

Self Defence

by septentrion

A mini Marriage Law story, written in drabble format for grangersnape100.

Drabble Series

Chapter 1 of 1

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I don't make money with these drabbles, which were reread by Dacian Goddess. She put the English back into them.

"I will not marry a teenager!" Snape boomed in Dumbledore's office.

"But, Severus, this is the best solution to protect Miss Granger from the Death Eaters!" the old man protested for the umpteenth time.

The door burst open, and in strode a very irate Hermione Granger, followed by a very disconcerted Professor McGonagall. "You can't make me!" she yelled at the top of her voice and tossed a Ministry parchment on the Headmaster's desk.

Dumbledore sighed. What a mess this Marriage Law Act was causing in the wizarding world! He looked warily from his Potions master to the Head Girl.

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"Please, sit down. The both of you."

Severus and Hermione each took a seat with bad grace.

"Thank you, Minerva." McGonagall heard the non-verbal dismissal and left, worry etched on her face.

"Miss Granger," he said, "you agree that marrying a Death Eater is out of the question?"

"Of course," she scoffed. "I'm not suicidal."

"Good. The trouble is, only Death Eaters have petitioned for your hand so far."

She didn't see the need to answer.

"But I have found a solution for your situation," he announced brightly. Hermione was on her guard instantly: the Headmaster's eyes were violently twinkling.

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"I think Mister Weasley would be amenable to the idea of marrying you."

Hermione blanched. Her ex-boyfriend, who had never been able to locate her clitoris without guidance on her part? But the Headmaster didn't give her the time to answer.

"As for you, Severus, I believe you received a petition for your hand earlier?"

"I have yet to open it," Severus answered curtly.

"Go on, read it," Dumbledore encouraged him.

He did so under the scrutinizing eyes of the two others and blanched even more than Hermione. "No, it's impossible. It's preposterous!"

"Who?" Hermione and Dumbledore asked in unison.

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"Trelawney asked for me," Severus replied in a defeated tone. No buxom blonde for him.

"Splendid," Dumbledore exclaimed. "She'll save you from Alecto Carrow's clutches, and Miss Granger will marry Ron Weasley, someone her age. You see, things are not so bad."

Hermione's mind raced faster than a Firebolt during a Wronski Feint; to wed Ron meant marrying someone incompetent in bed and marrying into the Weasley tribe. She shuddered.

For his part, Severus was weighing the pros and cons of the two "women" who had asked to enter matrimony with him, but he couldn't decide which he wouldn't choose.

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"I suggest we make an announcement at dinner tonight." Dumbledore hadn't noticed the mood of the two persons sitting in front of his desk and was already planning what he deemed to be happy events. "I think May 1st would be a nice date for a double wedding..."

Hermione and Severus reached the same conclusion at the same time. Slowly, they turned to each other. There was no need to ask the question aloud: it was visible on both their faces. They nodded simultaneously. He reached for her hand and they both stood, leaving a dumbstruck Dumbledore in his office.

When Hermione reached the altar, traces of sweaty hands marred her ivory bride gown around the waist and on her shoulders. Her diadem was slightly askew and tendrils of hair had escaped her elaborate chignon. She noticed Severus hadn't fared much better: shiny patches on his black dress robes showed the places where he'd been grabbed, and his parting wasn't straight anymore.

"Trelawney?" she inquired.

"And Dumbledore. You?"

She sighed deeply. "Ron, Mrs Weasley, Professor McGonagall. Harry left me alone only because he was busy snogging Ginny."

A not so discreet cough from the official reminded them of the circumstances.

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"Why do you insist that I partake in every dance with you?" Severus grumbled after two hours on the dance floor.

"Because Trelawney is on the prowl? Her sight seems quite focused today."

"I wasn't aware that you were so much concerned by my well-being."

"Dear husband," Hermione said sweetly, "I don't want to catch the germs she would undoubtedly leave on you."

"You know," Severus replied, "taking a break might be a good idea." He was looking at something over Hermione's shoulders. The young woman turned her head and shuddered: Ron and Trelawney were deliberately twirling together toward them.

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A comfortable, warm bed; a naked, young, feminine body against his; no meddlesome fools in the vicinity. No doubt, Severus was on his honeymoon. But what was that insistent beep he was hearing?

"Telephone," Hermione mumbled and stirred against him. Severus was very tempted to ignore the annoying noise behind him.

"Do we have to answer?"

"It'll be worse later if we don't."

Images of Dumbledore sweeping into his hotel room while Hermione and he were engaged in unproductive activities crossed Severus's mind. He very reluctantly reached for the phone.

"Hermione? It's Mummy," cried a shrill voice in the receiver.

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"Ah, my friend, I deeply regret having been unable to attend your nuptials." Lucius oozed hypocrisy so much, the stench was nearly unbearable.

"You were sorely missed," Severus answered in kind.

"How is your lovely bride?"

"Hermione is well. Thank you for asking."

"A pity I can't call her 'daughter-in-law'. She would have been an asset to the family."

"She seemed to think otherwise."

"I had envisaged duelling you for her, you know, but what good would it have been?"

"None, since I've always bested you in duels, however regular they were."

"Oh, look at the time. I must go."

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"Hermione, you don't look well. I hope the greas— Snape treats you well."

Dear Harry never knew when to shut up.

"I'm fine, Harry. There's no need to worry." *You're only the fifth one to ask.*

"Happy New Year, Hermione." A redheaded tornado swept her off her feet. "Sorry, I hadn't noticed you looked peaky," George said apologetically.

"I'm fine, for heaven's sake!" Hermione left them and joined Severus near the buffet to escape her well-meaning friends.

"I bet they all think you're a mistreated woman," he murmured in her ear.

"If they only knew," she retorted, patting her belly.

*

"I thought I'd heard you say you'd stay in the waiting-room while I was giving birth," Hermione managed to say between gritted teeth and two contractions.

"Faced with reality," Severus answered, "that statement seemed a bit harsh. I couldn't leave you like that without my support. And the child is my responsibility, too."

"Too right it is," she replied.

A pinched-faced Healer came in to check her progress. "What's this circus at your door?" he asked Hermione while monitoring her condition. "It's as if we were having a show in here."

"Severus? Why did you say you were here already?"

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"Severus!" Hermione burst into his study and skidded to a halt in front of his desk. "Sophia's been sorted into Slytherin!"

Severus smirked. "I told you so."

"I know. It's been obvious since she was a baby. She'll be a fine Slytherin, I say."

"And what else does she write in her letter?"

"She talks about the friends she's made: Scorpius Malfoy and Albus Potter, both in Slytherin..." Severus tuned her out after that. Friends with young Malfoy and Potter? Unthinkable. As soon as Hermione was out of the room, he'd elaborate a plan; he had some meddling to do.