

You Don't See Me

by BrenaMarie

A secret admirer ponders revealing his secret ability to his love interest.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not Mine. No money for me.

I met her five years ago, and even after all that time, I don't think she even realizes that I exist. Granted she does speak to me when spoken to, but she never actually notices me for me. I've tried to rationalize the possibility of catching her attention in a romantic way. I know I could keep her interest, as we're both extremely intelligent people. Sometimes I simply love to watch her when she's working out a problem. The look on her face is precious, and the way she nibbles on her lower lip is absolutely enchanting.

Look at her over there talking with that brain-dead Weasley. Yet he's the one she looks at with that sparkle in her eyes. I wish I could tell her, or show her, that I am special. I wish I could let her see that I could be as exciting and impetuous as the other males in her house. Sometimes it's unfortunate that I'm far too logical for that type of behavior.

Maybe one day I'll simply walk up to her and just change my hair color to her house colors. No, then I'd look like Weasley, or maybe if I did look like Weasley, she'd be interested in me. I just don't know what to do at times. I have this amazing ability to change my appearance, and I'm not doing a damn thing with it.

I've done all the statistics and probabilities for what the results would be if I revealed this power to the general public, and the results have all been awful. In most cases, I would die. I know if the DA knew what I could do, I would get thrown head first into this war even more than I already am. They would use me as some type of spy and exploit my abilities to the fullest. I never wanted that type of spotlight on me. I have always been much more comfortable in the background, simply helping out when asked.

On the other hand, if I did take that chance and reveal my Metamorphmagus status, maybe then I'd get to work more closely with her. She would look at me; she would see how much I love her. Unfortunately, she doesn't see me at all...

"Earth to Terry Boot, we've got to get moving. You know how much Flitwick hates deducting points from his own house."

A/N: This is in response to SeverelyLupine's prompt of: someone other than Tonks or Teddy is a Metamorphmagus, but just doesn't flaunt their abilities so it stays a secret.

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