

# Size is Everything

*by sunny33*

How did Hermione and Severus get together?

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The chattering throng of Muggles came from a wide variety of lifestyles. Youths wearing leather and tattoos, snappily dressed men in their forties with leather driving gloves tucked in their pockets and Mercedes logos dangling off electronic keyrings, older women in tweeds, and even bright-eyed couples beaming their excitement. All shared a common fascination – cars. Fast cars, loud cars, luxury cars, old cars, funky cars. And Jeremy, James, Hamster, and the Stig were about to make their day.

Getting a ticket to be in the audience of a Top Gear show had been reasonably easy. Getting away from her inquisitive friends had been another matter. The thought of Ron asking endless embarrassing questions in front of large numbers of Muggles and Harry's dislike of crowds had been enough to keep this excursion a secret. The boys had never really understood her love of fast cars, conceived at the tender age of four when her father took her for her first ride in his brand-new, red Maserati. Since then, Hermione had spent many hours in the garage, helping Richard Granger tweak his succession of sports cars into the best possible performance. She had often tried to explain why she hated broomsticks. Why fly on a broom when you can fly along the road in comfort in a shiny, full-throated Italian beast?

Conscience pricking only a little, she used a mild Repelling Charm to edge her way towards the front of the crowd where the show's presenters were about to begin filming. As Jeremy teased James with his nickname of Captain Slow, she looked up to find her eyes caught by a face she would never forget after six years of derision: Severus Snape, dressed in standard Muggle attire of jeans, T-shirt, and bomber jacket and laughing along with everyone else. Ducking back behind a beefy middle-aged man declaring his love of Fords on his jumper, she watched as all her preconceived ideas about Snape unravelled.

Who would have thought the man could blend in with Muggles so well? Who would have imagined he liked cars? And who would ever have suspected he had a bloody sense of humour?

Hermione shook the Snape-related thoughts from her brain and concentrated on the three presenters' antics. She'd looked forward to this show for too long to allow contemplation of her ex-Potions professor's proclivities to distract her attention.

An hour later, Hermione clapped and cheered as the show finished. Smiling at the young man beside her as they jostled their way towards the exit, she found herself diverted by a hand on her sleeve. A startled glance revealed the source of her hindrance inviting her with a jerk of his dark head towards a less-used side door.

"I would never have picked you for a car lover, Granger."

"Power is not all about magic, Professor."

"I find myself agreeing with you. Reluctantly." He guided her towards the audience parking area.

Hermione scanned the cars before her, wondering which one was driven by her companion. "So, Snape, what do you drive? Please don't tell me it's a Firebolt XT."

The wizard huffed and tossed her a set of keys. One of those expensive looking sets.

"Are you serious? You drive a 4200GT? The V8?"

"One and the same."

"My father would kill for a ride in that. So would I, for that matter."

"No need to deploy your wand, Granger. Come on, I'll take you for a ride."

"You realise I might decide I like you after that?"

"I'll take the risk."

Hermione chuckled and followed the now-intriguing man out to the very back corner of the carpark.

"I might have known. Couldn't you be more imaginative than black?"

"I suppose you would have chosen Gryffindor red, Granger."

"Red ones go faster; everyone knows that. But look, you have red leather upholstery. You might have potential yet."

Snape opened the Maserati's door and invited her to enter. "Why don't you drive?"

Hermione smiled and inserted the keys into the ignition. As the 4.2 litre engine roared into life, the two shared a sigh of contentment. Applying her right foot to the accelerator, Hermione murmured, "A lot of potential."

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A/N: Saturday Night Drabble written for karelia, who wanted Snape and Hermione getting together in an original way, avoiding cliches along the way. Okay, the Gryffindor red comment may be cliché, but I had to get the "red ones go faster" bit in!

Snape's car can be found here: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maserati\\_Coup%C3%A9](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maserati_Coup%C3%A9)

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.