

Thanks, That Was Fun

by teshara

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One

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: When this fic was first written after Book 4, it was canon with added speculation. Now it is AU. Based off a song by the Barenaked Ladies.

Severus Snape pushed at the blazing fire in his yard with a wrought iron poker. He bundled his robes around him tight as the fall wind cut into him. Thankfully, he had remembered to put a windless charm around the small bonfire before he had burned the whole yard down.

He watched as the curly cinnamon haired woman stalked down his front steps. She never turned to look at him. Her arms were full of boxes. She walked to the house next to his and opened the screen door with one foot. It slammed behind her.

He felt a deep pang in his chest and turned back to the fire.

He picked up a rich black velvet cloak and threw it in the blaze.

"Well, that was stupid," Severus heard an annoyed voice call out to him. He turned and saw Hermione looking at him, her brows furrowed. "You love that cloak."

"I think it would be best if I erase all traces of you." Severus sniffed imperiously, or at least attempted to. If he hadn't been secretly crying all afternoon, it might have worked.

Instead he sounded like an elephant calling the herd.

She stared at him for a moment, then turned and stormed into the house they had shared.

'Smooth,' he thought to himself. He didn't want her to go at all. He wanted to gather her in his arms and hold her tight. Tell her she was going nowhere without him. He felt like she had ripped a gaping hole in his chest and now, finally exposed and bare, even breathing pained him.

It had all started out not so innocently.

The Potter brat had fallen taking out Lord Voldemort and Hermione hadn't been seen for a few hours. Severus' father had been a distant cousin to the Black family and Severus had visited there when he was young, years before his trip to Hogwarts. His mischievous young cousin, Sirius, had showed him some interesting quirks of the estate while he was there.

So he had pushed the head of the gargoyle on the third floor and twisted its tail a half turn. The hidden door had swung open, and he had found Hermione sitting on a bright orange, overly dusty loveseat bawling her eyes out.

To make a long story short, he had comforted her, she had looked at him, and he figured she was no longer his student so what the hell.

Twenty years later she was leaving like nothing had ever happened.

Severus had tried everything. He had argued with her. When that didn't work, he had yelled at her. How she would never find someone that loved her as he did. How she had no gratitude for all he had done for her. How worthless she was without him. When that didn't work, he had begged her not to go.

He had never been good with emotions and this was just another fine example. She was leaving him because he was 'cruel and disrespectful.'

He was proving this quite nicely. He stared at the dancing flames and realized she was right.

Again.

He really did love that cloak.

The door opened next door and Ginny Weasley emerged. She walked across her yard and up the steps to Snape's house.

She shrugged at him when she saw him watching her. A few minutes later she emerged, following Hermione, and walked back to the house she shared with her brother, Ron.

Severus turned back to the fire and threw a flowered blanket into the flames. Even he thought burning the bedding was a bit excessive, but he was beginning to enjoy the looks she was shooting him as he burned every gift she had ever given him. It was a small thing, but he was going to hold onto it. He was not going to cry in front of her or the Weasleys.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and had to look up a few inches.

"You alright, mate?" asked Ron Weasley. His red hair had a few blonde streaks in it from the passing of years, but he still pretty much looked like he did 25 years ago when he graduated from Hogwarts.

"I'm fine, Mr. Weasley!" Severus snarled at him. Ron looked stunned.

"No, you're not," Ron said incredulously. "You haven't called me Mr. Weasley in 20 years. Besides, your nose is all pink."

Severus raised one black mittened hand up to cover his nose. He threw a dirty look at the parade of females moving boxes from his house to the Weasleys.

Ron handed him a flask. Severus unscrewed the cap and took a long drink.

"Now I know you're not alright," said Ron with a sense of finality. "Since when do you just ingest whatever someone hands you without examining it?"

"If you had any sense of honor or friendship, you'd poison me now," muttered Severus before taking another long drink.

"You'll do it yourself if you don't stop," said Ron, taking the flask from him. "What is wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me?!" Severus exploded at him. "She's leaving me!"

"Is this really a surprise?" Ron yelled back at him. Snape took a step back in surprise. "You could have been a little nicer to her!"

"I was nice!" Severus protested weakly.

"You didn't remember to invoke a Silencing Charm during all your fights." Ron sneered at him, looking disgusted.

Severus fell silent, feeling ashamed. He hadn't meant it, of course. Just words yelled in anger. Mudblood had been used more than once. Not to mention a few more vulgar things.

"I didn't mean it," Severus muttered, running his hands through his liberally white streaked hair and turning back to the fire. "She knows I didn't mean it."

"You think that after all these years it might have sunk in?" asked Ron, handing him the flask back.

Severus' memories flashed back to that afternoon on that orange sofa. She had dominated him, popping the buttons of his waistcoat off and had him penetrating her before all their clothing was off. She had screamed out her climaxes and when he had been spent demanded more. She was exquisite.

Her scream changed to one of pain. Her arm was twisted behind her and the memory ghost of himself tightened its grip.

"Misborn brat, where would you be without me?" he heard his memory sneer.

Severus took another drink from the flask and passed it back to Ron.

"Probably much better off," a small voice said in the back of his skull.

Severus mentally squashed the small voice. He picked up a pair of embroidered leather slippers and threw them on the fire.

"Well, this is dumb." Ron gave the fire a disgusted look. "Those were nice. Hey, give me that nice cloak Hermione gave you last Christmas. It would be a crime to torch it."

"Already gone," said Severus, taking out a handkerchief and blowing his nose on it.

Ron threw his hands up in frustration.

"When you've regained your brain, you know where I am."

Severus saw Hermione marching determinedly at him, and he stood up straighter and sneered at her as she approached.

He remembered her after she had finally been sated on that hideous couch. They had agreed they had nothing to be ashamed of. They were both adults and had the right to bonk with no strings attached if they wanted to. That theory had lasted for almost a year before they moved in together.

Her feet crunched through fallen leaves as she drew nearer to him.

"I think that's the last of it," she said, lips drawn tight.

"Good," Severus stated coldly. "I hope you will find more appropriate lodgings soon."

"I hope to be as far away from you as I can," she said simply. "As soon as possible."

She held her hand out to him. He stared at it for a minute before he reached out, shook it firmly. Once. Then dropped it.

"That's it?" Hermione asked in a flat tone.

"Miss Granger," Severus heard himself say. "I will always view you as an unwise distraction and inconvenience in an otherwise focused life."

He saw her chin begin to quiver.

"And a minor one at that," he said smoothly. He slid the locket from around his neck. It held her picture and a lock of her hair. He threw it into the flames.

Severus saw the tears start to fall as she turned to go. To his surprise her eyes were angry, not sad. Her retreat was a stalk, not a run.

She really meant it this time. And there was nothing he could do.

He increased the intensity of the fire and it burned itself out in a few seconds. The sun was beginning to go down and the chill in the air was growing. Without the fire, Severus became more aware of his surroundings.

It was quiet and the sky was a deep blue. Pink streaked it in places, and the fog was rolling in.

Lights burned merrily on the street. Down the street, pink sparks shot out of the fireplace belonging to Fred Weasley and his wife. Snape saw shadows of small heads jumping up and down in the shaded windows. He shook his head. The new waves of Weasleys were getting ready to hit Hogwarts. Twenty-seven in all counting George's, Bill's, Charlie's, and Percy's in addition to Fred's. He shivered at the thought, slightly distracted from Hermione.

He turned and looked at his own house, its windows dark and shuttered. He glanced at Ron and Ginny's house and saw a corner of a window flicker as Hermione dropped the drape when he looked in her direction. He sighed and shook his head.

Severus stalked across his yard and up the stairs to his front door. With a wave of his wand, the heavy oak door swung out for him. He walked into his house and felt his feet sink into the deep red carpet covering his entryway. He turned to look at the Weasley household again.

He felt his eyes begin to tear up. He did the only thing he could think of doing.

He waved his wand and his front door banged shut.