

Weasley and the Beast

by TeaOli

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Come on out and fight!" Ron peered through the doorway, watching his prey ignore him. He knew he looked and sounded like a prat, but some things couldn't be helped. "Were you in *love* with her, Snape? Did you honestly think she'd want you when she had someone like *me*?"

"Yes." Snape didn't even bother to look up from the ledgers he was perusing.

Ron gritted his teeth and stormed into the little building, determined to carry on as if things were going as planned.

"It's over, Snape! Hermione's mine!"

"Dear God, boy! You can't honestly expect me to participate in this nonsense." Snape eyed Ron's red shirt, dark trousers and heavy boots. "Are you wearing *my* boots?"

"Damn it, Severus! Can't you stick to the script? Just this once? It's tomorrow, for God's sake!"

"You want me to grab you by the neck and threaten to toss you from the roof?"

Defeated at last, Ron threw himself into the chair across from Snape's desk and scowled at his nemesis. "~~You~~*would* try helping me make tomorrow special for her," he grumbled. "I'm not the only one who forgot our anniversary, you know."

Standing, Snape stretched before walking round the desk and yanking Ron from the chair with a firm hand.

"You are not," he agreed as he guided Ron outside, an arm slung over the younger man's shoulder. "But we've more than made it up to her, haven't we? On her birthday. At Christmas. On *my* birthday."

"Yes, but—"

"Doing anything further would be overkill, don't you think?"

"Well, maybe..."

"I don't think even our darling bossy boots believes she's entitled to having us devoting *both* of our birthdays to entertaining her in recompense."

The walk across the wintery garden continued in silence for a moment until Ron had thought things over a bit. "Probably not," he conceded, biting his lip doubtfully. "But it's

her favourite film!"

"Which you and I both hate!" The two men shared a grimace before Snape spoke again. "Besides— Look, I wanted it to be a surprise, but I suppose I'll have to tell you now. I got tickets for the Cannons match tomorrow. So, as you can see, we really *don't* have time for this nonsense."

"Yes!" Ron pumped a fist in the air in triumph as Snape pulled open the kitchen door. "Have I told you how much I love you? No? Well, I do. You are the best bleeding husband a bloke could ask for. Really, mate, marrying you was the best thing I ever did."

"Shh!" Snape stopped them in their tracks, glancing around the kitchen. Seeing it was empty, he said through clenched teeth, "Do you want her to hear and decide we can't go?"

Ron's face fell. "Shit!" he whispered. Then, in a far louder voice, he said, "Marrying you and Hermione was the best thing I ever did!"

"Laying it on a bit thick, aren't you?" Snape pushed Ron the rest of the way inside.

"If it means I get to see the Cannons kick Harpies arse for my birthday, I don't care," Ron said. He walked over to the open cupboards and started pulling down plates.

Snape snorted. "You mean watch your sister's Harpies make the Cannons cry and beg for mercy."

"Shut it, Snape. I seem to remember you begging for mercy the other night when I—" He cut himself off when he felt a presence immediately behind him.

"Don't get cheeky, or you won't get a repeat performance for your birthday."

"Kiss my arse. You love it when I'm cheeky."

"If the Cannons win tomorrow, I *will* kiss your arse." Snape's hand slipped down to the arse in question.

Laughing again, Ron pushed back into his husband's touch. "You'll be kissing it anyway. A lot sooner than tomorrow, too!"

"One of you had better be kissing *my* arse tonight *and* tomorrow if you expect me to sit through an entire Quidditch match without complaining."

Both men turned to see their wife standing in the doorway from the hall.

"What?" she asked when they continued to stare. "I assume you bought a ticket for me?"

"Well, yes," said Snape, "but I hadn't thought you'd be able to sit through the whole match without complaining."

"It's Ron's birthday," she told them. "Of course I can. What's for lunch?"

Author's Note: I offer my most thankful thanks to karelia and linlawless for being the best beta team ever!

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters – or the (parts of) the beginning dialogue. I also don't make money from making use of them, so hopefully everyone is satisfied!