

# A Handful of Jewels

*by Ladymage Samiko*

Hermione and Severus have created between them a very... *unique* version of family life. A string of universe-sharing drabbles.

## A Handful of Jewels

*Chapter 1 of 11*

Hermione and Severus have created between them a very... *unique* version of family life. A string of universe-sharing drabbles.

### *A Handful of Jewels*

Giggles and squeals filled the air along with enough perfumes to give the olfactorily sensitive Snape a migraine.

Robes were tossed about in colorfully discordant piles, discarded in frustrated feminine disgust. Severus gazed thoughtfully at a brassière that dangled from the ceiling. The owner would have to fetch it herself.

The clock chimed and bodies poured into the room in a flurry of satins. Nine young women looked at him expectantly; he waited until one lady in particular joined him. She arched an eyebrow at him as he strictly examined all.

“Hermione. Daughters,” he nodded gravely. “You all look lovely.”

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ANs: I was reading mia madwyn's 'The Marriage Benefit' (highly recommended) and following the 'epilogue', got to wondering what Snape's life would be like if he and Hermione had a slew of children—all female. (My own father had to put up with the estrogen-filled house, but on a far smaller ratio of 3:1 normally.) So this drabble popped out. Not as comic as I had originally wanted, but I like it—enough to ponder writing some related drabbles—and hope you do, too. Like or not, a token in the little box is much appreciated. (^\_^)

## Causes & Effect

*Chapter 2 of 11*

Severus needs reminding of how they got here in the first place...

#### *Causes and Effect*

"Wife," queried Severus Snape one evening, "how did we end up with all this...?" He gestured towards the small mob of young men and women currently occupying their parlour.

Hermione pointed at one young woman. "Ministry broom closet," she replied dryly.

Another girl. "*Hogwarts* broom closet."

Two more. "The Burrows' guest bathroom. Grimmauld Place kitchen."

Still more girls. "A two-person broom—mid-flight. Headmaster's desk. *Minister's* desk. Hogwarts library.

"Is that a satisfactory explanation?" Hermione finished archly.

Severus considered her thoughtfully. "Perhaps, my love, we should be utterly mundane and try our bedroom this time," he suggested.

Hermione smiled... and Apparated.

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nb: This and any drabbles that follow will not necessarily be consecutive within the 'Jewels' timeline.

## An Owl to Father

*Chapter 3 of 11*

The Granger-Snape's eldest daughter has a small... issue to take up with her father.

*An Owl to Father*

*Dear Father,*

*Would you please be so kind as to desist in frightening off every single boyfriend I have? The pool of candidates is becoming woefully small— a situation I do not appreciate.*

*Your loving (and annoyed) daughter,*

*Antonia.*

*My dearest Antonia,*

*No. Terrifying your young men is my privilege and my pleasure as your father. After all, if he cannot withstand ten minutes with me, I would hardly expect him to be able to handle you for more than a month—or vice-versa.*

*Besides, would you rather your mother handled these affairs?*

*Love,*

*Your father.*

*Father—*

*Point conceded.*

*Antonia.*

# Orientalizing

Chapter 4 of 11

Severus is asked to play a game. For the GS100 'blanket' challenge.

Orientalizing

Severus had become accustomed to the sounds of giggles and whispers and shouts as a small horde of little girls swarmed throughout his home. And to small hands tugging and small voices insisting that "Daddy, come play!"

He even obliged when, as now, he had time.

He was dragged into the playroom, where thick, patterned blankets had been draped overhead between chairs and tables. "What is the game?" he inquired.

"Daddy's the sultan," Antonia answered importantly, "and we're your harem."

Hermione, standing in the doorway, stifled gales of laughter at Severus's expression. What did he expect, reading them *1001 Nights*?

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ANs: I admit to loosely basing this on memories of my own childhood, though it was my sister (5 yrs. senior) rather than my parents who objected to what I was doing for reasons I only half understood. (And never agreed with, of course. ^\_^)

# The Drabble with Tribbles

Chapter 5 of 11

Children can get into the strangest troubles. And sometimes troubles involve tribbles.

*The Drabble with Tribbles*

"Mum!" The panicked cry echoed through the house. "*Mum!*"

Imogen was the last daughter he'd expect to get into mischief, and, curious, Severus followed his wife as she hastened to the nursery—the creature nursery, where Imogen was attempting to further adapt puffskeins for the Weasleys' commercial ventures.

The couple stopped dead in the doorway, gazing in shock at *mountains* of furballs. Their tall, dark-haired daughter was almost dwarfed as she stood helplessly in their midst.

There'd been *six* puffskeins the previous morning.

Hermione paled as she absorbed the scene. "Dear Merlin," she muttered, "your daughter's bloody well *invented tribbles*."

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AN: Tribbles, of course, appear courtesy of the *Star Trek* universe with the full and hearty approval of Kirk, Spock, Sisko, and Worf, among others. They assured me I could have as many as I pleased, and need not be worried about returning them.

# Gathering Gems

Chapter 6 of 11

A desk's clutter reveals the life of its owner. For the GS100 'photograph' challenge.

### *Gathering Gems*

Many years ago, Severus Snape had owned a desk for grading reprehensible essays. It had been bare of everything except the essentials: quill, ink, lamp. His only photograph—now destroyed—had been kept buried in a heavily warded drawer.

Much later, a new desk was graced by a new photograph: a smug-looking man, his smiling bride on his arm. Hermione leaned over every so often to whisper to him, her wicked expression preceding his startled one.

A second photograph had now joined it. Chaos reigned therein: eight young girls were sitting, standing, climbing on, and embracing two proud, laughing parents.

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AN: The first version of this was darker in tone; it omitted the last paragraph entirely. But since I was writing this particularly for the last paragraph, I edited out much of the original detail. Anyhow, the S/H pic was inspired by the end credits of the film 'The Quiet Man' with John Wayne & Maureen O'Hara.

## Flawed Setting

### *Chapter 7 of 11*

Severus and Hermione watching over one of their brood.

### *Flawed Setting*

"She's going to get her heart broken."

Hermione laid her head on his shoulder, eyes dark with pain. "I know; I wish there was something we could do."

Severus shifted, wrapping his arms around his wife, and she revelled in his solid warmth against her back. Together, they watched their next-to-youngest daughter, Aussie, dancing brilliantly with Theodosius Wandwell—Hogwarts's Seventh Year Lothario. Already, keen-eyed parents could see the way his attention was wandering.

"When the time comes, I'll kill him," he growled into her ear.

Hermione placed her hands over his. "I'll help you bury the body, beloved," she promised.

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AN: Inspired by Alan Rickman's line in the movie, *Blow Dry*: 'He's going to get his heart broke—if it isn't already.'

## The Errant Italian

### *Chapter 8 of 11*

Young Nessa comes to her parents for help in locating a missing Italian.

### *The Errant Italian*

"Mummy!" The wail only barely anticipated running feet. Hermione, enjoying some time in Severus's lap, disengaged herself just enough for decency.

"What's wrong, Nessa?" she asked the crying eight-year-old.

"I can't find San Lorenzo di Medici!" little Nerissa hiccupped.

"Now, dearest..." Hermione smoothed rampant curls. "You're well able to find him yourself, you know."

Owl-eyed, Nerissa objected, "But the law, Mummy..."

Severus shot his wife an amused look. "Bug—" he began, then coughed. "It doesn't apply in emergencies, Nessa." Anyway, the house was warded.

Nessa, though unconvinced, obediently recited, "*Accio* San Lorenzo!"

The errant teddy bear flew into her hands.

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A.N.—I've given my own stuffed toys some very elaborate names in my time. Such as Perseus Wilbur Irving... Pig. Still not quite sure where I picked up the Irving... I'd've given San Lorenzo an even longer name, but, well, *drabble*. Cheers! (^\_^)

# False Stones

Chapter 9 of 11

An owl arrives with news

## False Stones

The owl, a standard Hogwarts screech, slipped through the library's clerestory window. Severus and Hermione watched, curious, as it dropped a packet in their daughter's lap.

"Who's it from, Aussie?" Hermione asked.

Augusta shrugged. "I don't recognize the writing," she replied before neatly slitting it open, disclosing a half-dozen photographs and a note. The girl went pale— and very still.

She rose, gathering every drop of Snape dignity around her. "Excuse me," she said, and walked from the room.

Her parents gathered up a single fallen photograph: Augusta's boyfriend, entwined with another girl.

It burned quite nicely in the fireplace.

# Diamond-cut

Chapter 10 of 11

What happens after the owl.

## Diamond-cut

Nessa hovered in the doorway, hesitant to enter with her sister there, white and tearless, mindlessly stroking Tiberius, the family Puffble.

Grim, Nerissa gripped her wand and Disapparated.

"What the—?" Theo glared angrily at the dark-curled witch.

"Bastard," she spat. "You think you can treat my sister like this and get away with it?"

Theo merely smirked at the Fifth-Year. "You think/ would be scared of a kid like you? *Little* Nessa, the Snape *baby*?"

The next moment found Theo writhing on the floor. "You forgot," Nerissa informed him coldly, "the *Snapebaby* is still her father's daughter."

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AN: Hadn't really thought to follow up on 'Flawed Setting', but, well... (^\_^;) An extra cookie for those who know why we've named the Puffble (Imogen's 'invention') 'Tiberius'.

# A King's Jewel

Chapter 11 of 11

(or, A Self-Rescuing Princess)

A King's Jewel

(or, A Self-Rescuing Princess)

They stand before the vampire, wandless and taut.

"So," the creature drawls, "what's she worth to you? A king's ransom, perhaps?"

"More," Hermione spits back.

He smiles with a glint of fang. "So what have you brought me to—*persuade* me to return her?"

Severus's lips curl. "We bring you nothing."

Anger. "*Nothing!* You value not your lives, nor hers."

"We bring faith." Hermione smiles beatifically. On cue, an explosion resounds, and another vampire is flung into the room, pursued by a wild-haired, enraged ten-year-old.

"*Mum! Da!*"

With a negligent flick, Severus incinerates her kidnappers. "Time to go home, Viola."

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A/N: This was written some time ago for GS100's 'King's Ransom' challenge. I quite literally forgot to post it and then forgot about it altogether. Oops.

But don't you love Granger-Snape offspring?