

Owls to India

by lady_rhian

A compilation of letters between our favorite couple. Inspired by the "Our Mrs. Snape" challenge at the gs100.

Letters

Chapter 1 of 1

A compilation of letters between our favorite couple. Inspired by the "Our Mrs. Snape" challenge at the gs100.

Disclaimer: It's all JKR's.

A/N: Written for the gs100 – as always, my thanks to those lovely ladies for the fantastic camaraderie.

Dear Severus,

I've been going mad this past week, and you just left for India. I'm desperate to see you again.

Yours,

Hermione

My Hermione,

My apologies to you for not replying sooner. I'll be home as soon as I am able. I've amassed quite a collection of herbs and spices over these past two weeks. Try not to get too excited; they're very volatile and Gryffindor enthusiasm is apt to wreck havoc on the poor things.

Severus

Severus,

Go screw a Hippogriff.

Your favorite Gryffindor,

Hermione

Hermione,

Alas, I fear I'm a heterosexual human being, in that I prefer human beings of the female gender.

Severus

My darling bastard,

Why haven't you written in a month? You are driving me absolutely crazy, you abominable man. I miss you like mad, and I'm cooped up here at Headquarters with the Order members. I hate anniversary celebrations. It's not just that Neville isn't here – gods, how I miss that boy – but Ron and Lavender always forget the Silencing Spell, and Harry and Ginny are annoyingly pregnant. In that Ginny keeps on bumping into things, and Harry is incapable of not waiting on her hand and foot, and thus preventing my complaining to her that you're not here.

Hermione

Hermione,

I really must thank Mr. Potter for finally impregnating his wife after five years of marriage. It is so rare the instances that render you speechless; his constant presence, for once, is useful. A shame I am not there to see it – but I hope to be soon.

Severus

You rotten, rotten old man.

Your continued verbal abuse through Owl Post is becoming most annoying. Either cease communicating with me or get your arse back here.

Along with the – erm – rest of you.

My darling,

I am not old, merely mature. And it is that maturity which has you screaming your pleasure every night. Don't complain.

Severus

Severus,

I haven't been screaming for nearly three months. You don't want me becoming entirely dependent on my BOB, do you?

Yours,

Hermione

My dear Mrs. Snape,

You will do nothing of the kind. You know that my seclusion is necessary in order to obtain the ingredients we need for the research (which was your idea, might I add). The tribe only allows male visitors. Were I to allow visits from my wife, I would be permanently barred from entry.

After all, you wouldn't want to force Remus into his werewolf state for the rest of his life merely because your sexual appetites weren't being fully satiated (and they'd better not be until I get back).

Your devoted husband,

Severus