

# The Desk

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Hermione finds that Severus' desk holds interesting secrets

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*This was written for Morethansirius for a prompt she gave me at PortusEnvy on live journal.*

*A huge thank you to lj user timestep who was kind enough to respond to my plea and beta this! (and to the wonderful mods at TPP) Any mistakes are all mine.*

*Not my characters, just playing with them*

~~oOo~~

His desk sat in the middle of the empty office. Just as intimidating in size and style as the man who owned it. She'd never been allowed in this room, not even a glimpse through the door. He had allowed her a place in his life, but this room had remained his sanctuary from the world, from her, from their tremulous relationship.

She entered cautiously, expecting to be hexed by unseen forces or at the very least for alarms to sound. When nothing happened she stepped fully into the office and drank in the rich, calming atmosphere. Her stocking feet sank into deep plush carpet, a burgundy Persian with golden dragons intricately woven into the border. The colors of the walls were indistinguishable, covered by bookshelves such as they were. Modern titles were mixed with ancient text; the subjects as eclectic as the man. A marble table held a crystal decanter and tumbler, the only furniture aside from his desk and chair. The room held a certain serenity that Hermione had never associated with the man she had fallen in love with.

Their friendship had begun slowly—an exchange of ideas here, a heated debate there—and suddenly she couldn't get enough of him. He had begrudgingly agreed to her offer of dinner and had even accepted her chaste kiss; it wasn't a very memorable first date, but it had been enough to begin a romantic relationship between the two. After two years they were still together, though their tempers and will were constantly at battle. They had separated numerous times but always came back together within days, neither felt complete anymore without the other. She wanted more out of their relationship, she wanted a commitment, she wanted a family. Tonight she had prodded him for answers, but instead of responding he'd gone quiet and sullen, eventually storming out of his own home leaving her alone. She felt guilty for being in this room, his private sanctuary, but her anger at his stubbornness left her childishly wanting to defy him in some small way.

She walked over to his chair, a straight backed leather behemoth, and sank down into the cushioned seat. She laughed to herself. Severus Snape had a self-indulgent side to him that few knew existed. She ran her hands over the smooth wood of the desk, inhaling the scent of lemon wood polish. The surface was uncluttered, unlike the workbench in his laboratory, and held only a few personal effects. His Order of Merlin ensconced in a velvet lined box, the Eagle quill she had given him for his birthday, a tiny contraption she had seen before in Dumbledore's possession, and surprisingly a picture of the two of them from their holiday to Spain. She stared for a long moment at the image of them holding hands and smiling at the camera. Her heart ached, she wanted nothing more to be with him forever, but if he couldn't—wouldn't—commit himself to her fully she knew she would have to move on. Her life had been full of too many surprises and too much strife. She needed peace and security.

She sighed, forcing her eyes away from the photo, and began to exam the contents of the desk drawers. She tentatively opened the large one at the bottom, surprised that it opened so easily for her. She had half-expected resistance. The drawer contained household records, neatly filed and labeled in his tiny scrawl. The next held copies of

his professional and academic writings, sorted by publishing journal. The third held writing supplies and his Muggle checkbook. Everything was neat and organized; almost as if he knew that someone would be sorting through his things. She opened the middle drawer expecting more of the same and was surprised to find a large leather bound photo album. She gently lifted it out of the drawer and placed it on the desk. Flipping it open she was amazed to find it filled with photos of the two of them. It was a picture scrapbook of their entire relationship; photos she didn't even know existed. Her eyes filled with tears; it was obvious he had taken great care filling the pages with the memories of their time together. She only hoped that there would be more for him to add after tonight.

She looked down, intent on closing the still open drawer, and saw a small journal with a box sitting next to it. She carefully removed them both, setting them next to the open photo album and closed the drawer. She took a deep breath, an overwhelming feeling of guilt coming over her. These items were intensely personal and she was invading his space. If he discovered her transgression, would he ever forgive her for snooping through his office?

Curiosity soon got the better of her and she opened the journal. Scanning the pages quickly, she realized it was an accounting of all the major aspects of their relationship. His cramped handwriting told the tale of their first kiss, their first argument, the first time they made love. His words were poetic and filled with an emotion that he never expressed openly to her. He went into passionate detail about how he had thought he would never love again till he found her, the emotions that she awakened in his heart made him feel alive again. He wrote that she made his life complete. She was crying harder now. Every doubt she had ever had about his sincerity was washed away by the intensity of his words as she read on. Reading the last page, she looked at the black box lying innocently on the desk. He had written that he had purchased her a gift. Something meaningful, something special.

She ran her fingers over the velvet lid and snapped it open. Nestled inside was the most beautiful ring she had ever seen. A square cut ruby bordered by three diamond baguettes on each side. She touched it reverently, her tears clouding her vision.

A noise outside the room caught her attention. She wiped her face and looked up to find Severus standing in the doorway. Flustered she began to stammer out an explanation as to why she was in his private office.

"Hush, Hermione," he crooned softly and came to stand in front of her.

Kneeling down on one knee he took her hand and stared up at her. "Hermione Granger, your presence in this room was something I had intended so there is no need for you to apologize to me. I wished for you to find these items. Perhaps it was a cowardly way to show you how I feel, but it was the only way I could. I find it difficult to ... to verbally express what I feel for you, but you can be assured that I love you with all my heart, all my soul, all my being. You have changed my life for the better and I do not want to ever live without you.

"Hermione, will you marry me?"

She looked down at the man she loved, every Slytherin ounce of him, and with joy in her heart and a smile on her tear streaked face, she whispered, "Yes."