

More Christmas Cookies

by chivalric

Christmas is over, but some cookies are still on the table – who could resist eating them, especially when they are getting shoved right into one's face?

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Acknowledgement: This was directly inspired by SouthernWitch's lovely story "Christmas Cookies." She was generous enough to share her recipe so I could do some more baking. Many, many thanks to GinnyW as well: she 'felt like reading something about baking cookies', and therefore I sort of dedicate this story to her. I hope you like it.

And all my thanks to Angel Mischa for putting the stray commas where they belong!

The gorgeous smell of freshly baked cookies filled the house at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. Cinnamon, orange flavour, melting sugar and the tiniest whiff of chilli hung in the air. Everyone who entered through the big door was greeted with a plate full of hazelnut balls, coconut macrons, vanilla moons, and chilli-topped chocolate frogs. Ron was munching all day long, Harry had put a few kilos on, and Hermione still didn't stop baking.

"Christmas is over," Ginny scolded and stole another butter cookie out of the bowl. "In fact, it is nearly two weeks into January why don't you stop baking? Please, can't you stop?" There was a pleading tone in Ginny's voice as the cookies were just too delicious to be left uneaten. She feared for her slender waist, but her hand developed a will of its own and again sneaked towards the red and golden bowl on the kitchen table.

Ron looked up from his task of setting up the very table for the meeting. "Don't you dare listen to her, Hermione!" he shouted. "Keep baking I'll eat them all if you are fed up with them, little sister." Wagging his wand and gobbling two chocolate frogs at once, he provided glasses for each of the Order members and a mug for the greasy git. Snape detested alcohol and stayed with hot chocolate during the winter months, sneering at everyone who dared to comment about that bit of eccentricity. "Hope he won't come," Ron muttered under his breath, but then Hermione took another baking tin out of the oven and placed it right in front of him, and he stopped grumbling. At least for a little while.

Hermione took out a plastic bowl from the cabinet and began to make some more dough. She was smiling.

"Take one, Albus. They're really nice!" Arthur Weasley was munching, but had been persuaded by his wife to finally pass on the bowl. Delighted, Albus Dumbledore picked his favourite gingerbread and cast a sunny smile across the table into the sour looking face of the Potions master.

"You should try one, Severus. They are truly delicious," Dumbledore said and chuckled gently when he saw the frown on his friend's face. "You usually do have a sweet tooth, my dear boy..."

"Not for Christmas Cookies, thank you very much," Snape hissed. To discourage anyone who might have thought about offering him one of those wretched things, he firmly

crossed his arms over his chest. "Besides, Christmas is over. I consider it sheer stupidity that the baker of those... things insists on putting them on the table." Lowering his head, Snape allowed his long hair to curtain his face in order to avoid all the happily grinning, gobbling idiots around him. *Luckily, the meeting is over*, he thought. *Another minute, and I can take my leave.*

"I made those for you especially," a voice said, and Snape nearly jumped as he hadn't heard Granger coming that close. Looking up, he saw a bowl getting shoved right under his nose.

"No, thank you," he snapped. "I don't like them."

The bowl was lowered and now touched his arms. "It took me a while to master this specific recipe," Hermione insisted. "I know you will like them. Believe me. But even if you won't what's highly unlikely it's massively impolite to decline the offer. I promise I haven't poisoned them," she teased. With a sweet little smile, she took one cookie and held it out to him.

Snape craned back his head, otherwise she would have put the rotten thing right between his lips. The cookie was small, round, smelled faintly for nougat and looked relatively harmless, but still he had no intention of eating it.

"Severus," Albus rebuked. "Hermione has a point you didn't try even one of those delicious, artfully made little sins, not once. Take it. Eat it. You might be pleasantly surprised." Looking over his half-moon glasses, his sky blue eyes pierced in the black ones of the Potions master.

Determined to get back to his dungeons without further delay, Snape grunted and snatched the cookie out of Hermione's hand. Looking like a doomed man, he shoved it in his mouth and didn't bother to even pretend he enjoyed it he just crunched it to pieces, swallowed, and was about to get up when a shudder rattled him and pinned him quite unexpectedly into his chair. Coughing, he tried to clear his throat. His eyes started to water, and only because Lupin handed him his mug was he able to finally get the thing down. "Awful," he managed to rasp after several long moments. "Utterly distasteful. Horrible. What did you mix in that horse shit?" Another cough. Another attempt to get up. Another failure.

The others giggled and laughed; it was a rare sight that the Potions master didn't manage to get out of his chair but had to lean back instead, grasping for air. The look of disgust in his face would have been worth a picture.

Hermione grinned and vanished the bowl with her special Snape-cookies, ignoring the severe protest from Ron, who couldn't believe Hermione had failed on a recipe and demanded a helping. Then she placed her hands to the left and right armrests of Snape's chair and stared at him intently. "Awful?" she asked, curiously. "Horrible and distasteful? Are you sure?"

"Positive," Snape growled and took another sip of chocolate to get the flavour out of his mouth. The thing had left a sharp aftertaste on his tongue. "They're not edible!"

"Perfect!" Hermione exclaimed, ignoring the surprised looks from her friends.

"What?" Snape stammered and tried to get control over the slightly dizzy feeling he was suddenly suffering from. He felt... he felt strange. Different. Changed. Sort of... freed?

Snape closed his eyes for a moment and listened to his thundering heart. "*You have* poisoned them," he accused the witch who towered over him, a statement that brought out more laughter from his fellow Order members.

"Maybe I added a little something that hasn't been in any of the other cookies," Hermione teased. "How do you feel?"

Snape was about to give a sarcastic answer when his head swirled once more. A moment ago he had felt like throwing up; now he felt, well. *Interesting*, Snape thought. Looking at the woman with the frizzy hair and the flour stains on her blouse he said, "Hermione, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life. Would you consider marrying me?"

Everyone at the table gasped in disbelief. Arthur Weasley started coughing as his wine went down the wrong way; Harry missed his chair whilst sitting down and landed on the floor; Ginny dropped a plate.

Hermione blushed deeply. "Love Potion Number Five," she explained to no one in specific, her eyes never leaving Snape's face. "Brings out the true feelings of the one you love."

"But... that would mean... you love *him*?" Ron's voice was slightly shaken, and his face showed clear signs of horror.

"Of course I love him! Are you all blind?" Hermione snapped, then looked longingly into Severus's eyes. "I've loved you since two years ago, only you never lowered your wards. So I decided to use a potion instead, dear, to loosen you up a bit."

Then she placed her hand on Snape's. "I knew it was risky, but I thought the worst thing that could happen was that you don't want me. But I was right you do love me, Severus, as I have suspected, and yes, I will marry you. Later. After you've showed me your dungeons." Adoringly, she brushed his hair out of his face and traced his thin, pale lips with her fingertips.

"My dungeons are your dungeons," Snape said matter-of-factly and not only enjoyed the feeling of her fingertips on his skin, but imagined her lying naked on his workbench as well.

"A quite unexpected development," Albus dropped in casually. "I didn't know that your abilities in potion making were so magnificent. Good job, Severus. You taught her well."

Hermione smiled and leaned in a little closer to the man sitting in front of her. "I've been trying without success to apply the potion to various dishes for nearly a year, as you were so insistent in ignoring my attempts to flirt with you. I decided that I needed a better way to get you, but I found out that this potion works with Christmas Cookies only." Her fingers played with one long, black strand of Snape's hair. "I succeeded in applying the potion to the cookies a few weeks ago: unfortunately, Albus, you decided to postpone the meeting to after Christmas, which was the reason that I didn't stop baking." For a split second she cast a look to the Headmaster, but then Snape cupped her cheek in his hand, and she looked back at him.

"I need to kiss you. Immediately," the Potions master declared, got up, swept Hermione off her feet and found her waiting lips. Wrapping his arms round her fragile body, he allowed his tongue to explore whilst Harry, Ron, and the rest of them were watching with open mouths. It didn't seem to bother him, though.

Only Dumbledore seemed not massively shocked. He had seen too many strange things happen in his long life to be troubled by a simple kiss, although even he had to admit that the pairing was highly surprising and the kiss in itself a remarkable example in this specific discipline.

"Have fun then, children," he said generously and picked another vanilla moon whilst Snape picked up Hermione.

"You will excuse us," the Potions master said absentmindedly. "There are urgent personal matters I have to take care of." With that he left the kitchen, carrying Hermione in his arms, walked across the hall and pushed the door open with his booted foot. A moment later, he had Disapparated with the woman he planned to make love to for the rest of the night and ideally for the rest of his life. *Amazing what a potion can do. I of all people should know that, though*, he thought and was gone, her hands locked safely around his neck. The last thing that was to be seen of her were her teeth, nibbling Snape's ear in a very affectionate way.

"Remind me to never ever touch anything she cooked, baked, or poured," said a very pale Ron and pushed a bowl with cookies as far away from him as possible.