



"Did you know Minerva was planning to do a Secret Santa this year? Was this your idea?"

Hermione's gentle laugh warmed the dour man. "No, not mine, but it's a fun tradition. And besides, the limit is only three galleons. Who do you have? I'll help you shop for them."

One brow rose questioningly. "Do you not understand the concept of secret?"

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"Oh, give me a break. It's not as if anyone would know if you told me." Hermione resisted the impulse to roll her eyes. "I'll tell you what, you tell me who you have, and I'll tell you who I have."

If she was willing to tell him whom she picked, than it couldn't be him, Severus reasoned. "Would you like me to explain how a Secret Santa is conducted?"

"Fine, fine, have it your way. Anyway, it's just a small gift." Though, after she thought about it, she didn't think Severus was too used to giving gifts to anyone.

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Severus pulled the witch into his lap and thoroughly kissed her; something he still marveled at every time he'd had the opportunity to do so. The fact that Hermione wanted him to kiss her, or that she kissed him back each time, or the times she initiated a kiss, was beyond the norm for him and had taken him almost the whole last six months to accept as real.

Pulling back, he eyed the witch appraisingly. "I will, however, allow you to give me suggestions for gifts for both a man and a woman. Are you up to the task?"

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Hermione laughed. "A man and a woman? Right, so I won't be able to eliminate anyone. Well, there are several gifts you can give a man or a woman, a box of Honeyduke chocolates, a nice quill and inkwell, a Pocket Sneakoscope, or a box of personalized parchment to name a few."

Actually, the list was quite helpful. If it were him, he wouldn't mind receiving any of the items she mentioned. "Did you buy something you mentioned for your recipient?"

"No, I found a lovely matching tartan scarf and gloves set, spelled to warm the wearer in inclement weather."

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"Matching tartan scarf and gloves?"

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"So, Minerva it is."

"Oh, I gave it away. Alright," With a quick kiss to his lips, Hermione shimmied off Severus' lap. "Let's go. You promised to take me to that new restaurant in Hogsmeade."

"Bewitched, who came up with that name?"

Hermione shrugged. "I've heard the food is great."

Severus took a last longing look at his center drawer. Definitely too soon to propose, but he was sure the right time would present itself to him.

Maybe sometime soon.

He held the door open for his witch. "After you."

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Author Note: The conversion rate of galleons to dollars is 1 galleons to \$10.07 dollar. Therefore, 3 galleons converts to \$30.27 American or 15 pounds English, which has a ratio of 5 galleons to 1 pound.

A bit of fluff for the coming season.