

Straight to Number One

by eiradis

Response to the 'mistletoe' challenge on GrangerSnape100.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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December 20

Hermione turned sideways to squeeze past Snape, but an invisible force pulled her back abruptly. She barely managed not to spill the punch bowl she was carrying as she found herself face-to-face with her furious ex-teacher.

'What is the meaning of this?' he growled, trying to move away. Hermione looked up and groaned.

'It's Fred and George's special mistletoe.' Before he could process her answer, a pair of warm lips pressed against his briefly. Blinking in confusion, he realized that he was free to move.

'Sorry, sir. The bowl was getting rather heavy.' She blushed and hurried towards the kitchen.

December 21

Grimmauld Place was full of festive lights and music when the mistletoe struck again.

'WEASLEY!'

'They won't hear you; the music is too loud. I don't know why it didn't work. Maybe the charm wants a real kiss...'

Snape let out a string of obscenities and then his mouth was on hers, his tongue slipping past her lips and exploring her mouth with considerable skill. After a few seconds, he stepped back and strode to the door.

'Excuse me, I have assassinations to plan.'

Hermione's knees gave out and she sank into the closest chair. *Merlin, the man could kiss...*

December 22

'This is ridiculous!' Hermione gasped as they surfaced from another thorough kiss. Her eyes were unfocused, and she actually didn't mind the kissing at all. Snape glared

with pure malevolence at the hovering plant and took a deep breath.

'Again.' This time, his arms wrapped around Hermione and pulled her close to him. He didn't care that she could probably feel him hardening. He wanted to move, so he could snog her on his terms. She moaned and clutched his shoulders as her body rubbed against his. Right then, the charm released them. They shared a look of dawning suspicion.

'So, it is a charm with increasing intensity. I take it back, you can kill those two, but only if you let me have a shot at them first. The idiots! Just wait until I find them; they have to show up for Christmas Eve. Any two people could end up under their damn mistletoe!' Hermione angrily prodded the sprig with her wand.

'That makes me wonder why it's always us,' Severus mused. 'Nobody else seems to have any complaints. I wonder what tomorrow's requirement will be.'

Hermione was wondering the exact same thing and squirmed under his dark look.

December 23

When the charm released them, Severus' hand lingered for a moment on the plump breast he was groping. Hermione also seemed quite reluctant to relinquish his arse.

'I was right; the infernal thing is keyed to us. It followed us up the stairs.' Severus discreetly glanced around Hermione's bedroom to locate the bed.

'So it seems. Well, those two have to show up tomorrow or face Molly's wrath.'

'Meanwhile, I think we should test if our reactions were affected by the charm. Merely for scientific purposes, you know.'

Hermione couldn't agree more and proceeded to snog him... scientifically of course.

December 24

'We call it the Seven Steps Miracle Mistletoe. Number Seven needs a small peck, Number Six needs a proper snog, and so on until...you know.' Fred waggled his eyebrows. Ron stared in horror.

'You decided to test it on Snape and Hermione? Are you mental, they will kill you! Mum won't even have bodies to bury!'

George patted his shoulder.

'Don't worry, little brother, we wanted to test the weaker versions. We won't make Hermione shag Snape! We charmed the last one yesterday, Number Four. I'm not sure exactly what that one requires...'

'Indeed, Mr Weasley?' drawled a familiar voice.

Fred and George recoiled slightly, but Snape didn't seem bent on revenge. Instead, he calmly fixed a tray with tea and sandwiches and started towards the staircase without sparing them a glance.

'So, Professor, what does Number Four require?' George finally summoned the courage to ask.

Snape turned around and aimed his best sneer at them.

'I wouldn't know, Mr Weasley. We proceeded straight to Number One. Now, if you'll excuse me, a gentleman never keeps a lady waiting, especially in bed.'

For several minutes, complete silence reigned in the kitchen, interrupted only by a soft thud as Ron fainted.

A/N: Many thanks to **astopperindeath** for beta reading. The title is borrowed from the fabulous song of the same name by 'Touch and Go'.