

# Burning Love

*by StormySkize*

It's not easy living without magic, as Severus Snape learns when Hermione asks him to do her a favour.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

It's not easy living without magic, as Severus Snape learns when Hermione asks him to do her a favour.

Disclaimer: Nope, I'm still not JKR, damn it! I'm just playing with all the wonderful characters she has created. No copyright infringement is intended, and no money is being made – at least not by me.

Hugs and kisses to my wonderful beta. She knows who she is, and so will you – after the reveal!

Burning Love

"Where are the matches, Hermione?"

Hermione turned away from the counter where she was preparing a salad and pointed. "They're in the top drawer on the left – just where they always are."

"Of course."

Severus opened the drawer his wife had indicated and took out a packet of matches. He turned and walked back out the door he had just entered.

"Where is yesterday's newspaper?"

"It's in the recycle bin in the garage – the same place I always put the discarded newspapers."

"Right."

Severus stomped through the kitchen and into the garage. He came back out carrying several bundles of old newspapers.

"Where is my wand, Hermione?"

"It's in your vault at Gringotts, as you very well know."

"Where is *your* wand, then?" he demanded.

"Sitting next to yours, where it can't tempt you."

"Whose asinine idea was that?" he snarled.

"Yours."

"Why did I ever agree to such a preposterous arrangement?"

"It was that or sit in Azkaban for the next forty-years. You seemed to think it was a fair trade-off at the time," Hermione said calmly.

He snorted softly.

"Are there any more matches?"

Hermione pointed to the same drawer again and turned back to the counter.

"There are just some things that are impossible to accomplish without magic," Severus said as he entered the kitchen for the fourth time in twenty minutes.

"Muggles do it every day, Severus. Go next door and ask Robert – I've seen him do it a hundred times," Hermione said.

"He's probably a wizard in hiding, just as we are, except *he's* allowed to use his wand," Snape whinged.

"He's as Muggle as my mum and dad," Hermione insisted. "Go ask!"

"It's probably a skill that relies on some genetic mutation that I lack," he mumbled as he slunk out the door and headed across the back yard to his neighbor's house.

Twenty minutes later, Hermione heard a loud *whoosh* and then a yelp.

She hurried out the back door and found her husband standing triumphantly in front of a wall of flames. He had a book of matches in one hand and a metal can in the other.

"Are you out of your mind?" she shouted.

"I'm just doing what you asked me to do!" he shouted back.

"I didn't ask you to burn the bloody house down. What's that you have in your hand?"

"Robert gave it to me. He says he uses it all the time."

Hermione took the can and shook it. It was nearly empty. Then she read the label.

"Did you use all of this?" she asked.

"Of course I did," he replied.

"You're supposed to use a couple of squirts, not the whole ruddy can."

"I wanted to make sure it worked."

Hermione looked at her husband. Living without magic wasn't easy for him, she knew. He might whinge and complain a bit while he was at it, but in the end he was usually outrageously pleased with himself when he accomplished a task without magic.

He certainly appeared self-satisfied at the moment. He wasn't concerned about the vinyl siding that was beginning to bubble from the heat. He probably hadn't even noticed that his eyebrows were singed, and she doubted that he even felt the blister she could see forming on the tip of his nose.

No, none of those things mattered a whit to him.

What mattered to him was that she had asked him to do something, and because he loved her and wanted to please her, he'd done as she asked.

He hadn't acted because an insane megalomaniac had tortured him into compliance.

He hadn't acted because a manipulative old fool had used emotional blackmail to influence him.

Neither fear nor guilt had motivated him – love had.

Hermione stood on her tiptoes and kissed Severus soundly.

"What was that for?" Severus asked after he'd returned the kiss thoroughly.

"Unlike some people I could name, I actually read and *follow* printed instructions," she replied.

Severus raised his singed eyebrow questioningly.

"Your apron does say, 'Kiss the Cook'."

Mischief Managed

Author's Note: This story was written for the Potter Place's Anything Goes Challenge. I chose this prompt:

14. I would like to see a wizard trying to accomplish something \*difficult\* the mundane way. No wands, magic or elves allowed! Severus vs. a tree trunk for example.

Just in case anyone hasn't figured it out, Hermione asked Severus to light the charcoal grill.