

Slytherin Thinking

by hp4freek

This is an answer to the 'Lost in a Book?' challenge posted by Ladyofthemasque.
Late is always better than never (maybe not here, though). Enjoy!

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 6

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Author's Notes: I wanted to thank my wonderful beta, **pigwig** here. I think she's done a great job.

Summary: This is an answer to the 'Lost in a Book' challenge posted by Ladyofthemasque. Late is always better than never (maybe not here, though). Enjoy!

Slytherin Thinking

She's been my apprentice for what, eight, nine months now? She is delectable, and I want her, who cares if she wants me; I don't. Oh, she'll want me alright, she'll beg me, she'll scream my name. Hell, she'll call me daddy, no, best not to go there, Severus. You never could tell who had daddy issues, and it's distinctly not sensual for a naked woman to lie beneath you, crying, asking why daddy doesn't love her.

The way she moves, in that determined, 'I'm incredible, and I know it' kind of way just gets me going. My pants grow tighter every second I'm around her. If I wasn't the best Potions master I knew, I'd suspect she'd slipped me a Lust Potion. But no, I could smell that a mile off. This is pure want, pure need.

The hair, well, actually what can I say about the hair? It has a mind of its own, tickling my nose when she walks by, sensually smelling of strawberries. Damn, I love strawberries.

Next are the eyes, the honest-to-Gryffindor eyes. I've always loathed honest eyes, but she makes me want them. They make me want to fall into their depths, never to return, dying a happy (as happy as any dying man could be), satisfied man. And while I've never used Legilimency on her, I can read her like a book. She's loyal and brave, the way any good Gryffindor should be. This is going to be entirely too easy.

The big, bad Slytherin thinks entirely too much about houses. So what if I'm a Gryffindor? I can be cunning; I can be sly. Oh, he thinks I don't see the way I affect him, the way he wants me. Yes, he wants me, at least as much as I want him (well, maybe not). Right now, hard to get is the name of the game, and I'm in it to win.

Chapter 1

Chapter 2 of 6

Snape receives a gift, but who could it be from? And will he decide to use it with or without Hermione?

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"Could you pass the jam?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you with me, Hermione? I asked if you could pass the jam. And for the record, the look in your eye scares the beejesus out of me," Harry commented, while waving toast in front of the contemplative Hermione. Harry had become the new Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor at the start of the fall term last month. Consequently, that meant he was also the flavor of the month for every student in the school (the boys too, although hopefully for different reasons).

"Oh, right, the jam. Here you are, Harry. Sorry." Hermione absentmindedly passed him the jam, nearly knocking over his pumpkin juice in the process. Harry deftly caught the jar before the collision, sideglancing his companion before reaching for the knife.

"So, are you gonna tell me what's on your mind, or should I get Snape to use Legilimency on you?" Harry laughed while saying this, but nearly choked on his toast when Hermione turned big, scared eyes on him.

"Merlin, Hermione, it was joke. I wouldn't do that to you," he tried to comfort her, but secretly wondered if it should really come to that.

"I'm just gonna get out of your way, Harry," she said, while rising out of her chair. "I'm not really that hungry. I need to go to the library anyway."

As she walked away, Harry thought it odd that she could be distracted by something other than a book. Although, knowing her, she probably had them all memorized and was reading them in her head as she walked away.

"Miss Granger! Are you going to insist on being late for the day?" Snape snapped at her, startling her from her book.

"Oh, Professor, I didn't see you there. For your information I was doing research for my current potion." Hermione bit her lip in anticipation, knowing he didn't tolerate disrespect now anymore than when she was a student.

He gave her a calculating look, before exhaling a single sigh. "I apologize Miss Granger, but I really need you to be on time. If my own apprentice can't be on time, why should my students?"

'An apology? From Snape? Oh crap, what's he up to? I'm not grading anymore first years' papers if that's what he's thinking, I had to take three doses of headache potion the last time. Alright, civility it is.' "I apologize as well, Professor Snape. The time got away from me for a while, and thank you for retrieving me, I know that's not your job."

'He's putty in my hands.'

'She's putty in my hands.'

Two classes, fifty points from Gryffindor, thirty from Hufflepuff, and twenty-five from Ravenclaw (none from Slytherin, of course; the war may be over, but he was still a biased bastard) later, and lunch was served in the Great Hall.

Why she always chose to sit with Potter, Snape would never know, but as he looked one more time to make sure she wasn't coming over to him, he caught the knowing (annoying is more like it) look from Minerva.

"How is the apprentice working out now that the new term has begun?" Minerva quipped.

Severus scowled, but replied none the less, "Miss Granger is adequate, as always. Well, at least she hasn't blown anything up yet, but that's a firm yet."

"Severus Snape! You know as well as I do that Hermione has never blown up a single cauldron in her life," Minerva nearly spat at him. He loved to rile her up. "And furthermore, she's the best apprentice you've ever had! It wouldn't kill you to compliment her every once in a while, but seeing as it's never happened, I'm not entirely sure it wouldn't kill you."

"Minerva, you know as well as I do that Miss Granger is the *only* apprentice I've ever had, so of course she's the best." Minerva was nearly purple by the time he finished. It was the best sparring he'd had all day.

She sat there thinking over what he said before finally adding, "She is the best student you've ever had, the best apprentice you'll ever have, and the best person for you to be around."

As lunch went by, neither had anything else to add, but as Snape got up to leave, Minerva touched his arm.

"Just think about what I said."

'Do all Headmasters/Headmistresses have damned twinkles?'

Knock! Knock!

"Enter," he barked, the same way he did every time someone knocked on his door, invited or not.

"Professor, could I have a word with you?" She sat there shivering slightly under his gaze, playing the scared apprentice to the tee.

"Fine, Miss Granger, out with it. I have first years' essays to grade, seeing as you refuse to do it." He sneered; he'd had a headache since dinner, and it was well past nine. Minerva kept looking over at him, probably to see if he was looking at Hermione.

"Um, well, sir..." She was interrupted by a large eagle owl that flew in. After dropping a large object on Snape's desk, however, it flew off, not even waiting for acknowledgement, let alone a treat. Snape scowled, all mail should have been received at breakfast.

"Well, I'll just leave you to your package, sir." And before he could comment she scurried away, looking like a scared rodent, slamming the door in her hurry.

Snape (being Snape) flung every possible detection charm on the object before delicately tearing the paper away to be confronted with a book. A book? He didn't remember ordering any new books. The browsing at the bookshop was the best part of buying books. He never ordered books. But there it was anyway, staring back, taunting him to open it. But as he picked it up to do just that, a note slid out, and in the script of a Quick Quotes Quill said,

'Severus,

Use with care, but don't

forget the bouncing beauty.

Signed,

Concerned for your sex life.'

"Well, 'Concerned for my sex life,' what the hell are you talking about?" Snape was more than a little worried, but as he read the prologue, a crooked smile lit up his Slytherin face.

Hermione was worried. Snape had now complimented her on her potions and her clothes (this was a particular shock). *'Exactly what could he be up to?'* she wondered, walking to dinner two days later. She thought her present was enough to get him going, but perhaps he'd found another bouncing beauty.

"Perhaps you could join me in my office after dinner?" Snape was the last person she thought she'd hear say that.

"Of course, Professor." It was a little breathy on the way out, but the spark in those onyx eyes let her know he appreciated it. Well, perhaps she was a little bouncy today after all.

His plans were working perfectly. By tomorrow morning he'd have her right where he wanted her. Now all he needed to do was contact Dobby to order breakfast in bed for two.

Sitting next to Harry a few minutes later earned her an odd look from Minerva, but she couldn't fathom why.

"How's life treating my favorite Defence teacher?" she asked Harry, noticing the very tempting beef stew on the table for the first time.

"You mean aside from the annoying, blushing, love note-leaving fan girls I have trotting through my classroom every hour or so?" At her look of amusement he continued, "Well, honestly, life's good, or at least the day was. Ron's note this morning said that he would be by tomorrow for dinner. I thought we might all eat in your quarters. How does that sound?"

"Should I assume the use of my quarters suggests the use of your rooms could be detrimental to our health?"

Lightly blushing, he countered, "At least my quarters offer a slow death, unlike the quick death an avalanche of books offers. Know where a book avalanche may occur?"

With a mouth full of beef stew, she could only respond with a fear-inducing look.

"Ah, come on. You're entirely too neat to let an avalanche actually occur." Harry received an eye-roll in response.

Dinner moved slowly after that. Friendly banter was good for passing time, but could only last for so long. Besides, the anticipation was killing her. Was Snape really asking her to be the bouncing beauty for his story, or was he simply going to ask for some apprentice duty?

Snape paced his office like a caged panther. What was taking her so long? He had already placed the thick volume in what he deemed the perfect location, right at her eye level. Now all he had to do was get her near it. He knew she couldn't resist asking him what he was doing with a book like that on his shelves. For once, he was looking forward to her constant curiosity.

He had tried everything he knew to find out who had sent that package, even going to Hogsmeade to question the owl post service. He was repeatedly told that it wasn't their job to find out who the package was from. He didn't think they bought his story about being so impressed with the present that he wanted to return the favor. With the exception of the postmaster and maybe one or two more, they had all been his students and were therefore aware of what he was probably wanting to return to the sender. So he had given up, continuing to plot on what he deemed 'the Granger problem.'

And all that plotting would pay off soon, if the damn girl would get her very nice derriere down here. Soon, 'the Granger problem' would be no more, and he could enjoy that derriere all he liked.

'Where the hell is she?' He had to stop himself from stamping his foot like a petulant child.

Pacing outside Snape's door, Hermione was attempting to talk herself out of being disappointed if he was indeed only seeking apprentice help tonight.

'But why ask me down here after dinner in that entirely too sexy voice of his? He could have asked at any point today if it wasn't anything personal. Okay, Granger, you're second-guessing yourself. This is what you wanted. You know what you're here for, even if he doesn't. You don't need him to bring up the book. If you need to, admit you sent it, then convince him to join you inside.'

Deciding that would work, she lifted her hand to knock. *'Besides, I know entirely too many hexes to let him get away with refusing. He's going in with me tonight, willing or not.'*

Smirk firmly in place, she knocked.

'Finally.'

Snape threw open the door to a determined Hermione Granger. That was new. *'Is she smirking? Can Gryffindors smirk?'*

"Do come in, Miss Granger. I'd hate to have you catch cold in the dungeon corridor. What would Minerva say?" Snape smirked right back at her, wondering if he would have to be anymore pleasant than he was now. He wasn't sure he could do it.

"She'd probably march right down here in her tartan bathrobe, inform you I had the next week off, and warn you strongly against apprentice slavery," Hermione countered.

As she sauntered in his office, Snape found himself impressed. She had shown up late, smirked, been a smart-arse, and sauntered into *his* office. She was definitely a worthy opponent.

"Well have a seat girl, you've already relaxed your mouth as it is." Wait, maybe that wasn't the way to phrase that.

Quirking a single eyebrow at him, she waited. Anything she had to say about that comment couldn't make him anymore flustered that he had already made himself, and he would get to why he wanted her here soon enough. She wouldn't rush this rare, awkward moment.

"Well, that is to say, how was your dinner?" Snape had no idea why he asked that question. It seemed a good idea at the time; then again, so had the previous comment.

"My dinner? It was fine, the same as yours I suppose, being that we sit at the same table." She wouldn't make this easy for him. He should accept that now.

Looking around, desperately trying to relieve the tension-filled silence, he caught sight of the book, the reason she was here, his savior to 'the Granger problem.'

"So... have you read any good books lately?" Severus asked, wishing he had planned this manipulation/seduction a little better.

Her eyes brightened. He knew that look. She was excited, probably about getting to tell him all about some obscure text she was currently perusing. "As a matter of fact, I'm currently rereading an old classic, one of my favorites: Dracula."

This was good. Perhaps he didn't notice that gleam in her eye, but this was too good to pass up. He had played directly into her hand.

"I noticed, sir, that you seem to have a copy of it as well," she said, while pointing to his copy on the shelves.

Moving towards it, she noticed he was barely breathing. Was this not what he wanted? Too late now, she was plunging in. "But, sir, this says Dracula: Volume One. Is this an unabridged version?"

She was opening it now. His breathing was getting more and more shallow. Why wasn't he saying anything, stopping her, something?

By now she had flipped to Chapter One. All it would take was one word, but would he follow?

"Dracula..."

Chapter 2

Chapter 3 of 6

Severus watches Hermione go in; but will he follow?

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Author's Notes: I want to thank my fantastic beta **Pigwig** for all her hard work!

As he watched Hermione Granger get sucked into the tome, he had the single thought, *'It actually worked.'*

Now all he had to do was follow, oh, and follow he would. He would rescue the damsel in distress. Van Helsing had nothing on him.

Deftly retrieving the book from the stone floor, he flipped to the first chapter, stating clearly, "Dracula."

Hermione landed in the book, in the middle of a thunderstorm, outside of Castle Dracula. She remembered from the prologue that this volume was actually quite different from Bram Stoker's original version. Here, she was the main character, seeking refuge from the storm after her carriage broke down.

Only time would tell if Snape followed her or not, so she carefully began her trek to the looming castle up ahead. This white, flowing (or it would be if it wasn't soaked) outfit was ridiculous.

Fortunately, the path was shorter than it looked, probably done purposefully by the creators; she couldn't imagine anyone walking up that outrageous path even once in this silly dress without starting a raging howler war with the authors.

As she reached up to the heavy knocker, she noticed it was the shape of a very large bat. *'Well, maybe Dracula wasn't the best choice, let's hope Snape misses the irony.'*

Knocking twice, she listened as the echo died, to be replaced by heavy footsteps. As they neared the door, she thought she heard muttering, something about 'frilly.'

Throwing open the door, Snape encountered one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen. Sopping, and probably beyond angry, was Hermione, with her hair heavy from the rain, but still cascading down her back. She was wearing a long, white gossamer gown, something that would have been beautiful dry, but better wet, where her soft curves and rosy nipples peaked through.

"Good, you made it. I was worried you weren't coming there for a minute, Professor. Now, could you invite me in, maybe in front of a roaring fire where I can dry off?" Hermione was starting to freeze, and while it was dark outside, the light from the lamps inside were now shining on her and Snape's attention was placed firmly below her face. Knowing what was probably showing through, and figuring he liked the view too much to speak, she swept passed him uninvited into the warm dryness the castle offered.

As soon as she crossed the threshold, however, her clothing, skin, and hair dried instantly, effectively bringing Snape back into the present. If he thought she was beautiful before, the rosy glow of her now dry skin showed him how wrong he could be. The curls were even more tantalising now, and for some inconceivable reason, her neck was garnering much more attention from him than it normally would.

"Hermione," he allowed her given name to roll off his tongue, "I do believe someone had to come rescue the damsel in distress. And seeing as no one else knew where you

were, who better than me?"

"Well, Severus," she emphasized his given name, letting him know she knew they were now on equal footing, "I do believe that you are the reason this damsel is in distress in the first place."

Raising that delectable left eyebrow, he really began looking around. Thinking he would come into this story as Van Helsing, he moved closer to the mirror near the fire. But as he neared, he knew something was wrong. No trick mirrors here, and no reflection either, he *was* Dracula. That would also explain the high-neck cloak he was wearing, as well as the lace collared shirt, something he had already deemed to be frilly.

Turning, he saw Hermione seating herself on the sofa, looking at him oddly.

"You did read the prologue, didn't you, Severus?" she asked, praying he knew what he had gotten himself into.

"Well, I read about the female entering, lost and wet, and finding her way to Castle Dracula." Here he paused, thinking, then, "I knew they had tweaked the story for a damsel in distress situation. I assumed any male entering would be Van Helsing, sweeping in to rescue the fair lady."

"So you read about half the prologue, figured you knew the rest, and put it on the shelf?" Hermione thanked Merlin that at least he knew this was a romance. That meant that he didn't, however, know what would happen any second now, let alone for the rest of the story.

Just then, the second knock of the night sounded against the door.

Snape turned back to her, gesturing for her to answer the question she knew he wanted to ask.

"Van Helsing, it's Van Helsing. He's come to rescue the girl from the evil clutches of you, Severus," she replied, knowing he wouldn't like it and might not understand anti-heros.

"So, he's the hero?" Severus really couldn't fathom why he was here if the romance was between her and Van Helsing. What fun is that?

"No, this story is different. This is based on the eroticisms of the vampire. Van Helsing saves the girl, only to torture and rape her, but Dracula saves her first, knowing what Van Helsing will do. He convinces her to live the immortal life of the vampire, shows her how erotic and sensual it can be, to suck the life blood from each other. They fall in love and live happily ever after, literally." Hermione wished right now, with all her might that the castle itself would crumble down around her.

Snape just stared at her, as if her dress were again see-through. The knock came again.

"Van Helsing also won't come through that door, until, um, we're, uh... kissing," she said the last part in the smallest voice possible. "And you can't answer the door, either."

Snape thought this was the most bizarre story he'd ever heard. It resembled first year Potions essays in absurdity.

"I'm the hero? You can't fall in love with me! I'm supposed to be the villain! Don't you see my black clothes? The villain always wears the black clothes! I can't be the bloody hero!" Snape was even surprised that this was the part he was worked up about, but this whole thing was messed up by itself.

"It's called an anti-hero, Severus, and they're very popular among the ladies these days. You should know the type the bad-boy who turns out to be good deep down inside? You're practically the poster-boy!"

Snape eyed her, thinking this anti-hero would explain some of the looks he got from certain seventh years during class. Then the part about the kiss sank in, and he was definitely looking forward to that. He skulked over to her, boot heels clicking on the rough stone floor.

"So what happens after the kiss, Hermione," he purred, noticing the spark that returned to her honey-brown eyes.

"Then Van Helsing bursts in," Hermione began, reverting back to her know-it-all tone, "acting for all to see as if he is here to save the girl. He will insist on staying in the castle overnight, so that he and I will set out in the morning to fix my carriage. He won't touch me in the night, not in front of you, and seeks to get me out of here, so that he can do with me what he will."

During her speech, Severus had placed himself on the sofa next to her and turned so he could see her face in the firelight. He had one more question for her before he could devour those delicious looking lips. "Must we wait until morning to be reunited, or do I get to skulk around for you after Van Helsing goes to bed?"

Was it hot in there, or was it just her? The closer he moved, the harder her heart pumped. Before she could really start sweating, she replied, "Well, as a matter of fact, you get to use a secret passage in your bedroom bookcase to enter my chambers."

"Mmm, sounds divine..." No more was said as his lips descended upon hers.

At first it was tender, and sweet, and everything a first kiss should be. His lips were soft against hers, seeking entrance with a slight pressure applied, then a slow, tantalising swipe of his tongue across her full bottom lip. Moaning, she granted him permission, seeking her own entrance into his mouth. His hands reached her face, combing through her hair. Her arms reached around him, kneading his lower back. With a groan, he made his first contact with her tongue. As they teased, played, and enjoyed, they vaguely heard the crashing of the front door, but neither actually registered the presence of another.

"Scoundrel, get your filthy hands off her this instant!"

Severus ended the kiss leisurely, looking into her eyes as he pulled away. Looking upon the 'hero,' he could see how utterly absurd this story could get. Standing with both hands on his hips, smiling at Hermione, nearly all of his teeth showing, was Gilderoy bloody Lockhart.

Raising both eyebrows this time, Severus turned, hoping against all hope that this was not what she personally deemed as a 'hero.' "Hermione, *dear*, tell me how the book determines who Van Helsing will be, because this is certainly not my idea of a hero."

"Frankly, I'm not sure, Severus," Hermione said. "The prologue doesn't mention the selection, or anything about him really."

"Are you injured, m'lady? Did he hurt you in any way?" Van Helsing/Lockhart said, while briskly striding to her side.

"I'm fine. What do you want?" Hermione was exasperated, she wanted to get back to the good stuff between her and Severus ('*Severus?*').

"I only have your safety in mind. I saw your carriage further up the lane and thought you might have come here, seeking refuge from the storm. This is no place for a lady such as yourself." Van Helsing/Lockhart was really laying it on thick, and both Hermione and Severus had had enough.

"Enough! You require lodging for the night, correct?" Snape yelled, hoping to get through this, and back to better things, as quickly as possible.

"Of course, sir, I demand it, as well as separate quarters between the lady and yourself; I want no part in the debauching of such a fair maiden."

"Uh huh, sure, no debauching. Fine, should I assume they're upstairs?" Severus looked to Hermione at this last part, figuring she would know that detail. At her nod to the affirmative, he lifted himself from the sofa with a sigh, helping her up as well. Then he led the way, back into the entrance hall, where he knew the stairs to be.

Chapter 3

Chapter 4 of 6

How do you get in that bookshelf again?

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Author's Notes: I want to thank my incredible beta, **Pigwig**, once more.

As they ascended the stairs, Van Helsing/Lockhart mouthed on and on: promising to have her carriage up and running by noon, could she come back to visit sometime, and my, she was a pretty one. Snape ignored him, of course; by morning, they should be out of here, or at least well on their way. Fortunately, tomorrow was Saturday, so even if this thing ran on real-time, they would have the weekend.

Following 'the idiot' (as Snape had now dubbed him), they turned left into a long corridor full of doors and suits of armor. Stopping at the first door, he motioned for Snape and Hermione to stop as well.

"Now, Dracula, I believe this is your room, is it not? The lady shall stay in the next over, while I stay on the other side of her," 'the idiot' said, gesticulating wildly.

Looking pointedly at Snape, Hermione said, "Her flesh is sweet," before turning to walk to her own room. She looked one last time to see if Snape had gotten the message before closing her door with a soft click.

'The idiot' was apparently waiting for Snape to move into his own quarters before he would adjourn to his. So turning sharply, Snape shut his door with a satisfying slam.

Looking around, he was glad to see only one bookshelf in the entire room. The rest of the room consisted of the usual furniture; there was a double bed (*'No coffin?'*), two nightstands, a wardrobe, and a single chair in front of the fireplace. Thinking there may be something less extravagant in the wardrobe, he made his way over.

Apparently it was between this high-neck, lace thing he was wearing, or a silk dressing gown, black. *'Well, that certainly has potential, and it's black to boot. Maybe I really am this anti-hero,'* he thought while stripping. He hoped he had something on under this, but of course if not, that shouldn't be a problem either.

Hermione had entered her chambers confident that Snape had understood her message; that was the key, after all. Who knew how long they'd be stuck here if he didn't understand, or use it.

Looking around for the first time, she saw everything she expected. There was a large bed, opposite a fireplace, draped in pure white linens. It looked fluffy and inviting. Then, of course, two nightstands, a wardrobe, and a chair between the fireplace and the wardrobe. There was also a large window seat, on the sill of the only window. Reaching the wardrobe, she found the only thing inside to be a white dressing gown, made of silk. It was soft and luxuriant.

After quickly changing, discarding her dress in the chair, she made her way to the window, wondering if Snape was changing, too.

Changed, and onto his next mission (getting through that bookshelf, and onto the 'good stuff'), Snape walked over to the shelves. First he pulled one end, then the other, and finally the top, to no avail. *'Alright, it seems to be a push,'* he thought. But pushing proved fruitless as well.

While changing, he had already looked everywhere for his wand; not finding it in his clothes, the wardrobe, or the nightstands, he had assumed no magic was allowed. *'They probably don't want me hexing 'the idiot's' dangly bits off.'*

He remembered some bookshelves in some novels he read moved when a book was pulled, so he started at the top.

With books scattered all around him and the room looking very much like a house-elf's worst nightmare, Snape concluded that the book avenue was not the right way either.

'Fine, bloody bookcase, you're separating my libido from what it wants the most, and consequently, my frustration with you is the only thing keeping my robe from tenting,' he thought to himself. He would have screamed it out loud if he was absolutely positive Hermione wouldn't hear him making an arse out of himself.

'Neither pushing nor pulling worked. There was no secret book to pull. Perhaps one of the books offers a clue?' But one quick assessment of the books that had fallen open told him that was pointless; they were empty.

Thinking of the entrance to his own chambers through his office, he reminded himself that he opened his own bookshelf (second on the right) with a password (currently 'appealing apprentice'; maybe he really was becoming a ponce). Perhaps that would work as well?

"Dracula." Nothing.

"Van Helsing?" Nothing.

Wracking his brain for anything remotely possible, Severus caught upon a few more possibilities.

"Blood." Nope.

"Vampire." Not it either.

"Hermione." It was a long shot, he knew it, especially since he wasn't sure the book knew her name; 'the idiot' just kept calling her m'lady.

Fine, he had one more, said in perfect Transylvanian accent, "I vant to suck your blood..." He definitely didn't think that would work, but anything was worth a try.

He paced for five more minutes, wondering why Hermione had never mentioned a password to him, or how to get into her room at all, except through the bookcase. He traced their steps from the beginning of the night, lingering a while on their kiss, to right before she had stepped into her own room. She had said something there; at the time he hadn't known why, but now he was positive it was the password.

"Her something is something..." He tried working it out out loud, hoping that when he got it, the bookshelf would open on its own. *'I'm a vampire, something is sweet.'*

"Her neck is sweet."

"Her blood is sweet." *'Bloody bookshelf has a mind of its own.'* He was getting to the point of wanting to attempt a wandless hexing.

'Okay, I'm a vampire that is desperate to get in that room to devour that rosy flesh...' He almost smiled to himself.

Turning fully to the bookshelf now, he clearly enunciated, "Her flesh is sweet," and watched as the empty shelves slid aside, revealing a rectangular doorway in the wall.

Stepping through, he saw her. His exact opposite in nearly every way. For everything black in his room was white in this one. She sat on the window sill, lightly dozing in her white dressing gown. Her rosy cheeks countered his sallowness; her beautiful, flowing, curly (if a bit frizzy) hair countered his lank, too dark, stringy (if a bit greasy) hair. As she opened her eyes to gaze upon him in the moonlight, he saw the warmth in her eyes, and hoped his normally cold ones reflected the warmth he now felt.

"You got my hint," she said, stifling a yawn with the next breath.

"Well, it took me a while. I must say, you may not want to look in there, lest you start lecturing me about house-elf abuse." She was smiling, and he was pretty sure that if she didn't stop, he'd be smiling soon, too.

Chapter 4

Chapter 5 of 6

Vampire eroticism.

Disclaimer: I play with them as I like, but alas, they are not mine. Neither these characters nor this world in general belongs to me, or anyone not named J.K. Rowling. No copyright infringement is intended.

Author's Notes: I want to thank my incredibly talented beta **Pigwig** who has stuck with me through the squick here.

Looking down upon her, he saw the creaminess of her skin against the silk of her dressing gown. She had her legs out in front of her, lounging, with her back against the wall. There was just enough room between her and the edge of the seat for him to sit down. In this soft, iridescent light, she looked peaceful and inviting.

He placed one arm on the other side of her hip and leaned in, delicately brushing her lips with his. It both satisfied his need to taste her once more, and fueled his desire to taste the entirety of her being.

Leaning back away from her, he allowed a soft smile to grace his lips. "Hermione..."

She still had her eyes closed from the kiss, but at the sound of her name in that incredible voice, she opened them, looking up with those honest eyes he loved so much.

"Severus, there's something you should know," she said, softly, hoping the news wouldn't either disgust him or enrage him.

"Hmm?" was all he managed, gently stroking her hip with his thumb through the gown.

"You will actually be acting the part of the vampire. You have to turn me before sunrise, although, granted, I doubt sunrise would happen if you failed to turn me." She wasn't sure what that new gleam in his eye was, but he hadn't jumped up screaming at her, yet.

He had hoped earlier, when she spoke of vampire eroticism, that he would actually get to suck her blood. He had always understood what was so sensual about the process, the intimacy of it. Knowing this was all an illusion really anyway (magic can work wonders these days), he really let himself imagine what it would be like. Gazing at her neck in the moonlight, he felt the need to taste her grow into a real thirst while his canines themselves grew in both length and lethality.

Over the years he had heard the rumors, of course. He was a vampire, a giant bat, etc. None of them were true, obviously; were they blind to the fact that he was in the Quidditch stands, in the bright sunshine, nearly every game? That didn't mean that it stoppered his curiosity in the least, however.

Looking into her eyes for confirmation, he saw that they were slightly glazed. Her lips had parted in a most inviting way. She seemed to be highly aroused, and at the moment, he couldn't blame her.

He slowly descended upon the soft skin of her neck, leaning over her body as he did so. His first contact was his lips, feeling both the warmth of her skin as well as a good strong pulse beating beneath them. He kissed her, gently reaching around to cup the back of her head, at the base of her neck. She moaned softly; it was really more of an exhale. He sucked gently with just his mouth, trying to ease her into what was sure to be at least somewhat painful.

By now, she had one hand placed on his left arm; the other had found his side, pressing into his ribs lightly as he leaned over just a little more. He wanted to go slow, as he wasn't entirely sure how much this may hurt her (if at all; this was just a book).

Opening his mouth a little wider, he swiped his tongue across the now sensitive flesh. Trying to warn her a little, and maybe distract her some, he rubbed his thumb forcefully through her hairline; it wasn't quite hard enough to hurt.

The bite itself was instantaneous, the sharp teeth sinking into her pulse point. Her sharp intake of air, coupled with a slight jerk, was the only indication that she had felt anything in the first place.

It was hard to describe what he felt. The blood itself came in warm gushes with every beat of her now racing heart. The coppery taste filled his senses, making him want more.

She was panting now, clutching him in a way that definitely did not tell him to stop.

It was erotic in every sense of the word, both his close proximity and the bite itself. While there was some pain, the pleasure overrode it, heightening it, adding it to the

already blazing fire. Her eyes were closed, allowing her other senses to take over. He was warm against her; her skin burned where he touched. His hands were now kneading her flesh. It felt as though he was pulling her closer, impossibly closer.

She didn't know how much more she could take. Could you orgasm from the bite of a vampire? But when he pulled back, she felt as though he took a piece of her with him, a piece larger than the pint of blood now coursing through him.

As he looked into her eyes, she saw a raw hunger, a need, in those depths she had never seen before. Her flirting before this adventure had produced passion, had produced a want in those eyes, but this was need. It was lust and love at the same time.

With his hand still behind her head, he kissed her. This was not the gentle kiss of fairy tales that you 'ooo...' and 'aww...' over as a child. This was what fantasies were made of. It was demanding, and with the coppery taste still lingering in his mouth, she felt her first taste of blood as a vampire. It caused her blood to boil.

Breaking off the kiss with a not-so-gentle bite on her bottom lip, he scooped her up, carrying her to the bed in a few swift strides. Seeing the white linen, Severus inwardly smiled. If he had his say about it, they would be near red by daybreak.

After gently laying Hermione down, Severus noticed the fine trickle of blood seeping from her wound. Despite desperately wanting to lick the trail back to her lips, he refrained. *'Damn, I hope I didn't hurt her too bad; that'll put a damper on my plans for the sheets.'*

Feeling the bed dip beside her, Hermione turned her head and opened her eyes for the first time since the bite.

"Hermione, I need to know what you want here." He felt sappy, maybe a little love-struck, but he didn't know how else to broach the subject. Despite his cocky attitude, he did want the girl. Not just for the book although he'd settle for that if it's all he could get.

Not finding the words, Hermione just slowly sat up, reaching for his cheek. She initiated this kiss, pulling him down to the mattress with her. Running her tongue along his teeth, she realised his canines were still elongated. Brushing the underside of one, she very nearly cut herself on its sharpness.

Severus gradually raised his arm, letting his hand graze first her stomach, then her breasts, until finally reaching her neck. He felt the warm blood still flowing, slowly making its way to the coverlet, on his fingertips. Thoroughly wetting his first two fingers, he pulled back, ending the kiss.

He lifted his fingers, intent on devouring more of her blood, but was caught in Hermione's grasp a second later. Eyes transfixed firmly on his fingers, she brought his hand up to her mouth. His eyes widened and his breath quickened as he saw her pink tongue dart out to have a taste. Clearly finding the taste pleasurable, she proceeded to lick and suck his fingers clean. It was the single most erotic moment of Severus' life.

Tasting her own blood for the second time that night, Hermione felt a sudden jerk in her system. Her body was responding to what was clearly becoming a thirst. She had the sudden need to feel more of Severus.

While the thin robes left little to the imagination, they prohibited her skin from actually touching his. Expertly untying the belt of his robe, she allowed the garment to fall free of its own accord.

Eyes firmly on his, she started her hands on the journey from his waist to his shoulders. Allowing her only fingertips to brush his skin, Hermione felt the shiver that ran through Severus. When she reached his broad shoulders, she allowed those same fingertips to catch the silk now. Following the material to his biceps, she watched as he lifted each arm in turn to let the robe fall.

Naked in the moonlight was exactly how Severus should be viewed the first time. His normally pale skin was slightly flushed from arousal. And while the soft light from the window harshened the features of his face, it was countered by the smouldering look now residing in his eyes.

Hermione had read the prologue thoroughly, but it had never fully explained what 'turning' would be like, so she was more than a little surprised by the pain now coursing through her body. Arching off the bed, she let out a guttural sound deep in her throat. While it wasn't the worst pain she had ever felt, it could never be called mild. It seemed to resonate from the bite on her neck.

"Hermione. Hermione! What's wrong?" Severus asked, after having to scream her name to get her attention.

She opened her eyes to see a new look on Severus' face. Was it concern?

"I... I don't know. It was painful, and seemed to be coming from the bite," was all she said, reaching up to feel the now white-hot flesh.

Still in some pain, Hermione brought her hand back up to her lips, having no idea why the need to taste blood was so important just now. As soon as the liquid made contact with her taste buds, however, the pain lessened immensely. Feeling relieved, she looked at Severus, ready to tell him, but he beat her to it.

"The blood lessened the pain, didn't it?" he asked, still watching her fingers as she completed the task of removing all the blood.

Looking up, she saw a thirst in the black depths of his eyes. Dipping her fingers slightly into her neck, she drew more blood from the puncture wound. This time, however, she lifted her fingers to his mouth.

He wasted no time devouring what was offered. And as Hermione watched, she felt the odd sensation of her canines lengthening.

With a gleam in her eye, she pulled him down for another gut-wrenching kiss. This one lasted much longer than the others as Severus explored Hermione's new teeth, still tasting blood on her tongue. Moaning, she lifted her thigh to rub against his straining erection, reminding Severus that she was indeed still partially clothed.

Without breaking the kiss, he reached between them, loosening the belt's knot and pushing aside the fabric. Feeling the smooth surface of her stomach, he pulled back. Taking the opportunity to catch his breath, he looked down, spreading his hand out across her stomach. The material opened, revealing her trimmed bush. Further up, it caught on her breasts.

He moved his hand to first her left breast, then her right, discarding the dressing gown, revealing her form fully to him. She was beautiful. The see-through dress from earlier that night had nothing on this. Soft in all the right places, she was perfection.

Finally skin-to-skin, Hermione sighed. She shrugged out of the robe's sleeves before running her hands up his arms to wrap them around his neck.

They kissed once more before Severus made his way to her neck. Swiftly licking the blood still lingering on there, he continued to her breasts, peppering soft kisses on his way. She entwined her fingers in his hair as his lips found her right breast. Kissing it nearly everywhere, avoiding the nipple, he ran his tongue along the underside, looking up to see Hermione's head leaned back, eyes closed. He smiled inwardly (it would have looked more like a leer had it actually graced his face).

He clamped his lips around her extremely hard nipple, careful not to puncture what was surely too sensitive already. Hermione moaned; it was husky and low and quite quickly made its way straight to Severus' groin.

Smirking, he repeated the treatment on her left breast, kneading the other gently. She was watching him now, her eyes slightly glazed. Panting, her long teeth were revealed with each breath, reminding Severus of what was surely to come soon.

He allowed his left hand to travel down her abdomen now, supporting himself on his right. Gently peeling her outer lips apart, he was accosted with her scent almost immediately. Oh, the vampire theme was apparently too much for her; she was definitely ready for him already.

He ran his long middle finger between her lips, starting at their juncture, working his way across her clit, down to her opening. Letting his finger slip in, he was rewarded with a buck of her hips. He added a second finger, working them in and out, while his lips continued their sweet torture on her nipple.

She needed more, just a little more. When his thumb joined the ministrations, adding both pressure and short strokes on her clit, that was apparently it. But as she felt the orgasm starting, a sharp pain in every nerve of her body shook her and added its own torture to the queue, making the fall off the cliff longer, harder, and that much sweeter.

As she became more aware of her senses again, she opened her eyes, watching Severus find his way back to her lips. He had moved between her legs during her return to reality, and was now in position to enter her.

Pulling back, Severus watched her as he slowly entered. It was torture for both of them to go this slow and her hips lifting only encouraged him to go that much slower.

He was on his elbows now, and as he looked at her, he saw her thirst; the painful need to taste blood was back for him as well. Cocking his head and turning to her left, he offered his neck freely to her. It was apparently what she had been waiting for.

As he pulled out of her to continue the rhythm to and from, he felt the bite. The pain was immediate, causing him to both gasp and speed up his strokes. While he had never before enjoyed pain with pleasure, this had possibilities.

It was intense. His blood, while still having that copper-like taste, was nothing like hers. It was better; much, much better. She could feel it flooding her mouth as he pumped in and out of her. With his heart racing, the blood flowed faster and faster. He let out a shout, moving faster still.

Retracting her fangs from his pulse point, she kissed his lips once, before turning her head now. He swooped in, fast and hungry. The taste was the same as before, but the feeling he got from the act itself was different somehow. She clearly had the same reaction to pain as he had had, as he felt her inner walls begin to clamp down around him.

The pain had been what had pushed her over once again. And as she drifted over the horizon, she faintly heard another shout from the man above her. He took two more strokes before nearly collapsing on her.

Rolling next to her, he felt his teeth shorten just before sleep claimed him.

Chapter 5

Chapter 6 of 6

The morning after.

Disclaimer: I play with them as I like, but alas, they are not mine. Neither these characters nor this world in general belongs to me, or anyone not named J.K. Rowling. No copyright infringement is intended.

Author's Notes: Another round of applause for my beta, **Pigwig!**

Waking up as relaxed as Hermione could ever remember being, she immediately realised three things. One, this most definitely was not her bed, which meant that, two, these most definitely were not her rooms. That left number three: *'Who the hell's in my bed?'*

Rolling over and seeing Severus peacefully sleeping, the night came back to her. With a wicked grin, she kissed his pale chest, working her way down his stomach. Looking up, she noticed he was awake, staring intently at her. Seeing the two puncture marks on his neck, her teeth elongated once more as her eyes flashed.

Realising he was indeed excited about what was sure to come, Hermione thought about where all that blood she was currently wanting had gone. Licking her way down the trail of hair on his abdomen, Hermione barred her teeth.

Like a flash, Severus was out of bed, leaving Hermione to fall face forward into the mattress.

"Oh no, you don't! I'm rather partial to the blood down there. I'll part with the blood in my neck; hell, I'll probably let you bite me in the ass, but there is no way you're biting me there!" Severus was as far away from her as possible, currently backing back into his own room.

Laughing, Hermione rolled onto her back. She had never seen him so hysterical. She could understand, of course, but it still didn't keep her from laughing more.

Erection most definitely deflated, and holding himself like it would surely fall off if he didn't, Severus had backed up until he had hit his own black clad bed in the other room.

"Rest assured, I'm pleased you find amusement from my most distressed situation, but I may never get an erection again here." Severus had calmed down some, but his sharp tongue was not quite up to par yet. His normally deep voice still sounded a bit high, maybe a little shaky, too.

"I'm sorry, Severus. I won't do it again. I promise," Hermione said, but to him it sounded entirely too innocent. Over the years he had learned that the more innocent and sweet a woman sounded, the more likely you were to find your dangly bits hexed off with a swift slicing charm.

A knock sounded at the door followed by 'the idiot' yelling, "M'lady, are you ready to leave with me? The storm has cleared now, and as it's nearly dawn. I'd like to venture out of here."

"Why does he want to leave before dawn?" Severus asked out loud.

"I don't think the writers actually wanted to deal with the complications associated with dawn and vampires." She then addressed 'the idiot,' "I'll be there in a moment."

"Shouldn't the story have ended by now? I thought the premise was to shag like bunnies, then leave. We did the vampire eroticism thing."

Hermione looked at him. He was still cupping himself, but he had moved back into the room at least. She simply answered, "You have to bite him."

"Excuse me? Why do I have to bite him? I thought I was turning you, not him."

"Well, you have to save the girl, don't you? You were supposed to tell me in the night, before the shagging part of course, all about Van Helsing's evil plot. So now you have to protect me. So go protect me!"

Severus still thought this was stupid, but walked over to the door anyway. Flinging it open, he caught a slight glimpse of 'the idiot' just before he was attacked.

Feeling his jaw throbbing, Severus could only conclude that he had actually been punched by 'the idiot.' *'What the hell kind of story is this?'*

Wrestling on the ground now, the two men (well, one man and one character) were each trying to get the best of the other. Severus proved himself worthy when within less than a minute he had 'the idiot' pinned beneath him, struggling as Severus sat on his legs, holding his arms in his hands.

Severus smiled, feeling his canines lengthen and watching 'the idiot's' eyes widen. Leaning forward he bit down... on thin air.

They had landed back in Severus' office as soon as he had bit down.

Hermione was next to him on the floor, on her back, seemly clutching something to her chest, as she had been holding the sheet there just moments ago. Severus was on his hands and knees, head bent down. He almost fell face first into the stone floor in surprise.

By the time Severus realised he was no longer straddling a struggling Van Helsing/Lockhart, Hermione had already gotten up and retrieved the book from the floor.

She felt awkward. They were now fully clothed again: him in his teaching robes, her in her apprentice robes. She didn't know what to say, but the silence was dragging on as Severus hoisted himself from all fours.

"Well... that definitely seemed to do the trick, huh?" she asked, hoping against hope she didn't sound as stupid as she felt.

"Clearly." Severus hadn't actually meant it to come out so harsh, but damn his knees and jaw ached.

"Okay, well, I'll just get out of your way so you can go on about your day. I'm not sure what time it is, but I'm sure you're busy. Um... thanks for rescuing me and all that..." Hermione trailed off; she had been babbling. It wasn't like she had honestly expected roses and wine and fluffy poetry, it was still Severus Snape after all, but she had expected *something*.

Quickly retreating, she had almost made it to the door when she felt him grab her wrist, whipping her around to face him once more.

He didn't know what to say and was thankful that she seemed to be a practical girl. She knew he wouldn't profess his never-dying love for her or even admit that he loved her at all. He knew it, had known it ever since he had seen her lounging on the window sill, and was pretty sure she knew it, too, but that didn't mean he had to tell her, ever. Never ever.

He claimed her lips once more, pushing her against the door. There were no more awkward teeth to get in the way anymore, and he was glad. Seeing her about to attempt fellatio on him with fangs had definitely turned his vampire fantasies into nightmares.

Breaking apart, panting, he still had her pinned against him.

"Hermione, you can leave if you want, but I'll be damned if we go back to you flirting with me like mad, and me not even getting a quick shag as a reward for my frustration. I don't know who sent that book, and I don't personally care, but you can't seriously think you can forget what happened in there."

She smiled a wicked, wicked smile. "You honestly don't know who sent you that book? I thought you were more logical than that. I had only just picked it up, seemingly oblivious to the fact of what kind of book it even was, and yet I had to and could actually walk you through it, step by step. Really, Severus, I'm disappointed."

She was using that innocent tone again, damn. She was patronising him, and now that he saw all the clues placed before him, he couldn't honestly blame her for it. He had been right before, when he thought she was a worthy opponent.

"You're vicious, you know that?" he countered.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I do try. Now, do you happen to know what time it is?"

He looked around, finding the clock on his desk to be facing away from him. He let her go and walked over. It read ten o'clock, but he couldn't honestly say if it meant am or pm.

Hermione had come around the desk to have her own look at the clock, seeing the confused expression on Severus' face.

"Is it morning or night?" Hermione asked, echoing Severus' thoughts unknowingly.

He looked around, but there were no windows and nothing else, either, that could confirm the time. He strolled over to the door and opened it. It was Saturday in the dungeons, and that meant that unless you were Slytherin, you weren't there. That wasn't much help either. He'd never had this problem before.

Hermione honestly needed to get back to her rooms, no matter what time it was. They may not have brought any clothing back with them from the book, but they were both sporting vampire bites on their necks, and Hermione was feeling distinctly *sticky* in at least one area. She voiced her thoughts to Severus, and he volunteered to walk her up, if for no other reason but to at least find out what time it was.

Walking up out of the dungeons and into the Entrance Hall, Hermione and Severus found it was indeed morning. There were students running around everywhere. It was Saturday.

When she had taken on the apprentice position, Minerva had insisted upon her staying near Gryffindor Tower. *'You'll feel more comfortable there than in the dank dungeons,'* she had said. But that meant that the trek to her rooms had them walking up several flights of stairs and past quite a few gawking students. Severus just scowled at them, sending them on their way.

Finally arriving, Hermione felt awkward again. She gave the portrait protecting her chambers the password ("Sandalwood") and stepped inside. She felt embarrassed for her password, knowing that was his signature scent. She decided to ignore the embarrassment, however, finding that she didn't know if he would follow her in or not.

He wanted to laugh. He understood the underlying meaning in her password, but decided to allow her her embarrassment without ridicule, knowing he still needed to change his password as soon as humanly possible before she found out about it. He doubted he'd get the same courtesy of silence from her.

He followed her in without a trace of embarrassment. What, did she think she'd get off that easily? He had months of frustration to work out of both him and her.

The portrait swung closed behind him as he watched Hermione move into the bedroom, presumably to change clothing, or possibly shower. *'Hmm... shower; now there's an idea.'*

She turned around to see him striding in; she knew he had followed her. Slowly removing her robes, she saw a look of appreciation flash across Severus' face. She'd guessed when she had bought this knickers set that he had had a soft spot for black lace.

As the robes dropped, she raised an eyebrow, waiting. It was now his turn to drop his robes.

A smile crept across his face as he reached up to do just that. *'So she likes games?'*

They took turns with their under things as well, each intently watching the other.

Hermione then strolled into the bathroom. Reaching for the taps, she felt Severus behind her, his front flush with her back. Reaching blindly, she was thankful that it was warm water that came forth. Freezing water would have definitely killed the mood.

Sex in the shower proved to be an odd ordeal. Severus lost his footing half-way through, causing Hermione to slide down the wall. After that, however, it was good. There was no biting this time, though; both their necks were starting to show bruising.

Cleaning each other, Hermione insisting on washing his hair personally (she wanted to know if the greasiness was just the way his hair was, or if he just wasn't washing it correctly), they finished their shower in just under thirty minutes.

Forgoing towels for air-drying, they walked through the bedroom, back into the living room. They came through the door just as Harry came through the portrait.

"Hermione..." Harry trailed off, looking up finally. A shock of red hair, its owner looking down, bumped into Harry's back.

"What the hell, Harry?" Ron said. He froze when he looked up as well.

Apparently there was a freezing charm on the entire room, seeing as the two nude figures had frozen upon first hearing Harry. The first to recover was Hermione, rushing into the bedroom, exposing her bare arse to the boys now, yanking Severus' bare arse in behind her.

Frantically casting cleansing charms on their clothing and throwing them on, Hermione and Severus could hear Ron in the living room hysterically screaming.

"I'm blind! Harry, I'm blind."

"You're not blind, Ron; open your eyes," Harry replied, not quite yelling, but there was a definite edge of shock in his own voice.

"Oh damn, Harry, I'm not blind. Gauge my eyes out so I can be. I never want to see again!"

It was then that Hermione threw open the bedroom door, mercifully fully clothed now. "Ron, you're fine, calm down. It's not like you've never seen anyone naked before."

"Maybe not, but what the hell are you doing naked with Snape?" Ron asked, calmer, but still looking anywhere but at her, finally resting his eyes on Severus' form emerging from the bedroom now.

"Weasley, I doubt anyone will ever consider you intelligent, but even you can figure out what we were doing naked together," Severus said, finding the acid in his tone to finally be back.

Ignoring Severus' remark, Hermione asked, "I thought you were coming for dinner, it's ten-thirty in the morning. What are you doing here now, walking into my quarters like it's the bloody common room?"

She was angry, even Ron could tell she was angry. "I wanted to surprise you, Hermione; maybe spend the whole day together, all three of us. Like we used to. You didn't answer the knock, so we just assumed you were still asleep or something."

"Alright," Hermione began, much calmer now, "it was just a surprise. We were all surprised. It's no reason to get all worked up. However, perhaps I should meet you guys later. I'm fairly positive I now have something else to do. I'll find you guys when I'm ready."

As she turned around to begin what was sure to be a long talk with Severus, she saw repressed laughter shining in his eyes. When the door closed behind her, Severus couldn't hold it in any longer, letting out howling laughter into Hermione's stunned silence.

"Did you see their faces?" Severus asked when he finally calmed down enough to breathe. It had been a long time since he had laughed like that.

Hermione was stunned into silence. She was impressed he was laughing; she had never actually heard him laugh. It figured that the most enjoyment he would get in his life would be at Harry and Ron's expenses. If she didn't already love him, she might have actually been offended. But it was too funny.

They walked around the castle grounds for the remainder of the morning, talking of nothing and everything all at once. They found that conversation seemed to come easily to them. There were no awkward silences or stutters between them.

As lunchtime finally arrived, Hermione sat next to Severus for the first time in the Great Hall, never seeing the Dumbledorean twinkle in Minerva's eye.