Married to Another

by ayerf

Written for the 'married to another' challenge on GS100.

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Thanks to septentrion for betaing.

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Severus sat in his chair, limbs tightly crossed, much like a spider in the corner of a room. He glowered into the cold ashes of his fireplace, the chill echoed in his heart. The only warmth he felt was the burn of jealousy.

The woman he loved. In the arms of another. In the *bed* of another.

He clenched his fist until his knuckles whitened and his ring dug into the flesh on the fingers on either side. She was *his*, not Lucius's! His true wife, and Lucius's in name only. Except for one night to legalise the false marriage.

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All this to keep another wizard from claiming her. Another wizard, who would want a real marriage.

At least this way, Severus didn't have to share her more than once. *But still once too much.*

Severus tensed even further as the door opened. If that was Lucius, he wouldn't be responsible for his actions.

Judging by the light tread of footsteps padding towards him, it was not, yet he still couldn't relax.

He almost flinched when Hermione touched his shoulder. She drew back from that tentative touch, but didn't leave. Instead, she dropped to her knees in front of him.

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She moved between his legs, slid her arms around his waist and pillowed her head on his thigh, the top of her head resting against his stomach.

Her body was trembling. Did she fear his reaction? Did she think that he'd reject her?

He buried a hand in her hair, gently massaging her scalp. Her hair was slightly damp at the roots. His nostrils flared, a weight in his gut at the thought that it was sweat from her tryst with Lucius. But she didn't smell of sex or of the other man, but of the fragrance of her shampoo.

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She was still shivering, despite his touch. A wave of his wand lit the fire, in the hope that the heat it gave off would warm her.

The warmth of the fire dried the lingering dampness of her hair, but her shivers didn't cease.

"What did Lucius do to you?" Severus demanded, ready to rise to hunt his 'friend' down.

"Nothing. I mean, he did do his *duty*, but he was a perfect gentleman." She pulled back a bit in order to raise her head to meet his eyes, but kept her hands on his waist. "He's just not you."