

# L'Etang du Fangassier

*by karelia*

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## L'Etang du Fangassier

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione knows her Slytherin husband well enough to not simply say, "You need a bath."

"Do you remember our first date? I'd love to do that again, Severus. It's been so long since we both transformed."

"Are you in need of a change of scenery? And colour? Maybe crabs?"

"Oh, yes! Let's go! Let's have a feast! And a bath out in the open!"

Hermione's enthusiasm was infectious despite his reluctance. But he enjoyed pleasing her, and if she wanted them both in their Animagi forms, it was nothing to him. She was the *sole* source of his happiness, after all.

They arrived in the Camargue just as the sun was setting in a most spectacular display of water, rugged hills, lonely bushes, bathed in a thousand hues of red, purple, and orange.

They looked at each other and nodded.

L'Etang du Fangassier, a Muggle-built sanctuary for aviary wildlife, well stocked with little crabs, surrounded by rugged hills, stray rosemary bushes, and a healthy climate thanks to a ban on Muggle cars and pylons within the immediate area witnessed a strange sighting that evening. Two white birds arrived, waded through the water and greedily fed on crabs. As they did so, their feathers slowly turned to pink, and finally, they looked like true flamingos.