

Halloween Epiphany

by snapeophile

What treats and tricks are in store for Hermione and Severus on Halloween? Drabble serial response to "Trick or Treat" challenge at Grangersnape100.

★

Chapter 1 of 1

What treats and tricks are in store for Hermione and Severus on Halloween? Drabble serial response to "Trick or Treat" challenge at Grangersnape100.

A/N: Thank you JaneAverage, my beta with a sharp quill and even sharper mind.

I.

Ravenclaws. Snape glared at the terrified couple and confiscated their Passionscope™.

Damn the Weasley twins! Creating trash which addles the minds of hormonal teenagers, making my chaperone duties more odious than usual. Yet, I must admit this is a clever, inventive use of magic. Without their inventions, Potter wouldn't have had the element of surprise and eventual victory.

He placed the offending object in his robe pocket and billowed over to the refreshments.

"How is your first Halloween Dance, Professor Grang—"

Lurid pink beams of light escaped his robe pocket, merging with beams from the object in Hermione's hand.

II.

Stunned, they watched as their two Passionscopes began spinning, emitting high-pitched whistles.

Students pointed and babbled their surprise.

Polly Martin, a brave Hufflepuff, approached her favorite professor and leaned close, whispering, "Professor Granger, that's a Passionscope. It's like a Sneakoscope, but instead of revealing untrustworthy people, it shows your perfect match—your true love..." The young Hufflepuff blushed to the roots of her blond hair.

Hermione laughed. "It's all right, Polly. Just a silly Halloween trick."

Severus stood apart, frantically working to identify the powerful, perplexing feeling in his heart.

Hope.

He hadn't felt that in a long, long time.

III.

Snape turned to her. Glittering black eyes sought kind brown ones. His heart lurched when he saw Hermione's true reaction to the Passionscope. She smiled softly, inviting him in with her eyes and lips.

He froze, his thoughts in turmoil.

He hadn't felt this exposed since Tom Riddle penetrated his Occlumency barriers.

*You're a sorry excuse for a spy. She can read you like the bloody Quibbler. Leave now. Retain your dignity. What would she want with **you**?*

Hermione leaned into him and whispered in his ear. "I've been saving a nice bottle of Riesling for a treat. Share it with me?"

IV.

Hermione's warm breath caressed his ear and pushed any thoughts of denying her from his mind.

She accepted his curt nod of assent and floated off to resume her chaperone duties.

Snape stalked off to take some House points and reestablish his equilibrium.

AAAAAAAAAAAA

As he walked to her suite, he inwardly welcomed his old friend, dread. Then dread's compatriot, fear. These two had conspired to keep him alive more times than he could count. They heightened his senses and focused his mind. Their presence in his psyche was oddly reassuring. The only note of discord was the not-entirely-unwelcomed *anticipation*.

V.

She stifled a yawn as she opened the door.

"Hermione, you're exhausted. I shall let you sleep."

"No, Severus. I'm so glad you are here." She reached for his hand. He felt a jolt of connection and wondered if she felt it, too.

He was surprised at her boldness. Until now, she had been distantly professional and collegial; thankfully with none of her youthful 'know-it-all' persona. Snape had tried to ignore her altogether, but had found himself unconsciously drawn to her...

They sat within touching distance. Hermione smirked mischievously and brought out her Passionscope, now whirring wildly in their presence.

VI.

"What do you know about this?" Hermione asked playfully. *Witch Weekly* claims they're 85% reliable."

"Only 85%? Rubbish!" he snarled. "They're 100% effective, Hermione. I created the liquid core. Filius assisted with the charms..." His indignant tone melted away with his dawning realization.

Their eyes met again. Each drew in a sharp breath. Severus felt he was on the edge of a precipice. Thoughts raced through his mind *Too old. Ex-Death Eater. Too scarred. Too closed-off. Too . . . lonely.*

"What do we do now?" she asked softly.

He pulled her close and treated them to a searing kiss.

A/N: The *Passionscope*TM is my own invention.