

Smitten (or the Devil's Advocate Strikes Again)

by Ms_Figg

An underaged Hermione stalks Severus Snape. Very OOC, very unlikely scenario, written as a role reversal of "The Smitten Pedophile" Exploratory. No sex. See A/N for more details. AU/AR, COMPLETE, Oneshot, Other, Parody, UST

Smitten

Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: Now, before you read this parody of "The Smitten Pedophile" I just want to share a little something. At age 15 I stalked a man in his late twenties. He was Dominican and looked black and used to visit the neighbors across the street. I believed I was totally in love with him and used to hide behind a tree and watch him, sometimes for hours. Eventually I got up enough nerve to go in his presence, entering the garage where he hung out when he was alone, but the kids there told him I liked him and he wasn't the least bit interested. I was heartbroken, but continued to hang around him and watch him, hoping something would change. It didn't. I know it had to be annoying for him. lol. But anyway, with this kind of experience in my back pocket, I for one can see Hermione slipping into Snape's bedroom. After all, I was a stalker myself. Just felt like sharing this in the face of a very improbable scenario otherwise. ****

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Smitten

Thirty-two-year-old Severus Snape lay asleep in his bed on his back, nude. He breathed deeply but fitfully, dreaming of his last pain-filled audience with the Dark Lord.

Once again the despot was less than happy with Snape's paltry offering of information concerning Albus' plans and the hated Harry Potter. Before his Death Eaters, Voldemort had him stripped and whipped for his laxness. It had been terrible, but no more terrible than usual. Poppy had seen to his injuries, and he was whole now, but more scars had been added to the ones he already carried. He suffered through his nightmares stoically.

Last time he returned broken, he had been found in the corridor by Hermione Granger, who went and retrieved help for him. He hadn't wanted her to see him in that condition, knowing it wouldn't take much for her to put it all together and realize he was playing a double role. As soon as he was stable, he argued with Albus that she should be Obliviated, but the Headmaster assured him Hermione would keep the secret.

So far, she had.

In the semi-darkness of Snape's bedroom, a whispered spell sounded, and the Potions master's breathing deepened significantly. From out of the shadows emerged Hermione Granger, short, bushy-haired and timid as she eased toward Snape's bed. She stopped by his bedside and looked down on him, her brown eyes drifting up his slender, sheet-covered body and resting on his harsh, angular face.

"You're such a brave man," she breathed, touching his cheek gently with her fingers. "Such a courageous wizard, Professor Snape. You risk your life for all of us daily without any reward. It's so sad, but . . . so compelling."

The witch's eyes shined as she touched his lank black hair.

"In another time, another place, I could have been your wife. I could have come to your bed without repercussions. You could have possessed me and made me your own. I would have been willing. Eager. Your life is so dark and lonely. So full of pain. I could have brought you some respite, some comfort."

Snape sighed and shifted in his sleep, the witch stepping back into the shadows for a moment, then returning to his side.

"But the times aren't like that. If you became involved with me, you'd be considered evil, twisted and sick and sent to prison. I'm considered a child, although I don't feel like one when I think of you this way. In another place and time I could have given you children, strong, intelligent children. You could have loved me the way I love you."

She stared down at Snape, longing in those innocent brown eyes, then waxed poetic.

"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 . . ."

Snape sighed again, turning to face her now.

"I will have to wait and avoid the temptations ahead of me. The silly, dense, dunderheaded boys who only want one thing. It won't be hard. I just have to be patient, wait until my years catch up with the current conventions and I would be acceptable to you. But now, because of my age and the times and the attitudes of those around us, Professor Snape, I will remain smitten."

The witch turned and exited the room, uttering "*Finite Incantatem*" before melting into the darkness.

Severus Snape's eyes opened slowly, and he looked into the darkness, a scowl on his face. Despite Hermione's spell, he had heard her although he had been unable to respond.

The reason for the failure of her magic to hide her presence and her words was because Severus always paid attention to every word said to him. Even magic couldn't interfere with his natural inclination to pay attention.

"You are out of your blasted mind, Miss Granger," he breathed, staring through the night.

It wouldn't matter if this were another time, another place. That little Lolita wasn't about to get him sent to Azkaban because she crept into his bedroom in the dead of night with impure thoughts. How old was she anyway? Fourteen? Fifteen? If it had been him sneaking into her quarters and speaking to her in a similar manner, someone would want to string him up by his balls, he was sure.

"And when I awaken tomorrow, I'm going to report this incident to the Headmaster, make sure your entry into my domain is recorded and filed with the proper authorities and you are kept far away from me outside the Potions classroom."

Snape rolled over, thinking if Hermione Granger lusting after him wasn't a crime, it should be.

THE END

A/N/N: Lol. A VERY unlikely scenario, but I had to write it. There's been some interesting and rather heated responses to "The Smitten Pedophile," and I wondered how a reversed role would be perceived so wrote this. Obviously, I'm asking the following questions of the reader: Is Hermione perceived like Snape was in this case? Was his reaction too harsh? Is there even a name for underaged children that lust after adults? I would think "kittens" lololol. Please don't take this one-shot seriously. The devil made me do it. ;) Thanks for reading.