

Not-So-Dreamless Sleep

by debjunk

Severus is desperate and takes some Dreamless Sleep that has gone bad.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus eyed the vial skeptically. The color was off, but he had no other Dreamless Sleep potion available. He considered not using it, but the thought of what might happen if he didn't.... He shuddered. It wasn't even a possibility for him to sleep tonight without it. He knew what his dreams would be, and he didn't want to have them.

Curse Granger and her sexy outfit.

He'd been coerced by Minerva to join the rest of the staff at the Three Broomsticks for some pre-holiday fun. Everything had been going along as predicted. Trelawney was drunk at the onset and kept making eyes at him. Flitwick had been nattering on about his latest and greatest student. Sprout was going into great detail about some plant or other that could transform into any other plant, and Minerva was grinning at him as if she had some secret that she wasn't willing to share. All in all, a typical gathering of the staff.

That was until Granger waltzed into the pub.

His eyes were drawn to her immediately. She wore a tight fitting red dress that left little to the imagination. Her cheeks were tinted pink from her rush to get there on time. She looked beautiful.

Apologizing profusely, she sat down next to him. A wave of her perfume enveloped him, making him inhale deeply. He wanted to get closer and take in more of her scent. It was then that he knew that he was in trouble... deep trouble.

His prior attempts to ignore Granger had failed. She had wormed her way into his existence, much to his dismay. Even more to his dismay, he found himself enjoying her worming. He enjoyed it enough to want her to worm more and more. The sexy dress had been too much, however. It had sent his senses reeling, and his desire for her had multiplied tenfold.

After a night of trying to pretend to be interested in the drivel that was being spoken around the table, he now found himself so wound up that only a Dreamless Sleep potion would keep him from... well, he didn't want to think about it... ever.

Ignoring the off-color of the potion, he pulled the stopper and swallowed it in a gulp.

"There, Granger. You will have no power over me tonight!"

He stalked to his bed, climbed in and settled in for the night. In a few minutes he had fallen asleep.

He walked the halls purposefully. She called out to him, and he could do nothing but obey. It seemed to take forever to get to her door. With a wave of his wand, her wards

were down, and he entered. Making his way to her bedroom, he stopped to admire what he saw.

She slept peacefully, her hair strewn about on her pillow. He loved her nose; so perky, unlike his large beak. Oh, to kiss that nose. He drew closer, reaching out to caress her cheek once he was by her side. If only she could care for him as he'd come to care for her.

Bending low, he placed a kiss on her nose.

"Mmm," she moaned in her sleep. "Severus..."

He moved back quickly. Could she possibly want him too?

"Hermione?" he said softly. "Hermione, do you feel anything for me?"

She opened her eyes and seemed startled for a second. She was quick, though, for it only took her an instant to smile up at him.

"Severus, I've wanted you... this... for ages."

He sunk on the bed then and kissed her passionately...

Morning sun awakened him, which was an odd sensation because there were no windows in his dungeon retreat. He cracked his eyes open to find himself not in his own room, but in someone else's. His senses came back to him fully as he realized that Granger was snuggled up into his side. He looked down in shock at the pile of curls that could only belong to her that were draped over his chest. He tried to move away, but she gripped him tightly.

"Don't go, Severus. Don't ever go," she said sleepily.

His dream came back to him then. It had been... intense... but he'd thought it only a dream. It seemed that Dreamless Sleep which sat on the shelf too long had the exact opposite effect that it should. He'd not only dreamed last night but had acted out every minute of the ecstasy that he now remembered. He groaned.

Hermione's eyes opened fully, and her head came up. "You regret it, don't you?" she asked with fear in her voice.

He explained everything. It was only fair.

"It was the potion. I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

Her stricken look made his words freeze on his lips.

"Oh," she said as she gazed down sadly. "I understand."

He watched her closely. She was upset. Upset that his coming to her hadn't been what she'd thought, hadn't been something he wanted. But that wasn't true, was it? It was everything he wanted.

His hand went out to hers, and he held it. "Hermione." She didn't look up. "You don't understand. The dream... I took the potion to avoid..."

She sniffed, and he felt his pride slip away from him. Damn her and her ability to make him say things he knew he would regret. He pulled her close.

"My dream was everything that I've wanted to do with you but have been afraid to do. I want this. I want you."

She looked up at him then. "You're sure?" she asked tentatively.

"Hermione, I'm sure. I've been sure of this for a long time, I've just not wanted to admit it to myself."

She grinned then, and he couldn't help himself. He snogged her senseless.

Prompt by HermioneDiggory: 1. A contaminated batch of Dreamless Sleep produces slumber that is anything but dreamless.