

# Blue Kisses

*by Bardsdaughter*

Who knew the color of attraction is blue?

## Blue Kisses

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Who knew the color of attraction is blue?

Blue? She'd expected a deep rose. Or maybe crimson. But blue?

"Well, there's nothing to be done about it now." Ginny Weasley shoved Hermione off the vanity's bench. "Severus is already downstairs, and you know how he hates to be kept waiting."

"But blue?"

Ginny nudged her toward the bedroom door. "He'll love it. Trust me."

Trust me. That was exactly what Lavender sodding Brown said when she showed her the tube of the latest and greatest lipstick on the market. It was guaranteed to tempt the wizard of your dreams into a kiss. And Merlin knew with Severus Snape being the wizard in question, she needed all the help she could get.

But blue? How in the name of Nimue was something the color of a corpse supposed to attract the dour Potions master? How was it supposed to make her appear the sophisticated witch instead of the student she was until four months ago? How was it supposed to fulfill the only wish she'd had since he woke up in hospital just before she sat her N.E.W.T.s?

The answer was it bloody well wouldn't. The only thing she'd be kissing tonight was a great big goodbye to her one and only chance to capture Severus Snape's attention, if not his heart.

The urge to flee increased with each step Hermione made. By the time she crossed the threshold into Grimmauld Place's dining room, she was a blink from Apparation. All it would take would be one—

His lips were against hers before a 'good evening' could form on them. Moist, rough heat darted out and pressed against the seam of her mouth. Instinct urged it to part; then—

It was gone, and she was staring into the deep obsidian depths that haunted her dreams. His cheeks were the color of regret, but the slight curl of his lips spoke of anything but.

"Excuse me, Miss Granger." Severus bowed slightly as he moved to a more respectable distance. "But I've always found blue completely irresistible." His voice flowed around her like warm silk. "I hope you'll forgive my forwardness."

She planted her hands on his chest and leaned toward him until only the breadth of a hair remained between them. "Only if you forgive mine."

With the first whispered touch of her lips against his, she thanked the gods for Gryffindor impulsiveness. And lipstick that turned the plump flesh the loveliest shade of blue.

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**A/N:** *This was written in response to the **Blue Lips Challenge** at Granger/Snape 100. I truly hope you enjoy!*