

Christmas Morning

by Dreamy_Dragon

A bit of seasonal fluff, written for the grangersnape100 community on LiveJournal.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Still not mine.

Severus stared at the fireplace. Two stockings were hanging in front of it. Of course, he knew about the red one, having sneaked out of bed to hang it up. But now there was another, dark green with white trimmings.

It seemed for the first time in his life someone had bothered to fill a stocking for him. A someone with bushy hair and the sweetest brown eyes who was currently asleep in their bedroom.

His heart beat a little faster as he went nearer to examine it more closely. Should he open it now or wait for a little while?

He looked at the stocking again, then quickly took it down and opened it. On top was a bar of his favourite dark chocolate spiced with chillies, hot and not too sweet – just the way he liked it. Severus dug deeper, and his hand found something else. It was firm, smooth, and cool to his touch.

He pulled out a pair of handcuffs. They gleamed silver in the dim light of the early winter morning. Did that mean...? How had she known...?

He drew a sharp breath as he weighed the cuffs in his hands; they felt so right.

He ran his fingertips over the polished, hard surface and felt a familiar heat build in his lower body just when two arms wrapped around his middle. 'Happy Christmas, Severus.'

'Happy Christmas, Hermione.' He turned around in her warm embrace, dangling the cuffs before her eyes. Was there a faint blush in her cheeks?

'Thank you,' he whispered and touched his lips to hers, bringing his arms up around her neck. She responded by pulling him tighter against her. Slowly their kiss deepened before Hermione looked at him with *that* glint in her eye.

'Want to come and play?'

A/N: Many thanks to Anogete for beta-reading this at very short notice.

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