

# Saint Snape

*by bound\_by\_passion*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This was a birthday present for the lovely Acciobook7.

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Severus Snape took a good, long look at himself in the mirror. Smart suit, nice tie, combed hair. Altogether rather presentable. Perhaps a little rakish, if he was to be entirely honest with himself. Pale and interesting. Some may even go so far as to say sexy, but that had more to do with the job than the appearance. There was just something about having a licence to kill that seemed to send women wild. That, and the rather large gun in his pocket.

He smirked. Who would have thought that being dead would be more advantageous than being alive? Well, sort of dead. It was... complicated.

He'd died, most certainly. It had been by far the most painful thing he'd ever experienced. And when you considered just what he'd gone through during that whole Voldemort affair, you had to concede that he probably wasn't exaggerating. However, it seemed neither hell nor heaven wanted him. Something about having a 'neutral aura', which sounded all too Trelawney-ish to be entirely believable. If the Saint who had seen to him up in Limbo Room Twelve was to be believed, then both his bad and good deeds matched perfectly. Giving his memories to Harry had neutralised some of his more heinous crimes, the majority of which he was reluctant to recall even in his own head.

This was all very well and good, save that, without an overall good-bad charge upon his person (or perhaps that should be spirit), he had nowhere to go. Limbo was a busy place. No room for permanent lodgings. He had to go somewhere. And to do that, he had to change the charge. Preferably to good. He didn't much fancy hell. Far too hot for his tastes. Sunburn and Snape did not make for a happy mix.

A dilemma. The solution to which eluded him.

However, fortune was grinning toothily at him. It seemed the Saint, whose name was Herbert and who looked remarkably like Flitwick, had a solution. And a rather glamorous solution at that. After looking at Snape's résumé, which had to be said was less than sparkling, he'd come to the conclusion that spying was the game to be played. There would be no extra training required, and it was relatively easy to find a damsel in distress these days. One only had to glance at *The Sun* to find a suitably distressed bimbo to save.

His task was simple: do a good deed, save someone's life, incapacitate a bad guy. That would change the charge sufficiently enough to allow for any minor hiccups. There was very little that could go wrong in the month he had to complete his task, but it didn't hurt to be extra careful. Better to be safe than sorry. Besides, spying did have its

advantages. Advantages with two legs, marvellous boobs, and a very willing nature.

James Bond, eat your heart out.

So, he'd found himself back on Earth, suited up and ready to go. Without his magic, of course. It seemed that spirits and spells did not mix. Mind you, any pub owner could have told you that. But he had his gadgets, and a fully loaded Sig Sauer in his hip holster, which was protection enough. And he was determined to do a good deed. Whatever the cost. He was already dead, in effect, so laying his life down for a cause was no longer that much of a problem. Well, provided it was the right cause. There was no way on earth he was going to lay down his life for that prat Potter. There were just some things that even a disgraced, dead, Ex- Death Eater wouldn't do.

Snape removed a piece of lint from the front of his impeccably pressed suit. Tonight was the beginning of a new mission. The big one. The one that was going to earn him a halo and harp. Everything else so far had been a practice. Generalised spying and anti-stalker work for page 3 girls, who were naturally very thankful indeed... But this new mission was for more than a bit of skirt. Which worried him. He had one chance. And he had to get it right.

He removed a slip of paper from his breast pocket, unfolding it carefully. This had to be the fiftieth time he'd looked at it since the Saint had handed it to him over a cup of tea. Everything on that tiny slip had been committed to memory, but it was comforting to take a look at it one more time. His eyes traced the text, checking and double checking. He wasn't looking forward to this one bit. The damsel in distress (and it worried him to refer to her in that way) was an old acquaintance. One which he didn't care to see again. But she was his ticket to the pearly gates. Sacrifices had to be made.

The clock chimed upon the mantelpiece. Six minutes to ten. Time to be going. He took one last look in the mirror, checking that everything was as it should be. Perfection was the key here. And whilst he could be charming if he absolutely had to be, he doubted anything save the very first impression would work on this case. He just had to hope that either his sudden appearance would be enough to stun her into submission or that he exuded enough sex appeal to get her to cooperate. If the past few weeks had taught him anything, it was that women appreciated a polite, suave Snape. So he was going to be on his bestest, most Lucius-like behaviour. Perhaps he would even buy her a drink. No, scratch that. Two drinks.

He shook his head. Wondering what was to be done about the woman in the bar on the next floor down. The one in the red dress.

You see, he'd found his cause, observed her from every possible angle, thought of every possible way to help her. The only problem was, he wasn't entirely sure if she wanted to be saved.

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The bar of the Hotel was a rather extravagant affair. Wooden panelling graced the walls, rising up from a rich maroon carpet. Gold coated every edge and rail, gleaming softly in the muted light from the heavily shaded lamps on the walls. In chairs of leather lounged the guests, drinking their beverages of choice with an air of superiority.

Snape ran a hand through his hair. He was nervous. From his seat near the door, he had a direct view of the bar and the woman that sat at it. She was prettier than the last time he'd seen her. Curves in all the right places, encased in a silky dress that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. It looked as though she'd been in Monte Carlo a while. Her skin was a nice shade of golden brown, darkened by the summer sun.

He nursed his glass, thinking about what to do next. Whether to bite the bullet or wait a little longer. Both methods had their advantages. But, and he put this solely down to the amount of alcohol he'd imbibed, he decide to take the most direct route.

Swallowing the last of his brandy, he rose to his feet and made his way to the bar. The woman didn't turn when he took a seat beside her. She was busy staring into her empty glass.

'Dry martini, please,' he said to the barman. 'And whatever the lady's drinking.'

He was rather surprised when she didn't immediately turn and accost him. Clearly he wasn't quite the man he had been. Either that or her memory had suffered a blow. He'd been so sure she'd recognise his voice. It appeared that a different strategy was called for. One that required a little more thought. He was distracted by the clink of glass as their drinks were set down upon the bar top.

Snape watched as she tossed the stirrer from the cocktail onto the bar. The fall of her curls hid most of her face, but he was pretty sure her expression was less than grateful. Cheeky wench.

'I'm not interested,' she said, taking a quick sip. 'Just because I'm sat here alone does not mean I am desperate enough to exchange drinks for sex.'

'As pretty as you are, I have an offer of rather a different nature to put to you.'

'Oh. Then perhaps I am to take it that the drink is but a gesture of goodwill. As unlikely as that seems.'

Snape snorted.

'Take it however you like. The fact of the matter is, Miss Granger, that I have something you want.'

She turned to him then. He bit back a smirk as her eyes widened in a comical fashion. His appearance, however clean and tidy it was these days, seemed to jog her memory.

'You!'

Now that was more like it. A little too theatrical for his tastes, but it would do.

'Yes. Me. Your knight in shining armour. I've come to save you.'

'Save me?'

'Yes. I trust that your hearing isn't as appalling as your memory.'

'But save me from what? I'm not in trouble.'

'I was rather hoping you'd be able to answer that question.'

Her face held a thoughtful look for a moment. It wasn't entirely flattering, crossing her eyes like that, but taking what she was wearing into consideration, he thought he could just about forgive her for that.

'So what, er, you know...'

'What happened to me?' Hermione nodded. 'I was sent back. To do a good deed. In other words, to save your life at some point in the not too distant future.'

Snape scowled as she poked him in the chest. Hard.

'You're alive then.'

'For the time being.'

Hermione snorted, taking a long swig from her glass. Her eyes held that glazed sort of look that told of one too many drinks. No more cocktails for her, then. He needed her head clear for this.

'Come back to my room with me,' he said, leaning in an artful pose against the bar. He added a dashing smile into the mix to help things along a bit. He hadn't met a girl yet who could resist him in 'shiny' mode.

'I though you said this wasn't about sex,' she huffed, turning her nose up at him.

Snape let the smile fall from his face, his zygomaticus muscles aching for nothing. He smoothed his hands down the front of his suit. It seemed Hermione was going to be a tough nut to crack, if you pardon the corny expression. As much as he wished otherwise, he was not in a 1930s gangster movie.

'It's not,' he hissed. 'I'm trying to keep you safe. Perhaps your skull is too thick to take in that kind of information. Too many syllables in that sentence, I fear.'

'Safe?' She raised a cynical eyebrow. 'The bar is full of people. It would be stupid to make a move on me here. If anything, it would be more dangerous back in my room.'

'Which is why I suggested going to mine. Don't you ever listen?'

'Fine,' she said, rising on unsteady feet from the stool.

Snape smirked, placing a hand on her bare arm. She shivered a little under his touch. It would have been all very well and good, save he wasn't sure if it was because his hands were cold. Poor circulation definitely had its drawbacks when it came to women. Frowning, he shoved his free hand in his pocket.

Careful not to draw any attention to himself (he was a spy after all), he gently guided her from the bar. His room was on the fourteenth floor. That was four minutes of a journey away, if they took the lift. Trapped in a metal box suspended by nothing but wire was not his idea of fun, but he didn't think Hermione would be able to make it up the stairs. Not in those heels.

With a long, pale finger, he pressed the button. An entirely too cheerful *ding* announced the lift's arrival. He guided Hermione inside, pressing the button for floor fourteen before leaning back against the silver rail, hands deep in pockets. The lift was lit by a poxy little disk-light. It was no good for anything important. Spying, it had to be said, was not so easily done in the dark. However, it did set off Hermione's dress rather nicely. It highlighted her curves, the silky material shimmering lightly. He shoved his hands yet deeper into his trouser pockets, afraid in case they started wandering of their own volition. He'd said he wouldn't sleep with her. But, damn, if it wasn't tempting...

'I don't understand why you didn't just Apparate us to your room,' Hermione muttered, more to herself than anyone else.

'Can't,' he sniffed, focusing on a very interesting spot just over her left shoulder.

'No wand?'

'No magic. And if you don't mind, can we please drop it. I'm a little bit bitter about the whole thing.'

Hermione's eyes went wide. She lunged for the key-pad beside him, her perfectly manicured fingers hitting the STOP button. There was a shuddering sound as the lift ground to a halt.

'Why the fuck didn't you say anything! How the bloody hell are you supposed to protect me if you can't even cast a stunner? I would have been safer in the fucking bar!' she shouted, her cheeks almost the same shade as her dress. It was like someone had smothered her in beetroot juice.

'I'm perfectly capable of wielding a weapon other than a wand, Miss Granger.'

His face was deceptively calm. Inside he was panicking. He hated lifts. There were no windows in lifts. And that made him nervous.

'I don't care. We're not going anywhere.'

'Bloody hell!' he hissed through his teeth. 'What is so hard to understand? My room is perfectly safe. Waiting here is not going to do us any good. Just because you're too fucking obtuse to get that through your thick skull.'

In the time it took him to blink, Hermione had withdrawn her wand and was pointing it at his chest. Her arm was shaking slightly, though whether from rage or fear, Snape didn't know. But what he did know was that she wouldn't miss. Not at point blank range. And he really didn't want to end up shooting her in defence. It would be a waste of pretty girl.

He opened his mouth to speak, but was silenced by a rather menacing jab from her wand.

'Choose your next words very carefully, Snape, because I've lost my handbag and my wand could do with a new home.'

'Please.' That was a good start. And she seemed suitably mollified with it, lowering her wand slightly. 'Can you start the lift? I have a schedule to keep to. And I'd really rather not lose a girl like you to a preventable incident.'

'A girl like me?' she asked in a tone that was more curious than angry.

He smirked. He was winning. Setting his most charming smile upon his face, he advanced on her, pushing her wand to the side with the tip of his index finger. Hermione let out a little gasp as he stepped yet closer, almost touching her, but not quite. A pretty blush suffused her face.

It seemed little-miss-cold-fish wasn't quite as frigid as she made herself out to be. Interesting. Perhaps a shag was on the cards after all.

'Now, didn't your mother ever tell you it was rude to fish for compliments?'

'No comment. I'm tired of my apparent stupidity,' she said, with a smile that warmed his heart. Or was that his loins? Either way, it was rather pleasant.

Snape placed a finger under her chin, tipping her head, his gaze flicking to her lips.

'Talking is overrated.'

There was a moment of terrible anticipation as he closed the gap between them. She wasn't moving to meet him. She was just, well, sort of stood there. Snape closed his eyes, biting the bullet and pressing his lips to hers. Needless to say, he was incredibly thankful when she responded. Wait. Scratch that. When she responded really rather enthusiastically.

He growled a little, pulling her flush against him. The dress felt like liquid against his fingers, smoothing over her curves in a way that was entirely too naughty. And, as nice as it looked on her, he thought it would look rather better on the floor. His floor to be precise. The one in the elevator was far too dirty.

His tongue sliding over hers, he ran his hands up her thighs, bringing the dress up to her waist. She grabbed the collar of his jacket, pulling him forward. He pressed her up against the wall of the elevator, his hands fumbling against the fabric of her knickers. They felt lacy. Somewhere, in the part of his mind that wasn't focused solely on Hermione, he wondered if they were red. However, he wasn't prepared to take them off to find out. He had much more important things to be doing with his fingers. And there was plenty of time for knicker-inspecting later.

She was wet.

Wet.

His mind reeling, he quickly unfastened his trousers and entered her. It was like heaven. A tight, wet heaven. He groaned as he saw her eyes flutter shut, her kiss-swollen lips forming a little 'O'. Unable to hold back, he began to drive into her hard and fast, watching her every expression. It was almost too much.

'Severus...' she gasped, her fingers tightening around his shoulders as she came.

That did it. He groaned her name as he followed suit, resting his forehead against her. It was sweaty, but he didn't care. He'd just had sex in a lift. Which was better than joining the Mile High Club, he thought.

'I thought you said you weren't going to have sex with me?' she said, panting a little.

'Do you regret it?' he countered, pulling back and refastening his trousers.

'No.' She placed a kiss at the corner of his mouth. 'I was rather hoping for a repeat performance, actually.'

Snape smirked.

'I'm sure that can be arranged. Though I'd rather it was horizontal next time. Vertical is nice, but a shag carpet makes it so much more exciting.'

Hermione smiled coyly, a devious glint entering her brown eyes. Snape didn't like the look of it one bit.

'You mean it's better for your back.'

'I'm dead,' he sniffed. 'You don't get to make comments like that.'

Snape watched with a lazy smile as Hermione pressed the button, the lift lurching beneath their feet as it began to rise once more. He wondered what he was going to do about this whole 'death threat' thing. It was one month exactly before his time was up and it was back to limbo. And he wanted to spend the majority of his time in various states of undress, not defeating 'bad guys'.

He needn't have worried. True, drunks were dangerous, but bar fights weren't terribly fatal when the instigator was armed only with a cocktail stick and a beer mat. And happened to have left at just the right time.