

# Anything But This

*by morgaine\_dulac*

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## Part 1

*Chapter 1 of 2*

Severus is given the one task he'd rather not carry out.

'This cannot wait, Severus,' Dumbledore said. 'Time is running out. All the other Houses are already prepared.'

'I will not do this, headmaster.'

'I'm afraid you have no choice, Severus. There is no one else who can do it. Slytherin House depends upon you.'

Severus scowled.

He had done many despicable things in his life. He had spied, tortured, killed. But this! The mere thought of it made his stomach clench.

But Dumbledore was right. There was no other man for this task.

So Severus said his prayers and left for the dungeons.

He had a dancing class to teach.

## Part 2

*Chapter 2 of 2*

Maybe, this wasn't as bad after all.

'For goodness' sake, Draco. Didn't your father teach you anything? One-two-three, one-two-three. Even Longbottom the witless wonder has grasped the concept.'

Severus stepped out of the shadows and positioned himself beside Draco, who was clutching on to Pansy Parkinson.

'This, dear Draco, is a woman not a Hippogriff,' he drawled, shoving Draco aside and placing his hand on Pansy's waist.

'With the right touch, she will follow your every move, carry out your every command. She will be like putty in your hands.'

Pansy's cheeks flushed and her pupils dilated.

Severus would deduct fifty points from her later. For drooling.