

The Subtle Art of Love

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Severus is cursed into talking like Pepe le Pew.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape stalked along the halls with a sour look on his face. He'd been getting owls all day with cryptic messages. The first had read: *You have until noon.* The next had said: *The art of romance lies with the French.* A third had just been delivered, and it was the most cryptic of all: *If you don't hurry, you'll be singing a different tune.*

He'd crumpled the note into a small ball and flung it out the window of the teacher's lounge before stalking away. Now it was almost noon, and he was at a loss as to what the notes were about and what was to happen at noon. Evidently it had something to do with romance, French, and—he shuddered—singing.

He mulled as he stalked. Hermione had seemed a bit withdrawn lately. Perhaps she was trying to give him some sort of message? Well, if she wanted him to sing to her, she'd have to think again. Severus Snape did not... *sing.* Deciding to pull her out of the Great Hall before lunch began to ask her about these notes, he walked with purpose into the room and toward the teacher's table. Before he had a chance to reach Hermione, he saw Minerva turn and cry, "*Pepé le Pew!*" Immediately a shot of pink left her wand and struck him directly over his heart. A faint stench surrounded him as he staggered back a few steps, the spell taking over his senses.

Straightening himself, he smirked devilishly and made his way quickly to Hermione's side. Grabbing her arm, he placed kisses up and down it.

"Mon cherie, how I 'ave meesed you," he exclaimed in a dark, French accent. "You are my one true love." He kissed her neck several times while Hermione looked on in shock, trying to wriggle out of his embrace. "Ah, zees is love, is it not? No, yes?" He lifted her out of her seat and squeezed her tightly, all the while kissing her from cheek to neck and back again. "You are zee butter to my baguette... zee strawberries to mah chocolate."

"Severus!" Hermione whispered tersely. "What are you doing? We're in the middle of the Great Hall! The students are looking!"

"I care not if zee students see how much I love you. You are everything to me. My dahling... let us go and make beauteeful music together."

"Severus, please!" Hermione cried as she tried to get out of his grasp.

He bent her low and loomed over her with a seductive look in his eyes. "You 'sink that playing hard to get weel make me want you more, coquette? Mmm hmmm, you are so right!" he growled and shook his head a bit for emphasis.

Hermione hit him on the shoulder. "Release me this instant!" she cried.

"You want me... I know you do!"

Hermione twisted and wrenched herself around, releasing herself from Severus' grasp only to have her slam onto the floor. She scurried up and ran out of the Great Hall.

Severus looked after her, his hand outstretched. "Hermione, my love! Come back! I need to make sweet love to you! I want to kees you all night long!"

Severus felt a pull from behind him, and before he knew it he had been dragged out of the Great Hall and into the outlying corridor. Minerva slammed him against the wall.

"Ah, Meenerva, you must talk to Hermione. She runs when I know she only wants me to ravish her."

"Calm down this instant! I would have never cursed you if I had thought Hermione was going to run like that."

"Why deed you do this to me?"

Minerva looked at him crossly. "Do you know how that woman pines after you?"

"We are enjoying each ozzer's company."

"Yes, you are! But she wants some signs of your affection. She wants you to express yourself and show her how you feel. She has no idea if you just like her company because you enjoy debate or whether you have true feelings for her!"

"I love her!"

"Then why haven't you told her?"

The question hung in the air for a minute. Severus thought, then looked to Minerva. "I don't know. I am not usually one to express my affection aloud."

"That's why I placed this curse upon you."

"But she has run from me. You 'ave made everything worse!"

"Go to her! The curse will only lift when she knows for sure what your true feelings are."

"I will go to her and tell her of my love. She will fall into my arms, and everything will be all right."

Minerva put a hand on his shoulder. "Just tell her how you feel."

Severus smirked slyly. "She will not be able to resist me!" Spinning around, he headed for her door.

Severus swept past Hermione and into her room. "Hermione, pleez, Minvera has cast a curse upon me, and I cannot help zee way I am acting."

"She cast a curse upon you? Why?"

"She wanted you to know how I feel about you. She felt I would not tell you unless forced."

"Look, Severus, I don't want you to say things you don't mean."

He moved in next to her and drew his hands along her shoulders and arms. "Eet is not zat. I love you. You are my leetle pidgeon. J'adore! Come to my tender embrace!"

Hermione broke from his grip. "How can I believe anything you say when you are speaking like some cartoon skunk?"

"I would not speak of love if I deed not feel it. Hermione..." He sunk to one knee in front of her. "I love you. Only you. Always you."

He stood up and pulled her close. His lips touched her ear, and he began to sing quietly into her ear. "Je t'aime, ma chérie, je t'aime. Je t'aime toujours, je t'aime." His voice began to rise with the melody. "Vous êtes tout à moi. Croyez toujours cela. Je t'aime, ma chérie, je t'aime."

"Severus, do you really mean it?" Hermione asked, her eyes filled with wonder.

"But of course, dahling. I love you." His lips met hers, and he kissed her passionately. Pulling away, he looked into her eyes. His voice was normal when he spoke again. "I cannot believe you only thought I wanted to spend time with you to debate. I am sorry that my aloofness made you doubt my feelings for you. I... I will try to be more outgoing with my affection from now on."

Hermione smiled at him. "Just as long as you don't pull another Pepé le Pew in the Great Hall again." She cocked her head at him thoughtfully. "But everywhere else would be fine."

"Mmm hmm hmm!" he growled, making Hermione look questioningly at him. His smirk turned into a dashing smile. "I love you, Hermione, and I'm willing to say it in any language so you'll know that it's true."

She lifted onto her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his neck. Her tender kiss assured him that she believed him. He reveled in it and returned her devotion with fervor. Silently he thanked Minerva, even if she did make him make a fool of himself in front of the entire school.

A/N: Prompt by Pyjamapants:

"Someone curses Severus into talking like Pepe Le Peu."

(I blame Christev)

Translation of song: I love you, my dear, I love you. I will always love you, I love you. You are everything to me. Always believe that. I love you my dear, I love you.

I've been doing a bit of French singing this school year and combined with the hilarity of the prompt, I couldn't resist writing this. Thanks to babefish.com for part of the translation. I can sing French flawlessly, but the translation sometimes gives me pause.

And I was doubly creative tonight. I never... and I mean never... compose music. BUT while writing that little song that Severus sang to Hermione, a melody just came along with the lyrics. So... I went into Finale and wrote the music down. I recorded the midi file and Lisa (tech savvy) attached it to a video of my silly dog and his water dish. Also thanks to Maggie for help with the story.

Here's the link if you'd like to check it out:<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QRNTmGnfHns>