

First Taste

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Hermione is sick of waiting.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Written for the GrangerSnape100 community on LJ, Daddy Longlegs challenge.

Hermione schooled her outward appearances to remain opposite of her tumultuous insides. She sat upright and still like a statue in a wingback chair, waiting for the Hogwarts staff meeting to adjourn.

Her eyes were half-lidded as she turned her face, if not her attention, to Minerva, who was burring on endlessly about expectations for the coming term.

Across from her, and causing her heart to flit in her chest like a fly in a spider's web, was Snape. She knew he wanted her. Smoldering eyes told her, even if the rest of him remained stoic and seemingly unaffected.

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The previous Friday, she had finally worked up her courage to ask him out. She waited long past her usual time to retire until the staff room was empty, save for them.

As midnight drew near, she cleared her throat, turning to him, but he spoke first, saying he'd been counting the minutes wondering if she could cease chattering an entire evening. Lo and behold, she had made it so very far to sink into defeat at the final hour.

Her sudden tears seemed to take him down a peg, but she had hastened off before he could say more.

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Afterwards, he seemed to attempt to apologize, but every time her brown eyes met his, he opened his mouth and vitriol spilled out. He managed within a scant few days to disparage her hair, marriage prospects, and teaching style, then even worked in some barbs about Ron whom she hadn't dated since age 19.

Belatedly, it all made sense and she realized that he was afraid—afraid of her, afraid of feelings, and who knew what else.

The next time she ran into him and he began a rant about mis-awarded House points, she leaned up and kissed him.

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The kiss had turned into a steamy clinch, but after an enthusiastic response, he had disappeared. He avoided her in the hallways, at meals, in Hogsmeade.

Now, they sat across the table in the staff meeting, and she felt more than saw him trying to catch her attention. Before she turned, she filled her eyes with desire for him,

so he could pick it up, Legitimacy or no. She transmitted one clear sentence to him and saw his pupils dilate as he understood.

Oh, Daddy longlegs, I fear that I'm finally growing weary of waiting to be consumed by you...