

Sneak and She Shall Find

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Slytherin tactics and foreign tongues; what could possibly go wrong?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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LM's Notes: I would like to take a moment to thank DeeMichelle and Jane Average for their extraordinary beta skills, and ubiquirk for turning my blatant Americanisms into Briticisms. I would be lost without their guidance. Any mistakes found within are entirely mine.

Hermione stood there with her hands fisted on her hips, clucking her tongue and shaking her head. *What in Circe's name could he have been thinking?* "This is a right bloody mess you've gotten us into, Severus. I told you time and time again that you cannot cast Latin-based spells in fly-by-night Portuguese and expect them to work," she ground out, exasperated. "Simply having visited Lisbon once or twice whilst jet-setting does not make Lucius fluent in the language or familiar with their forms of magic."

Severus did his very best to look sorrowful and abashed, complete with slumping shoulders and downcast eyes. It was quite a chore for him to accomplish really, considering he was secretly thrilled with the outcome of his machinations.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, poking him in the chest with her finger. "Don't even try it, *dear*. I'm not falling for that poor, pitiful 'I was never very good at foolish wand waving' bit this time."

Severus' head jerked up, and he tried desperately to suppress a smirk, almost managing to curb the twitching in his lip. Unfortunately, for him, Hermione, being the observant witch she was, recognized the beginnings of his telltale expression.

"If I didn't know any better," she said shrewdly, "I would swear you planned for this exact thing to happen. *Contraceptus*, my arse!"

Severus grabbed her by the wrist and tugged her into his lap. He brought his face agonizingly close to hers, their noses almost touching. "Insufferable Know-It-All," he murmured before lowering his lips to hers in a light, playful kiss. "Honestly," he asked seriously as he continued to press kisses to the corners of her mouth, "what upsets you the most, the fact that I out-Slytherined you, or the actual result of my little scheme?"

Hermione pulled back to take in his expression. She could clearly see the emotional war that was raging in his eyes: mirth that he had managed fool her, some guilt that he had actually deceived her, apprehension as to what she would think or do, and joy at the thought of becoming a father. Half of her was furious with him for acting without fully discussing this with her, while the other half found his insecurities and foibles somewhat endearing. "You know, Severus, there's something to be said for Gryffindor bravery. You could have just taken a chance and told me you wanted to have a baby. I would have been receptive."

Severus visibly relaxed at her words before fixing her with a sardonic expression. "Next time, perhaps."

"Next time?" Hermione asked. "You say that as if you will ever see the inside of our bedroom again, oh soon-to-be master of the sofa," she added, feigning irritation at his presumptuousness.

Severus snorted, "As if keeping me from my husbandly rights were even a remote possibility, my dear wife."

Hermione gave him a playful slap before fixing him with glare. "What do you think of the name Leandro?"

Severus thought for a moment. "I am not familiar with that name's origin or context."

It was Hermione's turn to smirk and get a dig in. "Guess you'd better brush up on your Portuguese, and soon," she said as she slid from his lap, just out of his reach.

"Touché." Severus made a mental note to Floo Lucius soon to find out just what the hell Leandro meant. One could never be too sure with Hermione.

LM's Notes Part Deux: Leandro is the Portuguese form of Latin Leander, meaning 'lion-man.'