

How To Seduce A Slytherin In Ten Easy Steps

by bound_by_passion

Does exactly what it says on the tin.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: A gift fic for the lovely sshg316. A bit of Christmas fluff.

1. Wear things that emphasise your best bits. Legs, arms, boobs, abdomen.

Hermione looked at herself in the mirror appraisingly. Okay, she wasn't model skinny, but she definitely had nice boobs. Perky and just large enough to be a decent handful. Plus the push-up bra beneath her dress was most certainly the best twenty quid she'd ever spent. Wizarding lingerie had nothing on the Muggle kind, and she'd done the Mae West test to prove it yes, the pencil had stood up all on its own with very little bother.

Her legs, however, were a bit of a different story. Not particularly flabby, just oddly coloured. She was eternally grateful for tights. And besides, if she kept the lights off, perhaps he wouldn't notice. She hoped he wouldn't.

The clock on the wall said eight-thirty. Fashionably late.

She smoothed down the royal blue material and strutted out the door, her six-inch heels clattering noisily as she began to descend the stairs.

2. Get close to him.

The kitchen at Grimmauld Place was more than crowded. Harry seemed to have invited half of Hogwarts to the Christmas celebrations, and, as usual, hadn't stopped to think of the logistics of such a party. There were far more people squeezed round that small dining table of his than there really had any right to be, and none of them had quite enough room to do anything other than talk or, in some cases, scowl at the person next door. Dirty tactics such as elbows and knees were in evidence as they scrambled for the gravy and sauce.

Hermione spotted him over at the end of the table, looking vaguely uncomfortable. No spot next to him, though. She'd have to do something about that. Her entire plan hinged on making small talk with him over the steamed vegetables.

Right. Nothing for it then. Time to bring out her bad side.

Her perfectly made-up head held high, she strutted over to the corner of the table, making sure to push out her boobs just far enough to be enticing. Too much and she'd look slutty. Not that looking slutty was a particularly bad thing, taking her aim into consideration, but there were other people in the room. Putting up that kind of show for Moody and the like made her feel slightly green.

Fluttering her eyelashes at Sirius, she asked him to shift up and let her in. Her feminine wiles worked on him, at least, as his slid across the bench with little persuasion, eyeing her appreciatively. Hermione gave him a small smile of thanks, patting him gently on the shoulder. He was wearing velvet. It was rather nice.

She felt the man at her other side stiffen.

Was that a good thing or a bad thing?

3. Whisper a question to him.

Hermione watched as a plate, glass, and a set of cutlery materialised before her. Whilst she wasn't particularly hungry, she was gasping for a drink. Preferably an alcoholic one. Dutch courage and all that.

Now was the perfect opportunity to open up a conversation with him. After all, it was hard, almost impossible she'd heard, to pull without talking to the intended victim... er, man. She'd only ever known one girl able to pull that off, and, let's be fair, Lavender really didn't have to try that hard with Ron. He would have taken home anything with a pulse.

She leant forward, taking care not to let her boobs rest on the table. Tomato sauce stains really weren't sexy.

"Please can you pass the wine, Severus?" she said, leaning as close to him as possible. The kitchen was really too loud for whispering.

4. Play with your hair.

Severus turned towards her, barely more than a hands breadth away from her. There was a faint look of surprise around his eyes, but the rest of his face remained as emotionless as ever.

A small thrill went through her. She could smell him; the faint scent of herbs and soap seemed to radiate off him along with the heat of his body. She felt a little faint.

"Severus' tonight, is it? Whatever happened to Professor Snape?" he asked in a low tone that wasn't quite neutral. She didn't know what it was peppered with.

"I left him behind when I graduated," she replied.

A small smile crossed his lips. So small, in fact, that, had she not been paying attention, she'd have missed it. She smiled in return, flashing her pearly whites with as much enthusiasm as possible.

"I'm very glad to hear it," he said, his long fingered hands grasping the wine bottle beside him. He filled her glass to the top, the red liquid within catching the light rather nicely.

Hermione took a sip, staring at him over the rim of the glass, her brown eyes sparkling. She twisted a loose curl around her finger in an almost absentminded fashion.

Oh yes, she was the queen of seduction. All that practicing in the mirror had paid off.

5. Stroke your thigh.

Hermione carefully leant across the table, grabbing the bowl of carrots and bringing them over to her plate. She had to stand slightly to reach them, but she thought it would make the next part of her plan all the more convincing.

As she sat down, she raised her left leg slightly, letting it knock against the table. It sounded far more painful than it actually was. As much as she wanted Severus, she wasn't about to give herself bruises. There is only so much a woman will do to seduce a man.

She gasped slightly and dropped down into her seat. A sly look out of the corner of her eye ensured she had his attention. Satisfied that he was watching intently enough, she began to rub her thigh where she'd hit it. Not too hard, mind you, but just with the right amount of force to make it look convincing, yet seductive at the same time. She let her fingers trail over the silky material of her dress a little slower than normal, making sure that he saw every ripple of fabric.

6. Cross and uncross your legs.

"Hermione, are you alright?" he asked, hastily flicking his eyes up to her face as she turned to him, unaware she'd been watching him the whole time.

"I'm fine. It was my own fault. Just feeling a little clumsy tonight."

Hermione brought her hand back up to the table and crossed her legs. His eyes dipped again, watching the fabric of her dress ride up her thigh.

7. Grasp his knee and slowly advance up his thigh. Stop just below his short line and squeeze gently.

Hermione took a deep breath and reached below the table, her shaking fingers seeking out his leg. She heard him gasp as she touched his knee, her palm brushing against the slightly rough fabric of his trousers. They were made of fine-spun wool. Hermione could tell when it came to these kind of things.

Sliding her hand upwards, willing it to keep from trembling, she lent closer to him, her eyes locking onto his.

"Your concern is so very sweet, Severus. Thank you," she said in the most seductive voice she could muster.

She wet her lower lip, making the pale pink lipstick glisten. His eyes flicked downwards, following the movement of her tongue. Inside she cried out in triumph. Her plan was working. She had him hook, line and sinker.

Well, that was until he tensed.

"Excuse me," he said, rising hurriedly from his seat.

She watched him almost peg it to the door, her face falling in disappointment. She had been so close. And now she'd scared him off. Damn Ginny and her girly advice!

"Well, aren't you going to go after him?" came a teasing voice from her right-hand side.

"Why? He's made his thoughts pretty clear," she said, staring dejectedly at her plate.

Sirius nudged her gently with his elbow.

"My point exactly."

Hermione stared at him quizzically and he elaborated.

"Any man that runs from a room like that has one of two things. A beautiful woman on his mind, or diarrhoea. And I don't think it's the latter."

"Do you think?"

"No. I know," he said, tugging gently on her arm. "Now get your pretty arse after him."

Hermione rose from her place and headed out of the kitchen, looking for Severus.

8. Pay him proper attention. Make sure you listen to him attentively.

She found him standing on the back doorstep, brooding. He looked quite the picture, silhouetted by the moonlight. She felt a flutter in her heart as she watched him exhale slowly, steam curling into the air as it hit the cold.

"Severus?" she called, stepping outside with him.

She shivered. Blimey, it was cold.

He didn't turn to look at her.

"When a man goes outside, alone, it usually means he'd appreciate some peace," he said, his voice as cold as the air.

"You don't have to run, you know."

"Run? Why on earth would I be running, woman?"

She walked up beside him and placed her hand on his shoulder. He tensed at her touch.

"Because you're afraid. That's usually why people run," she said, feeling slightly hurt as he shrugged out from beneath her fingers.

"I'm not afraid of anything." His voice was haughty.

Hermione stepped in front of him, giving him no other option but to look at her. She folded her arms, giving him her best Molly Weasley impression.

"You're afraid of me."

9. Tell him you are cold. Ask him to warm your hands.

Severus looked down at her and frowned. She knew he was going to dispute it, but his eyes told her the truth. He was scared.

Well, she couldn't have that.

Before he could open his mouth, she stepped forward, wrapping her arms around him. He went stiff, but she couldn't care less, resting her head upon his chest, refusing to let go.

"Hermione..." he began, but she interrupted him.

"I'm cold," she whispered. "And I'm tired of you pretending you don't like me."

"I'm not pretending," he said, his tone indignant.

"Yes, you are. I've seen the way you look at me, Severus Snape. You most certainly do like me," she huffed. "And I like you."

10. If all else fails, kiss him. What's the worst thing that could happen?

Tired with talking, she rose to her tiptoes and pressed a kiss to his lips. Her heart was beating so hard it felt like it was going to burst from her chest. He wasn't responding. Why wasn't he responding?

Her plan had failed.

She was about to pull back, defeated, when she felt the slightest movement of his lips against hers. He was kissing her back. And he was good at it too. His tongue flicked out over her bottom lip and she opened, letting him explore the inside of her mouth. He tasted like wine and male. It was perfect.

Hermione smiled against his lips. This was the best Christmas yet. And she had the feeling it was about to get better.

She wondered if Severus preferred stockings hung over the fireplace or on beautiful young women. Well, there was only one way to find out....