

Predictive Text

by astopperindeath

Severus gets more than he expected after a mistake texting. A set of drabbles written for the GrangerSnape100 "Spelling Mistake Challenge."

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 3

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Disclaimer: This is a work of fanfiction. I do not own these characters, nor am I making any money from this writing venture. Jo, WB, and Scholastic are.

The irritating chit had forced him to get a mobile phone. She'd said it would help them to communicate when they went in search of supplies in the Muggle world. She was right that they couldn't just go around sending off Patronuses willy-nilly, but the piece of technology in his pocket irked him nonetheless.

And texting. Talking on the infernal contraption was bad enough, but *texting* had become the bane of his existence. Couldn't she just call? The font was tiny, and while he would never admit to needing reading glasses, it definitely was difficult for him to read.

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Today they were in search of foodstuffs for the faculty Christmas luncheon. Hermione insisted that non-replicated, non-conjured Muggle ingredients made for the best holiday food.

So, here they were, in the middle of Muggle London a week before the holidays trying to make their way through the milieu. She had left him an hour before, telling him to find the things on his half of the list and to meet her that afternoon in Diagon Alley. He was having problems finding something on her list and decided that, given the noise in the shop, he should send her a text.

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Hermione paused in her perusal of different holiday spices to check her beeping mobile. One new text message.

"Am considering a nice fuck instead of the normal fare. Thoughts?"

Hermione gasped loud enough to alert a nearby shop-boy. Apologizing for her display, she took several deep breaths, trying to make sense of the text.

Well, we have been flirting more recently. Then again, we really are the only two single professors under the age of fifty-five in the castle. Do I really want to change everything? A relationship with someone like Severus could never be remotely casual.

She began typing...

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His phone beeped.

"That would depend on why you want it?"

Why I want it? Because I'm sick of turkey every year. Why in God's name does she need to know my motivation?

He typed, "Because I think it would be a nice change of pace." Send.

Her phone beeped.

Wow, not the most romantic reason in the world. What happens in Muggle London stays in Muggle London, I guess

Knowing it was probably the worst idea she'd had in a long time, she texted him back.

"Meet me in the back alley behind Marks and Spencer in ten minutes."

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He flipped open his phone. Reading the text, he rolled his eyes and groaned. *I just wanted to know if it was alright to purchase a duck instead of a goose. Why the hell do we need to have a conversation about this?* Quickly paying for the items he had already found, he moved quickly to the loo and Apparated to the alley.

Hermione was already there, chewing on her bottom lip and looking very upset. *It's just a duck. Does she not like duck? Is she allergic to it? Is it not ruddy Christmas for her without a turkey?*

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Hermione looked up at him, attempting to ascertain if he was being genuine.

"Are you sure about this, Severus? It will change everything."

"It would just change one part, Hermione. Why are you so upset? We don't have to if you don't want to."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I want to. I just don't want to ruin anything."

"Well it's not as if you'll be responsible for anything. You'll just have to sit back and enjoy it."

She snorted in amusement at this. *Apparently he doesn't know me as well as he thinks he does* His eyebrow arched in question.

~~&&~~

She was seriously considering taking him up on his offer. *Even if it completely screws up our friendship, I can at least rely upon him to be discreet with our colleagues. It's not as if I haven't considered this before. I just never assumed he would reciprocate.*

Knowing it was now or never, she made her decision.

"Close your eyes, Severus."

"Why in God's name would I close my eyes for this, Hermione? You're being ridiculous. Just tell me: Yes or No."

"Yes..."

"Okay, well that's settled then."

"That's it? Really?"

"What else needs to be said, Hermione?"

~~&&~~

She was incredibly confused. *If he wants to have sex with me, why is he just standing there? Why isn't he wrapping me in his arms and Apparating us to his home? Hell, why isn't he lifting me against the wall in this alley and fucking me silly.* Irritated that this wasn't going at all the way she expected, she threw her hands up in exasperation.

"You can't just make a decision like this and not do something, Severus."

"What?!"

"Well, fine!" Standing on her tiptoes, she slid her hands behind his neck and pulled him down into a kiss.

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He was vaguely aware of a jar shattering as the bags holding his purchases fell to the pavement. He was very aware of her hands sliding into his hair, her tongue seeking entrance into his mouth.

He skimmed his hands down her back and, locking them under her thighs, lifted her to be parallel in height to himself. She moaned as he deepened the kiss.

He really wasn't sure why she was kissing him. But let it never be said that Severus Snape wasn't an opportunist.

They finally pulled apart.

"I guess we can wait another day for that duck."

AN: In my head, this takes place in an EWE universe, a few years after DH. Hermione is teaching at Hogwarts, and she and Severus have been friends for a while. Thank you to my beta, debjunk, who always comes through in a pinch and is just an awesome human being :). Also, I've been known to send some pretty stupid texts because of Predictive Text. That's what's happened here.

...Leads to Selective Hearing

Chapter 2 of 3

The aftermath of Severus' mistyping leads to some lemony consequences.

Disclaimer: Not mine. Don't own it. Not making money.

The last thing he said before Apparating them to the gates of Hogwarts should have hit her brain. She should have asked herself what in God's name he meant by "duck."

But her sex-addled brain heard what it wanted to hear. They arrived at the front gate, breathless and disheveled.

"I don't think I can wait another day, Severus. Let's do it now!" And, just as before, she confused him with a smoldering kiss.

Before he could ask her what she meant, she was dragging him through the doors of the castle and down to the dungeons.

"Oops," he smirked.

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He barely remembered the walk down to the dungeons. He wasn't sure how they managed to not encounter any students, but he was utterly grateful. He was pretty sure she had ripped several buttons from his frock coat, and he knew that by dawn he'd be sporting at least one hickey on his neck. They had desecrated half the nooks he normally ousted students from, and given his less-than-illustrious sexual career as a student, he was exceedingly proud of himself.

They arrived at his chambers tousled and breathless. Upon entering, he lifted her and carried her to his bedroom.

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They lay in his bed in a post-climactic haze, side-by-side, her hand clasped in his. He rolled to his side to face her and tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear.

"If I had known suggesting duck for Christmas luncheon would garner this sort of response, I would have suggested it months ago."

Hermione blinked. *What the hell was he talking about?*

"What duck, Severus?"

"The text I sent you earlier... about whether or not you'd like a duck instead of normal, boring turkey."

She replayed their entire encounter in the alley in her head. *Fuck. Fuckityfuckfuckfucker.*

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Fight or flight, Granger? Fight or flight? I choose flight.

And with a very un-Gryffindor squeak, she grabbed a sheet around herself and bolted for his bathroom.

I guess that's a 'no' to the duck. What's gotten into that girl?

Walking towards the bathroom, he knocked softly. "Hermione, what's wrong?"

"Read the message you sent me," she said, between snuffles.

As if I bloody well know where my phone is right now. Cursing softly, he walked back into the living room and began rifling through his cloak pockets.

Flip open. Click Menu. Click Messages. Click Sent Messages.

Oh, buggering hell.

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So many emotions passed through him in that moment: annoyance at the phone for causing such a mistake, shock that such a crass message would *work* on the Gryffindor Princess, and plain amusement that he now had a naked Hermione locked in his bathroom.

This last emotion won, and in a moment completely out of character for himself, he began giggling. Giggling gave way to sniggering before it capitulated into full-out belly laughs.

Hermione couldn't stand it—she left the bathroom and found him sitting on his living room floor, wiping the tears from his eyes as he continued to chortle.

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"I fail to see what is so funny, Severus."

"Oh, nothing. Just that I've been looking for a way to get into your knickers for months, and it took my old eyes and my inability to use Muggle technology to make it happen. You don't see the irony in that at all, do you?"

She stared at him blankly.

"Ironically, given all the impassioned speeches and lewd comments I've gone over in my head, that 'Am considering a nice fuck instead of the normal fare. Thoughts?' actually worked!" He was holding his stomach, the laughter threatening to tear him apart.

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Who knew Snape was the kind of man to lose all his inhibitions post-coitus? The normally straight-laced, no-nonsense man was crumpled on the floor, naked, giggling gleefully. *If we'd known that all Snape needed to be in a good mood was to get laid, we all would have chipped in for a hooker...*

Snape looked up at her. *Oh, gods, this is what hysteria must feel like*

"You didn't mean to send me that message, did you, Severus?"

"No." *Don't laugh.*

"Yet, you let me have sex with you for no apparent reason."

All he could do was nod.

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He took a few deep breaths to compose himself.

"I'm sorry if our... miscommunication led us to act in an unexpected manner, Hermione. But frankly, I don't see why you are angry at *me*."

"And how do you figure that?"

"Well, it takes two to... do the horizontal tango, so-to-speak..."

"So, this is all *my* fault, I suppose."

"Fault? *Fault!* This was nobody's *fault*, woman! This was two, consenting adults having what I thought was an excellent time. After months of baiting me, you owed me this, at least!"

"Owed? *Really?*" She looked ready to punch him.

Or jump him.

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Hermione couldn't believe what was happening. After months of wanting this, she was ruining the moment. And honestly, that mistake in texting was incredibly funny.

"You're right, Severus. I *owe* you a nice *fuck*."

He quirked an eyebrow questioningly.

Summoning her wand, she hexed Snape into a chair and cast a non-verbal Binding charm.

The eyebrow became less quirked and more angry.

"Miss Granger," he growled.

"If all you wanted was a nice fuck, Professor, all you had to do was ask. Please sit back and enjoy the ride."

And, completely content in the direction his evening was going, he complied.

AN: Thanks so much to my wonderful beta, debjunk! She truly is the queen of drabble-betas! Also, thanks to all of you who asked for a sequel. It really made me verklempt!

Smart is in the Fingers of the Typist

Chapter 3 of 3

Ten years later, Snape and Granger still have issues communicating.

Disclaimer: Not my characters. Making no money. Thanks, Jo.

AN: Yes, I know Muggle devices don't work in the Wizarding World. Shut up.

Smart is in the Fingers of the Typist

It had been ten years since that fortuitously worded text. Of those ten years, they had been married five. It had been a Christmas wedding, commemorating the day of their first encounter, and yes, the main course served had been duck.

As hokey and downright ridiculous as it was, they always communicated solely via text message on their anniversary. Every year, she would meet him for dinner, giddy and excited. After dessert, they always Apparated to that same alley and snogged like sixth-years. While the next bit varied from year to year, they eventually ended up back in the dungeons.

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He hated the iPhone. He had insisted that he was perfectly fine with his old phone, a perfectly normal phone that sported actual *buttons*, but his wife had insisted on upgrading to a smartphone. It was a nuisance; far too small for his own hands, it took him four times as long to do anything. And wasn't the entire point of a phone to, well, make phone calls? He had figured out how to check the weather, search the internet, and play an oddly cathartic game called "Angry Birds" before he'd even figured out how to make a phone call.

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What was wrong with buttons? They had been texting all day as before, and each of his texts was more painful to type than the last. In spite of his wife's incessant mocking, he had had her install a T9 app on his phone. Predictive text was currently the only thing keeping him sane. He only had to get close to typing something properly and it would (usually) correct it for him. His wife had a different phone, black, with a *keyboard*, and something called Swype. He often wished he could swipe it. He hated his brain's propensity for puns.

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"Did you remember to make our dinner reservation?" Sent 11:48 a.m.

"Do you think im a bloody idiot?" Sent 11:55 p.m.

"Your spelling is atrocious." Sent 11:56 p.m.

"Well, if you're app worked, it wouldn't." Sent 12:03 p.m.

"You're?" Sent 12:03 p.m.

"Sod. Off." Sent 12:06 p.m.

"Are we still meeting up later?" Sent 12:30 p.m.

"Dont we every year?" Sent 12:34 p.m.

"Did you purchase the duck for tomorrow yet?" Sent 1:00 p.m.

"Hermione!" Sent 1:02 p.m.

"Sorry..." Sent 1:03 p.m.

"Well...?" Sent 1:32 p.m.

"No." Sent 1:45 p.m.

"Severus!" Sent 1:46 p.m.

"Nagging again, wife..." Sent 1:57 p.m.

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"You are aware that you two are the most unromantic couple on the planet?"

"An astute observation from a man who I believe purchases more presents for himself on his anniversary than for his wife..."

"Come now! Narcissa adores a man in stylish robes! I provide her the visual stimulus she needs, and in turn she provides me..."

"...I don't need to know what she provides you, Lucius."

"In any case, give me that device. You're going about this all wrong..."

"What?"

"Wooing your wife!"

"Absolutely not!"

But Lucius managed to Summon the phone, and his wand, from his hand.

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"Oh, look. Your Hermione has already started in on the fun!"

"Leave her alone, Lucius!"

A flick of Lucius' wand, and Severus found himself bound to a chair. He couldn't help but think that Lucius never would have bested him in the old days. *Poncy git.*

"I swear, if you do anything that ends my marriage, that cavity search at the MLE offices after the war will seem gentle by comparison!"

With a look that conveyed exactly what he thought of that option, Lucius magically gagged him, following it with a Silencing Charm.

Severus' entire marriage flashed through his mind.

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"Purchased a dress for tonight. Don't look at the Gringotts account until tomorrow!" Sent 2:12 p.m.

"I'm sure your dress is most becoming, my darling. However, it would look better on our bedroom floor!" Sent 2:14 p.m.

"Severus!" Sent 2:15 p.m.

I do hope said dress is green. All the better to lose myself in your eyes..." Sent 2:17 p.m.

"Are you OK?" Sent 2:18 p.m.

"Absolutely. Just envisioning the look on your face when you see the gift I have chosen for you." Sent 2:23 p.m.

"Gifts? I thought we said no gifts this year... Book!" Sent 2:24 p.m.

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Lucius gave him no indication as to the nature of his messages. However, if the man's evil chortles were any indication, it would be months before he was done apologizing to Hermione.

He was a bit alarmed when the glee morphed into a lung-emptying sigh. Severus quickly found himself freed of his constraints, his wand and phone zooming towards his head.

"That's it! I give up on you two!" And without explanation, Lucius Disappeared.

Severus scanned the conversation... He would have to hex Lucius for that horrid dress line later...

...Book? That was her idea of an anniversary present?

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The restaurant was drafty, the food bland. His wife was rambling on and on about God knows what, looking irritatingly lovely in her new gown. He was annoyed...annoyed with Lucius (this was all his fault), annoyed with his wife... Book? *Book* was her response?

"...and I was so glad when you said we could buy each other presents. Diamonds *are* the appropriate present for the tenth anniversary, and I had seen these last week and was so disappointed that I couldn't buy them..."

She pushed a perfectly wrapped jewelry box towards him.

He instantaneously knew he had fucked up, somehow.

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The cufflinks were lovely. Appropriate. Typical of his taste.

Definitely not a book.

He hated his phone. It had to be the phone's fault. Or Malfoy's...

The book he purchased in a fit of pique had seemed like a good idea at the time: Muggle, a topic she was at one time interested in. Drawing on a (at that time, unknown) shared point in their past...

Slightly mean because he was so very mad at her...

Knowing that to do so would mean he would never kiss his wife in a deserted alley again, he slid his present towards her.

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She was fastidious in how she opened presents, going slowly so as to not rip the paper. It drove him mad on the best of days...who reuses paper? Today, it was torture.

The paper was off. She looked at the cover, the corners of her mouth twitching, from barely controlled laughter or tears, he couldn't tell...

"This is your fault! You said 'Book!' I was furious...I wanted to make you as angry as I was, so I bought it, thinking it would remind you of your seventh year. Also, it was a subtle attack on Weasley, so that didn't hurt..."

~~&&~~

Her silence was fucking awful. He watched as she began digging in her beaded bag. She had used it faithfully for years, regardless of changing fashion. The bag was looking atrocious these days, beads missing, frays on all the edges.

He was convinced she was looking for her wand so she could hex him to wherever Sirius Black had ended up.

Instead, she removed her phone and began flicking through the screens. Her eyebrows came together in a facial tic she must have picked up from him...

Canoodling couples at nearby tables looked annoyed at how loudly she began laughing.

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He wished she would stop laughing. At this point, she was either amused or about to cast an Unforgivable.

"Book! No wonder you were so mad! I meant to type 'Cool!'" The giggles recommenced.

"'Cool?' *Cool!?* Who do you think you are, a twelve-year-old American girl?"

"Oh, I know, it's horrid. Ronald's Rose says it all the time, and I keep slipping up and saying it..."

But then something shifted. His wife looked up at him, her eyes glittering so brightly that even Albus would have been impressed. And slightly scared.

"Sign the check, Severus. We need to leave."

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She looked angry. He didn't know why. Maybe she'd finally realized exactly what he had been thinking when he purchased the book.

Abruptly, she stood, gathered her belongings (including the book), and stormed towards the exit.

He grabbed his wand and cast his signature at the tab as he ran behind her. He could just see the headlines in tomorrow's paper: Granger/Snape Make Scene at Restaurant Before Snape's Body Found Belly up in the Mersey.

Outside the restaurant, she spun to face him, grabbing his hand.

"Hermione... What is going..."

"Oh, hush your mouth." And with a spin, they were gone.

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They landed next to a glassy pond. This was it...she was finally going to kill him.

She started digging through her purse again. Before long, a tent popped out.

He was dumbfounded. How... what... a tent? In her...

She must have sensed his confusion. "This is the bag we used to carry everything we needed for Horcrux-hunting."

"And you have never emptied it since?"

"One never knows when one might need a tent!"

He wasn't sure he should trust the grin on her face. He began to notice other landmarks in the dark.

"Hermione... is this the Forest of Dean?"

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"First place I thought of." With a flourish of her wand, the tent erected itself with a snap. She pushed him toward the tent flap.

Still the same opportunist he had been ten years before, he followed her into the tent, figuring he could ask questions later.

"You may begin reading the book aloud, Severus."

He grinned wolfishly, knowing exactly what his voice did to his wife.

"Sex in the woods is not as simple as it sounds. Sure, you know the basics, but what about all the little details that should be considered before embarking on an alfresco rendezvous..."

AN: I had never thought to continue this series. Then, MoreThanSirius won my offering for the TPP Every Flavour Auction. Here you go, dear. More unpredictable drabbles, this time with a not-helpful Lucius Malfoy. I hope you enjoyed it.

Thanks to Owlbait for the quick beta work and to Clairvoyant for smacking me upside the head repeatedly. And to MoreThanSirius for her everlasting (aka: six months worth of) patience...

The book Snape purchases Hermione is "How to Have Sex in the Woods," by Luann Colombo. My roommate in college and I saw it at Barnes and Noble years ago. It seemed appropriate.

And to be fair, the never-ending-camping-trip-of-doom may have been more interesting had Hermione had said book...