

# My Prince

*by MysticAngel*

Hermione and Severus in a final confrontation of sorts. A response to the grangersnape100 ?Page 197 Challenge?.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Author's Notes: The quote highlighted in the text comes from Paul Auster's book "Moon Palace". As per the challenge, the drabble was constructed around this quote.*

"You have no business wanting anything of or with me, Miss Granger." Unusually harsh, Snape's voice sounded strained, as though it was the last standing barrier between the world and the full force of his once masterfully contained emotions.

Hermione felt a vicious pleasure at the sound. At least this ongoing argument wasn't taking its toll only on her.

"No." Her one word, delivered in merely a whisper, cut through the stillness of the room.

"No," she repeated. "We've been through this before, and we both know this argument by heart. But you are done dictating the terms, Severus."

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"I heeded your stupid reasons during the war. I put up with your Slytherin stubbornness the whole length of your Wizengamot trial/proved your innocence; I took on our whole world for you. It would behove you to remember that, Severus. I know who you are; the noble —"

She was too lovely in her ardour. He turned away from her, unable to bite back a self-deprecating retort.

**"Yes, very noble. I'm a thoroughgoing prince."**

Hermione stepped behind him; her arms enveloped him in a fierce embrace.

"You," she rejoined in a quiet, confident voice, "are my hero and my love. My very own Prince."