

Two to Go

by Ariadne AWS

Drabble series for Mollyssister: SS/HG, Brady Bunch, 3 boys, 3 girls. (In which Ari writes fluff.)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: A short drabble series for Mollyssister, from her prompt at Terminus: SS/HG, Brady Bunch, 3 boys, 3 girls.

Fluff. Me. *laughs* Enjoy!

Two to Go

Hermione watched the Hogwarts Express pull out and exhaled. Already, parents were Disapparating, but she'd promised to watch until she couldn't see the train.

"One down, two to go," she muttered. She'd never wanted children, but with so many war orphans, the Ministry had pressed them all into service, and she was doing her best.

"Three?" A low voice at her elbow.

Glancing up, she saw Severus Snape.

"Three," she said wryly.

"Ambitious."

"Rather," she agreed easily. "A compliment from the Ministry, to be sure, but some days..." She laughed tiredly.

"Quite."

"And you?"

He smirked. "I was equally complimented."

She laughed. She couldn't help herself. "Three?"

His lips quirked. "Three."

A dimple he'd never noticed appeared at the corner of her mouth. "But you don't even like children."

He frowned. "That is patently untrue."

"You loathed all of us!"

"I loathed Potter and Weasley. You were merely irritating." He paused, thinking about something. "Girls are easier."

Her experience with her brood sprang to mind. "You're daft."

He raised an eyebrow. "You cannot deny that they smell better."

"Do boys comb your hair with Kneazle-box scoops?" She shuddered. "Thank Merlin for Hogwarts."

"Indeed."

They exchanged a look of perfect understanding.

From one look came tea. From tea, drinks. From drinks, dinner.

She was better with the boys. He, somehow, charmed the girls, who declared him "cute."

He snorted, but Hermione realized it lacked vehemence.

The girls just giggled at him.

He scowled, but Hermione realized it lacked sincerity.

Way leads on to way; eventually one of those ways led into the bedroom, where it stayed for a while, thereafter returning frequently. And although Hermione never quite agreed with "cute," she admitted that other adjectives definitely applied.

The next year they watched the train depart together.

"Four down, two to go."