

# Needs

*by lady\_rhian*

Hermione, Snape, and the seven deadly sins - what more do you need? A set of seven sheerly fun drabbles inspired by the grangersnape100.

## The Sins

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** It's all JKR's, I just play around for fun.

**A/N:** Inspired by the "Seven Deadly Sins" challenge at the grangersnape100. This is sheer fun and isn't meant to be serious at all. :)

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"Oh... oh, yes... right... there..."

Severus came to a sudden halt in the corridor. A snarl spread across his face. *Students*, he thought. *Will they never learn?*

He slowly peered around the corner.

Two students were passionately snogging against the wall.

*Typical.*

A shock of red hair – Weasley, the idiot – mingled with brown curls, his hands roaming all over her torso. He ground his hips against his partner *do they really think that's erotic?* – and swiftly lifted her legs around his waist.

*Time to intervene.*

"Weasley!" Snape roared, his robes billowing as he rounded the corner.

The girl's legs dropped to the floor with a heavy *thud*.

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Weasley turned around to face Snape, his face ashen.

Severus sneered. "50 points from Gryffindor and..." He stopped.

His stomach felt as if it had dropped to the floor.

*Composure*, he thought, his face becoming an icy mask.

"...Gryffindor. Weasley, leave. Miss Granger, a word if you please."

"It's alright, Ron," he heard her muttering.

Severus waited until Weasley was out of sight.

"Hermione," he said lowly.

"What?" she asked, her eyes blazing as they met his.

"What do you think you are doing?"

"Girls have *needs*, Professor Snape," she drawled. "Just because you refuse to fulfill yours doesn't mean I can't fulfill mine."

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Severus stormed back to his chambers in unmitigated fury. His fists were balled at his sides, his face contorting with every phase of anger.

He slammed the heavy door behind him, storming over to his liquor cabinet. He rummaged through bottles, single-minded in his purpose, ignoring the bottles that smashed to the floor. The stench of alcohol rose to fill his nostrils. It only inflamed him more.

How dare she say those things to him! How dare she impugn his honor!

She was his student, damn it. It was her seventh year. Alright, the end of her seventh year.

It was inappropriate.

*Goddamn the wench.*

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Ogden's Firewhiskey. 1932. A good year.

Just as he closed the cabinet, the door opened.

"Announce yourself," Snape ordered through gritted teeth.

"I'm sorry, Severus."

He turned sharply, nearly dropping the bottle.

He knew that voice.

"Why are you here?"

"Why do you think?" She put her hands on her hips, exasperated. "Because it's not the bloody same, that's why. I love you, you bastard, and I can't just throw myself at any boy who isn't you because..."

Severus slowly walked towards her, his emotions swelling.

"You couldn't go through with it, could you?"

"No."

"There is no other?"

"Never."

He cupped her chin with his fingers. "Good."

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"To our one year anniversary." Hermione raised her glass of champagne.

"To waiting until you were legal." He smirked wickedly.

Hermione put her glass down before the obligatory clink.

"That's not fair." She glared at him pointedly.

"Oh yes, it is," he said, putting his glass down. He reached for the menu.

"Now, what looks..."

"Severus." Hermione grabbed the menu away from him. "You know it didn't matter to me."

"Still sore about that night I caught you and Weasley?"

"That's not fair!"

"Oh yes, it is."

"I just went to him because I wanted you and your..."

"Hermione. We're in public."

"Right. Well, I just wanted *you* so badly..."

He chuckled. "Greedy wench."

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"This champagne is heavenly..."

"You're on your fourth glass, dear."

"This is the best champagne I've ever had..."

"We're in France. Of course it's the best."

"Now I see why the French are so snobbish... It's all about their champagne..."

"Hermione. *Slow down.*"

Her lips stuck out at him, pouting.

"Indulge me."

"You're already enough of a glutton for the both of us without indulging you more..." He reached across the table and grabbed her glass away from her, giving her his glass of water instead.

"Severus!"

"I don't want you so pissed that you can't function..."

"Function?"

He sighed. "I want you functioning in the bed, not passed out on it."

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Severus woke up to rays of sunlight piercing his eyes.

He moaned slightly and shifted in the bed. As much as he could, anyway. His lovely wife's limbs were tangled in his – were it not for the amount of hair, he'd have had a difficult time telling whose legs were whose.

He propped himself up on his elbow, moving her arm to the side, as he gazed down on her pretty face. Her breathing was shallow; her body still in the throes of a deep, satisfying sleep.

She was worn out. Well, he was too, he thought wryly.

He was going to spend the entire day in bed.

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