

# Memoirs of a Seventh-Year Slytherin

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## (one shot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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She walked past his door half a dozen times before knocking, and as soon as her hand hit the wood, she wished she could reverse time. This was insane. What in Merlin's name ever made her even *think* of this? But it was too late now, the deed was done; the first domino had fallen, starting off the chain reaction that would make all the domino-setters glare at her with daggers in their eyes and say, "IDIOT! We're not done lining it up yet!"

The door opened just a crack, but when he saw who was calling, he let it swing open to reveal his face. "Miss Wimsley."

She'd rehearsed this. Thank goodness. All she had to do was say the lines. They weren't even that hard. Say them. WAIT--lick lips first. Set the tone. Get the voice ready *oh shit, oh shit, I didn't warm my voice up, I was supposed to go in the bathroom and hum a few minutes first, so it wouldn't come out crackly, oh, bugger, too late* not too loud, a bit breathy. "Hello, Professor."

That went well!

He cocked his head and regarded her blankly. "Is there something you need?" he finally asked, with just the slightest hint of "speak now or forever remove your ass from my doorjamb" in his voice.

"Something I need...Not exactly, Professor, but there is something I want. May I come in?"

He furrowed his brow, but pulled the door wide so she could enter. She heard it click shut behind her and was faced with a decision: To lock, or not to lock? This, and others like it, had been the subject of many hours of debate at the Three Broomsticks with her two best friends, who (as usual) were diametrically opposed on the issue. "Are you nuts? NO ONE locks someone else's door, EVER! That's one of those unwritten rules! If you do it, he's going to feel annoyed and affronted and all kinds of alliterative bad stuff! It'll kill the mood before it even begins!" "No it won't! It'll turn him on! My sister's done it on three separate guys and every one of them had robes like a circus tent the minute she touched the bolt!" "Oh, great, you've told us for six years now that your sister's a 'hoo-er' and now you're using her as an example?" "You know, only I get to say that about my sister..." and on and on. Now she was right there, in the moment, and it all came down to this: no matter how he reacted to having his door locked, ultimately it would mean freedom from interruption. That was worth a lot. He was standing there waiting (*like a gentleman*) for her to proceed into the office. She turned on her heel and found the bolt, then looked at him demurely as she lifted its knob and slid it silently into the rings.

He looked as though his chin was trying to back right off his face, but he didn't unlock the doorScore!

She knew there would be a problem in the office. It was not exactly designed with feng shui in mind. Or at least not the sort of shui that encouraged fenging. Her girlfriends had unanimously agreed on that point, and had been singularly helpful for a change. As he took his seat on the opposite side of his desk, she leaned forward on the arms of her chair to give him a clear view of her new chemise with the plunging neckline (which was nearing terminal velocity); the three of them had bought it together on Knocturn Alley.

He leaned back in his chair and rested his fingers on his chin and lips. "You have my attention, Miss Wimsley," he said to Lefty and Righty. "What is it that you want?"

She was *hoping* for that one--she knew exactly how to respond. "I think you know what I want."

He started to sit up angrily, with a snide remark already forming on his lips, when he caught on. To her chagrin, his eyes narrowed considerably and he folded his arms over his chest.

"I'm sure I don't," he said, but on the plus side, his voice *had* dropped at least half an octave. "I don't like games, Miss Wimsley. You are beginning to try my patience."

"It's Brietta, Professor. And I apologize. Perhaps I should be more direct." *Oh, shit, was that my Out Loud Voice?*

He settled back into his chair, regarding her expectantly, reminiscent of a spider sizing up the best way to turn the latest hapless insect into a bug burrito. But he wasn't about to make things any easier by speaking up, that was obvious.

She had wanted to be alone with him like this for years now. The closest she'd ever come was at the Yule Ball the previous Christmas. After hours of conferring with other girls, watching him stomp around the Great Hall looking bored, she finally decided to make a move. She'd drifted effortlessly along the social currents in the room and allowed herself to become snagged on him. She politely inquired if he was enjoying his evening (he wasn't) and complimented his attire (which (she inwardly admitted) made him even more uptight than usual (which hadn't seemed possible), but since most of his attractiveness was his glacial inaccessibility, it also made him look hotter than ever (which also hadn't seemed possible)). Finally, she'd just steeled herself and said, very quietly, "I've seen that you haven't been dancing this evening, Professor, but I'd like to dance with you once, if I may." That was another "who the hell is in charge of the Out Loud Voice?" moment, but it had *worked*. He had raised an eyebrow (a bit like he was doing right now, actually) and extended a hand, wordlessly, to escort her to the floor.

It was incredible. She expected him to be a clumsy, awkward dancer, the type that either lets the girl lead, or else comports himself so woodenly that you feel like you're spinning in circles with your own coffin. But to her surprise and delight, neither were the case. He was obviously one of those anti-jocks that were out taking Ballroom Dancing lessons while the other boys were busily smashing into one another on the Quidditch pitch. Consequently, though he couldn't fly a broom, he could sweep a lady across the floor.

With perfect propriety, he'd kept her strictly at arm's length. His right hand remained firmly planted in the center of her back, his left holding her fingertips almost, but not quite, too high for comfort, so she was not quite, but almost, off balance the entire time. This left her only two options: follow his lead or fall over. Or to put it another way: keep up, look gorgeous, and don't even THINK about trying to steer. Delectable!

A four-minute dance had supplied her with eighteen months of daydreams, which had culminated in her arrival in this very chair, wearing this very chemise, and feeling very determined to do more than dance this time. And he wanted "Direct." She could do *Direct*. But, argh, there was Direct, and there was Sleaze-a-Beast, with a very fine line between them. She'd stayed on the right side at that dance, she could do it again. Maybe.

Deep breath. "I've desired you for years, Professor, and now that I'm no longer your student, I want to..." *omighod omighod I can't believe I said it, well, cowabunga, the lid's off that can!* Slowly and deliberately, she reached across the desk with one hand, turning it over to brush the back of her fingers against his. She couldn't look him in the eye at that moment, it was too intense, but she studied their hands raptly. He didn't respond, then, as if against his will, two fingers flicked up to meet hers and quickly withdrew. YES! She risked a glance at his face: his eyes were closed. YES! She gently dragged her hand just to the ends of his fingertips, then eased her own fingers between his.

Suddenly he seized her wrist and yanked her to her feet, bringing his other arm around her back and pulling her close. Which would have been fabulous were it not for the fact that the desk was still between them, forcing her spine to bend in directions that were not generally recommended. Somehow, though, it made him all the more tantalizing; once again, he had taken the lead, giving her the choice to surrender to his will or fall (and break her back this time, *how hot is that?!*).

"Young lady," he said, looking deeply and fiercely into her eyes, "you are treading on very thin ice. If you're mocking me..."

"No. I'm deadly serious."

"Say it, then." His breath was already ragged, deep and quick through his parted lips.

"I want to make love to you, Severus Snape. Right now. Will you have me?"

As it had been at the dance, his answer was wordless, complete, and unequivocal.

It was two hours later at the very least, when he left her alone in his bedroom. They'd gone through the fireplace to his home, which had come as a bit of a shock; she wasn't aware that he had a place to live outside Hogwarts. The whole house, as far as she could tell, was very spare, being mainly furnished in Early Librarian motifs. The bed was lumpy, but certainly a damn sight softer than the desk. There was a walnut armoire against one wall, and a wrought-iron bedstead, but no other furnishings in the bedroom, aside from shelves and shelves of books. She smiled. The man was saturated with nerditude.

He returned with what looked like a lovely mug of steaming tea, but turned out to be a vile green concoction of some kind. "Drink it all," he said, in a manner that precluded any possibility of "no, thanks, water's fine."

"And what exactly are you serving?"

"This will ensure that there are no...consequences."

She raised a brow this time. "Conceptions, you mean?"

"Precisely. Drink."

*So much for that idea*, she mused glumly. She had little choice. Not only was there not so much as a potted plant in the room that she could surreptitiously dump it into, but he sat and watched her until the mug was empty.

It had been great sex though, and as Brietta dressed (uttering an irritable "*Reparo*" over the pieces of her brand new chemise), she wondered aloud if perhaps she could call again before the Hogwarts Express departed in two more days.

"No," he said rather firmly, which was a bit painful to hear, but his voice softened slightly when he saw her expression. "This was a...most pleasant encounter, but I think you appreciate that I'm not one to...form attachments."

She smiled wryly. "I understand. Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am."

He nodded in curt acknowledgement. "You've always had a way with words, Brietta."

He watched her dress, then escorted her to the living room, where he took her up once more in his arms and gave her a long departing kiss. He wanted to make damn sure she couldn't zip back to the castle and vomit up all of that potion. He'd almost fallen for that trick in his third year on the faculty.

As she disappeared through the Floo Network, Snape shook his head musingly. Not a bad haul this year! The one that called on him right after the N.E.W.T.s had been a bit much; she was even more of a masochist than Bellatrix Lestrange (not that he had ever bedded that lunatic, of course, but the Dark Lord occasionally liked to perform before an audience). She'd begged him to strike her harder until he'd split his knuckle on her teeth, which was far too much for his taste. When she'd asked him to cast the Cruciatus curse, he'd had to draw the line. That sort of thing gave him the heebie-jeebies.

There had been three from Ravenclaw, and two Hufflepuffs; most unusual for more than one or two from outside Slytherin House in any given year. He wondered idly, as he did every year, if a Gryffindor would turn up at his door; it certainly didn't look promising at this point. He smiled mirthlessly. That neurotic Granger girl--he could probably have her in two more years if he hinted that it would improve her score on the N.E.W.T.s.

This last one was not bad, really; he always enjoyed the ones who were resolutely determined to emancipate him from chastity. In times past, he might have let her come back again, but he'd definitely found his favorite this year: a Quidditch player. He loved their lean, athletic bodies. This one had the most incredible control of the constrictor muscles of the throat that he had ever seen. When Snape had closed his eyes and put his hands on the back of the young man's head, he could *easily* imagine that it was Harry Potter.

Severus sat back in his favorite armchair and smiled. Eleven "trophies" this year. It was time for a trip to Flourish and Blotts.

FINIS

A/N: Okay, I know, this is a little on the WTF!Silly side, but it's one of the first HP fics I wrote, and I feel guilty for not updating anything else in such a long time.