

# His Nighttime Obsession

*by aturia*

Snape lurks in the castle's shadows hoping, of course, to find his Gryffindor late at night....A poetic story with rhyming.

## Poetry

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Note: Contains some physical conflict between Snape and Hermione.

### **Disclaimer:**

Not making a dime,  
On this horrible rhyme,  
So please don't sue,  
For I'll say on cue:  
JKR owns all...

### **His Nighttime Obsession**

Lurking in darkness with no sound,  
Skulking in corridors the castle round,  
A man enshrouded in the night,  
With only shadows to question his plight.  
This human specter drifted through the dark gloom,  
Climbing up stairs and inspecting room after room,  
Looking for what the school ghosts didn't know;  
His search; thorough, meticulous and slow.  
What was he seeking so late in the eve?

As he was silently slipping past Peeves,  
Subtly stalking prey was his secret obsession,  
A compelling pursuit pushed by passion.

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After the horrendous war and too many years spent alone,  
His existence was solitary with sins to atone,  
In seclusion he kept his cravings in check,  
For unlawful activity meant his ex-Death Eater neck.  
He did not want an Auror inquest,  
So he suppressed his ardent zest,  
Until the time when one Gryffindor,  
Stumbled upon him; both falling to the floor.  
Sprawling haphazardly across the ground,  
Both caught up in an ignominious mound,  
She, plastered against his chest,  
His arm caught underneath her breast,  
Her left thigh brushed his male part,  
This innocent caress gave him quite a start.  
This dormant feeling she had inevitably aroused,  
Destroyed the deep place where his lust was housed,  
It was again set free to run,  
Wherever a female body was offered for fun.  
His instincts took over while she was still in shock,  
Rolling her over with their limbs in a lock,  
He started to stroke her small frame,  
Her sudden struggles; his delicious game.  
Their encounter escalated; he could tell she was scared,  
Her eyes were desperate and slightly teared,  
Stopping his kisses to glance down,  
He saw her fear; then he frowned.  
What was he doing to this young girl?  
Gone was his self-discipline in a whirl;  
Why had he acted the way that he had?  
A snap reaction from a time he was bad;  
A piece of his history from the Dark Lord's reign,  
Where women were plunder from a raid's gain.  
Still he had no reason to do what he did,  
She was still a student; a child, a kid,  
Though she had felt quite womanly,  
It was still his error and a calamity,  
He had made a most illegal mistake,  
In allowing his lust to rampage and escape.  
As these thoughts flew through his head,  
He knew with a certain, ugly dread,  
That he had to flee and rush away,  
Or he would be punished and have to pay,  
(A life sentence, there was no other way.)

But suddenly his reverie was broken,  
By some soft words she had spoken;  
"Please, Professor, please..."  
His mind quit in an instant freeze,  
Because he remembered his fingers on her knees,  
He yanked them from her as if burned,  
She glared at him, her rage he earned.  
He scuttled and scrambled to stand up right,  
He towered over her at his great height,  
He had tried to help her rise,  
But she yelled "No!" and got up after two tries,  
She was rumped, wrinkly and so very mad,  
She screamed at him and called him a cad,  
"Hellish bastard, greasy git and a lecherous louse!"  
All vile names she spewed; her anger could not be doused,  
While he calmly listened to her vent,  
He wearily eyed her wand arm, which was bent;  
She was known for her quick spell reflexes,  
When she would throw curses and hexes.  
He had to think fast as her tirade ebbed,  
He could not be discovered or he would be dead,  
Many people, the Ministry and most of the school,  
Hated him anyway and called him a fool,  
So if this situation suddenly came alive,  
He would have to bluff, stall and contrive,  
To keep his reputation and his wits,  
He had to make Miss Granger forget some bits,  
Of this terrible experience, her memory erased,  
A few feet closer, he cautiously paced,  
She realized his purpose much too late;  
A flick of his wand, a quick "Oblivate!"

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While she was gazing dazedly about,  
He sent Filch to follow her route,  
He felt shamed for this craven plot,  
But he didn't want to be apprehended or caught.  
Once he had made it back to his dungeon home,  
He mused over the event; then he moaned,  
He could still feel her curves and soft, supple skin,  
Her angry brown eyes; *Oh, Merlin, where's my gin?*  
*A bottle of wine and maybe some sherry,*  
*Should make my misery much more cheery;*  
*Why did this happen to me today?*  
*Was I so desperate for a good lay?*  
*That any woman wandering my way,*  
*Would provoke such a masculine response?*  
The mantel clock chimed another late hour,

Roused from his alcoholic stupor, he felt moody and dour,  
He finally dragged his carcass to bed,  
Yet in his thoughts and in his head,  
He saw her face and kissed her lips,  
Drugging dreams that gave him fits,  
The lustful beast within him awoke,  
Morning came with a tented, manly poke,  
He scowled at his pants; *This must be someone's joke!*  
*How could I ache for her?; a silly know-it-all Gryffindor!*  
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Throughout the next days and into next week,  
He felt oddly discontented and started to seek,  
For the source of his growing attraction,  
But his results were not to his satisfaction,  
He brooded and mulled over his case,  
Trying to think what made his heart race,  
He knew it might be her presence in class,  
*Was it her personality or the way she could sass?*  
He knew she was intelligent and bright,  
That she loved her friends and held them tight,  
He understood how she cherished her studies and books,  
(Sometimes at the expense of her lovely looks),  
He thought she brown-nosed way too much,  
And noticed when she quietly shushed,  
Neville to silence, by his wrecked potion,  
Before he would've been angered by this subversive motion,  
But now, Miss Granger grew in his admiration,  
(He just wished she would notice his fascination).  
He was her teacher, but he was also a man,  
So he kept to the daily boundaries, like a docile lamb,  
But he still possessed a dark, daring side,  
That came out and didn't want to hide,  
But he had to control it, much to his ire,  
For he wanted to give into his desire,  
How then could he equalize this split state?  
While maintaining his discipline over such tempting bait.  
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The perfect solution surfaced one late night,  
When the prefects and Head Girl entered his sight,  
He had been patrolling, doing his professorial duty,  
As he saw her walking, swaying her luscious booty,  
She was traversing out all on her own,  
This was his cue to follow her roam.  
Through the castle halls trailing her strides,  
He knew it was wrong, he told himself lies,  
There were no explanations for his nefarious intent,  
He had long desisted with excuses and laments,

He knew who he wanted and he vowed he would wait,

For his studious, little Gryffindor; his future mate!