

When it suits him

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What marks the transition to adulthood? Drabble written for the gs100 challenge, 'Not a Gentleman.'

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine, not now, not ever.

In essence, when Hermione looked back, she supposed it was a sort of rite of passage. She had noticed, those bleak days spent at Grimmauld Place during her adolescence, how Professor Snape always held the door open for Molly and Minerva to pass through in front of him whereas he would let it swing in her face as if she didn't exist. Similarly, he would stand when a lady came into the parlour, no matter what occupied his attention. Should she disturb his solitude, however, he would merely glare at her and return to whatever it was he was doing.

Maturity was surely a matter of perspective. She hadn't felt like an adult when she'd fought in a war, nor when she'd landed her first job, or had sex for the first time. No, Hermione could remember with utmost clarity the moment she came of age—at a party in honour of Harry's twenty-first birthday. Arriving late, hot, flustered and muttering apologies, she was astonished to see Snape quietly get up from his seat and hold out the chair next to him, the look on his face leaving her in no doubt that she was now very grown up indeed.
