

A Rude Awakening

by *tiddlywinks*

A humorous take on the morning after, when girlfriend meets cat.

Lady Familiar

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I don't make any money off my writing, but if I did I would have to give half of it to my beta, Deeble.

This fic was written for LadyoftheMasque as a thank you - she requested to be written in as Severus' familiar.

I think to anyone that knows the Lady, I have gotten her character rather close.

Hermione lay smiling to herself in the half-light of an almost dawn.

As exhausted as she was, she couldn't keep the grin off her face. Ladies and Gents – it's official. Severus Snape is a Sex God. And after five hours of (necessary) sleep, she was ready for Round Two. Or Round Five, depending on how you looked at it. Regardless, her fingers were trailing down lower on that delicious chest, preparing to wake him in the most pleasant of ways.

She could feel him under her hand, stirring and straining upwards under her attention: hot, hard and... furry?!

It's hard to relate what happened next, in a linear sense. Afterwards, all young Jeremy Braithwaite (an intrepid second-year Ravenclaw who figured five a.m. was a far more sensible time for sneaking about than the overly dramatic midnight) could recount was a series of screeches, bangs, splintering and moaning. However, for the sake of clarity, context will be explained.

Firstly, there was a yowl from Severus' familiar as Hermione reflexively tightened her grip upon discovery that her new lover was obviously some kind of human-werewolf hybrid who sprouted fur in *selective* places.

Close on the heels of the familiar/lover mutual discovery was Severus' answering yell, as the pissed-off cat dug its claws into the aforementioned selective area. Mistaking his cry of pain for the beginnings of a more thorough furry transformation, Hermione shot backwards off the bed, landing with a thump on the cold stone floor of Snape's apartment. Although that action would embarrass her for a considerable length of time, it was rather fortunate that she did so. For in the next instant there was the pink sizzle of a hex being shot over her head, reinforced with the hoarse battle cry: "You'll never take me alive!"

Severus, being a widely read man, understood that although his Sex-God nature generally only extended to standard – if vigorous! – fare, there were people who were sexually aroused by pain. After years of worshipping a hex-happy madman, he thought such people were clearly a few lemon drops short of a twinkle. Not that the Cruciatus curse was as bad as it was generally made out to be. With the right fortifying potions and some rhythmic breathing, one could view it as an intense all-over body massage. There are, however, some forms of pain that a human body can never get used to. Claws in the groin = one of those things. Another notable thing about Pain-That-Cannot-Be-Withstood is the reflexive nature of the human body when it is inflicted. Survivalist duelling is to be expected with all jumpy ex-spies, but first and foremost

Severus Snape was a Man. Naturally his spare hand had jumped downwards to protect the offended area. Unfortunately for him, his familiar had become exceptionally talented at dodging the Potions master over the years, and had streaked under the dresser at the first sign of the Hand of Retribution... causing the particularly strangled yell that had Braithwaite cowering behind the nearest cover as the beleaguered man hit himself in the gonads.

In the interests of a word limit, the gasps, sighs and masculine groaning that punctuated the next ten minutes will not be examined in any great detail here. In the interests of Severus' pride, Hermione's hysterical laughter will not be either. Although it will be mentioned that by the time the cackling had subsided, young Braithwaite, (a Muggle-born) was beginning to worry that his Potions master had discovered some weapon capable of destroying the world.

"What the hell was that?" Eventually, Hermione's bushy head popped back up over the side of the bed.

"That," Snape gestured breathlessly to the white cat that was hissing at them from under his dresser, "is Lady." Rather randomly he added, "Narcissa Malfoy gave her to me."

"That's not a cat. That's a demon," Hermione pronounced as she heaved herself back up onto the bed.

"She's no Lady, no matter what Narcissa says."

The Lady in question had come out to groom herself nonchalantly in the corner, as though the pandemonium she had caused had never occurred.

In the manner of one of her parents' patients prodding at a sore tooth, Hermione asked "And why was she sleeping on your...?" She could only wave vaguely in the direction of the area that Snape was still cradling protectively.

He shrugged. "I guess it's warm?" Hermione had to agree with him. It did get very cold in the dungeons.

The couple stared at each other in the slightly uncomfortable way that first-time lovers can have on the morning after, once all the excitement was over.

Hermione broke the silence brightly. "Do you want me to kiss it better?"

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And as to the moaning? Perhaps it's best for the shivering second-year to climb out from behind the coat of armour in the hallway and get to breakfast before explaining any further.

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