

The Days

by GinnyW

A story centered around the importance of the days of the week. Written for the "Married to Another" challenge at GrangerSnape100 on LiveJournal. A set of 14 100-word drabbles.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a set of 14 drabbles of 100 words each and was written for Grangersnape100 on LiveJournal.

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Severus awoke from his dream with a start. It only took a moment for him to realize what day it was.

Tuesday.

Tuesdays always had a different feel about them. They were special, unusual, different, unique. They were, *almost*, his favorite day of the week.

Arising quickly, he gave a slight smirk as he showered and shaved for the morning before breakfasting with his wife.

"You seem in a pleasant mood this morning, husband," greeted Narcissa with a smile.

Acknowledging her with an inclination of his head, Severus sat down across from the blond woman and ate his meal rapidly.

It was Tuesday. The day that *she* came into the Apothecary shop that Severus owned. She would have the completed orders and pick up the request list and supplies needed for the next week's batch.

He finished his morning meal, and with a terse farewell, Severus left for work.

At precisely ten o'clock, the bell rang on the door announcing her arrival. His pulse quickened as he watched her approach the counter, drinking in the sight of her. She flashed him a warm smile.

If his wife knew, he wasn't sure who his wife would kill first: him or Hermione.

Their marriage had been born of necessity. It had been a result of the end of the war and the need to protect herself from being Kissed ... as Lucius had been. To ensure

survival, Narcissa had again sought the aid of Severus Snape.

Through marriage he would be able to keep her out of prison. Husbands could not testify against their wives before the Wizengamot... he could protect her and help keep Draco from Azkaban too. It was through obligation of a life debt to Lucius that Severus agreed.

Despite no love between them, Narcissa demanded faithfulness in her marriage.

Tuesdays were her favorite day of the week. She always knew when it was Tuesday without ever looking at a calendar. Severus would always be pleasant at breakfast on those mornings before rushing off to work.

It was the one day of the week that he never stayed late. He would come home from the shop, take her upstairs, and make love to her.

As he thrust into her, she really didn't care if his thoughts were on the Mudblood.

Oh, Narcissa knew.

She'd known for quite sometime.

But Severus would never dare be unfaithful, of that Cissy was certain.

It had begun when Miss Granger came into Snape Apothecary on a Tuesday morning to purchase potion supplies and inquire about any freelance brewing that could be done to supplement her income from the Ministry.

After several sharp and snide remarks, she'd been on her way. However, something about her caught his eye on that first visit. The loneliness in her life seemed to call to his own. Severus couldn't get her out of his head.

That was why it hardly surprised him when his annoying former student was at his shop at precisely ten o'clock the following Tuesday morning.

"What is that?" he snarled as she began removing potion bottles from a small basket.

"Potions, of course," she answered, smiling.

His eyes narrowed.

"It's a beautifying potion. It's almost Valentine's Day, and I saw that you only had a small supply. I figured you could sell them."

"I don't need to increase any supplies for that frivolous holiday," he spat.

Searching for a way to get him to agree, Hermione finally countered, "Carry them. If they sell, you reimburse me only for the cost of ingredients and allow me to contract work. Otherwise, I won't bother you again."

"Agreed."

The beautifying potions, of course, sold out in only a few days. It'd been the week before that dreaded holiday. Severus wasn't sure which he was looking forward to least, the holiday from hell or the smug look that was sure to be apparent on Miss Granger's face when she returned next Tuesday.

The holiday passed.

Tuesday arrived.

Miss Granger didn't gloat, only smiled, requesting reimbursement and a list of contract work.

Severus obliged, including adequate compensation for her well-brewed potions.

With that, their weekly relationship began until occasional talks and casual smiles and fleeting touches were no longer enough.

Severus' *favorite* day of the week was Thursday, although he never let his wife know that. He never smiled on that day. He kept a stern face, snarling or snipping when she spoke to him.

Cissy dealt with his sour mood by making other plans. Thursdays were the day that she'd spend visiting Draco at St. Mungo's. He was currently a resident on the long-term ward, ever since he'd been punished for failing to kill Dumbledore.

With his wife adequately occupied, Severus would not have to worry about his Mrs. Snape interrupting his day.

The shop opened late on Thursdays.

Severus Apparated to Hermione's flat, his pulse once again quickening as he rapped on the door. She opened the door and allowed him entrance, greeting him with a passionate kiss, once he was safely inside.

"I have missed you so much, Severus," she said.

He wanted to tell her how sorry he was, how much he wished that things could be different for them. Running his hand through her hair, he was only able to say how badly he needed her, how he ached for her, and how much he wanted to take her to bed at that very moment.

Everything happened quickly; from the moment Severus began to kiss her, to when he began removing her clothing and lead her back to her bedroom.

"I love these days spent with you," he whispered as he removed her blouse.

Hermione hummed in agreement, enjoying his kisses.

It was then that they heard the slamming of the door in the other room, followed by a scream. Within moments, Severus' very angry wife was in the room with them, accompanied by her delusional son. Though, in hindsight, Hermione would've thought that calling only Draco delusional wouldn't have been a very accurate assessment.

Narcissa stood in the doorway, seething with anger. Before they could respond, she flicked her wand, Summoning their wands to her instantly. Their wands firmly in her

hand, she inclined her head toward Draco before she left the room.

Her son was not a resident of a ward at St. Mungo's for the mentally unstable for nothing. He would see that neither left the room alive, and the entire incident would be considered nothing more than a horrible accident from an insane man who went to visit an old schoolmate, and happened to find his stepfather in a compromising position.

Severus awoke from another fitful night's sleep. No matter what he did, the nightmares still plagued him.

He dreaded getting out of bed. It was Tuesday. He hated Tuesdays. It was now ~~now~~*almost* the worst day of the week. Tuesdays were riddled with images of caskets, mourners, and failure.

Despite not loving Narcissa, Severus had cared for her and Draco both, deeply.

What was once a day when he yearned for innocent glances and pleasant conversation, had been replaced by hatred and self-loathing. Even the gentle, welcoming, loving face of Hermione could not ease the burden of his tortured soul.

Hermione glanced at the man beside her as he tossed and turned, willing him to sleep longer. It pained her to watch him hurting. Even through the Dreamless Sleep his mind knew it was Thursday. All Thursdays began this way.

Thursdays were a reminder for what had happened.

Draco had only cast *Petrificus* on them. Stopping himself only inches before impaling Hermione with the Black Family dagger, he'd seemingly had the clearest thoughts he'd had in years. He'd left them to stab his own mother before killing himself.

A frozen Severus had only been able to listen as Narcissa screamed.

They say that time heals all wounds... the pain wasn't yet gone, but it was fading.

It had been three years since the murder-suicide of Narcissa and Draco.

Severus had always felt responsible for Draco. He'd failed him. He'd wanted to save him.

Hermione understood. She'd stood by Severus. Caring for him, loving him...

It was Sunday. A good day. A beautiful day. Flowers and shrubs lined the path they were walking.

"I like Sundays," Hermione said softly, picking a rose.

Threading his fingers through hers, he gave her hand a soft squeeze. He agreed, Sundays were a good day.

~Fin~

A/N: The challenge set I used was "Married to Another". Details include: Severus is married to another and experiences regrets or he is happy with his non-Hermione choice. (Challenge may also allow Hermione to be married to another and she experiences regrets or is happy with her non-Severus choice.) For this challenge, you cannot have Hermione and Severus married to each other, it must be someone else. Try to be creative with the spouses.

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Thanks to cocoachristy and Ferporcel for the beta-read. And thank you, everygoodun. ;)