

Hopping Chocolate Frogs

by chivalric

It's Valentine's Day, and an Order meeting is due. Just that it doesn't go as planned for Hermione.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a sequel to 'More Christmas Cookies' and picks up events around six weeks later.

Many thanks go to my beta, potionmastersmistress, who crosschecked this extra fast. Lucky I found you, dear!

It was Valentine's Day, early evening, and Hermione and Severus had just Apparated directly onto the doorstep of number twelve, Grimmauld Place. Harry lived there with his wife Ginny, but the house was big, it could be hidden easily, and after so long, everyone was just used to meeting there. Although Voldemort was dead, it was still the headquarters for Order meetings: there were still some Death Eaters out there, and actions had to be planned.

"How cheeky, to set up a meeting for tonight," Hermione grumbled and knocked firmly on the door. "I would have much rather spent the evening at home than here."

Severus shot her a quick glance and quirked his thin lips into a smile. "And what would you have done at home, if I may ask?"

Hermione set her shoulders and looked back at him sternly. "I would have eaten you alive, Professor Snape. I would have thought that an obvious course of action." Knocking again, she then turned, grabbed the collar of his shirt, pulled him down and kissed him intently.

"Erg!" exclaimed Ron, who opened the door at that precise moment. "Stop kissing him in public, Hermione! Little children might get scared, seeing this unpleasant sight!"

"Shut up, Weasley," growled Snape. He pushed the young man aside and pretended not to see the wide, happy smile on Hermione's face when she hugged her old friend. Not that he was jealous; it was simply a fact that he preferred a good distance between him and those two dunderheads Hermione called her friends.

He hung up his coat and took Hermione's as well. Luckily, the house was warm the wind was howling outside, and he was sensitive to the cold.

"Hi, Hermione," came Harry's voice from somewhere upstairs. "You are early! Would you mind helping Ginny set up the table? She's been feeling unwell, so she would be grateful for any help she could get. And Severus could you take care of the snacks?"

Snape stiffened for a moment and shot a glance at Hermione. "As long as I don't have to bake any Christmas Cookies," he muttered under his breath, but was already heading for the kitchen. In his opinion, cooking was not much different from potion brewing, only with less fatal ingredients. He treasured the fact that nothing he came up with would ever kill anyone and, therefore, enjoyed cooking thoroughly. Not that he would have admitted that, though, but apparently, Hermione hadn't been able to keep her ever babbling mouth shut. "You told him, didn't you?" he accused her whilst searching for pots and pans.

Hermione had settled at the huge kitchen table and was munching a chocolate frog. "Naturally, Severus," she answered with a menacing smile. "How could I not tell them that you are a highly gifted cook? They were all looking forward to seeing you wearing a kitchen apron."

Severus snorted. "In their dreams. Hand me that cloth there, woman, and make yourself useful by putting the plates on the table."

Laughing, Hermione picked up the cloth and threw it at him she loved to mock him, as it always made him smile. And she loved seeing him so much at ease; yes, it surely had been a good thing that she had taken things into her own hands a few weeks ago and had forced him to admit loving her.

Severus reached out to catch the cloth when it grew wings in mid air, flapped them once, and flew directly to the ceiling. There, the former cloth became a cloth-like, striped, wobbly bat. It turned over, swooshed down like a small spitfire, and attacked the Potions master with tiny little claws.

Quickly, he lifted a hand to hinder the bat-cloth getting at his eyes, raising one eyebrow towards Hermione, who stood openmouthed and watched the transformed cloth with big eyes. "Nice trick," he admitted, muttered a spell and then, finally, was able to catch the reformed cloth, right before its claws would have got caught in his long hair.

"But, but..." stammered Hermione. "I didn't do that I didn't transfigure it, I promise!"

Another snort. "Of course I do believe you, Hermione." Then Snape turned and began to prepare titbits for the meeting. "The plates," he reminded her over his shoulder.

Thunderstruck, Hermione stepped closer and prodded the cloth with her fingertips. It didn't move at all. "I haven't... I didn't," she muttered, but then decided that maybe the cloth had been prepared by the twins to act strangely as soon as someone touched it and soon forgot about the incident. Severus was humming silently, whipping salad sauce; she opened the drawer and took out the cutlery.

Ginny came in, her belly now clearly visible under her jumper. Hermione gave her a hug and gently placed her hand on the gently rounded curvature. "That wasn't there at Christmas," she teased. "I shouldn't have baked all those cookies or at least, you shouldn't have eaten that many."

Ginny laughed and slumped into a chair. "Oh, believe me, this is not the cookies' fault I have to blame Harry for it entirely." Then she cast a slightly nervous glance in Snape's direction, expecting him to come up with a nasty comment at any moment. That she was pregnant with Harry's child made her extremely happy, but still, the Potions master was able to strip down anyone with a few well placed, sarcastic comments, and she feared his ice cold irony.

Severus half turned and looked at the young woman. "You've been sick?" he asked, and Ginny nearly dropped off her chair at the fact that there was no sneer in his voice but just friendly curiosity. She nodded. "All day, actually, and most of the week as well. It seems that this baby doesn't want me to eat anything at all."

"I see. This might help, though." Rummaging through the bag he had placed on one of the chairs earlier, Snape found a small phial and handed it to the red-haired witch. "Two drops every morning before you get up should solve the problem quickly. And as you are as green as cabbage, I recommend you take a dose now so you will be able to eat with us. I must admit I am not fond of the thought that you might throw up whilst I have my dinner."

Ginny placed one hand on her belly and stared disbelievingly at Snape, but took the phial. Then she turned to Hermione, who had managed finally to look for the plates. "What have you done to him, Hermione?" she demanded to know, smiling broadly. "Not only does he admit to cook, but he acts nice as well are you sure that is the same man you last time had to force to eat one of your cookies?"

Hermione placed the plates on the table and grinned back at her friend. "Quite sure," she said airily. "And he just needed a caring hand... I treat him nice, I stroke him now and then, I never try to talk to him before he's had his first cup of tea in the morning, I don't deny him his choc..."

One of the plates jumped up, conquered a fork and a knife, shuffled into the middle of the table and screamed with a surprisingly loud voice, "Hungry! I'm hungry!"

Three pairs of eyes stared at the offending tableware. "What the..." said Severus, but was quite relieved that this incident had cut off further revelations of the woman who had claimed him as hers six weeks ago he feared she would come up with some highly embarrassing remarks. "It seems, Hermione, as if you have magical hands today that's the second time something acts unusual after you have touched it," he said silkily before getting back to his task.

Ginny picked up the plate and got stabbed with the fork "Ow!" she cried and stabbed it back with her wand. Instantly, the plate dropped its weapons and returned to being nothing but porcelain.

Hermione frowned and stared at her hands. "That was not me!"

"What wasn't you?" a voice came from the kitchen door. Curious, Ron came in and scowled at Snape's back. "You can always come back to me," he murmured in her ear, which earned him a knock on the head.

"Something's strange here today," Ginny cast in, trying to redirect the thoughts of her brother away from Hermione and into the mystery. "I just got attacked by a plate after Hermione had placed it on the table, and Severus just said that it was the second incident already. What was the first one, by the way?"

Hermione gave a slightly lopsided smile she didn't like to be in the centre of attention. "A cloth developed wings," she murmured. "I'm certain it was a coincidence. Ron, come and help me to get the glasses out."

"As you wish, dear," Ron answered with perfect gallantry.

When everyone had arrived the Weasley twins, Remus and Tonks, and Professor Dumbledore as well they settled around the big table in the kitchen to eat before they would open the meeting. Snape had already claimed his usual chair, and Hermione had moved from her former place to his side. "Hand us the pie, will you, Hermione," Fred said, and George added, "If you could stop squeezing a certain Potions master's knee that is."

Ginny laughed, Ron coughed, Albus twinkled, and Harry blushed. Hermione, though, was unimpressed. "It's a nice knee to squeeze," she said coolly and pushed the pot with the pie across the table. Right before her fingers lost contact to the earthenware, the pot began to grow, reached the size of a badger, then of a medium pig, and finally exploded into millions of differently coloured little stars, making it impossible to see a single thing for minutes afterwards.

When the cheers and the laughter had subsided, everyone stared at Hermione. "It's definitely you, girl," Ginny said and wiped some stars off her trousers. "What have you done? Hexed yourself?" She was grinning broadly, not only at the thunderstruck expression in her friend's face, but also because she felt so wonderfully un-sick. She would be able to eat everything she wanted to eat. Severus's potion had worked perfectly.

"This is NOT my doing!" Hermione exclaimed. "Someone is pulling my leg Ginny, have you put anything in the chocolate frogs?" With two fingers, she picked up one of the tiny little sweets out of a bowl that stood amongst the dishes and shook it accusingly. "A potion, maybe? You better confess or I..."

The chocolate frog sprouted extra long legs, turned from brown to a bright green, said, "Quak," and hopped off the table. It escaped because Remus lifted his foot in order to let it hop along instead of crushing it under his heel.

"Enough," snapped Snape and pulled Hermione to her legs, forcing her to face him. "What ever this is, I will find it out; and I will learn who has done it to you." Dangerously, he faced each of his Order members with scary, black eyes. "Whoever did that to her will have to deal with me."

"Now look, Snape," growled Ron. "Don't you dare to threaten us or..."

"Or what, Weasley?" Snape asked, a bit too friendly. But he didn't await the redhead's response. Instead, he took his wand out and cast a silent spell at Hermione. She stood still, trusting him completely and knowing that he would never do anything that would harm her.

"Ah," he said after a moment. "I see."

"My dear boy, could you enlighten us?" Dumbledore asked and got himself a chocolate frog, eyeing it suspiciously. It didn't hop away, so he ate it.

Snape looked at Albus and saw the twinkle in the old man's blue eyes. "A quite complicated Joke Charm," the Potions master explained. "I cannot say when or how it has hit you, Hermione, but the result is clear: everything you touch will transfigure and act unexpectedly. I fear you have to live with it until you found the one who put the charm on you." Gently, he brushed a loose strand of hair out of her face, unaware that the simple tenderness of the gesture caused several jaws to drop open.

Hermione got furious. She whirled round and faced her friends and colleagues. "Who! Who was that? Tell me now and I might consider not turning you into small, disgusting toads for the rest of your lives!"

Harry laughed out loud. "Not me," he said and took his wife's hand in his, delighted to see Snape angry and Hermione the target of such a funny little joke. "But the frog was great can you touch something else, Hermione?"

The others laughed and chuckled along when Snape said, "It doesn't work like that, Hermione. If you want to break that nasty little charm, you have to first face the possible culprit, articulate clearly that you suspect him to have cast that spell, then kiss him. Or her. A quick peck on the lips will be sufficient, but this is how the spell works after all, it's supposed to be funny." He didn't look amused, though.

The laughter died quickly as everyone cast the Potions master a pretty uneasy look. They knew him to be nothing less than unforgiving when being offended, and what could be more offensive than someone else kissing the woman he loved, even under forced circumstances?

Ron shuddered, Remus gulped heavily, and even Albus couldn't hinder a nervous chuckle. "Are you certain, dear boy, that this is the only solution for Hermione's little problem," the headmaster asked carefully, but Remus had already got his own wand out and sort of double-checked the diagnosis.

"Oh, dear," the werewolf said a moment later, confirming everyone's fears. "Severus is right if she wants to break the spell, she has to... well... kiss the one who has cast it. Meaning she has to find the one first." He growled a low wolf-growl. "Who was it then? Fred? George? That looks like a thing from your shop, so confess and let's get it done. Maybe Severus won't behead you if you freely admit that you have done it."

Fred and George got up as one man. "It's brilliant, isn't it?" Fred said.

"Wish we had thought of it," George added. "But no this didn't occur in our most wonderful heads. Sorry, Hermione, I fear you will have to kiss each of the others as I am pretty certain that the nasty person who did it isn't brave enough to confess. Not when dear Severus looks like he'll kill the one in question right on the spot."

Indeed, the Potions master didn't seem too pleased.

Hermione crossed her arms. "That's ridiculous," she grumbled. She didn't want to kiss anyone else but Severus and said so quite clearly. But then, seeing no use to delay the necessary, she swiftly stepped round the table, said, "It was you who cast the Joke Charm on me," and briskly kissed Fred and George, one after the other.

George fell of his chair as he tried to escape her. Fred caught him, which hindered him pushing his own chair between him and Hermione in order to prevent the kiss. "Oy!" they shouted in unison. "We already told you it wasn't us!"

"Didn't believe you," Hermione said lightly and gingerly placed her fingertip on the salt shaker.

Nothing happened. "Now, that was easy," Hermione said relieved, pouring a bit of salt in her palm to prove that the spell was broken.

Tiny palm trees grew out of the salt grains, became about three inches tall, sprouted cocoa nuts and waved gently in a non existing wind. A tiny little monkey, not bigger than a fly, played in the dark green leaves, plucked a nut, and threw it at Hermione's nose.

"Oh, shit," she screamed, then wiped her hand clean on her trousers. Ginny couldn't help chuckling when she saw that the monkey had jumped away, caught a strand of Dumbledore's white beard, and started swinging.

Dumbledore twinkled at Hermione. "It appears you got it wrong, my dear," he said. "I guess you will have to accuse someone else."

Snape narrowed his eyes, and Hermione lost her temper at his friendly words. "You've got a monkey hanging in your beard," she snapped. "And unless I find out who played that nasty trick on me, you can assume that I will blame you quite soon."

"My dear child," said Hogwarts' headmaster with concern and an uneasy look at the Potions master's fearfully glowing eyes. "You can't possibly assume that it was me. I would never sink that low!"

Ignoring him, Hermione cornered Harry and Ron, both going pale at the idea of getting kissed by a woman who belonged to Snape.

"To straighten that out..." Harry began...

"... it wasn't us..." Ron continued...

"... and besides..." Harry urged...

"... don't kill us for Hermione's doings, Snape!" Ron screamed and tried to hide behind his sister. Hermione, though, already had dug her fingers in Ron's shoulders, pulled him close with tremendous strength, said, "You played that trick on me," and placed a short, hard kiss on his mouth.

"Would I ever harm a former student of mine," Snape said mildly, but his black eyes literally speared Ron and Harry. Ron, staring back at him and wiping his lips clean, could almost see that the man was clearly thinking of disembowelling him. There was a hard and calculating look on Snape's face when he scanned the people round the table, trying to figure out who was forcing the woman he loved into kissing other lips than his.

Hermione tried to pick up a fork. It wriggled like a worm under her fingers and crept away a moment later, looking like a strange caterpillar.

"Your turn, Harry," Hermione growled, now positively pissed off at the whole incident. Everyone who wasn't her immediate target giggled like mad, apart from Severus, naturally. It seemed he hated that as much as she did.

Hermione cornered Harry. The words, "It was you," were said, the kiss was short and nearly painful, Harry breathed out with relief that it was over, and another chocolate frog tried to hop away after Hermione had touched it. But she held it close and deliberately ate it instead. At least it still tasted sweet, despite its reptile features.

"Urg," said Remus and realised that not many were left for Hermione to kiss. "Take me next," he offered good-naturedly, which earned him a punch in the ribs from Tonks. "What?" he asked her innocently. "It wasn't me, but she will have to kiss me anyway. And maybe I will survive Severus's wrath at the fact that my lips touched hers if I make that as easy as possible for her."

"You won't survive my wrath," Tonks grumbled, but couldn't help her lips twitching when she saw Remus getting over to Hermione, offering her his mouth for the kiss. She actually blushed slightly, but then the frog in her stomach seemed to take a hop, and she accused and kissed him in no time.

"Thanks," she murmured and wasn't surprised that his tie tried to strangle him as she had brushed it coincidentally with her fingertips.

"You're welcome," he croaked, and then Severus took pity on him and wagged his fingers. The tie returned from behaving like a boa constrictor to behaving like a piece of clothing again, and Hermione still was none the wiser who had hexed her.

She slumped heavily on a chair and took Severus's hand in hers. "It's surprisingly awful when a spell makes you do things you wouldn't do under normal circumstances," she mused and kissed her beloved lightly on the cheek. For some reason, Snape didn't comment on that.

Sighing heavily, Hermione then looked round the table. Tonks, Ginny, and Professor Dumbledore were left. Tonks and Ginny were giggling, Dumbledore, though, looked stern. "If you as much as think that I would ever cast such a nasty joke on you, Hermione, I will be most disappointed," he proclaimed.

Hermione clenched her teeth. "I don't have a choice, really, or the liberty to simply believe you. The next thing I touch might become an elephant, or a zooming broom, or Merlin knows what." Growling, she got up and approached Ginny and Tonks, who both looked not worried at all.

"I always wanted to be kissed by a woman," Tonks declared, which earned her a thunderstruck "What?" by Remus.

"It was you, then," Hermione sighed, but before she could do as much as lean forward, Tonks had grabbed her shoulders and placed a sound kiss on her mouth. Surprised, Hermione didn't even pull back until Severus got up and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"I guess you want to see a new sunrise, Tonks," the Potions master hissed, but Tonks only broke the kiss, stepped back, and beamed at him.

"She tastes marvellous, Severus!" the Metamorphagus exclaimed cheerfully. "No surprise you can't keep your fingers off her. But unfortunately, it wasn't me who came up with that wonderful little joke spell." As proof, she pulled out a Knut from her pocket and handed it to Hermione, who was still too stunned to do anything else but take it and watch how the coin started sneezing.

"Oh, bollocks," Hermione sighed and placed her hand on Severus's, which was still on her shoulder. "What if it was no one in here? What if I picked it up at lunch, or..."

Dumbledore shook his head. "Impossible, my dear child. It is mandatory for the spell to work that the one who created it is in the same room with you. Otherwise, where would be the fun? This sort of nonsense is usually used at students' parties to loosen up the mood a bit."

Hermione's eyes became small with suspicion. "You seem to know an awful lot about it, Albus," she said. "It was you no, don't deny it, you put that spell on me! Really, I would have thought better of you and... Severus, would you please let go of my wand hand so I can turn him into a toad!" Frantically, she was fighting against Severus's strong arms whilst trying to move her wand into Dumbledore's direction.

"Kiss him first," Snape snapped, wriggled Hermione's wand out of her fingers and held it high above his head so she couldn't reach it anymore. Laughter was accompanying his actions that the great bat would ever tell anyone to do some kissing had been unthinkable at best. That he advised the woman he so obviously loved to do so caused nothing but hysterical fits.

Only Dumbledore looked calm; then Hermione pecked his lips, grumbled something unintelligible, and waited to see what would happen.

The tiny monkey that had been playing on the hold of Dumbledore's glasses jumped over to Hermione and changed colour: it became bright red with little purple stripes, and it went hiding in her hair instantly.

The headmaster's eyes started twinkling again. "That would leave only Ginny," Albus stated mildly, sitting down and crossing his arms over his chest.

Ginny threw her arms up. "This is ridiculous," she declared, but got up and approached her friend, one hand protectively put on her belly. "You know I was far too sick all day to think about stupid jokes, and even if, I would have thought of something less dangerous for me. I know that Severus will roast the one who has done that over an open flame, and I would have known that I eventually would have been caught. So you will still blame me, or do you just believe me?"

It took Hermione a little while to think this over. She longed for a drink, but didn't dare to touch the glass in fear of its reactions. "If not you who else?" she finally asked. "There is no one left."

Ron raised a tentative finger. "Erm..." he said, "erm, there would be Snape, I guess."

Snape just looked at him, and Ron flinched. "Just an idea," he mumbled. "I know it wasn't Ginny, so... well."

Hermione's eyes wandered from Ginny to Severus and back. "Don't be ridiculous, Ron" she said, but her voice was a little unsure. "He would never..." She saw a small, lazy quirk glide across the Potions master's lips. "You wouldn't do that to me, would you?" she asked, and now there was a hint of steel in her voice.

"Are you accusing me, my love?" Snape asked innocently, the smile still playing on his lips.

She gritted her teeth. "It. Was. You. I can't believe it was you all the time!" Then she bent over and kissed him. For some reason, her kiss was not given as tenderly as usually.

The knife she touched stayed a knife, and she raised it in order to chop Severus to little pieces. "You... you... damn you, Severus Snape, why did you do that to me?" she shouted, angry at first and then nothing less but getting furious when his smile deepened and the others started to laugh again.

"Brilliant, Severus," wheezed Fred, and George added, "Would you tell us the spell, old friend? We will give you a percentage!"

Snape pulled his witch onto his lap and caught her wrists in his. "It wasn't a spell," he said and looked deep into Hermione's eyes. "It was a potion, and you took it right before we left."

Hermione looked confused. "But why?" she asked, placing an arm round his neck. "Why a charm that makes me kiss everyone around?"

Snape gave a short snort. "Love Potion Number Five," he offered. "It is quite unpleasant when a spell or a potion makes you do things you wouldn't do under normal circumstances, isn't it?"

She paled a bit. "I only forced you to eat this cookie last time we were here so you would finally express your feelings for me!"

Snape still held her wrists captive. "A little witch who played nasty potion tricks on her former professor by adding said potion to a cookie she forced him to eat should be aware of the fact that the professor in question will get his revenge sometime. Even if it means to drop a joke potion in your tea."

She jumped off his lap. "You served me that tea in bed!" she exclaimed indignantly.

Tonks and Ginny were giggling heavily; the men had gone red.

"What?" Hermione fumed, "You are not shocked at the fact that I drink tea in the afternoon, are you?"

"Not at *that* fact," Ron murmured, grinning.

Snape got up and placed his hands on Hermione's shoulders, pulling her close. "Do you have any idea how much I had to suffer in the past weeks?" he asked her. "Every student starts giggling whenever I turn my back; there are whispers whenever I pass by; they nudge each other, and I don't have a moment of peace during meals as each student is eying me suspiciously, expecting me to act strangely any moment and it's your fault!"

"I don't understand," Hermione said, slightly distracted at the sudden cough Dumbledore gave.

Snape clarified it for her. "They know that you made me kneel down in front of you, declaring my love, and it causes the highest amusement at school. I can't walk along the

corridors without some stupid little girl sighing longingly; the other evening I had to fight my way back into my private rooms through a bunch of sixth-years begging for detention they consider me... romantic!" He nearly choked on the word.

"Goodness grief," murmured Harry. That Snape could be the centre of erotic fantasies hadn't occurred to him, not even in his wildest nightmares.

"That's hardly my fault," Hermione grumbled and wrapped her arms round his waist. "And it is certainly no reason to make me kiss everyone present!"

Snape cast his fellow order members a nasty look. "You, Hermione, forced me to eat the cookie whilst everyone was watching, and you did it deliberately you could have given it to me in private. *They* couldn't keep their mouths shut, told everyone what happened shortly after Christmas, which caused all this nonsense at school. I suspect Albus to have gossiped the most, but none of the others are innocent, either. So I decided to take my revenge on you as well as on them. I must admit, it was a pleasure to see their scared faces at the prospect of getting in my way."

Fred and George said grinning, "We hereby swear that no one will hear a single word of the fact that you forced your woman to kiss the most handsome Weasley twins."

Dumbledore added with dignity, "And no one will learn that you spend half your days in bed, Severus, I promise. Not even when Minerva tries to bribe me."

Snape shot daggers at his employer, then asked in a low voice, "Is there anything else we have to discuss tonight?"

A chorus of No's filled the air. Chairs scraped against the floor when everyone got up quickly, indicating that it was more than time to end the meeting before it had actually taken place. Only a moment later, really, Ginny and Harry begged everyone to go. "Next week would be a better time to discuss Order matters, I suppose," Harry said and hid a grin behind his hand.

Severus and Hermione went home in silence home in this case was his house at Spinner's End where she had moved in three weeks ago, and where he joined her whenever possible. As it was a Saturday, he didn't have to go back to school.

Hermione was a bit worried. She truly hadn't known that her forcing him to declare his love for her had resulted in such unpleasant repercussions for Severus. She knew how much he hated to be laughed at, and she only hoped he wasn't too angry with her. "Severus," she said hesitantly whilst he unlocked the door, but he just stepped back and nudged her on. Confused, she pressed down the handle. "Look, I want to..."

"Shush, love," he said and opened the door. With a quick flick of his wand he lit the candles. With his other arm, he gently pulled Hermione inside.

She was stunned to see a big bunch of roses standing in a vase on the table in the living room. They were of a deep, rich orange and smelled like a summer full of promises.

"What..." she began and half turned round. That was the moment when more roses appeared out of nothing, fell slowly down from the ceiling, blossomed on the walls, and landed on her hair.

Her eyes became big, and her hand, covered by Severus's bigger one, tightened. "Oh my goodness!" she said, wonder in her voice. She hadn't even thought of the possibility that the dark man behind her could come up with such a wonderful surprise. The sight of the roses took her breath away and made her hearth thump. "You *are* romantic! And the roses are beautiful!"

Severus Snape plucked the monkey out of her hair and then enwrapped her in his arms. "After all, it's Valentine Day, Hermione," he whispered, lifted her up, and carried her into the bedroom. Again.

A/N: I dedicate this story to CharmedForce, who wrote in her review for More Christmas Cookies, "Severus should have his revenge with Valentine's Day chocolates."

Thanks a lot for this hint, CharmedForce! I hope you like what I made of it.