

The Dynamic Duo

by reets67

Severus and Hermione are invited to Harry and Draco's New Year's Eve Party...but they have to get dressed first.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In this AU world Hermione and Severus are newly married and Harry and Draco are lovers (nothing explicit in this story).

Disclaimer charm: I own none of what you recognise, JKR and her affiliates do. I only do this for fun and make no money from this... worse luck.

Thanks to my betas Kizzy7 and Melusin. It is amazing what they do – truly!

Hermione sat there on the edge of her and Severus' unkempt bed with a gentle smile on her face, in a half-dream remembering the lazy days of their honeymoon in the Caribbean. *Sun, sex, surf, sex, sand and yes, plenty of sex.* Their bags were still standing unpacked near the door since their arrival earlier this afternoon: They had more urgent needs to satisfy. Pity they were required home, but it was time. Severus was resuming teaching and she was to start at St Mungo's as a fully qualified healer in a week. Plus there was Harry and Draco's traditional New Year's Eve fancy-dress ball tonight. She shook her head, it was bad enough to have those two drama queens berate her for not intending to show up, but then to have Severus sulking about having to go – in costume no less ... *Arrgh!* Well at least she had managed to delegate the costume selection to Harry and Draco to give her and Severus an extra two days away. She smiled. Whilst it was an unlikely pairing, they had become her and Severus' closest friends.

Hermione heard a curse emanating from their bedroom. "Now, Severus, we are going to Harry and Draco's fancy dress party despite what you say. Just stop whining and get ready." She spoke in her best no-nonsense manner.

She knew that talking to him like she did to Harry and Ron irritated her new husband to no end. "What do you mean should never have trusted them? And how dare you call me a nagging fish-wife!" she replied vexedly as she stalked over to him in the dressing area.

Severus came out of his walk-in wardrobe with a black towel around his waist, looking murderously at her whilst holding a black rubber Batman costume. As he spoke the air dripped with sarcasm, "Whose *brilliant idea* was it to let those two fruits, *the boy-wonder* and his *little ferret*, pick out my costume?"

A smirked crossed Hermione's face. "Batman? Boy Wonder? By Merlin!" she gasped as she started laughing. "Oh dear! Sorry, Severus. Well at least it's black... and it has a cape that you can charm to billow." Then she promptly broke down in a fit of laughter.

"Ha. Bloody. Ha," he snarled as he threw a handy pillow at her. "You could at least do your poor husband the *courtesy* of looking contrite."

Suddenly Hermione was filled with dread and ran to her wardrobe, opening the Muggle suit-bag hanging conspicuously near the front. "Why those little..." she spluttered as she pulled out a black leather Catwoman costume.

He sidled up to her and ran the black leather between his fingertips. Feeling decidedly better, he arched an eyebrow at her and mused, "Hmmm. Leather. I wonder if the costume is made out of *Boomslang* leather? My, my dear, *cat* got your tongue? All without a drop of *Polyjuice potion* in sight too," as he started to chuckle.

"Not funny, Severus."

"You seemed to have lost all the mirth that you had a scant few minutes ago when laughing at me."

"They...are... dead!"

"Better them than me. Although I must confess dear they surprisingly have one thing right," as he dropped the volume of his voice and leaned into her ear.

"And what's that?"

"You do have a lovely tail," he purred, as he nuzzled into her neck and ran his hand lovingly over her bottom.

"Which one, *Batman*?" she breathily intoned as she caressed the 'Cat-O-Nine tails' that she had just removed from the suit-bag whilst smirking at him.

A feral gleam burst into life within Severus's eyes. "Sticks and stones may break my bones... but the thought of you in leather truly excites me."

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