

Hen Night, Interrupted

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Written for the Spousal Duties challenge on GS100.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Written in answer to the Spousal Duties challenge on GS100, reformatted as a one-shot for posting here.

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is not mine.

Having eavesdropped on the conversation of those organising his fiancée's hen night, Severus was able to arrive beforehand and blend in with the scenery, unable to miss such a blackmail opportunity.

"As a Muggle-born, you're probably unaware of the duties you're expected to perform as witch to your wizard—" Molly Weasley began, only to be interrupted by her own daughter's snort.

"Mum, it's impossible that there's a book Hermione hasn't read yet."

Molly sent a quelling glance at Ginevra before continuing as though there had been no interruption. "Amongst a witch's wifely duties is to polish her husband's wand."

Severus smirked as he saw Hermione choke on her clandestine non-alcoholic drink. She was doubtless starting to wish that she was able to drink alcohol; unfortunately for her, present circumstances prevented it.

"I meant the wooden one, dear," said Molly as she patted Hermione on her back. The attempt to clarify matters only made Hermione's choke degenerate into a fit of coughing. "Of course, in older days when wizards wielded staffs, this kind of talk would be even more laden with innuendo."

"Because of the knob on the end?" Hermione managed to ask, her voice rough from her coughing attack.

"And the method of holding them. My grandfather had one, and the greater force of magic needed a tighter hold than on a wand. Now, how did that song go?" Molly mused, shaking her head. "No, I just can't remember."

"Is the methodology the same as polishing my own?"

Severus uncomfortably adjusted his trousers at the sight of Hermione demonstrating the moves on her own wand.

"More or less, yes. You should allow for a smoother shaft, thicker girth and different length. It's better to use polish, too. The only worthwhile brand is ironically also a more personal lubricant variety."

"The aim is to polish the wand until sparks fly from the end, although not too vigorously or it may cause embarrassment and upset; very few people enjoy the result exploding on them," the Weasley matriarch lectured.

"What of husbandly duties? Please tell me that it's not just witches who have expected duties."

"In return for your service polishing the wands, Severus's duty is to care for the wand holsters, which should make your job a little, well...." Molly fumbled for the right words.

"Easier?" Ginevra suggested, fingers dipped in the suggested 'polish'.

"Equal?" Nymphadora Tonks unsurprisingly had feminist inclinations.

"More rewarding?" Hermione muttered, probably still fixated on any possible inequality. Then again, a closer look at her face did make Severus wonder whether she was thinking more about the innuendo involved.

"The reward is a closer bond between husband and wife from shared duties. That and the trust a wizard like Severus must have to allow someone else so much as touch the amplifier of his power. It may seem quite like servitude, but in reality, you're the one with her hand on the wand."

'Well, well. Molly Weasley, closet feminist. Who would have known?' Severus thought to himself.

"Marriage is not meant to be a power struggle, though. There's enough imbalance already with the difference in age between us—"

"Then your holding his pri— er, sorry, *wand* in your hand evens that out, right?" Tonks interjected.

"Actually, I was talking about the fact that wizards don't live as long as witches, even Muggle-born witches."

Severus swallowed hard from his position, Disillusioned in the corner. That fact had somehow slipped his mind.

"Hermione Granger, this is your hen night. One does not think of when one will be widowed before marriage. It simply is not done!" Minerva exclaimed.

"Quite right. No gloomy thoughts allowed! As it is, you can look forward to at least a century of marriage," Molly chirped, cheeks rosy from her imbibing of neat Firewhisky.

"Unless Snapey does something to make her kill him yourself. Heaven only knows what she sees in him," Ginevra muttered to Nymphadora, who nodded in agreement. Both squawked moments later when Hermione launched a couple of warning stinging hexes at them, a tangible reminder that, besides the eavesdropping Severus, she was the only sober person present.

"Oi! How can you still do magic?" Nymphadora slurred, rubbing at her sore shoulder.

"You're not drinking al-key-hol? 'Mione, are you preggers?" A tipsy Ginevra asked.

Severus stifled a chuckle as Hermione snapped, "No, I just happen to be a teetotaler."

"That's not true, you're the one who drank Mundungus Fletcher under the table at the victory party. So you either just lied or cheated that night. Which is it?"

Hermione rolled her eyes, flushing in a mixture of embarrassment and exasperation. "None of your business. This is my hen night, not a baby shower. Now, where are those strippers?"

"Strippers?" The word exploded out of Severus, his Disillusionment Charm failing in his outrage.

Severus swooped down on his surprised bride, snatched her up and threw her over his shoulder with decidedly more care than a sack of potatoes would receive.

"You want to see a wizard strip, fine! As long as it's me!"

He stalked out of the room, leaving the others behind before they could even think of protesting. Hermione didn't struggle, unwilling to risk falling.

"Abducting me from my hen night was not wise, Severus Snape, considering that your wand's upkeep will soon be in my hands," she growled, thumping him on the back.

"Turnabout is fair play, wouldn't you say?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about—"

"Hermione, I am intimately familiar with your body. You were the masked lap dancer at my stag night. I am returning the favour this way. Unless you want me to go back and proceed to strip off in front of all and sundry?" Severus cut her off, lowering her to her feet once he was inside his quarters.

"Well, when you put it that way...." Hermione grinned shiftily, producing her wand. "I know just the song for you to strip along to!" She activated her custom-made charm, watching him hungrily.

'I'm too sexy for my shirt...' The music seemed to blare straight into his head, skipping his ears entirely.

Severus glowered at Hermione, crossing his arms. "Hermione, if you think that I will strip to that racket, you have another thing coming."

"*Accio!*"

PING! "How many shirts have you ruined now? Are you incapable of disrobing charms, or even of attacking buttons manually without sending them everywhere?"

"Severus, there's such a thing as '*Reparo*'. If you don't want your clothes 'ruined', there's a simple solution."

"What?"

Hermione looked strangely at him for a moment, then brandished her wand threateningly. "Strip!"

AN: Thanks to septentrion for her super-fast beta and to ubiquire for encouraging me to post this on TPP.