

# Having Words

by *Southern\_Witch\_69*

Severus and Hermione have words while visiting Malfoy Manor.

## One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: No money's being made. Damn.

This was written during Potter Place's Drabble Night for ladyinthecloak. The prompt is listed at the end.

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Severus ran behind Hermione as she fled into the Malfoys' gardens and was able to grab her before she rounded a corner and lost herself in the maze. "What do you mean by running off like that?" he asked angrily, his hand clenching her forearm tightly.

Tears were forming in her eyes as she jerked her arm away. "I loathe them," she spat. "How could you make me come here tonight? You know how they feel about me! I told you it wouldn't work, but you wouldn't listen!"

"I thought that things could be kept in the past where they belong," he said softly, looking away from her. "How are we to start a future together if the people I care for most can't get along?"

"They're never going to accept me as an equal, not even now that we're to be married."

His gaze met hers again, his eyes dark. "You certainly didn't try very much, did you?"

"What?" she asked shrilly.

"Every single time Narcissa asked you a question, you answered defensively, as if waiting to be insulted."

"You're taking *her* side?"

"I'm not taking anyone's side. I am just pointing out that you were doing the same thing that you're accusing them of doing."

"Severus," Lucius said smoothly, stepping out from the shadows. "We can hear you having words from the house." His cold, gray eyes swept over to Hermione, a small twist of his lips forming a cruel smirk. "If you need help calming this harpy down, you need only—put your wand away, man!"

"How dare you speak about my fiancée that way," Severus said, his voice a quiet whisper.

"I'll only say it once more, Severus. Put your wand away."

"Let's just leave," Hermione said nervously, placing a hand on her lover's back.

Severus dropped his arm but didn't release his hold on his wand. "Lucius, she's right. You didn't try to make her feel welcome here."

"She doesn't want to be welcome here," the blond countered. "You've just said so yourself."

"I'm afraid that where she's not welcome..." His voice trailed away, and it was obvious to the other two that he was on the cusp of a tough decision.

"Maybe I just need more time," Hermione offered. "This place, it still holds bad memories for me."

"How thoughtless of us," Lucius said, following her lead. "Perhaps next time we can have dinner in a more comfortable setting for all of us. The Greengrass Pub perhaps?"

"Perhaps," Severus agreed with a small smile, extending a hand to Lucius. "For now, we'll say goodnight."

Lucius shook his hand and stepped back while Severus wrapped his arms around Hermione and Disapparated away.

"Have they gone?" Narcissa asked from behind him.

"Yes."

"Did it work? Baiting Severus to stop the argument between them?"

"It did indeed," he said with a small smile, turning to hold his wife. "It appears our friend would choose her over us if he had to."

"After all our years together, he'd choose the likes of her?"

"I'd say so. It's clear that he's going to go through with this marriage."

"Then I expect we'll have to be more cordial. We owe him that much."

"I agree." Lucius leaned forward and pressed a small kiss to his wife's lips. If it were the other way around, he would choose his witch over his friend as well.

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AN: ladyinthecloak's prompt was:

Severus and Hermione are having a fight. Lucius calms them down.