

# All Good Things Happen at Grimmauld Place

*by karelia*

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the kitchen at Grimmauld Place.

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## *Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione is afraid that someone might discover what she and Severus are doing in the kitchen at Grimmauld Place.

"Severus, no!" Hermione whispered. "What if someone comes in? Half of the Order are here at Grimmauld Place tonight!"

Severus raised his eyebrow. "And?" He moved the chair slightly back to accommodate her. The kitchen table was far too big for the size of the kitchen.

Hermione's eyes widened. "You don't care, do you?"

He laughed. A genuine laughter, free of any sneer or smugness. "Hermione, I'm the emperor of the world. You are beside me, you've agreed to marry me. Why on earth should I care if anyone finds out—"

The door opened suddenly, revealing Potter and Weasley, their faces quickly turning from anxious to relieved. "Oh, here you are, Hermione," Potter said sheepishly.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Here I am, Harry. What do you want?" she asked, not budging as much as an inch from Snape's lap.

Potter pushed Weasley unceremoniously back into the corridor, turned, and mumbled, "Nothing that can't wait till tomorrow."

Hermione turned her attention back to Severus. "So, you really don't mind if anyone learns of your fondness of being spoon-fed Farley Rusks with hot milk. Good. I don't care either."

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A/N: Farley Rusks is a type of cereal loved by toddlers in England.

Words issued by SW69: One of the trio, Grimmauld Place, kitchen table

Thanks to SW69 for finding my mistakes.