

Breakdowns in the Ways of Love

by *SnivellusSnape*

At the end of the war, Hermione hears something so good, she jeopardizes her bookworm personae.

Prologue/Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was beta'd by Good_Witch, who is supertastical awesome, a hoot to D&D with and one of the only persons to hear me sing outside of my car and bathroom. Finally, I am crawling out of my little hole and I will begin posting my works here periodically. Hope you folks enjoy!

I also do not own a ruttin' thing in this 'verse except the plot, which I am sure is similar to several others out there, but whatever.

Prologue

It happened late in my sixth year on a surprisingly clear night. Lord Voldemort was finally defeated. The entire Order, as well as those not old enough to join but who aided in his downfall, all gathered at Grimmauld. Even though good triumphed over evil, there were a few who did not survive.

Dean Thomas, Parvati Patil, Colin Creevey, Seamus Finnigan and of course, Sirius Black.

At the start of the celebration, we held a small vigil, honoring those who fell. It was a solemn time. It hurt so much, looking around seeing Dennis mourning his brother and Padma collapsed on the ground with the protective arms of Remus around her. I even saw, for the first time, emotions spreading across Professor Snape's face. I remember thinking to myself, 'This cannot be him. He is supposed to be the strong one out of us all, someone who never shows what he is feeling, but yet, there he was, with a tear running down his sallow face.' My heart went out to him then.

As the night progressed, the mourning became nonexistent and the real celebration began. Ogden's was passed around, along with butterbeers and various other alcoholic drinks. Everyone was becoming loose. George, or maybe it was Fred, no one can really tell, especially when one is inebriated, told a joke:

"A guy says, 'I remember the first time I used alcohol as a substitute for women.'

'Yeah what happened?' asked his friend.

The first guy replies, 'Well, er, I got my penis stuck in the neck of the bottle.'"

Everyone was in stitches; Ron laughed so hard that he threw up. But it was not that which grabbed my attention. It was the velvet baritone that found its way to my ears. I listened to it and searched like a bloodhound to find whom it belonged to. And there he was, head thrown back, revealing a thin pale throat, mouth opened wide giving a full

hearty laugh. Once the initial wave stopped and he lowered his head, still chuckling, our eyes met. His dark hair covered a good portion of his face, but an eye still shone through. We held each other gaze for some time until he arched one of those eyebrows and a blush crept up my neck and to my cheeks.

How long had I been staring I do not know, but a few seconds later Harry and Ron brought me back with some drunken jabs, declaring they were heading to bed. I acknowledged them, planning on retiring for the night myself. I gathered my things and got up. I scanned the room for Professor Snape, but did not see him. I slowly scaled the stairs to the rooms I shared with Ginny. As I came to the top of the stairs I saw him, he too retiring for the night. He turned to close the door, and we caught eyes again. He gave me a slight nod of the head, and I did the same to him saying goodnight. As I passed the door, I heard him softly say, "Goodnight, Miss Granger."

It was those three tiny, meaningless words, which have haunted my dreams every night for the past year. My once innocent dreams of swimming with my friends or flying on a hippogriff shattered, only to be filled with passionate ones involving the one and only Hogwarts Potions master, Professor Severus Snape.

Chapter 1

As of now it's 19:35, and I am in the Potions classroom, cleaning the first years' cauldrons without any magical aide. For some reason, the state of these cauldrons seems a lot worse than the state of some from six years ago. It must be due to the pureblood inbreeding, which is turning out more and more squibs or children with little powers.

Just for the record though, I am not peeved that I am in detention. Oh, no, this is right where I want to be, in the dungeons, in hopes of getting closer to Severus, as I now call him in the privacy of my mind and Head Girl's room.

I know it might seem a little strange, but like what has been said already, I harbor certain feelings for him and have for the past year. He intrigues me beyond anything imaginable. I have come to love his sarcasm and have to try to fight the urge to laugh every time he berates Harry, Ron or Neville. It was one of these such times that I was not able to stop the laughter that spewed from my mouth in time that landed me here tonight.

During seventh year Advanced Potions, I sat in a row with Harry and Ron. We were working on the Wound Cleaning Potion. Madame Pomfrey had run out during the last Quidditch practice, and if the practice is brutal, then the match was definitely going to need some. As we were working on it, Harry and Ron started playing around with some of the ingredients, mainly the caterpillars. They were picking them up and sort of squeezing them, but they tired of that and began throwing them about. They were causing quite a raucous when Severus came over:

"Well, it seems that the two of you are still in need of your diapers to be changed. This is seventh year Advanced Potions, not a children's day care. If you would please stop this childish behavior and get back to work, you can escape out of here with just losing your House 50 points."

Right about this time is when I burst into a fit of giggles. It was just too much for me. Severus had made it back to his desk almost before he whipped around and fixed me with a glare that used to scare me, but now just amused me even more. My arms were braced against the table and my knees were turning to jelly from the laughing. He came back to the table and took the position I was in, but more menacing. His eyes squinted as he looked at me, and I tried my hardest to stop the laughter, but failed miserably.

"Just what is so amusing, Miss Granger?"

I composed myself the best I could and straightened up looking him in the eye, "You, Professor Snape."

"Well, I do hope that you find detention just as amusing as me, because you will be serving it in the dungeons with me for the next week."

With that he turned back around and swooped back to his desk and added to his punishment in a velvet whisper, "You have also lost your House another 50 points. Looks like Slytherin might have a chance after all at winning the House Cup if this cheek is persistent."

That's how I ended up here. I do not regret one moment of it, even though Harry and Ron were a bit puzzled by my actions. At dinner they were trying to decipher just why I had done what I did, but I passed it off as Gryffindor bravery and that I was not going to take anything from anyone again. I had fought in the worst wizard battle Britain has ever seen, that alone is enough to make anyone stronger.

Please be kind...