

Putty in Her Hands

by articcatt621

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The GS100 challenge prompt for this drabble was "reluctance." Many thanks to Araeofsomething for looking this over.

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Severus was reluctant to agree to Hermione's wishes as he saw no reason for him to attend Sunday lunch at the Burrow, but as his witch stared at him, her brown eyes wide and a small pout on her face, his resolve began to waver.

"Please, Severus?" she asked once more. "It would mean a lot to me. Molly, too. She's been asking about you."

Severus sighed, an air of defeat about him. "Very well." He couldn't stop a smile from appearing on his face when she stood and threw her arms around him. She always reduced him to putty.