

Better Than Mead

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A sequel to Better Than Butterbeer.
Snape and Hermione steal another kiss.

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: Inspired by the "First Kiss" challenge on grangersnape100, a sequel to "Better Than Butterbeer" in exactly 600 words.

Snape considered his surroundings, realizing that the celebration at the Burrow would go for days. He was surrounded by Order members, Aurors, and The Boy Who Lived--Twice. He'd worked alongside all of them, but really didn't know any of them. The only one he'd ever really talked to was Dumbledore, and he was gone.

Watching the festivities from the corner, Snape found his gaze resting on Hermione, remembering the kiss she had given him earlier. She seemed able to speak easily with everyone, even Mad-Eye Moody. He wondered idly if she would bestow a kiss on Moody's craggily face.

Snape's eyebrow arched at this thought and he found himself watching the bushy-haired witch more intently.

A slap on his back brought him out of his musings.

"Now aren't you glad you came?" Lupin was looking at him with that self-effacing grin he always had around Snape.

"I was just thinking of Apparating home, Remus."

"To Spinner's End?" Lupin was shocked, but not surprised that Snape would call Spinner's End home.

"That appears to be the plan," Snape replied dryly.

"Come on, why don't you have a drink with me? Arthur has brought out some mead for all of us. Evidently, Arthur and Molly still have all the bottles that Dumbledore ever sent them for Christmas. I have always wondered what twenty year old mead tastes like," Lupin said as he held up the bottle and proceeded to pour two glasses, not waiting for Snape's response.

Snape thought that if he had to endure the party a bit longer, he might as well have a drink.

The volume of the party increased as the honeyed wine was passed around. After Lupin poured the last of their bottle into his glass, Snape headed to the back door for some fresh air.

Walking from the brightly lit house into the dark, cloudy night, Snape almost tripped over a figure sitting alone on the back step.

Hermione sat there rolling her empty wine glass between her palms, quietly contemplating. Snape noted for the first time that evening she had a sullen look on her face.

"Oh, excuse me," she said, startled.

"It's alright, don't get up," he said as he sat down next to her.

"I am just not sure I am very good company right now," she said pensively.

"I am not sure I am ever good company," Snape retorted, smirking.

She turned to look at him, the slight grin on her face belying the tears glistening in her eyes.

"It's okay to allow yourself to be sad," Snape said.

"Everyone is so happy that we won, but what about those that didn't survive?"

"It just takes longer for it to sink in for some people."

"Thank you for listening." She smiled. "I seem to be thanking you a lot tonight."

Snape took that as his cue. He leaned into her, half-surprised that she didn't retreat. He brought his hand up to her shoulder and pressed his lips lightly to hers.

Hermione parted her lips in response to him. He deepened the kiss, tasting the sweet remnants of the wine; it tasted different on her lips, sweeter and richer somehow. His hand left her shoulder to tangle in her hair; his tongue teased her lips, breaching her mouth.

A loud crash from inside broke apart their kiss.

Hermione spoke first, "I better get back inside and keep an eye on those Gryffindors before they hurt themselves."

Snape reluctantly let her go, and for the second time that evening, he was left staring after Hermione, the taste of her lips on his.