

# Ohne Dich

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

Severus finds a way to express his feelings to Hermione.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Prompt written at ladyinthecloak's request. Details at the end.

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Severus had been trying to find an acceptable way to tell Hermione about his feelings for nearly three weeks. The epiphany he'd had when he'd realized he wanted to be more than a friend to her had kept him in shock for a few days, and he'd been racking his brain since. Every idea that had come to him had been swiftly discarded. He was certain that she returned his affection, but it was painfully obvious that she'd never approach him and might lose interest if he didn't do something soon.

"Severus?" Her voice rang out from the small foyer of his home.

"In the kitchen," he called out.

"Hello," she said as she entered moments later. "I've got the seeds you need. Mr. Smythe says that they've only just arrived."

"Excellent." He wanted to say more, but he couldn't. An awkward silence stretched between them.

"Well..." she began. "Uh, oh, guess what?"

"I wouldn't know where to start." Must he sound so dry?

"Rammstein will be in London next week. I heard a group talking about it while waiting in the Apothecary."

"Ah, that band you are fond of."

"Yes, it is. I may try to get tickets... after I find out more information of course."

He wondered if it would be too forward to ask if he could accompany her. However, she knew that he didn't particularly care for that style of music, and she might call him on it. What to do? What to say?

"I guess, er, I'll go then."

"I'll see you in the morning." Damn.

"Bye."

"Goodnight, Hermione."

After the door clicked behind her, a new plan formed. One that would work.

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"Good morning," Hermione greeted as she entered his lab. "How did the seeds work?"

"The potion is still simmering. I thank you for choosing them."

She beamed brightly. "You're welcome."

"There's, ah, something I'd like to say to you."

"Oh, all right then." She waited as he gathered his thoughts.

He felt his cheeks heat slightly, but he plowed on anyway—before he had the good sense to change his mind. "Ohne dich kann ich nicht sein."

Hermione stared at him blankly for a moment. "You're speaking in German," she pointed out.

Severus nodded. "Bin ich allein." When she said nothing, he continued, "Zähl ich die Stunden ohne dich."

A hand slowly rose to her mouth covering the parted, surprised lips and muting her gasp.

"Lohnen nicht ohne dich," he finished, stepping back a little.

"Are you saying..." she began. "You're quoting Rammstein."

"Yes," he said softly.

"I thought you didn't like them though." When he didn't reply, she asked, "Are you trying to tell me that you want to join me when and if I see them?"

Feeling ridiculous, he shook his head and turned away from her. He'd planned it so perfectly—the words taken from the group's song *Ohne Dich* directly. They said what he felt, and he thought it would be a way to express his feelings to her.

"Severus?"

Deciding to change the subject, he said, "The potion should be ready in about an hour. You can take the samples to the Ministry after that."

A small hand slid around his waist while the other gripped his arm, and he felt her press her cheek against his back. Her voice was choked as she whispered, "Ohne dich kann ich nicht sein, Severus. Ich liebe dich."

He turned in her grasp to face her. "I love you, too, Hermione." And for the first time, their lips tentatively met, tasting and conveying what each felt for the other.

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Prompt: Severus is in love with Hermione. He knows she loves Rammstein, and they happen to be playing in London next week.

Basically, what he tells Hermione is: without her he cannot be, he's alone, he counts the hours without her, and they aren't worth it.

I snatched these lyrics from the Rammstein song *Ohne Dich*.