

There May Be Tea

by Saltfish

A lightly humorous, thirty minute story involving tea.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written for the Livejournal **30minutefic Community**. The story had to be written and edited within 30 minutes. The only changes I've made were errors I picked up afterward. The text is essentially as posted.

This is a dialogue-only challenge in which the characters have tea. Characters, setting, etc. must be revealed within the dialogue.

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"May I come in?"

"If you must."

"Hermione, I'm..."

"You're what?"

"I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm not."

"Ummm. May I join you? For tea?"

"No, you may not."

"You don't have to make it; I can summon a house-elf."

"These are my quarters, Severus Snape. If you want tea, bugger off back to your own. You don't live in this part of the castle anymore."

"But, Hermione, I thought by now you'd have seen sense?"

"Sense? How dare you, Snape. Maybe it's time you saw sense and understood that this particular relationship is over. Perhaps it had never begun in the first place."

"Hermione... Please... Don't cry. Here, let me get you a hankie."

"Just get out. Get out of my rooms and my life. The only places I want to see you are in the Great Hall for meals or the staff room for meetings."

"Can you tell those friends of yours to stop making those rude gestures? It isn't necessary."

"I have no control over a wizarding picture, Severus. You know that."

"Winky wanted, Great Sir?"

"Winky, please leave and take Great Sir with you. Neither of you are wanted at present."

"Yes, Missy."

"It's only tea, Hermione. And perhaps some dreamless sleep might help you. Are you sure you've been sleeping lately? Those are rather unattractive dark circles around your eyes. And you're very tetchy."

"Tetchy? I'll give you tetchy. I'm fed up, Snape; fed up with your arrogant, dismissive, rude, sad, sour, moody behavior. You will no longer use me as a replacement Neville Longbottom—I am not some lame target for your pathetic temper. I am not a rose to be beheaded at your vindictive whim. I am not a student whom you can deduct house points from. You will leave. Now."

"Hermio—"

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"Tea, Severus?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Minerva. Got any Firewhisky to put into that?"

"Things didn't go well, then? Severus, are you all right? Don't choke on the tea, dear."

"Sorry, it's just that, 'not well' was an understatement. And that is said in the most understated way."

"I told you to give her time to cool off; she does have a fierce temper when you get her going. And don't smirk at me, Severus Snape. I've known you since you were a boy, remember. I blame Slughorn, of course. He should have pulled you into line when he had the chance. And Albus, bless him. Yes, Albus Dumbledore, don't look so horrified. You spoiled the boy because of your own inadequacies as a Headmaster. I never told you when you were alive, but I'm telling you now. You, both of you, allowed Severus too much rope. Now he's hung himself."

"I hope you're planning to apologize to her, Severus."

"I tried, but she wouldn't listen!"

"Try harder. And don't insult her. Do something nice, for goodness sake. She's a woman; make her feel like one."

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"Oh, it's you."

"May I join you?"

"I suppose."

"You always did know how to make the right tea, Hermione: the exact color and the perfect amount of milk."

"I got your owl. The note was thoughtful. Oh, and thank you for the perfume. It's lovely."

"You liked it?"

"Yes. It's really lovely. I'm... I'm wearing it now. It's here—"

"Mmmm. You smell so good, Hermione, and it's not just the perfume. Oh, God, I've missed you."

"Severus, we need to talk."

"Mmhmmm."

"Severus, please! Really, we need to talk. Please wait. Oh— Ooooh, yes."

"You still can't resist that spot, can you? I've really missed you, Hermione."

"Oh, Severus, I've missed you too. But this is as far as it goes. You're welcome to come back tomorrow night, and we'll talk some more."

"For tea?"

"There may be tea."