

Forgetting Ron

by Ms_Figg

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I can't believe Ron did this to me," Hermione said, her voice wavering as she cut up valerian root.

Her master and mentor, Professor Severus Snape, said nothing as he tended a steaming cauldron. Hermione had been his apprentice for three years now, and they had a good working relationship, although Snape was a wizard of very few words.

"Not only was he cheating on me with Lavender Brown, but he's gotten her pregnant," the witch said as Snape moved to the next cauldron.

Tears began to stream down Hermione's face as she fought to hold them in. She stepped back from the work area so she wouldn't contaminate the ingredients. Snape looked over at her, but returned to his cauldrons.

"I wish there were some potion that could ease a broken heart," Hermione said, sniffing.

"There is no such potion, Hermione," Snape said softly in response as he stirred a brew clockwise with a pewter spoon.

"She came right to our flat, big-bellied and everything, and told me she was carrying Ron's love-child, Professor. And Ron couldn't deny it. I feel like my entire world has ended. I can't divorce him either," she said softly, drying her eyes with the sleeve of her robes, "because in the wizarding world, witches and wizards marry for life."

Once again, Snape offered nothing, but walked to yet another cauldron, opening the lid and gently waving the scent of it up to his large nose with one hand. His lank hair was tied back in a ponytail so it wouldn't interfere with his work.

Hermione stood there for a moment, her eyes filling as she thought about the future: the shame of being married to a man who had a child outside of his marriage, the hurt of having another woman conceive a child for him before she did, and the fact that Ron found another woman to meet his needs.

True, she did spend a lot of time with Snape, but she was his apprentice and the time was required. She arrived home late quite a bit to find a sullen Ron waiting for her.

Then, about a year ago, she came home to find him not there. He said he had been out at the pub that first time. Then, the next time he claimed to be out with friends she wasn't familiar with Chudley Cannon fans. They had a big row about it with Ron ending the argument by saying she spent all her time with Snape and coming home when she felt like it, so he was entitled to do the same, or not even come home at all.

She told him it would be different once Snape signed off on her apprenticeship. Then, she would be a full-fledged Potions mistress and have normal working hours once

she found a position. She asked him to be patient, but Ron wasn't the patient type. He'd been raised by a woman who was always home, always there to care for her family first. But Hermione Granger was nothing like his mother, he had known that when he married her, but he had hoped she'd catch on even change. But, she didn't.

From what Ron told her, Lavender acted more the wife to Ron than Hermione did: cooking for him, drawing his bath, doting on him, and treating him like a king. She made him feel as if he were the most important person in her life.

The truth was Lavender did dote on Ron, and had ever since they attended Hogwarts together. They had dated for a while and shagged on a few occasions. She'd never really gotten over how he had dumped her for Hermione. This was a chance to get a bit of her own back. She didn't care if he was married to Hermione. In Lavender's opinion, Hermione's priorities were all wrong. Besides, husbands and wives might not divorce, but they left each other every day. She could still steal him, especially since he had no children with Hermione.

Lavender had gotten pregnant on purpose to destroy their marriage.

She had succeeded.

Ron had moved out last night and gone straight to her flat, abandoning his wife, and Hermione was devastated. Still, she decided the best thing to do was act normally, to do what she usually did, which was go to Hogwarts and do her work. It was Saturday, so Snape worked with her, having no classes to conduct.

When Hermione told him during her first year of apprenticeship that she and Ron were getting married, the only thing he had said to her was that serving as an apprentice was time-consuming and not conducive to a happy married life. But, Hermione was headstrong and believed she could juggle it.

She had been wrong. Now, she had lost her husband.

She stood there in silence, darkness, hopelessness and a supreme sense of failure washing over her. Hermione wasn't used to failure. Then . . . something inside just . . . broke.

"There may not be a potion to ease a broken heart, but there are potions that will take the pain away," she said softly to the wizard's back. "Excuse me, Professor."

Hermione left the lab.

Snape, who was stirring the cauldron, slowed his actions as he considered her words. Suddenly, he dropped the ladle and bolted out of the lab, running for his stores. He saw the door open and flew inside, just in time to knock the bottle Hermione was tilting toward her lips out of her hand.

It was a potent poison.

Silently, Snape looked down at the shattered bottle, then at Hermione, who blinked up at him.

"Why did you do that?" she asked him brokenly. "I can't stand this pain, Severus. My husband's left me. I can't live with the pain or the shame. I feel so empty, such a failure. He doesn't want me. I've lost him. I've lost everything."

In her despair, Hermione dropped the formalities. Snape had just saved her life after all, even if she hadn't wanted him to do it.

"He's not worth it," Snape said, his dark eyes meeting her brown ones. They were filled with pain and unshed tears. "You've lost nothing. You're stronger than this. I know you are."

"But why? Why did he do it, Severus?"

"He's a fool, Hermione."

"I'm the fool," Hermione said, "I should have seen this coming. I should have put Ron first and this would never have happened. If I weren't so selfish, wanting to be a Potions mistress and been the wife he wanted, he wouldn't have left me. Obviously, Lavender gave him what he needed what I was too stupid to give him . . ."

"Stop it," Snape hissed.

"I should have paid more attention to him . . ."

"Stop it."

"I should have been there when he came home from the Ministry with dinner on the table . . ."

"Stop it."

"I should have given up my dreams to live his . . ."

Snape suddenly grabbed Hermione by the shoulders and shook her roughly.

"He never deserved you!" he declared in a strained voice, his pale face contorted. "He was beneath you. He could never never understand you!"

Suddenly, Snape drew her close and kissed her, his lips soft, hungry and desperate. He broke the kiss, looked down at the startled, disheveled witch and released her shoulders.

"I'm I'm sorry," he said softly. "I I shouldn't have done that . . ."

Hermione stared up at him, then suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and drew him back down into another kiss; this one much more passionate, her tongue invading his mouth, also hungry, also desperate.

Snape wrapped his arms around the witch and lifted her, giving as good as he got, reveling in the sweetness of their connection. He moved from her mouth to her throat, Hermione flinging her head back and wrapping her legs around his waist.

"Make me feel better, Severus. Make me forget what's happened. Make me forget what a shambles my life's become for just a little while. Help me . . . please . . ." she sobbed as he found her mouth again. He could taste the salt of her tears.

Still kissing the witch, Snape carried her out of the potions stores, through the lab, through the classroom, down the short corridor, into his office and through the wall that opened on his private quarters.

Snape carried Hermione into his bedroom and fell into the bed with her. They both went at the other's robes desperately; arms tangling as feet pushed off shoes and trainers. Snape wore nothing under his robes other than briefs. Disrobing Hermione was a bit more complicated since she had on jeans and a tee shirt, but Snape made short work of them with the witch's help.

Hermione was lost under Snape's passionate kisses and caresses, pleading with him to make her forget Ron and Lavender as his mouth moved over her. She pulled the tie off his ponytail so his lank black hair fell around his face, dragging over her skin as he familiarized himself with her body. He had a lover's touch, gentle but masculine. His body was slender, pale and scarred from his service to the Dark Lord, with sparse black hair on his arms, legs and lower belly. Sexually, nature had been quite kind,

and the wizard's cock was something to lie down and take notice of: long, thick and uncircumcised, silken black hair surrounding the base.

"Your husband is mad," he said softly as he rolled to his back, pulling Hermione on top of him and once again claiming her mouth with his own.

His hands slid down her back, over the curve of her buttocks and down her thighs appreciatively before returning the way they came, locking in her mane of curly brown hair. They rolled over again, arms and legs tangling as they kissed. Snape finally rose to his hands and knees, passionately licking, kissing and suckling every part of her undulating body; the scent and taste of it working him into a fury as his mouth moved over her skin, lingering on her breasts and hardened peaks, his tongue swirling and sliding between them as he grasped her wrists and extended her arms above her head, holding her down and taking his pleasure of her.

Hermione arched deliciously as he moved over her belly. Releasing her wrists, he lowered himself to the bed and gently parted her thighs, blowing on her sex softly, his warm breath tickling and stimulating her core before he kissed it reverently.

"Absolutely mad," the wizard breathed, closing his eyes and partaking of Hermione's sweetness.

He was careful, gentle and thorough, using his lips, teeth, tongue and nose to drive the witch wild and any thought of her no-good husband out of her head. She tugged on Snape's hair fitfully, crying out at his ministrations until he brought her to a shuddering orgasm around his tongue.

As Hermione rode her wave of bliss, the Potions master turned her over, lifting her buttocks so she was on her knees, her head resting on the mattress. He smoothed one pale hand over her rounded cheeks, his dark eyes smoldering as he looked down at her.

Once again, he breathed, "Mad," before he entered the jilted wife of Ronald Bilius Weasley, her welcoming wet warmth wrapping around him as he buried himself deep inside her, falling still for a moment before he leaned over her, connected now, bringing his lips close to her ear.

"How I envied him this, Hermione," the Potions master said, winding his pelvis slightly so Hermione could feel him. "I envied your husband for having access to your body while I only had access to your brilliant mind."

Snape slowly drew back and entered her again with a tender stroke that made her sigh with pleasure. He was bigger than Ron and felt so good curled over her and inside her. Snape kissed her shoulder.

"Did you know?" he asked her softly, drawing back and stroking her again, still gentle but this time pressing forward until she groaned slightly from the pressure. He was so deep.

"No," Hermione whispered.

Snape caressed her hair and kissed her temple before drawing back again, his shaft sliding deliciously inside her, thick, hard and hot, then returning to rest deep inside her. Hermione never experienced this kind of sex before. Her only partner had been Ron, and he was never patient or slow. He never stopped to talk to her.

"You are beautiful, Hermione Weasley," Snape breathed. "And accomplished. A prize. You were never meant to be a house frau."

Hermione let out a moan as Snape slowly stroked her again, his loins hitching against her buttocks, jerking her with a bit more power.

"You haven't lost anything. Your husband has," he hissed. "Something precious and irreplaceable. Forget him, witch. I will help you forget him."

Snape leaned over further, capturing Hermione's mouth with his own and kissing her deeply and passionately before he straightened and grasped her waist.

"Starting now," he purred, drawing back and proceeding to take Hermione around the world a stroke and position at a time, strong and thorough in his possession of her, kisses and caresses as much a part of the act as his sex.

Hermione was rolled and curled, straightened and bent, twisted and turned, put on top, put on bottom, even partially expelled from the bed as Severus Snape fulfilled his own fantasies concerning the woman surrounding him, accepting him, calling out his name in a way he only dared dream about during his weaker moments.

Severus Snape was in love with Hermione Weasley, but was so much older than the witch, and so lacking in attractiveness, that he never believed she would return his affections. Then she married Ronald Weasley and he thought she was beyond him then, although he thought it a bad match from the very beginning.

Now he gave her all the passion and tenderness he felt in his heart, expressing his feelings in a very physical way, speaking to her, praising her and telling her what every witch wanted to hear from a man who was possessing her.

But in this case, everything Snape said to her was true

Ronald Weasley had dropped the Quaffle, and Snape was right there to catch it before it hit the ground.

Snape and Hermione spent the entire day and night in his bedroom, making love, eating and sleeping intermittently. By the time they showered, together, and emerged Sunday to return to the labs and dump the ruined brews, Hermione was in a much better state of mind.

Ronald? Ronald who?

Six months later, there was a knock on the door. Snape, who had been sitting on the sofa, reading the *Daily Prophet*, rose to answer it. He strode through the foyer and peeked out the peephole. He scowled slightly, then pulled open the door, looking at the visitor with distaste.

"Who is it, Severus?" Hermione called from the kitchen.

Snape didn't answer her.

"Can I help you, Mr. Weasley?" the dark wizard asked the unsmiling redhead standing on his porch.

Ron's sober blue eyes drifted over Snape.

"I'm here to speak to my wife," Ron responded.

"Severus? Who is it?" Hermione called, now walking through the living room and toward the foyer.

Snape stepped aside and let her see Ron.

"Oh," she said, pulling up short.

"Your wife my woman, Mr. Weasley. Keep it short," the Potions master said warningly, withdrawing to give them some privacy.

"I got the notice that you've switched back to using your maiden name," Ron said to her, his blue eyes drifting over her. She looked good . . . had a kind of glow around her.

"Yes, I thought that would be best, considering the situation," she responded.

"What situation?" Ron asked her.

In answer, Hermione drew her hand over her belly, showing Ron how round it was. The redhead looked at her, shocked.

"You're pregnant? By Snape?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," Hermione replied.

"So, you didn't use birth control with him like you did with me," Ron said, his eyes narrowing.

"No, I didn't," Hermione said, feeling no need to explain herself.

Ron fell silent for a moment, then looked around the house.

"Nice place. Took a while to find it. I thought you'd still be at the flat," he said to her.

"No, Severus bought this house for us," Hermione said. "There's a lab here so I can work. I'm still apprenticing."

Now, Ron looked jealous. He couldn't have purchased a house for her on his salary.

"I always knew you were fucking Snape," he hissed at her.

In the living room, Snape stood up. He had amplified his hearing so he could hear their conversation and intercede if it became nasty. It seemed it was about to be.

Hermione looked at him coolly.

"No, Ron. I wasn't. At least I wasn't until you left me for Lavender. How is she by the way? And the baby?"

"Fine," he said. Actually, Lavender had gained seventy-five pounds and wasn't nearly as accommodating as she used to be. In fact, Ron often had to wait on her hand and foot now that she had the baby. She was a nag as well. Ron wasn't very happy.

"I thought that we could talk . . . maybe work something out," Ron said, his eyes dropping to her belly. "But now that you're carrying Snape's spawn . . ."

Now Snape strode through the house, his eyes hard as he approached the door. Hermione saw him coming and blocked his path, still facing Ron as the Potions master towered over her, murder in his eyes as he stared at Ron.

"Severus' child," she corrected him. "But I wouldn't come back to you, Ron, even if I weren't pregnant. You made your choice when you moved out to go live with Lavender. You have a child with her, and a responsibility. To be honest, leaving was the best thing you could have done, because I've found my true soul mate now. I may be your wife, Ronald Weasley, but it's in name only. My heart and my love belong to Severus, and I intend to spend the rest of my life with him."

Still glaring at Ron, Severus possessively placed a hand on Hermione's shoulder.

"Is there anything else, Mr. Weasley?" Snape asked him coldly.

Ron's eyes shifted from Hermione to the Potions master and back again. "No. There's nothing else," he replied, then turned, and hesitated for a moment.

Snape tensed, ready for some kind of altercation, but Ron walked down the steps and out of their lives for good. He knew there was no hope for reconciliation, not now, not ever.

Hermione closed the door and turned to see Severus looking at her thoughtfully.

"Soul mate?" he asked her, arching an eyebrow at the witch.

"Yes," Hermione replied, "provided you even have a soul. It's been long rumored that you don't."

"Or a heart either," Snape said, following her into the living room, and grabbing her gently, drawing her into his arms. "Although I'm fairly certain my lack of that particular organ would be because you've stolen it, Hermione Granger," he added with a slight smile.

"Oh, Severus," Hermione said, kissing him tenderly. "You say the sweetest things. But don't worry, I'll keep the secret."

"You do that," he said, kissing her again. "Otherwise, witch, I'd be ruined."

THE END