

No, I Won't

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks to pyjamapants. You know why.

A fire crackled and leapt merrily in the large central hearth of Hermione and Severus's comfortable home, casting its merry light on the kitchen and lounge areas.

Hermione stood at the granite-topped kitchen island, chopping a large block of chocolate for fondue. Severus stood opposite, adding handfuls of Gruyère to his cheese fondue pot. A pair of large trays sat on the other end of the island, one loaded with crusty bread, various vegetables, cubed summer sausage, and pretzels. The other held marshmallows, various fruits, angel cake, more pretzels, and sugar cookies.

They worked well together, trading good-natured insults and teases.

"Did Lucius say what time he'd be here?" Hermione asked, setting her knife down on the chopping board.

"He should be here anytime," Severus noted, adjusting the flame under his fondue pot with a flick of his ebony wand. "I hope it's soon; cheese fondue does not like Stasis or Warming Charms."

As if on cue, the hearth fire flared green and out stepped Lucius. "It smells fantastic in here," he said, brushing a few stray bits of soot from his clothing.

Hermione smiled, then glanced down when she saw Severus glancing at her chest and grinning. "Bugger it all, I've got chocolate bits all over me!" she grouched.

"No, I won't lick them off," Lucius noted, leaning against the counter.

Hermione blinked, then looked between her husband and her friend with an expression of confusion.

"And you're trying to decide if you're disturbed that he was thinking of it, or disappointed that he won't do it," Severus teased.

Hermione laughed. "You're exactly right. But I'm hungry, so bring on the fondue!"