mouth quirked up.

"Thanks," she murmured, taking the ink from his hand. Looking tired, her smile still lit the room while the fire created a halo behind her.

Severus gave a tiny smile, then sat down next to her on the sofa and took a stack of parchments. Summoning a quill from the table, he began to mark as Hermione smiled softly at his downturned head.

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An ember popping in the hearth brought Hermione back from her traveling thoughts. Sitting on the same sofa from that very first night, she smiled indulgently. He had come silently, offering support and quiet companionship after a rough first day. That day had lead to another and then another.

Now, here he was, leaning over the couch, a cup of chamomile hovering just so. Tired, golden eyes met black and crinkled at the edges, thankful for a reprieve after her first detention. As she took the cup, their hands brushed delicately, sending a shiver down her spine, and she sighed.

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Watching the rain fall gently beyond the window, Hermione leaned back into her plush haven and sighed.

"Rough week, I presume?" Severus queried softly from behind her, causing her to jump.

Twisting around to meet his gaze, she groaned. "That, Severus, would be an understatement. I believe the half-transfigured first-year was the final straw." She shook her head and leaned back once more.

"Perhaps I could take your mind off such things." Leaning closer, his long-fingered hands kneaded her tense shoulders, and her head lolled back.

Bending forward, his lips covered hers for a moment. She sighed, then smiled at his back.

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An orange leaf rustled against the window, jostling Hermione's attention to the brilliant colors rampant outside. Coloring slightly, she sank back, reliving their walk in the autumn breeze. The chill in the air had even given Severus a healthy glow on his cheeks.

His hand slipped into hers, providing warmth from the cold and taking her breath away. It also proved his undoing when she decided to fall into a pile of leaves and did not let go.

Landing on top of her, his hands found her hips, his mouth frantically seeking hers, their bodies grazing each other ardently.

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Outside, the snow fell softly as Hermione huddled closer to the fire. Reaching around her, Severus hugged her. Wrapping her in his warmth and nuzzling her neck, he stole her breath, eliciting a giggle.

"My dear, you are a vision," he murmured in her ear, raising gooseflesh over her body.

"And you are the reason I look this way," she stated with a smirk, gasping when his hand swept a rose-tipped nipple.

Reaching down, his hands caressed her thighs, encouraging them apart. Her golden eyes met his, and their sighs mingled joyfully when their bodies met with his first stroke.

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A/N: My sincere thanks goes to Luvsev for her awesome beta work.

\*\*This drabble was inspired by the following prompt from sunny33: Write a series of 100 word drabbles about any couple having sex. The first drabble has to be K rated, the second K+, the third PG, the fourth M, and the fifth MA.