

Spare the Roses, Please

by debjunk

Severus is angry... very angry.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus pointed his wand at the rosebush. He sneered as the orange light left his wand and raced to the innocent bush. It exploded, sending the red petals of the roses in every direction. Petals rained down on his head. If he were to admit it to himself, he felt no better.

His wand arm extended once again, this time aimed at a white rosebush. In a matter of seconds it too had turned to cinders and white rose petals were falling around him. He turned and aimed at some pink roses when a voice rose up from behind him.

"Severus Snape, what on earth are you doing?" Hermione Granger's voice called out to him.

Severus lowered his wand, but refused to turn and look upon her. She drew up next to him and surveyed his work.

"Why would you destroy such innocent flowers?" she exclaimed.

Severus only huffed.

"All right, out with it. What's bothering you?" Hermione asked at last.

Severus spun to look at her. "That, madam, is none of your business." With that, he lifted his wand again and blasted the pink rosebush to smithereens.

Hermione's hand grasped his extended wand arm. Severus wrenched it from her grasp.

"Talk to me," she requested softly.

Severus' eyebrows knit together. He glared at the ground. "There is nothing to talk about."

"Then why are you destroying my roses?"

Severus glanced at her. "These are Pomona's roses."

Hermione gave a small smirk. "They're my roses, I just let Pomona tend them in the same way I let you use them for Potions ingredients."

Her statement was greeted with silence.

"Did you want me to use Legilimency on you?" Hermione asked with a wry smile.

Severus' sideways glare wiped the grin from her face.

"Severus, what's wrong? Please... maybe I can help."

He huffed again. "You, of all people, cannot help in the least."

A hand was placed on his shoulder. He did not pull away. "Just talk to me."

Severus sighed. "I am angered at something I saw."

"What did you see?"

He turned and glared at her. "I do not wish to talk about it!" He stormed away, making Hermione rush after him.

"You do realize that when you keep things bottled up, you just seethe longer."

His nose closed to within inches of her own. "I have no desire to discuss this with you."

"How many times have you told me that and then have talked about what has been bothering you and felt better."

Severus raised his hands as if he was about to grab her. He slowly lowered them and glared at Hermione.

"If you insist on knowing what's making me... irate... then fine! I saw you!"

Hermione gave him a curious look.

"Saw me what?" she asked.

"I saw you... with Weasley."

Hermione looked at him in shock.

"You both had your hands all over each other! I thought... never mind what I thought. It's obvious to me that you insist on settling for a man who is entirely beneath you." He glared at her. "Obviously stupidity must turn you on, the way you were kissing that dunderhead!"

Before Hermione could utter a word, Severus had turned away from her. With one last flick of his wand, the orange rosebush exploded. She watched his retreating form as two rose petals settled on his head. With a brush of his hand, they had fallen to the ground, left behind in his rush to escape her.

Tears formed in Hermione's eyes. He had seen her. Just when things were moving along and he had begun to open up with his feelings, he had seen her kissing Ron.

Can I explain so he will understand?

Determination filled her face, and she began hurrying after him.

I'll make him understand. He has to...

He heard her approach, but ignored her. He felt her hand on his arm, but he shook it off. He saw her rush in front of him and barricade his way, but he only moved to avoid running into her. He continued on with his stalking.

"Severus, please... you need to hear what happened."

He stopped dead. He did not turn to face her. His voice was low and derisive when he finally spoke.

"I know what happened. You let that buffoon woo you into falling in love with him."

"I don't love Ron Weasley. I don't even like him right now."

Severus could stand it no longer. He twirled around, his cape flying around him menacingly. "That's certainly not how it looked when I saw you."

Hermione looked at him pleadingly. "Please, let me explain."

Severus regarded her blandly. "It seems you will give me no peace until you do. I warn you, I have no stomach for fluffy declarations of love for that ginger-haired menace."

"He tricked me."

Severus arched an eyebrow at her, but said nothing. *Perhaps she can actually say something to excuse herself?*

"He came to talk to me." Hermione looked down. "He had heard a rumor... that I fancied... someone else. He wasn't pleased. He pulled me into that hallway and started throwing all sorts of accusations at me. I tried to explain to him that I wasn't interested in him in that way, but he got angry. He said that all I needed was to see for myself how good we were together and then I'd know he was the right one for me."

She sighed and looked back up at Severus. "I told him we were too different. I explained that I didn't think of him like that."

Looking away, she continued. "He said something to the effect that he would show me how good we were together. He cast a silent spell on me. He totally caught me off guard. I would have never expected him to do something so low."

Severus' heart clenched. That Weasley prat had hurt Hermione. Now suspecting what had happened, he found his voice much more tender when he spoke to her. "What spell did he cast upon you, Hermione."

"I don't know. It was some sort of lust spell," she told him in exasperation. "Before I even realized it, I was in his arms, kissing him." Tears suddenly fell from her eyes as she looked pleadingly to Severus. Anger flowed through him at the violation Weasley had done to the beautiful woman before him.

"I tried to fight it off, Severus, I swear. I couldn't help myself."

A low, menacing rumble escaped Severus' throat. "I will kill him for doing that to you."

"Don't worry, I took care of it," Hermione countered. "The spell wore off quickly, and I pulled away from him. I was so upset that my magic just exploded out of me." Her hands came up to her face. "He was flung around the hallway like a rag doll. Poppy said he'd be all right in a couple of days, but I almost killed him."

Without realizing it, Severus found Hermione wrapped in his arms. He wasn't sure if he'd moved or if she had, but his arms held her supportively to him. His hand found its way into her hair.

"It's not your fault. He deserved it for assaulting you."

Hermione nodded her head, but kept it buried in his robe. She said something, but Severus couldn't understand her. He thought he heard something about want and jealousy. He pushed her back slightly so she could lift her head.

"What did you just say?" he asked.

Her eyes met his. She looked frightened out of her wits. Gulping, she spoke again. "I said he was jealous because I want you, not him."

Severus' mind raced. Excitement filled him at her words. Could she possibly have said what he thought he'd heard?

"I beg your pardon?"

"I want you, Severus. I have for a while now. I thought maybe you wanted me too, but I've been afraid to say anything in case you didn't." She smiled a bit. "I suppose you do care, or you wouldn't have been so upset with me."

The fear had left her eyes. She looked at him brazenly. Relief flooded him. "When I saw you kissing Weasley, I knew I had been fooling myself about the way you felt for me. I... Hermione, few women have ever cared for me. It was difficult for me to imagine that you might be one of them. I'd wanted to make sure before making any advances toward you. I knew when I saw you with Weasley I had been so very wrong."

"But you hadn't..."

His finger came up and touched her lips. "Shh... let me finish. I felt like a fool. I realized how much you meant to me in that moment. My reticence seemed to have been my downfall. I had lost you. At least I thought I had." His eyes closed as he sighed in relief. "Thank Merlin I was wrong."

"I'm sorry you had to see that, Severus," Hermione whispered.

"I'm not. It woke me up. I won't let you wonder about my intentions again."

He pulled her closer and saw the spark in her eyes. His lips descended on hers, and he thrilled in her response. They drank in one another until they couldn't breathe. Pulling away from her slightly, he smiled. It felt good on his face. He couldn't remember when he'd smiled like this. Hermione lifted her hand and caressed his cheek.

"You're smiling," she commented. "You should do that more often."

"I will," he murmured as he brushed his nose against hers. "You make me want to smile all day."

It was his turn to be cut off. Her lips claimed him as hers. When finally they had pulled apart again, he looked at her in wonder.

"You're sure about this?" he asked with a hint of trepidation in his voice.

"Anyone who can blast roses like that is the perfect man for me."

The End

A/N: This is a gift for my soul sister, brenamarie, who came up with the prompt: Severus is out blasting roses again. What happened? Can someone make him feel better? Happy ending a must!

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