

Better Than Butterbeer

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Snape and Hermione share their first kiss, at the Burrow, no less.
Inspired by the First Kiss challenge on grangersnape100.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR owns all the characters and the Potter Universe. I am not JKR, but I wouldn't mind borrowing Snape from time to time.

A/N: This is a bit of Fluff that got away from me. It was supposed to be a 100-word drabble, but it turned into a 500-word ficlet.

The battle had been long, the killing quick.

The survivors stood in front of Hogwarts, assessing the damage. Some were Apparated to St. Mungo's; many were treated on the spot and sent on to the Burrow for a head count and the start of a celebration.

The women seemed to arrive first, Molly, Tonks, Ginny, and Hermione; followed by some of the boys, Fred, George, Ron, and Neville. As new faces Apparated in, they were greeted with hugs, kisses, and Butterbeer. The older Order members, along with Harry, were some of the last to arrive, but with no less fanfare.

Along with the last group came Snape. He'd fought for the Order in the end, but wasn't in a jubilant mood. He'd been forced to make an appearance by Lupin, who insisted that Snape needed to at least show up, if for nothing more than to be accounted for.

As the ballyhoo subsided around Harry, Molly took to checking over Arthur. Ginny and Tonks were laughing and hugging Lupin. Bill and Fleur were snogging in a corner. Hermione turned to find Ron, who was involved in a bunch of backslapping with Fred and George, when she saw a lone figure.

It was then, when she saw him standing by the fireplace, that Hermione understood all that Snape had sacrificed. She did not think that he was the Butterbeer type, but saw no other opening.

"Butterbeer, Professor?" she asked from behind him.

"I am not a Professor anymore," he said, more to the cold, empty hearth than to Hermione.

Her stubborn pride made her stand there, waiting patiently, her mind made up.

He finally turned to acknowledge that she had not left him alone, a faint shell of the man he had once been whilst stalking the halls of the castle. Hermione took a step toward him and proffered the open bottle. A sudden urge washed over her, and she hugged him.

"Thank you, P... sir."

His first thought was to grab her by the shoulders and push her away, but he realized that she might need the hug more than him. She had been through a lot. He let his arms relax around her, gently pulling her in closer, his chin lightly resting on the top of her head.

He was not sure how long they stood like this, a second, a minute, longer.

He gazed down at her. "You're welcome."

Snape realized too late that he should not have spoken; the spell had been broken. Hermione took a step back.

His usual dour expression was settling back on his face when Hermione smiled at him, rose up onto her tiptoes, and softly brushed her lips against his in a kiss.

She was still smiling as she handed him the Butterbeer and walked off to find her friends.

Snape stood there, staring after her as he brought the bottle up to his mouth, but he did not take a sip; he wanted to remember the feel of Hermione's lips on his.