

# Granger-Snape Family Christmas Drabbles

*by firefly124*

Hermione gets a bit of help decorating.

## Mummy's Little Helper and Daddy Santa

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione gets a bit of help decorating.

### **Mummy's Little Helper**

It had been a long day, but Hermione thought it was worth the effort working through the unfamiliar Decorating Charms to see the look of delight on baby Rose's face. Too bad Severus wasn't home yet.

Who knew how much babies could understand or remember at this age? But her daughter goggled from her bouncy chair at the twinkling fairy-lights, staring raptly at the colorful Christmas tree as Hermione explained some of the history and meaning behind it all.

*Funny how taken she is with even the less colorful greenery. Perhaps Herbology will be her thing when she gets older.*

~\*~

The door opened, and the tangy smell of take-away curry filled the cozy home Spinner's End had become. As she rose to greet him, Severus abruptly spun her into an embrace, his lips warm and spicy against hers, his tongue, as it snaked into her mouth, confirming that he'd sampled dinner on the way home. Her toes curled as their tongues danced in familiar patterns, and she barely stopped herself from tearing into his robes, only just remembering they weren't entirely alone.

"Not that I mind," she murmured, "but what brought that on?"

"As if you didn't know." He smirked.

~\*~

The sound of small hands clapping drew her eyes back to the bouncy chair, where Rose beamed angelically at them both, clapping her chubby little hands.

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning back to him.

"You mean to say you didn't Charm this to hover over you until I'd got home?" he asked, pointing to the sprig of mistletoe hovering above her head.

She looked up at it and then over to her gleeful daughter, who clearly understood quite a bit more of her explanations than Hermione had thought.

"No," she replied, "I believe that was Mummy's little helper."

\*\*\*A couple of years later\*\*\*

### **Daddy Santa**

"Severus, please. It's for the children," she wheedled.

"Do you have any idea, Hermione, just how many times I have heard that? How many distasteful things I have been required to do 'for the children'? Have I not earned some respite?"

"You'd think I was asking you to fight another war," she huffed, plopping the fuzzy red monstrosity onto his head, clearly assuming his defeat. "Every bloody year we go through this!"

"Daddy Santa?" Rose squealed, toddling into the sitting room, her face as bright as the star shining on their tree, and he remembered why he always gave in.