

The Gilded Potion

by Nimue of the Lake

Someone's crush on Severus Snape goes a bit too far...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She had been the belle of the Yule Ball. But Severus still showed her no interest that night! Gilda had specifically worn dress-ropes of purple, Severus' favorite colour, and curled her lovely golden hair in loose waves, but even after walking in front of him three times, he still didn't notice her. When she asked him to dance, he had waved her away, distracted with someone on the dance floor. Then it had hurt her heart the most when she saw who he was looking at. It was a boy. Gilda knew then that she had to play love dirty.

Gilda stood in the musty apothecary, nose scrunched in distaste as she tried not to dirty her white kid gloves with the dust on the shelves. As she scanned the assorted bottles on the shelves, she finally found the one she wanted. She picked it up daintily, smiling wickedly. Fifteen years of scouring the world had led her to the Palestinian shores, to a potion dealer who had the rare concoction. Brushing her permed hair out of her face (it was so damn hot here), she turned to the old woman behind the counter. "Is this it?" she asked quietly.

She had spent many years building her image – wait... no... HIS image. Sometimes it was difficult to remember she was a 'he' now. Thousands of Galleons and years of traveling had built him into celebrity. He wrote books about himself, speaking of his travels and the many adventures he had done. He had saved villages and maidens and battled monsters, all while looking good. He was a household name, one of bravery and valiance. And now he was to be a teacher at Hogwarts, so close to his beloved. As he packed his trunks, he only thought of Severus.

He stood smiling before all the children, at the head table with the other professors. He gave a quick wink to the Potter boy, such a friendly boy, and out of the corner of his eye, saw Severus looking quite disgruntled. 'Don't worry, my love. I can use one of my Memory Spells, and you'll never remember being miserable again. We'll live together, the envy of everyone!' He was even wearing his favorite lavender robes, sure to catch Severus' eyes. It was true; he had mastered Memory Charms so that everyone would forget Gilda and remember—

“— Professor Gilderoy Lockhart!”

Author's Note: I just wanted to do a 100-word challenge, but this plot-bunny wanted to be longer, so I gave in and made it a 100-word challenge series. Lockhart is one of my favorite characters, and because so many people love to joke about Lockhart/Snape, I had to do this. Reviews haven't killed me yet, so let me know what you think!