

Misunderstanding

by sunny33

Severus resorts to desperate measures to get the woman he loves.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine. Still.

As he added the two grains of graveyard dust into the simmering cauldron, the steam swirled into tight spirals towards the ceiling. The liquid in the vessel gradually transformed from a murky lilac to a deep violet as he stirred, silencing his wayward conscience with a muttered oath. The final ingredient, three petals from a bloom given in love, had been acquired at the wedding of Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley the previous evening.

The petals fluttered onto the surface of the potion, forming a pattern reminiscent of a disapproving frown. *I don't care. If this is the only way I can have her, it will have to suffice.* Snape's eyes closed briefly as he stirred the accusation away. After three minutes of constant motion, the final result shimmered lustrous mother-of-pearl – the key to all his hopes and desperate desires.

Searing regret warred with brutal self-recrimination as he read the entry in the dusty journal dated ten years previously.

25th November 2000: Harry and Ginny's wedding is tomorrow. If only I can make Severus notice me as a woman. I swear that man is blind. One twitch of his delicious eyebrow and I would be snogging him so fast... Oh, well, maybe one day he will see more than an irritating know-it-all. I love him so.

A tear crept silently down his cheek as he watched the woman he had adored for so long leafing through a glossy magazine. She turned her face to him, eyes slightly glazed as they had been since he had dosed her coffee with the treacherous potion.

"Come back to bed, darling. Put that mouldy old book away, you know how I hate the things."

A/N: Saturday Night drabble prompt from ApollinaV: graveyard dust, petals from a bloom given in love, and regret. Thanks to ladyinthecloak for checking for mistakes.