

A Chocolate Frog Card for Professor Snape

by selinabl

Rose Weasley makes a disturbing discovery. Written for the 'Adopt a Wizard'-Challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Hugs and gratitude to Jadey for her beta work.

"Just a minute, Severus, I need to tell Rose and Hugo that you are here and we'll have to work."

Dark eyes glittered with amusement.

"A minute, Granger, or I'll fetch you from the lion's den."

The witch smiled and his heart stopped as she placed a peck on his cheek.

"Only a minute and if you like, my notes are on the table."

Once alone in the kitchen, he frowned.

Weasley was a fool to have abandoned this family: Hermione, her children. A gift he would gladly trade an Order of Merlin for.

Not that he had received one.

~**~

"Come on, Mum. Just once."

"I really have to go back to Professor Snape, Hugo."

"Only five minutes."

Hermione sighed, kneeling down in a sea of Chocolate Frog Cards.

"Very well, what are you playing, sweets?"

"Adopt a famous wizard, Mum. I took Dumbledore."

"Uhuu. And whom did you *adopt*, Rosie?"

Her daughter bit her trembling bottom lip, eyes lingering on her hands.

"Rose?"

"Professor Snape."

"And?"

"*And*? He has no Chocolate Frog Card, Mum."

"Oh Rosie!"

"It's so unfair, Mum. Every other member of the Order has one. Even Dad!"

Hermione grasped her distraught daughter's hands, squeezing them gently.

~**~

"I know, sweet. The problem is, the Ministry never acknowledged him as member of the Order."

"Hmhm."

"But we can make our own card for him."

"Can we?"

Rose looked up, eyes alight.

"Of course."

Thoughtfully, Hermione brushed streaks of curly red hair from her daughter's face.

"Darling, why did you choose Professor Snape?"

Rose gave her a precocious look, only eleven-year-olds possessed.

"Mum, you really like him."

"I haven't—"

"Muhuum."

"Well, let's say I do."

"You told us he has no family. And with Dad gone—"

Swallowing thickly, Hermione drew her daughter into her embrace. "I understand."

~**~

"But I fear that's not possible."

She placed a kiss on Rose's freckled forehead.

"Why not?"

"He—"

"Well—"

"We talk about this later, sweet. I can't keep the professor waiting any longer."

"Oh, he doesn't look like he's minded waiting a lot, Mum."

"Hugo how do—"

"Uh. Hi Professor Snape."

Spinning around, Hermione found Severus leaning in the doorway, his face unfathomable.

"Good afternoon, Miss Weasley. Mister Weasley."

"Severus, how long—"

"Long enough. I told you, I'd fetch you before your parchments dissolve into dust."

"I see."

Lowering her gaze, Hermione rose from the floor, embarrassment searing her cheeks.

~**~

He closed the door behind her.

"I am sorry, Severus. I'll explain to Rose that we're merely colleagues."

"She thinks you like me."

"Certainly I do."

"*Really* like me."

The witch paled, hugging herself as she turned to face the kitchen window.

Far too aware of his pounding heart, he placed his hands on her shoulders.

"It might surprise you, but I do *really* like you, Hermione."

Her small frame turned beneath his fingers, large hazel eyes searched his.

"Me?"

"You."

"And my children?"

"Quite tolerable."

"Oh."

"Well?"

"I think I would really like if you kiss me now, Severus."