

Coward

by chivalric

A man, a bar, and Firewhisky. Loooooots of Firewhisky.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Many, many thanks to shell for betaing!

"Damn woman."

"Who is, Severus?"

"She is, of course, you stupid wolf."

"Look, Severus, I really think you've had enough."

"Give back the bottle! It's only one-third empty!"

"It is one-third of Firewhisky too much for you, Severus. You're not used to alcohol."

"Wanna marry her. Don't dare to ask without spirit... spirtuo... the aid of Firewhisky."

"You want to marry who, Severus?"

"*Her*, of course! Merlin, you're thick. Wonder why I talk to you."

"You don't, actually. You just ramble about some woman. Does she have a name, by the way? I decided to come over when I saw you sitting all alone at the bar. You must admit, finding you in a Muggle bar is a bit strange."

"She likes it in here. She..." *hick* "... likes Muggles."

"Who likes it in here? Don't tell me you're actually waiting for someone – I wouldn't believe it anyway."

The door creaked; a woman walked in. Head held high and eyes narrowed against the warmth of the small pub, she brought in the cold winter wind and icy, bright colours with her scarf and gloves.

Severus flung his arms around her without warning. "Marry – *hick!* – me!"

"Severus! Don't scare the life out of her, and... Sorry, Hermione. Come on, Severus, let go of her. He's drunk as a Banshee. Don't know what's got into him. He's babbling

about a woman he wants to marry; surely, I haven't got a clue who he's talking about. I'm certain he won't remember a thing tomorrow morning, which is just as well – he'd be awfully embarrassed."

"Will you f-fucking marry me now or what?"

Brown eyes sparkled. "Well, if you dare to ask me again once you're sober, then yes, I will. And just for the record – given the fact that you found the courage to ask me at the bottom of a bottle, I'm afraid I have to call you a big, silly coward."

Snape got up on staggering feet. "You can call me whatever you like, love," he said with dignity and then finally collapsed into sweet oblivion.

"He won't remember much in the morning; you are aware of that, Hermione?"

"He will remember everything that counts, Remus. I'll make sure of that."

"Poor Severus," Remus murmured, and then he ordered another drink, massively glad that he was already married, and that it had been Tonks who had asked the most crucial question of them all.