

# My Fascination

*by Rose of the West*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I was always fascinated by his hands. I had seen him stir cauldrons, cut potions ingredients, maneuver his wand, and gesture during conversation with them. They were beautiful and surprisingly free of calluses or stains. He must have put the attention upon his hands that his hair so sorely lacked.

I admired Severus Snape, and the attention I gave his hands took the place of the attention I would have given him. I watched them as he touched other people occasionally. It was never more intimate than the most casual of touches: hand to hand contact, or perhaps tapping someone on the shoulder to get their attention. His hands were so cautious, yet they reached out in a way that showed how desperately he really longed for the feel of another person. Once he touched my hand and happened to look in my eyes. We shared a moment of desperate wanting and wishing for someone to understand. In that instant I knew we wanted *each other*.

In those days, we never could have come together. Far too many obstacles lay in our way. A time did come, finally, when we could be together. We met in the most mundane of places, but suddenly it became an enchanted palace. We spoke all afternoon and knew that the loneliness we both knew had at last found a place to transform.

Then finally we were alone together. We had both waited years for this moment, yet years still lay ahead of us, so there was no need to rush. I had been touched by his eyes that day as he had looked me over. His voice had touched me too when he had spoken his vows. We had even tasted each others lips. Now, however, his hands would have their chance.

Fingertips brushed stray hairs from my face. They trailed down my throat to my shoulders as he kissed me. After a time, he started touching me and searching my body. I soon had to sit down. I had never experienced the feelings he gave me. Yet, I wanted to touch and know him, too. His hands were timid at first, then curious, and boldly greedy as we learned what we could of each other.

Then he used his hands to simply hold me as we experienced the closest of touches. Time ceased, and we shared the sublime nature of love. I kissed him, reaching for his lips, his face, and anything I could reach. He continued to touch me, caressing my face or stroking my shoulder. Finally, we fell asleep with one of his hands at my waist and his other in my hand, held to my lips.

Afterward, he laughed at the way I cared for his hands, massaging and smoothing lotions over them. When I made him understand, he submitted to my attention. It became a ritual of sorts. After dinner I cared for his hands, and then they returned the favor.

*A/N: Thank you to Trickie Woo for beta reading, and to the Snape\_LDWS Community for a great competition!*