

Christmas Cookies

by Southern_Witch_69

Ginny coaxes Hermione into admitting her true feelings about someone while baking cookies. This is for GinnyW. Happy Christmas.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters. Just snatching them for a bit of fun.

This was written for my friend GinnyW, who kindly said she felt like reading something about baking cookies. Of course, you know how my mind works. Hehehe. Here's what I came up with.

Thanks go to the brilliant notsosaintly for beta reading.

Ginny looked at her friend with concern. "All right?"

"Yes," came the absent reply.

Hermione hadn't been herself since Ron had ended things and eloped with Lavender months before, though she still denied that she'd been very hurt over the matter. Harry and Ginny had hoped that whisking her away to Grimmauld Place for the holidays would cheer her up. Her bushy-haired friend doted on little James, and up until this moment, she'd thought that their plan had worked.

"Hermione," Ginny said with a frown, "I don't think these look like Father Christmas."

"No?" she asked, looking down. "Well, once I put the white icing for his hair and add on the beard, he'll look normal."

"This outline..." Ginny began, laughing loudly. "It looks more like one of those Halloween witch heads you see plastered about in Muggle stores in October." The profile of 'Santa' showed a crooked nose and witchy-type hair. "Where's his hat?"

"I wasn't going to give him one. I rather like his hair down and flowing."

Ginny pushed the batch of warm cookies away and grabbed Hermione's hands. "I know you love him," she said softly. "Don't deny it."

Hermione sniffed and her eyes became teary. "Is it that obvious?"

"Yes." Ginny hugged her friend and gave her a moment to wipe her eyes. "We thought having you here would cheer you up."

"Harry knows, too?"

"Yeah, he suspects, same as me."

"God, what's he say about it?"

"He wishes that you wouldn't of course. He's not worth it."

"But he *is* worth it, Ginny. I keep thinking if I only told him how I've been feeling, then things would be all right. I know he wouldn't have much time for me, being so busy, but I'll take what I can get."

"Hermione, you are worth more than being something on the side." Ginny felt angry that her friend would lower herself... would eagerly be the other woman just to have part of Ron. "How will you feel at night when you're in bed alone? How could you put your future at risk for that? For him? Especially after all he's done?"

"I thought that at least *you*, of all people, would understand me and support me on this." Hermione shook her head. "Forget it. Let's just drop it."

"No, I won't forget it. Not while one of my best friends is considering becoming the "other" woman to a prick who doesn't deserve her. What if he wouldn't have you? Ever thought of that?"

"Of course he would have me. I know he would. It's there in the air every time we talk."

"That bastard! Who the hell does he think he is, playing with you this way?"

"It's not like I don't flirt with him either, Ginny. I don't know that it's against the law, thanks. We're both consenting adults... who happen to be attracted to each other." She smiled ruefully. "I just happen to love him, and I don't know that his feelings go that far."

"Well, I hate to be blunt, but they obviously don't go that far, else you wouldn't be here right now, would you?"

Hermione's eyes narrowed. "That's an ugly way to put it, but if you must know, he did ask what my plans were, and if I'd not already accepted your invitation, I'm sure he might have asked me to stay with him."

Ginny couldn't help herself. "WHAT? What about his pregnant wife? At least think of her, Hermione, if he isn't. How would you feel if the tables were turned? How did you feel?" When Hermione's mouth gaped open, Ginny continued. "See? Forgot about her, didn't you?"

"His pregnant wife? Ginny..."

"Lavender maintains that it was he who kept owling her and not the other way around! She didn't want to steal him away; he left freely, coaxing her into marriage as proof of his undying love. Is this just something to hurt her for what HE did? Hermione, open your eyes, love. Ron's the bad seed here. This has got to stop. Harry will have a word with his arse for this."

"Ron?"

"Yes, Ron! Don't you thin..." Ginny stopped speaking abruptly, taking in her friend's shocked expression. "Sorry?"

Hermione began laughing loudly.

"What's so bloody funny?"

With a few flicks of her wand, Hermione decorated a cookie and placed it in Ginny's hand. "Tell me I'm in love with Ron."

Ginny looked down and gasped. Hermione had colored the hair an inky black, giving the eye a touch of the same, and colored the face, making certain to fashion the lip into a slight sneer. "This looks like Snape!"

"I know. He's the man I love." She shrugged. "When Ron left, I was honest when I said I was fine with it. Truth be known, I was happy...still am."

This time Ginny laughed...so much that she lost her breath. How wrong she and Harry had been about Hermione. No wonder she'd never confided in them and had seemed distant.

"Laugh it up," Hermione said irately.

"Not at you! Just at Harry and myself. We thought that you've been crushed all this while by what Ron's done and simply didn't want to admit it to us. What berks we are." She smiled. "So... Snape? How? When?"

"I don't know. It sort of crept up on me and slapped me in the face one evening in the staff room when he defended Hagrid to Madam Pince, who tried to restrict him from the library because he knocked over a shelf." Her voice became fervent. "Everyone's got the right to use the bloody library...even clumsy half giants!"

"Whoa... I agree," Ginny said, holding up her hands. "And so it hit you... and then?"

"Then I realized how well we get on, you know? And I started analyzing our conversations, recognizing then that he and I had been skirting around *something*. There are so many innuendos we both use, the way he looks at me sometimes, and... Oh, I just want to burst thinking of it all. I love him. Isn't this mad?"

"Love usually is." Ginny grinned mischievously. "I think dear Headmaster Snape would enjoy a batch of cookies, don't you?"

"You mean for me to go to the castle and deliver them."

"Exactly. And won't he be surprised that they're fashioned after him?"

Hermione snickered. "I can't do that! He knows I'm here for the hols."

"So? What's wrong with dropping off a gift in person? He might ask if you'd like something to drink while you're 'visiting' him. Who knows? Maybe I'll get an owl with a note that says you'll not be coming back tonight."

"I don't know."

"Has he been flirting with you?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Do you think he'd be receptive if you kissed him?"

"I do."

"Then go for it."

"But what if my feelings are deeper than his?"

"Don't rush this. Give him time to develop feelings of his own...if he doesn't already have them, that is, which it's most likely that he does. I don't expect he'd be one to admit anything first. Make this move. Either way, you'll know where you stand."

"You're right."

Ginny smiled as her friend began decorating the rest of the cookies. "I'll keep a few of these for Harry and James if you don't mind. Ah, what fun I'll have with him over this."

"Harry will probably faint."

"I don't know. I think he'd rather this than... Ron." She placed a hand on Hermione's shoulder. "I'm sorry about that. I really thought...I should have known better though."

"S all right, Gin, really."

Ginny snickered. "I never realized how much Snape resembled one of those Halloween witches!"

"Shut it, you!" Hermione grumbled, though she grinned madly. "I find him very attractive."

"Uh-huh... in a tall, dark, and mysterious way he is." She grabbed her wand and went about helping her friend and waved her off happily once they were done.

Later, after it was apparent that Hermione wouldn't be returning from Hogwarts for the evening, Ginny gave Harry a cookie. "Hermione made these today."

His brow furrowed. "What in the world?"

"She and I had a long talk today, and after making an arse out of myself, I found out that she's been long over Ron."

"Say, this looks sort of like Snape, doesn't it?"

Ginny beamed and nodded, wriggling her eyebrows.

"No way..."

"Yes way."

He stood up quickly, glaring at the cookie. "Well, that's just... That's... What the..." He turned towards Ginny. "That's a good thing, isn't it?"

She nodded. "Yes, it is."

With a smirk, Harry snapped the nose off the cookie. "Always wanted to do that to the git," he said in amusement before popping it into his mouth. "Guess we'll have to invite him over to Christmas dinner then, eh?"

"And here we thought you'd pass out from the shock of it all."

"Nope. Snape and I are square on things in the past, and I'd much rather her dating him than wallowing in grief over what Ron did to her."

"Harry, you're the best, you know that, right?"

"Happy Christmas, Ginny."

Southern's Notes: Ah, tis the season to be fluffy! I made some cookies today, but they only looked like lopsided circles--no Snapes! :)