

Seduction

by kizzy7

A seduction is planned.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for Dyno Drabbles on livejournal. The prompt was: 'ensnare the senses,' and it had to be 327 words exactly. I was very honored to receive runner-up this round! Thanks to alliean and neelix for all their help!

Softly, now. Gently.

Snape carefully added a petal of the moonflower, stirring slowly, smoothly. The resulting shade of shining red made him smile crookedly.

He leaned over the steaming cauldron, the condensation frizzing the lanky strands of his hair.

Yes, he thought. *Perfect.*

A Summoned flask flew through the air into his waiting hand, and he steadily bottled the dark, red liquid.

A drop is all she would need, really. This would last him... months. Years, even.

The unexpected knock on his dungeon door startled him momentarily, but he recovered quickly. She was early. He wondered what that meant.

"Come in," he said, his voice calm, measured.

"Ah. Professor Snape," she said, and he noticed that her hands were shaking. He wondered if she was frightened.

"Professor Granger," he replied with a formal nod.

"Poppy said that you have a... potion. For my migraines?" She nervously twisted a strand of hair about her finger, and Snape inhaled sharply. How many times had he imagined that very same finger and that very same innocent gesture....

"Yes," he said, concentrating on controlling his increasingly rapid heartbeat. "I have it right here."

He extended the bottle. "A drop, Professor Granger. That's all you need."

"Um... alright. Thanks." She took the dropper, placing a tiny bead of red on the tip of her tongue.

Snape clenched his teeth, watching intently as the liquid dissolved in her mouth. Bloodlike flecks shimmered on her lower lip.

She closed her eyes.

"Hmmm. I feel... weird. Is that normal?"

Snape noticed that her face was deliciously flushed, her eyelids convulsively flickering.

"Yes, Granger. Completely normal."

She moaned softly, swaying on her feet. Quickly, Snape twined his arm about her waist.

"Careful," he breathed.

She blinked. "Funny... I feel funny. Hot."

"I assure you, that's very normal, Granger... Hermione."

When she pressed her mouth to his and cupped his cloth-covered erection, a thought skittered through his mind.

Bewitch her mind. Ensnare her senses.

And he grinned.
