

# A Mess in the Kitchen

*by lady\_rhian*

Hermione is ignoring Severus while baking pumpkin bars in the Weasley residence. He wants her attention - and something more. How far is he willing to go to get what he wants? Inspired by the Pumpkin Challenge at the grangersnape100.

## Part I

*Chapter 1 of 3*

Hermione is ignoring Severus while baking pumpkin bars in the Weasley residence. He wants her attention - and something more. How far is he willing to go to get what he wants? Inspired by the Pumpkin Challenge at the grangersnape100.

**Disclaimer:** It all belongs to JKR.

**A/N:** I wrote this first segment intending it to remain as it was. Due to my fellow drabblers' begging, there are three parts instead of one, providing a total of thirteen drabbles for your reading pleasure. Enjoy!

05/07/08 note: savine\_snape has made me a beautiful story banner depicting a later scene...



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She pursed her lips together, staring intently at the recipe, oblivious to the eyes that followed her – the eyes that had been following her for months.

She had no idea how sensual she looked, what with her hair carelessly tossed into a bun, tendrils sweeping across her forehead. Her sleeves were rolled up, the apron hiked about her waist, her black pants dusty with flour.

She looked up.

“Professor,” she said, startled. “I... I didn’t know you were here for the holidays.”

“In spite of the grievous Weasley children, their mother’s cooking is the best in Britain,” he said, his eyes glazed over.

She swallowed. “Don’t look at me.” She dropped her gaze. “I’m just making the pumpkin bars.”

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“I can see that,” he said, his voice low and warm. He leaned against the doorway. “May I ask why you are in the kitchen and Molly is not?”

“Molly’s helping put the newest grandchild down for a nap,” Hermione said quickly, staring at the batter she was mixing.

“Bill and Fleur’s latest collaboration?”

She let out a chuckle. “That’s an interesting way of describing a couple who have decided to give their son a sibling. A sister,” she added.

“Ah.”

She sighed and threw down the rag she had wiped her forehead with.

“Why are you staring at me like that?”

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“I’ve no idea what you mean.”

“We made a decision months ago, Professor.”

“It wasn’t ‘professor’ then, Hermione,” he said lowly.

She threw a glare over her shoulder. “It was a mistake and you know it. I can’t apprentice to you now.” She plunked the wooden spoon into the batter and started mixing vigorously.

“And why ever not?” He walked over to her slowly, standing barely a foot away from her. “Masters have apprenticed their wives before.”

“Is that you want me to be, Severus? Your wife?” she spat. “A woman to cook and clean for you. A pretty picture this must paint.” She let go of the spoon, putting her palms on the counter. “I will be no one’s cook or bedmate.”

“Not even mine?”

She looked up and met his eyes, blazing just as furiously as hers. “Keep dreaming.”

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## Part II

### *Chapter 2 of 3*

In which more questions are raised...

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His eyes held hers.

“Why ever not?” he asked softly.

She pounded the bowl with the wooden spoon, staring a hole through the counter.

“You’re going to break the bowl.”

“A simple spell would make it right,” she said, gritting her teeth.

“Look at me!” He took her by the shoulders, forcing her to face him. The spoon clattered to the floor with *athud*, pumpkin batter shooting across the floor.

“You want to know why I won’t marry you, Severus? *This* is why.” She shoved him away. “You are forceful. You have no respect for my personal space, for ~~what~~ I want or what *I* need. You only care about what *I* can do for *you*,” she spat. She stopped herself, breathing heavily.

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He looked at her, his eyes full of regret.

“Then I am sorry,” he said softly. “I never meant to give you that impression.”

She chortled. "You didn't give me that impression, Severus! You showed me with everything you've done. You want me to apprentice to you, but you don't want me to finish at the university. You want me working with you *now*. You want me living with you*now*."

"I am not a patient man, Hermione," he said slowly. "You knew this about me when we talked in Paris."

She slapped him. "You had to bring up Paris, didn't you? Why can't you just let it be?"

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"It meant something, Hermione, to you and to me." He took her hands and pressed them to his heart. "You got under my skin in a way no woman ever has. Forgive me if you don't appreciate a man who can't get enough of you. Who wants to be with you every second because if he doesn't, his heart will stop."

She kept her eyes cast downward. He took her chin in his hand and gently pulled it up to look at him.

"That's a nice line, Severus," she gulped. "I wish it would work on me."

He dropped her hands.

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"You can't fix things, Severus," she insisted, picking the spoon up off the floor. She charmed it clean and resumed mixing ingredients.

"Can I take back the offer to apprentice you? I do want you to finish at the university."

She laughed sarcastically. "The great Severus Snape has resorted to eating his own words! How the mighty have fallen." She looked at him. "I'm going to finish at the university and put space between us. You're obsessed, Severus. Frighteningly obsessed, just because of a night of conversation, wine, and sex."

"So we had sex, that's all?" Severus asked, leaning against the counter.

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## Part III

### *Chapter 3 of 3*

A resolution is reached.

**Disclaimer:** It's not mine, but you already knew that.

**A/N:** As always, my sincere thanks to the ladies at the gs100 for their inspiration. Enjoy the last installment!

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Her stirring slowed.

"We made love and you know it," he whispered.

"It's inappropriate." She shook her head. "I won't apprentice you. I'll be a Charms Mistress at the end of the year; I don't need to be a Potions Mistress, too..."

"Oh, but you want to."

"Oh, but I don't."

"It's not inappropriate, Hermione."

"It's inappropriate if you have feelings for me!"

"Oh, so you don't have feelings?"

"You said things that I cannot forget!"

"You are blowing this out of proportion!"

"Well excuse me, *Professor*, for looking at the situation realistically! I will not apprentice to you, I will not live with you..."

"And you won't love me?"

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He stared at her desperately, eyes searching.

She looked up at him, her eyes shining.

"Like hell you don't," he muttered, taking her by the waist and pulling her close. His mouth descended on hers immediately, lips pressing insistently, his hand running through her hair, desperate for a response.

After a moment, he let go of her.

"No," she whispered, her hands reaching up to touch his face. "No, don't..."

"So this is what it takes to secure your agreement?" he murmured.

She quirked a smile.

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"I'll think about it," she said, turning back to her mixing as if nothing had happened. "I doubt I can be convinced."

He chuckled, running his hand through her mane of curls.

"I know you can be," he said, his eyes piercing hers.

"Really?" she asked, eyes twinkling. "Just how do you plan to pull off such an impossible mission?"

"Well," he started, picking her up by the waist and setting her on the counter, "I can intrigue your mind, body, and soul, and you'll accept my overtures because you also are unable to resist a challenge... I think I'll start challenging your body, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," she whispered.

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His hands skimmed over her knees and thighs, lingering briefly around her hips before darting up her torso.

"You bloody tease," she murmured, pulling his head to hers.

He shook his head from her grasp and laid a flurry of insistent kisses around her collarbone, smiling as he saw her eyes flutter. Her head hit the cupboard with *alunk*.

"Are you alright?" he asked, concerned, his hand moving to cradle her head.

"Fine," she muttered. "This doesn't mean I'll marry you, you know..."

"Of course."

"It's going to take more than this to convince me... OH ..."

"No doubt, no doubt," he murmured, running his hands down her back, delighting in the shiver he felt.

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The door opened.

"Severus! Hermione!"

They hurriedly pulled away, sending the bowl of pumpkin batter smashing to the floor, the bowl scattering to the feet of a very flustered Molly Weasley.

"Molly," Severus said, annoyed. "What can I do for you?"

"I..." Molly sputtered, looking like a deer in the headlights.

"We'll make a new batch of pumpkin bars, Molly," Hermione offered, wrapping her arms around Severus' neck.

"Well, I never..."

"Molly," Severus held a hand up. "Go back, check on the new baby, and don't interrupt us for ten minutes."

Molly's mouth dropped.

She shut her eyes tightly. "Please don't do anything on the counters. I cleaned them this morning."

And with that, she turned on her heels and walked out of the room, Severus and Hermione sputtering with laughter.

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"Now," Severus asked, turning back to Hermione, his hand trailing down her cleavage, "where was I?"

"Here," Hermione murmured, putting his hand exactly where she wanted it to be.

His hand lingered briefly, fingers teasing. He paused, taking his hands away, resting his palms on the edge of the counters.

"Severus..." she started threateningly.

"I refuse to make love to you in this cursed residence," he said matter-of-factly.

"Why?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Have you seen the number of children they have?"

She raised an eyebrow. "Good point."

"My place or yours?"

She wrapped her arms around his neck and looked into his obsidian eyes.

"Take me to your dungeon."

"With pleasure."

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