

# Taken Opportunites

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione and Severus seem to have a problem with a locked door...

Thanks and hugs to ayerf for the beta. The characters aren't mine. They're owned by JKR and she's the one making money from them.

Inspired by the 'locked in a dungeon' challenge on grangersnape100 and written for sshg316 as a belated birthday gift.

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The girl giggled and ran around the corner, peeking back for a moment to check the boy was still following her.

"Wait!" the young boy cried, struggling to keep up with his older sister.

She stopped and turned, folding her arms and tapping her foot in an over-emphasised gesture of impatience. She'd got that from her father. "Come on!" She rolled her eyes as he panted and huffed to hurry.

"I am! I'm only little! Mum says you should remember that, you know," he complained, pointing a finger towards her in an imitation of their mother.

She laughed. "Sure."

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Together they ran into the entrance hall of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The boy clung to his sister's arm, scared by the suit of armour that waved at him.

"Let go!" the girl moaned, "your hands are all clammy."

The door to the Great Hall opened a little and a figure entered the hallway, noticing them immediately.

"Oh, hello. I thought I heard someone," said Headmistress McGonagall indulgently, smiling at the children. Looking down the staircase towards their rooms, she continued, "Where are your parents then?"

"Locked in the dungeeeeen," replied the boy, a smile on his face.

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"I can't believe they did this," Hermione said for the fifth time in as many minutes. Turning to look at her husband, she narrowed her eyes. "I think perhaps they were told to do it."

Severus rose a solitary eyebrow. "And you think I told them to?"

Hermione shrugged and wandered away from the door she'd been banging on for the last ten minutes. "Perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"Perhaps," she repeated.

"Trust me, Hermione, I did not. I do, however, think that our darling daughter did this to... punish us," Severus said, moving behind Hermione and rubbing her tense shoulders.

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"But why would she... oh, not because of *that*? Really, Severus, I thought we'd sorted it out."

"So did I, dear, but I think our little girl is taking after you in some respects."

"And what is that supposed to mean?!" Hermione turned in his arms, one hand on her hip.

"Just that she is as determined and stubborn as you were when you first came to Hogwarts, is what I mean," he said soothingly.

"Oh."

"So, when this door unlocks in approximately 38 minutes, we shall sit her down and sort it out once and for all."

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Mistress McGonagall's eyebrows rose at the young boy's reply and looked towards his sister. "Well?" she said.

"I... accidentally triggered the lock down on my father's storeroom," she said, her hands clasped at her front. "They're both in there for an hour at the least, so I brought Michael up to the Great Hall because he said he was hungry."

"Accidentally, you say?" Minerva asked, knowing it was nothing of the sort. "Well then, let's go get you two something to eat until your parents come to find you."

"Is there any custard?" Michael asked, moving to hold Minerva's hand.

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Hermione smiled as her husband's hands moved down from her shoulders and came to rest on her waist, pulling her toward him.

"Yes, Severus?" she smiled innocently up at him as his hands moved unsubtly over her arse.

"Well, considering the door is closed for another 36 minutes, and we *are guaranteed* no interruptions for once..." He trailed off to kiss her neck and Hermione could feel his smile on her skin.

"Ahh, trying to get me into bed, are you?"

"Not bed, no," he replied, undoing her blouse.

"Oh?"

He smirked and lifted her onto the desk.

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