

# A Lesson for a Lady

by livvy6

The "Slytherin Ice Queen" comes to Professor Snape for career advice. She gets more advice than she counted on.

## One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Thanks for my beta are held until after the reveal. You know who you are: huge thanks! You are awesome.

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I know the whole situation is hopeless. There is no way I will ever get the position I want. But still, I will have to try because there is no way I'm going to give up my dreams of teaching just because a ghost happens to be teaching the subject I want!

I sit fuming in the common room when Joshua comes and startles me from behind.

"Oh! Don't do that!" I chide him.

"What? Dreaming over your secret wish to *beravaged* by Professor Snape?"

I open my mouth to give him one of my infamous tongue-lashings. I am known as the Slytherin Ice Queen. More than once, a Slytherin would be sporting my handprint across his face because he had dared to make a pass or a grab at me.

But this time I shut my trap and settle for glaring at him. I know that Joshua, my best friend, likes me and now lives to tease me because I don't share his affection. I don't know what is wrong with me. I just am so uncomfortable with boys. They are awkward and have filthy mouths and minds! And it's not that I'm all that great a catch...well, according to my girlfriends: I am delusional. They all think I have a classic beauty.

I once looked at myself in the bathroom naked after I got ready for the day. I wear my long brown hair down in its thick, curly waves. I think my hair is my best feature: because it is so full and thick. I contemplate my round face. I have big, blue eyes, supposedly, I think my eyes are small actually, and also *supposedly*, my mouth is perfect with a set of full lips. (This is all according to my girlfriends). I look at my breasts. I have an hourglass figure; it is just that the hourglass is larger than I'd like! I have large breasts and wide hips with a thin waist. I turn and look at my bum and decide it's huge! So I hurriedly dress myself quickly in my usual prudish style. Seventh years are not required to wear the Hogwarts uniforms like other students, so I wear what I like. I never wear Muggle clothes, as some girls are wont to do. I never wear pants; I always wear dresses with robes or a cloak. I could never realize why me, a girl who dresses and acts so conservatively would get so much sexual attention! I mean, it isn't as if I am advertising the goods, but somehow, an errant hand will try to find my bra clasp, or some idiot with a death wish will "accidentally" bump into me and quickly try to grab a handful. There is a "no hexing" rule in the hallways, so I am forced to attack physically, which I rather enjoy.

"Hey! Are you in there?" asks Joshua.

I smile. "I am thinking about the time Professor Snape saw me crack a good one across Durham's face after he pinched my arse that day in Hogsmeade."

Joshua roars with laughter. "Oh, yes! That was priceless! I think that was the only time I ever saw the git actually want to laugh."

A look comes over his face that, unfortunately, I am very familiar with: part jealousy and part desire. He says deeply, "That's why I tease you about him. He watches you, you know."

I snort.

"Why do you think you've never gotten detention from cracking your hand over half the guys in Slytherin? Because he watches you; he knows you are a good girl who doesn't care for... well, guys like me," he mutters softly.

"Joshua," I say softly. "Please, we've talked about this. I care for you, I always will, I just...please don't make me say it again!" I beg painfully, not wanting to hurt him.

"You'll want someone one day, Laura. It'll just be an older guy, and I bet my bottom Galleon that Snape will try for your hand after graduation!"

I shake my head. There is no getting through to him when he is upset like this. I take a deep breath and gather my books. I need to make an appointment with "The Git" about my conundrum over my career. I'm not looking forward to it either. I feel very uncomfortable in his presence, although his sense of propriety and decorum is something I can relate to and appreciate. All the same, I don't like the unease I still feel around him.

You see, I like to be in control. I secretly enjoy having the "upper hand" (no pun intended) over the boys my own age. They are hopelessly driven by their libidos and think constantly with their cocks. I figured out a year ago that there is something about my keeping them at arm's length that creates a fascination, but why? I still don't see how I can be attractive! I am too fat, my thighs are thick, and then there is my arse! So, I figure it must be the lure of the unattainable and the unknown.

So whenever I find myself in Professor Snape's office, I am constantly battling myself over control. He and I are rather similar in our demeanors. I have an acid tongue that can make a grown man cry. I don't even have to curse or even give a cold look, just a superior one and a few words on my opinion over something very personal to that particular male, and it always varies, but they all react the same as if I preformed the Cruciatus Curse on them just before limping away.

But Joshua has a point. I remember vividly after one run-in with some unfortunate boy who had dared to say something lewd to me during a Hogsmeade weekend at the Three Broomsticks. I first made him wither under my cold observations, and then had soundly cracked him across the face. I had made a spectacular scene, and out the corner of my eye, I saw black and had turned slightly to see Professor Snape sitting down a few tables to my right. He had a smile...a SMILE!...on his face, and he had raised his glass slightly to me as if to say, "Bravo, Miss Grant."

I had been shocked and unnerved. I hate to admit it now, but I think I had blushed. Joshua had seen the whole thing. And that had made me mad, so I know I had blushed more! Snape had found me amusing when all I wanted was for every man in the room to cower in fear before me!

I shake my head to rid myself of my thoughts as I knock on his office door.

"Enter!" he bellows.

I walk in and roll my eyes. I hate his office. It is full of nasty floating things and creepy substances in jars. Any man who would choose to live amongst such filth has to be down right creepy! His back is to me, so I don't have to worry about his noticing my disdain for his office décor.

He turns around and his eyes bore into mine. "Good evening, Miss Grant. Please be seated."

I sit in the chair across from his desk, ramrod straight and refuse to allow myself to touch the backrest. I sit in my most lady-like position and look coolly at him, waiting for him to ask me to speak. I believe I notice a twitch of a smile on the corner of his mouth.

"Please, Miss Grant, to what do I owe the pleasure of your company tonight?" he murmurs deeply.

I blink several times. *I hate how he makes me feel so uncomfortable!*

"I have come to make an appointment to speak with you about my career. I fear I may have a difficult time of it," I explain coolly.

"Ah, yes," he draws as he settles back into his chair. He looks so comfortable and elegant as he drapes himself lazily in it.

"Professor Binns, he is a tireless worker. And I am aware you wish to teach History here at Hogwarts. I do recall our conversation during your fifth year consultation." He stops talking and I watch his glittering eyes flicker across my form. He better watch it...or he will be sporting my handprint on his sallow cheek before this night is through!

He smiles and I am taken aback. He actually has a nice smile. Finally he starts talking to me.

"Indulge me if you will, Miss Grant, but I do find my office a bit uncomfortable, and we do have a lot to discuss. Would you care to continue this discussion in my private office? It is far more comfortable there," he says silkily.

I rise demurely from my chair, and with a flourish he opens the door to his private office and ushers me inside. I notice his hand brushes the small of my back. I feel an unfamiliar tingle in my chest and I shiver.

"Are you cold, Miss Grant?" he asks with concern.

"A little, I suppose," I whisper.

I am surprised by the state of his office. It is night and day compared to his other office. This is charming with rich dark wooded furnishings, warm colors of gold, brick, and brown flooding my sight. It is a very proper and yet, comfortable room one could curl up in with a good book and never leave.

"I take it you approve of my personal office?" he inquires as he motions for me to sit on one of his plush velvet armchairs.

"Yes!" I exclaim. "I mean, I never would have thought... that is to say... the colors are so reminiscent of Gryffindor!"

I sit down in his chair and he evaluates me. That handsome smile starts creeping on his face, and I find myself not wanting to meet his gaze. It is now hotter than blazes in here now that he has the fire roaring.

"Please, relax. Take off your robe, Miss Grant," he says languidly. "We do have much to go over tonight."

I take off my robe and sit in just my dress. It is a wrap around that has an ample V-neck. I don't think I have ever allowed any male such a view before. I make it a rule to deliberately hide beneath my robes to ward off attention...but it is so warm in here!

"Miss Grant, are you ill?" he asks as he deftly rises from his chair and comes to mine.

I shrink back with one hand clasped over my chest. I don't want him to be standing over me and be able to sneak a peek!

He grasps the arms of my chair and leans in. His eyes search out mine and refuses to allow me to avoid them. I stare back into the pools of black as he whispers, "I am no mere boy, trying to obtain the Holy Grail you think you have underneath your clothes."

My eyes snap wide, and I raise my hand in a flash to his head, and he grabs my wrist with his opposite hand, his eyes never leaving mine. His arm now separates us. I can

feel his strength, and I am overcome with weakness. There is no way I could ever control this-this... *man*.

I back down, and he releases me but does not back away. Instead, he takes hold of my hands and stands me up to face him. He places his hand firmly on the small of my back and stands so close I can feel the heat from his body caressing mine. I turn my head; I can't handle what is happening.

He starts whispering to me things I never thought he would know: realizations and observations that disturb me and make me feel naked. He is a man and I have never encountered a man like him before. He is speaking to me of desire and passion, and the difference between respect and lust.

"These adolescents want to get in a girl's knickers so bad, they don't even care whom. But you are different. You are a riddle they cannot figure out. You don't know it, but you exude sensuality in such a paradoxical manner. Your hair, for example, you leave so free and unrestrained, but you cover your body so well, one can only imagine what you've got underneath. Yet, I think you have realized what it is." His voice is penetrating my defenses, and the tingling in my chest has flown directly between my legs. I am unable to control my breathing. It is shallow and quick. Finally I find my tongue.

"You are one to talk, *sir*. You have more buttons on your clothes than I have ever seen on any wizard. You even have buttons on the cuffs of your pants, I find that a bit repressed!" I bite out coldly.

His eyebrow rises at my barbed comment in fascination. "Have you been looking at my pants, Miss Grant?" he murmurs as his face leans closer to mine.

I start backing away from him, but he follows my retreat.

*This is unprofessional, this is inappropriate...!* my mind is screaming.

I back myself into a bureau. Thank goodness it is closed, but now he has me basically up against a wall!

He places his hands on either side of my arms and leans in closer to me. "Miss Grant, you are far too much for the simple dolts and imbeciles of your age. You may be young, but you and I both know you are not like the other hormonal girls your own age. You are refined, albeit repressed. You need an older man to help you release yourself from the confines you have undoubtedly shackled yourself."

I am now completely out of my element. "W-what are you talking about?" I whisper.

"Miss Grant, *Laura*, you are already a very elegant lady and have established yourself as respectable and wise beyond your years, although your physical assaults on the male populace of Hogwarts could be toned down a bit. Nonetheless, you are just one month away from completing your studies here, and you are...despite what you may think, a very desirable woman."

I am shell-shocked. No man or boy had ever spoken to me with such words. I had dreamt of such a man, but thought I never would find him.

He leans in to whisper into my ear. He asks me delicately if he would be granted the favor of a kiss.

"No one has ever asked." It is more like stating a fact, a cold hard reality that, until that moment, I had never realized was ~~and~~ painful. All the years of boys grabbing and trying to take advantage of me had made me so angry. Even Joshua, who cares so much, can only resort to begging and pleading, which I find abhorrent and unmanly. Now here is this man simply asking me for the favor of my kiss. But I am not a fool.

"Why do you want to kiss me, Professor? So you can gloat to yourself that you finally cracked the 'Slytherin Ice Queen'?" I snark at him.

He smiles and backs up from me. "Bravo, *Laura*. You are definitely a lady, but now you have proven yourself to be a lady with *mind*. And that is precisely what I desire. Any woman can be trained to be a lady or even fool lesser wizards with a gilded image of one by acting like a frigid bitch. But I daresay, you would be a joy to uncover."

He leans in again and says, "You still have not answered me, *Laura*," with a hint of impatience.

"Yes," I breathe as I brace myself for my first kiss.

He slowly leans in and brushes my lips with his own. Slowly, he brushes harder, and I feel his hand on the small of my back. Soon, my mind is gone, and I am inviting him to explore my mouth more intimately. I am mindless, my hands are grasping his hair, and I am purposefully crushing my breasts against his hard chest. I lift myself on my toes and surrender my senses over to this kiss...my first kiss.

Upon separation, I immediately feel sadness and humiliation. Surely, he is going to think I am a slut. My head bows in shame, but he is quick to place a finger under my chin and raise my face to meet his. Tears are quickly gathering in my eyes. I don't want to cry, but the tears come anyway.

"No, *Laura*. This is only the first lesson I will be teaching you. And there will be so many others, I assure you. You and I are far too much alike for me to let you slip away now. Rest assured, your apprenticeship with Professor Binns is secure. I have already seen to it. The only question that remains is if you will allow me to pay court to you this summer, and if at that time you feel so inclined, we could speak of the prospect of matrimony. After all, you are a lady and I would never want to sully your reputation."

I can't help but ask, "What is the lesson?"

He smiles and chuckles softly. He leans into me and whispers in my ear, "Lesson number one: A true lady is never afraid to show her desire for sexual gratification with the man she had chosen worthy."

I am gobsmacked. Such a revelation! A lady can also *bewanton*?

As if he is reading my mind, he laughs and says, "Oh, yes, but that lesson will be much further down the road."

I leave Severus now; after all, he has asked me to think of him as Severus from now on, feeling elated and renewed. I'm sure once word gets out that Severus will be paying court to me, there will be no reason for me to slap any more boys. I go to my room and strip off my clothes, duly noting that my knickers are in a sorry state of wetness! I feel confident that once the time comes he will not be disappointed and I daresay, neither will I!

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AN: I chose prompt #36. Severus Snape is (Okay I'm *masking* 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?