

# Afternoon Surprise

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

Draco decides to visit Hermione at work only to find...

## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Not mine. No money.

*Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for beta reading!*

This was written for silverdoe during the Potter Place Saturday Night Drabble Chat.

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Draco walked into Hermione's office with a single rose in his hand, a smile lighting his face. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Malfoy," he said softly.

"I didn't know you were coming to Hogwarts today, Draco." She stood and accepted the rose, pausing to inhale its scent. "Thank you."

"Well, it wouldn't be a surprise if you'd known, would it? I want to take you to lunch." He took her free hand and brought it to his lips, intent on kissing her fingers. However, what he saw halted his actions. "Where's your wedding set?"

Snatching her hand away, she quickly turned back to her desk and opened the top drawer. "I can't believe I didn't put it back on!" She smiled as it once again rested where it belonged. "There. All better."

"Why was it off in the first place?" He lifted his hand, his gold band glinting proudly. "I never take mine off."

"I had to help Severus with a potion, and it may have affected the—"

"It's always Severus with you!" he snarled. "You're a bloody witch for fuck's sake! Use magic to safeguard it and—"

"How dare you speak to me like that! I've not done anything wrong. I just don't want anything to happen to it."

"You tossed it into a damn drawer!"

"I warded it extensively. Get out if you're going to act this way."

Draco sneered at her and turned away in disgust. "I could break his neck. Don't you see what he's doing? He's trying to come between us."

Hermione stepped closer and placed a calming hand on his shoulder. "He's always quite proper. Really. And besides," her voice lowered, "I think he's gay."

"I don't believe that," Draco said, shaking his head. "I've heard too many stories that prove otherwise."

She moved around, placing herself between him and the wall next to the window. "I love you, and I love my ring. I just didn't want anything to happen to it. Acid is very dangerous. Any little seepage and it—"

"I'm sorry," he said hoarsely, feeling like shite. "We've not been married for long, and you're already back at work. I want you at home with me. You're a Malfoy. You don't have to do this." He gestured to the room. "I hate that he gets more time with you than I do."

"When you asked me to be your wife, you knew my plans." When he nodded and looked away, she held him close. "You know you could always spend more time here with me."

Draco kissed her forehead. "We'll think of something. I swear it."

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AN: After I wrote a dark drabble (Midnight Surprise), I thought something a little lighter was in order, and I even made a few things sort of similar (if you've read that one, you should spot them!).

Silverdove's prompt:

Hermione takes off her wedding band for work and hubby (your choice) gets angry.