

A Wench, A Bat, and Two Brainless Prats

by LivingTheDream

This is a sequel to "What Stays in Vegas is Sometimes Joined by Two Idiots." It's the immediate aftermath of Ron and Harry Apparating in on Hermione and Severus's wedding night. The prompt was from sunny33: A story where someone declares their love for someone else. It has to be serious, and no McDonalds allowed.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Previously, in "Sometimes What Stays in Vegas is Joined by Two Idiots"

Hermione rolled off, panting.

"I can't believe how amazing that was," Hermione said.

"I can't believe we just saw that," Harry said.

"I can't believe someone hasn't gouged out my eyes," Ron said.

"I can't believe I didn't hear the Apparition of two idiots into my hotel room," Severus said.

With one movement, Severus had rolled out of bed, grabbed his wand, and bound the two idiots who stood gaping at them. Hermione pulled up the covers around her shoulders but Severus had yet to realize that he was nakedly holding two Aurors at wand-point. He glanced down, said, "Oops," and lazily retrieved his trousers from the floor.

"You forgot to ward the room?" Hermione was staring at him, incredulous.

"I was a bit preoccupied, thank you. You could have warded it as well. Wench."

"Bat."

Severus walked behind Harry and Ron and put his hands over their eyes.

"Get dressed. These two will not go away without some sort of explanation. I'm sure they'll threaten me at some point. But if I have to explain what married couples do..."

"I've half a mind to make them talk to me while I'm naked."

"I'd prefer that privilege be only mine, wife." Harry and Ron's eyes were lolling back in their heads, despite being bound.

Hermione rolled her eyes and sighed. "As you wish, husband."

She threw her dressing gown over her head, retrieved her wand and, glaring, trained it on the boys... er... men.

"Harry. Ron. Do you know what time it is? It's 4:30 a.m. There is only ONE reason to be awake at this hour and You. Are. Not. It. Severus, release them. They're about to stroke out. But only let one of them speak at a time."

"Which one would you prefer?"

"Oh, let Ron talk. Best to get that idiocy out of the way first."

"Your wish is my command."

"Obviously."

Severus cast a silencing spell on Harry and then released them both.

"Mione! What did he do to you? Are you under some kind of lust potion? I didn't hear right, did I? He didn't really make you marry him! When you disappeared from Hogwarts as soon as classes were out without even saying where you were going, we knew something was wrong. That's not our Mione. You were supposed to come to the Burrow. We traced you to this hotel, but we figured you'd just be being held prisoner... we had no idea Snape was here and would be taking advantage of you. I never thought he would stoop so low as to kidnap someone for sex."

Harry had the presence of mind to look embarrassed at this verbal onslaught. He looked down, not meeting Hermione's eyes.

"Ronald Bilius Weasley, you are the most mentally deficient jackass ever to hold a wand. First of all, I have told you repeatedly that I do not like being called Mione. Do you like being called Ronnikins? I thought not. Now, have you owed me at all in the last year?"

"Er... no."

"And have you actually read any of the letters I've sent you?"

"Er... no."

"And the last time I saw you was last summer, when I had to dump a bucket of ice on your head and slap you for trying to get into my knickers to, 'Show me what I'd been missing.'"

Severus began to growl.

"Er... yes. But I was drunk."

"So, let's sum up. You've shown absolutely no interest in my life for the last year... well, several years, really, except for a drunken grope at Harry's birthday party at the Burrow last summer. And when I don't show up at the Burrow within seconds of the term being over, you declare me missing and track me down to Las Vegas."

"But Mum said..."

"I told your mother that I would drop by the Burrow some time this summer, after things had settled down."

"But what is there to do? School's over. And why would you want to stay in the castle any longer than you had to, stuck with nothing but old wrinkly professors with no lives..." As soon as the words had come out of his mouth, Ron knew he'd made a mistake. Well, an even bigger one than showing up in the first place. Harry and Severus knew it too. Harry shut his eyes and hoped that Hermione would be merciful to him; after all, he'd not said anything so horrifyingly stupid. In truth, he had simply been worried about her because Ron had said she was supposed to be at the Burrow. Severus wondered just how many deaths he would have to explain to the American Wizarding Law Enforcement, and if they'd let him have conjugal visits with his new bride.

Hermione's eyes narrowed and she eyed Ron with a new level of malevolence. She oozed closer to Severus, who was still brandishing his wand, clad only in his trousers.

"Won-Won, I don't know if you've noticed this or not, but Severus here is a professor at Hogwarts."

Standing partially behind Severus, she put her hand on Severus' shoulder and began trailing down from his muscular chest to his well-defined abs.

"As you can see, he's not old or wrinkly. In fact, he's quite the opposite." She hooked her thumb into his waistband. Severus smirked at Ron, who turned green.

"He can't possibly love you, Hermione. He's just using you for sex. He's disrespectful, he calls you 'wench'."

Severus looked at Ron, an odd expression on his face.

"Idiot boy," he spoke in a whisper, which shocked Ron. He'd expected Severus to be shouting by now. "If I were using 'your' Hermione ... which, by the way, she's not yours and never was and in fact belongs to me as of yesterday ... for sex, I wouldn't have married her. In fact, I would have just gone down to Knockturn Alley and paid for it."

"You see, Hermione, he just views you as a possession."

"Of course I'm a possession. I'm his and he is mine. As for whether he loves me, it does not need to be said for me to know it is there."

Severus looked decidedly put out. "What are you talking about, wench? I said that yesterday."

"No you didn't." Hermione dropped her hand from his waistband, and he turned to her.

"Of course I did. I said it when we were married by that Elvis Presley magistrate woman at the twenty-four hour chapel."

"No, Severus, you just repeated what the Elvis woman told you to say."

"That doesn't count?"

"Of course not."

"Enough! This is my wedding night, and it has been interrupted for entirely too long."

Severus glared at Ronald and released Harry from the Silencing spell.

"Shut up and no sudden movements, or I cannot be held responsible for what I do to you."

He sank to his knees in front of Hermione, put his hands on her hips, and looked up at her.

"Hermione... I'm sorry I did not say this before. Speaking about emotion is not something with which I have very much practice. You are the first thing I think about when I wake up in the morning, and the last thing I think about when I fall asleep at night. You fill spaces in me I didn't know were empty. I love you more than life itself. I would die for you. I would kill for you... please let me kill for you?"

He glanced at the boys and then up at her hopefully. She smiled and shook her head.

"Too messy," she whispered.

"Right. Hermione, I will always love you. The thought of being without you is more crushing than any torture I have ever had the misfortune of experiencing. I am clueless as to what led you to want to marry me, but I'm selfish enough to not ask too many questions about it. You are a goddess."

"Severus, that was a little over the top."

"But every word of it true, love."

Severus eyes met Hermione's, and she knew that it was true. And she also knew that he would probably never say anything so long winded about love again. If Severus said he would love her forever, then he would, and that was the end of it. He'd never see the need to tell her that again, because he'd already said it, and forever was forever, in his mind. She smiled and marveled that this amazing, brilliant, complex, deep man was hers.

Severus looked startled as her expression changed from loving to furious in a split second, but sighed in relief as she whirled on Harry and Ron. Ron looked even greener. Harry cuffed him in the back of the head.

"You're such an idiot, Ron. Sorry, Hermione. I promise not to listen to him ever again. I'll make it up to you somehow." He grabbed Ron's shoulders and with a crack, Apparated them both out of the hotel room.

Severus, still kneeling, immediately warded the room so many different ways Hermione began to wonder if they'd be able get out of the room. Not that she would complain. She pulled the dressing gown off and went to crawl back into bed, when Severus said, "Um... Hermione? Help an old man up, will you?"

"Severus, you're not an old man."

"No, really, Hermione my knees have gone stiff. I can't get up."

"Severus, really, you're such a baby."

"Hermioneeeeeee..."

"Oh, whinging. Brilliant. Don't make me Mobilicorpus you into bed."

"Ew. I hate that charm. The last time someone used it on me, I got a concussion. Can't imagine who that was."

"He's dead, Severus, let it go."

"He gave me a concussion and almost got me eaten by a werewolf TWICE. How can I let that go? I hope he's got eternal detention scrubbing bed pans in the afterlife."

"You know, as the only known wizard who can fly, you sure do whinge a lot."

"For the love of Merlin, Hermione, come help me up."

"I will, but only because you were so eloquent earlier."

"It's because I was so eloquent earlier that I'm in this mess."

Hermione climbed off the bed and held out her hand.

"Come on, you great, decrepit lug. You probably need some help with those pants, too..."

"Oh, now she's helpful..."

As she hauled him to his feet, he pulled her close.

"You make me happy, did you know?"

Smiling, Hermione led him back to bed.

A/N: As always, thanks to my fabulous beta, Sunny33.