

# Nightmare

*by chivalric*

Drabble – Now what could be the worst thing Severus Snape might dream about?

## One-shot story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Many thanks to my beta, pipedreamer, for crosschecking yet another of my stories.

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With a harsh gasp the man awoke in the middle of the night, shot up from deepest sleep with a shudder and a cry, and pressed his forehead against the cool stone wall. His heart was pounding, his hands were wet with sweat, and his head was filled with horrors. The room was dark; only the moon painted faint silvery stripes across the floor, the bed, and the man's raven-black hair.

"A nightmare," he murmured to the stones, balling his hands to fists and oh, so relieved he was to hear his own voice in the ringing silence. "Nothing but a nightmare."

The blanket whispered wordless comfort when the woman beside him sat up. Calming hands reached out and lightly touched his marble white, shivering shoulders. "The same one again?" the woman asked quietly, her words laced with sympathy.

"Yes," he just answered. His usually cool and strong voice was barely more than a whisper.

Carefully, her hands slid down his back and found their way round his waist. When she pressed her fragile figure against him, he also could feel her small, perfect breasts on his naked skin. Her frizzy hair tickled his sides.

His trembling subsided.

His thundering heart calmed down.

Slowly, he took a deep breath and another one, relaxed, and finally, after long moments, allowed her to pull him back down onto the mattress.

Soothing him with feathery kisses, she easily made him find his way back to sleep. "Silly man," she whispered, smiling. "As if I would have ever married anyone else but you. As if I would have ever been daft enough to get as much as engaged with Ron Weasley."

Snuggling up closely to her husband, holding him tight and safe, Hermione followed him into sleep.