

It's Too Late to Apologize

by zyra

One man's honey is another man's poison. A short drabble of love-found and regret.
An answer to 'Blame it on Ron challenge'.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: An answer to 'Blame it on Ron challenge' in GS100. Beta'd by the lovely Septentrion. Thanks mate!

Read and review, now. :)

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"Hermione ... Hermione! We're late!"

Severus grumbled. *Women and make-up, and she called herself a witch!*

"Yes, yes ... I'm ready."

His breath hitched. Her evening dress flowed down, hugging her voluptuous figure. She wore her hair up, showing her long, smooth neck. She was goddess personified. And she was his.

"Now, now ... there's always time for *that* later, husband, dear. Right now, we have an invitation to dinner we simply cannot miss."

He scowled. His expression deepened at her bemused look.

"We can always say you have early classes tomorrow," she whispered seductively. "Now hurry, I thought you said we were late."

Temptress!

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They Apparated to the front of the dinner hall.

He offered her his arm and placed his hand on top of hers. They were walking quietly when she suddenly stiffened and stopped.

"Oh no, he's here. I ... I can't. Let's go home, Severus. I just can't."

He turned towards the object of her distress. Her ex-husband was walking towards the hall—with a tall woman *Blast it all!* He had been informed that that prat was not attending.

"Hermione."

"No, no ... Let's just go home, Severus. I ... can't."

"Hermione!" He half-shook her. "Look at me."

Her eyes were already glassy.

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"You are the most beautiful and intelligent woman I've ever met. If anybody else failed to see that, then it's their loss. You are no less beautiful, no less brilliant and especially no less desirable because of it. You are my angel, my wife and the mother of my future child," he said and placed his hand on her slight bump of a belly. "He does not deserve you."

"He's with *that* woman."

"Hmm, next to you, she's not worth a glance. Come. Don't let him spoil our celebration. I want to show you off."

"Severus!" She swatted his arm half-heartedly.

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She was dancing with *him*. He couldn't help but look at the couple longingly. He was stunned by her beauty. She seemed to be happy with him *That git!*

The old pervert didn't deserve her. But nor did he ... he thought gloomily. She was always with books.

Books and more books.

After having been married two years to her, he'd needed a woman instead of a bookworm as a wife. But she didn't look like the crying, helpless woman he'd left a year ago.

"Darling, let's dance."

"Nah, I think I'll sit for a while."

Ron only had himself to blame.

~Fin