

# Kiss This

*by MuseAmusant*

Hermione has had enough of Ron's cheating ways. Song fic.

## One-Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione has had enough of Ron's cheating ways. Song fic.

A/N: This song came on the radio while I was on the road this afternoon, and I just couldn't resist.

A side note to fans of HP's Red-Headed League: This fic contains a considerable amount of gratuitous Ron-bashing. So if you're not down with that, you may want to pass this fic by. Fair warning, OK?

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A profusion of wild, bronze-and-mahogany ringlets spilled over Hermione's shoulders as she tossed back her third shot of Firewhiskey in as many minutes. The young witch's absolute determination to eradicate the memory of her faithless, flame-haired, former paramour was perfectly plain to everyone in Grimmauld Place's crowded kitchen, which brought a faint, pleased smirk to Severus Snape's thin lips.

Noting Hermione's mournful expression at the sight of the freshly-emptied bottle, Severus got up and went to his bedroom, returning mere moments later with his own bottle of Ogden's Private Stock, and thoughtfully refilled her glass.

Offering him a grateful smile, the witch saluted him briefly before downing the shot in one go. Severus, mesmerized, fought the urge to stare openly when she tilted her head back, her creamy throat undulating as she swallowed the fiery amber liquid.

Clearing his throat awkwardly, Severus held up the bottle questioningly. Hermione gazed back at him with a thoughtful expression, her body tightening instinctively at the sight of the heated look in the former spy's bottomless dark eyes.

Suddenly, an all-too-familiar male body slid into the unoccupied seat to her left, causing the dark eyes across the table to narrow.

Hermione stiffened as a long, muscular, freckled arm slid around her slender waist and lips pressed to the delicate shell of her ear.

"Mmm, you look incredibly gorgeous tonight, 'Mione," Ron whispered into her ear. "Baby, I love you so much, it's always been you, you know that."

"No, Ron," Hermione growled, "I don't know that. And it most definitely didn't look that way either when I caught you in The Three Broomsticks snogging Romilda Vane!"

Ron's eyes glinted, and the smile that spread across his face was pure male vanity. "Romilda's always had the hots for me, but there's no need to be jealous, 'Mione. I don't want her, I want you. Only you. Baby, it didn't mean anything. Please, please, give me another chance, hmmm?"

*She was a woman on a mission*

*Here to drown him and forget him*

*So I set her up again to wash him down*

*She had just about succeeded*

*When the low-down, no-good, cheating, good-for-nothing*

*Came strutting through the crowd*

*Oh, he was laying it on so thick*

*He never missed a lick*

*Professing his never-ending love*

Severus watched, wary, yet fascinated, as the petite Gryffindor gazed up into her ex-lover's eyes, her expression turning uncharacteristically syrupy-sweet as she batted her eyelashes at her ex-lover and said, "So, you think I should just let your little lapse slide, hmmm? Maybe we should go back to your room, and you can prove just how much you really love me?"

Hermione abruptly got to her feet and shoved Ron so hard that his chair tipped over, sending him sprawling to the cold stone floor. As Ron stared up at his former girlfriend, completely stunned, Hermione loomed over him, her shapely hips cocked to the side, and her amber-flecked eyes flashing dangerously.

"Ron, I always knew you weren't exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer, but I loved you anyway, I really did. But you must be not only unbelievably stupid, but utterly mad if you think I'm so bloody daft that I would believe anything that comes out of your lying, cheating, self-centered, obnoxious mouth! I was daft enough for staying with you for as long as I did, but we're over, Ron, this time for good!"

Ron lay on the floor, his eyes wide and his mouth working soundlessly, completely baffled as to how his manly charms had failed him for the first time ever.

*Oh, but I never will forget when she stood up and said*

*So I guess you think we're just gonna kiss and make up, don't you?*

*That's when she said*

*Why don't you kiss, kiss this*

*And I don't mean on my rosy red lips*

*Me and you, we're through*

*And there's only one thing left for you to do*

*You just come on over here*

*One last time*

*Pucker up and close your eyes*

*And kiss this goodbye*

As a look of severely wounded male pride warred fiercely with sheer gobsmacked disbelief on Ronald Weasley's face, the rare sound of Severus Snape's unrestrained laughter broke the awkward silence and was quickly joined by relieved chuckles and titters of amusement from the erstwhile couple's unwitting audience.

Hearing this, an embarrassed but undaunted Ron shot to his feet and strode over to where Hermione had just begun quietly conversing with the unflappable Luna Lovegood.

Seizing the startled brunette by the waist and spinning her around, Ron dipped her over backwards and captured her mouth in a long, steamy kiss.

As soon as Ron released her, fully expecting his spectacular snogging skills to weaken his witch's steely resolve, Hermione reared back and slapped him so hard that her small handprint was perfectly duplicated in vivid, glowing color on his previously smug face. Immediately following that unexpected move was a swift kick to the bollocks that left Ron moaning piteously on the floor and guaranteed that he would be singing soprano in the shower for some time to come.

Taken aback by the sudden refresher course on the subject of Seriously Brassed-Off Witches, Ron quickly crab-walked backwards as Hermione continued to advance on him, her wand clutched in her hand and spitting angry red sparks.

"Don't you EVER touch me again, you disgusting, egocentric, Hippogriff's arse," Hermione yelled furiously. "How dare you! When we were together, you never gave a damn about what I wanted, you ridiculed everything that was important to me, and still you seriously expected me to sit around and wait for the great privilege of becoming Mrs. Ronald Weasley and the honor of bearing your children, even as you made it your personal mission in life to see how many little, feather-brained tarts you could stick yourself into!"

*Well the next thing I recall*

*She had him backed up against the wall*

*Chewing him like a bulldog on a bone*

*She was putting him in his place*

*And I mean right up in his face*

*Dragging him down a list of done-me-wrongs*

*It was just about right now*

*That the crowd gathered around*

*They'd come to watch him pay for his every sin*

*She called him everything under the sun*

*And when we thought that she was done*

*She reared back and she let him have it again, man*

All eyes were fastened on Ron's red face as he cowered, trembling, at the feet of a pretty witch not even half his size.

The murmuring crowd and the snapping of a camera practically guaranteed that the story of Ronald Weasley's embarrassing downfall would be the talk of wizarding Britain by morning. Of course, Ron's legions of starry-eyed little groupies would believe whatever version of events he came up with to save face, but the people who really knew them already knew the truth. And for Hermione, that was good enough.

Besides, she already knew there were more fish in the sea. Or rather, she thought with a mischievous grin, a Slytherin sea-serpent of sorts, her eyes finding Severus' across the table once more.

"Merlin's saggy bollocks," yelled Ron, "you and the Greasy Git?! 'Mione, you're choosing that over me?"

"I'm choosing an intelligent, grown man over an immature little boy," Hermione informed him as Severus made his way to her side, dark eyes glinting, and offered her his arm.

"Wasn't a hard decision at all."

*She said, she said*

*Why don't you kiss, kiss this*

*And I don't mean on my rosy red lips*

*Me and you, we're through*

*And there's only one thing left for you to do*

*You just come on over here*

*One last time*

*Pucker up and close your eyes*

*Hey, kiss this goodbye*

*See ya*