

Sweet Indulgence - Reprised

by DawnEB

Snape reassesses Miss Granger whilst he watches her indulge herself.

Originally written pre HBP.

Sweet Indulgence - Snape's POV

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: I first dipped my toe into writing fanfic with a drabble on Ashwinder that was supposed to help me forget my craving for a certain chocolate bar. It didn't work, nor did other things I tried to take my mind off it. (I just realised my son was born 9 months later. :D) However, I also wrote the (until now) unfinished and unposted extended version of the event as seen from Snape's POV. The spoken elements in this are the original drabble.

I wrote this preHBP, so either disregard the final events of that book, or consider them to be resolved by the time of this story.

She sits across the library reclining in the window seat, but for once her nose isn't stuck in a book. Instead she is intent on unwrapping something of obvious Muggle origin. I try my usual room-clearing glare, but she is totally oblivious to me. This fact alone is enough to arouse my interest in what she is up to.

"Miss Granger, what is that?" I ask, a little sharply.

Instead of the snap to attention I have come to expect from this well-practiced tone of voice, the annoying chit continues to give her consideration to her prize.

"A Muggle chocolate bar, sir," is the distracted reply. As I watch, she slowly peels back the yellow wrapper to reveal a bar of chocolate formed by what I can only assume was a paper-thin sheet of chocolate that has been folded back and forth upon itself repeatedly before being allowed to harden.

I watch surreptitiously from my location in the wing chair beside the fireplace, and notice how the late afternoon sun has added golden highlights to her as she poses unconsciously in the frame of the window. Her hair, once a frizzy, bushy mare's nest is still kinky in texture but now seems softer and shinier. It is pulled round at the sides into a soft twist, which is then bound at the back, effectively containing the rest of the long fall of hair as it hangs down loose. I wonder briefly how it would feel to run my fingers through it before I turn my attention to the rest of her appearance.

What I had thought at first to be some form of traditional witch's robe on closer inspection proves to be of Muggle origin too. The close fitting bodice has a scooped neckline open across delicate collarbones at the top before sweeping down to reveal the upper swell of a moderately generous but well-proportioned bust line. The long skirt flairs out from a trim waist across hips that promise to be equally generous and well proportioned. The dress is made of panels of heavy linen and crushed velvet in strong earth tones, accented with embroidery in similar colours. Subtle, yet intricate. I take all this in a matter of seconds, such sartorial clues having often given me the edge on the type of wizard or witch I've been dealing with in the past. I realise the time may have come for me to reassess Miss Granger. She is no longer a schoolgirl.

I watch her lean forward slightly, bringing the bar up to her mouth, her head tipping back to expose her throat as she bites into the chocolate, which breaks up into shards

and crumbs under the gentle pressure from her teeth. She lets it fall back into her mouth and onto her waiting tongue, which is hidden from me briefly as she swallows, before it flicks out to gently lick more crumbs from her moist lips.

Merlin! I can't tear my eyes from the display of sheer sensuality being acted out before me. I'll never be able to concentrate if she continues like this.

"Do you *have* to eat it like that?"

Oh, smooth move, Severus. Expose how distracting she is to you. Good job the girl's not a Slytherin. She takes a moment to come out of her reverie.

"Mmmm... What? Oh... yes, sir. You see, it's very crumbly and--"

"Very well, I don't need a Muggle Studies essay on the thing," I snap at her, much like I used to in class. However, she no longer backs down with a frown but turns to her confection with a small smile on those no doubt chocolate flavoured lips.

I try and return to the article I'd originally retired into the library to read, but every movement of her mouth or tiny inarticulate sound of pleasure draws my attention back to the voluptuous display.

Sensual, voluptuous, *arousing*. Oh, *Gods*. I'm reacting like a hormonal fifth year, and all she's doing is eating a chocolate bar. I carefully rearrange the copy of the potions periodical across my lap to help cover my growing *distraction*. I will not be driven away from a place that I normally consider to be a haven. I try to regain the advantage she has wrested from me, albeit unknowingly.

"Can't you eat it any *faster*, Miss Granger?" I ask, sounding mildly irritated as I rustle the periodical for effect. Let her think she's disturbing my studies. She doesn't even look my way, her attention on the half eaten bar.

"Well, sir, I'm trying to make it last, savouring it. You wouldn't want me to gobble it down like--"

"Mr. Weasley?" I interrupt, hoping to annoy her enough to flounce out.

"Precisely!" She looks me straight in the eye, a hint of mirth on her face.

"I quite agree," I intone, unable to completely hide the shared amusement from my own look. Damn! I was supposed to be alienating her, not sharing a jest, even if it was at the expense of the red-haired nincompoop. Still, there may be hope for her yet if that is the way she thinks.

I've given up all pretence of reading now, and watch her continue to lavish her attentions on the chocolate bar. I find myself mesmerised by the movement of her throat as she swallows, the pout of her lips, the arch of her neck and the way her hair falls. Her breasts push out against the taut fabric across her chest as she inhales deeply, and her nostrils quiver slightly, like a doe scenting the morning air...

Oh, Merlin's Balls, nononona Now I'm waxing lyrical! I'll give one last go at getting rid of her, and if that fails, I'm off for a cold shower.

"Do you have to eat it *now*, Miss Granger?"

This time she frowns slightly and appears to study the chocolate ripples closely before replying.

"Chocolate is a wonderful substitute, Professor."

"For what, may I ask?"

"Sex."

"Oh." What did I expect? Certainly not that. My Slytherin mind is working, trying to interpret this new information, but is being severely hampered by the fact that the blood supply is rapidly heading south. That must also be the reason why I find myself at a loss for words.

I'm surprised that the Weasley boy hasn't been supplying this delectable young woman's needs. On second thoughts, I'm really *not* that surprised the oaf can't properly fulfil such an obviously intelligent and sensual creature. I realise that it has been sometime since I've had the misfortune to observe him hanging all over her. Maybe she has developed a little more sense in the past few months?

My eyes are once again drawn to the vision in the window. She straightens the wrapper and tips the remaining crumbs out onto her tongue, which emerges moist and curling from between her lips to catch them. She leans her head back against the window frame and closes her eyes. I watch as her jaw and throat work gently to swallow this last morsel. My imagination is working overtime, supplying me with images of what I could provide for her in substitution for that chocolate bar. I drag my eyes away and carefully cross my legs before I make a fool of myself.

When I look up again, she is looking back at me. I sense that she has surmised the reason for my discomfort, but instead of the disgust or uneasiness I would have expected from someone who was so recently a student of mine I see instead... *consideration*? Her eyes drift slowly over me, taking in the length of my legs and my slim torso before they settle on my lips. Her own form a slow smile before she finally looks me in the eye again. I must be a fool, but I would be a bigger fool if I didn't make some kind of response to the obvious invitation she is sending me. As I ponder what move to make, she rises from her seat and slowly glides across the room. I can't let her just walk away, not yet.

"Miss Gr--Hermione?" I stutter over her name. She draws up level with my chair, only an arm's length away.

"Yes." It's not a query, but an answer to my own unspoken question. I reach out and pull her onto my lap. As I fulfil both my desire to feel my fingers in her hair and to taste the chocolate from her lips, I wonder how many more of my desires she will allow me to slake.