

Red Beaded

by toxicstarlit

Severus and Hermione are to be wed, but Severus has something to give her first.

The Gift

Chapter 1 of 1

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A red-beaded, silver-chained necklace lay across her chest as it rose and fell with each breath she took. 'Beautiful,' she thought to herself. The necklace was very different than others she'd seen before: a red lace ribbon tied around it in various places and the red beads hanging down from the ribbon sporadically, some that were glowing a dark crimson red. She was fascinated by it and turned to the man who had given her the gift. Severus Snape, her loving fiancé, was staring at her with a look she had never seen before: a certain twinkle emitted from his eyes.

"Touch it, my love; I have enhanced it with certain qualities." Severus smirked at the young woman in front of him.

Hermione did as she was told and touched one of the small glowing jewels. Suddenly she was thrown back into something like a memory, like in a Pensieve. She was standing back, hidden behind herself, who was staring at Severus on one knee. This was one of her memories. 'The day he proposed to me,' she thought as she looked on at the scene that played out before her.

"Hermione Jane Granger, you know I'm never going to be the big romantic type, but I love you and I do not think that I could survive another day without you. Will you marry me so we can read in my library forever, till the end of existence?" Severus grinned at the last line he had cleverly thought of when planning the proposal out.

Hermione's past self was starting to tear up as she nodded her head and jumped into the, now standing, man's arms. Then, the present Hermione was being pulled back and was in the presence of her fiancé once again.

Severus grabbed her and just held her as she sobbed onto his black robes. He was worried. Had something gone wrong? Was it the wrong memory he had conjured into the jewel? Then, as if she had read his mind, she looked up at him and smiled, saying, "This is beautiful, the perfect memory to look back upon." Then she pulled him into a passionate kiss of thanks, love, and happiness, anything you could be thankful for in a relationship.

He pulled away and looked at her, saying, "Hermione, I want you to wear this on our wedding day. Don't ask why. I just want you to." Severus smiled at her, something he only did around her at times. Hermione laid her head on his shoulder again and muffled a "Yes" into it.

The sun was setting on the scene of pillars covered in roses and drapes hanging in colors of green and red. As soon as the sun hit the earth, the top of the pillars lit, and all of the guests were seated. At the center stage of all this was the tall, pale, dark haired man she loved. Hermione was in the back about to take her steps down the aisle to become Mrs. Severus Snape. As she walked down the aisle with her father, her eyes caught sight of the small gathering of guests brought together here tonight. When they arrived in front of Severus, he was grinning from ear to ear, eyeing her, then seeing that she had worn the red-beaded necklace he had given her a couple weeks

before. Then he looked into her lovely eyes, and she was staring at him intently, emanating love.

As the ceremony came to the end, they kissed each other with such fervent passion that the flames on the pillars sparked and grew higher, everyone clapping in their seats. After the noise settled, Severus reached into his robe pocket and pulled his wand out from its mists. Hermione looked at him questioning why he would pull that out at a time like this.

Then he spoke, "Hermione, I know you are probably wondering why one of the jewels doesn't have a memory to it. Well..." He paused as he waved the wand into the air in a circle, making a red strand appear at the tip of it; then slowly, he put it into the jewel. "That's because this is it. Hopefully, when we start a family, I can add more to it, my love." The man smiled at his new wife, who was starting to sob again like the night he had given her the piece of his heart. The whole crowd of people looking on them stared in awe. They had never seen Professor Snape so caring and loving to someone in their lives. They knew that Hermione and he were meant for each other, and as the two linked hands and walked down the aisle together, you could feel the love glowing from them, something that would never die.