

St Valentine's Day

by savine_snape

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So Our Story Begins and Ends

Chapter 1 of 1

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St. Valentine's Day.

Disclaimer : I am not JK Rowling. I do not own the Potterverse. I am just here having fun with some of the characters. No money is being made, nor is it wanted.

Severus Snape was pacing his private quarters like a caged big cat; he was feeling extremely nervous. It was not an emotion he had much experience of. The usually stoic Professor was working himself up to ask the one question he never believed he would get to ask of another.

He had spent the day searching Diagon Alley for the perfect gift for his beloved Valentine. His lack of experience in the emotion of nervousness was matched by his lack of experience with love, but one person had seen beyond the "bat of the dungeon" persona and had shown him that even he could embrace another person and not turn it sour.

It wasn't the physical side of love that Severus Snape lacked, it was the ability to give himself heart, body and soul to another, which he had been resisting, but in the last eight months he had slowly given himself over to his beloved. It was this final surrender that had resulted in his epic shopping trip to Diagon Alley.

It had been relatively easy to locate the red and gold flowers he was sure his lover would appreciate; what had been more difficult was finding the perfect ring with which to ask the ultimate question. It had taken all day, but just before he was about to give up he had found it, the perfect antique engagement ring with a mix of Gryffindor and Slytherin. Now all he had to do was wait and hope that this evening went well.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in Hogwarts Castle, Severus' beloved was getting ready for dinner with him in his private quarters. She had missed him at breakfast, but had smiled at the lone rose left in her usual place at the High Table. He'd not been around all day, but this did not worry her as she had had her own errand to run into Hogsmeade to collect his present. It had taken some locating, but she was confident that he would appreciate the effort she had gone to in locating a copy of this particular Potions text.

Looking at the clock, she realised it was time to make her way to Severus' quarters. Grabbing her robes to cover up her dress—it had been expensive, but hopefully it would be appreciated—she made her way through the corridors, arriving as always a few minutes early.

Opening the door, Severus ushered her inside before placing several small kisses on her lips and down her exposed neck. Taking her outer robe from her, he was blown away by the bewitching dress she wore underneath. Leading her through to the dining area, he pulled the chair out for her as she sat down for their evening meal.

Over the next hour or so they enjoyed the food, ending of course with his lover's favourite chocolate dessert. They spent time also discussing the latest developments in Charms, Transfiguration and Potions. All the time Severus kept periodically checking his pocket and brushing his fingers against the velvet exterior of the box that contained the ring.

"My dear," Severus asked as he raised himself from the table, "would you like a glass of port?"

"That would be perfect, thank you; I'll go through to the Library and sit by the fire."

It wasn't long before Severus joined her and placed the drinks by her side. She noticed he looked a little apprehensive and was surprised when he dropped down onto one knee before her.

"My beloved little bookworm, over the passed eight months I have come to care greatly for you..." He could feel his mouth becoming drier by the minute; summoning every ounce of courage he had once used to play the role of spy, he continued, "My dear, brave adorable Gryffindor, would you do me the honour of agreeing to become my wife," opening the box to reveal the serpentine ring with green emeralds for eyes and a line of small rubies for its tongue.

Hermione let out a squeal of glee before answering with a huge hug and saying whilst tears of joy ran down her cheeks, "Severus, I would be honoured to become Mrs Snape."

This fic was written for the lovely Lestatswife, who has spent the last few months cheerleading and reviewing a piece of writing that is in progress. Thank you, Hunny. You're a star!

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