

Walking Club

by Prof M McGonagall

Silliness ensues when Severus helps a pregnant Hermione get her daily exercise. A silly little drabble written for GS100.

Severus Opposes the Walking Club

Chapter 1 of 4

Silliness ensues when Severus helps a pregnant Hermione get her daily exercise. A silly little drabble written for GS100.

Disclaimer: These characters do not belong to me. They belong to J.K. Rowling. I am not making any money writing this. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for her beta skills.

"Severus, you don't have to come with me," said Hermione, knowing by his continued irate comments that he was unhappy. "I'm perfectly able to go by myself."

"Hermione," huffed Severus impatiently, "you're seven months pregnant! What if you slip on the stairs and injure yourself? Of course I'm coming with you!"

"I'm happy to have you come with me, Severus. But if you won't enjoy it, don't come. After all, I'm meeting Professors Sprout and Vector in the entrance hall. They are certainly capable of looking after me."

"That's just it! When did our daily walk become a... *walking club*?"

So that's the problem, thought Hermione. "I'm sorry, Severus. When it became too cold to walk outside, I didn't feel comfortable telling Pomona and Septima that they couldn't join us when they asked."

"The students will think I'm coddling a group of women! I can imagine the comments."

"Oh, Severus, you appear as imposing as ever, even if you are wearing trainers and a tracksuit."

"Very well. Shall we go?"

"Yes, it's time to meet Pomona and Septima." *That's odd*, thought Hermione as they walked down the dungeon hallway to the staircase. "Er... Severus, did you charm your tracksuit to *billow*?"

The Walking Club Is Formed

Chapter 2 of 4

Silliness ensues when Severus helps a pregnant Hermione get her daily exercise. A silly little drabble written for GS100.

A/N: Thanks to lulabelle72 for her inspiration regarding tracksuit fashions. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for her beta skills and encouragement.

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Pomona Sprout and Septima Vector were waiting for Hermione and Severus so their morning walk could begin. Since Hermione had become Charms professor and Gryffindor head of house when Professor Flitwick had retired and Professor McGonagall had been appointed headmistress, the two took delight in mothering Hermione.

"Who knew marriage would change Severus so much?" cooed Pomona. "Just look at how he takes care of Hermione."

"Too bad he's so serious," replied Septima. "It's up to us to make sure Hermione has some fun. Goodness knows, she was serious enough as a student. She needs some good laughs."

Hermione and Severus arrived. Hugs and greetings were exchanged among the women while Severus watched impatiently.

Septima said, "You look well, Hermione. What's that you're wearing?"

"A Muggle garment called a tracksuit. In my condition, it's safer to wear on the stairs than robes."

"Great idea!" enthused Pomona. "May I Transfigure my robes to match? At my age, I don't need to take any chances with falling." She grinned wickedly at Septima.

"I'll Transfigure my robes too and join the walking club," said Septima gleefully. "Won't that be fun? Hermione? Severus?"

"Ye-e-e-s." Hermione glanced at Severus.

"Indeed," sighed Severus.

The Snapes were wearing black velour tracksuits with a green stripe down the outside of each leg. Pomona and Septima studied their tracksuits and matching trainers. Pomona smiled. "I think I'll make my stripes Hufflepuff yellow. Blue Ravenclaw stripes for you, Septima?"

"Good idea, Pomona! Won't we look nice?"

Severus winced.

Hermione grinned and changed her stripes to red. They were about to begin walking when Minerva McGonagall hurriedly arrived.

"Pomona told me about your group," she panted. "May I join?"

"Certainly, Minerva," said Septima. "We've just Transfigured our matching uniforms."

Severus looked pained as Minerva suddenly sported a tracksuit with tartan stripes.

Finally, Severus thought as the group began their walk. Enough time had passed that a few students were making their way to breakfast. Severus wore his most intimidating scowl and checked his billowing charm. Students barely glanced at him as they hurried by.

Behind the Snapes, Septima gave Pomona a mischievous grin, flicked her wand and said, "Well, Severus, that charm certainly makes walking cooler."

Pomona and Minerva quickly flicked their wands as they looked at Severus. Hermione covered a grin as she placed her hand on Severus's arm.

Slowly, Severus turned to see three grinning women in billowing tracksuits.

Severus Plots His Revenge

Chapter 3 of 4

Silliness ensues when Severus helps a pregnant Hermione get her daily exercise. A silly little drabble series written for GS100.

A/N: Thanks to ladyinthecloak for her awesome beta skills!

Severus sat glaring at the flames in the fireplace. Those silly women had *mocked* him with their billowing tracksuits. That could not go unanswered, and yet... Hermione actually liked them.

He glanced at the bedroom door. Hermione tired easily these days and had gone to bed. How he loved Hermione—even more as their child was growing inside her. These women were her friends. They had seen the worth of his Hermione long before he had. If they were humiliated, she would be hurt.

Severus smirked as he stared at the fire. He loved a situation that required such... delicacy.

The next morning Hermione complained, "I feel so stupid waddling around in this tracksuit like... a giant penguin!"

"A giant...?" Severus spluttered.

"Oh, never mind!" Hermione snapped.

Severus wisely said nothing and gently rubbed her back.

"Oh, Severus, I'm sorry! I just get so winded on the stairs. I hate that!"

"What if I asked the rest of the club to come down to the dungeons? I believe I can avoid staircases. Walking different passages might be a welcome change."

"Oh, would you?"

"Gladly, dearest." Severus kissed Hermione's temple and shut the door quietly behind him. He smirked devilishly. "Perfect."

Bedeviling the Billowing Biddies

Chapter 4 of 4

Even more silliness ensues as Severus gets his revenge. This story has been tweaked a bit--nothing new added, just tightened up.

Disclaimer: See Chapter 1. Thanks to Karelia for betaing. Any remaining mistakes are my own. Warning for excessive silliness.

"Good morning." Severus coolly greeted Professors McGonagall, Sprout, and Vector. "My wife wishes to avoid staircases, so I'm to ask if you would care to walk in the dungeons with us this morning."

"Of course! Poor Hermione! But aren't there stairs in the dungeons?" chattered Pomona Sprout.

Minerva rolled her eyes. "Yes, Pomona. I assume Severus knows the dungeons well enough to avoid stairs. It's fine with me, Severus."

Septima Vector concurred. "Oh, yes! I've noticed that stairs are getting harder for Hermione. You won't mind if we still Transfigure our club tracksuits, Severus?"

"Hermione would be disappointed if you didn't," he replied.

They soon reached the Snapes' quarters where they were warmly greeted by Hermione. "I'm so glad you've joined us!" She hugged each of her friends before the club started off walking.

They had just rounded a corner near the Slytherin common room. Hermione and Severus were setting the pace slightly ahead of the others. Hearing a gasp from Headmistress McGonagall, they turned around to see the three older ladies wearing their wizarding robes instead of their club tracksuits. Suddenly, a strong, blustery wind filled the corridor. The ladies' robes billowed with air, their ballooning robes forcing them back down the hallway.

Severus held Hermione tightly, using his body to shield her from the worst of the wind. Once the ladies reached the junction to the corridor they had walked down previously, the wind died out.

"Are you all right?" Hermione asked anxiously.

"Yes. Just surprised." Minerva glared at Severus. "Severus, what was that?"

"It's a ward that has long been taught amongst Slytherins. It reverses the magic of anyone who is not a Slytherin and discourages them from approaching any closer. That is why your robe Transfiguration reversed. The spell is forbidden; I shall make sure it doesn't happen again, Minerva."

The startling incident ended the club's walk prematurely that day. Severus and Hermione returned to their quarters. "Do you have any idea who cast that spell?" Hermione asked curiously.

"A pretty good idea, yes," Severus replied casually.

Hermione regarded Severus carefully, surprised that he wasn't more irate with whichever student had cast such a spell.

"I doubt that the ladies will want to *billow* any time soon." Severus glanced slyly at Hermione from the corner of his eye.

"Billow? Severus..." Hermione walked towards him and cupped his face in both hands. "What did you do?"

Severus tried to appear apologetic but ended up looking so much like a little boy who had been caught being naughty that Hermione couldn't help but laugh. Severus was soon laughing as well. Then Hermione said seriously, "Someone could have been hurt."

Severus held Hermione close. "They're your friends, and they care for you. I wouldn't want them hurt." He kissed her thoroughly. "However, I do have a reputation to uphold." A gleam of humor showed through his lofty sneer.

Hermione snuggled closer, knowing that only his family would see this softer, humorous side of Severus. "Your secret is safe with me."