

What's for Breakfast?

by Dreamy_Dragon

Not everyone is a morning person...

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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'Severus, pass the milk, please.'

The hand that had been holding a page of the *Daily Prophet* pushed the milk jug a few inches in Hermione's direction.

'Thank you.'

'Hmph.'

Hermione added a few drops of milk to her tea before she, too, disappeared behind a part of the newspaper. Blissful silence reigned again at the breakfast table.

Until the third of their trio wandered in, a bowl of cereal in his hand. Milk could be heard splashing onto corn flakes. Then...

Crunch, crunch.

Two pages were lowered simultaneously, and two pairs of eyes stared at the source of the noise.

'What?' Lucius asked, scooping up another spoonful.

Crunch, crunch.

Severus scowled, his eyes turning to Hermione. She shrugged. 'How was I supposed to know that he'd take a fancy to Muggle food?'

Again the crunching noise. Both pairs of eyes turned back to Lucius. Severus was just drawing breath to inform Lucius what exactly he thought of his breakfast habits when two small drops of milk appeared at the corner of Lucius's mouth.

A pink tongue darted out to catch them. His impending diatribe forgotten, Severus stared at Lucius's mouth. Next to him, he heard a little gasp. Hermione and he watched as Lucius's tongue caught one of the droplets while its pearly white twin escaped. As it slowly made its way downwards, trickling over smooth pale skin, Hermione rose and walked over to Lucius.

She stopped behind him, murmuring, 'You've got something there,' before she bent down to lick the tiny drop off his chin, making Lucius smile like the proverbial cat that had got the cream or, in this case, the milk, the owl and the raven. Both looked at Severus, whose heart had begun to beat a little faster at the sight before him.

'I hear honey is well liked for breakfast in some circles too,' he said, his voice only slightly raspy.

Lucius nodded. 'Especially when applied with care.'

'...and outside in the sunshine,' Hermione added.

The three rose as one and proceeded to their favourite spot in the garden, the milk jug and the honey pot floating obediently after them.

There were no more complaints about Lucius' breakfast habits.

A/N: All JKR's, not mine.

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