

# Blasted Roses

*by luvsev*

Severus is blasting roses.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus is blasting roses.

'I don't care if I ever see a damn rose again. Good for nothing, blasted things!' Snape spat on the delicate flower closest to his booted foot. He withdrew his wand from its leather sheath on his belt, and after a muttered curse, the rose burst into a million pieces of soft, brilliant-red confetti, raining down on his black, woollen frock coat.

'Severus! Why are you destroying flowers again?' Hermione said, her hands planted on her hips. 'Which student did what this time?'

He turned around and snarled, his lip curling in disgust. 'If someone other than—never mind who—gives me another one of these, saying they love me, I'm going to vomit!'

Hermione smiled. 'Aw, Sev, another one of your NEWT students want to get into your pants again?'

'Don't. Remind. Me.' He rubbed his temples.

'Same one, isn't it?'

'Yes,' he groused.

'You implied it would be okay, if not welcomed, for someone to give you a rose. Of whom were you speaking?' she said, moving closer to him to dust the rose confetti off his shoulders.

'I think you already know the answer, Hermione.'

'I may, but I've been wrong before.'

'You're not wrong this time.'

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A/N: Thanks to BrenaMarie for the following prompt: Severus is out blasting roses again. What happened? Can someone help him feel better? Also, thanks to peppermint for betaing.