

The Remarkable Realisation of Severus Snape

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This fic is Snape's thought processes, a stream of consciousness, I suppose. The only words in it which are not his thoughts are some dialogue between him and Hermione.

But I wanted to differentiate his thoughts a bit. At times he is having an internal dialogue with himself, almost wrestling with himself, and at others his train of thought gets interrupted with incidents which set him off in another direction. All his thoughts are in italics, but those differentiated thoughts are also in bold. The different formatting is simply meant to guide and inform your understanding, to bring a different level of intensity to certain thoughts there is no major significance attached to it.

The dialogue (the only thing spoken out loud in the entire story) is in straight text with speech marks. All other text is entirely in Snape's head not voiced aloud.

I hope you find this funny. It doesn't start off that way, but you'll see how it progresses. It's quite a Brit sense of humour, I suppose. But it also shows some of my perceptions of this man: intellectually arrogant but with strong academic principles, opinionated, emotionally damaged and confused, but, when the opportunity arises, still essentially a man. And men, as we all know, no matter who they are, will, at those times, think with their knobs.

Final week intensive potions test. Oh yes. My little rite at the end of their schooling.

They took their NEWTs last week. Many of my colleagues believe that after the supposed intensive exactitude of exams, we should relax the tight rein on academic expectation in these last few days, but not I. Pupils benefit from rigour at all times. The school year lasts until July 5th, I shall therefore ensure my pupils work until July 5th.

I can smell their dissent. It hangs around my room like a smog: bitter, thick and acrid. Not that it fazes me, far from it. I am a firm believer in a little acrimony to focus the mind. I had the highest expectations of myself throughout my schooling, why should I expect any less from those I now teach? They detest me now just as I was detested when I was one of them. I am simply perpetuating the familiar.

Look at them now, sitting, their minds as drained and torpid as their bodies. I know what they want they want to be launched onto the next stage of their lives bright, eager and brimming with energy: intellectual energy, physical energy, sexual energy. I remember. Despite what they may think, I was the same. But it was denied me. And it can

be denied them for another few days.

Even she.

She sits there now, no different to the others, still as desperate to escape from here, escape from institutional routine, escape from the droning tedium of her insipid teachers ... escape from me.

Does she think me insipid too? Perhaps she does.

But if nothing else, I will admit, she seems to want to please. Yet I hear she is the same in all subjects I doubt it is a specific desire to please me, per say. I doubt it somehow.

She seems to want to please herself more than anything, to rise to meet the demands set by her own lofty expectations. Curious girl, so tightly coiled in by standards, even now. Although at this precise moment I do see a slight slackening, even of her intellectual rectitude. Those dark brows are furrowed, the mouth pouts a little. The lips droop ... very full lips ...

Bloody hell! Stop it, man. Since when did I start to think of my pupils in that way? Merlin's beard, I sometimes think I need to be rid of this place.

They have never impressed me, the girls I teach, never made a mark on me, not in that way. I always ignore the talk in the staff room, the crawling wishes of wanting to bump into such-and-such a girl in Knockturn Alley. I have always turned away, repulsed by the chatter.

But she ...

She has suffered, I will grant her that. And she has been brave. Very brave.

And she carries an aching maturity about her. She always did, but now especially ...

But she loathes me just as the others do. She must do. I have given her no reason not to.

She looked at me. Just then. Was I staring? I must have been. Foolish.

I'm still staring. Not that I would call it that ... merely ... appraising.

She's a curious thing, I'll grant her that. And, after that rather amusing incident with her teeth a few years back, there has been a distinct improvement in her appearance. She must be nearly twenty now. And her experiences have given her features a mature charm. I suppose, if I were pressed, I would admit that she is rather easy on the eye.

Indeed, I am surprised the boys don't throw themselves at her like the hormonally over-indulged pieces of sexually driven filth they are. Weasley clearly did. I hear he has since failed. Serves the ignorant runt right. And Potter? I daresay he'd like a go, but knows he wouldn't last two minutes with a woman like that.

As for the others, they would be reduced to dribbling puddles of lust-sapped pus after one look from her. I should imagine she terrifies them. They daren't go near her.

*She looked at me again. **Bugger. What the hell's got into me? I was smiling. I was bloody smiling. Smiling and staring at her.***

Fuck it to hell; she'll think I'm some randy old pervert like Slughorn.

Oh bloody buggering bollocks she's coming over. Eyes down, you cock.

"Professor Snape?"

"What?"

"There's an error on page eleven."

"I beg your pardon!" ***The insufferable little patronising prig!***

"Here. You ask what would happen if we added essence of juniper to an infusion of cedar bark and mulberry. I presume you wish us to identify the self-imploding paradox, but you must mean cypress bark, as if you added juniper to cedar bark and mulberry it would result in nothing more than a pleasant smell, rather reminiscent of gin on a summer evening."

She's bloody right. Damn her.

Gin on a summer evening. I wonder if she likes gin.

"Don't be ridiculous, Miss Granger. There are no errors in my papers."

"Well, there are in this one."

Bloody hell, woman, you can be infuriating!

"Kindly go and sit down and proceed with your work before I adopt a rather less than magnanimous approach to your preposterous nitpicking."

She smells of sweet peas.

"As long as you don't mark us down if we don't put the answer you're expecting. I don't want the other students' marks compromised."

Oh, Merlin be buggered, she's a shop steward as well. Once she gets the bit between her teeth ... She's gone slightly pink. It rather suits her.

"You are the most presumptuous and opinionated meddler I have ever had the ill-fortune to come across, Miss Granger. Very well. If you are so concerned about the results of this test, you will stay behind and mark each paper in tandem with me, to ensure the utmost fairness."

That'll shut her up.

"Good idea."

"What?"

"I said good idea. That's a very fair and sensible thing to do."

Oh, for fuck's sake, woman, get a life! I wish she wouldn't look at me like that. She has very deep eyes. Large too. And the shadow between her breasts is .**Oh sweet Merlin, don't start ... Not that ... Not now ... it's nearly the end of the lesson. I won't be able to stand up at this rate. Stop looking at her, you pathetic sex-starved moron!! Bloody hell, it's been too bloody long. I knew I should get out of this fucking place.**

"Do you want me to stay behind immediately, sir?"

"Yes." **No! NO! I meant NO! Why the hell did I say yes??"** I mean ..."

Spit it out, man!

"What, sir?"

Sweet peas.

Is it my imagination or has she stepped in even closer to me? **Don't look up. Don't bloody look at her. Just look at the bloody floor or something.**

Doesn't the height of those heels contravene uniform? Interesting. I wouldn't have thought she'd have worn such heels. They are rather flattering, I will admit. Good legs.

Great legs.

Bugger! Stop bloody looking at her! She's standing right beside me though I can't look anywhere else!

"Yes, yes, alright, Miss Granger. Straight after class. But you'll have to do it quickly. It might be harder than you think."

Shit! 'Harder than you think? Do it quickly??' What the hell is she going to think I mean?

"Very well, sir. I look forward to it. I like hard things."

Oh, for fuck's sake. I really can't stand up now.

Thank Merlin she's going back to her desk. From this angle, I must admit though - she really does have the most perfectly pert, plump little arse. Hell's cauldrons, I...

Stop it! Concentrate, Snape, concentrate. And don't bloody look at her again. Don't look. Don't look. Don't ...

She's looking at me. And smiling. Definitely smiling.

I think I just smiled back. Why did I do that? **I mean, why the hell did I do that?** Well, it was hardly a smile, more an ... inverted grimace. Probably not very flattering.

Merlin, I want this lesson to end so it'll just be the two of us.

Don't think that, you pathetic wanker! Concentrate! Concentrate on the others, imbeciles that they are.

"You have two minutes left to complete your papers."

Failed, the lot of them, I should imagine. Dunderheads. Not her, of course. Never her. **That's the way, focus on her infuriating intellectual arrogance and that'll dampen it down a bit.**

Still ... I've never known a woman like it. She'd give Nicolas Flamel a run for his money! **I can just see her standing in front of him, postulating, hand on her hip, legs rising up, breasts heaving as she gets all excited about ...**

"Right! That is the end of your test. Kindly place your papers on my desk and leave immediately." **Why has my voice gone all squeaky?**

"You don't want me to go yet, do you, sir?"

"No, don't go."

I said that rather too quickly, didn't I? **Just don't look up. Wait, Snape, wait. Don't let anyone think there's anything in this. I mean, there isn't, is there?**

Is there?!

God, it's just us now. They've all gone. Just us. Me and her. Alone. Here. Now.

"Shall I take these ones on top and begin, sir?"

"Very well. Here."

Oh bloody bugging bollocks, I touched her hand! Soft and warm. So soft and warm.

She's looking at me. Again. And smiling. Again. And now she's touching my hand again.

"Ermm ..."

"Are you alright, sir?"

No! I'm not bloody fucking right! I want to bend you over my desk and roger you senseless before my cock explodes! Of course I'm alright! Why on earth wouldn't I be?"

"It's just that you made a rather strange noise."

Alright, don't bloody rub it in! "I just have a slight tickle in my throat."

Get away from her, Snape. Get up and walk away!... Just don't let her see your crotch.

She's following me. **Oh for god's sake, woman, you don't make it easy for a man, do you?**

"Professor ..."

Don't say it like that! That really makes me feel like a bloody perv!

"What?!" **That's right. Sound angry. Scare them off with anger and disdain - usually works.**

"I ... just ..."

What? What??

"I've been thinking ..."

You're always bloody thinking, you infuria ... Oh Merlin, she's touching my arm!

"I think you need to ... relax a little."

"Errm ..."

Fuck.

"I can help you ... if you'll let me."

Fuck.

"Errm ..."

Oh gods, I want her. I can't remember the last time I was so bloody hard.

"I've thought about this for a long time ..."

Has she?! She didn't give much away if ...Fucking fucking hell! She's put her hand on it!

"Professor ..."

Merlin's hairy bollocks, she's rubbing it! She's bloody rubbing it!

"Do you like that?"

What the fuck am I supposed to say to that?!"Errm ..."

"If you want me to stop, I will."

No! Don't bloody stop! Don't ever bloody stop!"Miss Granger ... this is highly irregular."

"But it feels good, doesn't it?"

Ohhhh ... Merlin help me.

Shit! She's undoing the buttons. She's reaching inside! Stop her now, man! But, hell and damnation, that is sweet. That is such sweet sweet perfection. I can't ... I can't stop ...

"You feel so good ... I knew you would ... I've dreamt of you for so long ..."

What?! You have got to be kidding! Me?! She hid that well.

"Severus ..."

Oh, sweet Merlin. Say it again.

"Severus ..."

Yes ...

"You're so big ..."

Happiness. I am happiness.

"I want you inside me."

Me too. That's all I want. To be inside your perfect perfect being, your perfect body. But ...What!?! Did she really just say that?

"Miss Granger, please, this ..."

"Shh ..."

Oh god, she's taking off her clothes. Yes, please, please hurry. Please, please ... Oh sweet Merlin ... that is beauty. Those breasts and now ... shit, I can't look ... I can't NOT look.

"Please, come inside me."

She's so confident. How is she so confident? I don't care. I want her.Look - at - that. My gods. That is incredible.Why am I waiting? I can't. I'm going to make a complete tit of myself if I don't hurry up. Bloody hell, she's, umm, quite wet, to put it mildly.

"Severus, hurry ... that's it, there, now ... yes!"

FUCK!

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Fuuuuuuuck.

Fucking, fucking hell.

"Oh my god, Severus, so good, so so good, please move in me, move in me."

Fucking fucking hell.

Fucking hell.

Fuck.

"Yes, yes, that's it, at last, so good, so bloody good ..."

You're telling me! Shit, I can't believe I'm doing this, can't believe it, can't believe it ...

"Severus, harder. Fuck me so hard."

Merlin's knob, she's incredible. Fuck, I'll do anything for her.

"Yes! God that's it ... Severus, coming, coming ..."

Shit, that's her. Bloody fucking hell, I can feel her ...oooh fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm ...

!!#!*!#!*!

"Are you alright?"

I've never been more alright. "Yes. I'm sorry, I ..."

"You're sorry? Severus, do you know how long I've wanted that? Actually, I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you."

Oh Merlin, she's funny too.

I'm falling for her. I haven't fallen for anyone since ... She's so warm ... I don't want to come out of her ever.

"Severus?"

Stay ...

"Severus, do you have a bedroom?"

Now there's a thought. Why didn't I think of that?

"I'll have to come out of you. I really don't want to do that."

"Only for a bit."

She's stroking my hair. No one has ever stroked my hair in my entire life. "Don't stop that."

"What?"

"Stroking my hair."

"OK."

I can feel her smiling. I like that. I could apparate us to bed. I'd have to make up some excuse to the Head, but I could get away with it. I wonder if it's possible to apparate with your cock up someone? Only one way to find out.

"Severus, what are you ...? Whoa!"

It is, apparently.

I am happiness.

Thoughts are always appreciated. Thank you.