

The Gift

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What can a husband get for his wife when she has everything she could ever want?

The Birthday Gift

Chapter 1 of 1

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Thank you, Pennfana, for the quick beta read. I appreciate you doing this for me.

"Happy birthday, Hermione! As difficult as it was to find a gift for the woman who has everything, I've found a way to give you something that you've been wanting for a very long time."

"Oh, it's lovely!" Hermione exclaimed as she stared at the tiny crystal bottle in her hand. She looked at the tiny tag in bewilderment. Severus' spiky handwriting only read: *Something you've always wanted.* "Is it perfume?"

"No," Severus replied silkily as he lounged on the sofa beside her, sipping a drink that Hermione called a buttery nipple.

"What is it?" Hermione examined the iridescent, pale golden color through the glass. "Is it a philter? Felix Felicis?"

Severus only smirked at her. Thanks to his potion patents and their stipends from their Orders of Merlin, finding birthday gifts for his witch had proven difficult. They had everything they could possibly want, especially now that Hermione had been promoted to Department head at work and he'd been promoted to Headmaster again.

She popped the top off, and her eyes grew large at the delicate spiral mist that rose from the opening. "It can't be..." She took a sniff of the potion. "Parchment, no... freshly mowed grass... smoky sandalwood..." She gaped open-mouthed at her husband. "It isn't Amortentia, is it?"

"No, it's not a love potion. It has similar ingredients to both potions but has sandalwood and meadow grass in its base." He set down his glass, reached over and pulled her onto his lap, careful not to bump the tiny bottle. "That Healer said it would take a miracle for us to conceive..."

"Yes," she replied, her brow furrowing adorably in confusion. "Wait, how did you...?"

"Here is your miracle," he said, indicating the potion. "You want a baby. The Dark Lord's punishments made it... difficult—but you did marry a man who possesses an exhaustive knowledge of potions."

"So you... You really!" Hermione hugged him tightly. "So you've changed your mind and decided to have a baby with me?"

"I've decided to let you have one with me," he said, kissing her. "However, it may take multiple attempts to have you conceive."

"And we have a week all to ourselves," she said, grinning mischievously. "Is that why this new negligée, garters, and stockings were on my dresser this evening?"

"No, that's my present to myself," he replied, nibbling on her neck. "I do enjoy peeling you out of those. And you look absolutely delectable in it."

"I love you!" she replied, grinning happily.

"Merlin, I hope so!" he answered. With the help of a bit of nonverbal magic, he rose gracefully from the sofa still holding her in his arms. "So, shall we go make a baby?"

"I'm all yours," she replied and tightened her arms about his neck as she kissed his cheek.

"Indeed." He smiled devilishly before he Apparated them to their bedroom and tossed her playfully onto the bed. "Mine," he purred as he leaned over her and captured her lips with his.

Author's Notes:

Happy Birthday, twilexis!

twilexis' prompt: *It's Hermione's birthday. Due to potion patents and stipends from the Order of Merlins, the Snape's are not short of money by a long shot. What can a husband get for his wife when she has everything she could ever want?*