

# Malfunction

*by peppermint*

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## Malfunction

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Severus sat at the kitchen table, glaring at his blender.

It was, admittedly, an older model – but beautiful, still. All shiny chrome with aqua plastic accents. A gift to his parents when they married from a Snape cousin. It had been used for everything from blending milkshakes to margaritas, smoothies to soup. But it looked like it had finally given up the ghost.

At the worst possible time.

Severus was having... a soiree. Party would be incorrect, as he did not intend things to get out of hand. But it was a gathering. People had come, and willingly so, to help him celebrate moving into a new house and finally getting out of dingy, depressing Spinner's End.

And She was here. Her. The curly-haired former student, former annoyance, former know-it-all who had grown up into a beautiful, intelligent, charming woman. Who he had a crush... no, crush was not the right word. Crush was an adolescent word. A *tendre*. He had a *tendre* for her. He liked her.

How was he supposed to impress her with his frozen daiquiri skills if his blender was not working?! He didn't want to go back out there empty-handed. Damn the blender!

"Severus? Is something wrong?" the curly-haired one asked, poking her head into the kitchen.

He sighed. "The blender is broken," he admitted. "I can't make daiquiris."

"Oh, what a shame!" she said and walked over to his refrigerator and opened it up. "You have everything for mojitos, though – and they don't require a blender."

He smiled, crossing over to her at the fridge. "You're right. You don't mind not having a daiquiri?"

"Well," she said, handing him limes, mint, and lemon-lime soda, "an authentic daiquiri isn't frozen. And you have everything for that, too."

He set the ingredients down on the counter and turned back to her. "My, you are still a little know-it-all, aren't you?" he asked, reaching above the fridge for the rum.

She blushed, her cheeks pink. It only made her lovelier. He leaned in and gently pressed his lips to hers before she could reply. He made to move away, but she grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him back down, returning the kiss with fervor.

After a few moments, she released his shirt with a grin.

"I suppose I don't mind being *your* little know-it-all," she murmured.

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Thanks to kittylefish for betaing!

From ApollinaV's prompt of: A household appliance is broken, and it's driving Severus to the end of his patience.