

# Obliviate Me, Please

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## Obliviate Me, Please

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Severus arrived at home, his heart pounding in his ears. What he had overheard had shaken him to his very core. And he very much doubted that the bottle of Firewhisky he had picked up on his way home would help him forget. But he could try at least.

The evening had started out quite nicely, with everyone dancing and drinking and laughing. And Severus had actually been enjoying himself. After all, the Malfoys always served nice food at their New Year's parties, and even nicer wine, and his dinner partner – a busty brunette with lovely red lips – had proven to be much less dull than the bimbos Lucius normally tried to pair him up with. But then Severus had been forced to visit the little wizards' room, and that was where he had walked in on the most horrid scene he could ever have imagined.

He should just have walked away, but he had been unable to. It had been like staring at a train wreck; horrible, but weirdly fascinating at the same time.

How a human being could degrade themselves so much was beyond Severus. Crawling in the dust in front of the Dark Lord, kissing the hem of his robes was one thing. But falling onto one's knees in a bathroom, even if the floor was made of finest white marble, in front of a man who had just emptied his bladder, was just demeaning.

But the most disturbing things, the things that made Severus doubt if he would ever been able to sleep without a Dreamless Sleep potion again, had been the wailing, the tears and the pleading.

'I am begging you. I am not whole without you. I need you to see me, to touch me. I need you to love me.'

Severus shuddered and downed yet another glass of Odgen's. But it wasn't doing him any good. In fact, the alcohol just seemed to intensify the horrible memories of silken robes falling silently to the floor and two naked bodies finding each other on the bathroom floor.

Severus' stomach turned and he just about made it to the bathroom before the ever so nice dinner, and the even nicer wine, left his body again. And he concluded that Firewhisky alone wouldn't do the trick. What he had overheard called for Obliviation.

An hour later, Severus was lying in his bed, snoring softly. He had cast the spell properly and would definitely not have any nightmares that night. And when Draco Malfoy entered his classroom the next time, Severus would not have the faintest memory of having heard the boy begging Vincent Crabbe for a shag.

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Written for the May Challenge at *Muffliato!*, a facebook forum for writers and/or readers of Harry Potter fan fiction, who have a particular interest in the Severus Snape/Original Character pairing.

The rules:

\* Your story must be SS-centric (duh!) and max. 500 words long

\* You will be given the two first sentences, and you have to use them without making any changes to them.