

Sending a Love Letter

by GinnyW

Hermione receives an anonymous letter on Valentine's Day.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Written for GrangerSnape100 Anonymous Valentine Challenge last year. Just a fluffy little set told in nine 100-word drabbles. Not DH-compliant.

Disclaimer: And by the above description, I think that it's obvious that I am not JKR.

Professor Granger,

Being a day full of love and flights of fancy, I cannot think of a more perfect time to let you know how I truly feel about you.

I love you.

I've watched you for what seems like years.

I adore your hair, your voice and your mind. When you lecture to a class, you captivate them. Your passion for your job, for your field and for life, captivate me.

It is everything about you.

I know that I don't stand a chance, but I would've been remiss if I hadn't told you how I feel.

Anonymously Yours

The letter had been sitting on her desk when she had walked into her classroom that morning and, so far, she'd not been able to discern the sender.

Throughout the day's lessons, she carefully watched each class, eyeing each person, to see if she could spot the anonymous sender.

There were several candidates, ranging from a second-year Hufflepuff, to one of the seventh-year girls from Gryffindor.

She had to admit, it felt good to be admired, but it would have felt even better to know who was enamoured with her. After all, it wasn't as if she was Gilderoy Lockhart.

It wasn't until dinner, as she ate in the Great Hall, that she began to put the pieces together. (Perhaps she would've begun to figure things out sooner if she'd have eaten lunch there as well, but on the way there she'd come across two students who had decided to duel in the corridors. The object of the two young men's fight? A girl, of

course.)

During dinner, she paid extra close attention to the students as they ate their meal. She was particularly aware of any eyes that spent more than a few fleeting seconds looking in her direction.

It wasn't that she was worried about a potential student crush. But she wanted to waylay any untoward advances before there were hurt feelings. Hermione could think of several occasions where a student had decided that they were in-love with a professor and every time, the student was hurt.

Perhaps if she could speak with the student now, she could reach him (or her) before feelings were hurt too badly. Foolishly optimistic, she knew.

More than once, during the course of the meal, she caught one particular pair of eyes watching her... and they came from a most unlikely source.

"Just what was it, in particular that you thought you were accomplishing with this?" Hermione asked as she dropped the love note on the table in the staffroom later that evening.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, Professor."

"Oh, but I'm quite certain that you do, *Severus*," she replied, careful to enunciate his name.

He looked at the note, reading it over and sneering with derision as he did so. "I have no idea why you think that I would have anything to do with love notes given to you by one of your students, Professor Granger."

Hermione growled under her breath. "You know, at first you had me fooled with this note. But the more that I read it, the more that I saw that it simply *implied* that it was written by a student." She watched him carefully for a reaction. "That is, until dinner tonight.

"I caught you watching me more than once."

He started to speak, but she stopped him with a glare.

"And then, I heard you grumble to Minerva that you were disgusted with the students that were all caught up in their 'flights of fancy'."

Here Snape's eyes showed shock.

Hermione watched as the, typically, unshakable Severus Snape tried to gain back his footing. It was all the confirmation she needed that Snape was, indeed, the culprit.

It was completely out of character for him to do such a thing as to send an anonymous love letter to anyone... especially her. And she was so stunned by the odd occurrence and her revelation that she wasn't quite sure what to make of it.

Silence filled the air between them, and Hermione found herself quite happy that there were no other staff members in the room.

She fidgeted with her hands.

Finally, after several minutes of uncomfortable silence, she asked him, "What made you do such a thing?"

Snape glowered at her. "What do you think, my dear Professor? It was nothing more than a lot of liquor and a dare."

Hermione's heart sank. He hadn't meant it. Not one single word.

"I see."

She picked up the note, which had been tossed aside after Professor Snape had read it, and walked towards the door.

"Just out of... I mean. Who were you..." She swallowed. "Never mind."

Hermione left the room.

It was the last time either one mentioned the incident.

Professor Granger,

It's taken me a year to get up the courage to write to you again. Or perhaps it is simply the inordinate amount of alcohol which I have just consumed. Either way, I would like to take the opportunity to relate to you my feelings.

The fact is, I love you and I'm sorry.

I don't expect you to accept my apology, only know that my feelings are genuine and if you can someday forgive me, I will be here waiting.

Severus Snape

It only took her two minutes to find the letter's author and kiss him senseless.

Keladry Lupin was kind enough to give me a gift of artwork from this story and the picture can be found: http://pics.livejournal.com/keladry_lupin/pic/0003sx1p