

# The Smitten Pedophile

*by Ms\_Figg*

An exploratory one-shot story about Severus Snape's attraction to a very young Hermione Granger. No sexual interations.

## The Smitten Pedophile

*Chapter 1 of 2*

An exploratory one-shot story about Severus Snape's attraction to a very young Hermione Granger. No sexual interations.

### The Smitten Pedophile

Fourteen-year-old Hermione Granger lay asleep in her bed on her back in her cotton nightgown. She breathed deeply, dreaming of today's coup in Potions, when she was the only pupil in either Gryffindor or Slytherin to have answered Professor Snape's question concerning the Dipsas, a small brown snake common to India and what rare potion its venom was used in. It was a very uncommon potion, and Hermione had broken into the Restricted Section to find the answer. Even then she had to stay there for hours in the middle of the night to find it in a little utilized tome.

Now she lay dreaming of the dark wizard actually giving her points, a small, very small smirk of approval and what's more, a "Well done, Miss Granger."

No one had heard words like that issue from the dark wizard's mouth in years, if at all. To the other students it was just Hermione showing off that big brain of hers, but Professor Snape knew she had practically turned the magical world upside down to find that answer.

The girl was more than worthy, Muggle-born or not.

In the semi-darkness of the room, a whispered spell sounded, and the breathing of all four girls deepened significantly. From out of the shadows emerged Severus Snape, tall, gaunt and severe as he glided toward Hermione's bed. He stopped by her bedside and looked down on her covetously, his dark eyes drifting up her young body and resting on her face.

"Such an exquisite mind," he breathed, touching her cheek softly with his thin, pale fingers. "Such an acceptable young woman, Miss Granger. It's been years since I've seen anyone with the promise you show. So determined to learn all you can. It is very appealing."

The dark wizard's eyes glittered as he touched her bushy hair.

"In another time, another place, I could have made you my wife at twelve. I could have brought you to my bed without repercussions, possessed you and made you my own. I would have been kind. Patient. You are a gem after all, a gem in the rough requiring careful polishing. I would not have sullied your shine. Your innocence would have been my greatest treasure."

Hermione sighed and shifted in her sleep, the wizard stepping back into the shadows for a moment, then returning to her side.

"Alas, the times are different, and my wanting you for a wife is now considered evil, twisted and sick. Now you are considered 'a child' when only a few short decades ago you could have had three children for me by now, which you would have paraded proudly in the public eye and been admired for being so fertile a young woman. I would

have been congratulated for having acquired such a prize and having fathered such strong, intelligent offspring."

He stared down at Hermione, longing in those cold dark eyes.

"If only the hands of time could spin before the subtle curse of sin befell the honest heart, my dear, when love sufficed despite the span of years . . ."

Hermione sighed again, turning to face him now.

"I shall have to wait, and hope the temptations of foolish youth won't take you down that path of iniquity where the unworthy arms of hormone driven young men await with teeth, hungry to taste only the flesh, ignoring the fullness of who you are, Hermione Granger. Until then, I will have to wait patiently until your years catch up with the current conventions and my desire for you is deemed . . . normal and natural. As of now, because of age and the times and the attitudes of those around us, I will remain the smitten pedophile."

The wizard turned and exited the room, uttering "*Finite Incantatem*" before melting into the darkness like a wraith.

Hermione Granger's eyes opened slowly, and she looked into the darkness, seeking the shadow that moved beyond the shadow, a small smile on her face. Despite Snape's spell, she had heard him although she had been unable to respond.

The reason for the failure of his magic to hide his presence and his words was because Hermione always hung on to every syllable he uttered and even magic couldn't interfere with her honest adoration of the brilliant dark wizard.

"I will wait for you as well, Professor," she breathed, wrapping her arms around her young body and staring through the night. If only this were another time, another place.

"And when I am of 'proper age,' no one will keep me from you."

THE END

## The Smitten Pedophile - Omission

*Chapter 2 of 2*

A comparison rewrite of the first chapter omitting Snape's monologue.

*A/N: This is another version of the first chapter, originally written as a companion piece that followed when I posted the story on other sites. When I saw the positive responses on those sites, I immediately wondered if people would see it the same way if Snape didn't say anything when he entered Hermione's room. So I took the monologue out, and Hermione's positive response as well, leaving only his actions.*

*Let's just say the reviews were much different. :)*

*This story wasn't written as an attempt to glorify an adult man's attraction to an underaged young woman (pedophilia is usually used to describe a person attracted to children period, and usually prepubescent children at that), but rather to explore reactions to "pretty" words or "rationalizations." Not to say Snape isn't sincere in what he's saying or thinking, and it may be more than sexual attraction, but I was more interested in the perception of the reader rather than what his motivations were.*

*Words can be manipulated to evoke a positive response and reaction to a situation that could be less than stellar. i.e. a company is "downsizing" rather than you're being "fired."*

*Even if you see Snape as a rather covetous, yet honorable man and could accept his attraction to an underage Hermione (as long as he doesn't act on it), you have to admit that with the omission of his words, and Hermione's response, the squick level rises significantly. At least to me. I think it's a good example of how the addition, omission and manipulation of words can affect the perceptions of a reader.*

\* \* \*

The Smitten Pedophile ~ Omission

Fourteen-year-old Hermione Granger lay asleep in her bed on her back in her cotton nightgown. She breathed deeply, dreaming of today's coup in Potions when she was the only pupil in either Gryffindor or Slytherin to have answered Professor Snape's question concerning the Dipsas, a small brown snake common to India and what rare potion its venom was used in. It was a very uncommon potion, and Hermione had broken into the Restricted Section to find the answer. Even then she had to stay there for hours in the middle of the night to find it in a little utilized tome.

Now she lay dreaming of the dark wizard actually giving her points, a small, very small smirk of approval and, what's more, a "Well done, Miss Granger."

No one had heard words like that issue from the dark wizard's mouth in years, if at all. To the other students it was just Hermione showing off that big brain of hers, but Professor Snape knew she had practically turned the magical world upside down to find that answer.

In the semi-darkness of the room a whispered spell sounded, and the breathing of all four girls deepened significantly. From out of the shadows emerged Severus Snape, tall, gaunt and severe as he glided toward Hermione's bed. He stopped by her bedside and looked down on her covetously, his dark eyes drifting up her young body and resting on her face.

He touched her cheek softly with his thin, pale fingers. The dark wizard's eyes glittered as he touched her bushy hair.

Hermione sighed and shifted in her sleep, the wizard stepping back into the shadows for a moment, then returning to her side.

He stared down at Hermione, longing in those cold dark eyes.

Hermione sighed again, turning to face him now.

The wizard turned and exited the room, murmuring "*Finite Incantatem*" and melting into the darkness like a wraith.

Hermione Granger's eyes opened slowly, and she looked into the darkness, seeking the shadow that moved beyond the shadow, wrapping her arms around her young body and staring through the night.

THE END

\*\*\*\*\*

A/A/N: Brrrrr.