

Loving Bonds

by veradee

Snape knows what Hermione wishes for.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Written for the challenge "Amortentia and Chocolate" at the LJ community Romancing the Wizard. Many thanks go to my beta, Beth Kennedy, for helping me to turn this story into a much better one.

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With a content sigh, Hermione licked the last bit of sticky toffee pudding off her spoon.

Snape had outdone himself preparing their dinner for their second anniversary as lovers. Pousse spinach with avocado, followed by chicken breast with creamed spinach and wild mushrooms, and, at last, the sinful dessert. She suspected that he had peeked at some restaurant's menu for inspiration, but the end results certainly justified the means.

They were sitting in his living-room. Only a few candles and the dancing flames in the fireplace threw light on the table, which he had decorated with leaves of globe amaranths.

From across the table, Hermione smiled at him as she placed her spoon on her empty plate.

The smile he gave her in return was tiny, but his eyes were gleaming and full of promise. She felt her pulse accelerate as she imagined what other delights he might have planned for the evening.

Two years ago, they had shared their first kiss. Afterwards, Snape had been mortified when he had realised that it had been Valentine's Day of all days. Nevertheless, he had arranged the perfect romantic date in the following year to celebrate their first anniversary together. When they had been swaying to the crooning sound of Dino Crocetti, he had whispered into her ear, "For other couples it might be Valentine's Day, but for us it's our day. Just you and me." His voice had sounded hoarse, and she had been putty in his hands.

In these past two years, they had become a very happy couple, much to the surprise of the greater part of the wizarding world. Hermione and Snape had realised that their temperaments complemented each other and that they had similar goals in life. Apart from that, they shared many interests. Whenever their jobs allowed it, they met to discuss the latest developments in different magical sciences, to exchange their thoughts on books or magazines they had read, to create and solve puzzles, to enjoy dinner at a restaurant, or to just spend some hours in each other's company.

In short, Hermione was in heaven - well, almost in heaven. If she was entirely honest, she sometimes wished that Snape were a bit more creative in bed. While he was a very attentive lover, and while she was not interested in anything too kinky, she would not mind experimenting with the odd sex toy once in a while.

Still, she would not give him up for any other man in the world, and she knew that they would spend this night making sweet love, with him spoiling her no end.

As if he had read her mind, he got up and came over to her chair. Like many times before, she was enamoured by his elegant stature, the anthracite of his formal robes enhancing his slim form.

"The evening isn't over yet," he said, beckoning her to rise as well and gave her a kiss that made her knees become weak. Releasing her, he murmured, "Let's go next door," and only too willingly she followed him.

Candles flared into life when they entered his bedroom, which was dominated by a huge four-poster bed, held in cream white. With a flick of Snape's wand, the wizard's wireless on the mantelpiece began to play a romantic tune.

"Why don't you make yourself comfortable?" he said, leaving the room again.

Hermione's heart lurched with anticipation. She took off her robe, leaving her in a satiny top and matching skirt, and dropped down on the bed.

When he returned a few seconds later and approached her, with his hands hiding behind his back, a little smile played on his lips.

Clearly, he had planned some surprise for her. Was it a box of chocolates or a bunch of red roses? No, Severus Snape was neither unimaginative nor tacky. Perhaps a potion? For their first anniversary he had created a perfume for her, claiming that it would flatter her own lovely scent, but she could not imagine that he would repeat himself.

He stopped right in front of her, indicating that she should slide further up the bed so that he could sit down. Doing so, he leant forward and gave her a light kiss on the lips before he presented a dark red box to her.

Hermione felt her stomach tighten for some inexplicable reason, and she glanced up at him. His smile seemed slightly strained, and his Adam's apple was bobbing up and down.

Suddenly, her own nerves fluttered as well and, looking at the box again, she thought for a fleeting moment that it might be a jewellery box, but before she could say something, he visibly braced himself and lifted the top off the box.

"Hermione, will you be mine?" he asked in a throaty whisper.

The moment the top was off, though, Hermione's eyes fixated on the black fluffy handcuffs inside the box, her uncertainty giving way to excitement at the thought that he had finally decided to indulge her in one of her little fantasies.

Only then did his words register with her, and she stared first at his face, then at the handcuffs, and then at his face again. His dark eyes were unusually wide, and he looked strangely hopeful.

The song playing in the background came to its end, the final lines suddenly standing out: *She's got a way about her / I don't know what it is, / But I know that I can't live without her anyway.*

An irresistible idea settled in Hermione's mind. While handcuffs might not be a conventional engagement ring, they were a kind of ring nonetheless.

She threw another glance at Snape's face, which now no longer looked hopeful, but almost as if he were afraid.

Finally grasping the full truth, she opened her mouth, but no sound came forth. Instead, she threw herself at him, almost knocking him off the bed, and kissed him on his lips, his nose, his chin and his cheeks, murmuring, "Yes," in between her caresses, before she returned to his lips and started to kiss him in earnest.

He returned her kiss with uninhibited passion, dropping the box on the bed and encircling her with his arms, holding her firmly, as if he never wanted to let her go.

When he did release her, he said in a voice that almost broke, "I'm so glad. I feared you would say, 'No'."

Hermione swallowed hard, suppressing an urge to tear up, and threw herself at him again. For a long time, they just held each other, lost in their overwhelming emotions.

They came back to reality when the wireless started to play a more upbeat tune.

She looked at Snape. His eyes were still full of tender love, and she leant in for a kiss.

But suddenly, his lips curled into a wicked grin, and his eyes were flashing.

Before Hermione realised what was happening to her, he had freed her of her top and tied her right hand to the bedpost. She gasped when he pulled a second pair of fluffy handcuffs from beneath the pillow and constrained her other hand.

"Will you be mine?" he asked a second time, straddling her. This time his voice was full of innuendo.

Her heart began to beat faster, and she became a bit breathless. "Yes, I'll be yours," she said seriously, meaning it in more ways than one. Unable to turn her eyes away from his face, she tried to lift her head to kiss him, but he pulled away.

Instead, he smirked at her and, with a low chuckle, started to unzip her skirt.

Annotations:

The dishes Snape cooked can be found on the menu of 'The Ivy' in London.

The quoted lyrics are taken from Billy Joel's song 'She's Got A Way'.