

I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance With You

by Subversa

Can Severus lay the past to rest in hope of a future happiness?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She passed the houses adorned with jack-o-lanterns and opened the churchyard gate, wending surely through the headstones.

He crouched in exactly the spot she had expected to find him, and her heart ached—yes, with pity, but also with hurt. How could she ever hope to win the heart of man forever and always in love with a dead woman?

He raised his bowed head, and the gibbous moon cast its limning light upon his face, transforming the tear tracks to silvery streaks. He opened his lips, as if to speak, but no words were forthcoming.

She knelt beside him.

'I—' he began, and she brushed the stringy hair from his face.

'Real friends forgive one another when forgiveness is asked,' she said fiercely, suddenly and finally done with subtlety.

'There are acts beyond forgiveness,' he whispered hoarsely, turning from her.

'In life, as in magic, *intent* counts,' she insisted, daring to take his chin and make him look at her. 'You had no way of knowing, and when you did, you moved heaven and earth to make it right.'

'Why do you care?' he sneered, practiced defences snapping into place against her caring.

'Because *I* love you.'

His eyes widened, and he sat back on his heels.

She had crossed the Rubicon; she could not back down now. She swayed towards him, her hands raised to his face; he captured her wrists and halted her movement.

Her heart plummeted—no, he couldn't reject her—not now!

In the next moment, he had risen, jerking her to her feet, and wrapping her up in his arms, he Disappeared.

She staggered from him, immediately recognising their destination as their shared office, Master and apprentice, in Spinner's End.

She turned on him, demanding angrily, 'Were you afraid *she* would hear?'

'No. *I* heard you, Hermione, and a graveyard is no place for this.'

He advanced upon her, cupping her face and lowering his mouth to hover over hers. 'Our first kiss deserves its own setting.'

She sobbed once before their lips fused, and then it was only his soft, wondering kiss and her urgent, insistent answer. When they broke apart, panting, hearts racing, his nose grazed her cheek before he whispered, 'No one ever ... I never thought ... Oh, *Hermione*.'

'Can we put that ghost to rest?' she asked, hopeful.

Upon his fervent nod, she led him to bed.

A/N: "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance With You" is a 1932 song composed by Victor Young, with lyrics written by Ned Washington and Bing Crosby.

This piece was written for the GrangerSnape100 Community on Live Journal in answer to the prompt: Lily.