

stolen kisses

by bellarossi

Stolen, forbidden kisses between Hermione and Severus. My answer to the 'Married To Another' Challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine, etc. etc.

Thanks to the wonderful **Southern_Witch_69** who looked over this for me-- you're amazing.

I.

hermione

She lies on her side, her husband's arm protectively clutching her waist in his sleep. The night sky is pitch black; midnight, perhaps a little later.

Her eyes are wide open.

In her mind, she replaces the sandy-blond, grey-streaked hair with silky, jet-black locks. His eyes are no longer the colour of molten gold, but of obsidian: piercing and unforgiving. Tanned skin fades slowly to a paler, more sallow hue. His friendly but sometimes tired smile turns into a smirk, a sneer, a curling of the upper lip.

'Hermione,' her husband sighs, still asleep, and she blinks back a tear.

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II.

severus

'Hermione,' he whispers to the silent night.

He turns over noiselessly in the bed to face his wife. She is still asleep, unaware of the probing black eyes fixed upon her figure.

By anyone's standards, she should be perfect.

And yet, she's all wrong. Her blonde hair is straight and thin, like finely woven silk. The cold blue eyes, almost grey in colour, are like icebergs in her pale, snow-white face. That face is hard and regal, like an ice queen.

But the woman in his mind is a carefree princess with unruly brown curls and a round, cherubic face.

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III.

remus&hermione

This morning, he puts on some jazz.

The softly crooning saxophone that stirs her only seems to make her feel guiltier.

‘Good morning, princess,’ he says, leaning down to kiss her. It’s a sweet kiss, of lemon and sugar and a little bit of sadness, too.

After a few moments, he pulls back. ‘As much as I would love to continue this, I have to go,’ he says with a chuckle. ‘I made waffles, they’re still hot. I’ll see you tonight. I love you, Hermione.’

To her relief, he Disapparates before she can answer.

Because she can’t reply without lying.

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IV.

narcissa&severus

At the table, there is silence. It’s like this every morning.

Her cold blue eyes watch her husband beneath pale lashes. His dark eyes are fixed on the piece of toast on his plate. She passes him the butter. Without looking up or speaking, he proceeds to butter the toast.

She sighs, but not audibly enough for him to hear her. She has learned to show little or no emotion. He prefers it this way.

She shouldn’t have expected anything more from a loveless marriage of convenience.

But every girl dreams of love. And every woman was once a girl.

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V.

hermione&severus

She has an hour before she has to be at work, so she Apparates to an empty apartment.

This is where he meets her, barely a minute later, as he casually enters the room. Before she can speak, he has crossed the room and pinned her against the wall. ‘Hermione,’ he growls and captures her lips with a fierce, fiery kiss.

Her eyes slip closed, and her hand tangles in his hair. ‘Severus,’ she sighs. She pushes his robes back and begins to unbutton his crisp white shirt.

She places a kiss on his chest after each button she undoes.

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VI.

hermione&severus

The minutes tick by silently. The scent of spent passion hangs heavily in the air.

Her fingers twine with his long, pale ones, and he brings them to his lips, kissing each one softly.

‘I missed you,’ she tells him softly.

He makes no reply, but instead tugs on her arm, rolling her naked body to him swiftly. His arm wraps around her, across her breasts, and he places a soft trail of kisses along her neck.

His nose brushes against her ear. ‘I love you, Miss Granger,’ he whispers.

She closes her eyes, as though she hasn’t heard him.

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VII.

severus

He’d had a chance, once.

It seemed so long ago, now. But she’d come to him, once. Told him she loved him.

And he’d turned her away.

With a broken heart, she’d married Remus. The werewolf who worshipped the ground she walked on, the werewolf who loved her.

And he’d married Narcissa, whose beauty was seemingly unparalleled. He’d needed a wife, and she’d needed redemption in the eyes of the public. Marrying a war hero had solved that predicament perfectly.

And here they were, now, indulging in forbidden passion and stolen kisses.

If only he’d told her he loved her.