

New Year's Eve

by ancientgirl

How do Severus and Hermione spend the evening before the new year is rung in?

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 3

How do Severus and Hermione spend the evening before the new year is rung in?

As always, I want to thank June for her help with the beta work.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

I still don't know if there will be any lemons here. Some of you might know, I love reading smut, but don't think I can write it very well. I'll give it a go, but I'm not making any promises.

This will be a short story and I don't expect it to be more than five or six chapters. Enjoy.

Chapter 1

It was just under three and a half hours before the New Year was rung in. This would be her second new year as a member of Hogwarts staff. She had come back to Hogwarts just after graduating with honors at Cambridge; she had opted for a Muggle education, and returned to the wizarding world with more knowledge than she knew what to do with. As soon as Albus found out she was back in the wizarding world, he wasted no time in offering her the position of Professor of Muggle Studies. She had spent most of the first year trying to accustom herself to being in a position of authority with her students, but at the same time she wanted them to feel comfortable coming to her with their problems.

It had been fairly easy for her to see herself on an equal footing with her colleagues — all but one, that is. On many occasions she tried to strike up conversations with Professor Snape, but while he was more civil to her now than when she was his student, he kept himself at a distance.

On this particular evening, the professors had been sitting around the staff room talking about the New Years Eve celebration. A small party had been planned for the staff just before Midnight, and of course the entire staff was expected to show up. However, everyone knew that Severus never attended New Years Eve celebrations, and his absence was never taken personally.

Hermione sighed and stood up from the discussion. She decided to go to the library and get a book. She would spend her evening with a good book and a good glass of wine. She knew she would most probably get an earful from Minerva and Albus for missing the celebration, but at this point she didn't care. She was quite used to spending this holiday alone. She had stopped crying about it long ago. "Who says you have to spend New Years Eve with anyone anyway," she mumbled as she walked out the staff room door.

Unbeknownst to her, someone a few floors down was thinking the same thing. Severus had never been much of a people person; quite frankly, all he wanted to do was just sit in his living room in front of the fire, with a good book and a glass of brandy. He sighed, stood up and made his way to the library. "I can bring in the new year just fine all by myself. Who needs company anyway," he mumbled as he walked down the cold dungeon hallway.

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As one would imagine, the library was empty. Hermione walked in as Madam Pince was walking out to the staff party. After making sure Hermione would leave everything warded properly behind her, she made her way to the staff room.

Hermione made her way to the restricted section. She remembered catching a glimpse of a very old volume of the Wizarding Kama Sutra in her seventh year. She had snuck into the library after hours and found the book, only to have to leave it as she heard Filch coming towards her. She now walked up and down several sections and realized she heard footsteps yet again, just as she had that night. She made her way back from where she came from, in order to see who else was in the library. As she came out from behind some large shelves, she caught sight of black robes disappearing behind another set of shelves. She knew very well who it was.

Hermione turned and quietly went about her business in the library. She wanted to find that book again, but the last thing she needed was for Professor Snape to find her looking for a book about sexual positions. She rolled her eyes and shook her head. After almost two years as his colleague, he still insisted on calling her Miss Granger, thus making her feel like a schoolgirl still. This made it near impossible for her to call him anything but Professor Snape, much as she did during her time as a student.

Hermione reached the back of the restricted section and found the book she had so long ago only gotten a glimpse of. As she pulled the book out of its place and began to open it, she noticed a shadow fall over her.

"Miss Granger, I expected you to be at the staff celebration," he said as he looked down at the book in her hand. His eyebrow arched. "But I see you have more interesting pursuits in mind."

Hermione looked down and realized she had failed to cover the title of the book. She held it against her chest and began to walk past him. She was mortified that he now thought she was either some pervert, or some lonely woman who couldn't get a date and had to resort to a book to get her jollies. She just barely got by him when he reached out and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Since it seems that you have no plans on going to the staff party, might I interest you in awaiting the New Year with me?" he drawled.

She blinked several times, wondering if he was trying to draw her into a conversation that would ultimately wind up embarrassing her. She looked into his eyes, which she now noticed to have an almost pleading quality. She silently berated herself. He was probably just as lonely as she was. It didn't matter that there was a room full of people waiting for them to join their celebration. It is very easy to be lonely even when surrounded by friends.

"I would like that very much, yes."

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I know it's a bit short, but I've got another chapter and I'll have it up soon.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 3

Severus and Hermione have a conversation.

All Canon characters belong to JKR.

I wish to thank June once again for all of her help in being my beta.

I still don't know if there will be any lemons here. I may just hint at it, but I'll have to see if I can give it a try and how it looks. In the meantime, I hope you enjoy this chapter.

Chapter 2

They walked to the dungeons in silence. Hermione kept a tight hold of the book she had taken from the library. She secretly hoped that Professor Snape had not seen what she had taken, although in the back of her mind she knew that smirk he was now wearing meant he knew exactly what she had held in her arms.

For his part, Severus actually had no clue why she held the large text against her breast as she did. He knew she was fond of books, but he had no idea she liked them that much. He also found himself secretly wondering what it would be like to be in the book's place. For several months now, he had realized she was no longer the frizzy-haired know-it-all student that had driven him to drink on several occasions. He wasn't quite sure exactly what changed, but he thought it happened one day as they were sitting in the Great Hall having breakfast. It was nothing out of the ordinary, really. Then Hermione asked him if he could pass the milk that was in front of him. As he handed her the carafe, he looked at her smiling face and felt as though the wind had been knocked out of him.

He remembered thinking, *"When did she grow up?"* It was something that had him off-kilter for the rest of the day. From that moment on, he would steal glances towards her. He watched her from a distance during Quidditch matches. He would observe her quietly and wonder what her life was like. She hardly ever left the castle; save for the few weekends she would meet Potter and Weasley for lunch in Hogsmeade. She wasn't much taller than when she graduated; she came up to about his shoulders. Her hair was still a bit of a mess, but it was now more curly than frizzy. She wasn't beautiful, but she certainly wasn't ugly. He could safely say she was a very pretty young woman. She rather reminded him of Lily Potter to a certain degree.

There were times when he thought she looked lonely as well, but he never dared to ask if she would like to share a bottle of wine, or if she would like to take a walk around the lake after dinner. In the end, he thought she would sooner be alone than spend time with him.

As they approached a wall, he whispered an almost inaudible command; a door appeared and swung open for them. Severus stepped to the side and motioned for her to walk inside. As she did, she noticed the warm glow of the fire first. It filled the room with an amber light that made the objects placed along some shelves against the walls dance. She smiled as she noted the many books that filled the large bookshelf that stood against the wall next to the fireplace. So enthralled was she, that she jumped slightly when he spoke.

"Have a seat and make yourself comfortable. Do you prefer red or white wine?" he asked softly.

"I prefer red, and Merlot if you have it," she smiled at him and turned back to the bookcase. He took off his robes and placed them on a large hook near the door, leaving him with his attire of black trousers and black frock coat. As he walked towards his study, he began unbuttoning his coat. If he was quite honest with himself, he wasn't sure what made him invite her down there. While he wanted to get to know her better, he wasn't sure just what to do. Should he talk about her classes or the weather? He

certainly wasn't going to ask her about Potter or Weasley. He shook his head and decided to just let the conversation happen naturally. No doubt she would have a million questions about the books she had immediately noticed.

Hermione decided it was best to put down the book in her arms. She placed it on the table in front of the sofa, and then placed her teaching robes neatly folded on top, in the hopes that the book would be forgotten. She looked up when she heard Severus footsteps coming back from the study. He had two wine glasses in one hand, and a wine bottle in the other.

"Would you care for something to eat? I can call to the kitchens for something if you wish."

"No, I'm not very hungry, thank you," she replied, as he handed her a glass and poured the wine. "How long until the new year?" she asked.

He turned and looked at a small antique clock on the sideboard.

"We have just under three hours. If you care to go to your rooms or to the party after you finish your wine, I won't be offended," he stated.

"I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but I never thought you would ever be this nice to me," she said as she felt herself blush and looked down at her wine. "Since you have been so nice to ask me to spend this time with you, I wouldn't dream of leaving. Besides, I would only be sitting in my room alone anyway." She turned and sat quickly, wondering if she had perhaps given him more information than he actually even cared to know.

He smiled and sat next to her, placing the wine bottle on the table in front of him.

"I apologize if I have been...unfriendly towards you since your return," he said. "I must admit, I had some trepidation when I heard you would be joining the teaching staff. But I recently realized that you were no longer that frizzy-haired know-it-all that nearly drove me to the brink of insanity with her questions." He chuckled and sat back. He was relieved when he heard her giggle next to him.

"I was a bit overbearing with the questions sometimes, wasn't I?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Looking back on it, I wish I had more students like you. You wanted to learn. You took interest in what I was saying and didn't just want to be told what ingredients to use for a potion. You wanted to know why one was used, and not another. You wanted to know the difference in using different ingredients, or spells. A student like you is a gift, Hermione."

She took a sip of her wine and almost choked as she heard his last sentence. Not only had he just paid her the most wonderful compliment she had ever received, but he had finally used her name. Not Professor Granger, or Miss Granger, but Hermione. She felt something in her stomach flutter, and she thanked the heavens that the room was not fully lit, since she just knew she was blushing wildly.

"Thank you, Professor, I mean, um...Severus."

He decided he liked when she used his given name. Her soft feminine voice made his cold-sounding name sound almost erotic. Wanting to find out a bit more about her likes and dislikes, he thought he would ask her what she had taken from the library. Surely it had to have been something important for her to want to spend the evening reading, instead of joining the other staff or even meeting up with her friends.

"What is this that you are going to read then?" he asked, as he leaned forward and took hold of the book under her robes.

Hermione's eyes became two huge circles, and she quickly realized he was going for her book.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed as she lunged towards the book and spilled her wine all over her blouse. "Oh, my new blouse." She stood and picked up her teaching robe and began to use it as a towel. The robe was red, after all, and she had been meaning to get new ones anyway. It didn't matter to her if those got ruined, but not her brand new silk blouse. As she began to rub at the spot the wine created, she noticed Severus looking at the book's title. She dropped the robe and quickly picked up the book.

"Um...its not what you think. You see, I remember seeing it when I was a student here and I, well, what I mean is I thought it would be interesting to, um...I..." she realized that not only was she rambling, but she could come up with no other explanation than the truth. She bowed her head and dropped heavily on the couch. "Oh, blast, I wanted to see what all the fuss was about. And since I had nothing to do this evening, and had no interest in spending the evening listening to Albus give out his recipe for clustered caramel coconut squares for the hundredth bloody time, I decided to spend my evening in solitary debauchery." She stared at the book on her lap, and wondered if it would be possible to make a run for the door before Severus recovered from her embarrassing rant.

"Well, then," said Severus. "Instead of a solitary evening of debauchery, might I suggest you join me in my bedroom so I can show you just exactly what the fuss is all about?"

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Somehow I don't think Severus meant to actually say that outloud.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 3

Severus and Hermione have a very interesting night.

Thanks once again to June for her work as my beta.

I had thought about making this NC-17, but I just can't write good smut. So I'm hoping you like this as is.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

Chapter 3

He couldn't believe he had just said that out loud. What was he thinking saying that to her? Hermione for her part was utterly shocked. She couldn't figure out if he was actually serious or if she had somehow stepped into some other dimension. She felt her cheeks growing warmer by the second and she began to wonder if her original feelings were true, that he had brought her here to humiliate her.

"That's not funny," she began to stand, deciding it would be best to just leave, "I don't appreciate you making jokes like that." Severus stood and caught her arm as she began to walk away.

"It was no joke. I'm sorry; I didn't mean to just blurt it out like that. But I would be lying if I told you it wasn't what I was thinking." He had hoped he sounded sincere enough.

"Oh," she was truly speechless now. Never in her wildest dreams had she ever thought that he would think of her in those terms. That he would ever offer to show her anything, much less anything sexual. She looked at the book she still held in her arms, then looked up at him. Severus approached her and took hold of the book and placed it on the table.

"I find that books such as this makes things too complicated. After all, it is less about position and more about whom you are with," he stepped closer to her and brought his hand to her cheek. "What did you mean when you said you wanted to know what all the fuss was about? I hope you didn't mean you have never..." he saw her begin to laugh.

"No, that's not what I meant. But I will admit, all I've been hearing about from Ginny is how great the Kama Sutra is, and how much it has helped her sex life with Harry. I thought maybe something like that would make me...better." She looked down shyly and Severus raised her chin so that she was looking at him.

"Better? You have received negative comments? And might I inquire who would be so uncouth?" he asked.

"Well...you see, Draco and I were seeing each other for a few months just after I graduated from the University," she was stopped by his laughter.

"Draco Malfoy told you that you were not up to par?" He noticed her furrowed brow, "Hermione, allow me to give you a bit of information regarding Draco Malfoy, and I will trust you not to repeat it." she nodded.

"Draco cares very little for sex. He told me that he had briefly dated a young woman in the hopes of getting his sex drive, how did he put it? Ah, yes, in gear. It isn't that he doesn't like women, but he suffers from a chemical imbalance. His great grandfather had the same problem. It's a wonder the Malfoy name did not stop with him. I gather you are the young woman he was seeing not long ago then?" Hermione huffed and crossed her arms across her chest.

"Why that lousy ferret! You mean to tell me that he made me feel like it was my fault he couldn't get off?"

"It would seem so." He briefly wondered if she would still consider his offer. "My offer still stands though. If you are still interested." Hermione picked up the book from the table and looked at him. He was smiling and his eyes glittering with hope.

"I most certainly am interested." He took her hand and guided her to his bedroom. The room was warm and much to her surprise, quite inviting. She expected the dark colors and the fireplace with a bookcase next to it. What she didn't expect was such a large bed ornate bed. It was dark cherry wood and looked as though every section had some sort of carving. As she approached the bed she realized the carvings were erotic in nature. As she reached to touch one of the bedposts she felt him behind her.

Severus placed his hands on her shoulders and leaned down to kiss the spot where he neck and shoulder met. He felt her sigh and relax against his touch. Hermione leaned back into him and closed her eyes. His hands slid down her shoulders and down her arms. His fingers intertwined with hers. Hermione could feel his growing erection against her. She felt her body become limp against his touch. Severus turned her to face him and looked into her eyes.

"Perhaps we should start simple and work out way up, don't you think?" he smiled as he took the book from her hand.

"I have all night." She said.

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Hermione awoke sometime in the afternoon, hours after Severus offered to show her "just exactly what the fuss is all about," and he had been very thorough in his explorations. He chose the first page of the book for a "lesson," and then she picked a page. They spent the rest of that evening going from page to page. So enthralled were they with each other that they missed the ringing in of the New Year. When Hermione awoke she felt his strong warm body behind her. His arm was wrapped protectively around her waist and his leg thrown over her hip.

She felt him stir and wiggled her bottom against him. She was rewarded with a kiss on her shoulder and his arm tighten around her.

"Stop that," he said sleepily. She turned herself around to face him. His eyes were closed and he had a smile on his face. "I'm trying to rest."

"Rest? I didn't wear you out did?" she asked as she kissed his nose.

"Never," he chuckled slightly, "Well, perhaps just a little. I haven't been this active in since we defeated the Dark Lord."

"Oh really?" She felt a pang of jealousy. "And would all that activity have taken place in this bed?" He opened one eye and peered at her. He was quite amused at the pout she now wore.

"Do I detect a hint of jealousy?"

"Me? I don't get jealous. But just so you know," she lifted herself to lean on her elbow and looked down at him, "I am taking full possession of this bed and everything in it. I hope you don't have a problem with that. After all, you made me miss the fire works Albus had planned at Midnight."

"Am I to understand that you are also taking possession of me?" he wondered if she knew what she had just said. Was she playing a game here or was she serious.

"Yes, you understand correctly. I've been fascinated by you for years. I hope that this was not a one time thing. It wasn't was it?"

He pulled her toward him and kissed her with the same passion he had shown her several hours before, "No, Hermione, this was not just a one time thing." She turned and resumed her original position with her back to his chest and his arms around her waist. He then whispered in her ear, "We have a few more pages left to examine," he kissed her shoulder, "we can continue our explorations. Unless of course you would rather go to the Grand Hall and have New Years breakfast with the staff."

She smiled and wiggled her bottom against his now very hard erection, "Perhaps we can have New Years Lunch instead," he continued kissing down her arm, and slowly turned her on to her back, "or maybe," he began kissing her neck one hand cupped her breast and the other her bottom, "or maybe dinner." It was when he positioned himself between her now spread legs she decided just how she would spend New Years day.

"Oh sod it, food is over rated." She whispered as he plunged into her.

And so they spent the rest of the day in his bed. The rest of the staff finally saw them at dinnertime on Sunday evening. It was then that Hermione informed Albus that he could use her rooms as spare guest quarters, as she and Severus would be sharing his rooms from that moment on. As the rest of the staff looked on in shock, Albus laughed and Severus continued to eat his dinner. Every so often looking up at his colleagues with his trademark smirk.

It was going to be a great new year he thought.

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I hope you enjoyed this.