

# Uninvited

*by DarlingLuna*

Hermione feels perturbed by Snape's advances.

## Uninvited

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione feels perturbed by Snape's advances.

A/N: I know this is awful, but I had to get it off of my chest. Don't get me wrong, I'm a huge SS/HG fan. The song is "Uninvited" by Alanis Morissette

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Upon first realizing your intentions, I felt flattered. Not disturbed as most of the girls at Hogwarts would be. I am after all of age, a woman. You have every right to pursue me if you please, don't you?

*Like anyone would be*

*I am flattered by your fascination with me*

I can not deny that I have thought of you in a way that most student's do not think of their teachers; you are an extremely attractive man after all, and I am only human. Even knowledge-thirsty bookworms like myself have desires.

*Like any hot-blooded woman*

*I have simply wanted an object to crave*

I've never thought of you as the sort of man to openly admit to your own desires, or force them on anyone. But that does not seem to be the case here.

*But you, you're not allowed*

*You're uninvited*

*An unfortunate slight*

I am perturbed by the way you stare at me in class; you practically burn holes through me. It makes me feel strangely violated. When I look up to meet your eyes, there is only pure unadulterated lust there. I can not breathe, I want disappear, but I must keep my composure; I can't let you know the discomfort you cause me, nor the excitement.

*Must be strangely exciting*

*To watch the stoic squirm*

I still manage to finish my work just as effortlessly as always and bring it to your desk; your eyes never once leave me. For the first time in all my years at Hogwarts, in a low voice, you praise my work without being facetious.

*Must be somewhat heartening*

*To watch shepherd meet shepherd*

A sickly excitement fills me as I make my way out of your room; what a bittersweet moment that was. I have been waiting for your approval since my first year, but not like this.

*But you you're not allowed*

*You're uninvited*

*An unfortunate slight*

I'm sure being a spy both for The Order and for Voldemort leaves little time for romance, especially with a student. So why now, why me? Surely, there must be someone else whom you are interested in, perhaps someone you've met through your work in Potions? I'm not sure how much longer I handle this.

*Like any uncharted territory*

*I must seem greatly intriguing*

I haven't eaten or slept properly in days; this is taking a greater toll on me than you can imagine. You seem to be everywhere I am. Class time and meal times are to be expected, but the library, the halls when I'm patrolling for my head girl duties. It's too much for me; I can't seem to escape you. I try speaking to you about this, but you don't seem to understand. You assure me I am overreacting, but I can not rid my self of this sense of unease.

*You speak of my love like*

*You have experienced love like mine before*

You are getting bolder in your advances, attempts to corner me in the halls. Keeping me after all the other students have gone and trying to kiss me (and more). You don't seem to understand rejection; you're getting less and less patient with me. I now dread what used to be my favorite class. I pretend to be ill just to avoid having to see you. All the other teachers have noticed a decrease in my enthusiasm for my school work. But you don't notice any of these things, and if you do, you say nothing. You don't seem to care that you're ruining everything for me.

*But this is not allowed*

*You're uninvited*

*An unfortunate slight*

This is getting out of hand; any respect I ever had for you is now gone. When I first understood your affection for me, I felt flattered. I thought maybe something could work. But you have given me no space, no room to breathe. The very thought of you now makes the bile rise in my throat. You're infuriated by me now, claiming I am sickened by the fact you still work for Voldemort. You tell me I'm just like the rest of them, that I don't understand all you do for our side. But all of this is untrue; you simply are not the Severus Snape I once knew. I am not disgusted by the man you were, I am simply disgusted by the man you've become.

*I don't think you unworthy*

*I need a moment to deliberate*