

The Birthday

by lady_rhian

It's Hermione's first birthday as a married woman. However will she and Severus celebrate? A five-part series written during the mad-crazy Portus Envy season.

One: Coffee

Chapter 1 of 5

It's Hermione's first birthday as a married woman. However will she and Severus celebrate? A five-part series written during the mad-crazy Portus Envy season.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: I received five drabble prompts from some of the ladies at the LiveJournal community portus_envy which I decided to combine into a short pseudo-drabble series. The first installment deals with coffee (no problem there), a prompt given by dreamy_dragon73.

Warning: unabashed happiness will abound!

Severus woke before his wife and embarked on the delicate, semi-dangerous process of separating her body from his. Her legs and arms tended to wind about him in the night like a Devil's Snare; he was certain that this was the cause behind his increased back and leg pain. Ah, the pleasures of sharing a bed.

He went to the bathroom and noted the calendar. September 19th. It was Hermione's twenty-fifth birthday, and it would be the first birthday they spent together as a married couple.

Severus smirked. He had more than prepared for the challenge.

He padded to the kitchen to start the coffee. He had broken their usual pattern of switching between their favorite roasts from week to week. He had traveled to purchase the French roast from her favorite café in Paris; he himself preferred Italian, but this was her special day.

*

After it finished brewing, he poured their coffee and went back to the bedroom. He held the Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes mug under her nose as he sipped from his tasteful black mug and waited for her to wake up.

Fifteen seconds later, her eyes fluttered open.

"Happy birthday, Hermione," he said as she sat up. "Your morning coffee, my love."

She accepted the mug gratefully and sipped.

A smile quickly spread across her face. "It's my favorite French roast! Oh, you didn't."

He shrugged, very pleased with himself, as she rose on her knees to kiss his throat.

"Thank you," she said, setting her mug on the bedside table.

"You just got up," Severus said as she took his mug away from him.

"It's my birthday." She grinned, kissed him full on the mouth, and proceeded to pull him down on top of her.

*

Two: Roses

Chapter 2 of 5

The birthday and unabashed fluff continues.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: This portion was prompted by lurkerfromoz.

They rose again an hour or so later, made a fresh pot of coffee, and dressed for their scheduled lunch with the Doctors Granger. They were going to a fashionable bistro in Muggle London.

Severus had been surprised by his in-laws' reaction to their daughter's – unconventional – relationship. They themselves had an eleven-year age difference and were remarkably open minded.

It had made everything *much* easier.

"How do I look?" Hermione asked, coming out of the bedroom to twirl for him.

His breath caught at her loveliness. The blue dress was modest but form fitting, appropriate for lunch and any activities that may follow.

He nodded. "I'm speechless."

She grinned and took his hand. "Let's go."

*

Lunch was pleasant, peppered with professional anecdotes and stories of Hermione's childhood, so different from his own. Hermione had kept a chaste hand on his knee nearly the entire time.

When they arrived back at their flat, they found a dozen vases of Double Delight roses scattered across the sitting room, kitchen, bath, and their bedroom.

Thank you, Harry, Severus thought mildly as Hermione let out a delighted squeal. *You actually followed instructions for once.*

She kissed his cheek. "Thank you – they're my favorite!" she exclaimed as she took off to find the rest of the vases.

A very content Severus went to sit in the kitchen, inhaling the flowers' rich, sweet scent and drinking up the sight of his joyful young wife.

*

To see Double Delight roses, click [here](#) -- they are truly stunning. (Let's ignore that they were fresh-cut in September when that's really not their month.)

Three: Books

Chapter 3 of 5

In which we learn how our dynamic duo came to be together.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: Forgive the cliches. They infiltrated this segment. *ducks rotten vegetables*

Morethansirius gave me a delicious prompt - Severus (unexpectedly) asking Hermione out and then having to come up with a first date location - and it absolutely ran away from me.

Prepare for more backstory than you ever wanted. *headdesk*

Severus had treated Hermione to a new book at Flourish & Blotts – he himself had had the desire to read fiction, as well. (Hermione had shot straight to the Muggle Classics section.) They were now spread out on their sofa, each reading their new gateway to paradise.

Well, Hermione *had* been reading Jane Eyre. She was asleep in his arms.

He shifted – her weight was comfortable, but his limbs were angled at such –

There, he thought as her body slipped down to the couch, her hips resting in the V of his thighs. His legs felt much better now.

He inhaled the smell of her – she was all spice and sweetness at the same time. *The roses*, he thought. She bathed with floral-scented body wash; it seemed that the aroma in the flat only brought out *her* scent more –

Which reminded him...

*

Three Years Ago

Severus was in a foul snit. He'd bumped into Hermione fucking Granger not once but twice in a single day.

That was more than double his yearly quota.

He would rather not see any member of the Golden Trio – for that matter, any Gryffindor (ever) – but given Minerva's scathing tongue and Remus Lupin's unfortunate ability to send him on a guilt trip, he was currently in attendance at the annual Anniversary ball.

A *wretched event*, he thought. He and Lupin owed each other their sanity, and as the two remnants of a lost generation, they had become – better acquainted. Friends, if one were optimistic. When Lupin needed a break from his wife, his terrible son, or the Weasleys who festered in his house on a weekly basis, he came to Severus, whose supply of firewhiskey was second only to that of Hogwarts' formidable Headmistress.

But the damn ball – to make a long story short, Lupin's "If I'm going, you're going" speech inexplicably worked every year.

*

If it wasn't enough that the room was currently crowded with inept and inane Ministry sycophants, Fate had decided to curse him with Her presence.

His fucking savior.

Hermione had been the only one with the presence of mind to remember that Severus had been bleeding out on the floor of the Shrieking Shack. She and Kingsley had retrieved him and subsequently taken him to St. Mungo's. Much as they would have preferred to keep him in the Order's care, no one had the medical expertise to treat him.

Lupin had been his roommate in the hospital.

*

He threw back a shot and casually observed the dance floor, where Tonks was running roughshod over Lupin's feet, Minerva and Kingsley were fighting over who would lead, and Hermione Granger was –

Dancing with Viktor Krum.

And looking *far* too good doing it.

Did she realize how much thigh she was showing?

She hadn't been showing that much skin at Flourish & Blott's earlier, Severus could tell that.

He threw back another shot. The annoying know-it-all had had the audacity to save him, see him against his wishes in the hospital, and then fight with him upon his release over whether or not he should have weekly check-ups.

He had won. They had not spoken since.

They had, of course, seen each other, and Severus preferred to not dwell on the exaggerated swing she threw into her hips whenever she walked by him.

Saucy wench.

Decent women did not walk like that.

Or dance like that, either.

The song ended, and he left the ball with a singular destination in mind.

*

He arrived in the Hogwarts gardens a mere moment later. They had been his respite – his sanctuary. Here, among the enchanted lilac bushes, the plethora of rose bushes, the flowerbeds, the shrubs, the weeping willows – here he found peace. Solace. Connection. With something. Anything.

He walked slowly along the paths, breathing in the flowers' rich scent –

He bent over a bush of Double Delight roses – a ridiculous name, but a gorgeous flower. He closed his eyes and inhaled slowly, savoring each whiff, oh the scent, so sweet –

"Professor?"

He jerked upwards, scratching his cheek along a thorn.

"Bloody –"

"Here," she said.

And then he realized.

Hermione Granger.

Had she followed him?

Fuck, he thought.

She pulled a handkerchief out of her –

“Forgive me, Miss Granger, but why do you keep a handkerchief in your cleavage?”

She blushed prettily as she cupped his clean cheek with one hand and dabbed the cut one with the cloth.

“I have a cold, and there’s nowhere else to put it.”

Well, the dress did wrap about her like cling-film.

*

“Professor, I have a question for you,” she said, still dabbing his cheek.

“Mm.” *Gods, keep* –

“Why do you hate me so much?” she asked, putting her hands on her hips.

Damn.

“What did I do to you, honestly?” she continued. “*Isaved your life* and you turned me away! You refuse to speak with me! I’m shocked that you’re doing so right now –”

Oh, what a man will do for attractive scenery he thought, suddenly desperate to cut off the flurry of accusations she was launching at him. It was Angry Female Speech, and it was fucking disconcerting. What could he do to shut her up? *Oh come on, something, anything* –

“Let me take you to dinner.”

Well, *fuck*.

*

That hadn’t been quite what he’d had in mind, but it certainly did the trick. She clammed up and gasped.

“Um –” she stuttered. “Ah, okay?”

Silence.

“Why?” she asked suddenly.

‘To shut you up’ did not seem like a good answer.

Neither did ‘Because your dress looks like cling-film and it would peel off nicely.’

“Ah – I’ll explain tomorrow.”

Surely he could come up with a reason by then?

And he Apparated away. Not entirely graceful, but bloody fuck, what was he supposed to do?

And where the hell was he supposed to take her?

Lying in bed wide awake hours later, having exhausted his remembered list of all Muggle and magical restaurants in the area, it dawned on him.

There was a very large Muggle bookstore that had a café very near the entrance to the Leaky Cauldron.

Barnes & Noble, he thought it was called. That should make her happy.

*

A/N: Yes, I made Lupin and Tonks undead. They are two of my favorites and I was very put out about that. *hmp*

Four: Dinner

Chapter 4 of 5

In which Severus cooks.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: Installment four was prompted for you by the lovely and talented Savine Snape, who requested Chef Severus and a bowl of spaghetti. This is for you, love.

Back in real time, it was four o'clock, and Hermione was still sleeping on the couch. Severus had risen to prepare her birthday dinner.

He was quite the cook, if he did say so himself, even if this particular meal didn't require much detailed attention...

He hummed a tune to himself as he assembled the ingredients – he formed the meatballs, made the sauce, added the seasoning, and started to cook it all up on the stove. He would add extra spices later – his own unique touch to his wife's favorite meal.

Or so Mother-in-Law Granger had told him.

Hermione had requested spaghetti and meatballs every year for her birthday as a child, Jean had said. There had been a touch of sadness to Jean's voice when she told her son-in-law – sadness that her only child's birthday meals were now being prepared by someone else, perhaps.

*

The meatballs and sauce were almost ready. Severus had tested the sumptuous makings of a marvelous meal, and he smacked his lips hungrily. He'd started the pasta, and it was almost finished, as well. He lifted the pasta from the stove, drained it, and poured it into a large ceramic bowl for two.

"Severus?" a voice sounded from the doorway.

He turned and smiled. "Nice nap?"

"Mm," she murmured noncommittally. Her eyes widened as she saw –

"Are you making spaghetti and meatballs?"

"Yes."

She squealed and threw her arms around him, catching him quite off guard. He twirled her around once before setting her down.

"That was my birthday meal when I was young," she said, keeping an arm about his waist as he stirred the sauce once more.

"So your mum told me."

"Oh, you didn't." She kissed his throat, letting her lips linger.

"Ah," he said. "Meal's almost ready."

"Have you ever heard of a Stasis charm?"

"I'm famished," he said, removing her questing hand from his – lower extremity.

"I'm the birthday girl." She winked at him playfully. *Gryffindors*. They never savored the tension, the build...

"I just cooked your birthday meal," he countered, grasping at straws.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "All right, we'll eat."

"Pour the wine, love," he said kindly, and the smile on her face replaced any momentary frustration she may have experienced.

And so it was that they had spaghetti for two, drinking wine, talking, and laughing as they twirled the spaghetti around their forks and ate from the same bowl.

A/N: Yes, it's very Lady & the Tramp. I know. I did it on purpose. :-)

Five: Tango

Chapter 5 of 5

In which our couple tangos.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: This prompt is given to you courtesy of bluestocking79, who admired my icon and asked for a Tango.

I hope you all have enjoyed reading this as much as I have enjoyed writing it! Sometimes, fluff hits just the right spot.

They went to bed after dinner and made love.

And again.

And again.

Severus was bloody exhausted. He had a very happy twenty-five year old sleeping beside him, for which he was grateful, but *Merlin* did the woman have stamina.

One of these days, he'd be able to keep up.

He turned his head to see the clock. 11:58. Her birthday was nearly over, but he was awake and she looked so lovely, lying there, clearly dreaming. Her movements were slight, subtle, but distinct, and her eyeballs were working beneath her eyelids. She turned over, and the sheets slipped down, revealing her bare bosom.

His breath caught.

Should he?

She *had* woken him twice...

He smirked and bent down.

*

Meanwhile, Hermione was having a lovely dream.

She looked down at her body, her eyes grazing over her cleavage and down her flat stomach to where the dress flared out at her knees. She admired her shoes – fierce black lacquered pumps which matched her clingy black dress nicely.

He took her hand in his as the music filled the ballroom. She inhaled his cologne and pressed her cheek to his as he raised the hold and, thigh to thigh, feet staggered, leading every so slightly, began to move her around the floor.

She recognized the steps immediately. Tango. Back one, two, cross –

Her lips curved in a contented smile as their feet caressed the parquet in careful, measured steps. It was a slow climb – intense, the sort that burned in your loins and rolled over you in waves. The tango was all about the build up, all about controlling passion, harnessing it...

*

Her eyes fluttered open, and she looked at the clock, slightly flustered at being awoken during so promising a dream. It was midnight. Her birthday was officially over.

And then she felt –

“Severus?” she asked, feeling his hand grazing across her calf and slowly up towards her thigh, stopping to pay attention to her knee, fingers curving, feeling for that tender and oh-so-sensitive indentation.

She gasped. “I was having the most pleasant dream.” She arched her back a little as he moved up her body.

“Is this not pleasant?” he asked lowly, his mouth descending to her collarbone.

“We were dancing the tango,” she murmured.

He chuckled. “I do not know the tango.” Press, touch, kiss, tongue. He released her mouth. “I do, however, know *a* different sort of tango.”

She smiled, though his head had descended too low for him to see it.

They proceeded to dance *that* tango sublimely.

Fin.