

Drabbles- A Bit of This and That

by Pearle

Four drabbles about our favorite couple, each different. Enjoy!

Waiting

Chapter 1 of 4

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Waiting

Summary: He hates waiting. He has better things to do than wait for her. Still...

Written for the grangersnape100 Snow challenge.

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

Waiting

He watches the snow pile up outside their front window, the wind whipping the flakes until the road is obscured. He hates waiting. He has better things to do than wait for her. Still...

A quick glance at the clock shows her hand has moved to traveling. He hates that ruddy clock, but for now, he's glad to know she's on her way back home to him. He understands why she keeps going back, why she keeps trying, even if each visit seems more painful than the last. Maybe the next time they will forgive her, really forgive her. Maybe...

It won't be long now. Two stops before she can use the local Floo; international travel still took too long for his liking. He hears the kettle whistle and hurries into the kitchen for the tea tray. She's always cold when she comes home. Suddenly their Floo flares to life.

"Oh, it's cold."

"It's January in Scotland, Hermione, of course it's cold."

She tries to smile. "It's January in Australia, and it's not cold there." She knows the difference in weather between the two hemispheres, but would still rather tease him than admit the cold there wasn't from the weather.

Stepping into his arms, her smile wilts.

"Tired?"

"A bit."

He feels her shiver, not sure if it's from the cold or her mood. His arms encircle and hold her close. He never asks how the visits go. If she's of a mind, she'll tell him. He remembers the first time he went with her to restore her parents' memories, what a disaster that was.

"All right, a cuppa, a warm bath, and then bed."

"Don't you have an order due in the morning?"

"It can wait."

"You hate waiting."

His smile warms her. "But *you*, are worth waiting for."

A/N: -waves- Hi, no not dead, just been dealing with life for a while. Just a bit of scribbling to try and get back into writing again. Hope you enjoy.

Blink

Chapter 2 of 4

our drabbles about our favorite couple, each different. Enjoy!

Blink

Summary: What exactly was Severus working on? And how does Hermione figure into it.

Written for the grangersnape100 Anticipation challenge.

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Blink

"Blink." Severus held up one hand to forestall conversation. "Just blink, once."

"Why?"

"Blink."

"Fine." They were standing in the hallway for the Ministry of Magic, fourth level. Slowly, deliberately, Hermione blinked, once. Severus nodded and took off down the hallway. Since surviving Nagini's bite, he'd been working as an Unspeakable. Shaking her head, Hermione could only imagine what that was about.

Two days later, in the same fourth level hallway, she ran into him again. "Cough."

"You want me to cough?"

"Just, cough."

Not sure what was going on, Hermione coughed. Once again he took off down the hall.

"Jump." It had been four days since Hermione had seen the wizard. All attempts to find out what Severus was working on had ended in a dead end. "Jump."

Hermione jumped.

The next encounter was less than twelve hours later. He seemed to know when she would be in the fourth level hallway. It was the only time he would seek her out for his bizarre requests.

"Laugh." Hermione laughed.

Two days later she saw him in the main atrium, he barely acknowledged her presence. It seems only the fourth level hallway would do for whatever it was he was...doing.

A week went by before she saw Severus again in the level four hallway. Anticipating another odd exchange, she stopped when she saw him coming towards her, wondering what he would ask this time.

Severus slowed down long enough to nod before starting to move on.

"Wait, that's it? No more strange commands? No more bizarre requests?"

Severus turned to look at the witch. He eyed her before answering stiffly, "No, not at this time."

"What a pity, I was looking forward to you ordering me to suck."

Dumbfounded, Severus watched Hermione walk away, endless possibilities running through his mind.

A/N: This is rather odd, I know. This is what happens when the cat wakes me up at 4:30 in the morning. Can't tell you why it popped into my head or what Severus is doing. I don't have clearance for the Unspeakable level.

Happy Birthday, Severus

Chapter 3 of 4

Four drabbles about our favorite couple, each different. Enjoy!

Happy Birthday, Severus

Summary: Severus' birthday is coming up.

Written for the grangersnape100 Whips and Chains Challenge.

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Happy Birthday, Severus

Hermione paused, lost in thought as she rechecked her list. "One plug, one whip, no, better make that two whips. Oh, and clamps, how could I forget clamps? I wonder if he needs a collar?"

Clamps? Severus frowned. He knew Hermione was planning something special for his birthday, but this seemed a bit much, especially since they hadn't really talked about their sexual limits, their relationship being too new to push those boundaries yet. Not that he was objecting, a bit of play did spice things up. But were the toys for him... or for her? That was the question.

"That's an interesting list you're composing."

Startled, Hermione jumped as Severus walked into the kitchen. "Hi, I didn't hear you come in."

"Indeed." He nodded toward her parchment. "Planning something special for my birthday?"

Hermione looked at the parchment and started to laugh. "This is not for your birthday, these are supplies my dad asked me to pick up before I stop over this weekend."

"Supplies?"

"Electrical supplies. He wants to do a few repairs around the house; a plug for the lamp in his den and an electrical whip and clamps to fix the overhead light in the kitchen."

"What about the collar?"

"For his drill."

Awkwardly, Severus nodded. "I thought..."

"I know what you thought." Hermione was amused to see the wizard blush. "Dad asked me to pick up a few things when I mentioned I was planning to stop at B&Q and pick up a few plants for their back garden."

"Yes, well, B&Q should have everything you need."

"Definitely." Casually, Hermione pulled a glossy catalog from her bag and set it on the table. The title, printed in flashing red letters read, *Whips, Chains, and Toys, Oh My!* "Your birthday present, I ordered from here."

A/N: For those this side of the pond: B&Q in England is the equivalent of Home Depot here.

Wherefore Art Thou?

Chapter 4 of 4

Four drabbles about our favorite couple, each different. Enjoy!

Wherefore Art Thou?

Summary: The fifth anniversary of Voldemort's defeat and Hermione was still alone. Where was her Prince Charming?

Written for the grangersnape100 Dance floor conversations challenge.

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Wherefore Art Thou?

Hermione hummed softly, one foot tapping to the music that was playing. She watched as Harry gently spun a pregnant Ginny around the dance floor. Ron drifted by, the flavor of the month clinging to him worse than Devil's Snare. They shared a quick smile before he and his 'date' swirled by, thankful they'd been able to save their friendship when they'd given up on being each other's 'true love.'

Severus was off to the side by himself; even Minerva was dancing with Kingsley. The fifth anniversary of Voldemort's defeat and she was still alone. Where was her Prince Charming?

"Not dancing, Granger?"

Hermione smiled. "It's not as if I have a string of suitors lined up for the opportunity to dance with me, besides, Severus, I don't see you out there."

"Hmm, now why would that be?"

"What, why no one is asking me or why you're not dancing?" she asked with a laugh.

"Oh, I know why no one wants to dance with me. I can't figure out why no one is asking you." She looked lovely in gold robes that hugged her curves. Truth be told, he really didn't know why no one was asking the witch.

"All right, there are those that don't want to dance with a know-it-all. And those that do want to dance with me as a war hero, are not worth dancing with." Hermione's eyes sparkled as she lay down the gauntlet. "And your excuse would be?"

"I suppose I could say the same." Severus burst out laughing at the look she shot him. "I have no desire to dance with those that want to dance with me because I survived, was a spy, was a Death Eater, I belong to the Order of the Phoenix, or for...a variety of other reasons."

His love for Lily and Potter's lack of restraint with his memories came to mind as several of those other reasons.

"We never would've won the war without you."

Severus waved Hermione's comment away. "And there are those that think I should be rotting in Azkaban. Besides, I don't dance."

"You don't know how to dance?"

"I said I don't dance, not that I didn't know how. There's a difference."

"It seems we are of the same ilk."

"So it seems."

"So, would you still say no if I asked you to dance?"

That was the real question, wasn't it?

Hermione offered her hand to the wizard. The last few years had been good to him. Rest, good food, and not answering to a psychotic megalomaniac or a manipulative Machiavellian wizard had done him a world of good. "Dance with me, Severus?"

The band played the opening strains of a waltz. He really had no reason to refuse Granger. She knew and accepted him, as he was, faults and all. They had formed a friendship over the last few years, first working together on her research and then exchanging letters and such. Severus bowed. "It would be my pleasure, Hermione."

Taking her hand in his, he placed his other hand on her waist and drew Hermione to him. With a nod, he pulled her closer. A gentle turn and they swirled onto the dance floor.

They moved as one, Severus' natural grace guiding them around the floor. Hermione closed her eyes and breathed deeply. He smelled wonderful, like wind and herbs and something definitely masculine.

Severus smiled. "I did take a shower today. Hard as it may be to believe, I do shower daily. I have even been known to take an occasional bath."

"Oh, I believe it. You smell...divine."

"Thank you, as do you. Your own blend of shampoo and perfume?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"I can almost make out the ingredients, the scent is fresh, light, an obvious lack of chemicals, and it compliments your own unique scent."

Hermione's eyes widened. "Thank you, Severus, was that a compliment?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. Did you see yesterday's article on fragmenting herb stems in the current issue of Potions Monthly? I was going to owl it to you if you were absent tonight. I thought it might be of interest to you considering your current research."

And they were off.

"Wow, who knew the git could dance?" Ron shook his head as he watched Hermione and Severus.

"What could she see in him?"

Harry and Ron exchanged a look. "Well, he's more than a bit anti-social, into academics and books, and has the need to know everything. Oh, and believes he's always right."

Harry nodded. "Yep, a perfect fit."

"If they don't kill each other. Though he did survive both Dumbledore and Voldemort, I suppose it was good training for Hermione." Ginny said with a laugh.

"Are they a couple?" asked Ron's almost-girlfriend.

"Just look at the two of them."

Lost in conversation, neither noticed those who had stopped to watch the pair dance. Hermione rarely danced at any function. Severus never danced. Full stop. Ever. So the sight of the unlikely couple dancing and enjoying themselves was a rare sight, indeed.

"Would you care for a glass of wine? We can talk on the balcony."

"Why don't we go back to my place? I think I've got a split of champagne."

"Your place? Because...?"

Hermione smiled. "Just...because."

"I see." And he did. "Shall we?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

And without a backwards glance, they disappeared into the night.

A/N: A bit of fluff before bed.