

# Who Else Would Have Him?

by windwings

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for the Snape\_LDWS comm. The challenge is 'Sight', and the story has to mention or include a portrait. I'd like to thank **melusin** for being a fantastic beta.

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"How is he, 'Mione?"

"Oh, Harry, about as warm and welcoming as the iceberg that took out the *Titanic*."

"He'll come 'round. And if he doesn't, I know some spells." Harry made a significant face and laid an encouraging hand on her shoulder. "You're the only one who'd have him," he added, his voice swaying between guilty and sad. It was true. Even he, Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived-thanks-to-Severus-Snape, wouldn't have him.

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"You probably think everything I say is sentimental claptrap, Professor, but despite your being a colossal prick to me at school, I've always respected you. You know, I once had a dream where we discussed Potions?" she blabbered on, gently smoothing a sponge over his frame. "I wish you would talk to me, sir. You must be a brilliant conversationalist." Nothing. He followed her movements with eyes like a shithouse rat and said nothing. *No one else would have him* she read the mantra mentally, trying to cram her rage down to a bearable level.

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"Would you like to see my herbal garden, Professor?" Pause—just for discretion's sake. He wouldn't deign to answer. "Oh well, it's your loss." She almost turned to leave. "No, wait. I deserve at least some acknowledgement!" No reaction. She felt her vision reddening. "Oh, you... the gall of you!" Suddenly, an idea struck. Slowly, she unbuttoned her blouse. That got his focus on her. The blouse fell to the floor, soon to be joined by the skirt. Never one for palliative measures, Hermione topped them with her undergarments. Chin up, hands on her hips, she stood, challenge epitomized.

An elegant eyebrow arched in a perfect soft angle. Swearing, she stomped out.

"Nice tits," he called out as the door banged closed. Behind the door, she laughed.

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"Sir, I need your advice. It's a life and death situation. My research will depend on whether or not Meadows is right about ergot-infected rye usage."

"Miss Granger, if you weren't the patron saint of all things *canon* in academia, you would know that—" And he plunged into an extensive lecture which made her eyes shine. Her eyes shone so prettily.

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"Professor, I'm so happy I could kiss you! Oh, thank you!" she sang as she danced around the room, waving a gold-sealed Ministry contract in her hand. He wished she could.

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"How do I look?" She twirled in a white dress.

"You have ten digits, and your eyes don't cross behind my head when you look at me."

She laughed, and something in his heart shattered.

"You are the best portrait ever, Severus. In the new house, where would you like to be hung? Such a pity you don't have a copy so you could travel," she chattered, applying the final touches to her hair.

"Off with you, Hermione. You'll be late for your wedding."

She went. He went. They were both gone.

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"Severus? Severus!" Nothing. Just an empty chair where he used to sit. *He'll come round*, she thought. *Who else would have him?*