

The Burn

by Keppiehed

Snape has to hide what is dearest to him.

The Burn

Chapter 1 of 1

Snape has to hide what is dearest to him.

Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Prompt: "portrait"

A/N: This was written for week #2 at Snape LDWS.

"Your dedication to your schoolwork is impressive, Draco." Snape stood over his godson. "I commend you for your commitment to your academics."

"I can't *stand* that Mudblood. She's not better than me. Today was simple luck for her, and I'll prove it," Draco spat, stirring his concoction with vigor as he made mention of his classroom loss to the Gryffindor.

Snape kept his features blank at the slur, not allowing himself to wince from the old barb. Draco's manner's weren't his concern—he was only tasked with watching over the boy's physical wellbeing, not his social one. And thank Merlin for it.

"Where's the belladonna? I can't find it," Draco complained.

"That's a restricted ingredient. When you're ready for it, I shall retrieve a phial from the storeroom," Snape explained.

"I just added the lacewing flies, so that's next, *right?*"

"Indubitably." Snape pressed his lips together. Draco's imperiousness was wearing, and he was looking forward to the completion of this potion. "Not more than ten times stirred clockwise, or it will ruin," Snape warned. The color in the cauldron already looked too purple, and he didn't want to be here any longer than necessary—even to show up the insufferable Miss Granger.

"I *know*," Draco sneered.

Snape made his way to the locked storeroom. Belladonna was a controlled substance, and he kept a close eye on it. There was a moment of concern when he was unable to locate the bottle, but he saw that it had slipped behind a jar of Devil's Trumpet, and he plucked it from the shelf.

He had been gone enough time that when he re-entered the classroom, Draco wasn't at his potion. Snape's head whipped to his own desk, where Draco was standing over a drawer, an object in his hand. "Who's this?" he asked.

Snape felt the ice of violation run through his veins. He knew without having to look that Draco had stumbled upon his weakness. He had been a fool to keep his heart in a drawer, but he couldn't let her go—and he couldn't let the boy know the importance of what he held. He was too much a Slytherin, and would use it against him. Nonchalance was the order of the day.

“She is no one,” he replied.

“Then why do you keep her picture in your desk drawer?” Draco asked, his head cocked to detect what he sensed was a lie.

“It was there when I took over the post.”

“Then you won't mind if I destroy it?” Draco narrowed his eyes, testing.

Snape made himself shrug. “Why would I?”

Draco grinned and tossed the picture on the flames under his cauldron. “Good. She was ugly anyway, with that hair. Kind of looked like a Weasley, if you ask me. Now, did you get my belladonna?”

Snape just nodded and tried not to watch as his only remembrance of Lily went up in smoke.