

Anger Will Get You Everywhere

by ader_snape

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Chapter 1

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"It was a grave transgression on your part, Severus." Lucius Malfoy fixed him with an icy gaze. Severus knew it was for show. The Board of Governors was still watching him closely for signs of favouritism, even eight years after the War.

"The boy almost exploded his cauldron for the second time in one class period. And it was due to pure negligence. If he had succeeded, he would have seriously injured himself and most of his fellow students," Severus explained in a tone as icy as his counterpart's stare.

"Nevertheless, we cannot allow your reaction to go unnoticed." Wallen Mayther, a newer member of the board, piped into the conversation. "Professor Snape, we could very easily ask for your resignation. The boy's parents are most adamant that we do. But we feel that would be overly severe for your actions, considering you have no other outbursts of this level on your record."

Severus stared at the plump man. "Never before have I had a student as careless and stupid as Jeremy Nethers." He said the name as if the words themselves tasted bitter.

Mayther pursed his lips. "The Board has decided that in lieu of your resignation, you must attend an anger management seminar."

Severus sat straight up in his chair in surprise and rage. "You cannot be serious! Anger management seminars are for people who yell over petty things such as spilt ink and being accidentally bumped into on a busy street!" Severus's face was turning red as he continued. He was only vaguely aware of Minerva's elbow cutting into his ribs, but chose to ignore it. "I keep my anger inside!"

"Yes. We believe that to be part of your problem," Mayther said impatiently. "You do not handle your anger properly. Your choice is simple. Go to the seminar or tender your immediate resignation." His tone left no room for argument.

Severus made an impolite noise. He had no desire to attend such a seminar. No doubt he'd be forced to talk about his feelings with whatever strangers were taking the class with him. But he also wanted to keep his job. He was currently Minerva's Deputy and was looking at a promotion to Headmaster in a couple of years when she retired.

"I will go to the seminar," Severus said. *I can always decide later to resign if the seminar proves too much*, he thought to himself.

"I had hoped you would see it our way, Severus," Lucius said with a sly smile.

Severus sneered at him. "Are we finished here? I have a class in fifteen minutes."

Mayther pulled a piece of parchment out of his bag. "You'll need to have your instructor fill this form out and seal it with his wand. You will be on probation until you have

Severus stood up, hastily swiped his wand along the indicated line, and stalked out of the room without a second glance.

"Clumsy me!" he exclaimed in frazzled but cheery voice. "Ah, yes. Right. Well, if everyone will please take a seat, we will begin for today."

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Her mind started to wander as she thought about her former professor sitting next her. They had had an amiable conversation. And a slightly witty one at that. It wasn't exactly the dark, nasty man she had grown up knowing. The war had changed him. He was finally free of Voldemort. Surely that would change anyone. Or perhaps it was simply because she wasn't a student anymore.

"We'll have an hour lunch break now. There are several eateries in the area, or you may stay here for sandwiches. Please be back here precisely at one o'clock. We'll be starting the exercise part of the seminar." He smiled. "You are dismissed!" he said a little too cheerily.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, giving him a scandalised look. He looked slightly confused, but only looked around the corridor.

She sighed. "Just warn me beforehand next time you decide to manhandle me?" He nodded and gave her a smirk. "Now, Professor Snape...", she started.

Hermione smiled. "No. No, it's not." She cleared her throat. "So, Severus, where should we go for lunch?"

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As they walked into the room, he felt an odd confliction. But he soon forgot it as Hermione whipped out her wand and quickly waved it over both of their chairs. As she sat down, she sighed in relief as he eyed her suspiciously.

"What did you do to my chair, Miss Granger?" he said in low voice.

"Thank you, Hermione. This may even make the rest of the seminar bearable."

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They were both very quiet as they walked out of the building and onto the street. Severus was the first to break the silence.

"Oh, yes. Me, too," she replied. She so badly wanted to ask to see him again, but found herself worried that he would scoff at her eagerness to see him.

"It was good seeing you, Severus." She stopped. And then, before she could stop herself, blurted, "Perhaps I'll pop by Hogwarts sometime. To see you." She could have melted into the sidewalk. What was wrong with her? Severus didn't answer immediately. He just looked at her, and then took a step back.

"What the hell does that mean?!" she said forcefully. As if in response, there was a loud crack, and Severus stood in front of her once more. He strode up to her, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Forgive me," he whispered. She looked at him in confusion.

"For not forewarning you about the manhandling." His eyes twinkled like she had never seen before.

THE END

A/N: This was the piece I wrote for the Winter 2012 SSHG Exchange. It was so much fun to write, and I hope you enjoy reading it. Many thanks to my lovely beta, AmyLouise, and my great Brit-picker, of_anoesis.