

# Jingle Bells

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

A couple of jingle bells charms brings Hermione and Snape closer together. Written for ClosetRavenclaw (Happy Christmas), who was kind enough to respond to an LJ post I'd written requesting story prompts.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** Not my characters.

SW says: I've written this for ClosetRavenclaw, who was kind enough to respond to my LJ when I was requesting story prompts.

Her requests were:

Pairing: Hermione/Severus

Keyword: Jingle Bells

*Warning: Prepare yourself for something silly.*

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"Where are those students?" Hermione asked in annoyance.

"Gryffindors, always traipsing off when they shouldn't," Severus said.

"And Slytherins, always making things harder for everyone else," she retorted. "Honestly! Can't you ever say anything nice?"

"I can be amicable, Professor Granger. It's not my fault that you don't pay attention."

She smiled. "I'm sure it's not something that happens often. I'm going to go check Honeydukes. Will you stay here in case they come back?"

"Yes, yes," he said, waving her away, gazing towards the Three Broomsticks. The weather was quite cold, and he wouldn't mind a quick shot of Ogden's to warm his insides. However, as he was supervising the impromptu Hogsmeade trip with Professor Granger, he felt it only right to wait until he returned to the castle.

After a few minutes, the group of students returned, but Professor Granger was not with them. A few of his Slytherin students were smirking slyly, so he asked one, "Did you not just come from the sweetshop?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmph," huffed a Gryffindor.

"And did you see Professor Granger, Mr. Davies?" he asked, ignoring the outburst for the moment.

"Oh, she's still there, sir. Told us to go on without her."

Snape straightened. Something didn't seem right. She wouldn't shirk on her duties. "You will all remain here or face detention with me." With that said, he strode off to find out what had gone wrong. From the mutinous expressions on her house's students, something had to have happened...something his house's students had done.

"Professor Granger?" he asked uncertainly as he approached her. She was holding onto the wall, face flushed brightly. "Are you all right?"

She quickly said, "I'll see you back at the castle, Professor."

"What's happened?" he asked, not deterred. "I know something must have gone on here."

Sighing, she slowly turned to face him fully, a slight jingling sound accompanying her movement. He took in her appearance from head to toe. Nothing seemed amiss. "You look all right. Are you feeling ill then?"

"I tried to stop an argument between one of your students and one of mine. Just as I walked in front of them, I was hit in the chest with a curse thrown by Davies."

He stepped forward and dumbly extended a hand to touch her chest, pausing inches from her breasts when he realized what he was about to do. "Pardon me," he said. "What sort of hex? Did you chant the countercurse?"

"It just has to wear off, is all." She smiled then and giggled. "I suppose it's a little funny, what with Christmas nearly here."

"Being hexed is funny?" he asked sarcastically. "Oh, yes, indeed. I often enjoy being cursed." He hadn't time for her silliness, so he turned to go back out to the students. She took a few steps behind him, and he heard bells jingling again. "Do you have a bell, or are *you* jingling?" he asked, lips twitching.

"It's me," she admitted. "Everyone was looking at me. The faster I walk, the more ~~the~~ they jiggle, and the louder it is." She indicated her breasts as she spoke. "I didn't want to draw any more attention to it than necessary, so you can go on with them, and I'll take my time walking back."

Amused, he asked, "Are you certain? You could simply Apparate near the gate from here."

"Yes, I'm certain. Hopefully, it will wear off by the time I get back to the castle if I go slowly enough." She self consciously crossed her arms in front of her.

"Very well," he said with a nod, unable to help adding, "jingle breasts," under his breath as he turned away.

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Hermione slowly walked towards the path that led to the castle, not wanting her breasts to move much and begin to jingle loudly...all the while planning Davies' detention. Even though it had been an accident, he'd been aiming his hex at someone unarmed, and that was wrong and punishable. She didn't want to cast a spell to bind her breasts, as she was uncertain how the two charms would interact, and it wouldn't do to walk about holding her breasts against her body to keep them from bouncing with her step. Just as she made it past the last building, she saw Snape waiting for her.

"Where are the students?" she asked quickly.

"Just so happens, Argus was trekking back towards the castle and agreed to guide them. I thought I should wait for you." He held up a small, golden bell and shook it, making it ring. "I thought perhaps we could disguise your problem?"

"You want me to walk all the way back, shaking the bell, pretending it's been enchanted to play a Christmas jingle, while my breasts are truly doing the work?" she asked, shocked that he'd come up with an idea to help her situation and wondered why she hadn't thought of it herself. It would have saved her all those amused glances in Hogsmeade. Well, then she would have likely had people staring at her outright, wondering what she was on about.

"If we meet up with another couple, you can shake it, and we can act as if we are in discussion about something pertaining to it," he offered with a nonchalant shrug. "While we are alone on our walk, I don't mind if you're a little noisy."

"All right." She took the bell, touched. "That's very considerate of you. Thanks."

"It's nothing," he said, not moving until she was even with him. "Shall we?"

They walked slowly, wanting to give the jinx time to wear off before she reached the castle. Near the top of a slippery hill on the path, she stopped to allow Snape to go first, only to realize that *he* was jingling with each stride.

"Hang on! What's that?"

"What?" he asked innocently.

"You're jingling, too!" she said with a laugh. "So, you aren't being chivalrous. You're just walking with me so that nobody will know that you've also been hexed!"

He raised an eyebrow. "Accusing me of being anything less than a thoughtful coworker, Hermione? I do believe I am wounded."

She grinned. "Go on. Walk." When he didn't move, she said, "Aha! So, I'm right then!"

Nodding, he stepped closer to her; a slight jingle sounded. "One of *your* bloody Gryffindors obviously thought it only fair that the Slytherin Head of House suffer your fate. I will find out who it is of course and give them detention when I do."

"Well, he or she is welcome to join the detention I plan to give Davies."

"I don't see why you should give the boy detention. He didn't mean to hex you. I'd bet that he was defending himself, and you simply didn't see the start or the other person's drawn wand," he said.

"No, Severus, you won't be getting him out of this one. Be glad I don't take any house points. You wouldn't want Slytherin to lose its lead, now would you?" she asked mischievously, eyes glinting.

"Very well. Give him detention," he agreed and began walking again, easily making his way down the slippery slope, allowing her to hold onto his arm to guide her as well.

The smile on her face grew until her cheeks hurt. The sound of her jingling mixed with his was just beyond hilarious. She began humming an old Christmas tune that she and some of her friends used to sing when they were younger.

Severus looked at her. "What are you humming? It sounds familiar?"

"Have you ever heard that song 'Jingle Bells'?"

He nodded. "I don't know the words, as I've only heard it a couple of times at the most. Something about a robin laying an egg?"

She giggled. "You needn't know the words, just the beat and overall tone."

"And our new musical skills reminded you of this? Do I even want to know why?" he asked uncertainly.

"You called me 'jingle breasts' earlier," she said bluntly.

"I said no such thing."

"You're lying again," she said with a grin, nodding towards his nether regions. "It's all right because I'm going to call you jingle balls."

"You will not!" he said indignantly, red splotches immediately staining his pale cheeks.

"Oh, I will indeed," she said. "I'm going to sing a song about us. It's been in my head for the last minute or so."

He shook his head, but she could see the amusement in his eyes. "If you must."

Clearing her throat, she boldly sang, "Jingle Breasts! Jingle Balls! What a pair we make! The hex we feel is very real, and the students will have to pay...." She began humming and shaking the bell he'd given her like a tambourine and stepping from side to side so that her bosom would chime in.

Finally, after fighting to keep his expression straight, he threw his head back and laughed, shaking his leg to add to his beat to her music. Once they stopped laughing and caught their breath, she said, "I don't think I've ever seen you laugh like this before. I quite like it."

"I don't know that I've had anything to laugh about in a long time," he replied somberly. "I expect we should carry on before someone happens upon us and requests a tune."

She nodded in silent agreement, and they made their way back to the castle without meeting anyone else on the path. Once they neared the gates, he stopped and cocked his head to the side. "Notice anything?"

"Sorry, no, I was lost in my thoughts."

He paced a couple of times in front of her. When she still seemed puzzled, he said, "The spell has worn off."

"Oh, I hadn't even noticed!" She began moving as well. With an appreciative smile, she said, "I know you only joined me on the walk back because you found yourself in the same predicament that I was in, but I just wanted to say thank you. It was... nice."

"I agree," he said. "Nice." He stared at her for a moment, index finger circling his lip, as if in thought, and then asked, "Do you like music?"

"I have a love for it, yes," she said. "Do you?"

"Yes," he said, pausing briefly. "If you would like to come down to my chambers, I could show you my record collection."

"Sure, only I'm quite famished. Maybe we could have something sent down?" she asked hopefully, wondering what sort of music he liked, still hearing the little song she'd sung in her mind.

"Certainly." He offered her his arm. "Come."

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**SW's Notes:** Teehee. All I can say in my defense is that I was in the mood for something corny. Hope you enjoyed.