

All Mine

by Alison

James wants Lily, but she hates him. Is this how he managed to get her?

Complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Get over it, mate! She's just a girl. Date someone else."

I glared up at the ceiling from my prone position on the bed, ignoring Padfoot. Lily's not just any girl. She should have been my girl. Not bloody Snivellus's.

"I don't know what she sees in him," Peter said for the hundredth time since we got back from Hogsmeade. "I mean, he's ugly, he's..."

"Leave it Wormtail!" I snapped. "I don't want to hear it again, all right?"

"You're overreacting, Prongs," Sirius said. "What about you turn on the ol' charm for Florence? You know, that cute little fifth year in Hufflepuff. She'd love to go out with the school's Quidditch star."

I rolled my eyes. As if I could think of any other girl but Lily Evans. Nobody else even came close.

"Sirius is right," Moony said quietly, perching at the foot of my bed. "Find someone else. At least now you know why Lily won't go out with you. She likes nerds ..."

I almost smiled at that. Moony was so close to being a nerd himself it made no difference. Ah, but he and Snape weren't at all alike, though. Moony had a dangerous edge to him, a subtle undercurrent lurking beneath his studious prefect exterior. He was a werewolf who just happened to be a nerd when human. It was that hint of danger that made it exciting to hang out with him. But Snivellus...he was just a greasy creep.

I turned onto my side, away from them. Moony got the picture and herded the others out of the dorm so that I could be alone. Alone with my thoughts. The disgusting scene was burned into my memory. There we were earlier today, sixth-year Marauders on a Hogsmeade weekend, the snow falling and making the houses of the town look like a Christmas card. And then, turning a corner and seeing Snivellus Snape and Lily Evans at the end of the street, kissing like there was no tomorrow.

I shuddered. She'd had her arms wound around his shoulders, and his greasy hair was falling into her red hair as they kissed. They were so wrapped up in each other that they didn't see me. It was only because Moony wrenched my wand away in time that I didn't hex the pair of them into next week. He and Peter dragged me off, saying something about "too many witnesses", and even Pads didn't seem too keen to tangle with Snivellus in a street crowded with Christmas shoppers.

I snarled at the image. How dare he touch her? And how could she stand to let him, much less kiss him back like that?

I cast my mind back to when we were little. I hated him then, too, despite my mum telling me to get along with him because he was my cousin. I hated having to share the house with him and his mum when they came for their too-frequent visits, usually after Snivellus's dad had given his mum a hiding, and it wasn't safe for her to go home. I mean, Aunt Eileen was a witch, for Merlin's sake! Why didn't she just hex her bastard of a husband? I asked Mum about it once, but she just shook her head and murmured something about her sister loving the man and adult relationships being complex.

My mother had married into the Potter family, a good pure-blood match, but her sister Eileen had gone and fallen for a Muggle, and look where that had got her – a bastard who used his fists on her and gave her an ugly half-blood kid who was fascinated with the Dark Arts.

Not that I'm prejudiced. I mean, Moony's half-blood, and he's one of my best friends. And Lily Evans is Muggle-born. But I never liked Severus, even when we were in the same house. He always used to have his big nose buried in some book or other, a loner who never wanted to play Quidditch or football, always so bloody quiet and watchful, his face expressionless so you could never guess what he was thinking. It freaked me out totally.

I've never told anybody we're cousins; I'm ashamed to have someone like him in my family. A lot of us pure-bloods are related, it doesn't mean we all have to like each other.

I gave him his nickname years ago. We were ten, and they were staying with us again. Severus's dad had started belting him too by this time. Mum said it was because Severus had been trying to stand up for Aunt Eileen, but I think his father just didn't like him.

I remember he was doing his quiet routine again, utterly ignoring me as if I wasn't there, and it made me so mad. I wanted to get some reaction out of him, anything. So I pinched his favourite book, a spellbook our Gran had given him, and set fire to it. I smirked; Gran should have given me her good stuff, not wasted it on a loser like him. He'd beaten the fire out and then sat poking through the wreckage, tears running down his face. That's when he told me he hated me. It's been war between us ever since.

And now the freak had the girl I wanted!

I turned onto my stomach and punched the pillow savagely. I'd liked Lily for so long. Why had she never gone out with me? I mean, I'm not bad looking. I'm smart and like Pads said, I'm the best Quidditch player Hogwarts has seen in years. Okay, so I tend to hex people that tick me off. But I mean, if you've got it, it's a waste not to use it, right?

Maybe it's like Moony said, perhaps Lily likes guys who are quiet and bookish. Maybe I overwhelm her. That'd be understandable. But she's popular; she could have her pick of guys in Hogwarts. Why Snivellus?

I know they were friends, that was obvious from the day I first saw Lily on the Hogwarts Express, back in first year. They were always hanging out together in the library studying, spending their breaks and lunchtimes together, stuff like that. I wish I'd known Evans wanted a toad for a pet; I'd have bought her one. It would have been prettier than Snivellus.

I got up off my bed and wandered over to the window, deep in thought. Maybe I should try to tone it down a bit, I thought, staring down at the snowy Hogwarts grounds. At least when Lily's around, I can show her I know how to be sensitive and listen rather than showing off or talking about Quidditch all the time. I know she doesn't like it when I hex people; well, I can change. I'll become as nerdy as Moony if I have to. But will it be enough to win her back?

Students were starting to walk across the grounds below, returning from Hogsmeade. And then I froze. Snivellus and Lily were walking a little way behind the others. The creep had his arm about her waist, and she was leaning against him as they ambled slowly over the snowy ground. They stopped and faced each other, talking, holding hands. I couldn't hear what they were saying to each other, but Lily was smiling up at him, and my gut boiled at the way Snivellus looked at her, as if she was the most precious thing in the world, like an oasis to a man dying of thirst ...

It was as though something large and scaly erupted into life inside my stomach at the sight of them together, clawing at my insides. Hot blood seemed to flood my brain, so that all thought was extinguished, replaced by a savage urge to jinx Snivellus into a jelly.

I clenched my fists as I watched them, unseen up in the dorm. Lily reached up with a smile and kissed him again, and he responded, drawing her close, not fiercely, but tenderly, his arms cradling her possessively. He reached one finger up to her face and drew it along her cheek lovingly, and Lily turned her head and kissed his finger. I stopped torturing myself and turned away from the grisly scene. It was too late; I was too late – there was no way any change in my character was even going to be noticed by Lily now ...

But ... but what if Lily's character was changed instead?

The idea sprang into my mind fully-formed; why had I never considered this before? A love potion. I was good at potions; I could make one. Christmas would be the perfect time to slip some to Lily. I could send her some chocolates laced with the potion, maybe even with a little note, "With love from Severus," added. She'd eat them and drop Snivellus like a hot rock. And be my girl instead.

But then I frowned. I'd seen the results of some love potions. They were like using a Muggle bulldozer to crush a peanut. I'd need something cumulative, something that wouldn't set off any alarm bells in Lily's mind by working too suddenly. I knew she was clever; if she developed an obsession with me immediately, she'd know I'd bespelled her. No, for this to work, I'd have to be subtle. I'd need to research advanced potions from the Restricted Section of the Library and find something that would work slowly, making Lily feel a little more kindly to me day by day, gradually becoming more and more interested, until she wouldn't so much as look at Severus any more.

I grabbed a quill and some parchment. I could sweet-talk old Sluggy into giving me a pass into the Restricted section. He's a sucker for flattery; I'd get his signature and be able to go through the books straight away.

As I made for the door, I hesitated. Padfoot and the others would want to come with me. I shook my head. I didn't want them to know, not about this. Sirius would think the idea was a hoot, but Moony was sure to disapprove. Anyway, I didn't want anybody to know I needed a love potion to get my girl. That'd be embarrassing. I went and rummaged in my trunk and withdrew the invisibility cloak. I'd use that to get out of the common room unseen.

I glanced out the window again. Snivellus and Lily were still at it, not thrashing about like Padfoot when he snogs a new girlfriend, but instead slow and lingering. Lily rested her head against Snivellus's chest, and he held her gently in his arms for a moment before they turned and, still hand in hand, headed for the castle entrance.

Enjoy it while it lasts, Snivellus. Because soon she'll be all mine.

The End

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

Alison