

Why Do You Love Me?

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Companion to Why Do You Hate Me? where Severus asks the question.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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By popular demand... a sequel!

Severus Snape slammed the door behind him, leaving his wife of three months behind and in a state fit to be tied. Once again, she'd suggested they visit Potter, and once again, Severus had blown a fuse.

His legs moved quickly as he fumed. He wasn't sure where he was going, he just needed to go. He scowled as he passed two students, who looked at him in fear and scurried away.

"That's right, run off," he mumbled under his breath. "No one wants to be near the meanest man who ever existed." His scowl deepened as his pace picked up. He grunted to himself as the argument he'd just fled from seeped through his walls and flooded his memory.

"Severus, Harry asked if we could join Ginny and him for dinner tomorrow night."

Severus didn't bother looking up from the essay he was grading. He just grunted his reply.

Hermione came up behind him and began to massage his shoulders.

"Please, just this once, Severus?"

Severus felt anger fill him. He shrugged off his wife's hands and turned in his chair to face her.

"Just this once? If I appease you just this once, we will be at the Potters' every weekend for the rest of our lives!"

Hermione frowned. "And that would be a bad thing... because?"

Severus stood and came in close to Hermione. His nose almost touching her own.

"Do you not remember that I hate Harry Potter? What is so hard for you to understand? He is a snobby, attention-grabber, and I want nothing to do with him."

Hermione's eyebrows knit together. "Severus, if you just got to know him..."

"I don't want to get to know him!" he yelled. "I don't want to ever see him again! I told you when we were married that I wanted nothing to do with Potter! Why can't you get it through your head that I'm not interested in rubbing elbows with the Boy Who Lived? For such a formidable witch, you cannot understand that simple concept?" His voice had become louder and louder, and the scowl on his face had deepened into an ugly sneer. He saw Hermione's eyes become misty. A pang of guilt crossed through his heart, but he pushed it away.

"I do not, nor will I EVER want to be friends with Harry Potter. Do...you...under... stand?"

Hermione glared at him. For a minute, he feared she would hex him. Her hands shook next to her. She clenched them as he glowered at her.

"Fine!" she retorted. "Be a stubborn mule! It's typical of you anyway!"

Severus' hands were now clasped into fists beside him. "And you are a pushy, know-it-all who can't leave well enough alone!"

With that statement he stalked to the door, flung it open, and left, slamming it good and hard behind him. That would show her!

Severus frowned as he stalked through the corridors at a rapid pace. His anger fueled his motion, but the realization that he'd shown her exactly nothing sat uncomfortably in his stomach. Why did he always have to blow up whenever the name Harry Potter entered a conversation? Just the mere mention of the boy... well, man... and Severus became a roiling mass of insults. He'd gone too far. He'd hurt Hermione for no good reason.

Could he ever be a complete human being, devoid of insults to those who loved him? His shoulders drooped as his pace slowed. Why did he push everyone he loved far from him? More importantly, had he ruined his new marriage by being a total prat? No doubt that he had.

Severus stopped walking as he found himself at the base of the stairs to the Astronomy tower. He never went up there. It held too many awful memories. He never wanted to see the place again after having killed Albus. But now the rooftop seemed to call to him. He grudgingly climbed the stairs and emerged on the roof. Why not punish himself some more today? He certainly deserved it after all he'd said to Hermione.

He gazed around, and stared at the place where Albus had tumbled to the ground. He walked over and looked down. Heaving a huge sigh, he imagined Albus' body falling... falling... down, down, down and crashing into the ground. What a horrible way to die. The worst of it was that he'd been the one who'd made it happen.

He didn't know how long he stayed there, staring down at the ground. It could have been minutes. It could have been hours. Time held no meaning as he lost himself in regret and self-berating. His dark musings were interrupted by a hand laid gently on his shoulder. Grimly, he turned to see who had found him. Hermione stared back at him, no longer furious. The only emotion he saw in her face was concern.

"I don't know why I thought to look for you here, but something told me to try it. Are you all right?" she asked him.

Severus grimaced but did not answer.

"Severus, I'm sorry. I know you hate Harry. You're right, I push too hard sometimes."

Severus waved a hand in front of her face, trying to dismiss her apology. "You are not the one in need of apologizing."

Hermione gazed at him in silence. He stared into her eyes. How could they look so forgiving when he'd done something so very awful?

"Hermione, why do you love me?" he asked quietly.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again. She stared at Severus. He wondered if she loved him at all. Why was she hesitating so? Had he ruined their love like he ruined every other aspect of his life?

Her lips thinned. She seemed to struggle within herself. Severus braced himself for the inevitable.

"Severus," Hermione began. "You are not always easy to love. You frustrate me to no end, sometimes. But, Severus..." She met his gaze as her hand came up and touched his neck. "I love you anyway. I love you because you are you. I love you because you have the innate ability to describe things in a sarcastic way, but you're always right about them. I love how you can be infuriated with something, yet you can look at me and that all disappears. I know that sometimes you get frustrated with me, but I love that you forgive me for my mistakes and love me still. I love how you make me feel secure and loved by you."

"I do not deserve you," Severus whispered.

"Nor do I deserve you."

Severus' hand came up, and he caressed her neck. "I am bitter and cranky. You deserve more than that."

"You are only bitter and cranky when Harry Potter's name is brought up. I'm sorry I mentioned him."

"Hermione, he's your friend. I don't expect you to abandon him."

"Well, I won't... but I shouldn't expect you to embrace him either."

Severus grimaced at the thought of hugging Harry Potter. Hermione gave him a coy look.

"Forgive me?" she asked.

"There's nothing to forgive."

"Humor me..."

Severus smirked at her. "You know, the best part of arguing is making up."

Hermione stroked a finger along Severus' jaw line. "I know. That's why I want you to forgive me."

Arousal sparked in Severus' eyes. "Only if you forgive me first," he whispered in her ear.

He felt her shiver at his words. She stood on tiptoe and kissed him, running her tongue along his upper lip before sealing her lips to his. Finally pulling back, she smiled at him. "Mmm, you're delicious."

It was too much for Severus. He pulled her to him and captured her lips once again. He worshiped them, not letting up as she wildly returned his affection. His hands roved up and down her back, caressing her as he kissed her. His lips separated from hers as his lips lined her jaw and neck with more kisses. Finally, his lips met her ear.

"Do you want to undress right here, or can you make it back to our room?" Severus whispered in her ear breathlessly. Not waiting for an answer, he began to ravage her neck once again. Hermione bent her head back, giving him more access to her skin.

"I've always wanted to make love to you on the roof, Severus!"

He pulled back and gazed into her eyes. They were filled with desire for him. That just sparked his desire for her all the more. With a flick of his wand, the tower door was locked and warded. Another flick produced a bed a few feet away. Severus picked her up and carried her over to the bed. Placing her down gently, his lips danced over her bared skin. He eased her back onto the fluffy comforter, his lips never leaving her body.

"Oh, Severus!" Hermione moaned.

Unable to control himself any longer, he spent the rest of the night showing her the meaning of ecstasy.

The End