

Spying

by *dejunk*

Mrs. Applewood, Muggle extraordinare, sees a bit too much.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Mrs. Applewood, Muggle extraordinare, sees a bit too much.

Mrs. Applebottom picked up her hat and sat it atop her head. She bent down and grabbed a box of tulips and a small gardening shovel. Balancing the box in one arm, she opened her door and strolled into her back yard.

Ah, gardening... the perfect job when one wanted to observe one's neighbors.

Yes, Hilda Applebottom, ace gardner, dog lover, and civilian spy, was on the job. She knew that someday the Secret Service would knock on her door and want to know about her neighbors. She wouldn't let them down. She would help her country if it was the last thing she did.

She walked over to the high fence that separated her yard from her neighbor's. Kneeling down, she began to dig in the earth, but her real mission was to watch the neighbor's back yard through a small hole in the fence. She situated herself so she could peer through the hole and see into the neighbors' yard. The man who lived next door was always skulking about. He always wore black. She was sure he was a villain, he just dressed the part!

Her eye moved back and forth, surveying the neighbor's yard. There was a small garden in the far corner. She'd never seen some of the plants growing in it, which puzzled her. She made it her business to know every plant that grew in the area. These plants she'd never seen.

Suddenly she heard a loud pop. A woman appeared out of nowhere. Hilda blinked. No, she was sure there had been no one there a second ago. Now a pretty woman with curly hair stood there. Hilda marveled at the fact that this woman was in a flowing, white wedding dress. The woman turned and ran to the door holding a long stick out in front of her.

Banging on the door with her free hand, the woman shouted, "Severus Snape, open the door this instant!"

The door creaked open, and the hawkish nose of Hilda's neighbor came into view. The rest of his face wasn't far behind. He was scowling. The man always scowled.

To Hilda's surprise, the woman pointed her stick into her neighbor's neck. His eyes widened before a bored look came across his face. Hilda marveled at the scene. What could the woman do with that stick that made the man so apprehensive?

"How dare you!" the woman spat. "What were you thinking?"

"Get that wand away from my neck, Granger!"

Granger complied, lowering the stick, or *wand*, so that it now pointed at his chest.

"I asked you a question, Snape!"

"I was just doing what I felt was right."

"Just saying what you did and then disappearing was what was right?"

He gave a terse nod. "Now if you'll excuse me..." *Snape* turned to go back to whatever mysterious things he was doing in his home. The woman stopped him.

"Why did you do it?" she cried.

"You deserve better."

"How can you say such a thing?"

"It is obvious. Everyone believes the same, you are just too blind to see it."

Granger huffed. "And who, pray tell, would be better for me?" she asked shrewdly.

Snape was silent.

Hilda saw the *wand* jab deeper into his chest.

"Come on, now. You started this! Popping in when you weren't invited and divulging... that... in front of everybody!"

"I was uncertain how else to say what I did."

Granger's hand started to shake. "Perhaps you could have used that brilliant mind of yours to realize such news would be better off told to me in private!"

Hilda wished she could get closer to the couple. This was turning out to be quite the soap opera!

"I hurt you..." *Snape* looked to the ground. "That was not my intent."

Granger lowered the wand entirely. "Then what was? I mean, what did you hope to gain by telling everyone at my wedding that Ron was cheating on me?"

Hilda's mouth opened in an 'o.' *Oh, this is getting good!*

"Don't you understand?"

Granger's shoulders stiffened. "No, Severus. Explain it to me."

Hilda moved up to a bigger hole, which gave her a better view of the two. Unbeknownst to Hilda, her hat stuck above the fence. So far, *Severus* hadn't said a word.

"Well?"

The silence is deafening! Hilda chuckled to herself.

Granger turned and descended the stairs quickly. *Severus* came after her and grabbed her arm, stopping her from retreating farther.

"You. Know. Why."

She turned. "Tell me why, Severus."

"Because I love you! I should be the one marrying you today! Not him!"

"Why didn't you tell me this months ago?" she cried. "You know I chose Ron because I felt there was nothing between us. You knew that! Why didn't you fight for me then?"

"I am a fool."

She lifted her arm and began to spin. He grabbed at her, stopping her mid turn.

"But you are a bigger one for agreeing to marry a man you neither love nor respect!"

She collapsed in his arms. "What did you expect me to do! I did everything I could to get you to notice me. You never did. Did you want me to pine after you for the rest of my life? Did you? Severus?!"

"I made a mistake. I came today to rectify that mistake."

"But you didn't. You only made it worse."

"Marry me, Hermione."

"No."

"Please?"

"No."

"I beg you..."

Hilda could stand it no more. She rose from where she was.

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Can't you see the guy is crazy about you? Marry the lout!"

In an instant, Severus had brandished his wand, sweeping Hilda from the firm earth beneath her, over the fence, and onto the ground at his feet.

"Woman, I have suffered your nosy peeping for far too long. You will bother me no more!"

"What are you?!"

Severus left Hermione and stalked to the woman. He bent low, so that his face was mere millimeters from her own.

"I'm your worst nightmare..." he said as his eyes narrowed at her.

Hilda shrunk back and began to crawl backwards. "Stay away!"

He came after her. She retreated faster. He continued to come. His wand extended.

"Please! Please don't kill me!"

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of killing you..." he said slowly and deliberately.

Hilda screamed. She screamed so loud she never heard the curse leave his lips.

"Obliviate!"

Hermione came up next to Severus and gazed down at the woman who'd passed out even before the Obliviate had hit her.

"You do realize that she won't remember this stunt. She'll be right back at it tomorrow."

He nodded. "Nonetheless, it was fun. I wanted to give her a good scare, even though she'll not recall it." He turned to Hermione. "Thank you for indulging me in this little escapade. You are sure you don't mind living next to this busybody?"

Hermione shook her head. "I'd live next to Dolores Umbridge if I had to, just to be with you."

Severus smiled and turned back to the woman on his lawn. With a flick of his wand, Hilda Applebottom rose from the ground, floated above her fence, and landed in her tulip garden, still unconscious.

He faced Hermione once again. "Now, wife, shall we start our honeymoon officially?"

Grabbing Hermione, he pulled her to him and kissed her soundly.

Hermione pulled back after a moment, breathless from his passionate display of his love for her. She smirked at him. "Only you would think that scaring the bejeebies out of someone would be the ultimate foreplay."

A/N: Prompt by ApollinaV:

Please write on the curious observations of Mrs. Applebottom, Muggle, avid gardener, dog lover, and professional nosey neighbor. Her neighbors are the HP characters of your choice.