

Women Troubles

by septentrion

Severus and Hagrid drown together their relationship troubles.

Ficlet

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a gift for dickgloucester, who wanted to read maudlin Hagrid and Snape.

It's been beta'ed by Melusin. Thank you!

A half-full bottle of Firewhisky stood on the table between the two men. Two empty ones kept it company.

"I'm tellin' you, Olympe is being unfair," Hagrid slurred. "I mean"—he poked the wooden table with his meaty forefinger—"t'was the firs' time in fifteen years I forgot hers birthday."

From her place behind the bar, Rosmerta rolled her eyes. She had heard the story a lot more than fifteen times that evening.

"Unfair." Severus nodded, his cheek attached to the table. He was mesmerised by the different shades of amber with which the Firewhisky glowed when he turned his glass right and left. It reminded him of Hermione's hair colour.

Hagrid reached for his pocket. He took out a handkerchief the size of a towel, dabbed his black eyes and blew his nose loudly. "She," he sobbed, "tol' me not ter come see her Sunday. To stay at Hogwarts."

Severus leaned on one hand with the not-so-obvious goal of sitting upright. He examined the nuances of his beverage from above. "She ex-pelled me from our broom ... barroom ... bed-room." Severus's diction was not that bad for someone who had imbibed as much alcohol as Hagrid without the advantage of size. "Said I work too mush. No time for love anymore." He raised his glass to his lips and gulped down its content.

"We're no' that bad, are we? We love them. We worsheep them." By the end of his sentence, Hagrid was bawling. A couple of customers looked over at their table, curious to see if they would be offered a free show tonight. They were a bit disappointed to see only the usual: men drowning their sorrows. They turned back to their own drinks—and their own sorrows.

Rosmerta appeared next to their table. "Gentlemen, it's closing time."

Two sets of unfocused black eyes settled on her. She rolled her eyes again. "I close in a quarter of an hour, which should be the time you'll need to reach the door, so I'm warning you now."

A bit vexed to be accused of not being able to hold his liquor, Severus stood up and grabbed the table's edge to remain standing. "Let's go," he managed to utter.

The half-giant agreed, or rather Severus considered his silence as agreement. Soon, the two men found themselves staggering across the Three Broomsticks, dislodging a

chair or two in the process. After five attempts, they opened the door and stepped out of the pub. Slowly, they trudged their way up—and sideways at times—to Hogwarts, their drunk minds plotting ways to regain their lady-loves' good graces.