

Green-Eyed Monster

by sshg316

A certain green-eyed monster helps bring Hermione and Severus' secret relationship out into the open.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Written for the Live Journal community, Romancing the Wizard's "Bring Out Your Dead" Challenge.

Prompt #34, a jealous rage. 750 words exactly.

"Will we be attending together or separately?"

Hermione looked up from the mountain of parchments, her breath hitching as she caught sight of him casually leaning against the doorframe, his frock coat already unbuttoned and his teaching robes slung over one arm. In his hand was a piece of pale pink parchment, identical to the one she had received that afternoon.

His mouth curved upward in a lazy smile. "Best mind your work, Professor," Severus drawled as he entered her office. He half-sat, half-leaned against her desk, craning his neck to read the topmost parchment. "I don't believe Mr Thomason will appreciate your additions."

Puzzled, she followed his gaze to the surface of her desk, gasping as she saw red ink drip from her quill onto the student's essay. With a wave of her wand, the offending ink disappeared, salvaging Geoffrey Thomason's hard work.

"Together or separately?" he repeated.

Hermione lowered her eyes and worried her lower lip between her teeth.

"Stop that," he admonished, lifting his hand to her cheek and rubbing his thumb against the abused flesh.

She leaned into his touch. "I missed you today."

A ghost of a smile flitted across his features. "And I, you. Answer the question."

Hermione sighed and turned her head to press a kiss to his palm. "I'm sorry, Severus. I'm just not ready."

He stiffened, the smile falling from his lips as he attempted to remove his hand, but she lightly clasped her fingers around his wrist.

"Are you ashamed to be seen with me?"

Her eyes flew to his. "What? No!" She quickly stood, walked around the desk, and threw her arms around his neck. She clung to him tightly, inhaling his familiar scent, until

he finally returned her embrace. "I don't want to have to answer their questions yet—I want to keep you to myself for a bit longer. That's all."

He buried his nose in her hair and was silent for several agonising minutes. "All right," he agreed reluctantly. "For now."

Lily Luna Potter loved her daddy. Everyone said so, and everyone was correct in that assumption. However, she utterly *adored* only one man... and she heard his voice downstairs.

She was carried by her daddy into the sitting room, where she was immediately greeted with loud cries of "Happy birthday, Lily!" She blinked owlishly before she finally grinned and clapped her hands wildly, much to the relief of the guests.

Then she saw *him*.

"Sev'rus!" she cried, wriggling from her father's grasp and making her way across the room as quickly as her little legs would allow.

His glaring eyes and unsmiling face did not deter her in the slightest. "Up!" she demanded, thrusting her arms above her head. "Up!"

Hermione valiantly tried not to pay unwarranted attention to the little red-headed girl seated upon a black-clad knee, but she couldn't help it; it was just too adorable.

Severus had been holding the birthday girl—"I two now," she had informed everyone—since her arrival. She opened her presents, and even ate her cake, from her perch on Severus' lap. Lily absolutely refused to budge. She was presently curled against his chest, sucking her thumb as her green eyes surveyed the room.

Hermione was probably the only one who noticed Severus' thumb stroking the little girl's arm, attempting to lull her to sleep. For all his bluster, he adored her as much as she adored him.

Soon, everyone headed outside to play games. Hermione shooed Molly out and began to wash up. She was standing at the sink when she felt a familiar body press against her back. She dropped her head to his shoulder, and he nibbled on her neck.

"May we leave now?"

"Where's your girlfriend?" Hermione teased.

"With her mother," he murmured against her skin, sending a delicious tingle down her spine.

She turned into his embrace, and he lowered his mouth to hers. Neither heard the door swing open....

"Sev'rus MINE!"

"Kneazle's out of the bag, love," Severus muttered as he carefully Summoned the last bit of glass with the magical tweezers.

Lily's jealous rage had caused her to lose control of her innate magic, exploding the contents of the sink and showering Hermione in glass and ceramic shards. Lily's shrill cries had brought the entire Weasley clan indoors. They'd had no choice but to explain.

"Perhaps it was time," Hermione replied. "Hiding was becoming a bit tiresome."

Severus pulled her into his arms. "Remind me to thank the green-eyed monster."

Thank you to Subversa for beta reading!