

Understanding

by timestep

Remus tries to talk some sense into Severus.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Remus tries to talk some sense into Severus.

A/N: This was a gift for severely_lupine for hpcon_envy.

Prompts: Remus, Severus, piercing, books, selfish.

Thanks to sshg316 for the quick beta!!!

As always, they aren't mine, I just play in the sandbox.

~oOo~

Remus walked into the library. Usually, it was one of his favorite rooms. The library, paneled in a light-colored wood, had floor to ceiling windows, bringing in enough natural light that lamps were not required in the daytime. The furniture in the library was varied enough to meet all the needs of the residents, whether they wanted to curl up in one of the overstuffed chairs covered in fabrics of dark blues or greens that sat near the windows or sit on the mahogany-trimmed couch with made of buttery-soft leather located near the fireplace. In the corner was a rich desk that was just big enough to allow a person to spread out their papers and books for doing research. The desk faced one of the windows, allowing one to look out over the rolling hills outside the house.

Whenever Remus was visiting, this was the room he preferred to stay in. It was warm, inviting, and peaceful ... except today. As he glanced around the room, he finally located Severus sitting in one of the blue floral chairs, surrounded by a wall of books. Looking around, Remus noted that it appeared that Severus had removed entire shelves of books to create his walls. Knowing the general organization of the room, it was obvious that he had gathered whatever was at hand rather than books related to any single topic.

While they had never been friends, they had set aside their childhood animosities for the sake of their wives. Without waiting for an invitation, Remus sat down in the chair next to Severus'.

"Good afternoon, Severus," Remus said tentatively.

Severus looked up at Remus in acknowledgement before returning to the book opened on his lap. If Remus was going to make himself comfortable without waiting to be invited, he saw no reason to observe social niceties.

"You can't just barricade yourself in the library. You will have to come out to deal with this eventually."

"I'm not barricaded—I'm doing important research."

"I see, and what research," Remus asked, reaching for the top book of the stack closest to his chair, "is related to the piercings of the bare-breasted women of Botswana?"

"None of your business," Severus snapped as he waved his wand, forcing the book in Remus' hand to fly back on one of the empty shelves.

"Please don't be this selfish, Severus. It's too important to Hermione, to your daughter," Remus said, leaning closer to Severus and adding, almost in a whisper, "to you."

"Don't pretend to tell me what is important. I'm doing what I think is best."

"It's going to happen with or without you."

"I don't care."

"I can't pretend to understand—I don't have a daughter—but I can't help but think that you would be unhappy about this even if it weren't Teddy."

"I'm not ready to give her up yet, not ready for her to move away from us."

Remus barked with laughter as rare as if Severus had laughed.

"She moved out of your house three years ago."

Severus appeared to ignore Remus' statement as he returned to the book he was reading. The two sat in companionable silence for a long time.

"Why you?" Severus finally asked.

"Easy. Cassie knows you don't like it when she cries, and she didn't think she could talk to you without crying. Teddy offered to come, but Hermione was afraid you would hex him and didn't think a battle was the best way to start a relationship as your son, and Tonks didn't want to arrest Hermione for murder and forbade her from entering the room. I got elected by default."

"Not Tonks?" Severus asked, allowing a small smile.

"Confidentially, it's a bit hard to concentrate on a conversation with her when she's angry—her hair keeps changing color every few sentences."

The room once again settled into a slightly comfortable silence. Severus returned to his book as Remus watched the fire. It was unwise to push Severus, Remus knew after so many years of interacting with him. He needed time to think, to process information, to accept what was not in his control, and to overcome his fears that someone he cared so deeply about just might get hurt. This was the real reason why Remus had volunteered for this assignment: he worked in much the same way.

All of a sudden, Remus' thoughts were interrupted with a low, rumbling noise. Remus looked over at Severus only to realize that he was chuckling.

Remus looked at him, disbelieving that he could suddenly find anything so funny.

"You poor man, fights in your house must be so ... interesting," he finally finished as he struggled to find the best word to describe his amusement.

"I'm sorry to say that Teddy has this same irritating tendency," Remus responded with a smile.

"So, this is really happening?"

"Yes."

"Well," Severus said, finally standing up and stepping away from the barricade of books before walking towards the door, "I suppose I should go talk to the bride-to-be."

"Do you want help returning your wall of books to the shelf?"

"No, I believe they will be quite useful during the wedding planning."