

Ensnared

by rosewood

A little one-shot regarding Snape's first date.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Come now, Severus," Regulus chided. "It's just one evening."

"No."

"She has a lovely disposition," Regulus continued.

"You mean, she's thick as a troll and has the face of a toad."

"On the contrary, she's quite a stunning young lady," Regulus countered.

"So what's the flaw?"

"Why would you think there's a flaw?"

Severus crossed his arms and scowled.

"Well, there are two minor issues..."

Severus arched his brow.

"She's smart and she doesn't put out," Regulus admitted.

"That's it?" Severus asked. "She's intelligent and... virtuous."

"Well, for most blokes, what's the point?"

"Ah, a worthy challenge, indeed." Severus smirked.

Severus smiled, picked up the bottle of honey mead, and leaned across the table to refill Juliana's goblet. Regulus was correct; she was fair of face and sharp of wit. He found himself utterly entranced with the gentle witch gracing him with her pleasant company. Severus couldn't remember the last time he felt so at ease in the presence of a young lady.

Well, there was a certain Gryffindor, of course, but she was so far removed from his mind she scarcely garnered a second thought. No, tonight his world was focused entirely upon Juliana, the stunning young witch from Beauxbatons.

"I had a wonderful evening, Severus," Juliana said. "It's refreshing not to talk about Quidditch."

Severus leaned in close to her and whispered, "Do you really want to talk?"

He snaked his arm around her waist, pulling her close. She blushed as he gently lifted her chin and pressed his lips to hers. She was sweet and tasted faintly of honey mead. She sighed contently, lost in his kiss. Ensnared.

All good things come to those who wait, and to think it starts with a little kiss she mused.

It was going to be a long, hot summer after all.

A/N: Originally written for LJ's Snape100 Challenge #301: "Snape's First Date."