

Haunted By Her Eyes

by MmeTherese

Snape tells Harry why he hates him, and it's not the answer Harry was expecting.

The Reason Revealed

Chapter 1 of 2

Snape tells Harry why he hates him, and it's not the answer Harry was expecting.

Special thanks to my mom, sister, Lord_and_Lady_Peeves, and my brilliant, beautiful betas yutamiyu and Keladry Lupin. You all know how much you rock my socks!

Disclaimer: I have never owned any of these characters from the Harry Potter series and I never will. They all belong to the brilliant mind of J.K. Rowling. However this story belongs to me, spewing forth from my very own sick and demented mind. I don't plan on receiving any sort of profit for these stories. I just love the characters so much that I HAVE to write about them.

Please, no lawsuits.

Chapter 1: The Reason Revealed

Professor Severus Snape adjusted his robes in the mirror as he prepared to begin another year of teaching at Hogwarts. He scowled when he thought of the numerous amounts of dunderheads that would be darkening his doorway yet again that year. Honestly, he wondered if some of those acceptance letters the owls carried over the summer had accidentally dropped into the wrong postbox. As much as he dreaded to see both the old and new faces of the student body, Severus knew this year was going to be *much* more pleasant than any other year he had spent at Hogwarts.

The first and most important reason was that Voldemort was dead.

Over the summer, Harry had left the Dursley household on his birthday and went to the Weasley home to celebrate with his other fellow Gryffindors. Since Percy Weasley had secretly been a Death Eater, Voldemort had known of the party ahead of time and had planned on showing up with his followers to catch Potter off guard. Thanks to the Order, he didn't. Dumbledore and Snape found out only hours before the attack and managed to prepare everyone for the worst. Fortunately, there were only a few fatalities, one of them being Voldemort. He had tried to conjure up an ancient spell that would allow him to merge into the form of Harry and steal the boy's mind, body, and soul, ending Harry's life. Fortunately, thanks to months of Occlumency training, Harry was able to block Voldemort from entering his mind and caused the spell to backfire, destroying the Dark Lord once and for all.

The second reason was because *he* was the newly appointed Defense Against the Dark Arts master at Hogwarts. It was a dream come true! Of course, when Dumbledore announced it to the staff a week after the final battle, Snape humbly accepted the position without any hint of excitement in his voice or demeanor. However, upon entering his private rooms, he actually grinned from ear to ear like a Cheshire cat. The only way that day could have been any better was if *she* was there to share it with him. *She* would have been proud. He knew she would.

The third reason things would be different this year was because of the new teacher Dumbledore had hired. Her name was Daniela Castaña, and she was the first Potions

mistress in Hogwarts' history. She was a very beautiful woman from Spain with a tall slender figure, shoulder length black hair, and inky black eyes. So beautiful in fact that most of the seventh years were quite upset that they had not signed up for Potions. However, it did please him to see how upset Potter and Weasley were that not only did they miss out on Potions with a stunning Potions mistress, but that they had to take seventh year Defense Against the Dark Arts with *him*.

Smoothing out his usual black teaching robes one last time, Snape left his dungeon and headed for the first class of the year^{his} first Defense Against the Dark Arts. He couldn't suppress the smirk that played on his lips as he thought again about his "promotion," as he called it. It quickly left as he remembered his first class was with seventh year Gryffindors and Slytherins, including Potter and the rest of his dream team. Bigger! What a way to start the day!

He made a grand entrance into the room. The Slytherins regarded their Head of House with awe as his robes billowed behind him impressively. He shot a sneer towards the Gryffindors, not forgetting how they had groaned the night before at the Sorting Ceremony when Dumbledore announced Snape's new position.

Come to think of it, Slytherin was the only house that hadn't groaned.

Snape strode to the front of the class, head held high. He whipped around and faced the students. Even now most of them still had fear written on their faces. Good. Even if the Dark Lord was dead, this didn't mean he'd suddenly turn soft. He sat down at his desk and took roll, already recognizing all the students' faces with their names. Finally, he came to the name that he wanted to call upon since he strode into the classroom: Potter.

"Ah, Mister Potter, our... *Champion*," Snape drawled with that same condescending tone he had used on the first day of Potions in Harry's first year.

Harry scowled as the Slytherins snickered. A crooked smile slowly spread over Snape's lips before he continued with the roll. Once everyone had been accounted for, Snape stood from his desk, eyes locked on Harry. With his thumb and forefinger stroking his chin, he slowly walked towards Harry's desk.

"Potter!" he barked, "I heard you plan on becoming an Auror once you are through with your education at Hogwarts... that ~~is~~ you somehow manage to graduate this year. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir," Harry said proudly over more Slytherin giggles.

"Ah, well in that case you will have no trouble with the following: tell me, what would you do if you came across *ahupacabra* in the Forbidden Forest here on a full moon in winter?"

Harry was a little taken back by the question. *Achupacabra*? He had never even heard of that before, and he most certainly never heard Hagrid even mention something remotely like it residing in the Forbidden Forest. Of course, Hermione knew what it was and was dying to say it, but as she started to raise her hand, Snape shot her a most dangerous look, causing her to stop short and fold her hands back on top of the desk, apprehensively.

"Don't know, Potter?" Snape asked in his silkiest voice. "I must say I am not surprised. Well, just for your information, you would not do anything, because *ahupacabras* do not reside in this part of the world, and especially not in a forest. They inhabit deserts and warm climates such as parts of North America and Africa. Let's try this again--"

"You're not going to do this to me again," Harry warned. "I won't--"

"Five points from Gryffindor for interrupting. Now answer me this: what would you do if you were surrounded by a clan of vampires who were very thirsty?"

Harry stared straight ahead, not even meeting Snape's eyes as he tried to ignore him.

"Tut, tut, tut, Mister Potter. Ignoring me will get you nowhere except five more points from Gryffindor for refusing to answer a professor's question. You would use a Solis Charm which is a variation of Lumos only much stronger, much too bright for vampires. Let's try another: what would you use if someone were trying to hex you with a Constrictoria Curse?"

"I don't know," Harry said flatly. "We haven't even--"

"I see. It is such a pity that you have not yet learned that fame still cannot bring you everything."

The giggling began to increase as Harry's hands formed tight fists on the desk. Harry had been through so much during the summer. He was really hoping Snape would have changed by now, all things considered. Why the hell wasn't Snape laying off him? Even after *everything* they had been through with the Order, Voldemort, and less than pleasant Occlumency lessons, he was *still* being a complete bastard. But why? Perhaps Snape was still upset about what Harry's father had done to him in school, but, honestly, that was just silly. Harry couldn't be held responsible for mistakes his father made. Couldn't he just let the past die?

"Well, Mister Potter, you have certainly proven yourself," Snape drawled, looking rather satisfied with Harry's reaction. "I know if I was in a dilemma, I certainly wouldn't want you as an Auror to come to my 'rescue,' seeing how you don't even know how to deflect a simple Constrictoria Curse."

Harry took a deep breath, as he tried to calm his nerves. 'Just let it go, Harry,' he told himself.

Snape, who knew Harry was just at the breaking point, said smoothly, "Your father would have been so ashamed, and I don't even want to think about what your precious *mother* would say."

At that point, something in Harry snapped. He didn't know if it was the remark about his father, or the way Snape said the word "precious" when he talked about his mother, but whatever it was, he lost it.

Jumping to his feet, he stared Snape straight in the eye before hissing, "Don't you *da*re talk about either of them, and even if I was an Auror, I'd sure as hell wouldn't save *your* sorry pathetic hide!"

Suddenly, before Snape could even respond, there was the sound of glass shattering, followed by the gasps and screams of the surrounding students. Snape whipped around to see what had happened. Somehow, all of the Slytherins' ink bottles burst, showering their owners with the black sticky substance. Snape turned back to Harry with a sneer, knowing that was Potter's doing, just like the time in his third year when he had caused his Muggle aunt to 'balloon'. Harry's stance had not changed at all as he continued staring Snape down, daring him to continue. As powerful as the boy was, Snape was also a very strong and skilled wizard, and he'd be damned if he was going to let the boy of James Potter try to intimidate him, whether he had meant for the ink bottles to break or not.

"Mister Potter," Snape began dangerously in velvet tones, "you have earned yourself a week's worth of detention and it has not even been half an hour into class. That will be fifty points from Gryffindor and I advise you to sit down before you shall be reprimanded even further."

Harry held the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor's gaze for a moment longer before reluctantly sitting down in his seat again. As the Slytherins used cleaning charms on themselves and repairing charms on their inkbottles, Snape glared down at Harry and sneered, "You will serve detention tonight here at precisely seven o'clock. Any later and I shall deduct points."

He turned heel and strode back to his desk, his robes swishing behind him. Already on the first day of class, Potter had detentions for a week and seventy points were already taken away from Gryffindor. This was starting out as a great day! It could only get better from there!

Or so he thought.

The rest of his classes went smoothly without incident. It was nice to still hear the groans that came along with the announcement of an essay. However, the nicest of all

was to go through a whole lesson without a cauldron exploding, melting, overflowing, or sending someone to the hospital wing for cuts, burns, and other ailments from potion making. Occasionally, he would hear Professor Castaña's small shriek just before a cauldron exploded, but it was always followed by her warm laughter that rose up through the floor.

"Poor sorry sod," he'd chuckle to himself. He'd not have to deal with that anymore. Of course, he'd still do some of his experiments, but he'd never have to teach those dunderheads again!

The only problem he ended up having before the end of classes was the new Potions mistress, who demanded that Snape move some of his experiments to make room for her own.

"Professor Castaña, I will allow you access to another lab, but you may NOT use the one I am already occupying," Snape told her in a deadly tone. However, she was not fazed.

"No, Professor Snape," she retorted in her thick Spanish accent. "Those rooms are small. I need lots of space for research in making the Wolfsbane Potion better."

"Then you will understand why I cannot relinquish my work space, as I too am researching on improving that very same potion."

"Although my English is still not perfect, and there are still a few words I do not know, I think that 're-inkish' means that you are not moving your work?"

"It's 'relinquish,' Professor Castaña, and you are quite right. I am not--"

"*Un momento*, Professor Snape," Daniela said so softly that it was almost seductive. "Did you say that you are doing the Wolfsbane Potion?"

"I did," Snape answered shortly.

"Then why don't we work together then, hmm? We can compare notes, and it would be much easier if we--"

"I am sorry, Professor Castaña, but I work alone."

Before she could protest, Snape had turned and walked from the Spanish Potions mistress, who didn't look angry at all when Severus left her standing there in the middle of the hall. As a matter of fact, she watched him stalk away, and she smiled to herself. Either this was the beginning of a bitter rivalry or a beautiful relationship; she wasn't quite sure yet.

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Harry arrived for his detention shortly after dinner at seven o'clock. Snape had gotten there early in anticipation for what could be the best night of his life. Well, second-best. There was one night that stood out against the rest. He could live to be two hundred and that night would still be the best of his life, without a doubt.

Snape had his back to the door when he heard it open to reveal an oddly calm looking Harry Potter. He figured since Snape was no longer teaching Potions, he wouldn't have to scrub cauldrons, extract flobberworm mucus, or other disgusting projects. Maybe he'd have to dust the shelves or the dragon skeleton that hung from the ceiling without magic, but that really wasn't Snape's style. Still, anything was better than extracting newt eyeballs, even polishing the Slytherins' trophy room.

Harry was about to announce his arrival until Snape spoke sharply, "Sit."

Harry sat in his normal seat in the middle of the room, not taking his eyes off of the former Potions master. Snape didn't turn around, still fiddling with something on his desk. Finally, he whipped around, his robes flapping as he turned to face Harry who calmly sat at his desk without any hint of intimidation in his eyes. He was challenging Snape as much as Snape was challenging him.

"Mister Potter," Snape said darkly, "your detention for tonight is to write an essay no less than five feet worth of parchment describing respect, with emphasis on how one should treat instructors and other classmates' school supplies. You have an hour." He turned heel and went back to his desk, leaving a stunned looking Harry at his seat.

"But sir," Harry started as Snape sat down, "I haven't got any of my supplies with me."

"Then you had better hurry and get them, you lazy boy!" Snape snapped back.

Harry shot out of his seat and ran out the door, returning ten minutes later red in the face, huffing and puffing as he staggered to his seat with quill, parchment, and ink in hand. Obviously, he had run the whole way to and from his room.

"I suggest you get started," Snape drawled, not even looking up when Harry entered. "You only have fifty minutes left."

"But I had... to get... my things!" Harry managed to protest between pants. "I should..."

"What you *should* do is stop arguing and make the best of your time by writing!"

Harry shot a glare at Snape who now had looked up at him. The two locked eyes, not daring to break the other's steely gaze. Finally, Harry took a deep breath and began to write, causing Snape to smirk and harrumph before he too went back to his own writing.

"Oh, and Potter, do stop panting like a dog! It is most distracting."

Harry growled in response before forcing himself to regulate his breathing.

The next fifty minutes passed without incident in complete silence, with the exception of the occasional scratching of a quill on parchment. Snape took his time writing out his lesson plans for the next week, enjoying the frantic scribbling of Potter's quill as he desperately attempted to complete five feet of parchment in the little amount of time he had left. Finally, Snape's internal timer in his head went off and he looked at the clock in time to see it strike eight exactly.

"*Time!*" he barked. "*Accio essay!*"

Before he could finish his sentence, Harry's parchment went flying off the desk and into Snape's hands. The Defense Against the Dark Arts professor scowled as he counted up the parchment...only three feet.

"This is too short," Snape said coldly. "That is five points from Gryffindor for every foot you missed."

Harry opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again, not wanting to lose anymore points for his house. Snape went on to read and correct Harry's essay, making comments as he went.

"Oh, Potter, this has to be one of the *worst* essays I've ever had the displeasure of reading," Snape said snidely. "Really, this is preposterous! There's no comma in this sentence and your limited vocabulary is appalling. I'm surprised I can even read your bad penmanship."

Harry was at his wits' end again, as he clenched his jaw and hands. He continued to listen to Snape as he went on and on about the lack of sentence structure, the pitiful grammar, and the failure to dot some of his "I"'s. Finally, Snape sighed long and loud, as he rolled up the incomplete essay.

"I guess it's true about what they say," Snape drawled, throwing the parchment into the wastebasket. "All brawn and no brains. You made that quite apparent tonight. Ten points from Gryffindor for forcing me to read such an abomination."

"I didn't force you to read anything," Harry growled under his breath.

"What was that, Potter?"

"Nothing... sir."

"Ah, I see your Gryffindor bravery as failed you. I'm not surprised."

"It has not!" Harry suddenly exclaimed.

Snape wasn't fazed by the boy's outburst. Instead, he saw it as another excuse for more punishment. "Still haven't learned to control your temper... or your cheek for that matter," he said, smirking. "I guess your essay--if you could even call it that--did not teach you anything. Very well, tomorrow, for your next detention, bring *seven* feet of parchment to write on a topic of my choosing."

"*Seven?*" Harry repeated.

"I said seven, as in the number between six and eight. You don't need to count on your fingers for that, do you? Well, for your information, it's this many." Snape held up seven long pale fingers in front of Harry, loving the face Harry was making as he patronized the boy.

Finally, at that point, Harry had enough embarrassment for one night. Hell, he'd had enough for the past seven years! Without thinking, Harry pushed Snape's hands away from his face and snarled, "Aren't you just about done humiliating me yet?"

"Oh, Mister Potter, you are trekking on dangerous ground," Snape warned, as he stood to his full height. The two locked eyes once again, caught in each other's cold icy glare. They were practically nose to nose as they each dared the other to make a move, wands secretly ready to strike without notice.

Snape was first to break the silence saying, "As much as I would *love* to throttle you, Mister Potter, I'm afraid that I care more about my job than teaching you a lesson too many people are afraid to tell the precious boy who lived."

"And what lesson might that be?" Harry asked menacingly. "Because if you want to 'teach' it to me now, I'm ready when you are."

"Respect, Potter, a subject you couldn't even write five feet of parchment about."

"I know plenty about respect. It's ironic that you as a person who demands respect from others will not give any to anyone."

"Thank you for proving my point. Ten more points from Gryffindor!"

"Why *now?*"

"Think about it, Potter, and do try not to hurt yourself when you do!" Snape said condescendingly. "I know it might be harder without Miss Granger to hold your hand the entire time!"

"See? That's what I mean!" Harry hissed. "You don't show *me* respect so why should I show any *to you?*"

"*You* show *me* respect because I'm your professor, whether you like it or not!"

"*That* isn't enough of a reason!"

Both men were furious now as they continued to stare straight into each other's eyes. Passions and hatred bottled up for the past seven years were finally unleashed in that single night as they continued, leaving nothing that plagued their feelings about the other unsaid.

"You are so arrogant, just like your father!" Snape snarled. "He knew nothing of respect, either!"

"My father was a good man!" Harry shouted. "I will not have you ruin--"

"You didn't even *know* your father! You don't know about the things he--"

"Just because he made some mistakes in the past doesn't mean he was a bad person and that doesn't give you the right to hate me!"

"I can hate you if I damn well please! I'll hate you until the rest of my days, Potter!"

"But why? Let the past go, you stubborn prat!"

"Never! I *loathe* you, Harry Potter, and I always will!"

"Just because of what my father did to you when you were boys, you're going to hold that against me? Is that it?"

Suddenly, Snape grabbed Harry's head, squeezing it tightly between his palms before roaring, "*It's your eyes, damn you! It's because you have her eyes!*"

Snape's words reverberated in Harry's ears, even long after the echo in the room had stopped bouncing off the walls. An eerie silence fell over the two of them and the air hung thick with tension. Harry stood stunned by the words while Snape continued to hold Harry's head, staring straight into his deep green eyes. The Defense Against the Dark Arts professor was seething, his body trembling with emotion as he sneered at Potter.

"Every time I see you, I see her!" Snape hissed through gritted teeth. "You may look like James, from your hair all the way to the bottom of your feet ... but you have *her* eyes. Those eyes that haunt me! You are both of my tormentors in one form, Potter; your father who terrorized me, determined to make my life a living hell at school and your mother...." The man's voice trailed off. When he spoke again, it was a whisper. "She tortured me in a completely different way ... That is why I despise you, Harry Potter: because of all the traits you could have inherited from her, you have her eyes!"

Snape let out a frustrated growl before pushing Harry away and turned his back on the boy, leaning against his desk. Harry staggered back a few paces before rubbing his temples with his fingers. He stared at Snape in absolute horror and shock. He didn't know what else to do. The man had just confessed something he had kept locked up inside of himself for years, and of all things, it was about Harry's mother.

Before Harry could speak, Snape suddenly whispered, "Get out, Potter... Get out now."

Harry stood there a moment longer as he looked at his former Potions master in a much different light. Without protest, Harry quietly collected his things and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him. Even as he was walking towards the Gryffindor Tower, his mind spun and echoed Snape's words over and over again.

"*That is why I despise you, Harry Potter: because of all the traits you could have inherited from her, you have her eyes!*"

Harry pondered for a moment, focusing on and analyzing what Snape said about his mother. As good as Snape was at keeping a secret, Harry knew there was more to the story. There were some things Snape was not telling him, things Harry wanted to know. Though he didn't want to admit it, he knew there was only one way to find out the truth about Snape and his mother. Taking a deep breath, he began to sprint down the hall, formulating a plan as he went.

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Snape continued to lean on the desk for several more minutes even after Harry had left. Oh, how did this happen? If only that damn boy could keep his temper in check! As angry as Snape was at the moment, the only emotion he was overwhelmed with was sorrow. With a heavy sigh, he slinked to the window on the east and stared out beyond the grounds, as if he was visiting a place far off in the distance within his mind. As he slowly placed a hand on the window, he whispered only one name.

"Lily."

The Story Begins

Chapter 2 of 2

Snape tells Harry a story about his life no one has ever heard before. Will Harry be able to handle it?

Okay, I'll warn you now, there will be a few parts when you say to yourself, "What?! That's not right! She messed up!" Please, just bear with me for 2 reasons:

1. I wrote this PRIOR to reading book 6.
2. This is just a different take of what could have POSSIBLY happened to the mysterious childhood of Professor Snape.

If you have a problem with any of this, and my ideas greatly upset or offend you, please send your emails to:
Icouldcareless@ldontgivearatsarse.com/google/theinternet/pie

Special thanks to my mom, sister, Lord_and_Lady_Peeves, and my beta Keladry Lupin. You all know how much you rock my socks!

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Chapter 2: The Story Begins

Harry had spent most of the night tossing and turning in his bed. Snape's words rang in his head, refusing to let him sleep. No matter what he did, Harry could not forget the words his former Potions master had said. What had happened between Snape and his mother? How did she "torture" him? What was it about her eyes that haunted him? These questions spun around his head the entire night, causing him to become restless and concerned. It wasn't until the early morning when Harry finally got to sleep, but he was awoken an hour later by Ron. When the redhead asked Harry why he seemed to be tired, Harry just said he had a rough night because of reoccurring nightmares from the Final Battle. That wasn't exactly a lie. He still had nightmares about that day. Besides, he wasn't going to tell Ron or anyone about what Snape had said.

Exhausted and still confused from the previous night's events, Harry rolled out of bed to ready for his day. After a night of sleeplessness, he knew what he had to do: he *had* to find out what Snape knew about his mother. No matter what the snarky professor had to say, Harry was going to get Snape to talk, even if it was the last thing he did.

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"Idiot boy!" Snape snapped as the third-year Hufflepuff ran away from the huge snarling rat-boggart. "Don't run! Cast the *Riddikulus* spell!"

"Help me, Professor!" the poor Hufflepuff pleaded while trembling in the corner of the room, as the rat-boggart hissed.

"Ten points from Hufflepuff for refusing a professor's orders. Now hurry and cast the spell before I take twenty points for failing to complete the assignment!"

With a trembling hand, the boy raised his wand and stammered, "*R-r-r-riddikulus!*"

The rat-boggart did not disappear. Instead, it grew larger, causing the boy to whimper even more.

"Oh for Merlin's sake!" Snape growled, before he whipped out his wand and shouted, "*Riddikulus!*"

Suddenly, the gigantic rat turned into a tiny wound up cat toy of a rat, and whirled around in circles on the floor. The class burst out in laughter, but stopped quickly with a glare from their professor. Soon, everyone was looking at their feet in shame as Snape berated them on their poor performance.

"That was appalling, Mr. Myers!" Snape sneered. "You need to control your emotions as well as your fear. As for the rest of you, I've never seen such a cowardly class. I want all of you for homework--"

The class groaned.

"--to write an essay, no less than three feet of parchment, detailing your fears, how you can overcome them, and what you plan on doing in the future in order to defeat the boggart next time in class. Now get out of my sight, the whole lot of you!"

The class bolted out of the room even before Snape picked up the toy rat by its tail and threw it in the closet. He went back to his desk and noticed that Myers' book bag was leaning up against one of the legs of the boy's chair. He had forgotten it in his hurry out of the classroom. Snape sighed in frustration, deciding to leave the bag there in case the boy came back after lunch to pick it up. Severus sat down at his desk and began to make notes of which students needed improvement, and which students needed a great deal of improvement. As he wrote his notes, he heard the door to his classroom creak open and the cautious footsteps of a student.

Not looking up from his desk, Snape said acidly, "Mr. Myers, please remember your things next time you leave, or I shall deduct points. I am not a house-elf and should not have to pick up after you."

"Professor Snape," a young man's voice said from the door, a voice that did not belong to Myers.

That time, Snape looked up to see whom the intruder was that dared enter his classroom. His scowl deepened when he saw none other than Harry Potter standing in front of the door. Snape noticed the young man had huge bags under his eyes. He must have gotten as much sleep as he did last night. He wasn't really surprised. Harry also had a deadpan expression on his face, but his eyes were brimming with questions.

After looking back down to continue writing his notes, Snape grumbled, "What do you want, Potter? It's too early for your detention."

"Tell me about her," Harry said, barely above a whisper. "Please... I want to know."

Snape immediately stopped what he was doing. He didn't need clarification. He knew perfectly well who "she" was, and he wasn't about to share that intimate part of his life with anyone, especially the boy!

"Get out," Snape growled dangerously, "and don't come back until your detention time at seven."

"Please, sir," Harry asked, taking a step forward. "I just..."

*"I said get out now!"*

Suddenly, Snape pointed his wand at a near by jar, which hurled itself at Harry. Luckily, Harry jumped back and slammed the door shut in time before it could hit him. Instead, the jar hit the door and shattered to pieces against it. Snape listened, as Potter's footsteps went quickly down the hall. He sighed to himself before slumping back into his chair. Merlin, had did it come to this? He had spent years trying to forget her, but was never successful. Instead, he learned to ignore the pain, not entirely though. After all, he could never be free of her, especially with the boy that had her eyes. She would constantly haunt him to the end of his days, which was both a good and a bad thing. Oh, Lily! Why? Why....

"Something troubling you, my boy?" a voice asked.

Snape looked up again only that time he saw Dumbledore lingering at his doorway with a small twinkle in his eyes. He knew something was wrong.

"Not at all, Albus," Snape lied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I only asked because you seem quite distracted today," Dumbledore said, as he strolled to the chair next to Snape's desk and sat down, "not to mention Harry just about plowed me down, as he came running out of your room. I take it you two didn't see eye to eye on a subject?"

"Potter is just a spirited boy. I assure you there's nothing amiss."

"Really? Then I'm sure you won't mind telling me what happened?"

"Albus, if you have something to say, then say it, but don't beat around the bush and insult my intelligence."

"Pardon me, Severus, but I didn't mean to offend you. I was just wondering what got both you and Harry so upset."

"It's... it's nothing."

"Severus," the old wizard said seriously, placing a hand on Snape's shoulder. "I've always seen you as a son. Your concerns are mine, and I want to help you to the best of my ability. We've been through so much, so please, don't shut me out now."

Snape looked at the man who just called him son, amazed that Dumbledore could still surprise him even after all these years. Finally, he sighed out loud and mumbled, "All right," causing the old wizard to smile and give Snape's shoulder a squeeze before dropping his hand into his lap. Snape told Dumbledore everything that happened between Harry and him, from the first day of class to the incident that happened only moments earlier. Dumbledore listened attentively with great understanding, as a father would to his son.

When Severus had his say, the Headmaster said with a heavy sigh, "Well, Severus, I can see why you're upset..."

"But?" Snape asked with a raised eyebrow.

"But I think you should speak to Harry about Lily. It might do you some good."

"I know you mean well, Albus, but that is none of his or your business," Snape said snidely. "These ~~are~~ memories, and I don't have to share them with anyone."

"Severus, you've keep this locked up for a long time. You've let it eat at you. Perhaps it's time to let it out now. She'd want her memory to bring you happiness, not pain or regret."

Snape was silent, as he let Dumbledore's words sink in. Though he didn't want to admit it, deep down inside, he knew the Headmaster was right. He had kept this to himself for too long. Maybe it was time for him to talk about it. Maybe... maybe she'd want him to talk to her son, let him know the woman that was stolen from both of them. However, he still had to think about it. After all, he still hated the Boy-Who-Gave-Him-A-Migraine. Understanding Snape's inner turmoil, Albus just patted his good friend on the shoulder before he got up and exited the room, leaving Snape alone with his thoughts. He trusted that he would make the right decision.

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At seven o'clock sharp, Harry arrived for his detention with quill, ink, and ten feet worth of parchment, just in case Snape decided to add on to the seven he was suppose to do that night. He sat down at his usual desk and prepared to write the essay on whatever his Defense Against the Dark Arts professor felt was an "appropriate subject." After he set up his supplies, Harry noticed Snape had not said anything to him when he entered.

'Maybe he doesn't know I'm here,' Harry thought.

He looked up towards Snape's desk to notify him of his arrival, but was surprised to see his professor was not sitting there. Instead, Snape was standing by the window, looking out towards the east. Harry cleared his throat to try and get Snape's attention.

"I know you're here, Potter," Snape said in a low voice, continuing to look out the window. "I'm still deciding on your assignment."

"Yes, sir," Harry said, never taking his eyes off of Snape. He watched, as his professor visibly combated some sort of inner conflict with himself. What it was, Harry didn't know, but he wished he did. Finally, Snape turned around and pinned Harry with a stone cold glare. However, Harry did not flinch or look away. He stayed glued to his spot as well as stare Snape straight in the eye.

"Are you ready?" Snape asked gruffly.

For some reason, it seemed to Harry that Snape was asking if he was ready for many things, not just a seven foot essay. He didn't know whether it was the infliction of his voice or the hidden secret behind his eyes, but Harry knew something else was going on. Lifting his head high, Harry said proudly, "Yes, sir. I'm ready."

Snape nodded slowly and walked to his desk before sitting down and pulling open the top left drawer.

"Come here and sit, Potter," Snape commanded, nodding towards the chair next to his desk. Harry did as he was told, while Snape took out what appear to be a tin about the size of his hand from the drawer of his desk. As Harry took his seat, he noticed the tin contained a few small pieces of paper, matches, and a bag of tobacco.

'Professor Snape smokes?' Harry thought to himself.

Snape must have not seen an odd look on the boy's face since he asked, "Do you smoke, Potter?" Before Harry could respond, Snape answered for him saying, "No, of course not; not the perfect Harry Potter. Well, Potter, we mere mortals do have our vices. I always need one when I..."

He stopped and let his words run dry. Harry didn't say anything, knowing his professor would finish his sentence in due time. Instead, he observed as Snape rolled up his own cigarette, put it in the corner of his mouth, and lit it. He took a drag and then blew the smoke out of his mouth, as he leaned back in his chair, looking up towards the ceiling completely in thought. Harry watch Snape as the professor continued to concentrate on ceiling, as if there was something so interesting that he couldn't pry his eyes off of that one spot. Just as Harry was about to ask what was going on, Snape spoke.

"Forgive me if there are any long pauses or hesitation," Snape said calmly, as he turned his head towards Harry. "I have never retold this story in full detail to anyone before, not even Dumbledore. I must ask you to be patient with me, for this is not an easy task. What I tell you is in the strictest of confidence, never to leave this room. If I discover that you have disclosed anything conversed here with one of your fellow Gryffindors, or anyone else for that matter, then you will be wishing that the Dark Lord finished you off. Have I made myself perfectly clear?"

"Yes, sir," Harry said solemnly, wondering what was so secretive. Snape nodded before turning his attention back to the ceiling. He took another long drag of his cigarette and did not say anything for quite sometime. He just continued to stare pensively toward the ceiling. Snape and Harry sat in the silence for what seemed like an eternity. Harry shifted in his chair in both anticipation and nervousness. What was Snape going to say that was so important? Why was he taking so long? Finally, Snape spoke.

"I suppose I should start from the beginning, that is the best place to start. However, I think you might have a better understanding of the situation if you knew the background information first. I'm sure you recall the horrible upbringing I had as a youth from the times you sneaked a glimpse into my pensive. No, childhood was not a happy time for me.

"I never knew my mother; she died while giving birth to me. My father constantly reminded me of that fact ever since I was born. He rarely let a day go by without telling me that I was the reason she was dead. He cursed me for killing her, and held my life very cheaply against hers."

Snape took a long drag from his cigarette again while Harry shifted uncomfortably in his seat. What was going on? Why was Snape telling him this? However, as uncomfortable as the situation was, Harry wanted Snape to continue.

"After my mother died, my father hated me. He refused to care for me as a newborn, and didn't want to spend the money to hire a nanny. I would have died if it weren't for his father, my grandfather, who wouldn't let me perish. After all, it would have been the end of the Snape name if I had. My grandfather hired a nanny who cared for me. Her name was Christine. She was a beautiful young woman and the only person that cared about me, loving me as a child should be loved. I was too young to remember everything we did together, but the few memories I have of her are some of the happiest times in my life.

Snape took another pull on his cigarette and slowly blew the smoke out of his mouth.

"Unfortunately, Christine departed when I was five years old. My father overheard her one evening, when she told me she loved me."

He paused for a moment.

"It was the first time anyone had said that to me. It felt... inexplicable. I can't even begin to describe what my young mind felt upon hearing those words. It just felt... good."

He paused again to take another puff from his cigarette before he continued. "She also said she would take me from that horrible place, and I would live with her and she'd raise me like her own son. She hugged me and told me to pack a few of my things, which weren't much to begin with. Again, I can't describe the emotions I was feeling when she held me like that. My heart was soaring! I couldn't wait to leave and call Christine 'mother.'

"I was taking a few of my belongings when my father burst through the door and began to shout at her. He pushed her to into the wall and onto the floor, while I cried in the corner. I believe you'll recall that incident from when you entered my mind during our first Occlumency lessons in your fifth year. Am I correct in saying that?"

Harry merely nodded, entranced with Snape's story. No wonder he was such bitter man. He grew up in a home with no love or support. Harry could relate. He too grew up in a household that showed him no affection or attention. He watched Snape, as the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor took another drag from his cigarette and continued.

"He was irate that someone said they loved me. 'That boy doesn't deserve love!' he shouted at her. 'He deserves to wallow in misery like me, for killing his mother!'

"It's not his fault,' Christine said while shaking in fear. 'Your wife died of eclampsia. There was nothing anyone could do, and it certainly wasn't Severus's fault. Stop blaming him for something he didn't do and show him love for once. He's a good and intelligent boy, who deserves to be loved!'

"My father was seething at her words, while I continued to cry in the corner. Finally, he grabbed Christine by her hair and pulled her to her feet shouting, 'I will not be told what to do in my own home! From this moment, you are no longer welcome here!' He then strode out of the room while dragging her behind him. I ran after them and tried to help Christine by pleading with my father to let her stay. I pulled on his robes and swore I'd never be a bother again as long as Christine could stay. He looked down at me and spat, 'You will always be a bother as long as you are alive!' He then proceeded to push me hard into a wall, causing Christine to shout, 'Don't hurt him!'

"'Shut up!' my father hissed as he reached the front door. He flung it open and literally threw her out and told her he'd kill both her and me if she ever came back again. He slammed the door in her face and then grabbed me by the front of my robes. He told me if I ever let her back in or saw her again, he'd kill her. I believed he would, too. I didn't dare defy him. He then told me that I was going to have to learn to be self-reliant from that point on, because he wasn't going to care for a murderous boy like me. As he strode away, I heard Christine crying outside. I went to the window and peeked out behind the drape in time to see her slowly get to her feet. She saw me, and her eyes filled with pity and remorse. I'll never forget that look. 'I'm so sorry, Severus!' she sobbed, as I began to cry again, too. Then my father suddenly pulled me away from the window, and I never saw her again."

Harry felt his chest tighten and a lump begin to form in his throat. How horrible! How could anyone do that to their own child? Harry began to feel his anger and animosity towards Snape slowly begin to fade, as Snape took a last drag from his cigarette just before it was done. He began to roll a new cigarette before he continued.

"Every day after that incident was far from pleasant. He'd berate me daily and beat me when he had too much firewhiskey. I had to learn to care for myself in every way possible, from dressing myself to bathing myself. I was basically forced to grow up at the age of five. Luckily, we had house-elves to make me new clothes when I needed them, and they also did our cooking, so I always had a meal. Unfortunately, my father and I had to eat together, and that was never a joyful task. Sometimes, I skipped meals just to avoid him. He didn't seem to mind.

"Things were slightly better once I had begun school. I loved school, mostly because I loved to learn, not to mention that it was another opportunity to leave the mansion. I didn't have friends in Grammar School. I was shy and afraid of rejection. I instead sought friendship in books, submerging myself in them and focusing all my energy into my studies. It was a distraction from both my daily life as well as my father. If you couldn't guess, most of my books were about Potions and Defense Against the Dark Arts."

Harry gave a small smile and snorted in amusement.

Snape smirked at Harry's reaction before saying, "Surrounded by my books, I spent most of my days in solitude, with the exception of the occasional visits to Lucius Malfoy."

"You knew Malfoy as a child?" Harry asked. He suddenly felt very stupid after he said that, wondering if it was too out of line to ask questions, while Snape discussed such a serious subject. However, his professor didn't look perturbed. In fact, he looked rather pleased to be given a break so he could light his second cigarette.

"Yes," Snape muttered, blowing the smoke out of his nose. "All pureblood families know each other."

"Then someone must have known what your father was doing to you. Why didn't someone come to your rescue?"

"Back in those days, Potter, what happened in other families was none of your business. You just watched out for yourself and your own assets."

"That's... that's..."

"That's how it was, Potter. Now are you going to stop talking and let me finish?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry. Please continue."

Snape smirked said, "Well, since you asked so nicely..." He took a long drag from his cigarette. "Lucius was my only friend, which I think is because I was the only other boy around his age that lived the closest to him. Occasionally, he'd invite me to visit him, and I was more than happy to leave Snape Manor. We both enjoyed each other's company, mainly because it was better than being alone, at least that's how I saw it. Despite his rather selfish behavior, Lucius Malfoy was very good to me when we were children. He showed me the ways of pureblood society, things his father taught him that my father didn't teach to me. I was glad to have him as a friend at that age."

"Professor... do... do you miss him? Lucius?" Harry asked nervously.

Snape was silent for some time, as he pondered the question, thinking of the best way to answer it. "No," he finally said softly. "I don't miss Lucius the man, I miss Lucius the boy, and he's been dead far longer than the man."

Harry nodded, as Snape took another puff before continuing. "The day he got his acceptance letter from Hogwarts was a day that was both horrible and hopeful. I knew I would once again spend more time at Snape Manor. However, I also knew that someday, hopefully, I'd get a letter from Hogwarts, too, and I'd be rid of Snape Manor for at least nine out of the twelve months of the year. I knew my father would allow me to leave. 'Anything to not see your face,' he told me. I couldn't have agreed with him more. The day I did receive my Hogwarts letter was a godsend. I couldn't wait to go to Diagon Alley and get my supplies. I surprised that my father was more than pleased to get my supplies right away. I suppose he wanted to avoid the crowds as well as having me beg for him to take me there.

"The day I went to get my supplies, my father handed me a bag of Galleons and told me to do my own shopping, while he stayed at the Leaky Cauldron. I knew he was going to be completely intoxicated when I returned, so I made a mental note not to be too long. The less alcohol he drank the better. I went down the list in order, checking everything off as I purchased it. Finally, I got to the last item, measurements for school robes. Naturally, I went to Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions... and that's where I first saw her... Lily Evans... my first and only love."

Harry just about fell out of his chair upon hearing those words. What? Snape and his mother? In love? No way! Snape was just saying this to get him upset! The former Potions master must have seen the utter disbelief on Harry's face, because he chuckled before saying smoothly, "Yes, Potter, I said 'love.' Is it so hard to believe that the big black bat has a heart? Can you even fathom the fact that I was once head-over-heels in love?"

Harry could say nothing. The words were caught in his throat, and he merely stared back in stunned silence. "I'll take that as a 'yes,' " Snape said rolling his eyes. "As I was saying, I saw her standing there in front of a mirror, trying to take her own measurements. She was of average height, smooth creamy skin, fiery red hair, and a smile that could brighten a whole room. However, what I remembered most was her eyes. Yes, her eyes, those were gorgeous in every way. They sparkled like two precious emeralds that were such a deep and beautiful green that it seemed surreal. I forgot who I was, as I lost myself in them, surrounded in their kindness and warmth. I could see every emotion played in her eyes. God Himself must have wept after forming Lily Evans, for she was the most beautiful creature in creation. For the first time in my life since Christine had left, I felt good, I felt... love."

Harry slowly let out his breath he realized he was holding. Everything suddenly made sense about the incident that took place the night before. No wonder Snape said those things. Harry waited on baited breath for Snape to continue, but the professor merely took his time, as he smoked his cigarette, savoring the image of Lily he had recreated in his head.

"Before I knew it, I was standing right next to her, still staring at her beauty, like she was an angel that fell from Heaven and landed right in my arms. I was stunned. I didn't know what to say. She must have felt my eyes on her because she turned and saw me. She smiled and said, 'Hello! Are you waiting to get measured for your school robes, too?' I found myself unable to speak, so I merely nodded. 'The lady said she'd return in a little bit.' I nodded again, completely at a loss for words. However, Lily wasn't the type to let you keep silent. She extended her hand and smiled, 'I'm Lily Evans. I'm going to Hogwarts in September.'

"Severus Snape,' I responded, forcing myself to speak and take her hand. 'I too am attending Hogwarts in the fall.' In the Wizarding world, Lucius taught me that when you greet a man, you give him a hardy handshake, but when you meet a woman, you delicately kiss her hand... So that's what I did. I kissed her hand she offered to me. Of course, she didn't know of this custom and she giggled. I looked up at her, fearful she was laughing at me. She told me she didn't mean to offend, but she had never gotten kissed on her hand before. Suddenly, I realized she wasn't from a pureblood family, she wasn't even from a Wizarding family. She was a Muggle-born. Part of my heart sank. I knew what Lucius and my father would refer to her as..."

"A Mudblood," Harry said sadly.

Snape nodded. "Indeed. I knew they would never accept her. I would over hear my father and grandfather grumbling about Muggles and Muggle-born wizards, calling them that horrible name. I would also hear Lucius and his family make similar comments, and how the Wizarding world would be so much better without such 'filth,' as they called it. They thought magic should stay in the realm of wizards, not extend to Muggles, no matter how qualified they were. Unfortunately, I believed their words and had the same attitude towards Muggles and Muggle-borns. However, my tune changed when I met Lily. She was nothing like they had described a Muggle to be. If anything, she was completely the opposite."

Snape took another puff from his cigarette before he continued. "She asked me if I had gotten everything on my list yet, and I told her I had, except for this last item. 'Me, too!' she said enthusiastically. 'I just need these robes and then I need to go to the apothecary to get some potions supplies, but I don't know where to find it.'

"Of course, I knew where it was, and as an act of kindness on my part I said, 'I know where it is. If you'd like, I can accompany you there.'

"'Oh, you would?' she asked as her eyes danced in appreciation. 'That would be most helpful. Oh, thank you, Severus!'

"'It's nothing,' I said, though I couldn't fight the smile that played on my lips. We both sat on adjacent stools as we awaited Madam Malkin to return. We were quiet for only a few moments, because as I told you before, Lily would not allow one to sit in absolute silence for long. She asked me, 'Are you shopping by yourself, too? I don't see anyone with you.'

"'Yes,' I told her. 'My father is at the Leaky Cauldron.'

"'So are my parents,' she smiled. 'They were going to come into Diagon Alley with me, but then my sister, Petunia, started to make a big fuss about not wanting to go in, so they stayed with her. They really wanted to go with me, but I told them I could go by myself. It took a lot of convincing but I finally got them to agree. You know how parents are.'

"'Yes,' I lied.

"'Oh, I wish this lady would hurry up,' she commented with a furrowed brow. 'I really want to see the apothecary. Potions really sound interesting.'

"Immediately, I perked up. I found perhaps something we shared in common, besides the fact that we were both going to be attending Hogwarts and that our parents were at the Leaky Cauldron. As I had told you, I surrounded myself with books of all types in my youth, and I knew many spells even before entering Hogwarts, very much like your friend Miss Granger. Gingerly, I took out my new wand and pointed it to the measuring tape in her hand. With a little flick of the wrist and a quick incantation, the measuring tape sprung to life and floated in midair in front of us."

Snape chuckled at the memory as he smoked his cigarette. "I remember Lily gave such a startled gasp and her eyes were so wide with shock, that I almost laughed at her reaction. She looked at me with those big green eyes of hers, bewildered at what I had accomplished. Then a slow smile spread across her face and she giggled, 'Wow, that's amazing! How did you do that?'"

"I shrugged and simply said, 'Magic.' She burst out laughing.

"'Of course it was magic,' she said smiling, 'but I mean how did you know it even before we could be taught spells at school? Are you from one of those Wizarding families?'"

"I smirked and said to her, 'No, I was raised by magical monkeys in Madagascar.'"

Harry burst into laughter, surprised Snape had a sense of humor. Snape merely chuckled before taking another drag on his cigarette. As the laughter died down, Harry looked at his Defense Against the Dark Arts professor in a new light. He never thought Snape to be funny or self-conscious. He didn't even think the git could feel love, but, apparently, under all those layers of black cloth, there was a man with a heart and a soul.

"She got a laugh out of it as well," Snape commented, slowly blowing the smoke out of his nose. "I loved it when she laughed. It was like music." He paused for sometime, long enough for Harry to wonder if Snape was finished with his story. Finally, Snape said softly, "I'd give anything to hear it again... to hear Lily."

Harry shifted uncomfortably in his seat again, feeling a bit awkward that Snape was talking about his mother in such a way. However, he continued to be patient and listen. He wanted to hear as much about his mother as he could. He watched Snape take another drag before he continued. "Since the house-elves made all of my clothes, I was familiar about how and where to measure for robes. I told Lily to stand on the stool and the tape would do the rest. She was amazed how it moved and recorded her measurements by itself. She would watch the tape and then look back at me, as I concentrated everything I had in me into that task. Finally, when the tape had finished, it dropped to the floor, and I felt absolutely exhausted!"

"I bet!" Harry added. "That's quite a spell for a eleven-year-old."

"Indeed. At that moment, Madam Malkin returned, rather impressed that Lily's measurements were already taken. I was rather grateful that she came, too, because I wasn't sure if I could do such a complicated spell again."

Harry chuckled.

"It didn't take long for her to measure me. In a matter of minutes Lily and I were exiting the shop and headed for the apothecary. It was most entertaining to see her so excited over things that were so normal and simple to me, such as dragon scales or bat wings. She wanted a description and application of everything that apothecary was selling. She was as eager to learn as I was. Despite the copious amount of time that was spent going through every jar, every basket, and every shelf... I didn't mind one bit. It was a joy to have her by me, an absolute joy.

"Finally, she made her purchases, and proceeded to leave the shop. I was upset that our time together suddenly had to end. I really had wished it could go on forever. Suddenly, my prayers were answered in the form of Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor."

"Really?" Harry asked with a quizzical look.

"I wouldn't have said it if it wasn't true, Potter. Do pay attention. As I was saying, before you rudely interrupted me, Lily spotted the ice cream parlor across the street. I could see in her eyes that she was hatching a plan. Before I could ask if we should return to the Leaky Cauldron, she turned to me and asked, 'Is Wizard ice cream better than Muggle ice cream?'"

"I told her, 'I don't know. I've never had ice cream before.'"

"She looked at me with shock written on her face, just like the same look you're giving me now, Potter. Why you two were amazed by that fact, I don't know, but it was true. I told her my father didn't believe in treats. Suddenly, she smiled, took my hand, and said, 'Well, let's change that today.'"

"Before I knew it, I was being dragged along through the crowded street by Lily Evans, who was taking me straight to the ice cream parlor. Unfortunately, my father gave me exact change in the bag of Galleons, so I had no money left for ice cream. He did it to make sure I didn't buy anything 'frivolous.' I was too embarrassed to say anything to her when we entered the shop, so I remained silent, as she approached the counter with me trailing behind her. You could imagine my surprise when she ordered the biggest sundae there and asked for *two* spoons. I looked at her completely flabbergasted. I couldn't believe it. She actually wanted to share with me. Me! What did I do to ever receive such a gift? Who was this beautiful and kind-hearted girl that wanted to share a sundae with the likes of me? Oh Potter... You have no idea what it was like for me to feel accepted, to feel loved. It was..."

Snape paused for a moment before he sighed, resigning to try and find the words to describe the feelings that were evoked that day. He smoked his cigarette some more before he continued.

"While I was still trying to fathom what had just happened, Lily looked over her shoulder at me and said sweetly, 'This one's on me.'"

"'But why?' I asked her sincerely. 'What is this for?'"

"'Well,' she stared, 'for trying ice cream for the first time *and* for becoming my first friend in the Wizarding world.'"

Snape took another drag on the cigarette.

"'You didn't have to do that,' I whispered to her.

"'Nonsense,' she whispered back. 'You helped me so much today. I'd be lost if it weren't for you, or still waiting for Madam Malkin to take my measurements. Just see this as a thank you, Severus.'"

"At that point, I was in Nirvana. She was thanking me and calling me friend. She *wanted* to be my friend. She... she liked me. I couldn't believe it. How could someone so pure, loving, and kind thank and want a sad child like me? For years I asked myself this question, and I finally came to a conclusion: Lily had a big heart, and everyone that had ever met her knew that and was a better person because of it."

He paused and took another drag on his cigarette, remembering Lily's kindness and generosity before continuing.

"When we received our ice cream, she insisted I try it first. Hesitantly, I took a spoonful and slowly sampled the cold substance. It was the best thing I had ever tasted. Maybe it tasted sweeter because she was there. I don't know, but it was fantastic nonetheless. We spent practically the entire afternoon eating, talking, laughing, and just getting to know each other better. I actually laughed, Potter. I couldn't even remember the last time I laughed before then. That day in the ice cream parlor was one of the best times of my life.

"However, all good things must come to an end. Unfortunately, in this case, that end was the appearance of Lucius Malfoy. He saw us in the window while he was in the

apothecary and left to see us. He immediately knew she wasn't from a Wizarding family, which was the last thing I wanted him to notice. His arrival startled both Lily and I when he said in a low voice, 'Why hello, Severus. What are you doing here?'

"When I saw him, my heart sank again. I knew what he meant. He was asking why I was associating with a Muggle-born. I cleared my throat and said, 'Lucius, this is Lily Evans. Lily, this is my friend, Lucius Malfoy.'

"Hi, it's very nice to meet you,' Lily smiled, grabbing Lucius' hand and shaking it.

"Of course it is,' Lucius smirked, before taking back his hand. He turned his attention to me and said, 'Severus, your father is looking for you. He wants me to take you back to the Leaky Cauldron this instant.'

"Despite that I didn't want to leave Lily, the last thing I wanted to do was disobey my father, for that only meant more brutal beatings. Reluctantly, I told Lily good-bye and she said the same to me, both of us also saying that we hoped to see each other on the Hogwarts Express. As I left with Lucius, I looked back to see Lily smiling to herself, as she took another bite of that delicious ice cream. My thoughts were suddenly distracted when Lucius asked sternly, 'What was that all about?'

"Nothing,' I merely shrugged. 'She couldn't find the apothecary so...'

"So you decided to help her out. How touching,' he said sarcastically. 'I can understand why you would. She's a very beautiful girl.'

"Yes, she is,' I responded.

"It's difficult not to be nice when they're as attractive as she, but that doesn't change the fact that she's *still* a Muggle-born!' Lucius told me harshly. 'She's not the kind of girl you want to associate with yourself socially, among other things. You must remember that, Severus, or else you'll regret it, understand?'

"Yes,' I sighed, but not planning to follow all of Lucius' plans of action.

"Good, now come with me while I look for a new broom,' he demanded, flashing that horrible wolfish grin.

"I gave him a quizzical look and asked suspiciously, 'Wait, doesn't my father want me to return?'

"No,' Lucius said slyly. 'I was just saying that so you'd have an excuse to leave that Mudblood. Now come on, Severus! The new Comets have just arrived!'

"Just as Lily had dragged me into the ice cream parlor, Lucius dragged me to the broom store. However, the entire time I was there with Lucius, I was thinking of Lily, and how I couldn't wait to see her again on the Hogwarts Express."

Snape looked up and read the clock on the wall. It said it was already eight. Sighing heavily, he put out the last of his cigarette. Without looking up, he told Harry, "All right, Potter, that is enough for today."

Harry was stupefied. What? Over? No way! There was still so much of the story left! Harry jumped to his feet and was about to open his mouth to speak when Snape suddenly lifted a hand in front of Harry's face and said calmly, "I assure you that you are not finished just yet. Return tomorrow at seven o'clock to continue your detention, understood?"

"Yes, sir," Harry said with a small smile.

Snape waved his hand at Harry in a dismissive fashion, as if he was shooing him from his room. Harry gathered the forgotten school supplies on his desk and headed straight for the door. Suddenly, just as he reached for the handle, Harry turned around and looked at Snape for a moment, as the professor sat at his desk, sorting through all the emotions he had conjured during his story. Finally, Harry spoke.

"Sir?" he asked.

"Oh, what now, Potter?" Snape hissed.

"Thank you."

Harry didn't wait for a response. Instead he left, never more anxious in his life to have detention the next day. Snape remained alone with his thoughts, thoughts of his beloved Lily, hoping this is what she would want Severus to do with her memories.