

Under Her Spell

by veradee

Severus has been enchanted by a smile.

Under Her Spell

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus has been enchanted by a smile.

Disclaimer: The characters in this fan fiction are copyrighted by J K Rowling, but this specific story is entirely mine. It has been written for fun only, and I do not make any money out of it. Nevertheless, the story should not be reproduced without seeking my permission first.

Many thanks go to my beta, Beth Kennedy.

This story was written for the Marauder's Map Challenge at the LJ community "Romancing Wizard".

Under Her Spell

A story by veradee

His Transfiguration homework on the table in front of him forgotten, Severus sat on a sofa in the common room. He was surrounded by his housemates, but was oblivious of them.

Instead, he saw Rabastan Lestrangle, who had suddenly sprouted fur on his face and on the backs of his hands in today's class. And then he heard it, the melody he loved: her low voice.

Of course, it had been the handiwork of Potter and his sidekicks. How he hated them and their pranks. Always causing trouble, never considering whether they hurt someone.

Not that Severus worried about Lestrangle. No, Lestrangle knew how to defend himself.

But she was not as tough as that. He had seen the disappointment in her eyes when Potter's gang made her and their house look bad again.

It had taken all of his self-restraint not to jinx them with a toenail-growing hex.

Just thinking about them now made him grip his wand until his fingers turned numb.

But, of course, she would have been even more disappointed if he had followed his impulse, and he did not want to see her sad.

No, he wanted to see her smiling.

He knew he should not like her with her being a Gryffindor. But how could anyone resist her smile? True, it was rare, but it was the sweetest thing he had ever seen.

Sometimes she even smiled at him. Not many people did.

With a flick of her wand, she had vanished the fur from Lestrangle's face and hands. Everything she did appeared effortless, graceful.

She had been dangerously calm when she docked a total of 80 house points from the four no-goods. "One week detention for each of you," she had added, almost whispering.

Someone who did not know her so well might not have realised how incensed she actually had been. But Severus had not missed that her lovely voice had taken on the harsher Scottish brogue of her origin as it tended to do when she was angry.

He looked down at his homework. "Switching Spells and the Danger of Instability," the title read. He wanted to do well again. The O.W.L.s were still half a year away, but he had already started to study. For her.

Below his last essay she had written an "O" for the first time ever after four years of "E's." It almost was as if she had sent him a love letter.

He kept the parchment under his pillow, and each night before he went to sleep, he fetched it to trace her neat writing with his finger.

Minerva.

The name suited her so well. When he was lying in his bed, he sometimes whispered it in the dark, imagining that he could address her by her first name.

He sighed.

"Snape, stop daydreaming," he suddenly heard someone say. Looking up, he saw Evan Rosier sneering at him. "Help us with that essay for the old maid instead."

Severus balled his fists.