

# Burn

by *luvsev*

Hermione gets distracted from baking.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione gets distracted from baking.

'Psst. I have an idea, Severus,' Kingsley whispered a little more loudly than he intended.

Rolling his eyes, Severus spoke, 'Oh, do tell. You actually have an idea. What do you want... a biscuit?'

'No, this will be much better.'

'Just tell me you aren't going to get in trouble. I don't feel like having to clean up after you again.'

'Hey, since when did you have...'

'Think, Royal. What did I have to do for you a month ago?'

'Never mind. I remember it now.'

'Took you long enough, didn't it? Now, what is this *brilliant* idea you have?' Severus steepled his fingers in his lap and waited for his friend to elaborate.

'I was thinking I might provoke Hermione. I'm a little bored, and I could use some entertainment right now.'

'Please tell me you aren't serious. You know how she gets when she's baking.'

Kingsley shrugged. 'Yes, I know all too well how she is. I was thinking if I can push her far enough, we might end up with more than one tasty treat.'

'It's your funeral then.'

'Don't be so serious, Sev. It won't be that bad.'

Severus shook his head at Kingsley, who had walked into the tiny kitchen where Hermione was probably covered in flour and no telling what else.

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Kingsley sneaked into the kitchen and stood in the corner, waiting for Hermione to see him. He noticed that she was covered in flour, her pale-pink apron had a few smears of egg on it, and a few of her curls had escaped from her ponytail, perfectly framing her face.

Growing tired of being ignored, he walked over to her and placed his hands on her shoulders. 'Well, don't you look like a right mess?'

Hermione turned around and scowled at him. 'Kingsley! You're just trying to start shite with me, aren't you? I'm busy at the moment, if you haven't noticed.'

'Oh, I noticed all right. I just don't care. I'm bored and I want you to distract me from it,' he said playfully.

'I don't have time to play; bread is in the oven, and I don't want to let it burn. Why don't you go play with Severus?'

'Because he's not as much fun as you are.' He reached over to grab a homemade honey bun off the metal cooling rack.

'Get your hands off the buns!'

'My hands are not on your buns... but they could be.' Kingsley came up behind her and slapped her arse.

'Royal, why are your hands on my wife's lovely arse?' Severus said with a bemused smile on his face.

'I couldn't resist. It's so lovely and round; I just had to touch it.'

'Has it occurred to you that she might not want your hands there?' Severus crossed the room and stood in front of Hermione. 'Maybe she might want them here.' He placed his hands on her breasts and squeezed gently.

'Boys, I have bread in the oven. It's going to burn if I don't watch it,' Hermione half moaned.

'Screw the bread,' Kingsley murmured in her ear.

'At least let me lower the heat,' she protested.

'The only direction the heat is going is up, my dear.'

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A/N: Thanks to Peppermint for the following prompt: Someone is busy baking in the kitchen. Another someone comes in to bother them. "Get your hands off the buns!" must feature in this drabble.