

Iris

by sigh

Severus' anguish over not being able to show the one he desires who he really is.
Inspired by the song Iris by Goo Goo Dolls.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Neither the characters, nor the lyrics are mine. I borrowed them to have some fun and cause some anguish to our favorite pair, but I promise I returned them.

Iris

And I'd give up forever to touch you

because I know that you feel me somehow

Severus knew that despite her marriage vows, she would always belong to him. Not physically. But she was still his in some ways. Those vows were useless when you got right down to it.

Ironic that he'd found the one person who he would literally give anything to be able to hold as he slept, and she belonged to that filth. At least their twice-weekly Potions sessions showed him what he needed to know. She would sleep in another's bed, but her heart would be with him always.

You're the closest to heaven that I'll ever be

And I don't want to go home right now

She really was the best person he had ever met. So exasperatingly right all the time, but constantly striving to be better, to make a difference in the world through her knowledge. She even spent the better part of seven years of her life helping those two dunderheads she called friends.

Now, she calls one of them husband.

Leaving her at the end of their sessions was almost the hardest thing he'd ever had to do. It was almost as hard as watching her with him.

And all I can taste is this moment

And all I can breathe is your life

When they were together, it was like nothing else existed. Trite and clichéd, yet these things are clichéd for a reason. She had long thought her knowledge of Potions surpassed his based simply on the amount of mistakes he made around her. Stupid that he, the one who NEVER made a mistake with a potion before, would lose his head

to such a stupid thing as love. But look: a grown man, a cynic to boot, and his head was turning to mush over her. He couldn't help it; she was everything to him.

Because sooner or later it's over

I just don't want to miss you tonight

He knew that she would never leave her husband. He even knew that eventually she would stop the sessions. They would find the cure for lycanthropy, and that would be the end of it. It was just so hard to go to bed alone and to know that she wasn't. The thought of that filth's hands on his Hermione made him sick, but he could never let the image go. It haunted his dreams and every waking moment. He was over feeling like this. He needed the hurt to stop, needed the images to go away, and more than that, he needed to stop missing her, stop needing her with every fiber of his being.

And I don't want the world to see me

Because I don't think that they'd understand

She was beautiful in her capacity to forgive and understand. Not many people want anything to do with him these days. Which was an added bonus to one who would seek solitude at any and every chance.

The Wizengamot dismissed all murder charges against him, and he was announced to be enough of a suitable member of society to remain in the teaching position at Hogwarts. Technical matters like a full acquittal don't matter to society at large, though. In their eyes he was Albus' murderer and would never be anything more, nor anything less. Good. He deserved more punishment than he felt he got.

But not one other person understood the torment he went through in having to kill the old man. Except her. She could see it. She had an infuriating way of seeing what people are, who they are. Not the best in everyone, she certainly didn't do that. But she saw. So he hid in the dungeons like a recluse. No one else needed to know anything that she did.

When everything's made to be broken

I just want you to know who I am

These days not many people held true to their marriage vows. Or their marriage beds. It seemed that it was the new popular pastime of the masses. Snape always found it hard not to snort during the wedding, knowing that the faithfulness would last a month, if that.

But Hermione wasn't like that. She held true to her vows. And he wanted her to. She wouldn't be her if she didn't. Very big on rules, except where those two dunderheads were involved. And he was certainly not in a category with either of them.

No, as much as he wanted her, in his bed, his arms, and his life, he didn't want her to do anything like that. She wouldn't be able to live with the guilt, and it would certainly end their sessions a lot earlier than finding a cure would.

But he did want her to know the depth of his feelings. Show her what she passed up for that filth. He just couldn't bring himself to show her.

And you can't fight the tears that aren't coming

Or the moment of truth in your lies

Despite all the melancholy, self-pity, he had never cried over her. Never could. It's too hard to break that many years of habit to breakdown and show emotion. Private or not, the tears were never going to come. Maybe this would all seem more bearable if he could. He doubted it. What did blubbering ever achieve? He was certainly glad he wasn't about to be turned into a blubbering fool like a first year Gryffindor female.

The habit of emotion hiding was so ingrained that he had everyone fooled. Most of the time even he believed the lies he spewed out. But alone at night, it was hard to hide from the truth. And truth still existed somewhere in there; it just wasn't a very nice truth. And that made the night times even harder. He could cope better without those moments of truth.

When everything seems like the movies

Yeah you bleed just to know you're alive

Being able to confront him and to sort this out like a Muggle, using fists, that would have been satisfying. Entirely inappropriate and would accomplish nothing, but at least the emotional pain would be physical. There was an odd sort of comfort in the physical pain after a fight.

And I don't want the world to see me

Cause I don't think that they'd understand

When everything's made to be broken

I just want you to know who I am

He watched her walk out of the lab and sighed. It was a mix of relief, pain, and regret. As much as she saw of him, she never would see all of him.

And that was all he wanted.

I don't want the world to see me

Cause I don't think that they'd understand

When everything's made to be broken

I just want you to know who I am