

Elusion

by Hanagasume

His constant battle with the media against becoming front page news amuses her.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Written for the Weekend Drabbles on the OWL Post Forums. The prompt chosen was: *His constant battle with the media and against becoming front page news amuses her.*

Thanks go out to Meiri for the quick beta.

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He was always hiding.

She had known from the start that he was a very private man. He was always keeping everything under wraps - even his feelings for her, for the longest time. She had spent months coaxing him into the idea of the two of them, many times returning home rejected but no less convinced that they were meant to be together. One day, he finally decided that she just might be right. She had never been more elated.

During their time together following his admission, she had discovered that he had other idiosyncrasies to become accustomed to. Like for instance, the way that he liked to have tea and toast while still in bed, leaving crumbs in the sheets, but could not abide his academic journals being kept in the bathroom as reading material for when she bathed. Or the way he would not allow the house elves to be in his chambers unless absolutely necessary.

When they had married, he had kicked up the biggest fuss over the amount of media coverage about the wedding, despite the fact that it was supposed to be a secret and private affair. She had been none-too-pleased either, but had not made the scene that her husband did. She supposed it was understandable enough – after all, they had been followed around by writers the entire time they had courted. People everywhere were looking for a reason to write about them. After all, they were war heroes – celebrity was part of the territory.

She found his avoidance tactics and general dismay when reporters showed up on their dates rather amusing, if truth be told.

She was not a fan of media attention herself, but some of his tactics were just outrageous – and he always expected her to go along with his plans, peering at her intensely with his dark eyes until she would cave. After the time he had asked her to disguise herself with Polyjuice, however, she flat-out refused and would instead face the reporters on her own. Polyjuice always made her cringe from the memories of her younger days.

In the end, though, Hermione didn't mind so much that Severus Snape was complicated, obsessive-compulsive and fastidious. She loved him just the way he was.

Because, despite his bristly nature and antisocial tendencies, he was the best husband that any woman could have ever asked for. He never complained when they were

required to visit her family or friends together, nor did he ever try to control what she did with her life in any way. In the evenings, when she returned home from a hard day of work, he would massage her back and feet, and kiss the back of her neck sweetly.

She was more than content with her lot in life.

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A/N – Shortest piece I have ever written. Hopefully it's not too corny.