

Fighting with Honey

by lady_rhian

Severus and Hermione learn to resolve their marital issues...creatively. A two-part drabble series written for the grangersnape100.

Part One

Chapter 1 of 2

Severus and Hermione learn to resolve their marital issues...creatively. A two-part drabble series written for the grangersnape100.

Disclaimer: It's not mine and never will be. :)

A/N: This drabble series was inspired by the "You catch more flies with honey than vinegar" challenge. My thanks to the lovely ladies at the gs100 for their support.

"Hush little baby, don't say a word, mamma's gonna buy you a mocking bird..." Hermione sang softly, cradling the infant in her arms. Her ten-month-old daughter gurgled softly, her head becoming heavy on her mother's shoulder. Hermione continued to rock the baby until she was sleeping soundly.

She laid her down in the crib gently, pulling a crimson covered blanket over her. Hermione put her hands on the railing and stared at her sleeping daughter. Her black hair, inherited from her father, was sleek and seemingly immune to summer's humidity. Hermione put a freezing charm on the room to preserve the temperature, and walked out of the nursery down the hall.

A light glow was emanating from her intended destination. She paused in the doorway of the emerald green room, smoothing her dressing gown. Still soft, she thought, running a hand across her stomach. She'd known that her firm figure would never be the same after childbirth, and, two children later, she was feeling the effects.

She looked up and gazed in the room, watching her husband and young son. Severus' back was turned as he sat next to his son's bed, reading him a story. Lucas' eyes were drooping, his brown wavy locks grazing his eyebrow. He was almost out. Hermione turned and walked back down the hallway.

She was sitting on a lounge chair in the sitting room when Severus walked in. She and her husband took turns putting each child to bed every night.

"Tomorrow, you get Lucas. He wanted three stories," Severus said, sitting next to his wife, picking up a book.

"All you have to do is say no, you know," Hermione said softly, perusing the pages of her own leather-bound novel.

Severus didn't respond. Hermione knew that he was devoted to their children and spoiled them with love and affection. His own father had not been so benevolent with him.

She sighed and returned to her book.

A few moments later, Severus looked up.

"How was Amelia?"

"Perfect," Hermione said simply. "Went down like an angel."

Severus grunted.

Hermione paused. "Do you want to talk about what happened?"

"No," he said curtly, not looking up.

Hermione sighed and returned to her book.

"Why do you want to discuss it?" he asked, sneering. "You are obviously uninterested."

"Severus." Hermione stared at him, exasperated. "When have *lever* been uninterested?"

"Last night you were."

"Last night it took me two hours to get Amelia to stop crying!"

"This isn't about your exhaustion; it's about the manner in which you refused me!"

And with that, he got up and stalked out.

Tears sprung to Hermione's eyes. They'd been married for five years, had two children – and she still had to walk on eggshells around him.

She knew that he had feared rejection, had been terrified it, and immediately shut off those who chose to treat him with disdain.

Like she had last night.

I'm a stupid woman, she thought, shifting uncomfortably in her chair. *Why did I have to treat him like that?*

Damn it to hell.

She couldn't read, not when they were fighting like this.

She rose from her chair and followed her husband's scent into their bedroom.

Part Two

Chapter 2 of 2

Severus and Hermione learn to resolve their marital issues... creatively. A two-part drabble series written for the grangersnape100.

Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR.

A/N: There is mild language and sexual content in this last portion.

She walked quietly, peering into their dark chamber. She saw his silhouette, illuminated in the silver moonlight. He was sitting on the bed, hunched over, with his head in his hands.

"Oh, darling," she said softly and walked across the room, her dressing gown flaring out with her steps.

She paused and dropped to her knees in front of him, taking his hands in hers. He looked her straight in the eye.

"Why did you do that?"

She breathed in deeply. "I've never refused your bed before."

"You did last night. Circe's sake, Hermione," he muttered, running his hands through his hair. "You shoved me off of you and looked at me like..."

"Like what?" She looked up at him, her eyes filled with pain.

"Like you wanted nothing to do with me," he said softly.

"Severus, it had been a long day. We'd been fighting, Amelia was cranky..." She trailed off, gesticulating helplessly. "I had no right to treat you that way."

"You shoved me off of you, screaming at me like I was some goddamn rapist." He shook his head. "We trust each other. I thought we did."

"Severus, I do trust you. We'd just... you know my work at the Ministry is unpleasant; it brings up all sorts of memories and things that I've long thought forgotten."

Severus paused, as if caught unawares on how to answer.

"Of course," he said finally. "I didn't know the war still bothered you."

"I'd be silly to complain with you living under the same roof," she said wryly. "You are the best thing that ever happened to me, Severus. I love you. *love you*, you insufferable man. Amelia and Lucas are my treasures, but you..." She shook her head, chuckling. "You are my love."

He looked at her. "Why did you..."

"You caught me off guard. We'd been fighting, and then all of a sudden we weren't..."

"You typically enjoy such encounters." He smiled wryly.

"Not when I've had an awful day at work and a colicky child to come home to," she said.

"So the lesson is..."

"You catch more flies with honey than with vinegar," Hermione offered.

"Hmm," he murmured, kissing her neck. "Or Hermione will only shag if honey is involved..."

"You insufferable..."

He silenced her protest with a sound kiss.

She moaned softly and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her body closer to his.

He leaned back on to the bed, drawing her up with him, deftly rolling so that she was beneath him. Running his hands down her torso, he muttered something under his breath.

Five seconds later her wrists were tied to the bed posts and Severus had a bottle of honey in his hands.

"Now," he murmured, smiling wickedly. "We'll see just how many 'flies' we can... catch."
