

Remember When It Rained

by Titania Snape

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written well before HBP was published, thus it is AU. This is also a new, edited version, of the original story. Upon re-reading, as well as a growth in my skills as a writer, I decided that this story had the most potential for improvement. I will admit to the desire to rank up there with the wonderful writers whose stories inspired me to write. PTQ was the story that set my imagination flowing again, and if I, someday write even half as well as Riley and some of the others (there are too many to mention here), I shall be quite satisfied.

I am also limiting the story sites that I publish on; this isn't because I dislike those I choose not to add to, but because I am working toward my BA degree, and as a result my time is now even more divided than ever. I want to be able to answer my reviews, hence the limiting of my post sites. I do so love getting reviews and want to be able to acknowledge those of you who take the time to not only read, but review my work. With only a few sites to maintain, I shall be able to answer all of them. The time you take to even read my scribbling is precious, and I am grateful for your attention.

So, if you have read this story before, please do so again, and tell me what you think of my additions etc. If this is your first time reading this tale, I will tell you that the story is inspired primarily by the song "Remember When it Rained," which was sung by Josh Groban on his album called "Closer". "Closer", as a whole, inspires the entire story. Well, enough of this. Let's get on with it then, shall we? Oh, and all of the characters herein belong to JK Rowling and her partners, minions and lawyers. Live long and prosper, Titania (18 February 2006)

Remember When it Rained

Chapter One

Wash away the thoughts inside

That keep my mind away from you.

No more love and no more pride

The thoughts are all I have to do.

Hermione Granger was not an ordinary witch. She was Muggle-born.

Neither her parents, nor any of her kin had, to her knowledge, possessed any magical talent. In scientific terms, she could be called a genetic aberration; her talent a result of DNA strands banding together in a new way. In her more quiet moments, she often felt as if she and other Muggle-borns were a new species in the never ending chain of evolution. It wasn't something she thought of often; it was too disturbing to consider, especially now. New species often didn't survive past more than a few

generations. They either improved or became extinct. More often than not, extinction was their fate, and it would be hers if Voldemort had his way. This morning, however, she wasn't thinking along these lines. Instead, her mind was occupied with a more vexing subject; namely one Severus Snape. She let out a soft sigh and silently chided herself.

Here she was, one of the most talented witches at Hogwarts, ruminating on a person who had done nothing but make her and her friends lives miserable for the last six years, and yet she couldn't stop herself.

She knew that she wasn't beautiful, but she thought that she was pleasing to the eye. Since she had learned to tame her wild hair, she was pleased with it and quite liked its cinnamon color. She thought that it went well with her brown eyes. The rest of her face, she thought, wasn't all that bad.

Her nose was not the pert little appendage that was so popular in romance novels, for the heroines *always* had pert noses, but it wasn't large, like *his* was. To Hermione, her nose was just the right size for her face, which had taken on a softer, more oval shape during her adolescence. Her complexion was a little pale, relieved only by a light sprinkling of freckles that dusted her nose. She rather liked her freckles, especially the slightly larger one that graced the skin just little above her right nostril. She thought it lent her an air of distinction. Lavender had once told her that she should consider concealing the freckle, but Hermione had demurred without hesitation.

Her lips, she thought, lent themselves to a certain sexiness. Lavender had called them "pink and luscious" in an envious tone of voice. Not that Hermione cared whether or not Lavender was envious of her lips, but it was nice to know that there was some part of her that could be considered, luscious. She had, at her friend's insistence, taken to wearing a very light coat of clear gloss to bring out their pink tone.

Other than her lips, she realized, she was average. Many an evening was spent naked, in front of her full-length mirror, in assessment of her attributes. Her breasts would always be just "a handful," as she had heard said by some boys, but her waist was tiny, and her firm hips (thanks to all of the stairs at school), flowed into shapely legs. The only thing she bemoaned was her height. She longed to be taller than five foot six, but this was only because *he* was so much taller.

She knew, however, that her finest asset was her mind. Even she could acknowledge this without false modesty. Her excellent mind was the trade off for her looks. She had no problem with the compromise, for she was certain that she would rather be smart and average, rather than gorgeous and stupid. She had worked hard to hone her mind into the formidable organ that it was, and she would continue to do so for the rest of her life. Her thirst for knowledge simply refused to be quenched even by the adolescent hormones that raged through her blood. She was who she was, and she refused to compromise herself for anyone, especially for a boy. Her study habits and love of knowledge had perhaps cost her some friends, but this was not a frequent regret. After all, she had Harry, Ron and Ginny.

Thus, the majority of her teenage years had passed, mostly without the angst that often accompanied the time. Until recently.

During last term, her sixth at Hogwarts, she had become clumsy, especially around Professor Snape. She seemed to always be running into him. The embarrassment and fear she felt at his castigation of her had, at some point, melted into unfamiliar tingling and desire. She had attempted to dismiss her feelings, but to her horror, they had eventually developed into an insatiable craving. She made herself come to terms with her crush on the enigmatic Potions master, telling herself that she would get over it soon enough.

She had almost succeeded, she thought, until one day Professor Dumbledore had the brilliant idea of having them work together on Order business. This had, naturally, put them in closer quarters. He had remained the same as always, as had she, but somewhere along the way her respect and admiration of his mind had developed into something more.

She knew, in her heart, that her feelings would mean nothing to him. She knew that if he were ever to discover her secret, he would use the knowledge to ridicule her. Her eyes welled with bitter tears. She blinked them back, determined to control her emotions. The kitchen of Grimmauld Place was not a proper forum for tears; someone could come in at any moment, and she wasn't fit enough to make up a plausible story for her emoting.

"Oh, God!" she gasped, unable to hold back the lone tear that now slid down her cheek. "What am I going to do now, especially after last night?"

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The night before...

"Good evening, Professor," she murmured, as he helped her up off of the floor. She had, as usual, run smack into him as she rushed down the stairs. She had been running behind schedule all day and was now in danger of being late for the start of the Order's weekly meeting.

She, Harry and Ron had been inducted into the order the week prior, and she wanted to live up to the responsibility that membership entailed; timeliness was one such obligation. So as a result of her rushing, she had managed to plow into Professor Snape again for probably the twentieth time that year.

"Miss Granger, do you greet everyone in this manner, or is it a privilege reserved exclusively for me?" he asked disdainfully once she was set aright again.

Hermione blushed and stuttered, "P-professor I am..."

"So sorry, sir," he said in a mimicking tone, cutting her apology off. "Yes, Miss Granger, I am well aware that you are once again *so sorry Professor Snape, sir*. Tell me, Miss Granger, do you walk at all, or is your life lived at a continual run?"

She met his eyes and returned his scowl. "Well, Professor, if you must know, I have been rather busy today and am running behind on time."

"It would seem that you had this same problem last term as well. I believe that I have told you before that you shouldn't pack your schedule so tightly?"

She rewarded his gruff tone with a haughty expression and replied, "My schedule isn't your concern, sir, as I told you at the time you offered that sage advice. Allow me to reiterate what I said then."

He narrowed his eyes as his cheeks flushed. He lowered his head toward hers, and her heart began to pound even harder than it had been. She wondered what his kiss would feel like. She licked her lower lip as heat pooled in her belly and desire turned her blood into...

"Perhaps a cow bell around your neck would be in order then, Miss Granger, as a warning to your approach and a salvation to my arse!" he whispered archly, instantly cooling her ardor.

He turned on his heel and strode to the kitchen door. Hermione stared, trembling and narrow eyed, at his back for a moment before following him.

He hadn't been joking when he made the remark about his arse, he thought, as he gingerly sat down on one of the wooden chairs that surrounded the kitchen table. Perhaps it was age, or the lingering effects of the Cruciatus he had endured last night, but Miss Granger's recklessness was beginning to wreak havoc on his posterior. He would have to treat the bruise he knew was forming with the salve he had created after enduring Poppy's teasing upon his fourth visit to the infirmary for "Hermione Treatment," as he referred to it.

"Really, Severus," she had said. "One would think that a mere slip of a girl wouldn't be able to inflict such injury!"

He never returned to her from that night on. Thus the salve, which was of course, back at Hogwarts. He hissed an expletive, drawing the attention of Remus Lupin who was, to Snape's great misfortune, seated next to him.

"What was that, Severus?"

"Nothing, Rover. Mind your business!" he growled, as he watched Hermione make her way into the room. She met his eyes for a moment before she blushed and looked

away. He watched her slide into the seat that her friends had saved for her, wondering what she saw in them, the disrespectful Harry Potter and the hotheaded Ronald Weasley. Surely she could do better than them for friends! With one last scowl in her direction, he turned his attention to Albus Dumbledore as he called the meeting to order

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Severus Snape, lay sprawled under the shapely thighs of Hermione Granger, she looking down at him with a mixture of horror and fear, he looking up at her with a mixture of fury and pain. They were both too occupied with their mutual horror to notice the amused and, in some cases, mortified expressions of the small audience that had gathered in the hall.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped. "Oh, Professor Snape, sir I..."

"Shut up and get the hell off of me, Granger!" he hissed, pain sweeping through his already sore butt.

She closed her mouth and made to climb off of him, but in her haste, her feet became entangled in her robes, and she found herself sprawled chest to chest with him.

"Miss Granger!" he hissed again, as he tried to catch the breath she had knocked out of him. He bucked his hips slightly, as he pushed at her shoulders in an effort to push her off of him.

"Oh, sir..." she whispered.

He froze. All he could see were her eyes, hooded and sparkling with... 'No,' he thought. 'It wasn't possible!'

"Get off of me now!" he hissed, suddenly aware of his physiological reaction to her.

She managed to climb off of him and stand upright without further incident. Ignoring her offered hand, Severus gingerly made his way to his feet, and in doing so, noted the gathered crowd. 'Wonderful,' he thought as he turned to confront the on going bane of his existence.

"Miss Granger!" he growled, towering over her in an attempt to regain control of his body. "Stay away from me. I don't want to see you, except for your appearances in class, and I am ordering you to walk around me when you do see me. Do not sit next to me, do not attempt to come anywhere near me, and for the love of God, please slow the hell down! You are a continuing nuisance to me, and if you run into me one more time, you will regret it! Do I make myself clear, Miss Granger?"

She stood there, breathless with fright and arousal, wishing that the foundations of the old house would collapse and swallow her. Blinking back tears, she ducked her head, stepped past him and darted up the stairs.

"Well done, Severus," Remus Lupin muttered, shaking his head in amusement.

Harry and Ron glared at him as they edged their way past him and followed their friend up the stairs. Severus thought that he heard the words "Git" and "Bastard" echoing down, and he wished that he could take House points during the summer break. Alas, Albus had forbidden it last summer.

"Severus," Albus chided. His eyes twinkled over the tops of his half moon glasses, and Severus had to resist the sudden urge to throttle the old man. "Did you have to be so harsh with the girl? Surely she ran into you on accident?"

"Sir, she has made this running into me, a habit over the course of the last year," he hissed in reply. "As I am sure Poppy has informed you. She is a nuisance and quite literally a pain in my arse! I may have to put up with her in class, but I certainly don't have to put up with her in any other arena!"

With that said he turned, strode out of the front door, and apparated away with an angry pop.

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With another gusty sigh, Hermione turned and walked back inside. She really couldn't dwell on the prior evening any longer. Her eyes felt swollen with unshed tears, and she hadn't had enough sleep, but it was her turn to cook breakfast, and she didn't want to ruin the meal for the rest of the occupants of the house. She'd had a hard enough time persuading Molly Weasley that she actually deserved a lie in; the woman was a workhorse, never complaining about having to care for the hoard of people at Grimmauld place.

Thanking God, that he never took a meal in the house, she proceeded to heat up the Aga and whip the eggs in preparation for the giant omelet she was going to make. Time passed agreeably fast, and the smell of breakfast drifted throughout the house. By the time the table was laid out, everyone had begun slowly drifting in to begin their day.

She sat down at her place, mug of coffee in hand, and nibbled on her eggs. Everyone kept to themselves during the first meal of the day; for all had discovered that none were really morning people.

The silence was just getting comfortable, when Remus asked, "So, Hermione, how did you sleep?"

She sipped her coffee to cover the surprised expression she knew she wore, wincing as it burned her tongue. "Fine, thank you, Remus," she answered. "After all, being insulted by Professor Snape is something we are all used to by now."

He smiled at her, his eyes alight with sympathy. "That's Severus for you. But I thought that you two were getting along better after having worked together last term."

"Well he..."

"I don't think that Snape could get along with anyone if his life depended on it," Harry interrupted with a scowl. "I mean, really, he's worse than Dudley sometimes!"

Hermione looked at her friend and frowned, but before she could defend the professor, Ginny chimed in.

"That's an insult to poor Dudley!"

This elicited a round of giggles, for everyone knew about Dudley Dursley and the treatment Harry received in his aunt and uncle's home.

"Besides, Harry," Ron added, "we have him again this year! Neville too, poor chap. Maybe you should just invent a charm to repel the git, Mione. I think he'll kill you if this term is a repeat of the last!"

Hermione sighed. "I don't know why I always seem to be running him down. You'd think that my mum hadn't made me take all of those years of ballet as ungraceful as I seem to be around him! Then again, he just creeps up on you, like a mouse!"

There was no response to her comment, for they were all busy reflecting on how many times they had been caught off guard by the silent approach of their professor.

After a moment, Remus said, "He was creepy silent as a student, too, as I recall. He almost got the best of James on a couple of occasions. Still, Hermione, last night was really amusing. The look on his face was priceless!"

"Please, let's don't bring last night up again!" Hermione exclaimed, her cheeks suddenly flushing. "I don't want to think about it any more. It will ruin our day at Diagon Alley."

Seeing her blush and not wanting to arouse her temper, her companions wisely let the matter drop and breakfast continued. Relieved, Hermione sat back and allowed the conversation to turn to Quidditch.