

A Thing for You

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Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Don't sue me for using your characters, JKR. I'm just having a good time of it.

As I bring my spoon up to my mouth for the last bite of mashed potatoes, my eyes meet his. Severus Snape. He's just left the head table and is making his way out of the Great Hall. My heart is fluttering like crazy. Why is he continuing to look at me in such a way? And then I wonder... is he watching my mouth as it opens for the bite? What an opportunity then. Purposely, I stick out my tongue and lick the spoon, scooping the small amount of potatoes with it, my eyes never leaving his.

The disappointing thing is that he walks on by and stops a few chairs away from me to tell Branten Boyles that he is to remember to join him in his office to go over what he missed the week before. Lucky bastard. Branten had been called away from school for personal family business, so he'd missed a lot. Hell, any of us could fill him in on what we did in classes. Why should he get to spend time alone with Snape?

My eyes follow Snape as he leaves the hall, his long cloak swaying behind him in the most mesmerizing fashion. I wonder if he knows just how impossibly hot he is. I chuckle to myself and toss down my spoon.

"All right, Kathy?"

I grin impishly at my friend, Olivia. "Just thinking about the impossible, I suppose." When she gestures to me in question, I shrug. "None of your business, dearie."

She leaned closer and whispered, "It's Snape again, isn't it?"

"Mmmhmm." I should never have told her of my fantasies about the man, but after she told me about her meetings with the Hufflepuff Prefect, I knew that I might as well.

"Oh, you naughty wench. What is it this time?"

"Nothing much. I was just thinking how lucky that blighter Branten is. Why can't I get summoned to our head of house's office?"

"You could try for detention again."

"And get sent to that oaf Hagrid for my trouble? I don't think so!" I wrinkle my nose in distaste as I find the half-giant at the staff table and shake my head. "Look at that wanker, sitting up there, dribbling food and drink down his ghastly... What is that he's wearing?"

"The animal lover in you doesn't want to know," she replies disdainfully. "Disgusting."

I rise from the table. "Guess I'll go down and start on my essay for Transfiguration."

"I'll be down after while. I'm going to hit the library. Last minute N.E.W.T.s studying."

On my way down to the dungeons, I allow myself to slip into a little fantasy. Wouldn't it be cool if Snape would meet up with me in a darkened corridor? He could say that he wants to ask me something in private and pull me into a small passage that nobody else knows about. Once there, he could press me against the wall and ravage me with kisses. I sigh in contentment as the vision plays through my mind.

My parents made a mistake bringing me here. They thought that uprooting me from Beauxbatons would change me, but they were wrong. So what if they'd found out about my secret relationship with Stella's older brother? Did they think I wouldn't find someone at Hogwarts? Or was it that they simply wanted me to find someone my own age?

Again, my mind conjures Snape. Oh, he's older than me to be sure... What? He's about forty maybe? I find him completely sexy for his age, and I don't think he looks a day over thirty, but I suppose I am biased. Severus Snape. Doesn't his name just slide off the tongue? Ah... He'd been proclaimed a hero by Harry Potter himself after he'd defeated the Dark Lord Voldemort. Luckily, Snape had survived his attack. And now he was reinstated at Hogwarts again...not as headmaster but as the school's Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. How lucky could a girl get?

Being taught by a hero is one thing, but being taught by a man with such sex appeal is another. The way he strode about confidently, exuding such authority. I shiver just thinking about him. Oh, how I wish I'd spent all of my years at this school and been able to watch him. However, since he's not known me as a child, I'm certain my chances in getting him are much improved. Not many men would want to fuck someone they've watched grow into adulthood. I love the way his hair falls about his face in sexy curtains of black ink. I want to run my fingers through his hair and yank his face to mine for a scorching kiss. And just how does he kiss? The way his lips form his acerbic words, I can only imagine how demanding they would be, taking and giving... needing.

"Good grief," I mutter and close my eyes.

"Is something wrong, Miss Spencer?"

It's him. It's fucking him! Right here in a darkened corridor just like I want him to be! I have another chance to do something to make him want me...to show him I want him. I open my eyes slowly and whisper, "I feel a little *hot*, sir," and toss my long, red hair away from my shoulders.

Shit, he's bending down to look a little closer at my face. Come on, sexy. Kiss me. What's he doing? I have to bite my lip to stop from gasping when he tilts his head to the side, revealing one set of scars caused by the legendary snakebite that had nearly killed him! How I've dreamt of those marks and what they might look like!

"You certainly seem *fine* to me, young lady. Perhaps a little breathless. Do you need Madam Pomfrey's services?" he asks, dark eyes glittering.

I shake my head and try to squeeze away the thought of running my tongue over the white, elevated scars on his throat. It's no use. Even as I say that I do not need the matron and meet his gaze steadily, the vision comes back to me again...forcefully.

Yeah, I can see myself straddling him in his chair, grinding my hot crotch against his hard dick, pushing back his robes just enough so that his scars are visible to me. I can almost taste his skin, can certainly smell his scent...the one that makes my stomach tingle: so woody and heady.

I blink and look away, knowing I'm blushing. Get a grip, Kathy. You can't think about doing this to him while talking to him. An odd sensation rushes through me, and for a moment, I'm afraid that he's somehow seen what I'd fantasized about. But surely he couldn't... right?

My eyes meet his again, and something's different. He's giving me an appraising look. I can feel my pulse quicken as his eyes lower to my chest and remain there for a few moments before they continue down, checking me out.

No way! Is he really doing this? But he's always ignored me since I came here at the start of term all those months ago! When his eyes travel back up my body and meet mine again, I can see a glint of appreciation in his gaze. "Do you *need* something?" he asks in that silky, deep voice that I've become obsessed with.

God, I'm wet, and is he flirting with me?

Breathlessly, I say, "Oh, I need something all right."

At this he arches an eyebrow and graces me with a small smirk. "Is that right?"

My hands tremble as he steps closer, and my entire body heats considerably. Here he is. Right where I want him, and I'm getting fucking nervous? How insane is that? I can't let him know that he intimidates me! I have to show him that I'm mature, that I can handle anything that he wants to give me... that I am worthy of him.

Instead, words fail me, and I can only nod at him.

"What is it you need?"

"Uh..." *Fuck! Don't lose your nerve now.*

"I have just the thing for you."

Maybe all is not lost. I wish he would come closer. God, I can smell pumpkin juice on his breath. Hoping he doesn't detect mashed potatoes on mine, I say, "You do?"

"Indeed."

"And what's that?" I ask in what I hope is a sultry voice.

"Any number of things," he said quietly. "If you are still *hot* later, perhaps you should see if I have anything in my stores you might be *interested* in."

I nod dumbly and watch as he turns and glides away from me, likely going to the personal lab he still kept in the dungeons, as I'd already passed his office. What the bloody hell had just happened? Was he flirting with me? Is this all in my head? It's possible that I could be misreading his words on purpose!

Shaking, I quickly go towards my common room. I wish I could confide this to Olivia, but I just can't. This is too real, too personal. If something would come of this, nobody could know. He's my head of house for fuck's sake! The headmistress would kill both of us.

However, thinking of him hovering over me, then against me, pushing into me... Death might be worth it. Sod Headmistress McGonagall. I will have what's mine if he wants to give it to me.

--- oOo ---

I know he's on hall patrol tonight, so I can only hope that he is the one to catch me out after curfew. For the last two weeks, things have been normal...him ignoring me, me watching him covertly...while we're around each other publicly. We've only talked a couple of times privately, and both times had each of us saying saucy little things.

Yeah. I have to say it. He wants me.

Hmmm. Or he wants to fuck with my head. Damn. Anyway, enough about that, right? Tonight I'm going to make certain he understands what I want if I have to spell it out plainly for him. I only hope ruddy Filch and his mangy cat aren't about to spot me. Where can I go that he'll search?

The Astronomy Tower!

It's easy to slip through the darkness and venture up the stairs to the top of the tower. The night is black and cold once I reach it. Maybe this isn't the smartest idea I've ever had. And just where the hell is the moon? I can't see all parts of the ramparts, but from what I can see, I know he's not here.

Shite.

My journey back down to the dungeons is less exciting. All of my anticipation has gone. I really thought that I'd see him. Hell, it's always rumored that he's able to show up everywhere that anyone happens to be after curfew...like he'd have some sort of blasted map of Hogwarts. There's a rumor that Harry Potter had one of those maps when he came to school here.

"Miss... Spencer... why would you be wondering about at this time of night?"

Him. He's here. My heart starts thudding. God, can he hear the bloody thing beating?

Thinking fast, I say, "Ah, good evening, Professor, you're just the *man* I need."

"Is that right?" he asks silkily. "And what would you *need* of me at this late hour?"

Fuck. My courage is starting to fail me. Thinking of doing something and then actually doing it are two different things. "I... uh... just remembered that we never had that second meeting...about my career choice."

He smirks and crosses his arm. "And this is important at this time because...?"

"Well, I believe I've finally decided what I want."

"Indeed?"

"Uh-huh," I reply, making certain my voice is deeper than normal.

"Follow me. We'll have this talk in a more *comfortable* setting."

While I follow him, I admire the sway of his robes and imagine his arse twisting from side to side. It's probably smooth and pale like the rest of him. And I've no doubt that it's a small arse, small and tight, just ripe for pinching. And for placing kisses on.

Once we stop walking, I realize that it's not his office that he's brought me to. It's a sitting room. His sitting room? Private quarters?

By way of explanation, he smoothly says, "My office is unfit for company at the moment. I had something happen earlier that I've not sorted out." He sits down on a soft, blue-colored couch and indicates for me to have a seat in a nearby chair.

I smile demurely and bite my lower lip in a practiced move. Yes, now it's finally my time. Not bothering to sit, I move a little closer and stand in front of him. "I've decided, Professor, that I might not actually want to go into a boring Ministry job like my mother has."

"No? The money isn't bad. Would that not be worth it?"

Feeling bold, I wink at him. "But what of *satisfaction*? Shouldn't I like what I do? Shouldn't I go home each night feeling *sated* and feel eager to return again the next day?"

"I'm uncertain many people feel that way about their jobs." He relaxes against the back of the couch and extends his feet a little more. "What do you have in mind, Miss Spencer?"

"Dancing." I hear his snort and see the amusement in his eyes. "Oh, you've not misunderstood me," I add with a small shrug. It's time.

I bring both hands up to the top clasp of my robes and unfasten it, revealing my throat and cleavage. I see his eyes widen and hungrily take in the flesh that I'm showing him.

"The thing I need from you, sir, is advice."

"On?"

"Oh, on if I have what it takes," I say innocently, removing another clasp and showing my green silk bra and plump breasts. "If I have the right moves." Here I undo the next one, and I watch his eyes lower, taking in the flesh of my soft stomach. I'm not exactly thin, but I can see that he appreciates my body all the same. "If I'm something someone might want to pay to see."

And then I unfasten the last two clasps, which reveals my matching knickers and bare legs. When his eyes travel, oh so slowly, back up to my face, I let the fabric slip down from my shoulders seductively and drop to the ground.

He clears his throat and calmly says, "I think you might have what it takes for that, but I don't know what sort of moves you have."

I do my best to imagine the beat of my favorite song and begin to dance for him...nerves tingling, heart pounding, hands shaking. I want to do this right. I want this to be perfect. I want him to want me...to say he wants me. My hips gyrate and my body moves to the rhythm in my head, and he watches my every move. He doesn't balk as I get closer, so I climb onto his lap and straddle him.

Knowing that since I've gone this far, I might as well keep it up, especially since he's not tossed me off yet. This may be the closest I'll ever get to fulfilling my fantasy. I move my body, bounce my breasts in front of his face, grind my hot crotch against his, and then I finally feel it. He's hard. I've aroused him.

Taking this as a good sign, I lean close and whisper, "What do you think? Do I have the moves? Would someone pay to see me? Would you?"

"Why should I pay to see you, my dear, when I'm getting all of this for free?" he asks dryly.

And I feel so stupid! The entire situation slaps me in the face. I'm going to be in so much trouble for this. I pull back to look into his eyes. "I'll take that as a 'no' then?"

"Public dancing is not for you," he says with a small smile. When I try to pull away, he holds me to him. "I enjoyed the lap dance."

Tears. I can feel my emotions peaking. I want to cry. I've made a fool of myself. I really thought this would be something he'd enjoy. Damn it. "Wh-what do you suggest I do with my future?"

"What of an apprenticeship?"

This takes me by surprise. He's completely serious as he says this to me. Does this mean he wants me near him? I can't help but notice that one hand is resting on my arse while the other is lost beneath my cascading hair on the top of my back. And his dick is still hard... and twitching against me?

"With you?"

"Preferably another professor... I'd rather not have you under me." His expression turns devilish. "At least not in that way."

"You want me," I blurt, losing my collective coolness.

At his he grinds against me. "I think you know the answer to that, Katherine."

My full name has never sounded so appealing. Most people just call me Kathy, including my family. But I want to be Katherine...his Katherine. "Now? When?"

His lips press against mine briefly. "Soon. You haven't many days of school left. Talk to me then."

I nod, feeling my insides burst with joy. He's going to give me a chance. "What professor would take an apprentice?"

"It seems that Flitwick is thinking of retiring."

"I am rather good with Charms."

"Would you want this?"

I know his question is loaded. He wants to know if I want more than this career choice. He wants to know if I really want him.

"Yes. I want everything."

"Excellent." He eases me off of his lap. "Get dressed." When I fasten the last clasp, he adds, "And no lap dances for anyone else."

"I won't."

"Those are for me alone."

"Kiss me." I want his lips against mine again. I want to taste him, and I want to feel his tongue sweep into my mouth and tangle with my own. Jolts flicker through my body as he expertly takes my mouth, kissing me passionately...giving me an underlying promise of what's to come.

"Until then," he murmurs.

"I'll speak with Professor Flitwick tomorrow."

"I shall put in a good word for you."

"Good night," I say and back towards his door, smiling in farewell. I close the door behind me and have to suppress the urge to do cartwheels. What I've wanted for the past year is finally within my grasp. Severus Snape will be mine.

I picked the Potter_Place DH 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 he reads/sees one (or more) of your fantasies in your mind. What does he do? What do you do?