

# To the Winner Go the Spoils

by sunny33

Hermione learns more than she sought when she visits Severus Snape.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione thanked the house-elf who had let her in and glanced around the room. It was more a reception room than an entrance lobby, with grand double entrance doors leading into a spacious carpeted area, mullioned windows, and elegant sofas placed before two wide fireplaces at either end of the room. There was even a chess set stationed to make the most of the natural light.

Wondering where Snape was hiding, she peeked through the nearest door. The sight of hundreds of books enticed her into the room despite her usual impeccable manners. Even here, in his secluded south of France hideaway, he had an impressive collection. The purpose of her visit forgotten, the young witch perused the titles until an odd sound reached her ears through the partially open door.

Music.

Guitar music.

*Modern* guitar music.

How very... unSnape.

Peering out into the reception room, Hermione blinked.

And blinked again.

Standing by the front door, playing a guitar with more passion than she believed he was capable, was the unfriendly, antisocial, and generally obnoxious Severus Snape.

And he was naked.

And—

Erasing the last, half-formed thought from her brain, Hermione pushed the door fully open and swept out into the larger room. Embarrassing as it was confronting a nude Snape, it would hopefully give her an advantage in their negotiations. She wanted to pick his brain, and if getting an eyeful of his surprisingly fit body went with the deal, well, so be it.

The strains of *Smoke on the Water* stuttered to a halt as Snape dropped the guitar and reached for his wand. How he had concealed it in the skimpy Speedos he was wearing was beyond Hermione's comprehension. *Is that a wand in your Speedos or are you just pleased to see me?* drifted through her mind, distracting her from the business at hand.

Snape.

Speedos.

Red Speedos.

*Ye gods and little fishes! They hide nothing!*

"What have I done to deserve the dubious honour of your presence, Miss Granger? My face is up here, woman!"

*Fine muscles, finer package, but still as charming as ever.* "Er... Yes... I've come to ask a favour. I need some information about—"

"No."

"I beg your pardon?"

"No. It's a two-letter word. It means, 'I'm not interested in whatever it is. Go away and bother someone else with your incessant questions.' Clear enough?"

"But—"

"NO! And STOP looking at my crotch!"

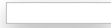
Hermione huffed, cast one last deliberate survey from damp, black hair down to red clad bulge, and flounced out the door.

Snape had won the battle but would not win the war.

Not now she'd seen the prize.

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A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Pennfana: Explain this.



Thanks to Pennfana for the prompt and the inspirational pic of her Sim Snape and KingPhilipsWench for the beta and help with the image.