

Career Counseling

by phoenix

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Harry Potter, the characters and settings of the universe belong to JKR. I am merely borrowing them for a little fun.

For Prompt 36. Severus Snape is (Okay I'm asking for a Mary-Sue! Or write this as any female Slytherin of your choice Only write this story in first person narrative!) YOUR Head of House, Your Potions professor and the object of your dreams. And in your career options discussion (Or in your sixth or seventh year) he reads/sees one (or more) of your fantasies in your mind. What does he do? What do you do?

Warning: The prompt asked for a Mary Sue and so I sort of went there, but mostly I'm warning you because all those sappy teenage clichés for fanfic are going to make an appearance here. LOL It would be best to consider this parody.

Spring. Seventh year career *counseling*. I can already feel the headache forming, and I have not yet started, but having dealt with the fifth years makes me cringe in anticipation of what the seventh years will say. They had longer to be corrupted by Horace. I had not taken this into consideration when I agreed to not only take the Potions professorship from Slughorn, but also the head of house duties for Slytherin, not that there was a choice as I am the only Slytherin alumnus at the school.

The fifth years amazed me in their inability to understand their talents or, more importantly, lack thereof. One of them, who will not be allowed to continue in my NEWT level course, had the audacity to say he wanted to be a Potions master. From the look on his face, I knew that he was trying to ingratiate himself, though it failed. I was able to take Albus' advice and once again hold my tongue, as hard as it was.

Perhaps I should take something for the headache before the counseling begins, though I loathe using potions as they can dull a person's judgment. I will see how the first session goes before making my decision. Of course, starting with my most promising student might not have been the best idea. I would say I am surprised that she is not Head Girl, but once again, Albus has chosen one of his cherished Gryffindors over an academically superior Slytherin. One day I will ensure that Slytherins are Head Boy and Head Girl.

Two minutes to go. Hopefully she will be considerate enough to show up on time. I am amazed at the number of students who seem not to realize how valuable my time is.

I can't stop pacing the room. Every time I get to side of the room with the mirror, I stop and check my hair. Everything still looks fine, but I'm just so nervous. This is the first private meeting I'll have with Severus Snape. Oh, I love how his name just rolls off my tongue. It's so sensual with all those esses.

We all respect him as our head of house, but for those who were here when he was still a student, there's a special respect we have for him. Even though he was quiet, he embodied everything that meant Slytherin. Not to mention his dark and mysterious ways. I have always wondered what lurks behind his cold exterior. Surely it is a warm and passionate heart, and he only needs the right woman to let it loose.

This is my chance. Graduation is in a few short months and then I'll no longer be a student. I think that I have impressed him in class. I've received high marks, and he has said nothing disparaging about my attempts at the potions, though he rarely says anything negative about us Slytherins, but I have seen the papers some of the others have submitted. He has no problem writing scathing remarks, but my papers have remained bereft of anything other than the grade, which has almost always been an O.

I tried to get his attention when he was a student, but he probably thought I was too young even though I was only three years behind him. Even as the Christmas Ball neared, I couldn't get the desired response from him. I had thought about asking him to be my escort, but that wouldn't have been seemly. Instead, I was forced to go with Regulus Black or go alone. Regulus wasn't bad, but he's no Severus Snape.

That name is just so sexy. I could keep saying it over and over. And it would go so well with my name. Serena Snape. That sounds so much better than Serena Davies. I think my parents must have known whom I was destined to be with.

I check my watch, not wanting to be late. It's now two minutes until my session. If I leave now, I will be only slightly early, but not enough to seem too eager. I don't want to seem too eager. This is the first time we will be alone together, and I need to make a good impression, get him to finally notice me as a woman and not a housemate or student.

I knock on the door to his office, and he calls for me to enter. Oh, how I long to hear him speak. His voice is so silky and smooth, a wonderful baritone, so unlike any other voice I have heard. I could listen to him read the school book list for hours.

He watches me as I enter, and I can only hope that I'm not blushing.

"Have a seat, Miss Davies," he says genially. "I have reviewed your marks. They are the highest in the house."

He noticed. He complimented me. I have to remain calm. "Thank you, sir. I have worked hard to do the best I can."

"And what thoughts have you given to your future?"

My future. It's something I have thought about all year. I want to study Potions, from the best there is. From Severus. Oh, to be his apprentice. I'm sure there is so much that he could teach me, and not just about Potions.

I don't dare tell him what I have thought. I have thought of his arms wrapped around me, showing me a new way to chop roots. Some may call him scrawny, but I think he's lean...

There is something electric in our touch. He leans close, and I can smell the spices of the various potions ingredients that have infused into his hair. His hair... How I long to run my fingers through it, to see what it really feels like.

Slowly I turn, prompted by his breath hot on my neck. His lips... they look so soft and inviting, gently parting, inviting... A space just wide enough for me to slip my tongue. His taste is quite exotic due to all the time he spends around potions.

Tentatively at first our tongues duel. Soon enough his tongue probes deeply into my mouth, eager to taste me, and I do the same. His arms wrap tightly around me, pressing me against his growing erection to let me know how much he wants me. I reach back and grab his firm buttocks, caressing them softly before pinching them.

The potion forgotten, he pushes me back against the workbench, reaching under my robes to tease me, not that it's really needed. He sees how badly I want him from how wet I am.

I try to reach his robe, but find myself stymied by all the buttons. Even though I have dreamt about languorously undoing the buttons, I find I want nothing more than to rip them off and feel his warm flesh against mine.

He wants the same and we are soon fighting with each other's clothes, eager to be free of their constraints. Once the offending clothing is removed, our hands begin exploring, finding ways to please each other, to elicit moans of pleasure...

"Miss Davies," Snape says sharply.

Torn from my daydream, I look up at him, "Yes, sir?"

"Your future. What are..." He trails off and the blood seems to drain from his face.

Oh, Merlin... Please tell me he didn't see that. Please tell me that the rumors of his knowing Legilimency aren't true.

He finally breaks eye contact, shuffles some paper on his desk and clears his throat. "What career aspirations do you have?"

I stare down at my hands in my lap, mortified that he might have seen my true desires. How can I tell him that my interests lie in Potions now? But what else can I say? If I say something else, he will think that I am weak and any chance I would have with him would be gone. "Well, sir, I have done quite well in Potions and enjoy the coursework. I have thought of pursuing that as a career field."

"It is a... difficult field to enter. There are few apothecaries with whom you could apprentice. Have you begun sending out letters of interest? I could also have the headmaster send them a recommendation."

I can't believe that he hasn't thrown me out of his office and is now offering to help me. "Not yet, sir. I was hoping you could recommend one." I look back up, hoping my thoughts are such that he sees nothing else embarrassing.

He doesn't meet my eyes. "There are a few who I would recommend, but it depends on which sort of potions you are interested in. Obviously if you are interested in healing, St. Mungo's would be your best option. Though you may not find that challenging. I would recommend Master Adell. He has some rather... interesting clientele, and I believe you would be up to the challenge, but it is rare that he takes apprentices."

I cannot believe that he has suggested Master Adell. The man is a legend in the Potions field. But I wonder if it's his way of getting rid of me. Should I bring up what he saw? Ignore it? After all, there are still more than three months left in term. How will we handle classes with this between us?

"It is good that you have an idea of what you want to do. Of course, many of your brethren come from the well-off families and will be going into the family business, but not all." He pauses a moment. "Did you have any other career concerns?"

"Er, no, sir. But..." I have no idea how to continue. I hoped he would have brought it up.

"But, what, Miss Davies. I'm quite busy," he says shortly, clearly wanting to get rid of me.

"About what..." How do I continue? How do I bring up his abilities as an Legilimens? He's getting irritated, so I continue quickly. "About what you saw... That's harmless. Nothing."

"I have no idea what you are speaking about, Miss Davies. If there is nothing else..."

Of course there is nothing else; I nearly bolt out of the room. I try not to run through the common room on my way to the dormitory and throw myself into my bed, pulling the curtains shut and burying my face in my pillow. I am *positive* that he saw that fantasy. How can I face him in class?

Right now I am thankful that my classmates are in classes of their own. No one else knows how I feel about Severus. I don't know that they would understand. We respect him, but I have not heard any of the other girls gossiping about him. I think I am the only one who is attracted to him.

I manage to pull myself together for the rest of the day and make it through my final two classes. This is not something I want to discuss with anyone, not even my good friend Violet. It's just too embarrassing. I should have been more careful given his reputation.

Unfortunately it's nearly time for Potions, not even a full day after that dreadful interview. I don't know how I can sit in that classroom. He may act like nothing has happened, but how can I do the same?

Throughout class, I am careful not to make eye contact with him. I can't risk him seeing any more of my secret fantasies. It's bad enough that he knows that I have a crush on him, but I don't need to let him see the graphic details.

As class ends, I quickly pack up my things, hoping to be the first one out the door.

"Miss Davies," he says. "A moment."

My heart sinks. This was the last thing I wanted to hear. I can't help but think the entire class is watching and giggling at me. I feel as though my whole being has been exposed to them. Slowly I make my way to the front of the room, staring at my bag the whole time.

I can no longer hear the footsteps of my classmates, but I can't bear to look up at him. The silence is overwhelming, though, and I finally look up to see him watching me, expectantly. "Yes, sir?" I ask meekly.

"About yesterday..."

I can feel my heart sink and the color drain from my face. I was afraid he would bring this up. "Sir?"

"I was inconsiderate to your feelings. What happened... It should not have happened. I invaded your privacy."

An apology? He's apologizing to me? I wonder if I'm still awake. "I beg your pardon?" I stammer.

"I should not have glimpsed into your memories."

"I shouldn't have been thinking about that," I proclaim and then curse myself for my candor. He arches an eyebrow at me, and I continue before thinking clearly. "I'm sorry about what you saw. I shouldn't be having those thoughts." I see his expression change to something that contains a hint of disappointment. Quickly I try to recover. "I mean, it's not you. It's me." His expression starts to change to something that looks a little like anger. Obviously I'm failing. "Not really even that. It's just that you are a teacher and I'm a student and even though I've felt that way for a long time, it isn't acceptable, is it?" I blurt out in a single breath.

He stares at me in silence, as though not realizing I have asked a question. As I realize what I have said, I want to run back to my dormitory and never show my face again. I've just admitted to my teacher and head of house that I not only have a crush on him, but fantasize about an illicit rendezvous in the Potions classroom, the very room we are standing in. "When should I report to Mr. Filch for detention, sir?" I finally ask.

Finally he answers in a voice so quiet I can barely hear his response. "There will be no detention because you have done nothing wrong, Miss Davies. I believe it will be in our best interests to speak of this to no one. You may go."

I can't help the grin that spreads across my face. "Thank you, sir," I say quickly. Before I turn to leave, I notice a softening of his features, almost a smile.

Walking to the Great Hall for lunch, I realize that he did not say that we should forget the incident. Was he flattered by my feelings? Could he possibly reciprocate them? It is only a few short months until graduation, and I suppose I will find out then. After all, we are only a couple years difference in age.