

Incident at the Supermarket

by septentrion

Severus comes back from the supermarket without the groceries.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus comes back from the supermarket without the groceries.

Many, many thanks to Melusin for the lightning-fast beta.

I don't make any money out of this.

A dishevelled Severus dashed through the door into the kitchen where Hermione had started to prepare their meal. Some of his buttons were missing, too. That was highly unusual.

"Severus, what happened? You look like you've run the marathon. And where are the groceries?"

Severus looked through the window as if to check if he had been followed. "There was a huge queue at the cash desk," he explained hurriedly, and I was unlucky enough to get a novice cashier who was as slow as a Flobberworm. I didn't notice that one of the items in my shopping trolley had no price on it, so she had to make a call for it. To cap it all, she had to change her roll of paper before she finished my transaction. The Polyjuice's effects ended before I got out of the supermarket."

"Didn't you have a spare phial in your pocket?" she inquired while choosing a potato from the sack on the table. She started to peel it meticulously.

"I had forgotten it was in my other coat."

"I bet you've been assaulted by dozens of delirious fangirls." Hermione's tone was teasing. She carried on peeling the potato.

"And fanboys. I fail to see what is funny in that! Please cease to laugh!"

Hermione was laughing so hard that she had dropped her potato and her knife. After a lot of coughing and crying, she finally got her mirth under control enough to speak. "I can just imagine them yelling 'Severus' while trying to steal a button. I can just imagine your face..." New pearls of laughter erupted from her very kissable—in Severus's opinion—lips.

Severus straightened himself. He glared at his wife with all his might, though her laughter always delighted him. Not that he would tell her, given the circumstances. "It was more like they were trying to manhandle my sensitive parts."

That was enough to make Hermione gasp in outrage.

"Ah, I can see that that argument has helped you to understand my point of view. I can assure you that I have prevented that rabid crowd from damaging them permanently." Now he sounded cocky.

"I want to check for myself."

She knelt deftly in front of him, not caring about the greasy stains that adorned the kitchen floor. She opened his trousers in a practiced move and took his already growing penis in hand. He did not try to stop her. Even to his ears, his protestations sounded weak and half-hearted.

"Not in the kitchen! You very well know that the Potters are coming today. They always come in by the ba... back... d... door."

"A little control by the tonsils method can't hurt," she argued for the sake of it before she engulfed his length in her mouth.

"Yes," was the only intelligible word Severus could utter for the next ten minutes. Or so. Nobody was counting. But when the Potters arrived exactly a quarter of an hour later, it was decided to relocate the "friendly" gathering to the Leaky Cauldron.