

Valentine Roses Deaux

by Owlbait

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Written for MoreThanSirius as her prize for being SSHG Queen of Reviews. MoreThanSirius graciously agreed to have her prize be a sequel to [Valentine Roses](#), which you can read before this one, or after, or not at all; this will still make sense. Thanks to TeaOli for alpha and beta through omega.

Severus's forehead dropped into his palm with *asmack*, the sharp pain in no way making his afternoon any worse. Peeling open an eye, he surveyed the picnic blanket. He saw the French cheese and crackers, fruit cut into fancy shapes. Chocolate covered strawberries, champagne in crystal glasses ... in short, everything for a perfect romantic Valentine's Day picnic. His first with Hermione. His first *ever*.

How could it all have gone so wrong?

Severus's eye landed on the second chocolate rose. *The Weasleys. Of course.*

His mind snapped back to earlier that morning. He'd been desperate. Fred and George never had any trouble with women. Surely they would know what to do.

He should have known.

"Sorry, mate, the chocolate roses are display only."

"Are they not edible?"

"Oh, they are edible," George said.

"They just aren't for sale," finished Fred.

"Why ever not?"

The twins looked at each other.

"Some things are just priceless," they declaimed in unison and in a smug tone that completely hid the fact that they had to have been hiding something.

He really should have known better. But they *were perfect*! Each leaf and thorn exquisitely formed, not to mention the flowers themselves. Tissue thin petals made from reddish brown chocolate barely dusted with cocoa. When he breathed the air over them, the scents of cocoa and rosewater blended hypnotically deep in his sinuses.

He wasn't proud of it, but he had been tempted beyond reason. He wanted this day to be everything Hermione had dreamed of.

A large chocolate brown butterfly fluttered around his head, then landed on his nose, furling and unfurling her proboscis irately.

He looked up at her in speculation. Perhaps ... perhaps, she'd forgive him. Or at least develop a sense of humor about it later. Taking a deep breath for courage, Severus picked up the second rose and ate it. He sighed. It really did taste as good as it looked and nearly as good as it smelled. Such a pity.

POOF

Two chocolate butterflies now fluttered in circles about each other over the abandoned picnic spread. After several laps, one gave a resigned flap, then lit on the one rotten strawberry that had been overlooked in packing the basket, and began to sip the juice. The second butterfly, larger with darker wings and an especially prominent proboscis, landed next to her and tentatively budged up to have some too. He was not rebuffed. There was a bump of proboscises and more fluttering. Then, the gentlest caress of delicate insect foot over iridescent chocolate wing.

Ten years later...

"Because we owe him for fixing our problem with the things, that's why," George told his twin.

"Oh, I'm not arguing about that. Two dozen chocolate roses a year is a very small price to pay, seeing how much profit we make on these things."

"So, what's your beef?"

"It isn't a beef exactly; I just wish I knew *why* he insists we add two of the old wonky roses in with the good ones every year," Fred said, slipping the two special roses in with the rest and addressing the package, "Madam Snape."

Original prompt: Severus needs advice on what to do for his first Valentine's Day with Hermione. In desperation, he takes advice from George Weasley (and Fred if he's alive in your AU or a ghost.) So how did that advice work out for him?