

There's a First Time for Everything

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus looked in the mirror and startled himself. *Bloody hell! I didn't realize that Muggle's hair was dyed. I hate being a ginger... damn Weasleys. Well, there's nothing for it, unless I want to sit here contemplating my navel and playing with that rubber ball the Dark Lord gave all of us. I still wonder why mine was red.* He hated being seen in public anymore, at least as himself; this way he could enjoy a couple of drinks at the pub, especially since his version of Polyjuice lasted four hours.

Severus walked down to the pub at the end of the street. He opened the door and came face to face with one of his nightmares. *Bloody hell! Damn Weasleys.*

There was the bloody Golden Trio, along with the girl Weasley and the non-dead twin. Severus surreptitiously cast a wordless and wandless Notice-Me-Not spell and sat at the booth next to theirs.

He was quite amused when Hermione poked her wand into the youngest male Weasley's crotch and her finger into his face. "Ron, we are broken up. We are never going to get back together. Ever. I do not share, especially not with Romilda Vane and Lavender Brown. Being known as the Sandwich King does not endear you to me at all. I could not disinfect you enough."

"Really, Ron. Snape was loyal to my mum's memory that whole time, you should learn from his example," interjected a slightly tipsy Harry.

"I kind of doubt, that, mate. He was uptight, but not *that* uptight," said the very drunk George.

"Haven't you had enough, George?" asked Ginny while trying to get Harry's attention by rubbing her breasts against his arm.

"Snape was soooo brave. He protected everyone in the school, he saved me even though he didn't like me... He was the true hero," said Harry, making everyone realize he was drunker than they thought.

"Fine, bloody fine. Snape is a hero, Hermione won't put out, Ginny's trying to convince Harry to shag her, ever though everyone and their grandmother knows he prefers blonds, although I'm not sure if he prefers Luna or Neville, and George wouldn't know if he had enough because he hasn't stopped drinking since Fred died. I don't even want Hermione, but Mum will have my balls in a sandwich if I don't give it a try... Fuck, Hermione, what did you put in my drink?" Ron looked at the witch in question with horror in his eyes.

"Huh. I had that same look in my eyes when a clown came up to me in Paris," she said.

"It wasn't a clown, 'Mione, it was a mime!" said Harry.

"No, the clown was the one that scared me; I punched the mime," she said distractedly.

Severus couldn't take the surreal conversation anymore and left the pub as discreetly as he came in. He didn't know that Hermione had known he was there the whole time... She knew his magical signature, even if he happened to look like a red-headed Hulk Hogan at the moment. She looked around for Crookshanks and nodded at him.

Crooks sniffed the man as he passed and decided his human wasn't completely insane. The man currently looked like what would have resulted if Hagid had mated with a damn Weasley, but he smelled right.

Severus asked for a pint to go and walked out of the village proper to a meadow by a lake that he liked sitting near on days he was between experiments. He had managed to drink half of his stout when his peace was disturbed.

"Do you mind if I join you?" asked a pleasant female voice.

"Always with the questions, Miss Granger. Fine, sit."

Hermione smiled at him, then sat down.

"What, no tears about having left me? You don't regret anything? You don't want to tell me I'm your hero?" he asked her bitterly.

"I stuffed a bezoar in your mouth, poured phoenix tears on your neck and sent a Patronus to Poppy. Of course I regret things, doesn't everyone? Damn Weasleys. You are a hero, in the truest sense of the word, doing what was right and necessary instead of what was easy or popular. But no, you aren't *my* hero. Did I answer all your questions?" Hermione responded.

"That was you?"

"Yes. Crookshanks likes you; I couldn't let you die."

"How did you know that?" Severus was astounded.

"You had some of his hair on your robes. I knew I had to save you even before Harry saw your memories. I trust my cat."

Severus threw back his head and laughed.

"So, when is that Polyjuice going to wear off?" Hermione asked.

"In about fifteen minutes."

"Good. I rather like knowing who I'm going home with is who they say they are," she said.

"Excuse me?"

"I'm persona non-grata with the group in the pub. I gave them a short term truth potion that is activated by alcohol. Ginny really wants to be with Zabini, Harry wants Luna, George wants to be dead, and Ron, well you heard Ron. I might as well be where I want to be tonight, instead of where I'm expected..."

She was stopped by Severus's lips on hers.

"Quiet. You are rambling. And if you really want to join me tonight, you are welcome," he said after he stopped kissing her.

Hermione beamed at him and took the arm he offered to her to return to his flat.

Severus smiled down at the witch, who was beaming at him quietly. *I guess there is a first time for everything.*

Crookshanks looked on from his perch on the log near the lake. *About time... Damn Weasleys.*

A/N: I asked for a prompt, and this is what I got:

Lyn F: Sandwich Kings, Dark Lords, red rubber ball

karelia: A Polyjuiced Severus, Crookshanks, and a meadow.

Mazzy: Maybe Severus could head down to the pub and find the trio there, a bit drunk, and subject him to all their comments of his 'hero-ship' :)

Many thanks to the ladies for making me laugh. I hope I have returned the favor.