

# Healer Healed

*by \_Levicorpus\_*

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One shot.

## *Chapter 1 of 1*

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Author's Note: This little plot bunny hopped in as I was working on "Their Death-Marked Love". And so I followed its fluffy, little tail all the way into procrastination land. Followers of my other tale (haha, pun intended), forgive me!

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Hermione bustled about the Hospital Wing barking orders to the Hufflepuff Quidditch players who were soiling the sheets of the various unused beds of the Hospital Wing with their mucky uniforms. She returned to the boy lying on the bed and spoon fed him some freshly-brewed calming draught after healing his arm.

"Feeling okay, Ced?" asked one of the boys, and the dark-haired pre-teen nodded. Twelve-year-old Cedric Chang was the most recent addition to the Hufflepuff team, making his single mother, Cho, exceedingly proud.

"Of course he is!" Hermione cried as the boys all shuffled out. It was one of the first all-male teams in years. She clucked her tongue at the retreating backs, receiving a throaty chuckle from little Cedric.

"How is your mother, Cedric?" Hermione asked conversationally.

"Oh, fine. Nothing to complain about I suppose." He stood without wincing, a great sign.

"Be more careful next time!" she called to his retreating back. He raised his hand to suggest obedience. Hermione smiled to herself.

She returned to the potions cabinet. She never considered the fact that her supplies never dwindled due to the painstakingly precise work of her colleague, Severus Snape. She never even pondered why he paid her so many unnecessary visits just to "make sure she was okay". She never even thought about why the elegant professor's glittering black eyes could never hold hers. But she did, quite often in fact, contemplate her growing attraction to the mysterious man.

On one such night, she relaxed into the cushy, leather office chair behind her desk and set to organizing some sign in sheets for the upcoming week. She heard the familiar triple knock on her door, and she quietly murmured permission to enter.

"Good evening, Madam Granger." The dark-haired man stepped into her office.

"Good evening, Severus." She noted, as she always did, that she appreciated his choice of a shorter haircut as he grew older. His jet-black hair was thinning in places, but other than that he looked just the same as he always had. It was the wizard blood.

"I just wanted to make sure that your potions are up to date," he said, his eyes flitting about the room.

"Please sit, Severus." She addressed him as though she was not his inferior on the ladder at Hogwarts. When he refused to look at her, she considered them equals.

He took a soft seat across from her. She leaned across the desk, entirely unconscious of how her medieval-cut Healer's uniform absolutely promenaded her cleavage.

"Is there something you wish to tell me?" Severus asked her quietly.

"Actually, I was wondering the same about you," she replied, reclining. The chair let out a soft poof as the air yawned out of it.

They sat in silence for a moment. He then continued in a business-like tone, "I have finished your Calming Draught. It will be ready by tomorrow."

"Thank you, Severus," she responded, somewhat disappointedly.

As he stood to go, she watched his back with heat constricting her throat. She saw every night like this come and go in the same fashion; she knew her whole life would go on at this insipid cadence until the day she died lest she act now.

"Wait!" she cried in complete disregard of every practical fragment of logic in her mind. She stood and rushed to him, placing her hand on his shoulder. He heaved a sigh and turned to face her. He had no time to catch his breath before her mouth was upon his. He held the small of her back, just where her red and white dress ballooned. He longed to set her hair free of the constricting hat she wore, and so he liberated her wild locks. They struggled for a moment; so much passion was being let out at once that clumsiness ensued.

They staggered back, and he sat on the arm chair that was still warm from her body heat. He pulled her into his lap, never breaking the kiss, her many-layered dress served as a tent over the entire chair. The kiss became more heated as she pushed him back father into the chair. But he had the good sense to end it for a moment by moving away and resting a finger on her lips. She whined openly.

"Hush, girl," he cooed. "All in good time..."

He stood and placed her firmly on her feet. She looked up at him, and he smiled back, placing a kiss on her forehead.

"The war is over, Hermione. No need to rush."

She realized that he was right. He smiled and turned to leave. She stood rigid and still until she was alone once more. She then permitted herself to free-fall back into her chair. She was swooning like a teenager.