

# Suitability

by melusin

A small drabble series for the 'Malfoy the Suitor' challenge on gs100.

## Draco's loss is Severus' gain

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: A short bit of fluff written in a hurry.

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The package looked innocuous enough. Hermione sighed. 'Now what?'

'Would you like me to check it for curses?' her research partner asked.

'I don't think that's necessary, Severus,' Hermione replied, opening the lid. 'Yuk! Orchids.' She lifted the arrangement out of its box.

'You don't like them?'

'Not particularly. They look... unnatural to me.' Hermione pulled a face. 'I spend most of my time in a lab. Why would I want flowers that look like they were created in one— Oh, good grief! He's gone too far this time.' Underneath lay a ruby encrusted necklace. 'This has got to stop.'

'I take it Draco's taste in jewellery doesn't impress you, either.' Severus smirked. The boy was getting increasingly desperate by the looks of things.

'Where on earth would I wear such a thing?'

'Well, as mistress of Malfoy Manor...'

Hermione snorted. 'Please.'

'The Malfoys are used to getting what they want.' Severus picked up the gaudy flowers by his thumb and forefinger with distaste. 'Your young suitor is not likely to give up without a fight.'

'Suitor?' Hermione laughed. 'What century are you living in? You're going to tell me there's some hidden, courtly message in sending me orchids, next.'

'Let's see... "I can afford to send you expensive, tasteless flowers".' Severus pointed his wand at the offending blooms. 'Shall I?'

Hermione nodded and turned back to her work, not caring how he disposed of them. 'I wish he'd just accept I'm not interested in going to the Ministry Ball with him,' she muttered. 'And even if I were, I don't really have the time. We're *this* close to the lycanthropy cure—'

'Go,' Severus interrupted. 'Don't lock yourself away because—'

'Ron left me?' Hermione spun around to face him. 'I'm not. I'm just sick and tired of people...bothering me.'

'The Malfoys obviously consider you a good catch,' Severus remarked.

Hermione rolled her eyes and gestured towards the necklace. 'I am not some sort of decoration—'

'You would want for nothing.'

'Severus...' She smiled sweetly. 'Can you really see me swanning around Malfoy Manor organising... charity balls and the like. And breeding lots of little Malfoys?'

'No... But—'

'But nothing. I'm not going with Draco—I'd be too afraid he'd slip something in my drink, and if I go alone, I'll end up being pestered by Ginny to go on a blind date. Believe me, I'm better off here.'

'There is... another option.' Severus coughed and shuffled his feet. 'I could escort you. No one would bother you, then.'

'What?'

'Nothing,' he mumbled. 'It was a stup—'

'Yes.'

'What?'

'Yes, Severus. I'd like that.'

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**Daily Prophet Society Section. Ministry Ball (with pictures):**

.... *Surprise of the evening was the appearance together of war heroes, Severus Snape and Hermione Granger. Miss Granger, whose daring blue silk robe and corsage of gardenias caused quite a stir among the older generation, did not leave her partner's side all evening, much to the chagrin of a certain blond gentleman who shall remain nameless...*

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Postscript: For the information of our younger readers, gardenias signify a secret love: Parvati Patil, Society editor.