

Heat of A Different Kind

by Pearle

A surprised Severus Snape is suddenly faced with a freezing Hermione Granger. Eight drabbles written for "The Coldest Winter" Challenge at grangersnape100, starting with a rating of PG and escalating to NC17 when finished.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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Heat of A Different Kind

Scene 1: Heat

A shivering soaked Professor Granger burst through the front doors with two equally wet and cold students. McGonagall whisked the pair off to the infirmary, leaving a surprised Severus to deal with Hermione.

"The...the...lake...ice...too...too...thinnn..." Her teeth chattered uncontrollably.

Severus caught Granger as she passed out, ducking behind a tapestry that led straight to his quarters.

Hermione sighed, snuggling deeper into the fleece blanket, the soft tufts caressing her bare skin. Her eyes flew open, remembering what happened.

"Sit still, let the fire warm you up."

The fire was warm, but it was nothing compared to the heat of his gaze.

Scene 2: Kindling

Hermione pulled the blanket tighter. Where were her clothes, and why was she in Snape's quarters? "This isn't the hospital wing."

"Astute as ever. Here." He offered her a snifter of brandy; amusement was evident in his tone.

She was conscious of her nudity as she snaked one bare arm out of the comforter to take the snifter. "The students?"

"They're fine. A bit cold for swimming in the lake."

"I agree. My...clothes?"

"You were soaked to the skin."

"I suppose I should thank you properly."

"Indeed."

Slowly the comforter slid off one shoulder.

The room suddenly got much warmer.

Scene 3: Embers

Gently he ran his hand over Hermione's bare shoulder. "It would seem you've warmed up a bit. Your skin was ice cold."

"You felt my skin?"

"I was worried you might have hypothermia."

She let the blanket drop to the floor. "Did I turn blue?"

His hand found its way to her breast; agile fingers gently tweaked her hardening nipple. "There was a small spot of Cerulean here. Hmm, you seem to have goose bumps again. Perhaps I should check to see that your skin has returned to normal." Slowly he drew her nipple into the heat of his mouth.

Scene 4: Smoldering

Hermione shuddered, her stomach clenching with lust. She groaned quietly as he suckled at her breast, desire racing through her blood.

His mouth found hers in a searing kiss before trailing off to nip the sensitive skin at her neck before soothing it with his tongue. "Thankfully you haven't reached stage three yet, your pulse seems to be racing rather than slowing down," he whispered.

Ruefully, he shook his head. "You seem to be shaking again. I suppose I will have to find another way to warm you up." Scooping her up in his arms, he headed for his bedroom.

Scene 5: Flames

Severus lowered her onto his bed, once again claiming her mouth as he lay beside her.

He cupped her breast, playfully tweaking her hard nipple before sliding his hand lower to tease the curls at her mound; delighting in the feel of Hermione arching into his touch.

"Severus," she gasped. "You're over dressed."

Deftly his hand slid lower, talented fingers spreading her heated sex. One long finger, followed by a second, found its way into her heat as his thumb teased her clit. "I don't remember giving you leave to use my name, Professor Granger," he said with a chuckle.

Scene 6: Fanning the Flames

Severus watched fascinated as Hermione responded to his touch. A gentle flush covered her torso; hips rocking to the rhythm of his fingers; sharp nails dug into his shoulder as she held onto him.

Each moan sent a jolt straight to his cock. A whispered spell removed his clothing, bringing his own heated skin into contact with hers.

He could hear the sound of a winter storm rattling the magical windows of his bedroom, but it was the sound of Hermione calling his name as she came that captivated him so completely.

The temperature of the room rose once again.

Scene 7: Combustion

"Severus, please."

"Please what, my dear? Still chilled, are you?"

"Not cold, hot. Please, I need to feel you."

He moved across the aroused witch, skin sliding against skin adding more fuel to the fire. He laid cradled in the valley of her thighs, his cock at her entrance.

"Planning to check my temperature?" she asked huskily. Her chuckle turned into a groan as he buried himself in her heat; his hips touching hers.

He pulled back, only to thrust forward again, her hips rising to meet his over and over. His pace became erratic as Hermione's heat engulfed him.

Scene 8: Banking the Embers

They came together in a rush of heat, witch and wizard crashing over the edge together.

"Oh, my God. I don't know what brought that on, but thank you!"

"Nonsense, you were cold. I was just trying to warm you up. Always happy to help a fellow colleague."

"I see. Have you helped many of your colleagues in the past?"

"I suspect you're the first."

Hermione's hand trailed under the coverlet to play with the crisp hairs around his cock. "And?"

"And the last."

"Good. Severus?"

"Hmm?"

"I think there may be parts of me that need warming up again."

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A/N: Took a bit of liberties with a shortcut from the Entrance Hall to Severus' quarters. I would assume the castle would accommodate the staff in getting from one location to another.

There are three stages of hypothermia: 1) Goose bumps and shivering; 2) More violent shivering and the skin can turn blue in spots; 3) Difficulty speaking, pulse and respiration drop; body temperature continues to drop throughout all three stages.