

The Wizard Groom

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Severus is only *mostly* dead. Rampant Princess Bride & Monty Python quoting & paraphrasing. An insanity serial for the grangersnape100 'movie quotes' challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warning 1: DH Spoilers

Warning 2: Blatant insanity drabbles with no moral or philosophical value whatsoever.

Warning 3: Massive amounts of Princess Bride quotations & paraphrases. Minor Monty Pythonage.

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Hermione stood defensively in a corner, watching the wizened old man potter about energetically.

"It just so happens your friend here is only *mostly* dead."

The young woman looked puzzled. "'Mostly dead'?"

The short man 'hmm'ed agreement. "Mostly dead is slightly alive. All dead, well, nothing for it, but mostly dead I can work with."

Hermione looked down at Snape's immobile form. It had taken her far too many hours before she could reach him, and her mind had been running in circles with quite a few 'if only's. "Thank god."

"Now," the white-haired head nodded seriously, "you got money?"

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Snape wasn't the type to babble needlessly. So when he awoke, he merely glanced around, sizing up his situation. When he saw Granger, his eyes narrowed.

"Why won't my arms move?" he asked suspiciously.

"You've been mostly dead all day," she replied. She looked rather the worse for wear. "I had Miracle Max make a pill to bring you back."

He blinked. "How did you know to find *him*?"

"This was in your robes." She pulled out a small card: *If injured, take to Miracle Max, Edge of Thieves' Forest, Nottinghamshire.*

Snape then realized that *her* hand was holding *his*.

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He'd felt better once he was able to sit up; his upper body was working, and that meant he could use his wand if needed. But... Hermione sat (on the opposite side of the bed now) and looked thoughtful. "There's too much," she said decisively. "Let me sum up." And she recounted what had occurred after his death.

To say that he was nonplussed was an understatement.

"So, basically, the Dark Lord killed himself. After killing me."

"That's about it," Hermione agreed.

"And now the world is once more a happy, joyful place."

She nodded.

"So... Why am I here?"

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Moments later, Snape was staring blankly at Hermione. "You can't love me," he said baldly. "After what I've done..."

She smiled. "And what hideous sin have you committed lately?"

His stare became incredulous. Had Bellatrix *completely* rearranged her mind? "I killed Albus," he said carefully.

"It never happened," she stated.

"What?"

"It never happened."

"But it did, Hermione. I was there. Remember?"

She waved dismissively. "Do you *really* think he'd allow himself to be permanently damaged? No, he's alive, annoying as that is at this point. It's how I knew you might have a chance."

Bugger. There went *that* argument.

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"I'd planned to seduce you after graduation," Hermione continued conversationally. "No student-teacher silliness to bother about, you understand. But, well, with everything else, *that* plan got scrapped."

Severus tried looking haughty (no mean feat when you're propped up against pillows). "You're a silly girl."

"Yes, I am a silly girl," she agreed. "I love your mind"--she kissed his forehead--"your snark"--his lips--"your bravery"--lower yet. It became blatantly apparent that Max's pill had done its job.

"Evidently, I'm not dead yet." Severus smirked. "In fact, I feel much better."

"Just wait 'til I get going," murmured Hermione.