

# Taken

*by Subversa*

While Hermione daydreams, Snape plots. This is a Valentine's Day vignette, written for the Romancing the Wizard community on Live Journal. The prompt was "scorched parchment scroll".

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione sat at her small desk, pushed into a corner of the laboratory, where it would not be in anyone's –*Severus*' – way. Her untidy head was bent over her task, and she scribbled on her ever-present stack of parchment.

From his own much larger desk, across the room, he watched her through the curtain of his long, black hair. Peace time had given Severus Snape, Potions master of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the first leisure of his adult life, and he found himself using it in the oddest ways – such as observing his apprentice. More and more he noted her graceful throat – her rounded bum – her slender ankles – and, yes, her breasts. He was a man, was he not? Her indisputable femininity permeated his laboratory, perfumed his office, and had insinuated itself into his dreams.

But of what – or *whom* – did she dream?

The question plagued him. At times, he caught her watching him with such an indecipherable expression that he sincerely regretted his sad lack of experience with women. Did she find him ... attractive? Acceptable? Tolerable? Or was her appreciation of a purely professional nature?

How the devil did one go about ascertaining such things?

Late one night, he had left her in charge of finishing a batch of Wolfsbane but had been forced to return to the laboratory to retrieve his reading glasses. She had been scribbling at a table, and as he had passed stealthily behind her, he was sure he had seen his own name, written in a feminine hand, embellished by ... hearts? But she had perceived him, then, and the incriminating parchment had been thrust unceremoniously into the fire. Since then, she had taken care, at day's end, to put her doodling upon the fire – he knew, because he had searched her things.

But today would be different.

He stood and approached her. 'Not taken for Valentine's Day, Miss Granger? It's nearly dinner-time; you'd best be away.'

She jumped with such force that the blue ink from the well upon her desk smeared under her quill. 'No,' she replied, casually covering her parchment with her hand.

'What are you writing?' he inquired silkily, placing his palms flat on her desk and leaning into her personal space.

'Nothing!' She jerked the parchment into the air, and it quickly rolled into a scroll; with a swish and flick, she sent it into the fire.

He stared down into her wide brown eyes, noting the delicious flush on her cheeks. 'Then you won't mind if I read it.'

He Summoned the scorched parchment scroll without speaking a word, and it zoomed obediently into his hand.

'No!' she cried in great agitation, reaching for it. 'You can't! I burned it! Why isn't it ...?'

'Ashes?' he supplied helpfully. 'Because it's Druid Blue Ink, charmed not to burn.' He opened the parchment, turning to prevent her from snatching it from him, and read, amidst the carefully drawn border of hearts and arrows and curlicues:

*Severus Snape*

*Severus hearts Hermione*

*Hermione hearts Severus*

*Hermione Granger Snape*

The triumph which blazed through him brought a flush to his cheeks as well; he turned to face her.

'Burn it!' she begged, looking away from his glittering eyes, obviously mortified. 'I was just doodling!'

He folded the parchment and tucked it away. It was, in effect, his first love letter, and he had no intention of burning it. 'Hermione,' he said softly, letting his voice embrace her name as his arms would soon embrace her body.

And her eyes rose to his, the beginnings of hope shining in their depths.

'Such sentiments should never be destroyed,' he murmured, reaching to twine a curl about his finger. Personal, but not so committed an action that he would lose face if she rejected him.

Her lips parted enticingly, and she breathed, 'You ... you don't *mind*?'

Tempted beyond bearing, he slowly lowered his head to hers, watching for any sign of dissent on her face; seeing none, he allowed their lips to touch.

She all but flew at him, one hand in his hair, the other at his cheek, her mouth opening to him, her tongue darting out, teasing. He pulled her firmly against him and retaliated by invading the sweetness of her, his tongue dominating hers, tasting all her cinnamon-flavoured mouth had to offer.

When she trembled in his arms, and he felt his control slipping, he moved his lips across her cheek to her ear and whispered, 'Consider yourself taken.'

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to SubHub for his usual perspicacity where Severus Snape is concerned. Thanks to the inimitable Bambu for the perfect summary!

The Roman legions first encountered Druid Blue, much to their chagrin, upon their invasion of the British Isles. The ink Severus put in Hermione's inkstand is derived from the magical body paint the ancient Druids prepared for use in battle. Unfortunately, the Druids could not produce it in sufficient quantities to cover all their people, as the Roman nose and Roman name of a certain Potions master will attest.