

Stuck

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When Voldemort falls, Snape and Hermione find themselves in an unusual situation.

Drabble

Chapter 1 of 2

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Disclaimer: Nothing you recognize belongs to me. Just borrowed. Will be returned. Snape is welcome to stay, though.

A big Thank You goes to my beta, Maggie, who is always encouraging, helpful, and thorough!

This was written in response to the 'An Evening with Severus Snape' 500 words drabble challenge on the lj community 'Romancing the Wizard'. The prompt was: In the end, it had been easy, far easier than he'd expected.

In the end, it had been easy, far easier than he'd expected. Voldemort had walked into the carefully constructed trap, and everything had gone according to plan. Almost everything...

Severus Snape woke up in the dark, lying on his back. Something soft and warm lay on top of him, making it difficult to breathe. He started to push at whatever it was while searching for his wand.

"Ouch!"

The voice sounded familiar. "Get off me! What is the meaning of this?"

"What does it look like?" Hermione Granger asked irritably. He felt her move, but after some pushing and shoving, she lay back down with a huff. "Looks like we're stuck in a tunnel blocked with rubble."

"What do you mean 'stuck'? What happened?"

"When Harry killed Voldemort, their powers must have clashed. The earth shook, a chasm opened, and we both fell down."

"You pushed me away from Voldemort's Killing Curse, didn't you? Always meddling..."

"Well, excuse me. How about a 'thank you for saving my life'?"

"I didn't ask you to."

"But I did, and now we're here."

"Time to change that. Call for help."

"I lost my wand," she muttered.

"What?" he yelled.

"And where's yours?" she yelled back.

"Lost," he growled. "We're stuck."

"Obviously. But they'll be searching for us."

"Always the optimist, aren't you?"

"This could be a long wait. Do you really want to spend it arguing?"

"I'd prefer silence, but with you around, that's a vain hope."

"You doubt that they'll find us? Do you think we'll die here?"

"Don't be silly. Potter's famous sidekick will be rescued."

"You'll be famous, too. Your plan to trap Voldemort was simply brilliant."

"I'd much prefer it if you moved off of me, instead of gushing empty praise."

"Sorry to inconvenience you, but I can't move more than a few inches." She shifted her weight and crawled forward until their noses bumped together. "Sorry."

He sighed. "If you had let me die, you wouldn't be in that predicament."

"You've been cleared with the Order, for goodness' sake. Why would you want to die?"

"Why do you care, after everything I've done?"

"We've worked together so well, these past months. I want you to live."

"How touching. What's with you tonight, Granger? If I didn't know better, I'd think you were flirting with me."

"And if I was?"

"I'd say you've lost your mind."

"Lying on top of you is not the worst place I've ever been in. Perhaps I like it."

Snape snorted. "And I'm supposed to like it, too?"

"Don't you?"

"Well... having a pretty woman on top of me isn't such a bad way to go."

"This isn't the end; don't be so glum... Hold on, did you just call me pretty?"

"And if I did?"

Hermione laughed softly. "I'd say that you'd hit your head. Not that I'm complaining, mind you."

"My head is fine, and you talk too much."

He turned his head and kissed her. This time, their noses didn't bump.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 2

When Voldemort falls, Snape and Hermione find themselves in an unusual situation.

The same disclaimers as for chapter 1 apply. Thank you to my beta-reader, Maggie, for always being so supportive.

The kiss was long and sweet. When they finally broke apart, Snape started to trail small kisses from her chin to her ear. He stopped when he felt her pulse beating wildly against his lips.

"My, my, aren't we excited?"

Hermione lifted her head. "Damn, I wish I could see your eyes."

There was a moment's silence.

"Not quite certain if I'm teasing or mocking, are you?" he said in a surprisingly gentle voice. "Let me show you..." He untangled one of her hands from his hair and moved it to his chest, where his heart beat rapidly against his ribs. "Does this feel like mocking?"

She didn't reply but drew him into another kiss instead, a deep, endless, and passionate kiss. And another. And some more. His hands wandered across her back and up and down her sides. When they brushed her breasts, she gasped, "We have to get out of here."

"Having second thoughts?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Not I, but I want to ravish you senseless before you start having them. Preferably somewhere more comfortable." Her fingers had sneaked under his shirt and were stroking the soft skin over his collarbone when they encountered something unexpected. "Are you wearing a necklace?"

"That's the locket with Dumbledore's portrait. You know, the one I showed the Order..."

"Hm, yes..." Hermione remembered how the portrait of Albus Dumbledore had told the Order unmistakably that Snape was to be trusted, no matter what he seemed to have done. She pulled at the thin chain until she could feel the locket in her hands. "But I can't open it..."

"Only I can open it without a wand. Why?"

"It should be connected to other portraits, shouldn't it?"

"Quite so. You should have reminded me of this earlier," Snape grumbled, but laughed quietly when she smacked him playfully. He briefly fumbled with the locket, and then the soft light of tiny, painted candles revealed an old man sitting in an armchair. He jumped up when he saw them.

"Severus? Miss Granger? Merlin be thanked, you're alive. Everybody is looking for you; where are you?"

"Stuck in a tunnel under Hogwarts, I think," Hermione said. "Can't you see us on the Marauder's map?"

"I'm afraid no one thought of it," Dumbledore replied. "You see, Harry and young Mr. Weasley are in the infirmary, and everybody else is still a bit confused after the fight. I will go and talk to Minerva. We shall find you." He turned around and disappeared from their sight.

"What happens after they find us?" Hermione looked tense in the dim light from the portrait, but Snape's eyes were... twinkling?

"Stuck here with you, I feel free for the first time in my life." He smiled. "And after we're rescued... we will have time to explore things. I recall a promise of being ravished senseless."

"Just don't forget it," Hermione murmured before she kissed him again. They were still busy when they heard the rubble being moved from the tunnel.

The End