

Capable of Melting Hearts, Too

by juniperus

Never challenge a Gryffindor at their own game.

Capable of Melting Hearts, Too

Chapter 1 of 1

Never challenge a Gryffindor at their own game.

"Longbottom! What idiocy possessed you to think crossing Venomous Tentacula and mistletoe could *possibly* be a good idea?" Snape snarled as he hung, suspended, from the winding evergreen vines that had reached from the ceiling to pluck him up the moment he crossed the greenhouse threshold.

"You," Neville replied, smiling, as he stood just out of the reach of Snape's one unbound arm.

"*What?! Explain yourself at once! What have I possibly said to encourage such irresponsibly wicked wortcunning?*"

Neville stepped closer as he watched a shiny green tendril wind itself around the wildly gesticulating hand and bind it tightly. His eyes sparkled as he took in the sight of the normally stiff man held—limbs askew—by the tenacious, berry-dotted foliage.

He leaned in and whispered, warmly, "You told me, did you not, that it would take being bound against your will to get you under the mistletoe again?"

"I, er..." Snape stammered, disarmed by the way Neville ran his finger down the long line of buttons on his frock coat.

"And, like everything else you've thrown at me since I asked to court you five weeks ago, I took it as *a personal challenge*. I'm a *Gryffindor*, if you don't recall."

Snape swallowed audibly. "I *do* recall ... but..."

That was all he managed to say before Neville kissed him.

They were both too occupied to say much of import for some time after.