

When You Were Sleeping.

by Gemxk2

She watches her Lover while he is sleeping.

She watched

Chapter 1 of 1

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I have always liked watching him sleep. He looks so young when he sleeps. He is free from all of his troubles. My lover is a spy, you see. A master of espionage. It is a dangerous game my lover plays. I should not be here really. He is most insistent that I never sleep in the same room as him. He tells me that it would leave me compromised, as he is my professor. I do not care. I am of age.

Yet I know I should leave. Should any of my peers catch me here, well, it does not bear thinking about. It is strange really. This time six months ago, I would not have imagined myself here in my wildest dreams. Sharing Professor Snape's bed, watching him sleep, just minutes after having sex.

We did not plan this. It just happened. He was determined to wait until the war was over, until he could be sure I would be safe from all of his and Harry's enemies. In my Gryffindor stubbornness, I convinced him otherwise. He says I can be so manipulative; I should have been placed into Slytherin. I do not think he realises yet that I am always determined to have what I want.

I want Severus Snape. All of him, on a permanent basis. What first attracted me, I do not know. He is not particularly handsome. His hair is always greasy, but my own isn't exactly worthy of being in Vogue either; I'll never be able to tame these damn curls of mine. When Viktor escorted me to the Yule Ball, it took me bloody hours to coif it up like that. What I wouldn't give for Muggle hair straighteners. But I digress. His nose is too big. He is a mean, sarcastic, cruel bastard – when he is in class. When he isn't, he is warm, if even affectionate. I know he would do anything to protect me. Sometimes I think we should wait until the war is ended, but I can't bear the thought of losing him. He could die doing his spy business for Dumbledore, and I couldn't stand it if he died without knowing how I feel for him.

I know the risks. So does Severus. I know he risks a lot to be with me, but I can't seem to help myself. If the Dark Lord ever caught wind of us, Severus is going to say that it is tactical on his part, to garner information to bring before his "master". I hate that he risks so much.

I watch him as he yawns and begins to slowly awake. His wiry, scarred arms reach out to where I am and envelop me, pulling me down under the covers into the safety of his embrace. I feel his cool lips brush against my forehead.

"I thought I told you, Miss Granger. You are never to stay here. If you were found out—" His voice, husky from sleep, lets his unsaid warning hang in the air. I hate to be reminded that I can not stay with him.

"I know," I whisper back. "I just wanted to stay for a little while. Lord knows when I will see you next." I put my own smaller arms around his neck and snuggle further into him, breathing deeply of him. His own personal odour is musky, and very addictive. I can't get enough of him.

I hear him sigh and hold me even tighter. "Hermione." My name is a sigh and I feel him kiss my temple again. "Sleep, my dear. I will wake us in plenty of time for morning. It is Sunday tomorrow. No reason why you can not stay here after all. My chambers are warded, as is the Floo connection." He pulls the quilts higher over our bodies so only our heads are visible. "Sleep, love" he repeats. I tilt my head and place a chaste kiss on his lips before losing myself in his scent once more.

I know I will not sleep yet. My academically polished mind is running over his words.

He called me his Love.