

Laughter IS Scary

by Seventh

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Two Snapes Are Better Than One

Chapter 1 of 1

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The professor was at the end of the large pile of Potions essays she had been asked to do. Professor Snape always gave her some essays to mark, claiming it would help improve the grading she would do in future.

"Miss Granger...?" she heard a silky voice add to her already muddled thoughts.

"Professor? Was there something else you needed me to help you with now?" she asked, her voice laced with concern as she inclined her head from her desk to look up at her tutor.

"No, Miss Granger... I was just checking whether or no you had completed the task. I see that you have. I believe it is time for dinner?" His eyebrow had raised slightly, she noticed, and he was nearly—oh, so nearly!—smiling.

"Of course, Professor. Just let me grab my cloak." She stood, taking her black cloak in hand and swinging it over her shoulders. After fixing the clutch at the front and pushing her hood up, she walked to the door with Severus Snape and made her way towards the Entrance Hall from the small office she had set up beside the Greenhouses.

"Miss Granger, haven't I asked you to call me Severus, as every other apprentice and teacher in the school does?" He smirked in the darkness as they walked together towards the light flooding out from the Entrance Hall.

"Haven't I asked you to call me Hermione, as every other apprentice and teacher in the school does?" she retorted, smiling in the darkness, looking up at her friend.

"Touché, Miss Granger, touché..." he murmured to himself, looking away from his apprentice.

"Hermione..."

"Severus..."

She started giggling madly as they spoke each other's given names at the same time. She leant against the wall beside the door next to the Great Hall, as he stood by with a small smile on his face as he watched her push her hood down and smile up at him.

Several students had come out to see what their favourite Potions professor was so amused at, and most of them ran back in when they saw their most hated Potions professor laughing with her. One timid first year wandered over to the hysterical pair, looking up at Professor Snape.

"Professor Snape?" the young girl asked.

"Yes, Miss Malfoy?" Severus responded, pausing in his deep chuckle long enough to talk to Draco's daughter.

"We all want to know what you're laughing at, so could you tell me?" Melissa Malfoy said, unashamedly looking up at her Head of House.

Severus opened his mouth to respond, but it was Hermione who replied to the shy girl.

"Well, Miss Malfoy, Professor Snape and I were just discussing the next three foot Potions assignment we are going to be handing out tomorrow." Hermione smirked in a most Snape-like fashion here, looking down at Melissa. "We were also just discussing how many of you would actually hand it in if we told you it was for the next day..."

The little girl turned her face to Professor Snape, who was now laughing openly, a deep bellow. He then nodded during his hysterics at the girl, who gasped and then ran back into the Great Hall, no doubt about to tell all of the Slytherins and her brothers in Gryffindor what horrors lay before them the next day in Potions.

"Severus, we need to do that again sometime..." Hermione murmured as Severus guided her towards their shared quarters.

"It was even better staging the break up this morning, *then* being seen together at dinner." Severus swooped down on his wife, catching her in a beautiful kiss, smiling against her.

"See, if we did *that* more often, I bet we could make one of the first years faint!" Hermione exclaimed at her husband.

"Yes, but I believe that causing Mr Potter's death through a kiss is more than enough reward." He smirked down at Hermione, who whacked him playfully on the arm.

"Come on, we need to practice so we can at least *try*," Severus said, pulling Hermione through the invisible door into their dungeon quarters.