

# Over-Exposure

*by Hanagasume*

He would always remember the first time he saw her as more than just his teacher.  
Written for the Malfoy Manor One-Shot Weeklies: Prompt #2.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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He would always remember the first time he saw her as more than just his teacher. It had been a windy day, the sound of it howling beyond the protection of the castle walls.

Scorpius had been sitting in the library in a forgotten corner at the edge of the Restricted Section, staring out the window as he took a break. From this position, he was able to see the lake. Not many people dared to venture outside of the castle on days that windy, but she had. She had been wearing a deep purple dress that day, her smooth, pale legs on display. The skirt of it only fell to her knees, and he felt a little bit like he was witnessing something he shouldn't. After all, rarely did the students ever see their professors in anything other than the formal teaching robes.

He had been staring at her for quite a long time before the wind blew a gust so strong, that her skirt blew up around the top of her legs, exposing her plain white cotton knickers before she was able to regain control of it. He had been unable to control the blush that stole across his features at the sight of her simple undergarments. Never once, in his entire upbringing with his father and grandfather, had cotton knickers come up as something that a Slytherin should consider sexy.

And yet, as he had peered back out the window at the long, brown, wind-swept curls of his Charms professor, he thought it was the sexiest thing he had the good fortune to witness.

That day had been four months ago. It was a Hogsmeade weekend, and Scorpius was taking the day to escape the other Slytherins, retreating to what had become his favourite spot in the library. With it being his final year at Hogwarts, he constantly felt the need to try and remove himself from the rest of his housemates. He had no wish to continue an association with any of them when it was time for him to move out into the real world.

He closed his eyes and let his head rest on his arms that were on the table. He was tired. Tired of the demands and expectations his family placed upon him, tired of the way everyone treated him just because he was a Malfoy, and tired of always wanting something that he couldn't have. Sighing heavily, he lifted his head up and allowed his eyes to wander to the scenery outside.

As it was winter, the lake was frozen over. The snow lay thick on the ground outside. It must have snowed some more overnight. Turning his eyes away from the window, he stared at his books that were spread out over the table in front of him. He was contemplating moving back to the Slytherin Common Room until out of the corner of his

eye, he saw a dark smudge against the snow outside.

It was Professor Granger.

His plans to leave forgotten, Scorpius sat back in his chair and stared as she made her way along a small path that melted through the snow as she walked. It was obvious that she was casting some sort of melting charm on the snow as she made her way through towards her retreat by the lake.

He often wondered what it was that she was thinking about whenever she went to visit the lake. Since that first momentous time, he had watched her from his own spot in the library on a few more occasions, and each time it seemed to him that she had a great deal on her mind. He knew that in the last two years, she had divorced her former husband, Ronald Weasley, and joined the staff at Hogwarts.

He wondered if perhaps she thought of the separation often.

Shaking his head, Scorpius stood up from his chair and started to collect all of his books together. It was fruitless spending all of his time silently pining after his professor. He knew that nothing would ever come of the crush. After all, he was only an eighteen-year-old student, and she was Muggleborn the very thing that represented everything he had been brought up to hate by his grandfather.

Another thing that made the situation even more awkward was Rose Weasley Professor Granger's daughter. She was a Prefect in the year below him and was often assigned to the same patrols as he was throughout the week. She was the spitting image of her mother, save for the blue Weasley eyes. And yet, he did not find himself attracted to her. He often wished that he was enamoured of Rose. She was much closer in age, was in similar classes, patrolled with him, and was one of the few Gryffindors who did not treat him badly simply because he was a Malfoy.

But Rose was not the same mysterious woman that her mother was.

Shoving all of his books into his bag, he forced himself to concentrate on leaving the library. He walked the halls, feeling a little like he was wandering aimlessly. He turned the corner to head down the stairs to the Entrance Hall when he ran headfirst into someone and immediately began to topple backwards. He landed hard on his bum and shook his head, closing his eyes briefly before looking up to see he had run straight into the woman of his current fascination.

'Mr. Malfoy,' Professor Granger acknowledged before picking herself up from the ground and extending hand out to help him up. 'Do try to be a little more careful while walking in the halls.'

He accepted her hand, almost as if in a daze, and allowed her to help him to his feet. He rubbed the sore spot of his bottom for a moment before righting his bag and frowning slightly at the fact that he had forgotten to release her hand. Wrenching his hand out of hers quickly, he fidgeted uncomfortably with the strap of his bag.

'I apologise, Professor,' he said before turning to continue down the stairs.

He was almost home free when he heard her voice calling after him, and he forced himself to pause and turn around.

'Mr. Malfoy, is there something the matter?' she asked, concern warming her deep brown eyes even further.

Scorpius shook his head, the lie coming to him easily. What was the point of being a Malfoy if he couldn't even lie proficiently? 'I was just heading back to the Common Room, Professor,' he answered through gritted teeth, trying to make it sound like she was inconveniencing him.

'Mr. Malfoy, you should have more respect for your professors than that,' said a deep, male voice from behind him.

He spun around to see Snape looming close-by, his arms folded over his chest. His hair was shot through with silver strands, and his neck bore the scar from where his throat had been nearly torn out by the late Dark Lord's familiar, but in all other ways, he still looked like the man who had taught his own father at school. He never did understand why it was that everyone was so scared of Snape the man was harmless, really.

'I apologise for my rudeness,' he said, looking straight at Professor Granger for a moment before turning to leave once more.

As soon as he reached the bottom of the stairs, however, he turned back for a moment to catch one final, desperate glance at his Charms teacher for the day. He was shocked to see her looking up at Snape with one of the most genuine smiles on her face that he had ever seen. It was the same way that his own mother would look at his father in their earlier years of marriage. So he was the one who she had been thinking about.

He felt a pang of jealousy surge through him as Snape returned her smile with a slight one of his own, before pressing a hand against her lower back as he led her away and in the direction she had been going before Scorpius had run into her. Scorpius blinked and made his feet start in the direction of the Dungeons once more. Being jealous of Snape wouldn't change anything.

Later that evening, as he was eating dinner in the Great Hall with the rest of the students, he wasn't at all surprised that the popular topic of conversation was the purported relationship between Professors Granger and Snape. He wanted to grind his teeth in annoyance every time one of his fellow Slytherins tried to ask him what his thoughts on the matter were. By the end of the gossip, he simply blocked their voice all out until they changed the subject.

As dinner was drawing to a close, Scorpius got up from the Slytherin table and tried to beat a hasty exit through the main doors. He was, however, intercepted just as he walked past the end of the Gryffindor table. Rose Weasley stepped out in front of him, blocking his path and grinning widely.

'Scorpius, did you remember that you promised to look over my Arithmancy project with me after dinner tonight?' she asked.

'I didn't forget,' he lied. 'I was just going to get my own work from the Common Room.'

He turned away from her to walk past, but she caught the sleeve of his robe and held tight, following him out of the Great Hall, waiting until they were out of earshot of everyone else before she made him stop. He sighed in resignation and turned to face her, making his annoyance quite plain for her to see.

'I know you fancy my mum, you know,' she said seriously. 'And I don't blame you half the other boys in sixth and seventh year have been drooling after her. It is slightly disturbing to me still, but I've grown rather used to it.'

Scorpius felt his heart in his throat, making it difficult to breathe or even think. 'I I... How was it so obvious to you?' he asked. 'I've never given any indication...'

Rose grinned, a laugh bubbling up out of her. 'Well, with most of the boys, I usually catch bits and pieces of their gents' conversations in the Common Room. But with you, well it was different,' she answered, grabbing his hand in hers and leading the way down to the Dungeons with him in tow.

'How so?' he asked, just as they reached the portrait at the end of the small, dingy hallway.

'You don't honestly think that you're the only one who likes to go to the library on Hogsmeade days to get some work done, do you?'

He blinked at her, realisation dawning. She had seen him in the library on those days that he had stood to stare out the window. He had been under the impression that it was a private moment, but apparently there was another person in on his secret crush. Scratching the back of his head sheepishly, he sighed once more.

'So you had to show me your Arithmancy calculations, correct?' he said finally, his face flushed with embarrassment.

She grabbed his hand and tugged him along behind her as she began to make her way up the stairs. 'We'll go to the library,' she said, smiling at him.

Scorpius thought, as she pulled him along behind her, that perhaps Rose had more in common with her mother than just her appearance.

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A/N It's a little bit of a cliché, the boy having a crush on his teacher. And I couldn't resist throwing Snape into the mix.