

Put into Words

by GeminiScorp

Ron's indignation has Hermione explaining her love for Severus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters.

This was for a prompt Laiksmarei gave me on my lj when I was requesting them one day. Prompt: I would like SS/HG with an appearance by RW. On her wedding day, Hermione explains to Ron why Severus is the one for a final time. Severus overhears. Thank you to deemichelle for the beta.

Put into Words

It was the night before my wedding, and my intended and I had just said our goodnights. Staying at Grimmauld Place had been Harry's idea, and having the wedding party all together had actually been a good idea. Severus had just stepped into his adjoining room when a quiet knock sounded on my door. It was Ron, a dejected, brooding Ron. My decision had hit him the hardest, and given the fact that I had only begun seeing Severus romantically five months ago, it still hadn't sunk in.

He plopped down on the edge of my bed and stared at the floor. Five minutes passed and he still hadn't said a word. I was beginning to worry that if he opened his mouth he'd start shouting. When I had announced my engagement, he nearly had a coronary. It took three of his brothers to get him out of the room. Thank Merlin, Severus hadn't been there.

"Ron? What do you need?" I asked tentatively.

"Explanations, Hermione! How could you even think about marrying that greasy git? And so soon! You could have anyone! I really think he must have ~~em~~perio'd you." Which, of course, meant why would I want Severus when I could have him? He still didn't understand why we hadn't worked out, probably never would.

"Well, I love Severus, and honestly that should be explanation enough for my best friends. But Ron, because I care about you and only because I care, I'll try to explain." I sat down on the floor crossed-legged in front of him and lowered my voice. I suspected Severus had one ear up against the door listening, looking for any opportunity to hex the man in front of me.

"Severus is a good man, Ron. There are so many reasons that I fell in love with him that I don't think words alone would be able to scratch the surface of how I feel. He's intelligent, more intelligent than I am. Honestly that was what attracted me to him in the first place. But it's not just his intelligence that I love now. He is a man of his word, and he cares deeply about others. His work with Wolfsbane alone should prove that point."

I had to stop then. Thinking about werewolves always brought me to tears. I missed Tonks and Remus so much. It was a shame what the war had done to our lives. I'm only grateful that Severus had survived. Who would have ever thought he'd be the man of my dreams.

"So you want to spend your life with him because he's smart? That's ridiculous! He has the disposition of a mountain lion. You'll be miserable with such a snarky bastard." His voice was rising, and I knew that if I didn't calm him down, I'd soon be witnessing a duel. Severus was protective to say the least and a bit too possessive, but we were

working on that. Considering the life he'd had, I guess I didn't blame him.

"Ron, if you're going to insult my fiancé, you can leave without your explanations." I stood up and started walking to the door, but Ron didn't move, only grumbled some sort of apology under his breath.

I agreed he was a miserable git while we were in school. That was something I had told him, often. Luckily he agreed. Git was my nickname for him when he started slipping into old behaviors. Of course, mine was Kit, short for Know-it-All, and unfortunately, I heard that endearment much too often. He hadn't exactly had the easiest life, you know. What would you be like under that kind of stress?

"Ron, I love him. He makes me feel complete. Our conversations are stimulating, his touch makes me melt, and when I look at him, I know I don't want to be anywhere else in the world. I can't explain why or how. You just need to trust me. I know what's best for me. And Severus is best."

"But, Mione, he's old and ugly!"

"Wow, Ron. That's a brilliant statement. Very deep. So I can't be in love with someone older than me? And you know what? I don't find him ugly, not in the least. I think you need to leave now. You obviously don't care if I'm happy or not. If you had valid misgivings about my marriage, I'd listen, but being older than me and not what you would call handsome just doesn't cut it.

"Now out!" And with that, I opened the door and Ron left.

I'd love to say that was the end of that, but Ron and I had dozens of conversations resembling that first one over the years. Each time he would break up with a girlfriend, I'd find him on my doorstep, trying to ferret out the secret to my marital success. Severus listened at the door like he did that first night. It boosted his self confidence. I'm not very good at expressing my feelings, but Ron's unwarranted indignation usually compelled me to put in to words why I loved my husband. And I do love him, with all my heart.

That brings us full circle. We are once again in adjoining rooms in Grimmauld Place, and I've just said goodnight to my husband of fifty years. Tomorrow we renew our wedding vows. It was his idea, the romantic that he is.

A quiet knock on my door and I know that it's Ron. When I open the door an older, wiser version of my best friend walks in. He hugs me and congratulates me on my anniversary. He also apologizes for all the years he didn't want to believe my happiness. He speaks loudly so that my husband will be sure to hear. What he doesn't realize is that each time he came looking for answers, I was given an opportunity to articulate how much my husband means to me. I'll never be considered a romantic, but thanks to Ron's indignation, Severus never doubted my feelings.