

One Miraculous Day

by fizzabella

When the Dark Lord is gone, life will be very different. Musing on what the future holds, from two separate, but much-desired points of view.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

When the Dark Lord is gone, life will be very different. Musing on what the future holds, from two separate, but much-desired points of view.

Author's Note: Thanks to Sempra for her beta-ing services. This little bunny hopped into my head and took up residence and would not leave till I had finished typing this.

As always, the characters you recognize belong to J.K. Rowling. I make no money from my forays into her universe, but I hope I make it a pleasant place for some of her characters.~)

~OoO~

"Mine," he whispers, staring at the photograph on the bedside table for just another moment before he murmurs *Nox* and the lights go out. "Someday, I mean to make her mine."

"Mine," she whispers, staring at the photograph on the bedside table for just another moment before she murmurs *Nox* and the lights go out. "Someday, I will belong to him."

~OoO~

Someday won't happen for at least three years because she is his student and he is her teacher. He also happens to be a spy and double agent, playing a very dangerous game with the most dangerous of wizards. For now, he has to keep his feelings carefully hidden. His life depends on it. If the Dark Lord knew he loved her, she would become a target. Because the Dark Lord isn't a casual visitor to the school, and he himself has never socialized much, he has taken the risk of keeping one photograph of her, charmed so only he can see her image. To anyone else, the photo is his Potion Master's certificate, a symphony of gorgeous, handwritten calligraphy on stiff, expensive paper. For now, he treats her rather badly in public, criticizing her schoolwork and deducting house points from her at every available opportunity. His disdain of her is completely insincere.

Someday won't happen for at least three years because he is her teacher and she is his student. She also happens to be the best friend of Harry Potter, the boy-who-lives, and she is a target because of that friendship. For now, she has to keep her feelings carefully hidden. Her life might depend on it. If the Dark Lord knew she loved him, she would be twice a target. Because she is Head Girl, she has her own room and a tiny bit of privacy, and she has allowed herself to keep one photo of him. The charmed-for-her-eyes-only picture holds pride of place in a silver frame on her bedside table. To anyone else, the frame holds a Muggle photo of her parents. For now, when she is around him and he takes points or criticizes her work, she glares at him and mutters resentfully under her breath about the curses she would like to cast on him and the fate she wishes for him. She doesn't mean a word of it.

~OoO~

He knows she is achingly sensitive to his voice, to his presence. He doesn't understand why he affects her the way he does, and he would not believe anyone who told him that she trembles under his gaze because she adores him. Wish fervently that it could be true, yes. Believe it? He could just as easily believe in the Muggle Easter Bunny. Once or twice he grasped her hand to correct the position of her wand when casting spells, and he knows he will never forget the tingling warmth that filled his soul at the brush of his skin across her own. Once, and only once, in Potions class, he stood near enough to her to catch the scent of her perfume. His keen senses detected lemongrass and lavender, warmed by the sweetness of vanilla. He tried to recreate the scent in his laboratory, but as he expected, he failed. The fragrance in the bottle wasn't warmed by her skin.

She loves his voice and trembles in his presence. It's nearly a physical ache, the desire to throw herself into his arms and confess her feelings to him. Instead, she pushes them aside, only admitting to her friends that she thinks he is brilliant. They know she covets his praise. Because she is a 'bookworm' and a 'know-it-all,' they assume she doesn't fancy anyone. They would be shocked to know that she adores him. They don't notice how she trembles under his steady gaze; they did not hear the stifled gasp of delight she emitted when his hand brushed against hers. When he stood close behind her in Potions class, his nearness was like being wrapped in a warm cloak. When he spun on his heel to go back to his desk, the scent of mint and eucalyptus wafted around her, and she nearly stopped stirring her potion to drink in his scent.

~OoO~

He thinks she is too young to be aware of him as a man. She isn't, and has never been, a young woman of loose morals, or even a flirt. She has chosen to focus on her studies and is so intelligent and determined that most of the boys are intimidated by her. They overlook her in their pursuit of flashier girls. He thinks that she is lovely, with her heart-shaped face and delicate features, her huge dark brown eyes fringed by sooty dark eyelashes. Her mouth is both lush and finely drawn, her smile crooked and completely endearing. Her hair is a soft shade of light brown and wildly curly if left unrestrained. He wonders how it will feel wrapped around his fingers when he finally has the right to touch it. He's actually grateful that she isn't the centerfold type preferred by her peers.

He would be shocked to know that she is acutely aware of him on the most elemental of levels. She's grateful that he has not had time for a significant relationship because she can't be the only woman to think him attractive. Not that he is conventionally handsome, nor does he make much effort to please by appearance alone. He doesn't need to do anything save exist. She finds him entrancing, those piercing dark eyes and lean muscular strength all wrapped in that baritone voice that reminds her of black velvet. He knows how to use that voice, too. He can soothe and stroke, then snap his words like a whip. His voice truly *bewitches her mind and ensnares her senses*. He is the most brilliant teacher at Hogwarts and the one from whom she has learned the most. She knows how difficult his life is and how thin his resources are stretched. She worries about him constantly and nearly cries in relief when she sees him in attendance at each meeting of the Order of the Phoenix.

~OoO~

As appealing as he finds her, physically, it is nothing compared to the attraction of her mind and heart. Her intelligence shines like a beacon in darkness, especially compared to her peers. He hopes that someday he will have the freedom to spend hours in her company, just talking, or perhaps sitting together quietly reading. He knows she is a devoted friend and looks forward to the day when some of her devotion is lavished on him. After the constant tension in his life, her unquestioned loyalty and intelligent conversation will be balm for a wounded soul.

She loves to listen to him lecture because she knows that he truly understands his subject, whether it is Potions or Defense. He pushes her to think harder and to apply the principles he teaches rather than simply memorizing the steps and ingredients in making a potion. After shepherding Harry and Ron through their years at Hogwarts, having an intelligent conversation with him about magical theory or philosophy (or anything other than Quidditch, the weather, and who is going with whom) will be a delight.

~OoO~

He desires her with an ardor so fierce it is almost frightening and trembles to think that he will be the first, and Gods willing, the only man she will ever know. She is untouched, and her purity enchants him. He is a choosy man, and a possessive one, but this is a defense mechanism. His weakness is his inability to shield any part of his heart, once he gives it. Once she belongs to him, he will never let her go because to lose her would shatter him. There would be nothing left. Somehow, he knows that she is worthy of his trust.

She knows that she must remain unencumbered by lesser relationships, and so she walks alone. She wants only one man, the one she can't have right now. She is patient. She will wait. She knows there will be no turning back once she gives herself to him. Instinctively, she recognizes that if he accepts her love, he will claim her as his own and brand himself into her very soul. She will belong to him, utterly and forever, and that makes her shiver. She knows the surrender would be mutual, and the mere thought of that is so intimate that it rocks her to the core.

~OoO~

And so he sleeps, dreaming of the day when it will be safe to tell her how he feels about her. One day when the Dark Lord is gone, and he can claim Hermione for his own.

~OoO~

And so she sleeps, dreaming of the day when it will be safe to tell him how she feels about him. One day when the Dark Lord is gone, and she can give herself to Severus.

~OoO~

One miraculous day.

Finite Incantatem