

Why Do Fools Fall In Love?

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Come back here, you misbegotten ball of fur!" Headmaster Snape's voice rang through the hallway.

The misbegotten ball of fur ignored him, as cats, or well half-kneazles, were wont to do.

"Miss Granger! You will tell that orange thing to listen to me, or there will be consequences!"

"It is Professor Granger. And how do you wish me to tell a cat to do anything?"

"You know there are quite a few uses for orange kneazle fur. And spleens. Orange kneazle spleens make a wonderful addition to hangover potion."

"You take that back, Severus Snape! You cannot use my familiar for potions ingredients!"

"Read your contract, *Miss Granger*. I most certainly can."

Hermione was so very angry as she raced back to her rooms to read her contract. It was only last night that she had told Severus that she loved him. They had begun a rather discreet relationship, and she thought that just maybe she had found the man who could keep her heart safe. Then this morning he was threatening to disembowel her familiar. She found her contract and began to read. She discovered that yes, the headmaster could actually use her familiar for potions ingredients, *why is that in this contract, anyway?* but she also discovered that pranking the headmaster was not only allowed but encouraged, *why is THAT in this contract?* She decided to take full advantage.

The next morning, fifteen seconds after drinking his morning coffee, Severus's hair began to rise and fall in an odd pattern. Even odder? It was sounding musical notes. The Muggle-born students started giggling, and a few brave ones could be heard singing under their breath.

Heart and Soul, I fell in love with your heart and soul, the way a fool would do madly, because you held me tight and stole a kiss in the night...

Severus stood up, glared at everyone fiercely and then left the room muttering. *At least it wasn't Chopsticks.*

At lunch, moments after tasting the chicken pie, Severus's robes started rapidly changing color. He ate his lunch calmly, stood up, glared at everyone, then stalked out. *At*

least they weren't purple with yellow crescent moons and stars!

Dinner came and when the headmaster came in and sat down, a hush came over the room. He picked up a bit of his roast, ate it, and when nothing happened, continued his meal, enjoying the silence. Then he drank some of the lovely red wine served by the elves.

His eyes opened wide, and then he climbed up on the table and began to sing, the beginning was joined by the house-elves, which made for a rather unforgettable sound.

ooooo wah, oooooo wah, ooooo wah, oooooo wah,

ooooo wah, oooooo wah, Why do fools fall in love

Why do birds sing so gay

And lovers await the break of day

Why do they fall in love

Why does the rain fall from up above

Why do fools fall in love

Why do they fall in love

Love is a losing game

And love can be a shame

I know of a fool, you see

For that fool is me

Tell me why

Tell me why

Why do birds sing so gay

And lovers await the break of day

Why do they fall in love

Why does the rain fall from up above

Why do fools fall in love

Why do they fall in love

Why does my heart skip a crazy beat

For I know it will reach defeat

Tell me why

Tell me why

Why do fools fall in love

When he finished, he looked rather resignedly at *Professor Granger*.

"You are not a fool, my dear. I am."

With that cryptic statement, he turned and walked out of the Great Hall, his head bowed.

Hermione waited a few moments, then ran out of the hall after him. She caught up easily, which meant he was waiting for her, as there was no way that would happen otherwise.

"Why, Severus? Why would you try to ruin everything? Weren't you happy?"

"I was, Hermione, and nothing that has made me happy has ever lasted."

Hermione looked at Severus, took in the self-pitying declaration, and tried to decide whether she should slap him or kiss him.

"Don't play the fool, Severus. It doesn't suit you. I LOVE YOU. There, I've said it again. I can say it louder, if you wish. I can declare it at breakfast tomorrow. No matter what you do, I am not going to stop. Unless of course, you threaten my familiar again. Did you know that if I have an issue with you, I can have the house-elves put ice on your feet at 4 AM every morning until you hear me out? Or that I can..."

Severus realized that he needed to read more of the contract than just the clause that said the headmaster could use the staff familiars as potions ingredients before challenging his bright little witch again. So, he decided to shut her up the way many a wise man has done with his witch for centuries. He took her face in his hands and kissed her deeply, right there in the hallway.

He pulled away from her slowly, then smiled that awkward smile that meant that the happiness in his heart needed an outlet, and well, singing on the table was just not going to happen again.

"You've convinced me, Hermione. Just please don't make me sing on the table again!"

Hermione just smiled. She really did love his voice.

Hermione thinks Snape has sinister, dastardly plans for Crookshanks as potions ingredients... hilarity ensues!

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