

Christmas Memories

by karelia

He remembered each Christmas.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own them.

Today

Each year, he remembered one more occasion of Christmas since *she*'d come into his life. Each year, a little more grumpiness disappeared, replaced by a little more joy. Each year, he added a new perspective of the years that had passed since his life changed. Changed. With a capital C.

As every year, his heart raced as she entered the room, her eyes seeking his, hope for approval shining brighter with each step closer to him.

And what a vision she was, as if she'd saved up for the entire year, just to appear to him like a goddess.

Year Zero

"Damn, fucking mistletoe!"

"Indeed. Now, if you can stop the sneering, we can actually work out how the fuck to get out of it."

"Are you insane? There is only one way, you stupid—"

"Oh, please. Like I don't know. The thing is, kissing you when you're *not* sneering will be ever so much more pleasant."

"What do you mean?"

"Were you born stupid, or did you have to study for it? Honestly, here I was, thinking your title matched your intelligence."

"You... You are not opposed to kissing me?"

"Oh, you daft man."

Year One

"Really, Severus? The mistletoe again?"

"Only out of sheer... Oh, please, come on, humour me?"

"All right."

"Oh, it feels so good. Even better than kissing in your bedroom."

"What do you mean?"

"Well... Perhaps we should get a bedroom. You know? A place we both live. Together. It would save a lot of Apparating and Floo calls."

"You have a point."

"Don't I always?"

"Wench."

"Don't call me that!"

"Why not?"

"Because... Oh, you daft thing! What woman wants to be called a wench?"

"What woman wants to be kissed by me?"

"Idiot."

Year Two

"Hermione, I love you."

She smiled *that* smile. "I love you too."

They approached the door together, the one with the mistletoe above. The kissing was fierce.

"Two years," he whispered between kisses.

"And two hundred more to come," she whispered back between kisses.

Finally done snogging – only because the mistletoe started wiggling impatiently – they entered the Great Hall together.

The headmistress cast a disapproving look. "Really, you two. Have you set a date yet?"

"No," Severus said; Hermione shook her head. "We will, I'm sure, once we get bored."

"*If* ever we get bored," Hermione corrected.

They kissed again.

Year Three

"It's so lovely to be away from Hogwarts, no matter how much I love it," Hermione said as she stretched. The sun wasn't exactly high up in the sky, but the rays were a lot warmer than the ones in England. She could get used to this kind of Christmas holiday. Sun, sand, beach, and history, all in one place.

"I had no idea you loved the Arab world so much," he said, smirking, as he eyed her hungrily.

"Egypt is perfect at this time of year."

"Good." He doubted there would be much beach time today.

"I love you."
