

# An Early Christmas for Severus... and Hermione

*by sara lady dalian*

Severus goes on a hunt for his Christmas presents. When he finds a box in the closet, what happens?

## one-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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One morning in early December, Severus Snape, feared Potions master at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, was behaving very oddly. You see, he had been looking for his Christmas presents for two weeks. He knew his beloved, list-making, anal wife already had her shopping done. He knew her presents were wrapped; he had found a stray bit of gaudy paper under his chair almost a month ago. All that was left was to find her hiding place.

Hermione had been asleep for almost two hours when he deemed it safe to start his hunt. The first place he had looked was in her classroom office. He had already scoured the bedroom while she had been teaching. The sitting room was also clear, as he had searched that room several times. Nearly every place in their quarters had been scrutinized except a small closet where she kept pillows and linens.

As he stood before the door, he scanned for residual magic. Unsurprisingly, he found none. She was too good a witch to leave obvious traces behind. Besides, she was just as likely to do her present-hiding the Muggle way to vex him. So, sighing, he started at the bottom of the closet, poking and prodding, lifting and moving everything to see what he could find. He moved shelf by shelf, carefully straightening as he did so that she would be unaware that he had been there.

When he got to the very last shelf, at the top of the closet, he found a flat, rectangular box, wrapped in the same bit of gaudy, tree-covered paper he had found under his chair. On it, there was a tag and message.



Scowling at being anticipated, he opened the gift and stared at the contents. Frowning, he lifted the folded flannel from the box. Glaring, he stared at the offending garment and wondered where she got the temerity to give him such a present.

Thinking that he needed to discuss this matter with her, he headed towards their bedroom. To his surprise, she was lying on her side, eyes wide open, smiling when he opened the door. And her wand was pointed at him, held lazily in her hand. "Well, at least put them on. I went to all that trouble, I want to see them!" A few flicks of her wand had him undressed then quickly covered again.

He looked down. She had left his chest bare; however, on his hips now resided a pair of deep forest green pajamas. The coup de grace was the silver lettering down the side that read "Severus' pajamapants." Turning his dark eyes back to her, he started sauntering his way to his waiting wife. Menace was written in his every move as he plotted how to reward her cunning.

Later, much later, Hermione got up, picked up the pajamas that had given them an amazing night, held them gently to her cheek and walked to the closet that had held the little present. She opened the door and smiled. She softly closed it again and walked back to their bedroom. As she slipped out of her robe, she wondered if her husband would ever figure out that she had placed the gift in the closet so that he would straighten it for her. Smiling, she cuddled up to his back and settled in for a long winter's nap.

AN: Happy Birthday, PJ! I just couldn't help this little bunny. When I saw your b-day listed on LJ, this fic bloomed into full life almost immediately. Thanks for all the wonderful fic you've written for us.