

Birthday Wishes

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Severus Snape is having a strange effect on all the females at Hogwarts, except for a certain Gryffindor.

One

Chapter 1 of 4

Severus Snape is having a strange effect on all the females at Hogwarts, except for a certain Gryffindor.

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Chapter One

Something was wrong. Terribly, terribly wrong. It was subtle, but he could feel it, nonetheless.

This feeling of apprehension had started right after breakfast. He just couldn't put his finger on it. Professor Snape gazed menacingly around the room at the students in his seventh-year potions class. Most were working diligently on their potions. He noticed Lavender Brown smiling at him. He scowled at her.

"Miss Brown, get back to work. Ten points from Gryffindor." She immediately went back to work, but he could have sworn she was still smiling.

That was it! Usually, he was able to instill fear with only a glance or the sound of his voice.

Sometimes only the swish of his robes was needed to turn a student into a mass of jelly. He relished those moments, but now something was wrong. His power seemed to be gone. He frowned at this and reflected back on his morning. He had yelled at many a student in the halls as well as in his classes. Although he could recall a student giggling on more than one occasion and several answering shyly to his commands, there was no quaking in fear. He decided to test his theory. But who should he pick on? Aha!

"Mister Longbottom!" Neville jumped at the sound of his voice. Professor Snape slowly walked toward him.

"You are stirring that potion incorrectly! Twenty points from Gryffindor." Neville tried to sink lower into his seat. He was shaking and visibly terrified.

The Potions master relaxed a bit. He still had it. But . . . Damn. That meant it was something else.

He was pondering what it could be when a Ravenclaw student approached him. She looked at him expectantly.

"Yes?" he said curtly.

"Professor, you look very handsome today." Snape's jaw dropped open as his class erupted in laughter.

"Silence!" he yelled. The class was instantly quiet. The girl went back to her seat, and he glared at the entire class.

Then it hit him. All the boys were looking fearful or, at the very least, nervous about what he would do next. However, the girls ... well, they were all just smiling at him. And

sighing. What the hell?

“Miss Patil, bring me your potion sample.”

“Yes, sir.” She giggled and blushed as she brought him the vial with a dark green liquid in it. “I made it exactly right, sir. Just for you.” With that, she blushed again and batted her eyes at him.

Oh, bloody hell, he thought to himself. What was going on? Someone could be playing a joke on him, but he doubted the whole school would be involved. He suspected a potion had been used, instead. He tried to remember what he'd had to eat or drink that day, but it was no use; the pain in his head, that had begun at breakfast, intensified as he noticed all of the females were looking at him as if he were a scrumptious piece of chocolate.

His gaze suddenly shifted back to a certain Gryffindor female who did not seem to be at all effected.

Hermione Granger stared back at him with a scowl on her face. This was interesting.

“Miss Granger.” He stared at her intently. “Ten points from Gryffindor.”

“What?” she exclaimed, obviously upset. “Whatever for, Professor?” She could barely hide the loathing in her expression.

He ignored her question and, instead, glared at her, accusingly.

“Detention! Miss Granger.”

Professor Snape strode purposefully toward the Great Hall. He ignored the students around him, daring them to interrupt him in his thoughts. His day had gotten considerably worse. He had been taking points away from the female students left and right for giggling, smiling, and swooning over him. Finally, he had to stop. It did no good since it was a potion, he was sure, that was making them act this way. He reserved his punishment for those brave enough, in their admiration, to actually touch him.

The final straw was when he had to take points from his own house of Slytherin because Pansy Parkinson had leaned in close to him, while holding on to his arm, and sniffed his hair. It wasn't a little sniff, either. She inhaled deeply.

“Professor, you smell delicious.”

He was going to hurt Hermione Granger for this. She had gone too far, and now she was going to pay.

He walked into the Great Hall for supper and reached his seat at the teacher's table without speaking to anyone. If only Professor Dumbledore would let him eat in his quarters. But the headmaster was adamant that teachers should eat with the students, especially Snape whose natural tendency was to be by himself.

He ignored his fellow professors. When dinner was over, he would go back to his room and figure all this out. His musings were interrupted by a whisper in his ear.

“My, my, Severus. You are truly looking fine tonight.”

He swung around to see who would dare say such a thing to him. Professor McGonagall was looking at him with an appreciative gleam in her eyes. He blushed. Severus Snape actually blushed.

He turned back to his dinner, determined to get through this night with some dignity left. The only things sustaining him were the thoughts of what he was going to do to Miss Granger to punish her.

Two

Chapter 2 of 4

Detention!

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Hermione stood before the scowling Potions master nervously.

She had never seen him this furious before. He paced back and forth, throwing her evil glares. The worst part was that she had been there for at least five minutes already, and he had not said anything to her.

Except once, when she had first arrived and started to sit down. He had said, “Don't,” in a dangerous tone.

And so she didn't. Although she was nervous about what he was going to say, she did wish that he would just get on with it.

“Miss Granger,” he said at last, “what do you have to say for yourself?”

“I, well, um,” she stammered.

He raised an eyebrow at her.

She started again. “I don't know what you mean.”

“Oh, really, Miss Granger?”

Although his voice was soft, Hermione was not fooled. She knew that tone, and it meant trouble. “Really, Professor.”

“Don't play games with me, Miss Granger. I know you did this. Now I want to know why.”

"Professor, maybe if you tell me what we are talking about," she suggested calmly, "I could tell you why, or why not, I did, or did not, do something."

Although he still looked furious, he no longer looked as confident in his convictions.

"Well, you know... you did..." He looked uncomfortable, and she looked at him quizzically.

"Surely, Miss Granger, you have noticed the other female students have suddenly been..." His voice trailed off. "... more attentive towards me."

Of course, she had noticed that the other girls seemed to be acting strangely toward him, and it had annoyed her greatly. But surely, he didn't think that she did this.

"I assure you, Professor, I had nothing to do with this," she stated firmly.

"Then explain to me, Miss Granger, why you have not been affected by this potion or whatever it is." He studied her reaction closely.

"I cannot, Professor. But, if I had done this, then surely you realize that I would pretend to be affected so you wouldn't know it was me."

He considered this.

"So following your logic, the person who did this was either male or a female who is pretending to be affected."

She nodded her head in acknowledgment.

"And by this same reasoning, the only person who could not have possibly done this then was you." He looked at her intently.

"Exactly, Professor. I am glad you understand what I am trying to say."

He scowled down at her, and she realized she was still headed for trouble.

"Then, Miss Granger, you will find out who did this and what potion they used."

"But surely, sir, you are more qualified to do that than I am." She tried to appeal to his vanity. "You are, after all, a great Potions master."

"But I cannot go to the library to find the necessary books." He shuddered as he thought of being confronted by more love-sick females. "You will go to the Restricted Section and find the book on reverse potions. This is obviously a reverse-love potion. You will present your findings to me tomorrow morning at 7:30. Do not be late, Miss Granger."

"Yes, sir." Hermione groaned inwardly as she realized she was going to be stuck doing this task for him.

Now that she knew she wasn't actually in trouble, she was able to concentrate on something that had been bothering her.

"Sir?" she began, hesitantly.

"Yes, Miss Granger." He sounded tired.

"Did you know..." She was still tentative. "I mean... did you realize?"

His patience was at an end.

"Out with it, Miss Granger," he growled.

"It's just that, Professor," she continued, "you smell like strawberries."

Hermione stared at the book in her hand. It had been too easy.

The potion was not difficult at all to identify.

It was a reverse-love potion, just like Professor Snape had thought. The one who drank the potion was instantly loved and adored by all members of the opposite sex. Strawberries were used in the potion because of their aphrodisiac effect (according to the book). A side effect of the potion was that the drinker gave off the scent of strawberries while under the potion's spell.

Oh, no. Hermione thought to herself. He would not be happy about this. This particular potion had three components to it. The first they were already experiencing. There were two more effects of the potion that would happen before the potion finally wore off.

The book did not give any information about the next two parts except to say that they were determined by the maker of the potion and that they were meant to be humiliating to the drinker.

Great. That would put him in a good mood. And how did he expect her to find out who it was?

She would take him the book, and he could bloody well find out for himself.

Hermione continued to skim the book to see if it contained any other relevant information.

She stopped suddenly and reread the paragraph again.

Oh, Merlin!

She felt sick to her stomach. She slowly read it again. It had to be a mistake.

This potion will affect all those who are of the opposite sex of the drinker. There are no exceptions to this.

If a person seems to not be affected, it is not due to any mistake in the potion. Rather, it is an indication that the person who is seemingly unaffected is actually already in love with the drinker of the potion. This person would have been so successful in previously hiding his or her feelings that he or she would have no trouble in continuing in this manner.

There was no way she was going to show this to Snape.

She had been in love with him for a long time now. There was just something about him that drew her to him. Of course, she knew he would never return her feelings, but she didn't want to be humiliated, either.

She would just tell him most of what she found out and hope he wouldn't ask her about why the potion did not have an effect on her.

Yeah, that's likely, she thought. And Draco Malfoy will turn out to be a nice guy, and Neville, a brilliant Potions master.

She put her head down on the library table.

She was doomed.

Three

Chapter 3 of 4

Snape experiences the second element of the potion... and he is not happy!

Snape looked calmly at the student who sat nervously before him.

"Is that all, Miss Granger?"

"Yes, sir." She would not look at him.

He considered the information she had just told him. There seemed to be something missing.

"And did you discover why the potion had no effect on you?"

"No, sir. The book did not have any information on that."

"I find that hard to believe. Let me see the book," he commanded.

She looked extremely nervous, and he wondered what she was hiding.

"Sir," she said suddenly. "I confess. I made the potion. That is why I was not affected."

"Really, Miss Granger." He sounded skeptical. "Then why did you not pretend to be under the influence of the potion?"

"I wasn't thinking straight. I was waiting to see how you would react."

"Then please tell me, Miss Granger, what the next two parts of the potion will be. If you brewed it, then you will know."

A look of terror came over her face. She had obviously not thought this confession through.

"As I suspected. You may go, Miss Granger. I will find the book myself." He dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

The Potions master sat at his desk trying to think. His third-year students were diligently working on their potions. He had gone to the library and fought off the attentions of Madam Pince, the librarian, just to find out that the book was not there. Miss Granger still had it in her possession. She would give it to him. She had no choice.

He was doing a better job of ignoring all the special attention he was getting. He would be glad when the whole thing was over with, though.

As he pondered this, he heard humming, and the sound annoyed him greatly. He was about to snap at a student in the first row when he realized the sound was coming from him. He stopped.

He never hummed.

It was associated with happiness and joy, and he refused to have anything to do with those types of displays.

He continued thinking about how he was going to find the person responsible for all of this when he realized he was again humming.

It was at that point that he remembered there were two more elements to this potion. This was obviously the second.

He had no idea what song he was humming, and that made him even more nervous. He would just have to be on his guard.

He looked up and noticed the students were all staring at him.

"Get back to work before you all get detention!" He was satisfied to see that he could still terrify them. However, he also noticed that most of the females were still smiling to themselves.

"Severus, I am glad to see you in such a good mood." Professor Dumbledore looked at him over his half-moon glasses. He had a twinkle in his eyes, and this did not go unnoticed by the frustrated professor.

"I most certainly am not in a good mood, Headmaster," he replied darkly.

"But you are humming, Severus. And a most engaging song, I might add." He was openly smiling now, and Professor Snape felt warning bells go off in his head.

He had to ask.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that the song you are humming is an old Muggle tune. And it makes me wonder, Severus. Do you really?" he asked mysteriously.

The bells were getting louder, and Snape felt as if he would snap at any moment.

"Do I really what?" he growled.

Then, to his horror, the headmaster broke out into song.

"Oh, I wish I were an Oscar Mayer wiener. That is what I truly want to be. 'Cus if I were an Oscar Meyer wiener, then everyone would be in love with me."

The bells in his head exploded. That was the song he had been humming all day.

He couldn't take it anymore. He slumped forward and put his head on the table.

It only got worse.

"There, there, Severus." Professor Sprout put her hand on his back. "I could help relieve that stress by giving you a back rub."

He left the Great Hall as quickly as he could. Whoever was responsible for this was going to die a horrible death. He had been a Death Eater for many years, and he had the knowledge and skill needed to inflict a great amount of pain.

Severus Snape hummed softly to himself. Every once in a while he would catch himself, but it was a great strain on him to try and control it. He had finally given up and dared his students to say anything. Thankfully, they had not heard the headmaster singing and since it was a Muggle song, he felt safe that they did not know the words.

Of course, there were always exceptions.

He stared crossly at Hermione Granger, who was obviously enjoying herself. She was raised as a Muggle and apparently knew the song well. He strode over to her, his robes billowing behind him.

"Miss Granger. Are you enjoying yourself?" His eyes dared her to laugh.

She did not seem to care about the consequences.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Then you should really enjoy having detention tonight." He leaned in closer and whispered, "And bring the book."

Four

Chapter 4 of 4

Many things are revealed.

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Professor Snape tossed and turned all night. He could not sleep.

According to Miss Granger, she had lost the book. He had no idea why she was being so secretive and so stubborn.

He was also worried about the last component of the potion. He almost wished it would just happen so he could get it over with.

Therefore, he was already in a foul mood when he went down to breakfast the next morning. The students all looked at him with concern. He had a furious look on his face, but was humming a happy tune. He also noticed that the females were still enamored of him. Professor McGonagall actually leered at him with lust in her eyes.

Oh, bloody hell!

"Happy Birthday, Professor Snape," Hagrid said happily.

Snape gave him an annoyed look.

"It is not my birthday."

That was just the beginning. Several people wished him a happy birthday.

Has everyone gone mad? he wondered.

Then the owls came with the mail, and he was surprised to get a package. He opened the note and read:

Severus,

Happy Birthday, my sweet one. Think of me when you wear these.

Your Secret Admirer.

As he tentatively opened the present, he thought to himself: how was he supposed to think of this person when he wore this present if they didn't tell him who they were? Then the sight of the garment inside the package shocked him into speechlessness.

They were silk boxer shorts. They were green and black and had little cartoon characters on them.

Professor Dumbledore seemed to be delighted.

"Marvin the Martian!" he exclaimed.

"Excuse me?" Professor Snape said, dryly.

Dumbledore clarified his statement. "The character on your boxers is Marvin the Martian. He is one of my favorites."

"Then you can have them." Snape tried to hand the offending garment to the headmaster.

"Oh, no, Severus. Someone has gone to a lot of trouble to make your birthday a happy one, and I would not want to take that away from you."

"It is not my birthday." He tried again to explain this to them all.

"But of course it is," the headmaster responded with a smile.

Snape tried to eat his breakfast in peace and ignore everyone around him, but he soon realized that was not going to happen.

"You know the Muggles have a tradition, Severus," Professor McGonagall whispered in his ear. "It is called the birthday spanking."

"I have to go." He hurriedly left the Great Hall for the protection of his office.

All the while, he was humming merrily.

Throughout the day, he contemplated what he was going to do.

He realized the birthday wishes were the last of the three components of the potion. Soon it would be all over. Now, there were only two things he was interested in.

One was to find out who gave him the potion. He spent a great deal of time and energy on how he was going to deal with that person when he found out who it was.

The second thing he was concerned with was what Miss Granger was hiding. He wasn't sure why he needed to know so badly, only that he was determined to find out her secret.

He came up with a plan. He needed to see her alone. So, for the third day in a row, he assigned her detention. This time she did not seem fazed, as if she had been expecting it.

"Happy Birthday, Professor." She smiled at him as she walked in to serve her undeserved detention.

"Miss Granger, it is not my birthday."

She seemed confused at his statement.

"Are you sure, Professor?"

Instead of answering her question, he asked a question of his own.

"Have you ever known when my birthday was, Miss Granger?"

She thought about this. She actually had never known before when his birthday was. Not because she wasn't interested, but because he was a very private person. This further confused her.

"It seems, Miss Granger," he continued, "that you are not immune to the effects of this potion after all."

To his surprise, she blushed.

"Well, since it is somewhat of a festive occasion, why don't we have a drink?" He retrieved two glasses with pumpkin juice in them.

She hesitated. Something wasn't quite right.

"Surely, Miss Granger, you would have a drink with me on my birthday," he said, smoothly.

Something in what he was saying was not making sense, but she could not put her finger on what it was. It was his birthday, after all. It would be rude not to drink with him.

"Of course, Professor," she said breathlessly.

They toasted to his birthday, and he watched as she finished her pumpkin juice.

"Miss Granger?" Something in his voice increased her apprehension.

"Yes, sir?" She watched him warily.

"Do you still have the Potions book?"

"Yes, sir," she responded truthfully.

Suddenly, the warnings in her head became clear. He had given her Veritaserum, a truth potion.

"I thought so," he said smugly. "Did you make the potion in question?"

"No, sir." She was worried where this line of questioning was going.

"Do you know who did?" He pressed her further.

"No, sir. I do not." So far, they were on safe ground.

But not for long.

"Why, Miss Granger, were you not affected by the potion?"

"I was affected, sir."

He smiled smugly at her answer. He was getting closer.

"Why, Miss Granger, did you seem not to be affected by the part of the potion that made all females fall in love with me?"

She knew it was all over, and she couldn't stop the words from tumbling out of her mouth.

"Because I am already in love with you."

He had not expected it.

She could tell he was in shock. She decided she had nothing to lose.

She walked up to him and whispered close to his ear, "I love you truly, madly, deeply, Severus."

And with that, she kissed him gently on the lips and then strode purposefully out of the room.

He was in shock. He could not think. He was even having a little trouble breathing.

A knock on the door interrupted his disconcerted thoughts.

"What?" he barked.

A first-year student opened the door.

"Professor Snape, sir. Professor Dumbledore needs you to come to the Great Hall, sir. He says it is an emergency."

What now?

However, for a change Snape was glad to have a diversion. Anything to keep him from thinking about what had just happened.

He walked into the Great Hall expecting to find something amiss. Instead, he was greeted with many roars of "Happy Birthday!"

The Great Hall was decorated for a party. Thousands of balloons floated in the air. Just as many candles floated alongside them. There was a continuous sound of popping, as the balloons floated too close to the candles and popped. Then, immediately, another balloon took its place. The effect was a kind of popping song.

Everyone seemed to be there in the Great Hall for his birthday.

He made his way to the front of the room where the headmaster stood ready to greet him.

"Happy Birthday, Severus," he said warmly.

"Thank you, Headmaster," he responded, forgetting to contradict him about his birthday.

There was a large cake done in Slytherin colors that said HAPPY BIRTHDAY SEVERUS SNAPE across the top of it.

It was actually a very nice cake, he thought as he hummed to himself.

Professor Dumbledore continued, "Now you need to blow out the candles on the cake." At that point, many tiny, lit candles appeared on the top of the confection. Professor Snape looked at him questioningly.

"It is a Muggle tradition, Severus. You blow out the candles on the cake while making a wish. If you blow out all the candles, then your wish will come true." Then he cautioned him. "But do not tell your wish, or it will not come true."

Dumbledore seemed to be enjoying this immensely.

Severus Snape looked out at the crowd gathered in the room to celebrate his birthday. His eyes searched out one student in particular. He found her where she normally was with all her Gryffindor friends.

He closed his eyes. As he took a deep breath, he knew it didn't matter if he blew out all the candles or not. For even though he knew nothing could come of it while she was still his student, he still smiled inwardly at one thought.

A wish he hadn't even realized he'd had until that moment had already come true.

She loved him.

He opened his eyes and blew out all the candles on his birthday cake. He was no longer protesting that it was not his birthday.

In a far corner of the room, another Gryffindor watched the scene with satisfaction.

Professor Snape had not only been embarrassed but utterly humiliated over the last few days.

He had planned this for a long time, and he knew no one would ever suspect him.

Neville Longbottom smiled.

This was his best birthday ever!

A/N: I do realize that Neville's B-day is in actually in July and over summer break. This was revealed in OotP. That is one reason this story is AU.