

Some Truths Aren't Worth Knowing

by Marti

What's Severus to do when Harry asks some questions?

Chapter One

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He should have tasted the difference in his Firewhisky, but having the entire Weasley clan in his home, along with Harry bloody Potter made him down the snifter without the glass hardly touching his lips.

'Damn! What the fuck am I going to do now?' he wondered wildly as he looked around at the people milling around his home. Which of those incorrigible dunderheaded friends of Hermione had dosed him with Veritaserum? He caught the eye of Potter, who was watching him with a glint in his eye that reminded him too much of Dumbledore. 'Ah, the perpetrator to the crime. And here he comes.' Severus smirked inside. If the boy wanted to know what he was thinking, then by all means, let him ask his questions.

"Good evening, Professor Snape. Are you enjoying the evening?" Harry came up to him, smiling smugly. He and the Weasley family were here for Hermione's birthday.

"I'd enjoy it more if the lot of you would go home, but I promised my wife I'd be a good boy," he answered truthfully. Harry grinned wider.

"So, what do you see in Hermione?"

"Besides her prodigious intelligence, she's built like a fifth-year's wet dream." Severus smirked as the boy-who-lived paled at the response. If he wanted the truth, then he should be prepared for it.

"That's sick."

"Not if you're the man she's in love with, Potter. You should go away before you hear some truths you'd rather not want to hear." He leaned forward and whispered so no one else could hear the exchange. Harry frowned and shook his head. He'd decided to dose the Potions master, and he was determined to follow through.

"Do you love her?"

Severus stood back and sneered at the younger man again. "I love Hermione more than I've loved anyone in my miserable life. I feel lucky to be loved by her in return and thank God for such a miracle," Severus stated matter-of-factly. Harry swallowed. This wasn't going the way he thought it was going to go.

"Why do you hate me?"

"Besides the fact you are your father reincarnate? You're a pain in my arse. You should have been a Slytherin."

"I almost was. The Hat wanted to put me there."

Severus blinked at him in surprise. This was something he'd not heard before.

"Potter, you should go back to Miss Weasley and forget about the interrogation," he warned Harry. The boy nodded his head absently, still in wonder over learning the extent of Snape's feelings for one of his best friends.

"Yeah." Harry turned to leave, and then whipped back around. "Why're you being nicer to me, anyway? Usually you're threatening to hex my balls off."

"Because Hermione promised to give me a blow job in the Headmistress's office if I played nice with her friends this evening." The Veritaserum forced him to answer before he could come up with a better way of phrasing it. Unfortunately, the people closest to him and Potter, Arthur and Bill Weasley, heard every word and gaped at him. Severus grinned evilly at the boy. "I told you that you might not like what you learn tonight, Potter." Severus refilled his Firewhisky and downed it much slower this time, watching the boy over the rim of his glass pale, then turn a deep red in embarrassment.

"Damn, if Fleur offered me that, I'd visit her parents more often!" Bill laughed as both Severus and Arthur choked on their drinks.