

# Observing the Obvious

by Ladymage Samiko

Hermione accidentally walks in on Professor Snape.

## Observing the Obvious

Chapter 1 of 4

Hermione accidentally walks in on Professor Snape.

Hermione bustled. It was a chronic state of being for her, and at the moment, her bustling was directed in collecting the boys' laundry. Believing everyone to be out of the house, she may perhaps be forgiven for neglecting to knock on the bedroom door.

The bustling ceased abruptly as she gaped. Snape, busy towelling himself dry, stared, then scowled.

He was nude.

Very, very nude.

As nude as you could manage while still having skin.

He was... He was...

He was *bloody skinny*.

Hermione's bustle returned, and propelled her down to the kitchen. By Circe, that man needed ~~feeding~~!

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ANs: I'd come across a few different walk-in-on-nekkid!Snape scenes lately, and noticed the universal "nekkid!Snape = sexy" reaction Hermione has in that situation. Which of course got me to wondering what \_else\_ she might see aside from his genitalia. So, given a canon!Snape and Hermione's need to take care of people, it pretty much wrote itself.

As always, tokens in the little box are much appreciated.

# The Obvious Addressed

Chapter 2 of 4

Snape has his side of the story...

## *The Obvious Addressed*

She'd taken one look at him naked... and bolted. Par for the— no, better than par, actually. Most preferred disparaging his physique first.

Perhaps Granger was reserving that for later. After her horror dissipated.

Scowling, Snape dressed.

And then... a distinct scent drifted by.

Bacon.

Eggs.

And, by god, *sausages*.

Snape began following his nose.

Cinnamon. Strawberries. *Butter*.

Chocolate. Bergamot. *Coffee*.

He hovered in the doorway, taking in the magnificent feast for two. Weasley (*effingchild*) was one lucky bastard.

Hermione emerged from the kitchen. "Well?" she smiled. "Tuck in!"

Severus gaped. But he didn't need to be told twice.

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"*You and I, Georgia, we know the secret to life.*"

"*Yeah, and what's that, Chef Didier?*"

"Butter."

— Gerard Depardieu & Queen Latifah in 'Last Holiday'

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AN: The p.bunnies were amenable when asked for a continuation, thank goodness. Working on producing an illus. for this, but so far, the bunnies haven't provided any additional drabble possibilities.

# Addressing the Apparent

Chapter 3 of 4

Hermione observes the result of her handiwork.

Hermione smiled with a deep, visceral satisfaction, the sort that comes from knowing that one's efforts are well-appreciated— and from knowing that one can make a surly Snape smile in sheer bliss.

He apparently had a weakness for éclairs. So did his nose, which inevitably acquired a decorative dollop of cream. The hazards of physiognomy, she surmised— and why he never ate them in public. Difficult to be intimidating with chocolate smears on one's fingers and cream on one's nose.

Hermione stared, disconcerted, when his tongue slipped out to lick those chocolate smears.

Ye—es. Impossible to be intimidating like *that*.

# An Apparent Obsession

Chapter 4 of 4

Severus finds himself slightly perturbed... but not enough, apparently.

## *An Apparent Obsession*

Snape stared at the table in consternation. Crumpets, clotted cream, cake, cucumber sandwiches... Strawberries. Some eggy, pasty things. Several tins of tea next to a pot of boiling water and a cream jug. No sugar, according to his preference.

Miss Granger had developed the oddest obsession with *feeding* him. Breakfast, elevenses, lunch, afternoon tea... Several times a day he was met with small mountains of food of all shapes, sizes, and cuisines. As well as Granger, *egging* him on.

It was disturbing.

He'd be fatter than Slughorn by the time she was done.

"Another éclair, Professor?"

"Yes, thank you, Granger."

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ANs: And I return to this series after... a long time, brought back by GS100s 'afternoon tea' challenge. Will I continue? I hope to, but it depends on such things as inspiration, time, and the encroachment of longer projects, both fanfic and original. Still, as always, a small token in the little box below is always appreciated, even if the author does act like a miserly hermit.