

Christmas Wishes Do Come True

by Good_Witch

A silly, fluffy Christmas vignette featuring Snape, Hermione, and a Santa suit.

oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Standard Disclaimer goes here. Just having fun. Move along, move along...

This fic was written as part of a Secret Santa gift for someone in my Las Vegas Harry Potter Fandom group. She liked it, and has given the go-ahead to post it. Merry Christmas, Ciara! :) And thanks to Ladyofthemasque for a lightning-quick beta; she's got mad skillz, yo. ;)

Christmas Wishes Do Come True

Severus Snape sat across from Hermione at the small table in the dimly lit restaurant, completely at a loss for words. Hermione's eyes shone, and a huge smile spread her lips. Flicking a surreptitious glance around to make sure no one had heard her proposal, Snape cleared his throat in a desperate bid to regain his faculty of speech. Finally, he blinked rapidly and took a deep breath.

"You want me to *what*?"

Hermione leant further across the table, accentuating the cleavage visible in the plunging neckline of her dress. Laughter rippling her voice, she said, very distinctly, "I've always had a silly little fantasy about sitting in Father Christmas' lap and asking for what I want. But, instead of being a little girl and asking for toys or a pony, I want to be a woman, and ask for things rather more... *adult*."

She tilted her head meaningfully and smirked at him. Snape swallowed hard. Pressing her advantage, knowing how rare it was to catch this particular wizard off-guard, she lilted, "I would love for you to dress as Father Christmas and let me sit in your lap while I whisper all the things I want in your ear."

Snape felt a flush of heat staining his cheeks and converging in his groin. The idea of Hermione's lush arse fitted against him as she leant trustingly in his embrace, her breath hot on his skin as she murmured naughty desires in his ear, both titillated and offended him. He was Head of Slytherin House...he would never be caught clad head to toe in scarlet and white! But, his calculating inner voice offered up the thought that acquiescing to her fantasy would definitely be a step in the right direction to cement his wooing of the bright, young witch.

They had been courting and seeing each other for many months, slowly becoming more intimate, both physically and emotionally. A few years had passed since the Dark Lord had been vanquished, and, with Snape's reputation cleared by Harry via his deposition regarding choice memories Snape had bequeathed to Harry in the Shrieking Shack on the night of Voldemort's defeat, Snape had managed to regain his position at Hogwarts as Potions Master under McGonagall as Headmistress.

The cautious relationship between Snape and Hermione had begun when he had regained consciousness in her lap, gazing up at her concerned face as she knelt in the

pool of his blood and treated him with multiple potions of his own brewing that he had secreted in his robes. He had vaguely thought that perhaps he had died and gone to Heaven when he had seen her face surrounded by what seemed a halo of bushy hair, backlit and resembling an aureole. Once he was stable enough to speak, he asked her how she had managed to save him. It was with a strained laugh that she admitted to using a magnified-strength Summoning Spell to obtain any remedies he may have had on his person.

Relief and gratitude brought a faint smile to his lips, and he croaked, "I always knew you were exceptionally bright. Thank you, Hermione." Then, the stress of his ordeal sapped the last of his strength, and he had fallen unconscious again, head pillowed in her lap.

Because he had passed out, he didn't see the expression of teary-eyed wonder and appreciation on Hermione's face, marvelling that not only had he praised her, he had also thanked her...both things that were not his usual wont.

When the truth came out about his position as a double agent, Hermione was always there, quietly at his shoulder, offering staunch support. True, Harry and he had managed a stilted burying of the proverbial hatchet, but Snape felt much more comfortable with Hermione backing him. When she had finished with her N.E.W.T.s and taken a position working in the Ministry, Snape had invited her to celebrate her success with him at the very restaurant they were at now.

He knew he had been silent for far too long, and, in every second that ticked by, Hermione's amusement grew. Her eyes twinkled wickedly at him as she waited for his response. Clearing his throat and narrowing his eyes shrewdly, he murmured, "*If* I capitulate, can I expect a return of the favour? *If*, Hermione dear, I fulfil *your* fantasy, giving you your Christmas wish, will *you* fulfil a Christmas wish...a fantasy...of mine?"

Hermione sat back, lips pursed as she gave him a measuring look. He eyed her in challenge, a Slytherin smirk quirking his lips. One brow rising, she licked her lips and leant forward again, her eyes aglow with trademark Gryffindor rashness. Her voice was a sultry purr as she merely said, "Deal."

Sucking in a breath and feeling his cheeks and groin burn with a fresh wave of heat, Snape called for the check with almost comical haste.

Snape glared at his reflection in the mirror, fuming. The suit Hermione had given him included the padded stomach, realistic beard and hair attached to the hat, and was bright red velvet trimmed with white fur. His nose protruded over the bushy white moustache, and his black brows were beetled under the curly white fringe peeking from beneath the edge of the hat.

This had bloody well better be worth it!

Huffing one last time, he stomped out of the bathroom and into the study, where his large armchair was placed before a merrily crackling fire. Hermione had draped holly and fir boughs along the mantel, and had even gone so far as to hang stockings for each of them. He sank irritably into the chair as he noted that the stockings appeared to already have things in them, based on the contours of the lumps thrown into relief by the glow of the fire. Before he could get back up to investigate, the far door to the study opened, and Hermione entered.

All the air in Snape's lungs seemed to disappear, and he simply stared. Hermione paused on the threshold to simper at him, clad in a skimpy Santa's elf costume of green velvet. The fleeting thought that she looked good *almost-dressed* in Slytherin green wafted through Snape's stalled brain.

His hands gripped the arms of the chair as she crossed to him, her legs sporting filmy, silvery stockings clipped to a green satin suspender belt above glossy black heels. The green velvet outfit hugged her curves, cut high at her hips and low at her chest, lacing with ribbons across her breasts. A jaunty cap perched on her curls, and she paused to pirouette before him, her hands flung out to either side. Gazing at her arse, Snape realized that she couldn't be wearing any knickers under that costume, or there'd be visible lines under the tight fabric. His trousers suddenly became much tighter.

Mincing forward, Hermione perched on Snape's lap, snuggling against his crotch and biting her lip at the discovery of his erection. A flush travelling up her chest and throat to suffuse her cheeks, she pressed her breasts against Snape's padded front and draped her arms around his neck.

Snape's throat had gone dry, and he stared at her mutely. She locked eyes with him, hers glinting with nervousness and excitement. Her voice was throaty as she said, "Why, Santa, don't you have anything to say?" She ducked her head and peered up at him from beneath her lashes.

Snape sucked in a ragged breath and rasped, "Ho, ho, ho..."

Hermione flashed an impish smile and leant forward, her lips barely touching his ear, sending jolts of sensation through his body, ending in his cock. Squirming in his lap, grinding her arse against him, she murmured, "Indeed. Perhaps I can persuade you to be more... vocal later." Snape's eyes closed and he suppressed a groan, his hands snapping up to grip her body, holding her tight.

"Santa, don't you want to know what I want for Christmas?" Snape managed a nod. With a wicked grin, Hermione said, "*Accio* stockings." They sailed into her hand, and she reached in to pull out various items. Several black silk scarves, a long, curly feather, a padded eyeshade...all were lifted in front of Snape's wide eyes and then dropped into Hermione's lap.

Leaning back to his ear, she said, "Give you any ideas?" Snape's hands clenched spastically and his cock gave a decided throb against her arse. Hermione chuckled. "You look smashing, by the way. It's just like I've always wanted. Thank you."

Snape swallowed hard. His voice was gravelly as he said, "Then, if I've fulfilled my end of the bargain, it would seem to be your turn."

Hermione bit her lip again and flicked a shy glance at him. Then, rallying her Gryffindor courage, she straightened her shoulders and looked him full in the face. Heart beating wildly, she said, "Very well then. What Christmas wish should I grant you?"

Snape didn't bother to belabour the point. He darted forward and claimed her mouth with a searing kiss, his hands caressing her bare skin. A wave of his hand had the stockings and their contents floating away to his bedroom, while he squirmed forward, wrapping his arms around Hermione to lift her. He stood, carrying her, then broke off the kiss long enough to say, "This Santa has a wish that only this elf can help him with. Good thing everything they need was already delivered in their stockings." He paused to flash a feral grin at her, and she gasped, biting her lip again.

Her voice was trembling as she said, "Indeed. It's almost... like *magic* the way they figure things out."

Snape's grin widened, and he gripped her tighter as he began crossing to his bedroom. "Nothing like some Christmas magic, is there?" He managed to snog her thoroughly while walking, without knocking her against the walls in the hallway. When he reached the bedroom, he deposited her on the bed and crawled over her, his padded belly grazing her green-clad one.

Eyes dilated, breathing going shallow, Hermione pinned Snape with an intense gaze and said, "Enough with the costume. I want you *out* of it now."

Snape smirked and purred, "Wish granted." He sat up and wrenched off the offending garments, while Hermione watched avidly. He was stripped down to his shorts, which were tented by his erection, and he jerked his chin at her elf outfit. "I second the motion to get rid of costumes."

Hermione grinned and nodded, tugging slowly on one of the laces across her breasts. Snape rolled his eyes and pulled her up, helping divest her of her clothing.

It wasn't long before they were both naked, hands roaming and skin glistening with sweat generated from the heat between them. Riding the high of their shared passion, they took turns teasing each other with the feather, heightening their senses by blindfolding each other and binding their wrists.

Eventually, the build-up became too much, and they succumbed to the rising tide of lust, Hermione dragging Snape to her, guiding him to sink deep within her. Breathy moans offered encouragement for Snape's thrusts, and Snape's deep groans and grunts filled her ears just as he filled her core.

Reaching between them, Hermione stroked her clit, crying out at the mingled pleasure that consumed her. It was mere moments before she climaxed, her keening echoing off the walls.

The rhythmic pulsing around his cock brought Snape to his peak, plunging deep as his roar of satisfaction drowned out Hermione's faint moans of repletion.

Panting, his frantic movements stilled, and he melted against her, her limbs moving to wrap around him and hold him close, their racing hearts pounding as one.

Snape lifted his head and gazed at her, her eyes sleepy in the afterglow. She smiled tenderly at him, and he dipped his head to kiss her gently.

When he pulled away again, he whispered, "Happy Christmas, Hermione."

She beamed at him and tightened her embrace. "Happy Christmas to you, Severus. You made my wishes come true."

Snape kissed her again. Trailing kisses to her ear, he murmured, "Mine, too."

They fidgeted enough to lie entwined side-by-side, dragged the covers over themselves, and settled in to sleep, secure in each other's arms and in the knowledge that this was surely to be the first of many happy Christmases to come.