

Lomione

by Fairfield

A Severus Snape drabble.

Chapter 1 of 1

A Severus Snape drabble.

Hermione, light of my dungeon, fire of my cauldron, sin of my wand, soul of my potion. Her-mio-ne: three twists of the tongue to end with a visit to the back of the teeth. Her. Mio. Ne. She was Herm, plain Herm, to her parents. She was Hermy to her dorm in the morning, standing five foot four, barefoot in her undies. She was Mione to the dotards in her House. But in my dreams she was always Hermione.

Severus awoke knowing what the problem was. His new Slumber-Time™ -Potion (patent pending) used the wingtips of the muse-beetle. "But they inspire all the other ingredients," he lamented.

Even dreaming, Severus remembered her name as what he wanted: her on my knee.