Inkblots

by debjunk

An injured Snape gets help in a feline sort of way.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

An injured Snape gets help in a feline sort of way.

Severus Snape stormed down the hallway. He was on patrol and frankly was quite tired of pulling apart snogging students. Ascending the stairs to the next floor, he looked left and right, deciding to move towards the Muggle studies classroom first. He stalked down the hall, looking for students out after curfew. Rounding the corner, he stopped short. In the center of the hallway, in front of the Muggle studies teacher's doorway, was a bottle of ink. Severus' eyes narrowed at it.

Why would Professor Granger leave a bottle of ink in front of her door? Red ink, no less!

He stooped down and picked up the bottle before thinking. His hand touched it, and he immediately regretted not casting a million spells to make sure the ink bottle was safe to handle. He felt as if sharp daggers were piercing his fingers. He pulled his hand back, but it was too late. His mind became foggy, and his last thoughts before passing out were *Some spy you are...*

Crookshanks padded along the hallway, sniffing the air. The dark man was ahead in the hall, he could smell him. Noticing a large mound of black lying near his lady's door, he moved toward it, pretending to be blasé about the entire situation. Soon enough he came upon the dark one. He moved around and sniffed at the man's hair. Looking down into his face, he noted the man was asleep. He meowed, but the dark man made no motion.

This wouldn't do. If the dark man needed somewhere to sleep, he should find his bed. He nudged the large nose of the dark man which did nothing. Lifting his tail, Crookshanks turned and moved down the hallway to a little hole behind a suit of armor. Moving along the narrow space, he emerged in the cabinet in his lady's bathroom. He pushed the cabinet door open and slinked out.

Padding with assurance, he was soon standing in front of his lady's chair. He meowed at her plaintively, causing her to look down at him and smile. "Hi, Crooks!" She leaned over and scratched him behind his ears. Crookshanks' eyes closed, and he purred loudly. Her fingers continued to massage him, and he almost forgot why he'd sought her out. Unfortunately for him, she removed her fingers from behind his ears all too soon. His eyes opened as he meowed at her again.

"What is it, Crooks?" she asked.

He moved over to the door and meowed yet again.

Hermione laughed lightly. "I thought you had your secret way of coming and going. You haven't begged to be let out in months!"

He meowed once more. Blast her, didn't she know that there was a mess outside that needed to be taken care of? He meowed again plaintively.

She shook her head at him. "Fine, Crooks, have it your way." His lady rose and meandered to the door. "You are really becoming a boor in your old age, sir," she chastised him.

Crookshanks watched in anticipation as his lady reached out, turned the handle, and...

Hermione reached out and opened the door. Looking down at her cat, she didn't notice the form on the floor for a few seconds. She turned her head and gasped.

"Severus!"

Stooping down, she brushed Severus' hair from his face. He was obviously unconscious. She pulled her wand from her sleeve and waved it over him, frowning at what she found. Moving her wand intricately, she muttered a few words before a golden light flew out and surrounded Severus. It took a few seconds for Severus to open his eyes. Hermione helped him get to a sitting position. He rubbed his head and groaned.

"Are you all right?" Hermione asked with concern.

Severus looked to her blankly. "I think so, miss. What happened?"

Hermione motioned to the ink bottle. "Standard knock-out hex. I think one of my students must be upset with the last grade they received on their essay."

Severus' eyebrows furrowed. "Students? You're a teacher?"

"Hah, hah, Severus. I know you think I pushed my way into this position, but I never would have thought you believed I wasn't teacher material."

"How did I get here?" he murmured.

"I suppose you were doing rounds."

"What are rounds?"

Hermione looked at him quizzically. She took her wand out and waved it over him, frowning deeper and deeper as she did.

"What do you remember?" she asked finally.

He shook his head. "Nothing."

"Do you know your name?"

"You called me Severus... Not the most appealing name in the world. Did my parents like me?"

Hermione stifled a giggle. She stood and extended her hand. "Come on. We can discuss this in my room. You should probably lie down anyway."

He grasped her hand and lifted himself from the floor. She led him into her lounge and settled him onto the couch. Pushing him slightly she urged him to lie down and then kneeling beside him, she placed a pillow behind his head.

"I'm sorry. It seems the healing spell I used on you has caused some temporary memory loss."

"Are we... involved?" Severus asked.

Hermione's eyes almost popped out of her head. "Whatever would cause you to ask such a thing?"

"You seem familiar to me, and you have been most kind."

"I'm glad I seem familiar. That means that your memory is starting to come back."

"We are involved, aren't we?" he asked again, causing Hermione to blush. "I feel a certain... something toward you."

Hermione sputtered. "You're sure it's not a deep seated hatred?"

Severus looked at her quizzically. "Do we not get along?"

"Let's just say... we really don't associate with one another much."

"That's odd," Severus mused. "When I look at you, I feel like you're someone special." He eyed her sharply, causing Hermione to feel goose bumps run down her arms. "Yes, I can feel that I care for you. What is your name?"

"Hermione," she said quietly.

"Hermione..." He gazed into her eyes intently. "I think you're mistaken about my feelings for you. I know you, and my immediate feelings are not negative. How long will it be before I regain my memories?"

"It can take up to an hour, Severus. Are you comfortable? Do you feel any other side effects from the curse?"

He shook his head. "You did a wonderful job in healing me."

Hermione frowned. "Except for the memory loss."

His eyes widened as he gazed upon her.

"What is it?" Hermione asked nervously. All of a sudden she was afraid it would all come flooding back to him, and he would hate her again. She had actually liked the way he spoke to her when he wasn't sneering and throwing barbs at her.

"I'm certain now that you are mistaken. You're sure we're not involved? We haven't had a spat, have we? My feelings for you are... intensely positive."

"Intensely positive, what does that mean?"

"It means this..." His hand came up, and he pulled her down to him, kissing her softly. Hermione marveled at it, surprised and tense at first, but soon letting herself enjoy his soft lips against hers. As he deepened the kiss, she felt a flutter within her heart. Severus took control of her mouth and pulled her even closer, his hands tangled in her curls as she reached up and ran her fingers through his hair, grasping it as she tried to make him fully hers.

He pulled away suddenly, his eyes sharp. "Miss Granger... I'm... Forgive me."

He stood abruptly, causing her to be pushed to the floor. "I don't know what came over me. It must have been a side effect of the spell. I assure you, it was nothing and will never happen again!" With that, he spun around and fled from her lounge.

Hermione stared after him, dumfounded. She was utterly confused. Obviously he'd remembered enough to know that he wasn't supposed to be kissing her, but his kiss had

been so passionate, and he'd been so sure he wanted her before...

Hermione huffed. There was no point in wondering. He would never mention this event again, she was sure of that. She was also sure that she would forever wish for another chance to kiss him.

Severus lay awake in his bed until it was time to get up. He'd tossed and turned all night; the kiss between Hermione and him repeating itself over and over.

"Damn," he finally said aloud.

Rising, he began to pace. *She knows now. What could she be thinking? Merlin, why were my feelings for her the first thing I remembered?*

Sighing, he realized there was nothing more he could do but humiliate himself more. Transfiguring a parchment into a bouquet of flowers, he set out to find out just what Hermione Granger might feel for him.

Too few minutes later, he was in front of her door. He shifted from foot to foot. "Come on, man, you can face a gaggle of Death Eaters, yet you can't admit your feelings to one woman?"

He finally found the courage to knock. Hermione opened the door a minute later, looking down at the bouquet he held in his hand. He held it out for her. She took it from him and motioned for him to come in.

"This is an unusual bouquet, Severus," she mused as she looked down at the dozen roses, each a different hue.

"I feel it represents me the best."

"How do you mean?" she asked as her gaze was brought to his.

"I know that I might seem a bit... different... at first glance." He eyed her intently. "I also know that my approach to you in the past has been prickly at best."

Hermione looked down at the roses and back to him. "Much like this bouquet, if approached the wrong way one might get hurt?"

He nodded.

She regarded the roses once again. "I think that although this bouquet is different from any one I have ever seen, it's probably the most beautiful I've ever seen also." She looked back up at Severus. "I'm honored to receive such a... gift."

She held out her hand to him. "Stay awhile?"

His curt nod was enough to make her smile, which in turn made him sigh in relief. Perhaps he had a chance with her after all.

A/N: Another mixture of prompts on my part:

Saraladydalian: forgetfulness, multi-colored roses, a pot of ink

HermioneDiggory: Crookshanks happens upon a former Slytherin in need and brings his mistress to the rescue. Romance ensues.