

Lost and Found

by savine_snape

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Waking In His Arms.

Chapter 1 of 1

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She sat running her fingers over the snake-embossed green and silver paper, which wrapped the small present that had been delivered at dawn's first light. She continued to stroke it as she remembered who had been the last person to give her such a package.

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Hermione cautiously opened the package, so as not to destroy the paper. Absently, her hand reached to the snake necklace around her neck, and a single tear fell down her cheek.

Hermione paused, confused; when she opened the package, inside was what looked like a Remembrall, and then she found the note. The instructions were written in a spidery script that was only too familiar. She removed the ball from the box and observed that instead of the expected grey swirling smoke, it was Slytherin green. Carefully, she placed the ball down and looked at the note.

My owl, Freya, has delivered this gift for you to observe. All you have to do is place your wand at the side to retrieve the memory from this Remembrall, or you can simply view a snapshot by gently caressing the side.

Hermione retrieved her wand and small Pensieve and sat at her small desk. Placing her wand at the side, she watched as the silver-grey memory was extracted. Gathering her Gryffindor courage, Hermione placed her face close to the surface of the Pensieve. In an instant, she was transported back six years to that awful tent. Hermione let a small sigh escape her lips as she remembered that evening: they had shared too few minutes of intense passion before he gave her the final set of notes and a small present.

"For your birthday," Severus purred.

"But how...?" Hermione was confused.

"There are certain... privileges that come with being Headmaster," he whispered, "that of course, I would exploit." He pressed a kiss on the side of her face. "I must go."

Hermione found herself once more in her study. Her heart was racing; gods, how she missed him. Silent tears poured down her face. Turning to the box, she searched for any further trace of her lost love. At the bottom, she found the hair comb she had given him. Twisting it gently in her fingers, she was surprised by a familiar pulling at her navel.

With a loud thud, Hermione landed in a strange room. Sudden panic gripped; she had no idea where she was. She felt very scared until she heard *his* voice.

"Miss Granger, what a sight you make, sprawled across my lounge carpet."

"Severus." She stood. "You're supposed to be dead." She ran her fingers through her hair. Turning, she saw a most definitely alive-and-kicking Severus Snape sitting at a small table, his head resting against entwined fingers. Reaching out tentatively, she placed a hand on his shoulder and felt the reassuring warmth of his firm body.

"I can assure you I am not a ghostly vision," he snarled.

Tears welled as she stared at his face. "I've... missed... you," she sobbed.

Rising from his seat, Severus embraced the shuddering woman who stood before him. Soothingly, he traced the side of her face, brushing aside her tears before planting a soft kiss upon her trembling lips. Hermione leaned in closer. He laughed softly as he drew her closer and deepened the kiss. Running his tongue gently across her lower lip, he was desperate to taste her, to duel for dominance with her silken tongue. She felt his erection and sighed.

Without another word, Severus led her to his bedroom. He kissed her lips once more, his hands entwined in her hair pulling her closer. Gently, he lowered her to his bed, meeting her in the middle. He could smell her arousal, and it drove him wild with anticipation. With each deepening kiss, the pair fumbled as pieces of clothing were removed by trembling fingers. Eager to finally discover one another, they kissed each newly exposed piece of skin.

Slowly and passionately, the two consummated their love until sated they fell into a deep slumber.

The early morning sunshine played across the room, waking Hermione slowly; feeling his arms around her, she smiled. They had much to discuss, but lying here, waking in his arms, was a perfect place to start a new life... for them both.

Author's Notes: Many thanks to AngelMischa for Beta reading this for me. I appreciate all your pieces of advice, and you taking time to cast a critical eye over this. Also thanks to somigliana for being my Proof Witch. The Memberall idea came to me for another story, which is currently on GS100, although it is yet to be completed.