

Return to Me

by GinnyW

Severus learns that Hermione is to be married to Ronald Weasley. He becomes obsessed with stopping the wedding and attempting to convince her to marry him instead. This emotional journey forces him to face his true motives behind his sudden change of interest.

1

Chapter 1 of 5

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This story was entered in the Sycophant Hex: Spring Faire Festival under the General Story: I Want to Kiss the Bride.

Disclaimer: I wish these characters were mine, but alas, all credit goes to the great JK Rowling.

Chapter 1

Severus sat in his usual chair at the Head Table, idly picking at his morning meal. The rest of the teachers sitting in the hall were all chatting away in their usual fervor. *Noisy biddies!* Severus thought. His attention was drawn upwards with the arrival of the Post Owls. He paid the ordinary brown owl, which had landed before him, the usual Knut, withdrew his copy of the *Daily Prophet*, and the owl departed. Unrolling the newspaper, Severus idly scanned the headlines.

Former Minister Fudge, Finally Caught!

"It is about damn well bloody time!" he muttered under his breath.

Lovegoods Prove the Existence of the Crumple-Horned Snorkack!

Severus rolled his eyes in disgust.

War Heroes to Wed This Weekend!

"Bloody piece of rubbish," Severus mumbled, as he folded the paper and stuffed it into the pocket of his teaching robes. He rose from his seat and swept out of the Great Hall, never noticing that several sets of eyes were upon him.

Severus had no interest in the whereabouts or goings on of any of his *former* fellow Order members. He had been grateful when the Dark Lord had fallen and the last of the Death Eaters had been rounded up so that he could be rid of the meddlesome groups' company. None of them, save Albus, were what he would call a *friend*. He certainly did not care if any of them had foolishly *found love* and decided to marry.

dry and loose, almost as if it was hanging off of her. "Are you eating?" he asked.

Hermione was unable to keep her anger and frustration wrangled in. "Damn you! Answer my bloody question, Snape! Why are you here?"

Severus did not know what was happening. Just looking at her and hearing every word that she spoke had his barriers beginning to slip. It unsettled him like he never imagined, leading him to his only defense...anger. All too soon, he found the anger creeping to the surface to strengthen his shield. "Fine," he spat. "I came here to find out why you are getting married, Hermione."

She watched him carefully as she prepared to state her rehearsed answer. She had practiced her little speech, and she wanted to use whatever she could to deliver the deepest cut. Not that she truly expected it to hurt him! The man didn't seem to feel anything. Deep down inside, she hoped that it would make *her* feel better. She began to speak to him as if she were talking to a small child. "I am sure that you are not aware of this, but not everyone gets married because they are forced, Severus. Sometimes people actually get married because they love each other, and they actually *want* to spend the rest of their lives together. Why do you care?"

"I do not *care*," he said as he felt the wall that protected him barely quiver as it began to fortify. "My only concern is that you have somehow managed to showcase this *affair*, making me look like a fool!"

"What?" she yelled. "You look like a fool? Did you even read the article in the *Daily Prophet* yesterday? Rita Skeeter did **nothing** to make you look like a fool! The only thing that came from her poisoned quill was **my** humiliation!"

"I would have thought, my dear, that living with a Slytherin for twelve months would have taught you *to read between the lines*." He leant towards her as he emphasized the last four words to her in a near whisper.

Hermione looked at him for several seconds then shook her head as if to clear it. "Your manipulative mind games won't work on me anymore." She stepped back away from him so she could no longer feel his hot breath on her face. "This wedding has *nothing* to do with you. Now, if you don't mind, get out!" she stated, unwavering as she pointed to the door.

Her words reverberated through his mind and caused a rip in his many layers of defense. The fury erupted out of him like a simmering volcano. It was the only thing he could do. It was the only way he knew to fix the tear.

Severus strode forward the three steps that were separating himself from Hermione. He forcefully grabbed her upper arms and lifted her slightly off of the floor as he began to rage at her. "This has everything to do with me!" he yelled. "You are mine! Do you understand that? Mine!" The look of utter terror in her deep brown eyes caused him to jolt. He loosened his grip and attempted to force himself to calm the boiling anger.

He was so stunned by his own actions that he did not feel the hands upon him that shoved him to the floor. Shocked, he looked up to see Potter standing over him as the youngest Weasley draped a comforting arm around Hermione.

"Get the hell out of here, Snape!" the young wizard yelled. "Now!"

Severus did not remember getting to his feet and stumbling out of the house. Nor did he remember Apparating to Diagon Alley. He only remembered somehow floundering into the Leaky Cauldron and attempting to coerce Tom into serving firewhisky before the breakfast hour was over.

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Ginny draped her arm over Hermione's shoulders and guided her out of the library, as Hermione allowed the tears to stream down her face. Hermione grabbed the redhead's hand and stopped walking just as they reached the stairs to go downstairs to the kitchen. "No," she said. "I think I'm going to be sick."

Ginny nodded, changed directions, and helped her friend to the bathroom. Assisting her inside the tiny room, she gently slid Hermione to the floor. Ginny quickly conjured two facecloths, applying one to the back of Hermione's neck and began dabbing the woman's face with the other. "Are you going to be all right?"

Hermione took several deep breaths as she willed her stomach to settle itself. She leaned into Ginny's touch and replied, "I don't think I can do this."

"Yes, you can," said Ginny firmly. "Hermione Granger, you are one of the strongest women that I know, and believe me, I know some very strong women. Have you met my mother?" she asked with a smirk.

Hermione could not help but to let out a small laugh at Ginny's remark. She realized this was a mistake as her face began to tingle with beads of cold sweat and large amounts of saliva began to pool in her mouth. "Oh God," she murmured as she moved up onto her knees and leaned over the toilet.

Ginny grabbed the long tresses of bushy, brown hair and pulled them out of Hermione's face, watching her friend vomit to the point of dry heaving. When the episode of emesis ended, Ginny mopped the young woman's face with the cool cloth and summoned a glass of cold water from the kitchen.

"Better now?" asked the redhead tentatively.

Hermione slowly turned to face her friend and nodded as she took several cautious sips of water. She slumped back against the wall. "Thank you."

Ginny brushed a lock of red hair out of her face and asked, "What happened?"

"I threw up," replied Hermione.

The younger witch snorted. "You know what I mean, Hermione. What happened between you and Snape?"

Hermione closed her eyes and rested her head back against the cool wall. "I don't want to talk about it."

Ginny leaned forward and began pulling the sleeves of Hermione's robes up to examine her arms. "Did he hurt you?"

Hermione pulled away hastily as if burned by her friend's touch. "No," she answered a little too quickly. Seeing the disbelieving look in Ginny's hazel eyes, she amended, "Not really. He wasn't trying to hurt me, Gin. He just grabbed my arms."

The young witch shook her head in disgust. "He shouldn't have grabbed you at all, Hermione."

"I know," sighed the bushy-haired brunette. "Rather ironic, if you think about it. I was married to the man for twelve months, and the only time he ever touched me was when he was forced to fuck me." Tears again moistened her brown eyes. "And, even then it was with as little contact as possible," she added with an air of disgust.

Ginny sat back and watched Hermione closely, listening to her every word. Her friend had never talked about her marriage to Severus Snape. Ginny knew, like everyone else, that it was a marriage solely of convenience and safety. The Marriage Act had required copulation twice a week until the confirmed conceiving of a child by a trained nurse or Healer.

Carefully Ginny asked, "Are you sure that you are doing the right thing, Mione?" Ginny paused, then added, "Marrying Ron, I mean."

The sickly looking witch stared at the dull hardwood floor. "I don't know," she whispered.

3

Chapter 3 of 5

Severus learns that Hermione is to be married to Ronald Weasley. He becomes obsessed with stopping the wedding and attempting to convince her to marry him instead. This emotional journey forces him to face his true motives behind his sudden change of interest.

Chapter 3

Severus gradually lifted his head from the hard table on which it had been resting. He had no idea what time it was or how long he'd been like that, though he was beginning to be able to think somewhat clearly again. *We cannot have that now can we?* said a little voice inside of his head. He wiped away the line of drool that was hanging out of the side of his mouth and reached for the bottle sitting on the table.

Damn! It's empty! he thought. He brushed the concern away. It was nothing that a few Sickles would not remedy.

He looked around the room and tried to remember where he was. He had been in and out of every bar in Diagon Alley and Knockturn Alley combined. He slowly allowed his eyes to focus on the dimly lit room. He looked towards a window and saw that it was already dark outside. He was in a private backroom; dawning began to come upon him. He was in the Toil & Trouble. *How fitting*, he thought with disgust.

The only way to remedy his slowly declining state of inebriation was to find more alcohol. He rose from the table and stumbled out of the room in the direction he knew the bar to be. The place was crowded, just as it usually was on Saturday nights. Severus made his way to the bar and slammed down a handful of Sickles. The barkeep did not even bother asking what he wanted. The professor had been there for well over five hours, drinking the same thing. The barkeep placed a bottle of scotch and a clean glass on the counter. Severus left the glass where it was, fumbled with the top of the bottle and took a large swig as he made a staggered trek back to his private corner and considerably fewer people.

He made his way to one of the backrooms and paused briefly outside of the door of the room next to his. There were familiar voices coming from the room. He silently stood to the side of the door and peered inside.

Bloody hell! he thought with disgust as he saw a room full of former Order of the Phoenix members, including the Weasley brat and the ruddy Boy-Who-Lived-to-Spite-Him. He paused only to see if *she* was there and quickly realized that the room was only full of men.

It sickened Severus' stomach when he realized that the group must be there to celebrate the fall of the youngest male of the Weasleys' bachelorhood. If he would have been more sober, he would have quietly stormed off back to his own dungeons at Hogwarts. If he had been more intoxicated, he would have made his way back to his table and silently finished drinking until he lost consciousness again. He was neither.

So, he cast a quick Disillusionment Charm and remained outside of the door, catching brief snatches of conversation. Most of what he heard were congratulatory remarks mixed with the occasional words of mock-pity from the likes of Neville Longbottom and Seamus Finnegan. He stood silently, uncertain exactly why he was still there. Then, he heard Potter and Weasley talking quietly just on the other side of the wall from where he stood.

"I swear! If I see that greasy old bat anywhere near her, I'll make him wish he'd never been born," came the hiss of the Keeper for the Wasps.

"Ron, relax. Hermione's fine," reassured Potter.

"Harry she was such a wreck by the time I got there this afternoon. I can't believe that you and Ginny just let her sit in her room all day long like that! You know she's not been well. She needs to eat every chance she gets. It's not good for..."

"Hush, Ron! I thought the point was to keep the pregnancy a secret," came the harsh whisper of Harry to silence his friend that had been growing louder with each word.

The anger that boiled up in Severus now was nearly uncontrollable. Before he had wanted to curse the redheaded prat for marrying *his* wife. Now, he wanted nothing more than to place his fingers around that youthful throat and squeeze the last breath out of him. Before he moved to do just that the two spoke again, "Yeah, you're right, Harry. I need something more to drink. What do you want?"

"Nothing. Thanks, mate."

Just then the redhead emerged from the crowded room, and Severus took his advantage of the situation and cornered the ruddy git.

"Weasel King," he drawled as he drew his wand and guided the young man down the hall, away from prying eyes and insufferable well wishers.

"Snape, what the hell are you doing here?" asked the young wizard in surprise.

"Drinking, Weasley. What do you think?" Snape spat.

"Well, don't let me keep you, Professor." Severus grabbed the man's robes and pushed him up against the wall. "Not so fast, Weasel King. I want a word with you first."

Ron tried not to appear as frightened as he was. He jutted his jaw and narrowed his gaze at his old teacher and asked, "What the hell do you want, then?"

"Just a question," he replied, as he let go of the young man and took a step back. The anger that had grown anew at the words he had overheard from this wizard and Potter was violently simmering just below the surface. He brandished his wand and jabbed it in the young man's chest. "Now tell me, why are you marrying *my* wife?"

The valor that Ron had been sporting previously, faintly slipped at the feel of the hard ebony that was resting just above his heart. He gritted his teeth and stilled himself. The great black bat wouldn't dare hex him in public. "Your wife? Did you say *your* wife?" he asked mockingly as he pushed the offending wood away from his body. "Interesting choice of words, *Professor*, especially seeing how you couldn't sign those divorce papers fast enough! Now, why is that, *sir?*"

"That is none of your concern!" hissed the now incensed wizard.

Ron had been looking for the opportunity to hurt this man since he first set foot into Hogwarts, he decided to hold nothing back. "Really? Hmm, it seems that you are a little

confused about things where my fiancée is concerned. Get this through that greasy head of yours...Hermione wants nothing to do with you!"

Red began to cloud Severus' vision. He wished that he was more intoxicated so that his righteous morals did not interfere with him cursing the ruddy git into oblivion. Pity, he was not *that* drunk anymore. He took another sizeable drink from his scotch. He then leaned to mere inches from the younger wizard's face. "Tell me, Weasel. How does it feel to know that I had your precious little friend first? That what you have in your bed has been used by another wizard?" he drawled dangerously.

The anger rose in Ron like he'd never felt it before. His cheeks were aflame, and he could barely contain himself as he attempted to get his words out. "How dare you speak about Hermione like that? You don't deserve her, Snape! You never did!"

The older wizard had heard enough out of the mouthy little prat. He dropped his scotch bottle and grabbed the whelp by the front of his robes again, viciously slamming the man into the wall. Before he could get another word out, he felt the presence of someone behind him.

The grandfatherly tone of Professor Dumbledore was unmistakable. "Why Severus, did you come to join in the festivities?"

Severus, again, released his hold on the redheaded wizard and turned to face his mentor. "No, Headmaster." He looked back at the man he had just relinquished his grasp on and glared. "I was just leaving."

Ron needed no prompting. He took advantage of Dumbledore's appearance and made a hasty retreat while glowering at Snape. "Don't you dare go near her again," he spat just before he turned the corner towards the bar.

Severus retrieved his scotch from the floor and attempted to walk back to his own private room. Albus noted his staggering. Just as the raven-haired wizard lost his balance and nearly fell to the floor, he was there to catch him. "Well, now, Severus. I think you have had enough excitement for one night. What do you say we get you a room so you can sleep this off?"

"Damnit, Albus! I do not wish to have a room where I can sleep this off! I would prefer to continue my own private celebration well into morning. Would you care to join me?"

The old wizard helped his young friend to stand and let him attempt to walk again. He barely took two steps when he was again on the floor. "Bloody hell!" muttered the Potions master. Albus again stepped forward and helped his young friend up. "Come along with me, Severus."

Severus felt in no mood to argue as Dumbledore Apparated him to a vacant room upstairs. From beneath his purple robes, the old man pulled out two phials. He handed one to his friend, and the other was placed by the bedside. "Drink the Sobering Potion now, Severus. I'm afraid that it will only help a little as it appears you've been drinking for many hours," he said sadly. "Lucky for you that I happened to bring along some Hangover Relief Potion as well," he continued, pointing to the phial on the night table. "Get some rest, dear boy."

Severus collapsed on the bed in a heap and was asleep within minutes. *A wonderful side effect of the Sobering Potion,* thought the headmaster. He shook his head slowly in despair as he looked at the man lying in a crumpled mess of black robes on the bed. He silently prayed that with some sleep, the troubled wizard would find some answers.

For the first time in several weeks, Severus was in a deep sleep.

Her hands were cupping his face as he lay on the snow covered ground, barely able to move; her soft soothing voice whispered into his ear, and he felt the wetness of her cheek against his palm.

He was standing in a quiet clearing in the woods with only the stars to shed their light, and she was standing next to him.

Hermione's innocent voice was asking, "Aren't you even going to kiss me?"

He was signing on a piece of parchment with the heading 'Desino Matrimonium.'

Her hands came into sight again...this time massaging Healing Salves over the curse scars and wounds he had sustained by the wand of Lucius Malfoy.

He was grabbing her arms as the anger seethed in him.

He was standing on the other side of the wall as Potter and Weasley were whispering at the Toil & Trouble.

"Aren't you even going to kiss me?"

He saw Hermione appearing at the top stairs looking sickly, pale, and thin.

Weasley was screaming, "You don't deserve her, Snape! You never did!"

Severus woke with a start. The words still rang in his head. *You don't deserve her!* He reached towards the empty phial that had contained the Sobering Potion and sniffed. *Damn that meddling old fool!* he thought as he recognized the smell at once. His Sobering Potion had been laced with *Re Vera Somino* to encourage his body to dream truthful insights. *What truth is it that I was supposed to see?*

Amongst the many layers of clothing that he typically wore, he felt completely stripped as emotions began flooding over him. He now knew what it was that his anger had been hiding, and he did not like it. He felt naked and raw. Sometime whilst reliving his memories, the protective walls that shielded him from the world had crumbled around him.

He had insisted on signing the divorce without speaking with her, without allowing her to reach for his heart. He had never intended to allow himself to feel *that* way for anyone. The way that he'd started feeling for her had frightened him. Severus Snape had always seen love as a weakness that would crush him. Now, upon learning that she was pregnant by that prat and that she would soon pledge her life to him, he could see that love was not weak. It was strength, and it was the only thing that could protect him now that he was exposed.

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soon as it was in place.

Hermione looked at it carefully; she had expected the token ring from their marriage, the one the Professor McGonagall had picked out for her. She was startled to see that it was something different. "You replaced a ruby with an emerald? How fitting," she said with an amused smile. "Where did you get this?"

Severus' lips formed a small smirk. "To answer your first question, my dear, that is not an emerald. It is an alexandrite. The stone changes color depending on the type of lighting. Many say that it is *an emerald by day and a ruby by night*. To answer your second question, it belonged to my mother. She left it to me when she died, only requesting that I pass it on to my wife."

Hermione's mouth grew into a smile that reached her eyes. This complicated man that she had suddenly found herself in love with just over two months before was surprising her at every turn. "I need to go back and speak with Ron," she said simply.

Severus nodded. He knew that would have to happen. It was unavoidable. "Would you like me to accompany you?"

"No," she replied, shaking her head. "I think it's best if I go alone. Harry will help me." She looked up and saw the worry on the older man's face. "Don't worry. I'll return. Harry knows how I feel about you; that was the only reason he allowed me to come to see you in the first place. He and Ginny both have been concerned that I was not making the right decision. I daresay that he may even be relieved."

A small part of him was afraid that if she left him now he would lose her forever. He wanted nothing more than to hold her there, to keep her tethered to him always. *You cannot do that, Severus. Trust her.* So, he did. "Give me the handkerchief." She complied by pulling the green silk back out of her pocket where she had stuffed it upon arriving to the Snape home. "*Portus*," he muttered as he again tapped his wand to the fabric. He kissed her on her forehead and whispered, "I love you," just as the Portkey activated, and she was gone from the room.

5

Chapter 5 of 5

Severus learns that Hermione is to be married to Ronald Weasley. He becomes obsessed with stopping the wedding and attempting to convince her to marry him instead. This emotional journey forces him to face his true motives behind his sudden change of interest.

Chapter 5

1 July 1999

Ms. Hermione Jane Granger-Snape has done it yet again. The young witch, only nineteen years of age, has again married Hogwarts' Potions Professor, Severus Snape, earlier today. You may remember that this young wanton of a woman was engaged to be wed to Mr. Ronald B. Weasley back in March of this year. As the Daily Prophet reported at that time, that wedding was called off as a result of extenuating circumstances. It was yours truly that uncovered the true nature of this cover-up. The marriage had been postponed to allow for tests to determine the paternity of the pregnancy that the young scarlet woman was attempting to cover-up.

If the girl previously had not proven herself to be a two-timing harlot, then this was certainly the eye-opener that was needed for young Mr. Weasley. It is nearly enough to make the witches of our world pity the Potions master, Professor Snape, for having to marry the wench in order to give his child a name.

"Oh, what an utter piece of rubbish!" Hermione shouted as she slammed the edition of the *Evening Prophet* on the dining table.

She felt him approach her from behind her chair and her breath hitched when he leaned down to whisper in her ear. "What is that? I thought there were a few bits of truth littered amongst the rubbish." He nipped at the ear and then guided her to stand whilst turning her around to face him. "Did you not marry me?"

She smiled slyly and answered, "Of course."

He ran his fingers through her hair. "And, are you not carrying my son?"

She reached her hands up to touch his face. "Proudly, yes."

Severus pulled her close to him and purred softly in his silkiest voice. "And, are you not feeling a bit wanton at this moment?"

Hermione did not trust her words to convey her thoughts or her emotions. She lifted her face up to capture his mouth with her own.

He gently bit her bottom lip as he ran his hand down along her bulging abdomen. As his hands rested there they were met by a gentle tapping from beneath the skin. Severus allowed his occupied lips to form a slight smirk at the attentions of his son. His wife pulled back slightly and looked at him curiously. "I believe that we still have the small duty of consummation to make this marriage legal, Madame Snape."

Her eyes shone with excitement as she smiled up at him. "I do believe you are right," she answered sweetly.

How did I wind up in this position? he wondered. She truly loved him, and though he rarely said the words, she knew that he felt the same for her. This woman was his wife, his partner in this crazy mixed-up life. She was every bit a part of him as he was of her. After forty years of loneliness, pity, and self-loathing, Severus Snape learnt that he was a human being.

He had never seen himself as one before. He had always relished the rumors about him being a vampire. *What better way was there to describe me as the undead?* He no longer felt 'undead.' He felt whole. That is the gift that Hermione gave him; she gave him his own life.

Severus was still the same snarky bastard he always had been. The students still feared him, he was still rather anti-social, and he was still commonly referred to as 'the great greasy bat.' No one could take that part from him, as the article had said about his lovely witch months before, *witches do not change their warts*. He was not a witch, but he felt the saying applied to him as well. Severus felt rather lucky, as he had sanctuary from his harsher and colder self, all thanks to her.

After the day he had confessed his feelings for his wife, he'd begun to court her. They'd spent time getting to know one another. She had returned to living at the castle with him, but Albus had been kind enough to offer Hermione her own quarters. Severus had agreed. Their relationship had been fragile enough and cluttered with complications;

compounding those problems with having to live with one another again would not have been ideal.

He had thought that they would wait to marry until after she had the baby. He did not want to rush her into anything that she was not ready for. Then, in late May, whilst visiting Poppy for antenatal care, Poppy had informed Hermione that she was carrying a boy. Hermione had left the hospital wing and rushed all the way down to the dungeons, barging into the middle of the third year Gryffindor/Slytherin Potions class. To save himself from complete embarrassment, because he was quite certain that whatever this young woman had to say would harm his carefully groomed image in front of his students, he'd found it necessary to scream at the class of students so that they would exit the room immediately.

Once they were alone, he urged her to share her news, which she did happily. At first thought, Severus did not understand what the big deal was. The gender of the child mattered little to him. Hermione, however, was quite adamant that it was important that it was a son. She had insisted that this was his heir and important for carrying on the familial line. That was when she told him that she wished to marry as soon as the Hogwarts Express left for King's Cross.

As they had not been sharing quarters prior to her announcement, they also refrained from any intimacy aside from a few kisses. Again, Severus did not wish to rush her. He knew first hand that her sexual experiences had been anything but pleasant. It was yet another reason that he loathed a part of himself and wondered why she would ever want to be with him.

After she had informed him of her desire for a marriage sooner than he had anticipated, he had decided it best to not press her for sexual intimacy. He was pleased when his instincts proved correct. She came to him, saying she still needed time, but she would very much like to consummate their marriage once the ceremony was complete.

Their second ceremony, held in the afternoon, was different than their first. Her mother was present, although still not thrilled with their union. Her friends were in attendance as well. There was no rushing in the middle of the night, no secrets, and no Ministry officials forcing them to sign documents that would force them to comply with copulation requirements. It was a joyous union, not forced. *So, this is what she was referring to when she told me that some people actually marry because they want to.*

Copulation was only required as a magical binding, but there were no time constraints in force. However, his young wife had promised him that the day of the binding would be the day they would become one again. A feral grin grew on his face. "What are you thinking about, Severus?"

"Only how badly I want you right now, my wife."

"Then take me to bed, husband." He gazed in her eyes for any sign of fear or trepidation and was met with only looks of love, sincerity, and passion. Severus needed no further encouragement.

"As you wish," he whispered as he deftly picked her up and carried her to the master bedroom of his small home. He carefully set her on the floor next to the bed. Severus stood next to her and reached down to lift the skirt of her dress robes and guided the robe up over her head. He was pleased to find that she had complied with custom and worn nothing beneath the wedding garment. He leant towards her and kissed her on her mouth, tasting her desire. He trailed the kisses down her neck, marking her as his own whilst he guided her to lie back on the duvet.

His mouth found its way down to her breasts, swollen from pregnancy, but he hoped they were not too tender for his attentions. Severus kissed and suckled on each small peak as she softly moaned in pleasure. He continued his trail down her body, across her taut and swollen belly and settled himself between her thighs. He inhaled her musky scent and began placing his attentions upon that which he had neglected for so long. He mapped her with his tongue, ingraining each morsel of information into his memory...her scent, her taste, and her response to his careful ministrations. Severus slipped one finger, and then a second into her already moistened core. Not long after, he felt her walls squeeze around them as she screamed his name.

He removed his fingers, lifted himself up, and smiled at his wife. She responded by pulling at his arms to join her. Severus wasted no time in removing his own clothing and climbed back on the bed to claim her mouth again. Hermione began to kiss him in earnest as she reached down a hand to massage his throbbing sex. "I want you to make love to me," she whispered softly as she began nipping and sucking his ear.

Severus complied with her wishes as she moved her hands to his back, and he slowly guided himself into her waiting channel, carefully lifting his weight off of her protruding midsection. With his first thrust, he knew he was home. It was a wholeness that he had never felt before, one that he never allowed himself to feel before. With each move, he felt more complete. It was not long before he felt her nails drive into his back as she clenched tighter around him and came again, tipping Severus over the edge into oblivion.

A/N: Very special thanks to my beta, southern_witch_69, she worked on a very tight schedule to help me complete this project. Thanks go to Warlock_Vader_69 for giving this a once over. Also, thanks go to Meredith and Cocoachristy, both gals read through this story giving me both input and encouragement.

The criteria is below:

Summary: Hermione is about to get married when a certain Potions master realizes she should marry him instead. He has forty-eight hours to stop the wedding and get her to marry him.

Rules:

1. *Severus Snape is to be portrayed by Severus Snape. He does not have really silky hair. His nose is hooked, not aquiline. In other words, keep the Snape as close to canon as possible, in both appearance, and characterization.*

2. *Snape does not kill the other canon male involved (i.e. potential groom).*

3. *Snape does not snatch Hermione away from the wedding or some other such rubbish.*

4. *Snape is not to be turned into any of the following:*

- Mr. Darcy

- A fluffy bunny

- A sap

Notes:

1. *Hermione's potential groom may be any other canon character.*

2. *Any characters can be enlisted to help Severus in his endeavor.*

3. *Genre up to the author. The story can be comedy, angst, drama, or any other combination the writer chooses.*

4. *Hermione does not have to end up marrying Snape.*

5. *All standard SH rules and submission policies apply.*