

# How Can I Resist You

*by christev*

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## How Can I Resist You

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Shhhh! You know he's got supersonic bat-hearing!"

The sixth year students' giggles and whispers stopped for a minute, then began again, albeit a touch quieter.

"Do we know if he'll even know what to do with it?" questioned one of the girls toward the front.

"Yeah, he does. Last year Professor Lupin had one of the Muggle machines they use it with, and Snape seemed to know all about it. And Lupin said that this one was a good choice for Snape." This came from one of the ringleaders, who had Owled his Muggle parents to make the purchase for them.

"Be quiet, you lot, it's supposed to be a surprise, and you're going to ruin-"

BANG! All chattering stopped; in fact, all noise in the Potions classroom ceased immediately as Professor Snape slammed the door shut and stalked petulantly up to his desk in the front of the room. Every student faced front, but their eyes followed his progress. As he neared the desk, the entire class leaned forward almost imperceptibly in their seats.

"Open your books to page-" He stopped as the object on his desk caught his attention. He stared at it, frozen. There was a slight tic in his jaw; then he cleared his throat.

"Page 157. Who can state the five primary differences between Calming Draught and Cheering Potion?"

The students all let out their breath, and class resumed as normal. Professor Snape made no mention of the object to the class, not even to take away House points.

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Four days later, with all the students gone for Christmas holidays, a whispered *Alohomora* gave entrance to the quarters which had lain vacant ever since Remus Lupin's departure. A low chuckle was heard when the dark-robed figure found the item for which he was searching. Another charm brought the ancient Victrola to life, and when he dropped the needle on the rotating vinyl, he was rewarded with sounds he hadn't heard in almost twenty years.

Minerva shifted the bottle-shaped present in her arms as she began the descent from Gryffindor Tower to the dungeons, on her way to Severus' personal quarters. She had only gotten as far as the 4th floor, when she heard strains of music coming from Lupin's old rooms.

A few moments later, she arrived at the door. Her hand, poised to knock, halted in mid-air.

*Just one look and I can hear a bell ring*

*One more look and I forget everything*

Shocked, she realized that was Severus' baritone belting out a song, apparently accompanied by a full band, complete with back-up singers. She knocked on the door.

*Mamma mia, here I go again*

*My my, how can I resist you*

"Severus? SEVERUS!" Minerva pounded on the door, but the music drowned her out. Pointing her wand, she unlocked the door the same way he had and entered the room.

*Mamma mia, does it show again*

*My my, just how much I've missed you*

Minerva released the bottle she was carrying in her shock at seeing Severus Snape doing some ungodly Muggle-fashioned dance and singing with the blaring music.

The CRASH made by the bottle of Old Ogden's Finest, along with the resulting pungent aroma filling the room, caused Snape to whirl about to face her. With a harsh scratching noise, the music came to a halt.

They stared at each other for several long seconds.

Minerva cleared her throat, and spoke, willing her brows not to rise and her mouth not to twitch, "I was on my way to ask you for a game of chess." She gestured at the ruined bottle, "And to give you your present."

"The Hufflepuffs gave me a Christmas gift. It..." He glared at her, daring her to laugh, his cheeks uncharacteristically pink. "It was reminiscent of a Christmas many years ago."

"Oh, Severus, I'm so sorry-" Minerva began, her face crumpling.

He interrupted her with a wave of his hand.

"Oh, hush, you sentimental old woman! This has nothing to do with Lily, so get that horrible look off your face! As it happens, one year Regulus and I made off with his older brother's entire collection of Muggle records. Playing the recordings was enjoyable, but the best part was getting up that mongrel's snout in a big way!" Severus' face softened at the memory, and Minerva laughed in spite of herself.

"I have a gift for you as well, Minerva. And as *that* bottle is still intact, perhaps we can share it over that game of chess."

"I'd be delighted, Severus. Thank you... and Happy Christmas."

He smirked at her, one eyebrow raised, "And to you, Minerva."

*A couple of years ago, Morethansirius gave me the banner below. I wrote a little story to go with it, and just came across that story on my LJ. I'm posting it now, two Christmases later. Merry Christmas, everyone!*

