

Scar Tissue

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Hermione is curious about Snape's scars.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written for the LiveJournal 30minutefic community Challenge #144: Scars, completed and edited in about 41 minutes.

"What's this?" Hermione asked, trailing a finger along the rough scar tissue twisting down his back.

Severus twitched under her near-ticklish touch. "Slicing Hex."

"From who?"

"Bellatrix Lestrange."

"Oh. I'm glad she's dead, then."

Her hands traveled down his back, skimming his shoulder blades with the palm of her hand, following the line of his spine with the tip of one finger. Her fingers finally came to a stop just over his right buttock, where they traced a shiny, V-shaped scar over and over again.

"What about this one?"

"When I was five, I fell on one of my mother's spades in the back garden."

She laughed; Severus tensed self-consciously, even though he knew she wasn't laughing at him.

"I wasn't laughing at you," she told him, noting his reaction. "I just wasn't expecting that answer. I thought you were going to tell me it was some kind of hex or curse from Lucius Malfoy or Rabastan Lestrange. Also, it's hard to imagine you as a child."

"Of course I was a child. I didn't hatch out of an egg, no matter what your Gryffindor friends say about me."

She delicately ignored his retort as she always did; he envied her ability to let his scathing words roll off her back. It was a skill he had noticed didn't extend to her friends. It sometimes took Weasley all of thirty seconds to rile her into a snit, but she could dismiss Severus's most loathsome comments with merely a shrug.

Severus had no idea how to interpret that.

Her hand was on the move again, raking his side with her fingernails, making him flinch away from the ticklish spot on his ribs, causing him to shiver as it ghosted across

his shoulder blade again.

She touched the small knot of scar tissue on his bicep. "And this one?"

Panic uncoiled in his stomach and spread through his body. Severus snatched his arm away and climbed out of bed. He grabbed his crumpled bathrobe off the floor and pulled it on even as he swept from the room.

"Severus!" she called, but he ignored her. He could hear the creak of the bed as she climbed out of it, the slap of her feet on the floor as she followed him. He stepped up his pace; if he could get to his lab, she wouldn't follow, and he could have a bit of peace before he faced her again.

"Severus! Stop!" Hermione raced around Severus and jumped into his path; he had to stumble back to avoid running into her. She was completely nude, her chest was heaving, her hair wild, and Severus had to force himself not to get distracted. "Don't be this way because you lost our bet. We had a deal that you would tell me where you got all of your scars, so tell."

"Yes, well, I'm refusing to fulfill my side. Now, get out of my way." When she didn't move, he raked his eyes over her nudity disdainfully. "And put some clothes on. You're positively indecent."

She put her hands on her hips as if she was scolding Potter or Weasley, but Severus doubted that they had ever seen her scold them in this state of undress. "You weren't complaining about my decency earlier. Now, what could be so bad about that scar? You know I don't care how you got it."

"It's none of your business."

"None of my business? Severus Snape, I have always complied with my side of every bet I have ever lost to you, no matter how much I didn't want to, but the one time I finally win, you won't fill your side of the deal? That's despicable, even for you."

"Fine," he snarled, unable to resist giving her what she wanted, no matter what she asked. "It's a cigarette burn. From my father."

Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped, and Severus had to turn away from her shock and the pity that he knew would soon follow. It was one thing to tell her about scars that ultimately resulted from his poor choices in his youth. It was quite another to talk about what that monster did to him as a child.

He should have known it would come to this.

"Oh. Oh, Severus," she said and wrapped her arms around him from behind, her breasts pressing into his back. "I'm sorry for being so nosy. But if it makes you feel any better, I'm glad he's dead, too."

Severus placed his hand over hers, his anger with her fading somewhat at that statement. "Oddly enough, it does."