

Loving Plague

by PersephoneVerte

Oh, unrequited love. M for language, Character Death is only implied and inevitable.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing in the Harry Potter franchise and am making no money from this.

“What?”

“I said I think I love you.”

“Miss Granger, that is the most absurd thing I have ever heard.”

“All the same, sir, that makes it no less true.”

“Stop wasting my time. Kindly shut the door on your way out, Miss Granger.”

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“Professor Snape, sir, I find it in my best interest to again tell you how I feel.”

“And again, Miss Granger, I find it *in my* best interest to tell you to shut the door on your way out.”

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“Evening, Miss Granger. Straight to the point, or are you going to incessantly babble at me first?”

“Professor, I love you.”

“Straight to the point, then.”

“I love you.”

“No, Miss Granger. It is an illusion. Good day. Remember the door, please.”

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“Well? No words for me today? Just going to stand there like an imbecile? Miss Granger, silent... My, my. Well, when you have something decent to tell me, none of this love tripe, I'll be grading. You are familiar with the door, I think.”

"Miss Granger? Still here? Speechless? Miss Granger, are you quite all right? Miss Granger? Hermione?"

"You have no idea how hard it is!"

"How hard what—"

"I sit in your classroom every single day and have to watch you loiter over the other students, merely passing behind my work because I'm such a brilliant witch you don't even bother to check mine. I would love to make a mistake just *once* and have you linger for a few brief seconds. I have to hear the other students belittle you behind your back, though I would love for nothing more than to berate them for not seeing you as the wonder you are. And when you teach—gods, your voice is heavenly! If I could only hear one sound again for the rest of my life it would be your lips caressing the text of anything I could put in your hands."

"You don't understand, sir. I think about you each second of the day. You affect my every action! What would Severus think of this skirt? Would he pick the science book or the philosophy book? What would Severus do if he were in this situation? You do not wish to be, Professor, but you are my life."

"Quite finished with your little tirade? Stop that lip from trembling. Your sympathies will get you nowhere. I have told you multiple times, Miss Granger, that I do. Not. Care. You are an impertinent chit and a know-it-all—a constant thorn in my side. You are a student. You are one of the Golden Trio. You are off-limits. Though none of those things would ever stop me from getting what I want, you are not what I want. Therein lies your problem. So for the last time, and so help me if I have to repeat it even once for the rest of the term, shut the door on your way out."

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"Why did you ask to see me after my exams and classes were over today, sir? I was under the impression you never wanted to speak to me again, omitting moments in class for questions pertinent to potions."

"Miss Granger, classes and exams, as you stated, are over. You are no longer a student. You are no longer my student."

"Yes, I noticed those things, so why are you pointing them out again?"

"I'm making a point, Miss Granger. Any previous lines are now erased."

"Are you saying what I think you're saying, Professor?"

"Severus, please. And yes, I am."

"Well, *Professor*, I'm not quite sure you remember a certain night on March eleventh. You see, you told me I am not what you want. I am a thorn in your side. I am an impertinent chit and a know-it-all. I don't seem to have improved on any of those grounds, so I really don't understand how you could be implying what you're implying."

"Obviously, I am saying that whatever it was you wished to pursue in the past can now be pursued."

"But what if I don't want that anymore? What if I don't want to be in love with you? What if I decided that since you wouldn't give me the time of day that I would forget all about you? What if, not only had I decided to forget you, but I did? What if I erased you and my love of you from my memory completely? Surely that is what I have done, for I have no recollection of ever having any feelings for you aside from thinking you were an overgrown bat who needed to learn to let people in and to be happy once in a while. What if I decided I didn't want to live with someone like that? Because all of those things have happened, Professor, and I don't intend to ever rethink those decisions. I'll close the door when I leave, shall I?"

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"Why did you send me this?"

"Don't push the door open so hard! You'll put a whole in the wall!"

"Are you being funny, Snape?"

"Certainly not. It is the last wish of a dying man to see you. I am old, Miss Granger, and I definitely am dying."

"Old? You're not old, not my wizard standards. You're only fifty-nine!"

"Yet, I am dying. The plague now sweeping your generation, the very plague that is forcing you into a false marriage only to ensure the wizarding population flourishes, has caught up to me."

"Well why aren't you in St. Mungo's? Surely they could help you."

"The Healers have given me less than four days left. I have come home to be with my books and die in peace. I would never want to be stuck in such a place as a hospital to leave this world, what with all the cheery nurses trying their best to amuse me."

"I know you're dying, but I still don't see the need to owl me, tell me you're in dire need of a blowjob, but that you can't have one because there are Death Eaters who are coming to poison you in half an hour. You're lucky I didn't take you seriously and call an Auror."

"I needed to see you."

"Why?"

"I just needed to, dammit! You weaseled your way into my heart some time ago, Miss Granger, with your concerns about my life, health, and general demeanor, none of which were your business. You pushed and pushed every chance you got. Then to spring something like love on me... It was very startling. I regret more than anything that I did not take the chance to truly know you. You're remarkable, Miss Granger, even though I would have never admitted it."

"Thank you, sir. I don't suppose you'll tell me your reasons for declining my offer?"

"No, I will not. I don't have time for stories like those anymore, which is why I've called you here. Aside from needing to see you one last time, I would like to ask for just one thing. You said you wiped all traces of your feelings for me from your memory. I was wondering if, just for a few seconds, you could ask those feelings to re-inhabit your body, and for you to kiss me."

"I'm sorry—what?"

"Kiss me, Miss Granger. Just once."

"Sir, I don't think that's the best—oh, fucking hell..."

"... I hope you're happy."

"Yes, I certainly will die a happy man. Your lips taste heavenly, Miss Granger. Thank you for that."

"You're welcome, I suppose. Is that all I can do for you, sir?"

"Say my name."

"Severus."

"Yes. That is all, Hermione. I can die in peace now."

"Goodbye, sir."

"Goodbye."