

Doing Compromises

by zyra

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Authors Notes: Thanks to my super quick beta, septentrion1970, for helping me fixing the errors. As always, review make my day! :)

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They had a fight.

It was really over a simple matter. Bed sheets. It was her turn to choose the colour. What infuriated him was she just had to pick pink! *Pink!*

Never mind that he made her sleep on black sheets before, but—*Dumbledore's purple toenails!*—pink was just too much. So he stomped off the bedroom saying he refused to sleep on it.

Two straight long nights exiled on the couch, cold and alone, were enough to convince Severus that pink might not be a bad colour after all.

He missed his wife and he wanted her now.

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He'd been thinking if he squinted his eyes just so and made sure all lights were out, the colour tone was close to dark green. He sighed. Pillows could only do for so long as a substitute to her warm body.

He paused in his tracks when he heard sound of laughter from within the room.

What the hell? Hermione was entertaining someone else?

That's absurd! The wards he'd placed were impenetrable. No one could come in without passing through the sitting room where he'd been a moment ago *Unless they used invisibility!*

The laughing continued, louder even.

Severus seethed.

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This is preposterous!

He strode into the bedroom without knocking. The sight that greeted him stopped him.

She was beautiful. Her eyes brightened merrily when that man hugged her waist to hold her close. Her mischievous smile could have shattered a hardened heart.

She giggled when the man holding her whispered something. She looked so happy.

He had missed that. Not unless he'd sprouted another set of eyes behind his head, he'd no idea how she looked when he held her close. She ~~was~~ happy to be married to him. He was determined to make sure that she still was.

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He turned from the TV screen and was pleased to see that the bed sheets had changed to stripes of green and red. Compromising. He could do that.

"Severus! I didn't hear you come in. I was watching this video—just received from Colin. He sent his regards ... Severus?"

"Off."

"Huh?"

"Your clothes. I want them off now."

"Wait ... Now, see here, mister. Don't you think you can parade in here ordering me around. I believe you have something to—oh, that *good*—tell me," she said between gasps as he nibbled on her neck.

"I'm ... sorry. There, I've said it. Now, can I please make love to my wife?"

"I should punish you for leaving me alone in this bed—oh, do that again, *yes*—for two long nights. You have much to make up for, young man."

"Mmm, *young man*. I need to remember to reward you later. As for now, how does a whole night long sound to you?"

"That might work—oh, yes, there ... I missed *that*."

Their groans of pleasure were lost amidst more laughter from the TV screen as it continued to display the loving couple dancing on the floor on their wedding day.