

# The Insufferable Know-It-All and Her Man

*by marauder girl*

Hermione Granger saves Snape's life and moves on with her own. Snape, on the other hand doesn't simply know how to move on....

## Prologue

*Chapter 1 of 3*

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### Prologue

This is it. He has done his duty, paid his debt. Now he was free and he was dying. At last, it was all over. The pain that seared from his neck to his heart suddenly disappeared, leaving a void of numbness. Is this death? Why could he still smell the stink of his own blood, of dark magic that emanated from both Nagini and her Lord? There was a new smell, a combination of soot, burn, dust, dragon, Dittany and very mildly of blueberry and lemon. Before he could ponder on that, something was being forced inside his mouth and then magicked through his throat. He tried to jerk up but realized he was cursed into a full body-bind. Narrow, yet strong arms held him close, and he smelled the combination of blueberry and lemon more strongly now. "Portus" a soft voice mumbled. He lost the last bit of consciousness through the nauseating tug behind his navel. Those arms never let go.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 2 of 3*

Hermione Granger saves Snape's life and moves on with her own. Snape, on the other hand, doesn't simply know how to move on....

Disclaimer: The Potter-verse belongs to J.K. Rowling.

A/N: This chapter could be posted only because an angel from heaven came to help me as a beta. She is Alliean. Hugs for her.

## Chapter One

Hermione couldn't breathe. Her arms reached towards Ginny as though on autopilot. Ginny promptly walked into her embrace, looking for solace that wasn't there. Fred, her friend, was gone. Tonks, whom she loved with all her heart, was gone. Remus – *Oh god! Remus!* – was gone. Her longest crush, the man who had come to her in her dreams for two years now, lay across the hall, still as death. She refused to think about Teddy. Then, she saw the tiny, still, lifeless body of Colin Creevey. She sprang up on her legs. She couldn't save any of them, but if she hurried, she still could save Professor Snape. Not thinking, not feeling, she ran towards the Shrieking Shack.

Hermione found Snape as they had left him. Sprawled on the floor, blood gushing from the punctures in his neck, Snape looked like Death himself. She found the faintest signs of a pulse. Immediately, she cast a full Body-Bind and a numbing spell on his neck, and poured the rest of the Dittany on the wound. Then she Accioed the only bezoar she possessed from her purse. She pushed it down into Snape's throat. She held him gently, yet firmly to her chest, converted the Dittany bottle into a Portkey and activated it.

They landed with a soft thump. The Hog's Head was empty and dark. She was already out of breath from carrying his weight. He looked so thin and sharp, but his tall frame was anything but light. She promptly lit some candles in sconces and levitated his body onto a bed. The wound was bleeding again.

*Help, oh God! Please help,* she thought frantically.

She had to go back to the castle. She had no idea how to stop the bleeding. The only antidote to Nagini's bite was in Snape's possession. She released the Body-Bind, cast a quick Anapneo and took out her Portkey. When the crystal vial started to glow blue, she heard the Phoenix song.

*Fawkes!*

Her heart soared with hope, but before she could turn towards the bird, she felt the tug and landed in the Entrance Hall.

Voldemort's hour was almost over. So was the night. Everybody gathered around her as she entered the Great Hall. Apparently, nobody knew where Harry was and thought she was with him. Then, they heard the sound of heavy footsteps approaching. Hagrid was carrying Harry in his arms. He was sobbing loudly. Harry was dead.

It didn't take her an instant to forget about Snape. She watched Voldemort set the Sorting Hat on fire, Neville kill Nagini, and Harry vanish and reappear at their side. She watched Voldemort die. She still didn't think of Snape. Then, she tagged along with Harry to Dumbledore's office. When Harry repaired his holly and phoenix wand, she suddenly remembered him. She grabbed Harry's arm.

"Harry, I need to see those memories!" she said earnestly.

"But why?" he mumbled.

"Trust me. Please."

Without saying another word, Harry handed her the flask she had conjured earlier and left her alone. He knew well that he didn't have to warn her about keeping it private. Hermione was the most sensible person he knew.

Hermione emerged from the Pensieve after what felt like a lifetime. She was trembling and crying. How could she have doubted Snape? She had to save him, and to do that she needed the antidote.

*Think, Granger.*

It was his office. He worked here as the headmaster. Snape was a spy. He must have kept it somewhere close. She started to turn the place upside down. She didn't have to, though. She found a cupboard hidden behind one of the portraits pretty quickly.

The Hog's Head was just as deserted as when she had left. Snape appeared to be unconscious. Miraculously, she noticed his wound was closed. It wasn't bleeding anymore. She poured the antidote down his throat and checked his heartbeat. She waited for ten more minutes before giving him the other potions so that they didn't react with the antidote. She gave him some pain relief potion, some Blood-Replenishing Potion and some Dreamless Sleep Potion.

She couldn't wake Harry up. He had to rest after everything that had happened. She knew she wouldn't be able to sleep, so she took a swig of Dreamless Sleep herself and went to her room. They both awoke a little after noon. After eating some food, she whispered into his ear: "I need to tell you... No, I need to show you something."

"Now?" He looked bewildered. "Should I call Ron?"

She hesitated for a brief moment.

"Er... I think it would be better if we keep it between two of us for now."

*It's time to rely on Hermione's judgement,* he thought.

"Lead the way, please."

"Harry, I think we should go to the Shrieking Shack first," she said, as a way of beginning her explanation.

Harry gave her a sympathetic look.

"I know you feel guilty about Snape - I do too. But he's dead, and we can't change that. They looked for his body, but it wasn't there."

"I know. I want to collect his wand."

"It's not there. Kingsley brought that in. Why do you want it?"

"Get me the wand, and for once, do what I say."

"Okay, okay. Relax, Hermione."

He went to look for Kingsley. Luckily, no one could say no to Harry yet. Not even the Minister of Magic. She hoped it would still be same if Snape had to face trial.

"Hermione, are we going to Hog's Head?"

Hermione bit her lower lip and nodded. Harry grabbed her shoulders with both hands and turned her to face him.

"Look, if this is about Dumbledore's life, I don't want to know about it."

"I know you've had enough of it. I would be sick of it too, if I were you. It's not about him."

Suddenly, out of the blue, she hugged Harry.

"Promise me you won't tell anyone until it's the right time."

"What is it?"

"You remember when you left for the forest?"

He nodded.

"I was so devastated that so many were dead and I couldn't save anyone," she sniffed. "Then, I thought that maybe I could save someone after all."

"Who is it?"

"Professor Snape.

## Chapter Two

*Chapter 3 of 3*

Hermione Granger saves Snape's life and moves on with her own. Snape, on the other hand doesn't simply know how to move on....

Disclaimer: Of course, they all belong to J.K. Rowling and I am not making money.

A/N: Sorry for the long wait. The delay was mostly because of demanding real life and lack of a beta. Well, real life is still demanding but I do have betas now. Blue artemis and AmyLouise are two angels who made this story readable. Three cheers to them.

### Chapter Two

Severus could feel the sensory charms even before he opened his eyes. The magic was strong, very strong.*Dark Lord?* He jerked up, remembering that he was attacked by Nagini. His body ached but this was the ache of the muscle unused for long, not the feral bite of the monster. He tentatively touched his neck. He could feel the thick scar of a wound long healed. Then he very vaguely remembered being whisked away by a Portkey. It was only then he looked around. He found himself in room which definitely belonged to a Muggle house. The presence of electric lights confirmed that. Why would Dark Lord keep him under sensory charm in Muggle house? Or was he just hallucinating?

A face appeared at the door. A small boy, not more than fourteen rushed in. No, wait a minute. It was a girl, a very thin and unhealthy looking girl with hair cropped off like a boy. She had a childlike face, narrow arms and legs. She wore a white tank top with spaghetti straps and too short denim shorts. A wand was protruding from the pocket, which she took out and started doing non-verbal diagnostic charms. Although only a couple of minutes had passed since he woke up, Severus already felt very, very tired. He leaned back in his pillows and closed his eyes. He was too tired to ponder the surreal situation where, after being bitten by Nagini, he found himself in a Muggle house under some strong sensory charms and now was being checked by an elfin girl. He drifted off again.

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When he woke up again, he found Minerva McGonagall sitting beside his bed and Poppy Pomfrey hovering over him. Minerva held his hand and told him with frequent tears how sorry the whole Order was for doubting him. He managed to get a grasp of the situation a bit from her though. The Dark Lord was dead; Potter lived once again; Granger had somehow saved his life, kept him alive and hidden for last twenty-two days and Kingsley, now Minister of Magic, had dropped all the charges against him. At this point Poppy stopped probing and scanning him and declared that he was fit enough to have a proper meal.

A few minutes later Severus found that by "proper meal" Poppy meant chicken broth, mashed potato and boiled vegetables. Apparently that was the right food for people who gained consciousness after twenty-two days. It took him a few more minutes to realize that the elfin girl with boyish hair was actually Miss Granger, and she had yet to speak to him. Since finding him awake, she was a flurry of activity. She informed Poppy and Minerva, assisted Poppy in diagnosing him, handed him his wand, took out phial after phial of potions and passed them to the medi-witch and then went to cook dinner. Now, he was sitting around the dining table with her and ready to crush her with his words alone for meddling with his life. He could tear her apart with his snarl. But when he opened his mouth, he couldn't control the words that toppled from his mouth.

'What happened to you?'

'Oh, you mean my hair, sir? That's nothing. After being on the run for almost a year, it was beyond repair. So I just cut it short. It's easier to handle too.' She shrugged.

Her hairstyle was something Severus had never seen a witch sport before. Most of the hair was so short that tiny curls almost clung to her skull. Only two chin length tendrils framed her face. The ice seemed to break a bit with this simple conversation on her hairstyle. So he continued.

'So, Miss Granger, would you like to share what happened in the shack and afterwards?'

She laid her fork on the plate and sat up straight. Without looking him in the eyes, she started to narrate.

'Well, after you collapsed, we left. Once the boys reached the castle, I came back and gave you a bezoar to counter the poison in your system and took you to the Hog's Head. Fawkes also appeared there out of nowhere. There, um, I left you with Fawkes. I came back after the final battle was over. I looked for potions in your office and found the anti-venom. Coming back I saw that Fawkes had healed your wound. Then of course I gave you the potions. I told Harry first, and he told Kingsley. Then Kingsley told the rest of the Order. No one apart from the Order yet knows that you are alive.'

'And, what am I doing at your parents' house?' he asked as evenly as he could.

'How do you know it was my parents' house?' She looked startled.

With a sneer, Severus replied, 'Well, Miss Granger, I just happened to be the Dark Lord's right hand, and he had some fascination on Potter's best friend.'

'I was really surprised to find the house unharmed,' Hermione continued.

Severus interrupted, 'The Dark Lord kept it under watch. He thought you or someone else would be bound to turn up at some point.'

'Oh, okay. Well, I expected to see it completely demolished. Then I asked Kingsley to put it under the Fidelius Charm and moved you here. See, nobody would expect to search for you here, right? That was, of course, before Kingsley declared you untouchable. Um, do you want some yoghurt?'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Granger?' he asked with genuine confusion.

"For dessert, sir, I have some frozen yoghurt with blueberries. You want to try some, sir?"

Severus held back a sigh with a little difficulty and replied, 'No, thank you, Miss Granger.'

They settled down on the couches in the sitting room. Severus was denied any alcohol or coffee as his health was poor. So, he settled for tea, and Hermione seemed to enjoy her blueberry yoghurt very much. She was still wearing those ridiculous shorts but had changed her top for an oversized tee-shirt. Severus was still shocked to be alive and hadn't yet decided how he felt about this. He was so accustomed to occluding and keeping his emotions at bay that he kept up the appearance that nothing was wrong. If anybody walked in, they would have thought that Severus was in the habit of gaining consciousness in Hermione's house and then drinking tea on the couch.

As if on cue, somebody did walk in. They turned out to be Potter, his side kick and Kingsley. Okay, now it was time for Potter's outburst for his love for Lily. *Bring it on, Potter*, he thought to himself and kept acting cool. He took Kingsley's proffered hand and shook it. Potter also offered his hand but the Weasley sidekick was busy getting the TV on. Hermione served yogurt to them and offered Severus once again, but he declined once more. The outburst still didn't come. He seemed to be fidgeting around his neck a bit. Hermione gave him a gentle nudge with her elbow. He sighed and pulled out a pouch that he was wearing around his neck. He took a glass vial from it and presented to Severus reverently.

'Your memories, sir.'

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After the guests left, Severus excused himself and went back to his room. He sat on his bed and looked around the room properly for the first time. The walls were painted in very pale celery green and lined with a closet and bookshelves. He felt more like himself once the memories were restored. He decided on a quick shower before bed. Returning from the shower, he found Hermione sitting on the armchair. She stood up promptly and handed him a number of vials. He drank his potions silently. He laughed mentally. Severus Snape was drinking potions from someone's hand and not even bothering to sniff them first. Well, who would care if he was poisoned, it's not like he actually wanted to live. The ever-meddling Granger wouldn't be there next time.