

Hands

by mistaria

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione admitted him into her rooms with a soft smile, sweet mouth parting to form words.

Sound buzzed in Snape's ears but he heard not a word; he was staring, fixated, as her lovely lips moved. She didn't seem to notice his inattention, her hands gesturing with her point.

He moved toward her, hands reaching, his left sliding into the bushy brown mane. Brown eyes rose in question as the fingers of his right smoothed over parted lips.

Snape's head bent toward Hermione's, the hand in her hair tugging her head back as he muffled her questions with his lips.

It didn't take long for the witch to respond, her own hands reaching to grasp at him as she returned his kiss.

When they parted, he backed up more than necessary, noting the glazed green – nay, brown – eyes and swallowing hard. His hands reached for her again to caress her cheeks with his thumbs, fingers touching red – brown – hair.

He kissed her again, and she sighed softly against his mouth when his hands slid down to the pale column of her neck.

Snape was watching her as he kissed her, stroking her throat with his fingers.

He sucked her lower lip into his mouth, closing his eyes when she groaned. Her appearance was confusing to watch anyway. Red to brown, brown to red, brown. A flash of green, brown eyes. He nipped at her lips then soothed them, slipping his tongue into her mouth. She pressed herself ever closer and the hands on her neck tightened.

Her hands caressed every piece of him she could reach, and he breathed harshly against her lips. His hands, his hands couldn't seem to stray from her neck. She stilled when they tightened again but his mouth continued its assault.

He dimly noticed that she no longer responded to his lips on hers, that her small hands pushed against his shoulder and she was gasping into his mouth as his fingers pressed hard against her throat. Her nose bumped against his painfully as she struggled.

The hands against his shoulders grew weaker but his grip did not ease. His eyes opened again to watch fear flicker through the ever changing green and brown. They were losing their customary brightness, that brightness he loved, and soon they dulled completely.

He released her, confused, the young woman falling harshly against soft carpet.

Her flickering red-brown hair was matted beneath the head which held those unseeing eyes. He tried to speak her name, to tell her to get up. Her body remained still even as bruises blossomed over her neck.

Disgust washed through him and he turned to leave.

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Severus awoke in his cold, dark room, heart pounding painfully against his ribcage. He cried out incoherently and fought as sweat soaked sheets trapped his legs.

Limbs shaking, he stumbled from his bed, nearly not making it into the loo before vomiting.

It was a long while before he could quiet his heart.