

Love Is Blind

by morgaine_dulac

A series of drabbles answering a challenge from sinbad: 'I have a challenge for you if you choose to accept it. I would like you to do a story that has a purely happy ending for Severus. Any ship, any trials and tribulations are up to you, but I'd like to see a happy ending. Just for giggles.'

I: Hearing

Chapter 1 of 5

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'Professor Snape, can you hear me?'

Yes, he could hear her. But he could not answer her.

He could not move his lips. He could not even feel his tongue or his throat.

'Do not try to speak, Professor Snape.'

He knew that voice. He had heard it before, in his sleep, in his dreams. But he did not know whom it belonged to. He just knew that it was soothing, comforting.

'You are at St. Mungo's, Professor Snape,' the voice went on. 'You have been unconscious for almost three months. We are very happy that you have come around.'

St. Mungo's? Unconscious?

Severus' mind tried to make sense of the words he had just heard but couldn't.

What had happened? Why was he here? Why was he unable to speak? And why was everything around him pitch black? He was certain that he had opened his eyes. Or had he?

Then suddenly, his mind was flooded with images: the Shrieking Shack, the Dark Lord, Nagini. Pain, blood~~h~~is blood.

Every muscle in his body tensed up.

Once more he fought against the enchanted cage. Once more he failed.

Once more he fell to his knees.

Once more he died.

'Hush now, don't struggle. You will only make it worse.'

There was that voice again. It made him calm down, made him relax.

Severus felt himself being pushed back into the pillows by warm, soft hands.

He knew those hands as well. They had touched his aching body, had taken away the pain. They were small, and their touch was tender.

Then the hands let go, and he felt cold. Alone.

He heard footsteps and tensed up once more.

'You have nothing to fear, Severus. The war is over. The Light has won.'

That voice he knew. It was Minerva's.

'Potter told us you had fallen,' Minerva said. 'We thought we had lost you. But Fawkes saved you.'

Fawkes. Severus remembered the Phoenix's beautiful song. It had been just as soothing as the voice he had heard in his dreams.

Who was it that had spoken to him, he wondered again. Where was she now? And would she come back?

'Fawkes' tears made you survive,' Minerva went on, 'but we didn't know if you would ever wake up again. Many of us had given up hope.'

'Professor Snape needs to rest now.'

The voice.

Severus relaxed. She *had* come back.

She spoke to him in a soft tone, changed his bandages with tender hands.

'Your wounds are healing nicely, Professor. Another week and we will be able to remove the spell on your vocal cords.'

So that was why he was unable to speak. That was why he could not feel his throat.

'With some practice, your voice will sound just as silky as it always has.'

Why did she know how his voice had sounded, Severus wondered. He would ask her about it as soon as he was able to.

And he would also ask her about her name.

II: Speaking

Chapter 2 of 5

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'Good morning, Professor Snape.'

Her voice was just as warm as the sunlight that fell upon his face as she opened the curtains.

'Did you sleep well?'

Of course he had. He had dreamt *of her*, had done so every night since he had regained consciousness three weeks ago.

He had probably also dreamt of her while he had still been wandering in the borderland between life and death. And it had been her voice that had brought him back. At least, that was what Severus wanted to believe.

'I have good news,' she announced. 'The Healer will visit today.'

'Once I remove the spell from your throat, you will be able to use your vocal cords again,' the Healer explained. 'But be warned, Professor Snape. Your throat is still sore, and you will be hurting.'

Severus nodded. He understood.

He heard *her* step behind him, felt her tender hands on his neck. Her touch was so familiar now. And so was her voice.

'You will feel a slight tickling in the back of your throat when the Healer removes the spell, Professor. Do not talk and try not to swallow until he tells you to.'

Once more Severus nodded.

The awakening of the nerves in his throat felt peculiar, like raindrops on naked skin, like the tickling of thousand tiny fingers.

'Now, in a low tone, tell me your name.'

Severus opened his mouth but nothing happened. Not a single sound escaped his lips. He frowned.

Then he felt her hand on his shoulder and heard her voice.

'Don't you worry, Professor Snape. Your vocal cords are just a little rusty. Drink this.'

She held a cup to his lips, and he drank. The potion was warm and tasted of honey.

'Now, try again,' the Healer ordered.

'Severus Snape.'

'Everything seems to be in order,' the Healer claimed.

In order? Was the man deranged?

Severus scowled. The sound of nails scratching a chalkboard was heavenly music compared to the one he had just produced. Certainly, this was not *in order*.

'You will need practising,' the Healer explained. 'And there are potions that will help your vocal cords regain their flexibility. But why am I telling you this? You are Severus Snape. You know those potions.'

Yes, of course he did.

'The nurse will take care of you.'

Then the Healer exited the room and left Severus alone with *her*.

'What is your name?' he croaked.

His throat was on fire, but he did not care. He needed to know, even if it meant agonising pain.

'It's Helena.'

'Helena,' he repeated. Even her name was soothing. 'The beautiful Helena.'

An odd sound escaped her. It wasn't a laugh. It wasn't a sob.

Severus wondered what it meant. But he did not dare ask.

She made him drink his potion, put a spell on his throat. And when he bid her goodnight, he called her *beautiful Helena* once more.

'Trust me,' she replied. 'My face will never launch a thousand ships.'

III: Touching

Chapter 3 of 5

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'What is wrong with my eyes?' Severus asked.

'The snake's poison affected your nervous system,' Helena explained. 'The Healers are working on a potion as we speak. But unfortunately, the best potioneer in the country cannot help them.'

She squeezed his shoulder with her small hand.

'You will have to be patient, Professor Snape.'

He sneered. 'I am not a patient man.'

To that, Helena laughed. 'Yes, I know that, Professor.'

Once more she cast the spell that kept him from straining his vocal cords. But Severus suspected that she just did not want him to ask how she knew.

Talking hurt a little less each day. But still he sounded like an old raven.

'Don't worry,' Helena soothed him one day. 'Soon your voice will be as soft as velvet again.'

He scowled at her, and she laughed.

'Your scowl doesn't frighten me anymore, Professor.'

'Not anymore?'

'I remember the first time you swept into the Potions classroom, your robes billowing behind you and that scowl on your face. I was a timid sixth-year Ravenclaw. And you scared the living daylights out of me.'

Helena Scott. Severus remembered her. He never forgot a face. Especially not one that beautiful.

'I remember you. Your hair is chestnut.'

‘Yes, it is.’

‘And your eyes are blue.’ Severus paused and searched his memories. ‘Grey when you are angry.’

‘You really *do* remember.’

‘May I look at you?’

He touched her hair first. It was silken.

Next was her neck. Her skin felt soft under his fingers.

When he touched her lips Helena smiled, and the fine lines at the corner of her mouth told Severus that she did so quite often.

But the smile faltered as he touched her cheek. And he withdrew his hand, startled.

He could not remember a scar.

That night Severus saw Helena’s face in his dreams. There was no scar. She was simply beautiful.

In his dream, his fingers touched her lips once more. They were warm and soft.

In his dream, he leant in and kissed her. And her lips parted for him, welcomed him, kissed back.

When he awoke, every fibre in his body seemed to be on fire, seemed to be screaming for her touch.

He stroked himself with a firm hand, moaned into his pillow to keep himself from screaming out her name.

In his mind, the hand giving him pleasure was *hers*.

‘Are you angry with me?’ he asked the next day.

‘Why would I be angry with you, Professor?’

‘Because I touched you,’ he started. ‘Because I touched your scar.’

Like the day before, she took his hand and held it against her cheek.

‘If you could see, you would have seen it the moment you opened your eyes. I don’t mind that you know it’s there.’

‘You did not have it at school,’ he went on. ‘What happened?’

‘It was a Dark Curse,’ she explained. ‘It was Sectumsempra.’

He let go of her as if burnt. Sectumsempra was *his* spell.

IV: Seeing

Chapter 4 of 5

A series of drabbles answering a challenge from sinbad: ‘I have a challenge for you if you choose to accept it. I would like you to do a story that has a purely happy ending for Severus. Any ship, any trials and tribulations are up to you, but I’d like to see a happy ending. Just for giggles.’

For enemies. He had invented that curse for enemies. Certainly, *she* wasn’t one. And it pained Severus to know that *this* spell had hurt her.

‘I was in the wrong place at the wrong time,’ Helena explained. ‘We treated Aurors on one side of the room and Death Eaters on the other. Unfortunately, one of the latter woke up and managed to fire a spell. And I stood in the way.’

‘I am sorry,’ Severus whispered as she left, hoping that she had not heard him.

He did not dare explain what exactly it was that he was sorry for.

‘The Healers think they have succeeded, Professor Snape.’ Helena sounded exultant. ‘They have the potion and the spell. By tonight, you might be able to see again.’

The Healers came later that day, administered the potion and cast the spell. And the world around Severus grew less dark, gained shades of grey, and shapes emerged.

They told him to avoid bright lights for a few days. So he sat in the semi-dark room with just one candle burning behind him when the door opened.

Helena’s eyes were heavenly blue, her smile happy and lovingly.

The scar he could not see.

‘May I look at you?’ Severus asked, just like he had done weeks before.

Helena sat in front of him, let him explore her face with his fingers and his eyes.

He caressed the scar with his fingertips, and she did not shrink away. Neither did she when he leant in to kiss her.

She tasted sweet, and he wanted more. And he could tell that she felt the same when their tongues entwined and she moaned into his mouth.

Then she broke away. 'We should not be doing this, Professor.'

'I think it is time you called me Severus.'

She pressed her hand onto her mouth and looked at him.

'This is not good. You are my patient.'

'I won't be for much longer.'

'Still.'

Severus thought he saw tears shine in her eyes as she left the room, but he knew not what to say. Because he knew she was right.

She took care of him the next day and the day after that. She called him Professor Snape and he called her Helena. And it felt totally wrong.

Seven days later he was discharged.

Helena was off that day, and Severus did not get to say goodbye.

Spinner's End was cold and empty. But Severus had nowhere else to go. Hogwarts was still under reconstruction, and this house was his home after all.

Did Helena know where he lived, he wondered. And if she knew, would she come and see him? Would she want to?

Most probably not.

Damnation! He had taken her unawares. He had misinterpreted her reaction to his kiss. She did not want him at all.

Yes, that must be it. She wasn't interested. That was why she stayed away.

Severus spent three weeks alone, brooding.

Then one evening he looked out the window.

V: Tasting

Chapter 5 of 5

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He saw Helena standing outside his house in the pouring rain.

'I was a fool,' she stated as he opened the door.

And he let her inside.

'I was a fool to turn you down. I was a fool to let you go.'

Severus grabbed her shoulders and pulled her close, crushed her lips with his, claimed her mouth with a hunger he had never known before. And she responded, kissed him with a fiery passion, entwined her hands in his hair.

When they broke apart, he gazed into her eyes. 'And I was a fool for not trying harder.'

Helena shivered. Due to his touch, his words or her wet clothes, Severus did not know. He hoped it was the latter.

He dried her clothes with magic, her hair with a dark green towel. To dry off her face he used tender kisses.

She moaned as he nibbled at her neck. And as she ground her hips against his, he welcomed her with a deep growl.

His hand slipped under her robes, and he found delicate lace and hot skin.

'Please, let me make love to you,' he whispered. There was nothing in the world that he wanted more.

Helena's skin was pale and tasted of honey. Her flesh was warm and welcoming. Her touch was tender and sent shivers down Severus' spine.

He buried himself deep inside her. And as he pulled out, slowly, ever so slowly, she wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him back towards her, into her. And he thrust harder, deeper, felt her nails scratch his back and heard her call his name.

He was lost, couldn't have stopped even if he had wanted to. His movements became faster, erratic, and he peaked inside her warmth with her name on his lips.

He held her tight, afraid that she would slip away if he let go of her.

He felt her breath on his cheek and turned his head to face her. Blue eyes met beetle-black eyes, and what Severus saw there made him forget his fears.

Helena was not going to leave. Not now. Not ever.

'I love you,' he whispered.

'And I love you, Severus.'

His heart threatened to burst, such was the joy he felt. And he dared to ask her.

‘Will you stay here, Helena? Will you be mine forever?’

And she smiled. And she said yes.

Severus didn’t sleep that night.

He sat with his back against the headboard, looking down at her. She lay curled up under his black satin sheets, fast asleep, the fingers of her right hand still entwined with his.

He listened to her breathing, relished the faint smile on her lips. And he wondered where her dreams were taking her, and if she were dreaming *dfim*.

The scar on her cheek was clearly visible. It would always be there, regardless of how many Healing Potions he brewed. But it didn’t matter.

To Severus, she was beautiful.

Beautiful Helena.

Forever his.