

Guess Who

by DawnEB

GS100 Anonymous Valentine Challenge

Guess who

Chapter 1 of 2

GS100 Anonymous Valentine Challenge

He eyed the object propped up on his desk.

It was a sickly confection of pink and white frothy lace and glitter. There was a large padded heart in the centre that looked like it could have been woven from Tonks' hair. This was flanked by moving pictures of kittens that pawed curiously up at a fat cupid that fluttered about above the heart in an attempt to avoid them. Inside was a snatch of twee doggerel in an excessively curly script.

It was perfect.

'She'll never guess it's from me,' he thought as he put it into its envelope.

Guess Who 2

Chapter 2 of 2

It grew a bit.

Three more lots of 100.

"Mr Weasley?" enquired Minerva, indicating the garish card in Hermione's hands.

Hermione frowned. "Actually, no. This was from Ron." She pushed forward a large card that featured an animated scene of Cupid attempting to hit a large red heart with his

tiny arrows while Ron flew about in his Quidditch uniform using his Keeper skills to repulse them. He had obviously failed to realise the significance of Cupid's Darts.

Studying the unsigned monstrosity in her hands, her thoughts drifted sadly to what kind of token the darkly fascinating man beside her might have sent, if only he had been inclined.

Hermione let out a heavy sigh of frustration. Severus looked up from his steaming mug. "Still fretting over that thing, I see. I really don't see the problem. Surely the point is for it to be anonymous?"

"Actually, I think the point is that you should be able to guess who sent it. That way you can indicate if the sentiment is reciprocated, or pretend ignorance if it isn't." She saw a look of surprised understanding pass over Snape's face for the barest moment.

"I... see," he said slowly, frowning at the card, and Hermione felt a twinge of.... hope?

Snape saw the smile and sideways glances Hermione had been giving him.

He thought he was being so clever, sending the card and watching her suffer in her need to know who had sent it, but it seemed as if his lack of experience in Valentines tradition was going to backfire on him. She knew he'd sent it. Trouble was, he wasn't sure anymore why he had, or how he wanted her to react.

Deep in cogitation, he froze when hands covered his eyes. A soft kiss was bestowed on his cheek followed by a whispered, "Guess who."

He smiled.