

Desperate Measures

by Lady Whitehart

Unrequited love... a desperate teen... a greasy git... How far will Ginny Weasley go to get the man of her dreams?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: There is a theory out there that Ginny used a love potion on Harry, and here is the missing scene from HBP to support that theory. The following was written on a dare.

Desperate Measures

Ginny slipped into the Potions classroom just before curfew. Classes would begin the next day, and she was running out of time.

She had loved Harry since the moment she laid eyes on him, and her attempts so far to get him to notice her were not working out. It was only a matter of time before he realized that Hermione was his one true love, and Ginny couldn't let that happen. She had to act--and soon. She needed a love potion: a strong one. She had found a copy of the one her mother had made when she had been a student, but it just wasn't strong enough. She needed expert help, and her last possible choice was Professor Snape.

Last chance to turn back. Ginny closed her eyes. *There's no other way; I have to do this.* She knocked on the door of his office.

"Enter," snapped a harsh voice. Taking a deep breath, she stepped inside. Snape looked up at her, his cold, black eyes raking over her body, harboring a mixture of lust and curiosity. "To what do I own this unexpected *pleasure*, Miss Weasley?"

Ginny hated the way he had emphasized the last word before her name. Her looks were a curse--even the greasy git wanted her. They all wanted her; everyone except Harry. If it wasn't for the fact that Harry didn't notice her, she would have started to wonder if she had veela blood in her veins.

"I--I need your help, Professor Snape."

"Miss Weasley, you do realize that it is nearly curfew, do you not? I cannot imagine what could be so pressing an issue that it won't wait until your first Defense class with me. Now, unless it is a matter of significant importance, you need to leave immediately."

"I need a potion, Professor," she burst out before he could dismiss her.

Snape looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "So, your reputation has finally caught up with you. Who is the lucky idiot?"

"Harry Potter."

"What?" Snape asked in surprise.

She quickly figured out what he was talking about. "No, sir. It's not like that, but I want him to finally notice me. I need a love potion, and I thought..."

"Oh, yes, nasty old Professor Snape, who couldn't get laid even if he wore a bag over his head, would be the one most likely to need--and therefore, would know how to brew--a love potion." His voice was more bitter than she had ever heard it before.

"Well," she began, "you were the Potions master, sir. I just thought that you would be able to do it."

"Why on earth should I help you? I highly doubt," he said with a sneer, "you have anything to give that hasn't been enjoyed by half of the male population of Hogwarts."

Ginny had to think fast in order to come up with a way to convince him. The next thing she knew, Snape was towering over her, a greedy look in his eyes. "You do know, Miss Weasley," he began, his face only inches from hers, "that you look strikingly like Potter's mother. Do you honestly think that I wish to see history repeated?"

"But--but you're my last chance!" She was getting desperate. Not only would she lose Harry, but she could sense that she was about to lose House points and maybe even end up with a detention. If she ever had to explain...

"Give me one good reason why I should help you ensnare the senses of the boy who lived to be a pain in my ass."

Ginny said the first thing that popped into her pretty red head. "Hermione Granger!"

Whatever Snape had been expecting, that obviously hadn't been it. He staggered back a pace, his eyes narrowed to conceal his surprise. "What about Miss Granger?"

"Harry's really in love with her; only he hasn't realized it yet. If he ever does, she will make him wildly happy for the rest of his life. Do you really want to see that happen?"

Harry Potter, happy? No, he couldn't allow that. Under no circumstances should that little wanker have any bit of true joy, not while Snape was so miserable. But if he manipulated the circumstances correctly, there was no reason why he couldn't end up with a little something out of the deal.

"Very well, Miss Weasley. I will help you. On one condition: you give me the pleasure of your company for one night. There is an old fantasy I want to live out, and you would make the perfect partner for it." Snape ran a long, thin finger down the side of her face. Ginny realized that things were suddenly going hideously wrong.

"But I only just turned fifteen, sir. There are laws..." She only hoped that he gave a rat's ass about laws, but given his Death Eater past, she wasn't exactly optimistic.

He turned his back on her, wondering if there was a way to salvage this lose-lose situation. *Very well, I have avoided Azkaban all these years, and this little tart just isn't worth it.* He was suddenly struck with an idea. He faced her once again. "If, for whatever reason this plan fails, and Potter ends up with Miss Granger, I want you to help me deliver him to the Dark Lord. I'm sure that if--in spite of your best efforts--he still rejects you, you will be more than happy to see him die."

Ginny was confident that, once the love potion wore off, Harry would realize that she was the ideal girl for him, not that bossy, bushy-haired know-it all that she had been forced to pretend to be friends with for the last four years, just so she could maybe get close to Harry. It was worth making a deal with Snape. Bravely, she thrust out her hand. He shook it, sealing the deal.

"Very well, Miss Weasley, I have in my possession a fresh batch of Amortentia. And no, it is none of your concern as to why I have it. All you need to do is--"

"But, sir!" Ginny protested wildly, her red hair dancing around her shoulders. "Amortentia is the strongest love potion there is! If I just give it to him in one big dose, everyone will know. I'll get expelled and--and Harry will hate me forever. He'll go rushing straight into Hermione's arms."

Ginny whipped up some tears for added effect. Not that they would probably have any influence on the bitter wizard standing before her, but she had to try.

"For the love of Merlin, girl, get hold of yourself! There is a way to slip it to him bit by bit. It will take some time for the potion to gain its full effectiveness, but it will work. Stay here for a moment, and I will explain." He strode to the door in the back of the office and disappeared through it.

Ginny was left to gaze around the room and contemplate how low she had finally sunk--she was depending on Snape to help her. Well, at least she was spared the prospect of having to sleep with him. Honestly, who would be so desperate that they would do such a disgusting thing? No one she could think of, but, according to Katie Bell, who had heard it from Angelina Johnson, there was the possibility that a Sarah or Sally something-or-other from Angelina's class actually did shag the greasy git. But seriously, a Gryffindor student and the Head of Slytherin?

Her thoughts were interrupted by Snape's return. He had a small cauldron in one hand and a book in the other. Ginny caught a whiff of leather, the woody smell of a broom handle, and freshly mowed grass as he set the cauldron on the desk.

"That, Miss Weasley, is Amortentia. A small ladful of this, and Potter would throw himself at the Dark Lord's feet and pledge his undying--or in that case, dying--devotion. But you wish to take a more subtle approach; therefore, we will need this." He thumped a battered old book onto his desk. "It is my understanding that Potter wishes to become an Auror. One of the required courses is Potions, and fortunately for him, I am no longer teaching the subject. But it also means that he will have no supplies whatsoever. Which means he will need to borrow some, and the most important item will be the textbook."

Ginny looked from Snape to the book with a confused expression on her pretty, freckled face. He shook his head in exasperation at how slow she was to pick up the subtleties of the plan. "We will apply the Amortentia on the book. Over the course of several days, the potion will slowly be absorbed into the skin until the potion is concentrated enough to take effect."

Ginny grinned. It was so simple, so brilliant, so Snape. Then a horrible, disgusting thought occurred to her. "Professor Snape, my brother Ron is also going to be taking the class. What if he accidentally ends up with that book instead of Harry?"

"Miss Weasley, that is a chance you must be willing to take." His face held a look that clearly conveyed that he would find it rather humorous if such a thing did happen. "If he does, you may need to use your Bat Bogey Hex on him to protect your 'virtue' and uphold the family honor."

There was a huge possibility that this could go very wrong, but if she was lucky, then this could all work out for the best. She would finally realize her dream. "All right, Professor."

"In that case, I will just need..." He reached up to touch her vibrant red hair, a haunted look in his eyes. Without warning, he yanked out a long, red strand.

"Ouch!" Ginny reached up to rub the spot on her head where he had pulled out the hair.

"Nothing worthwhile ever comes about without a little bit of pain." Snape dropped the bright filament into the glass beaker that he had already filled with the potion. Ginny watched as the reaction took place. Expertly, the professor applied it to the pages of the old textbook. He indicated that Ginny should pick it up, saying curtly, "I think it would be best for you to handle it. I highly doubt it will have any effect on you. At the very worst, you will end up in love with yourself."

Ginny picked up the ratty book. "What should I do with it?"

Snape thought for a moment. "There is a pile of old Potions books in the supply cupboard in the classroom. Put it right on top; that way Professor Slughorn will be almost certain to hand it to Potter."

Ginny did as she was told, shutting the cupboard door with a loud thud. There was no turning back now. She jumped when she heard an impatient noise behind her.

"Two minutes to curfew, Miss Weasley, or you will find yourself in detention." He was still leering at her. He cocked his head to one side, as he watched her with an

unnerving intensity. "Ambition, cunning, self-preservation, purity of blood... You could have done well in Slytherin. Such a pity you were sorted into Gryffindor."

She wasn't sure how to interpret that comment. She blurted out, "What will I do if this doesn't work?"

His eyes narrowed even further. "Well, there is always Draco Malfoy, isn't there?"

Stifling a laugh, Ginny fled the classroom at top speed. Ginny Weasley, daughter of the greatest bunch of blood traitors in the wizarding world, paired with Draco Malfoy, the embodiment of pure-blood supremacy? Not a chance!