

Redemption & Brandy

by lady_rhian

A series of ten drabbles. Hermione Granger must grapple with her feelings for Severus Snape and act accordingly after too many glasses of brandy.

Inspired by the "Snape Takes a Bath" challenge at the Livejournal community ?grangersnape100? (and WIKTT).

Part One

Chapter 1 of 2

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Disclaimer: JKR owns it all.

A/N: Thanks to all the lovely ladies at the grangersnape100 over at LJ for being fantastic muses and for fighting inspiring wars. :)

Here are the first five drabbles in a series of ten.

"This is a superb cup of coffee, Minerva," Hermione said, sipping her cup of dark roast in the headmistress' office.

"I'm quite fond of it myself." Minerva smiled at her old friend, now colleague. "Have I told you how glad I am that you were able to take the position on such short notice?"

"Many times."

"Well, I'm glad," Minerva said, unruffled. "What with the war going on."

"It's almost done," Hermione said, trying to reassure her mentor.

"I won't rest easy until Voldemort is three years dead in his grave," Minerva muttered, gulping her coffee.

Hermione paused. "Point taken."

"Flitwick's death was sad but inevitable. Even goblin blood doesn't ensure immortality," Minerva laughed.

Hermione joined her. Several hours had passed, the two friends nattering on in Minerva's office. The sun had set, and the cups of dark roast had been discarded in favor of

glasses of brandy.

"I must say, dear," Minerva said, "I was as shocked as everyone when the letters were found. I've known the boy since he was a student, but he had even me convinced."

"Mmm," Hermione said, seemingly in agreement. Two long years had passed since Albus' death. It had only been six months since the letters had been discovered.

Dumbledore's letters.

The Atonement Letters.

SNAPE CLEARED OF ALL CHARGES.

That was what the Daily Prophet had printed.

Minerva's voice faded to the back of Hermione's mind as she thought of the day the letters had been found. For a year and a half, they had thought Snape to be a Death Eater. For a year and a half, he had been hunted.

Six months ago, the letters had appeared.

The Ministry had finally worn down the goblins, and Snape's Gringotts vault had been opened.

There was no money. Merely a bundle of letters.

Snape was innocent. He'd had the proof. And he'd done nothing.

Hermione had always held on to a shred of hope. A hope that one day, the professor she respected above all others would be redeemed.

She'd seen it in his eyes.

A year ago, the Order had found a group of Death Eaters at a raid. Hermione had recognized him immediately. No mask could hide his physical presence.

They'd dueled. His mask had come off.

He'd allowed her to win.

She'd seen the pain in his eyes. And she had known he was not one of them.

She turned her attention back to Minerva's discourse. Hermione couldn't quite tell who was talking, Minerva or the brandy.

It was late. Hermione Apparated to Grimmauld Place, walking slowly through the corridor, trying not to wake the inhabitants. There was Remus and Tonks' room on the right, Harry's (and, quite discreetly, Ginny's) on the left, there was Ron's...

She saw a light on at the end of the hall.

It was his room.

"Severus?" she called softly. She walked along to the furthest room, and barely peeked through the doorway. There was a light on in his bathroom.

She tip-toed through his room, illuminated in a dark, silvery mist. Charmed, she was sure.

The bathroom door was open.

Part Two

Chapter 2 of 2

Snape and Hermione in a bathroom. Oh, dear.

Disclaimer: I just play with JKR's characters for fun.

A/N: This was a response to a challenge to the lovely ladies of the LJ community 'grangersnape100.'

This is the second half to the ten-part series.

Hermione glanced in. Severus Snape was sitting in the bathtub, his hair damp with perspiration.

She gulped. His arms were spread out on either side, resting on the porcelain ivory of the tub. He was not muscular in a bulky way. He was lean. Toned. As if the skin had been stretched along his muscles over the years. He was pale, but not deathly translucent like he had been when they'd found him.

She could feel his presence. It was dangerous. But sensual. And entirely unnerving. She shuddered.

"When are you going to say something, Miss Granger?"

"Oh...I apologize, Severus, I didn't mean to intrude."

"Must you insist on calling me by my first name?" he asked wryly, turning his head slightly so that she could see his profile.

"I'm sorry. I'm just so used to Minerva..."

"Ahh, been drinking with Minerva have you?"

The grin disappeared from her face.

"You reek of brandy."

"Oh."

"But I've been drinking a bit myself." He gestured to the bottle of wine that sat next to the tub. The glass was half-full.

"Not brandy," Hermione muttered.

He chuckled darkly. "No, not brandy. I imagine my senses are more intact than yours."

"Probably."

"Hmm. Come here."

"W-what?" she stuttered.

He turned around to face her. Her eyes immediately honed in on the toned chest, the spattering of black hair, and thoughts of what lay beneath...

"Care for a bath, Miss Granger?" He tilted his head, eyes glittering.

Hermione's thoughts were becoming less coherent by the minute.

"You're – you're taking advantage of the situation."

"Of course I am. We're attracted to each other, and you're completely pissed. This wouldn't happen if we were sober."

"Severus..." Hermione mumbled. Damn the man. Goddamn the man for knowing how sensual that body was.

"Hermione," he said in a lush tone. "Come here."

She stared at him.

"Are you mocking me?" she asked.

"I'm asking you to come in the tub, Miss Granger. I think that's fairly straightforward."

"But are you mocking me?"

"I'm not mocking. Just inviting."

"You said it wouldn't happen if we were sober."

"Indeed. You're attracted to me, that much is obvious, but you're just as logical as I am and would surely talk yourself out of such a preposterous idea as shagging your former professor."

"In a bathtub, no less."

"Recovering some mental capacity, are we?" He smirked.

"I'm trying," she said, struggling to put her thoughts together.

"Do you always take this long to deliberate when entirely intoxicated, Miss Granger?"

"Would you stop calling me that?"

"Ooh, she has a temper, does she?"

"And don't refer to me in the third person when I'm right here."

"If you insist."

"And don't mock me."

"Why would I ever do such a thing?"

"I'll prove you wrong." She put her hands on her hips. "I'm a bit inebriated at the moment, but I'm attracted to you even when I'm sober. And when this happens – no, it's not an 'if', Severus, it's a 'when' – *when* this happens, we will both be entirely coherent and capable of appreciating the moment."

"So I'm not getting laid?"

She smirked. "Not tonight."