

The Dear John Letters

by Elise_Wanderer

Letters in search of a noble end. And a pair of knickers.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They belong to JKR. We just play with them. Happily, but without profit

A/N: My deepest, warmest, scrummiest thanks to sshg316 for her remarkable (and remarkably FAST!) beta work. Shug, I love you and your *very* fine-tooth comb!

THE DEAR JOHN LETTERS

Dearest Hermione,

I know I sounded harsh last night. I intended to. And I know you wanted to discuss things in more detail, but I believe you know me well enough by now to recognise how inadequate I am at such discussion. It is precisely because of that inadequacy that I think it best for you to move on. You have wasted enough of your youth on a bitter, evil, lost, and very old man. It was incredibly kind of you...quite typically kind...to attempt my redemption, but this is a project beyond even your prodigious capabilities.

I should never have given in to your sweet innocence. It was weak of me, I know, but since you and the Order and, yes, all right, I will admit it, Potter himself finally rid this world of that vile creature who called himself Voldemort, I was feeling reckless. In the euphoria that followed the discovery that I had not, after all, joined that dark bastard beyond the veil, I forgot for a brief time what I truly am.

I should never have allowed myself to take advantage of you in that way. You were still, for all intents and purposes, my student, and I had never before, even in my blackest hours, betrayed the pledge I gave to Albus to protect every one of you. In the end, I was laid low by the unbelievable sense of relief that Voldemort was gone and I had survived, and by the unbearable purity of your pity and your compassion. That you could even look at me, much less offer yourself as a sacrifice to the impossibility of my redemption, still humbles me beyond my capacity to comprehend it.

You said you love me, and I thank you for that gentle lie. I do not deserve such goodness, and I shall always treasure the gift that you were in my life. But from the moment I allowed the Mark to brand me, my soul has been forfeit. You had not even been born when I gave up all rights to you. I should never have thought, even for the briefest moment, that my crimes could ever be expiated enough to deserve the amazing gift of you. There is not atonement enough in this lifetime to buy back my miserable self. I was insane to believe otherwise, even for the fleeting breath in which I thought that whatever I might feel for you could matter at all. It cannot. Who I am outweighs everything else. To think otherwise is simply staggering arrogance.

Put all the distance of your unsullied goodness between us. Your fleeting surrender does credit to your idealistic compassion. Were you to stay, however, I could only destroy you in the fire and degradation that is my life. You deserve so much more, and I cannot give it to you. I loathe myself for longing to lay waste to you for my own sake. No good can come of this. I am a fool for ever thinking that it could.

- Severus.

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Snape,

Arrogance, indeed, you insufferable wanker.

How dare you! How dare you think you have even the tiniest right to decide anything for me, to "protect" me, to "save" me from myself! And how dare you call this wrong! If you are so truly repulsed by me, by the idea of me, by the thought of fucking me, then simply have the courage to say so.

I left...you threw me out...before I had the chance to gather all my things. Kindly do me the courtesy of returning the rest of my belongings at your earliest convenience. I would not wish to have left anything petty behind to remind you of what is so obviously a painful, agonizing regret.

Bastard.

HG

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Sweet girl,

I send this letter with the dear possessions that graced my chambers along with your loveliness for such a brief time. You have every right to hate me, and I accept your scorn because it is so deserved.

Never think that you could repulse me in any way. On the contrary, I repulse myself. I loathe the creature who took your sweet innocence, and I beg only that you do not linger on thoughts of me. Your light and goodness must survive this evil interlude. You have every right to every scrap of happiness there may be in the world.

With humblest apologies,

Severus

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You Self-Flagellating, Self-Righteous, Snivelling Fuckwit,

You think so little of me to consider my unchecked passion, my unconditional love, my deep, almost inexpressible delight in finding you to be nothing more than some misguided desire to be nice to a decrepit old man. Fuck you.

For someone with such an inordinate amount of intelligence, you are remarkably stupid. You refuse to see any but the worst thing in front of that enormous nose of yours. You look at sacrifice and courage and see only debasement. You look at unchecked passion and, face it, Snape, transcendent sex and see nothing but...how did you put it?... "fire and degradation." You admit...you did admit it, I have it in writing even if you try to deny that you also said it out loud more than once, you plonker...that you love me, and you heard me say it back...more than once and not just screamed at the top of my dear-Merlin-how-can-he-make-me-come-like-this lungs. And yet you pretend that some words have more power than others, that one action makes everything since then impossible.

You refuse even to admit that I wasn't a virgin when I seduced you. That vaunted innocence you keep referring to was taken a long time ago by a boffin I barely remember except for the "prize" he took from me in the back garden of his auntie's one-up during summer hols. I was happy to be rid of it.

You are right about one thing, though. It is the only point I will grant you. You have ruined me. I will never be able to look at another man without seeing your eyes. I will never be able to make love to anyone else without feeling your hands on my thighs or your voice thrilling me to the deepest part of myself or your unbelievably talented fingers which from the first touch knew me better than I will ever know myself. I am ruined. It is all your fault. And I am very sure that makes you feel better.

And where are my black lace knickers? They don't seem to be in this lot you flung at me through the Floo.

H

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My own dear love,

It pains me beyond words that you admit to ruination at my hands. I assure you that you are not past saving, for it is all my doing.

With deepest regret,

Your Severus

P.S. I have no idea where the blessed garment may have gotten to. I would be honoured to provide a suitable replacement.

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Oh, for fuck's sake, Severus, I may have to come back there and slap you silly.

I may cry myself blind every night missing you, wanting you back in my arms and in my bed, but I am hardly ruined and neither are you, you great berk. Do you really think so little of yourself...so little of me, if it comes to that...to believe that I have no judgement, no sense of real decency...not the kind that worries about a bit of honest slap and tickle but the kind that considers things like honour and guts and sacrifice? You have more goodness in your left eyeball than most people I know have in their whole lives. And I have known a lot of good people. I believe I am qualified to decide such things.

And if you're keeping the knickers as a remembrance, well, you are welcome to them, you big perv.

-H

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My dearest Miss Granger,

I am stung to the core that you would believe me capable of thievery or of hoarding any of your possessions. Such accusations are beneath you, and I would hope that you are aware enough of my character to realise me incapable of such unthinkable acts.

I am no "perv," as you so eloquently put it. Although I did indeed take notice of you whilst you were still a student, this was initially only of your intelligence, and I ruthlessly thrust such notice aside. I could at worst be considered a kind of voyeur of the underage intellectual, but since I took no actions on my interest and indeed, suppressed all thought of you at the time, I cannot truly be blamed for finding your young mind and eagerness for knowledge to be so damnably appealing.

I did at least wait until your body had reached its majority in both worlds before even considering a plan of action, and even then, I restrained myself until I could hold back no longer, until the force of you finally broke through my defenses and insisted that I take notice. I do not blame you, Miss Granger, but you will recall, please, that I did

attempt, many, many times, to demand that you remove yourself from the situation. You could have joined any teaching staff anywhere in the whole wide wizarding world. That you chose to ignore the dangers and my many cautions to place yourself directly in my path was a conscious act of sheer madness.

I am also most distressed to hear of your difficulties sleeping. I would not wish this on my account. I send you a fresh batch of Dreamless Sleep, made by my own hand, and beg you to take it. You must rest and think no more of me.

- Severus

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Severus, you gormless tosser,

Once again, you put the worst possible interpretation on what should be delightful and romantic remembrances. And you continue to think denial to be the highest form of nobility. You are a great git.

Oh, and by the way, please do me the courtesy of remembering who seduced whom, who initiated what, who had to force her way past your fucking reticence and unwillingness to do anything about the obvious, palpable, almost visceral attraction that had grown between us. Remember who kissed whom that first time, my dear colleague. As it was, I think we had already passed most of the dates selected in the staff pool on "When Severus and Hermione Are Finally Going to Shag."

Even Minerva had bagsied two days too soon, and she knows you better than you think she does.

Speaking of Minerva, she absolutely insists that I sit in on your first class on Thursday for "evaluation and observation," whatever that means. I just wanted to warn you that you will be forced to put up with me AND a roomful of dunderheads for an entire class session, and knowing how both nauseate you so, you may want to take something before class begins.

By the way, how did you manage to get Headmistress Every-Single-Rule-Must-Be-Followed-to-the-Letter to let you off of staff meetings, and can you teach me? I love spending two solid hours every week either wanting to scream or catching up on my sleep. At least I'm getting paid for it.

-Hermione

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Dearest Hermione,

Never let it be said that your presence nauseates me. In fact, having you there on Thursday made that class bearable for the very first time. Though I must admit you are an incredible distraction. I wanted very much to give the little morons in my tender care a lesson they would never forget right there on the Potions table. But I wouldn't want to get splinters in that delicate arse of yours.

As for the staff meetings, a solemn (and, I assure you, quite sincere) promise to practice an Unforgiveable on the first person who crosses me has done the trick. It's an ex-Death Eater thing. I doubt you could pull it off, as it requires a lifelong reputation for snark and menace.

-S

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Severus,

You could be put away on every morals charge in the book for your voice alone, especially when you are speaking about senses being ensnared and minds being bewitched. Your voice should be regulated and doled out in tiny doses, else the entire female population within range will surely have to be hosed down and given time off for the very bad behaviour those unbelievably erotic tones encourage so wantonly. I kept looking around the classroom to see if all the other witches in the room had been reduced to quivering masses as I was. Do you have even the slightest idea, my love, what effect you have on me? Thank Merlin I was sitting down.

-H

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Hermione, my own sweet one,

On the contrary, it is you who are affecting me. How can such power radiate from such a small frame? How can eyes be that liquid? I am very much in danger whenever I am near you, but what exquisite peril it is. You are truly a witch.

-Severus

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Oh, Severus,

I'm moving back in. Try and stop me. Just try. I miss your evil wit, your devastating self-doubt, your foul moods, your inability to express yourself (except, for some reason, on parchment), your misplaced nobility, your jealous rages (Neville? Are you insane?), your snarky cracks about my hair, your complete inability to face the morning without an entire pot of coffee in you, your bottomless insecurities (especially about your relative decrepitude, which never stops you in bed, I might add), your enormous . . . nose, and your interminable guilt trips that could take you to Buenos Aires and back. Twice.

You shall simply have to bear it. I know it will be tough. But I promise the sex alone will make it worth it.

Because I do love you, more than I can possibly express, you unbearable wanker.

Your own Hermione

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Dear sweet wonderful impossible one,

I surrender. I love you, too. Come home.

I have your knickers.

Your Severus

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A/N This was inspired by a much darker piece, "My Sweet Hermione" by sigh. As touching (and plausible) as that was, I couldn't let SS and HG end there, with just two letters. So I had to write my own version of their exchange. In the process, I found a wonderful and very funny site for Britishisms:

<http://english2american.com/index.html#index>

and had great fun letting Hermione get royally, deeply shirty.