

# For the Sober Drinkers

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Severus awakens after a night of celebration. (GS100 'hangover' challenge)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Snape awoke with a pounding headache, sore muscles, protesting stomach, and feeling rather... sticky. When he attempted cautious movement, he found one arm to be entirely numb— and trapped under a head concealed by masses of hair. His mouth twisted in self-mockery. *Not surprising; the only time I can get a woman, we both have to be completely pissed.*

But from what he could recall... he hadn't been too bad at all, really. Still, he'd best be prepared for hysterics when the idiot girl woke up. With his luck (and hers), she'd probably blank on the whole thing.

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Snape shifted, groping for his nightstand drawer. The girl's hand slipped along his chest. "Mornin', Sev'rus," Hermione muttered.

Severus blinked. "Shouldn't you be screaming bloody murder right now?" he asked bluntly.

"Why?" The bedclothes rustled, and she squinted at him sleepily.

"You're here. In bed. With me. After sex."

She had a cat-with-the-cream smile. "Mm, that *is* how I remember it. Very nice it was, too."

He stared incredulously. "You're still minced, Granger."

She shook her head, then leaned over, kissing his nose. "I was drinking juice last night," she whispered. "Interested in another round, now that *you're* sober, Professor?"