

Shower Sounds

by blue artemis

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Written for Snitchette.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The weeks following the Final Battle were chaotic to say the least. When Harry found out that Snape was recovering from Nagini's bite in St. Mungo's, he went there to speak to him. After a long conversation that involved a few hexes, some creative cursing, forgiveness from both sides and one hug never to be mentioned again, Harry offered Severus (it really was a long conversation) a place to recuperate that was hidden from public view. Unbelievably, Severus accepted.

Harry had issued a similar invitation to those he considered his friends and family. The house was too big to really be crowded, but it was full.

Luna dropped in from time to time. Her last visit had created quite the stir when she told Severus that he would have to kiss her to get the fangs she had collected from the curly haired fanged puffskeins she had encountered. Severus created more of a stir when he smiled (yes, it was only an upward twitch of a lip, but this is Severus Snape we are discussing), hauled Luna into his lap and snogged her speechless.

Ginny explained to Harry that she preferred being seen more than he liked to be, so after an amicable break-up, she and her boyfriend, Blaise, would stop by when they were in London.

Ron was asked to move after he was caught in bed with Lavender Brown. Harry was going to be more forgiving, but Ron blaming his infidelity on Hermione being frigid was the last straw. The Healers at St. Mungo's never were able to fix his nose. They believed that Harry put a bit of his magic into the punch.

Pansy was there. It was unexpected. More unexpected was when they discovered that she had moved into Harry's room.

George spent most of his time there, feeling a bit less lost than he usually did without his twin to help him create mayhem. He also discovered that Severus was quite creative. They spent a lot of time together in the potions lab in the basement, making all sorts of new products.

Every once in a while Hermione would join George and Severus in the lab. She and Severus had created a whole line of hair care products. They were very successful.

Unfortunately for Severus and Hermione, although subdued, George was still George. He decided to see what would happen if he mixed the very popular citrus shampoo with his erotic daydream potion, knowing that both Severus and Hermione liked using that line of shampoo. He set it on the shelf that Hermione and Severus used for their personal products.

Two weeks later, Hermione was away on a business trip. Severus took the, unbeknownst to him, tainted bottle of shampoo and used it. Now, he was used to fantasizing about his business partner, but never to that degree. His moans were uncontrollable, and he had forgotten to use a Silencing Charm. The same happened for a few days.

"I'm sure it is the Proto-amornargles!"

"I think he is with Draco!"

"Neville, he isn't with Draco. I'M with Draco."

Neville decided to keep quiet. It wasn't smart to anger a dragon-keeper.

"Is he alone?"

"I don't know, love. I can't decide what would be worse, him alone, or picturing who might be up there with him." Harry had gotten over Severus's love for Lily, but he wasn't sure he could handle the mental image of him shagging anyone.

Hermione walked in the door just as Draco said, "I'm certain he said something that sounded like Molly."

Amid the moans and groans that statement engendered, Hermione asked, "What the heck is going on?"

"Listen!"

After a few minutes of the sounds of Severus in the shower, Hermione turned around, gave George a death glare and stomped up the stairs.

She knocked on the bathroom door, pushed it open, cast a Silencing Charm, then reached into shower and tapped Severus on the shoulder. She did not realize that this was one of Severus's dearest fantasies. He turned and, under the influence of the tainted shampoo, smiled seductively at Hermione and pulled her into the water with him. She took one whiff of the shampoo and knew exactly what had happened.

"Severus, stop! You are under the influence of one of George's daydream potions. I'm sure you wouldn't want me otherwise."

That statement sobered Severus up rather quickly.

"Hermione, love, you have been the object of my fantasies since the day you agreed to be my partner. The fact that you would trust me like that was heady. You are beautiful, intelligent and loyal. What more could I ask for?"

"Why didn't you say anything?" Hermione could not believe she was having this conversation in a shower, fully clothed, dripping wet.

"You have your whole life before you; why would you want a broken down ex-spy twice your age?"

"As opposed to who, Ron? You are so farther up the chain of evolution that you're practically not even the same species."

Severus responded to that by pulling Hermione into his body and kissing her soundly. Her clothing was removed shortly after that, neither one could say by whom, and they moved on to far more creative pursuits.

"Do you think he drowned?"

"Do you think he drowned Hermione?"

"Do you think she drowned Severus?"

"No one drowned anyone. Now, don't all of you have someplace to be?"

As the group looked at the two equally frightening death-glances, they all scattered to the wind.

Severus snagged George by the collar as he tried to sneak by. "You will tell me exactly what you did, and you will do it now!"

Luna smiled at Hermione and gave her a thumbs-up as she scurried by.

A week later, Hermione and Severus had a new erotic hair product line and a brand-spanking new wedding license. They took a nice long honeymoon. They weren't worried about keeping up on their orders, seeing as George was currently providing the labor.

Harry asked Hermione what she saw in Severus. He was not happy when her response was to hex his hair the same color as his eyes.

Not one person asked Severus about it.

Prompt from Snitchette: "Sev is under the shower washing his hair and doing curious noises while massaging his scalp. Someone hears them and rumors and confusions ensue."

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