

The Hair Issue

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Response to the 'Headache' challenge on GrangerSnape100.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus tried to concentrate on his book, but his head was throbbing insistently. He frowned and rubbed his temples, trying to alleviate the discomfort. A minute cough made him look up at his wife.

'You might want to let your hair loose. Tying it too tight can give you a tension headache.' Hermione looked at him expectantly.

He thought for a moment and removed the band that secured the queue on his nape. Usually he'd take it off after he finished brewing, why did he forget. *Aaaaah, instant relief.* He buried his fingers in his hair, rubbing away the tension.

Long raven tresses spilled like ink over his shoulders. He didn't notice Hermione's eyes glaze over; he didn't notice the involuntary twitch of her fingers. Suddenly she was behind his chair, pulling his hands away gently.

'Let me.'

Severus relaxed under her touch, and a low rumble emitted from his throat.

'Are you by any chance... purring?' Hermione asked with a hint of amusement.

'Mmm, your hands are magic. Stupid band, stupid bloody hair; I should cut it, it's too long.'

He let out a pained yelp as Hermione's fingers tightened involuntarily, pulling on the fine hairs at his nape.

'Oh, I'm sorry!' Hermione quickly rubbed the abused patch of skin. 'You shouldn't cut it. I like it like this.'

'It gets in the way and it takes too long to wash and dry,' Severus grumbled.

'Severus, please! I really, *really* like it this way.'

Something in her voice made him turn around. Hermione was holding and stroking a lock of his hair. She had a dreamy expression and her cheeks were flushed with... lust?! His eyes widened and both eyebrows shot up in surprise.

'Mrs Snape, are you trying to tell me that you get off on my hair?'

'What is wrong with that?' she asked defensively, flushing even more.

'Nothing, just... *why?*' Genuinely bewildered, he took a lock of his hair and looked at it closely. 'It's only hair.'

Hermione took the lock from his hand and stroked it gently.

'It feels like silk on my skin. You are taller and when you bend forward to kiss me, it falls like a curtain around my face. When we make love it caresses me like your hands do. Words can't express how it feels brushing against my breasts or my thighs... Merlin, I want to wrap it around my whole body!'

Severus couldn't determine exactly when, but at some point during Hermione's enlightening explanation, his high brain functions had abandoned him completely. All he could think of was testing this newly discovered fetish, and the heat in Hermione's eyes indicated that her thoughts were going in a similar direction.

'I do believe that my headache is returning. Would you care to help me relieve the... tension?'

Before he could blink twice, she had doused the fire and her small hand was pulling him up from the chair.

'So eager,' he muttered, earning himself a pinch and an unceremonious push towards the bedroom.

Basking in the afterglow, Severus thought that sex was definitely the best headache cure in the world. He smiled indulgently at the sight of Hermione, petting a thick lock of hair like a kitten.

'I'm sure you wouldn't be so enamored with my hair if it was the greasy nightmare from your schooldays,' he teased.

'It's good that I managed to adapt a grease repelling lotion then,' she said, rubbing her cheek against his chest. 'And I am enamored with *you*, you stupid man. I married *you*, not your hair; though I admit, it is a nice perk.'

A/N: Thanks to the lovely **astopperindeath** for beta reading. This old plot bunny is finally laid to rest! *whew*