

Happy Anniversary

by hp4freak

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Summary: This is an entry to a contest on The Hideaway. The rules were simple: involves an anniversary and must mention a shoelace.

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Happy Anniversary

It had been an absolutely perfect year. Who knew Slytherin men could be so romantic, or so passionate? Certainly not Hermione. She loved Draco, of course, and had long before they were married. While she had suspected it existed, she had never seen his truly sensual side until after they said their vows.

It was now their one year anniversary and she was beyond excited. Earlier in the week she had seen the Flourish and Blotts packaging in the trash, and since no new books had appeared around the house, she assumed it had once covered her gift. Draco had exquisite taste in books. She was practically bouncing down the stairs.

"Good morning, luv." She practically ran over to Draco, giving him a hard peck on the cheek.

"Oh, you ruined the surprise," he said in mock outrage. "I was going to bring you breakfast in bed, made by yours truly."

"Mmm... That's okay; it still smells delicious, and now we can eat together. This way, we can exchange gifts right after breakfast." She was grinning from ear to ear.

He had made eggs, toast, and bacon. He wasn't the best cook, but it was a simple meal, and that way, there was less he could screw up. He made them both plates and brought them to where she was already sitting in the breakfast nook. Neither of them liked to use the formal dining room, unless it was unavoidable.

"Well, you're certainly happy today; is there something special going on that I don't know about?" Oh, teasing her right now was not the best option, but even that couldn't get her out of her good mood. She had the perfect gift for him, she knew it.

They ate a quiet meal after that. It certainly was good, but she was too excited to really taste any of it.

"Well, I left my gift for you in the library. Why don't you grab the gift you got me and meet me in there?" Draco asked, getting up to put both their dishes in the sink; he would do the dishes later.

By the time he turned around to see if she had heard him, she was gone. Shrugging and laughing slightly, he turned to go, too.

What better place to hide a book than a library? Hermione thought to herself as she retrieved a small package from the downstairs guest room. She walked back down the hall to the library, finding Draco sitting there casually by the fire, no package in sight. *He must have just kept it on the shelf. Maybe he'll make me do a scavenger hunt for it.*

"I see you're wanting to open your gift first, then," she said, sitting down across from him. She handed over the package and watched as he delicately tore at the wrapping paper. He lifted the lid of the box with a slight smile on his face. It faded immediately.

"You don't like it?" She was already sounding panicky by the first word.

"Oh. No, I do. It's just a surprise is all," Draco stammered out, lifting the scarf from its box. It was striped silver and green, his old house colors. He had at least a half-dozen in the wardrobe upstairs.

"I knitted it myself. I even put little tassels on the end for you." And so she had, he now noticed. She had actually done a fair job of knitting it, but still, a do-it-yourself gift? For your anniversary? Your first anniversary? He didn't think he'd ever understand her.

He neatly folded the scarf back up and placed it in the box, deftly placing the lid back on. "It's wonderful. You did a great job on the knitting, too. Thank you so much." He could get through this. At least he was positive she would love her gift.

"I'm glad you liked it; I was worried there for a minute." She still had only a small smile on her face, but it was brightened by his next words.

"Well, you're sure to love your gift." That sounded more like it to her. She wondered what subject the book was about. "I know you don't already have one of these." That made her pause. She had all kinds of books. Could he possibly mean that she didn't have one on this subject?

But a moment later, she wondered no more. Out from behind his chair, Draco produced a rather large, rectangular, definitely not book-size package. He leaned forward, placing it in her lap.

She was speechless for the first time in her life. She had been certain she was getting a book. She gently pulled off the top of the box.

It was a broom. A magic, flying, absolutely terrifying broom.

She almost cried.

"It's the fastest out right now. In fact, I had it specially ordered for you; it technically doesn't come out until next month. I bet you can't wait to try it out." It was now Draco's turn to grin from ear to ear. He had surprised her. This was fantastic.

Did he not know her at all? Did he honestly believe THIS was the perfect anniversary gift for her? She hadn't so much as touched a broom since she was a first year. *Okay, paste on a pretty smile, tell him you love it, and go book shopping tomorrow. You'll feel better then.*

She leaned forward to give him a hug, not really trusting her voice just yet. He, of course, took this as confirmation that it was indeed the best gift she had ever received in her life.

Hermione was softly placing the lid back on the box, lest the thing go off by accident, when the flames turned green in the grate. Out popped the saddest looking house-elf Hermione had ever seen.

It looked around quickly, noticing both of them already sitting there, and smiled its broadest, toothiest smile. "Hello, sir and missus. I is Boinky, your new house-elf." She looked proud of herself (for it was now clearly a 'her'), as if she had memorised the entire thing and had repeated it perfectly.

Hermione was speechless once again. Who would send her a house-elf? Surely not Draco, he looked as surprised as she. Hopefully, he would never make such a mistake in his life.

Boinky was talking again now. "Boinky is your anniversary present from sir and missus Malfoy. HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!" The last bit was said so loudly, and so squeakily, that both Hermione and Draco jumped.

"Boinky is bringing you a present, too, though." With that, the elf pulled a long string from Merlin only knows where, handing it to Hermione.

"A shoelace?" It was the only thing she could think to say. She was normally much more polite to these creatures, but surely this was a joke. Sure enough, though, the elf was nodding her little head enthusiastically.

"I is so glad you like, missus. Boinky will get started on the chores right away!" She then bounded away, leaving Hermione looking accusingly at Draco, as he squirmed in his chair.

"Surely my parents meant well."

She huffed off, probably to go try and stop the elf from whatever cleaning she had found to do. He knew that wouldn't be the end of it, though.

The sweat poured down her face in droplets as Hermione sat bolt upright in bed. She looked around, half expecting an enthusiastic house-elf to pop out of nowhere.

"...wassamatter..."

A sigh of relief escaped her lips upon seeing the dark head of her husband. "Nothing, luv. Goodnight," she said, laying back and snuggling into his warmth.

She thought of their anniversary the day before and how perfectly he understood her. *Hogwarts: a History First Edition* was the perfect gift to give her. And she knew he adored his personalised potion decanters. At least one Slytherin man understood her.