

# Cold Light Of Day

*by quaffswinegaily*

Severus reminisces the day after the night before.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: JKR owns them. I couldn't make any money from this lot.

A/N: This is a follow up to ... *As Newts*. You may want to read that first, though this can also stand alone.

Severus woke with the bright sun shining through his eyelids and scorching his eyeballs. Screwing his eyes tightly shut, he turned over in bed to avoid the searing sensation.

He felt the shift and dip of the bed next to him and the comfort of a warm body. Without opening his eyes he laid his hand on a bare shoulder.

*Ah, Hermione*, he thought. *Gods, I love that girl. She is so good to me. We have the rest of the school holidays to spend at her flat. Bliss!*

Slowly, his brain started to crawl back to life, and his thoughts drifted back over the events of the previous day.

It had been the first day of the school holidays. After a quick tour of the castle to check it over, they had headed towards town and stopped at a pub. It had been full of newly graduated students, most of whom they had been teaching just the day before. So, after one drink and a few handshakes and nods of acknowledgement, they had left the youngsters to their revelry.

The next pub had been a tartan-clad, tourist monstrosity. They had ordered haggis, neeps and tatties from the menu, accompanied with a couple of nips of whisky, because that's traditional, or so the bartender had assured them.

After that, there had been the cosy pub with the astonishing collection of malts above the bar, which begged to be sampled, and the low doorway. Severus had not ducked quite enough to get through unscathed. He had nearly knocked himself unconscious on the lintel. Maybe that was why his head was pounding so painfully.

Then, there had been the pub with the loud music, which they left soon after, as they had not been able to hear each other speak. From there, it had seemed like a really good idea to go to the Dungeon.

In the Dungeon, there had been the violent encounter with Voldemort. They had fought side by side like heroes and had emerged victorious.

"You should have seen his face melting like wax," Remus had gloated.

Severus snorted softly to himself at the memory. *It was wax, you dork!*

Subsequently, things became a little hazy.

Severus remembered Hermione telling him if he wanted to get back to her apartment, he should hail a taxi. So, when he had seen the car with lights on top approaching, he had stepped into the road, waving his arms to attract the driver's attention. There had followed a rather confusing interaction, during which Severus had climbed into the back of the stopped car and had politely requested a lift home. He had vaguely wondered why the men in the front of the car were wearing uniforms and hats; maybe it was an upmarket cab company. The men had refused his request. Instead, they extricated him from the back seat and had advised him he should hail a taxi cab to take him home, not a police car.

"Bloody Muggles!" he'd sneered and had been advised by the kind gentlemen he could spend the night in the cells if he was going to use objectionable language.

Suddenly, lunch had seemed a long time ago, and the kebab shop had appeared to be the only source of food close by. Surely nothing could be finer than a traditional Scottish kebab after a night at the pub. Lukewarm, sliced meat product in a desiccated pita bread, topped with 'salad & sauce' – raw, shredded cabbage and watered down hot sauce – all washed down with a can of fizzy Irn-Bru. Food of champions! Severus ran his tongue over his teeth at the memory. They were so furry, it felt like he had been licking a werewolf's butt.

He recalled it was about then they had felt the more urgent need to go home. Somehow, they had managed to Apparate to Hermione's doorstep without splinching themselves, and the wonderful girl had let them in.

The last thing he could remember was staggering down the hallway with his arm around Lupin's shoulder. Gods, but it had been a good day out! He had slapped Remus on the shoulder, turning to him and, with much swaying and as much solemnity as a drunk man could muster, had pronounced, "Remus, I love you mate!"

"Yep! We're the best together, Sev. Love you too, man!"

Then ... blank.

"Rise and shine." Hermione's dulcet tones clattered around his skull.

Severus cracked an eye open and saw the familiar, tousled, brown hair, and warm eyes gazing at him.

"Fuck! Remus!"

Severus yanked his hand from the man's shoulder and leaped from the bed as Lupin shot out the other side, looking startled.

In the dining room, Hermione smirked a little to herself.

"Hangover cures are ready, boys. This is the traditional Scottish cure for a good Scottish night of overindulgence," she said cheerily as she placed full plates of fried food in front of the seedy-looking wizards.

Hermione smiled wickedly as she returned to the kitchen for her own light breakfast. She would leave them in their misery for a while with the fried eggs congealing on their plates. The pair were exchanging embarrassed small talk and muttering about being 'just good friends'. Later, she would tell them how they had fallen asleep slumped in the sitting room chairs, and she had levitated them into the guest bed. She had put Severus in there so she wouldn't be disturbed by his drunken snoring. She might even show them where the hangover potion was, but only when she was sure they were suitably chastened.

By the time she returned to the dining room, the easy camaraderie had returned between the rogues, and, noticing how much closer they appeared after their boys' day out, she thought maybe it was a good thing the three of them were spending the rest of the school holidays together.

A/N: Thanks again to Sunny33, the bestest beta, who takes my Scottishisms and makes them into real English.

1. Haggis, neeps, and tatties – traditional Scottish fare. Minced animal innards, mixed with oatmeal and spices and cooked in a sheep's stomach, accompanied by boiled, mashed turnips, and boiled, mashed potatoes. Yum! Seriously!

2. Nips – Scots drink whisky in nips or drams

3. malt – malt whisky

4. kebabs – traditional post pub crawl food for many Scots. Totally disgusting, especially when you find a half-eaten one stashed away in your pocket for later; in which case, you then eat it for breakfast. (No, don't try this at home.)

5. Irn-Bru – Scotland's other national drink. Rust-coloured fizzy drink. Check out the adverts on youtube [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xfiqrkV\\_ZqI](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xfiqrkV_ZqI)