

# Snapsnots of Severus and Hermione

*by Paisley Snail*

The day Severus finally gave in.

## Hermione's Victory

*Chapter 1 of 6*

The day Severus finally gave in.

*AN: Many thanks to MiaMadwyn for beta-ing this at such short notice!!*

*This drabble was inspired by a lovely picture prompt put together by Liagiba84<http://liagiba84.livejournal.com/12102.html>*

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### *Hermione's Victory*

'Professor Granger,' Severus hissed when his newest colleague sat beside him for breakfast one Saturday morning, 'whom exactly are you trying to impress with that travesty you call a dress? I assure you, if it is the seventh-year boys you are after, their taste is entirely indiscriminating. You needn't go to such efforts to flaunt your wares to the entire school!'

Hermione refused to be baited, which only further fuelled Severus' burning irritation when he was forced to watch her calmly butter her toast and take a dainty sip of tea.

'How many times must I ask you to call me 'Hermione', Severus?' she asked casually, pretending not to notice how flustered the man beside her was becoming as she nonchalantly reached for the sugar bowl, taking care to deliberately brush his arm just a little as she did so.

*The dress is not that scandalous, she thought. So what if the neckline is just a little low and the skirt a tad short? Even though the whole ensemble would be the tiniest bit more comfortable if it was not quite so close-fitted, it is nothing other than appropriate for Gryffindor's new Head of House to wear scarlet on the day of the year's first Quidditch match.*

By this time, Severus was contemplating an undignified bolt for the doors to escape the wench's persistent attentions. Ever since term had started a month ago, Hermione Granger had made it increasingly clear to him that she would not take no for an answer.

Though he had initially assumed it was all some sort of dastardly plot to make a fool of him that would soon be forgotten, Hermione's attempts had only grown incrementally more brazen as time went on. They had now reached the point where she had chosen to treat the entire staff and student body to a not-so-subtle preview of what she would look like in a clingy, silk negligee or even less...

*Sweet Nimue, why exactly was he still saying no?*

Severus' decision was made when Hermione raised the stakes even further by very deliberately placing a small, warm hand on his thigh for no reason at all. He

immediately shot out of his chair as if hit by a strong Stinging Hex.

'Floo to my quarters after the match,' he managed to bite out, in a low voice for her ears alone. 'For Merlin's sake, woman! Put a robe over that thing in the meantime!'

Hermione only smiled smugly in reply.

The first Gryffindor victory this year belonged to her alone.

## Severus' Revenge

*Chapter 2 of 6*

Nine months later.

AN: Thanks to blue artemis for doing the beta!

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Severus' Revenge

*Roughly nine months after Severus gave in...*

'Severus Snape, as soon as this is over, I'm going to KILL you!' screeched Hermione as another painful contraction ripped through her body. After almost fifteen hours of labour, she was exhausted and more than a little upset that the Healers had taken her wand and given it to her -- well to Severus -- as soon as she had checked into the hospital.

'My dear,' Severus said, gritting his teeth to block out the pain she was inflicting on his poor, innocent hand, 'I don't really wish to apportion blame at this point, but had you thought your plan through a little more thoroughly, it may have occurred to you that jumping me when you were not on The Potion may well have led to this result. You must learn to grin and bear it.'

'Get OUT!' she screamed, taking the time to fling one arm (the one not mutilating his fingers) in the general direction of the door.

'Shan't,' he drawled, looking supremely unconcerned even while the Healers shot him disapproving frowns.

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A few hours later, when Hermione was beaming with delight as she gently rocked their new baby daughter, Severus deemed it appropriate to broach the next items on his personal agenda.

'Hermione, my love? How would you feel about getting married some time this summer?'

'Oh, Severus,' she choked, through what he hoped were tears of joy, 'that sounds lovely. We really should give Rose the best chance of growing up in a happy family.'

Excellent. Now it was time for his last point.

'Erm, about that, my dear, I took the liberty of filling out a Birth Certificate and took it for registration while you were sleeping,' he said, pulling said parchment out of a pocket in his robes.

Hermione's eyes narrowed. 'Give that to me,' she hissed.

A brief glance at the parchment was enough to ignite a burning rage in the new mother.

'*Lucilla Rose?*' she queried, keeping her voice dangerously low only so as not to wake the baby.

'Yes. You see, I lost a bet to Lucius in my youth, and I felt bound to honour it. I didn't think you would mind the change.'

Hermione's voice raised quite a few decibels when she replied. 'You named our baby girl after Lucius Malfoy?'

When the baby stirred, Hermione looked concerned and lowered her voice back to the dangerously soft pitch.

'Give me my wand, Severus. Engaged or not I'm going to make you wish you had never been born!'

It was time for him to make an exit.

'See you tomorrow, my love,' he said, kissing her on the cheek while she continued to glare at him. 'I promise you can name the next one.'

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AN: I know that strictly speaking, the female form of Lucius is Lucia – but I liked Lucilla better.

## Severus' Deception

Lucius witnesses the results of Hermione's anger.

*AN: The views expressed herein regarding homosexuality are NOT my own, nor are they intended to offend or upset anyone.*

*My thanks to SnapesBeatrice for doing the beta.*

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### Severus' Deception

Early one morning, Lucius Malfoy was sipping his coffee over the *Daily Prophet* as rich men with no pressing matters of business do when the tranquillity of the Breakfast Room at Malfoy Manor was shattered by what were unmistakably the wailing cries of an infant.

*What the devil is Cissy playing at? Merlin! Don't tell me this is her way of hinting that she wants another child!*

Much to his surprise, no sooner had he thought this than his old friend Severus swept through the doors of the room with said screaming infant held tightly in his arms.

This, however, was not what caught Lucius' attention.

'Good Lord, Severus! What are you wearing?' drawled Lucius in his most arrogant, aristocratic manner. This actually cost him some effort. On seeing the Potions master thus attired, Lucius really wanted to spit out his coffee all over the personal advertisements he eyed briefly every morning. It was always good to know how former acquaintances were doing.

'It should please you to note that the terms of our bet have finally been fulfilled,' spat Severus. 'Meet my daughter Lucilla,' he added as an afterthought.

Lucius was still too appalled by what Severus was wearing to give this much thought.

'You look like that bloody poof Dumbledore when he was photographed on the streets of Muggle London with all those other freaks. Your little girlfriend's wandwork, I presume?'

The power of Severus' glare would have melted iron.

'Actually, she's my fiancée, and do you think I don't bloody well know what I look like? Anyway, they never proved it was him. Now are you going to ogle me all day, or can you find it that blackened rock you call a heart to lend me some robes?'

So offended was Lucius by the sight of Severus in what Muggles would recognise as full drag-queen regalia, he wasted no more time gloating, but immediately summoned a house-elf to look for something, anything black.

A few minutes later, Severus had changed and removed all the glitter, courtesy of a few very effective scouring charms from Narcissa. He now sat with Lucius in his study with all the appearance of calm, a sleeping baby cradled in his arms.

'You know,' Lucius mused, looking through the window to the grounds beyond, 'I never expected you to have children, old friend.'

'Well, now I have, so what's your point?' replied Severus bitterly, evidently still not recovered from the indignity he had suffered at the hands of his fiancée that morning.

'As flattered as I am that you chose to name little Lucilla there after me, I must disabuse you of the notion that led to this little misunderstanding.'

Though another man might have been annoyed to find out that he was in his wife's bad books because his friend had lied to him for years, Severus' lips twitched in amusement.

'Do you mean to say that Narcissa didn't let you into her bed until your wedding night? So much for the Malfoy Charm,' he scoffed.

Lucius gave Severus a scornful glance at these words.

'For all those brains of yours, Severus, did it never occur to you to consider why I convinced her to name you as Draco's Godfather over her cousin Rosier?'

'You like me,' retorted Severus, smirking broadly. 'Not a word on this to anyone, Lucius. Lucy here likes her name better than Rose. Hermione can never know.'

'Will you name me Godfather if I shake on that?' inquired Lucius hopefully.

Severus did not dignify that with a response.

## Hermione's Response

Severus isn't out of the woods just yet.

*Thanks to SnapesBeatrice for doing the beta!*

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When Severus Floo'ed home from the Malfoys, he was a little surprised to see Hermione sipping tea on a couch in front of the fireplace with a completely serene expression on her face.

Deeming that he no longer needed Lucilla to act as his personal human shield, Severus handed his fiancée the baby with all alacrity, hoping to regain some points in her

estimation.

After cooing at the baby for a few minutes while Severus sat and poured himself a cup, Hermione turned to her troublesome partner.

'So,' she began idly, reaching for a piece of expensive-looking parchment, 'would you care to explain why I just received this note from Narcissa Malfoy complimenting me on my magnanimity? Apparently I named my daughter for her husband even though Lucius lost the bet.'

'Cissy knew about the bet?' Severus blurted out. He silently cursed himself for such a want of attention. It was no good silencing Lucius but not Narcissa.

*Ah well. I can murder the Malfoys later. It is not as if anyone besides me will miss them.*

While Severus was thus mentally occupied, Hermione decided it would be better for her health to ignore him.

She continued, 'Narcissa also offered us the Manor rose garden for Lucy's naming ceremony. Is it appropriate to accept, given that neither of them is going to be a godparent?'

He frowned.

'I wasn't aware that we had chosen godparents.'

When Hermione's usually bright, warm eyes turned icy, Severus decided it time for a tactical withdrawal.

'But since I chose Lucy's name, of course you can choose her godparents,' he added smoothly.

When Hermione's countenance immediately lifted and she started to smile sweetly, Severus knew that he had not yet been granted a reprieve.

'Would you like to know who they are?'

*Funny, until recently I would never have picked her as one to play with her food...*

'I sincerely hope you didn't choose Potter,' he drawled, trying to sound bored. Actually, he had never been more interested. Naming the child was one thing, but saddling her with utter fools for godparents was quite another.

'Of course I did! Ginny is my best friend!' she exclaimed.

Severus narrowed his eyes. He was willing to count Ginny Potter as a win, but was quite suspicious that his little minx had not chosen Harry. She knew that would have irritated him no end.

'Ginevra is a fine choice,' he conceded. There was no harm in a little flattery.

A large warning bell went off in Severus' mind when Hermione did not accept the praise.

*She's a know-it all, she lives for adulation!*

'I did think of Harry for godfather, but he always goes away on such dangerous missions. In the end, I decided on someone much closer to home.'

Home meant Hogwarts. *Please be Flitwick, please be Flitwick* chanted Severus internally, praying to the Gods above that she had not chosen Hagrid.

'Would you like to guess again, or shall I tell you?' asked Hermione mildly.

'Tell me,' Severus growled, tired of her games. Though he usually found her teasing most amusing, he had a great dislike of being backed into a corner. He would not strain their relationship any further by refusing her, no matter who she picked.

'Neville Longbottom. He's coming to teach here next term.'

The teacup he was holding promptly exploded.

## Severus' Penance

### Chapter 5 of 6

What happens to Severus for breaking that teacup.

*AN: Thanks to SnapesBeatrice for doing the beta. \*hugs you\**

*This ficlet is for my dear friend, zauza, who provided a prompt and asked for a drabble at the beginning of September. \*meeps\* I am so sorry it took so long!*

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Minerva was prowling the corridors one night as a tabby cat when the oddest toad caught her attention just outside her old quarters. The rooms now inhabited by Hermione Granger and, more often than not, Severus Snape.

Any passerby at that moment would have seen the tabby cat put on quite a disgruntled expression. Unlike many others, Minerva knew exactly what transpired between her two colleagues and could only feel intense relief that it had all worked out. She was even happier that they had decided to marry. That would cut down the load of complaint letters she received by at least a third.

Focusing her attention on the toad, she noted that it seemed very aware for a creature of such mean intellect. Had it been a person, Minerva would have said it was looking mournfully at the concealed entrance, uttering the most pitiful pleas for entry.

After an accident during her Transfiguration apprenticeship which had resulted in St Mungos' first case of human toad poisoning, Minerva had no little ill will towards the

species in general. However, since she actually did like to have fun every now and again, Minerva could not resist snapping at the creature, making sure to miss by only a whisker.

To her infinite surprise, the toad didn't hop away or even blink, but instead turned a very baleful glare in her direction. There was even something in its eyes daring her to try it again.

When Minerva only sat herself down and peered more closely at the creature in puzzlement, it seemed like it was trying to speak to her.

*Croak!* it grumbled. Was it really possible for a toad to look irritated?

Intrigued, but still not particularly concerned, Minerva decided to inspect the toad as a cat before resorting to a magical force with what was probably a student's beloved familiar. It simply wouldn't do for either Hermione or Severus to come out of those quarters and find their superior doing a variety of spells on an innocent animal.

She delicately sniffed it.

It smelled like toad.

Just as she was about to very hesitatingly lick it, the toad jumped away as fast as it possibly could, managing to convey an absolutely horrified expression on its squashed face while croaking frantically.

Deciding that enough was enough, Minerva transformed back into a human and drew her wand. As she ran a few quick diagnostic spells, she realised that the toad was, indeed, human. Turning her wand to it once more, the toad grew and grew until a very dishevelled, tired-looking Severus Snape materialised before her, scowling darkly.

'Took you long enough,' he grouched, pride obviously very sore at being found in so vulnerable a position. 'For a while there I thought I had mistaken you for Mrs Norris, such was the speed of your deduction.'

Minerva bristled at such insubordination, but she had known Severus for a long time, and had learnt when and when not to push him.

'Now that you've satisfied your curiosity, you'd best turn me back,' he added spitefully. 'Hermione would be incredibly upset to come out here and find me human.'

'What did you do this time?' Minerva asked archly. She, and most likely the rest of the castle, were quite well acquainted with Severus' various infractions since Lucilla's birth. It was difficult to avoid overhearing heated disagreements that took place in the Entrance Hall.

'I reduced one of the teacups you gave her on acquiring her Mastery to fine dust.'

Five seconds later, there was a toad sitting outside the door and no cat in sight.

## Hermione's Amends

*Chapter 6 of 6*

The wedding.

*AN: Thanks to SnapesBeatrice for doing the beta!*

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One beautiful autumn afternoon, a small party of guests gathered on the lawn of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the wedding of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger.

Amidst the gently swirling red and orange leaves, three figures stood out in stark contrast to their surroundings.

The bridegroom and his two groomsmen were dressed in Slytherin green.

'Are you entirely sure these are the robes she sent, Lucius?' Severus bit out, failing to hide his nerves. 'If this one of your jokes, I swear I will kill you as soon as the ceremony is over.'

'Stop making threats,' Lucius replied lazily. 'Just because Miss Granger cut you off until your wedding night does not mean you need to channel all that extra energy into violent acts.'

Severus rolled his eyes. *Pacifism from a former Death Eater?*

'Relax, Uncle,' drawled Draco, the other groomsman. 'From what Father has told me of that morning you came to the Manor with Lucilla, I doubt he wants to incite the wrath of your beloved.'

At the word 'beloved', Severus' face became a study in blankness. Although he and Hermione had recovered much of their good relationship after the turbulence surrounding Lucilla's birth and naming, he still could not shake the feeling that she was hiding something from him. He never doubted for a moment that she was the woman he wanted to marry, but he wondered sometimes whether she felt the same way about him.

He had no more time to worry, however, as Luna Lovegood started walking down the aisle in a rich, brown dress which shimmered with gold in the afternoon light. Severus didn't bother hiding the upwards quirk of his lips as he noted that instead of flowers, the eccentric ex-Ravenclaw girl had three-month old Lucilla on her hip.

Nothing Luna did would ever be ordinary.

Severus barely had time to register Ginny Potter making her way down the aisle before his attention was entirely transfixed by the sight of Hermione, his lovely girl floating towards him in a simple, elegant, cream gown. The only break in colour was a green sash which served to accentuate her small waist. He could only glory in her radiant expression as she put her hand in his and faced him to be bound as one.

Suddenly, Severus realised that in contrast to the autumn fire – the reds, oranges, brown and gold of the wedding party and scenery – evergreen was forever. Buoyed by this epiphany, and utterly entranced by the woman pledging her heart and soul to him, Severus barely registered the answers he gave the celebrant until the time came for

him to kiss the bride.

Pulling her gently to him, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her softly at first, savouring the moment as she melted into him and returned his affection with equal fervour. When their lips parted, Severus gazed wickedly into his wife's eyes and raised an eyebrow at her.

'You wore green for me?'

'Don't make me regret it,' she sighed happily, pulling him down for another kiss before they could be swamped by family and well-wishers.

Even through his joy and pleasure, Severus could not resist a large mental smirk.

Gryffindor may have won most of the battles, but Slytherin had won the war.

*The End.*

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*Thanks to all the readers and reviewers who followed this little series of through to the end. It still amazes me that one prompt ended up as six ficlets! – MW*