

Dateless on Halloween

by blackaces924

Hermione receives an invitation. So does Snape.

I

Chapter 1 of 6

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Dear Miss Hermione Granger,

You are cordially invited to the private gathering of Messieurs Potter & Malfoy at Malfoy Manor in the celebration of Halloween. Dress code for the evening is "pumpkin".

Yours truly,

The Terrible Terrific Two.

Harry Potty and Draco Ferret.

p.s. For God's sake, Granger, bring a date!

Hermione snorted at their attempt at sounding posh. Too bad the emphasis is on the word "attempt".

Bring a date, indeed! she huffed.

"I see you've received the invitation," a deep voice said.

She turned to find Severus Snape leaning against the door, casually holding up his own invitation.

II

Chapter 2 of 6

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Dear Messieurs Potter Potty & Malfoy Ferret,

I am writing, with regret, to inform you that I am unable to attend this *joyous* occasion. Please enjoy yourselves! I do suggest that you try to keep the pumpkin-pie-face-smashing contest to a minimum, *boys*.

Yours sincerely,

Hermione Granger.

p.s. Sod off! I don't need you meddling into my dates!

A shadow loomed over her. He peered over her shoulder, looking at the piece of parchment.

"So you've decided not to go?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Hot *date*?" he growled softly into her ear.

"I should tell you because..." She trailed off.

III

Chapter 3 of 6

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"We can go together," he suggested silkily.

"No. I have a date already."

"I don't recall you telling me about a date." A warning.

"I don't need to tell you everything, Severus."

Suddenly he spun her around. Her back hit against the edge of the table, her pumpkin-shaped invitation falling off. He had essentially trapped her between him and the table.

He was close, so very close to her.

"I didn't say you can go," he said imperiously, hands grabbing her arms.

Enough!

Bracing her arms against his firm chest, she snapped, "I can go wherever I want to go!"

IV

Chapter 4 of 6

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Just as she reached for the door, he asked, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Getting ready for my date, of course."

"I'll see you at the pumpkin soiree then."

"No, you won't," she said resolutely.

"What do you mean, no?" he said with a raised eyebrow.

"*I told you!* I have a date. I'm going to London," she snapped.

"With who?" he asked suspiciously.

"No one you know," she huffed.

"A *Muggle*," he sneered.

"You can't tell me who I can and can't see. You have no right."

He glared.

Opening the door, she said, "At least not anymore."

V

Chapter 5 of 6

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An hour later found Hermione in her own apartment, fixing on a pair of silver earrings.

"How does this look, Shadow?"

A baby black panther padded across the bathroom, twirling its body around her legs and purred most satisfactorily.

"Men can be such gits! I can't believe that Severus had the nerve to say..." She paused when she saw The Look that Shadow was giving her – sniffing indignantly at the mere notion that his mistress should tar *him* with the same brush.

"You, darling, are the only exception." She bent down to hug him and stroke his smooth, shiny coat.

VI

Chapter 6 of 6

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Just as Hermione was preparing to Apparate to the rendezvous location, her gaze landed on a file on top of her dining table. A report that Severus Snape needed rather urgently (or so he said) from St. Mungos – on the effects of the new potion on spell damaged victims.

"*Damn it all!* Best to give it to him before he decides to pop over."

knock

"Enter."

"Here. The file from St. Mungos. Have a good night at Malfoy Manor."

She turned to leave, giving him a rather revealing view of her back.

The door slammed shut.

“Not so fast, *darling*.”