

Possession

by livvy6

A midnight tryst with an unidentified woman sends Severus Snape down a road he never imagined.

Mistaken Identity

Chapter 1 of 12

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Diana Maceachran

A/N: Warning! This starts out with some serious lemons. So it is clear, this is all consensual sex. But because of the explicit descriptions, coupled with the situation that brings about this tryst; I wanted to warn you. Huge thanks to my beta, MadBrilliant, who not only helped to beta read but also gave her insights on the content of the chapter. Enjoy!

And I would be the one

To hold you down

Kiss you so hard

I'll take your breath away

And after I'd wipe away the tears

Just close your eyes dear

"Possession" by Sarah McLachlan

Diana walked in the dark. It was after curfew. Morgana had told her not to use her wand for light for she might get caught. She chided herself for being so stupid as to do this fool's errand! Why should she care to impress Morgana? Just because she was the Slytherin Queen, just because she had the entire male population of Hogwarts wrapped around her finger, just because she, Diana, a seventh year, had mercilessly wandered in her footsteps the past year, hoping for a crumb that she might give her?

She had been told abruptly at dinner by Morgana that she would be busy this evening. So busy, in fact, that she would not be able to retrieve the work she had left in the

Potions lab with Professor Snape earlier. She was the professor's apprentice, having graduated the year before and whined she was too scared to return to the classroom and risk getting caught by him!

"Besides," she had pleaded, "you're so much better at unwarding charms than I am!" She had begged so sweetly and had promised to include her on her next Hogsmeade outing, where she would get to hang out with her and some Slytherin seventh years if she would just do this "one tiny thing"...perhaps they might fancy her? That was the trick for Diana.

Morgana knew Diana had started looking at boys, and she could see the desire in Diana's eyes. *So, she finally notices boys and is eager to play! Look at her eyes...she's positively gagging for it! Maybe she's already been playing, and I've just not noticed,* Morgana had thought.

Diana was excited at the prospect of flirting with some of the handsome Slytherins. Everyone in Slytherin thought Diana and Morgana were sisters because they looked so much alike. However, where Morgana was exquisite in her beauty, Diana was just Diana. She paled in comparison. Morgana's skin glowed while Diana's merely shone. Morgana had rich, chocolate brown hair that was thick and lovely. Diana's chocolate brown was just *flat*. Morgana had gorgeous brown eyes that were inviting and sultry. Diana's brown eyes were just...*brown*. Diana had never cared for popularity before, but when she'd started her seventh year she'd wished she could have been more like Morgana and have the attention she received from the other Slytherin boys. So with great fear, she had gone to the dungeons to gather Morgana's belongings.

She felt along the corridors, and her breathing was so loud, she feared discovery. She felt her heart race in anticipation. The last thing she needed was to get caught! She had spent three successful years after Professor Snape's release from Azkaban avoiding any confrontation or problem with him and was halfway through her final year...she doubted he even knew her name! It was a remarkable feat for her being a Slytherin herself! She wanted it to stay that way. The man intimidated the living hell out of her!

She continued to feel her way to the classroom, skimming along the borders of portraits lightly, so she would not wake them. She easily broke through Professor Snape's wards. She just going to open the door slowly when a hand grabbed her waist and another hand wrapped itself against her mouth.

She felt warm breath against her neck, and a familiar voice whispered in her ear. "I see you chose to wear your old Slytherin uniform tonight *four* first time? Although, I do know it's not *your* first time! You've irritated me enough, witch. Fine. You win. I'll give you what you so desperately want from me. However, only on my terms. Am I clear? Nod your head if you comply with my terms. You will NOT speak."

Diana nodded, terrified at what was happening to her.

"Place your hands on the door. Come now, girl, palms down," he snapped in irritation.

Diana obeyed.

Her robe and skirt were pushed up. Warm hands with calluses on their fingertips were reaching inside her knickers, playing deftly with the sensitive flesh between her thighs. She opened her mouth in pleasure, and her eyes rolled in the back of her head. Her skin was burning alive! Then, her hands were forced down, and her robe, skirt and knickers were stripped off her. On the outside, Diana was numb with fear, but inside, she was tingling with desire all at the same time! She knew who was doing this to her. She knew this voice...

Her hands were placed back up against the door. He was pressed firmly against her back. She sank back against his hard chest and torso, intoxicated by the combination of terror and desire coursing through her body. His fingers reached around her chest and were slowly undoing the buttons on her blouse. She felt the heat from his body on her back and his breath on her hair. He moaned as he cupped her breasts and as he ground his hard bulge against her bare bum. Diana's breath became ragged as he breathed into her ear.

"Desperate now, are we? Who is the tease now?" he whispered deeply.

Diana was too terrified to speak. She knew she had *never* teased Professor Snape! She made it one of her goals to avoid him at all costs! He slid his hands underneath the back of her shirt, and she shivered as his fingers grazed her waist on his way upwards. He slowly unhooked each clasp of her bra and released her breasts from the constriction of white lace and under wire. He lowered her arms and slipped her blouse and bra off of her. She was now naked. She moaned in pleasure as he massaged and pinched her nipples. She pushed back into the hard chest of the Potions master and arched back against his rough frock coat, his buttons digging into her shoulders and head. She'd never had anyone touch her so intimately before. It was so wonderful; she wanted to sink down to her knees in submission to his touch.

He spoke to her again in languid tones. "My, my, I never guessed your breasts were so full. What a delightful surprise. But I also have a surprise for you, my little apprentice!"

Apprentice? What? Diana thought hurriedly as she felt his thigh separating her legs.

"Wait!" she said.

"SHHH! DO. NOT. TALK!" he barked.

He grabbed her wrists and placed her palms back on the door. She was trapped. He thought she was Morgana. Oh GOD! She felt his thigh pushing between her thighs, urging them to part. Then heard the clanging of his belt buckle opening. Her eyes closed in excitement and anticipation at the thought of what he was about to do to her. She realized she didn't care...she wanted it. She then felt his naked cock rubbing against her outer thigh. She could feel her natural juices slide down her inner thighs. She was ready...damn the consequences!

He paused and gently raked his hand through her hair with one hand while stroking the width of her hip with the other. He pulled her hair over to one side and began to kiss and nibble on her neck. He lowered his hand from her hair to her right breast and massaged it. He lowered his other hand slowly down her stomach, dipped his finger into her damp, curly folds, and found the spot he knew would make her react. Her nails clawed against the door, and she trembled and shook against the wizard. He chuckled at her reaction.

"This is your last chance," he whispered sultry. "You can walk away now. No questions, and no fear of retribution." He removed his hands from her and stepped back. She wanted his warmth back. She wanted him to touch her again. She did not make a move to leave.

He attacked her, pushing his whole body against her, pressing her against the door so hard, she thought he would crush her. He lifted her from the floor by her waist and thighs, impaling himself into her virgin flesh. Diana screamed and cried out. He wrapped his arm tighter around her waist and gripped her left breast with the other. He started thrusting earnestly inside her.

"Don't speak unless you want to scream my name in ecstasy. You did promise that you would," he grunted into her ear. He tightened his vice grip on her waist, relentlessly continuing to hold her up and pound himself inside her. It was unbelievable! This powerful, thrusting, determined wizard was taking her against a door! After a while, the pain was ebbing away. Her palms were so sweaty on the door, she was slipping. The professor was panting in her ear, his hot breath on her neck. It was so erotic!

"My God, you are so tight and wet! I had never dreamt you could be so wet!"

Diana knew the wetness was her blood mixed in with her own natural wetness. But in the dark, who could tell? He suddenly withdrew, sat her feet back on the ground, and pulled her into the dark classroom. It was so dark; one could not see one's hand in front of one's face. But the professor knew what he was doing. He pushed her roughly onto one of the many lab tables. He dragged her legs to the edge and ripped off the socks and shoes from her feet, urging her to wrap them around his waist. He buried his tongue into Diana's mouth. She had never been kissed, but she was overcome with desire. Something was turning. He was touching her again between her legs, but it was different. He was caressing her. Diana knew what he was doing. She had done this many times to herself alone in her bed at night. But it never felt as good as it did

now with the professor touching her. This was what she had been wanting for so long! She was moaning and panting. He devoured her breasts, one and then the other. She was shrieking and crying out. She could not control her voice as she finally screamed out her orgasm.

He buried his cock inside her again and thrust over and over in earnest as he ran his hands up and down the length of her thighs.

"God, I never thought you'd feel this good. You are so soft. So sweet!" he breathed.

The professor murmured more delights as he continued to pummel into her body. He grasped onto her breasts, pinching and twisting her nipples as he pounded into her. She felt her body take over, for she couldn't control herself. She raised herself up on her elbows to meet his lips and encourage his ministrations on her nipples more passionately. He hungrily kissed her back.

Diana could no longer think coherently. She just wanted more and more of this man who had terrified her for so long. Finally, she clutched his robe around his waist, hiked up her knees to his shoulders and began to return his thrusting. She loved this feeling, this shifting and pounding. She loved his moans and whispers of how good she was making him feel as he stroked her face, making his way back down to her breasts, to her back in order to support her against him as she continued to grind and thrust against him as hard as he was thrusting into her. Finally, Diana felt a build up so intense, she screamed at the top of her lungs and hung onto her Potions teacher for dear life as she twisted and writhed underneath him.

"Oh Professor, Professor! Oh God!"

As she came down from her climax, she heard him. He was grunting and moaning, but she heard a groggy "What?" escape from his lips.

He was too far-gone, but something was not right. *Oh God, what have I done?* he thought. He couldn't stop. Whoever this girl was, it was too much for him to stop now. She felt too good...he was so close. He shouted and came inside her. He was panting and gasping for air. *Who is she?* he thought.

Diana was terrified. Without thinking, she forcefully pushed the professor away from her with her foot, grabbed her clothes, and ran away. She didn't look back. As soon as she got to somewhere safe, she redressed herself and then went back to the Slytherin common room.

She went into her private room, thanking God she had on, and went into the bathroom. She was streaked in faint bloodstains from where he had touched her and then rubbed his hands on her face and chest. She jumped into the shower and washed herself off. She winced as the water struck between her legs. Her privates were so tender.

When she got out, she went on her knees with a mirror and looked at her vagina. She was still bleeding lightly. She gingerly felt around for any tears. No, she was fine, just not used to being stretched and pounded like that! It was a good thing she had wanted him; he could have done a lot of damage to her. She put on new underwear, a pad, her bulky nightgown and settled in to her bed. Her body felt alive and tingled all over. She couldn't stop thinking how good Professor Snape had made her feel. It was as if a light had been switched on inside her. She knew even then, a mere 40 minutes after he had been inside her that she would want him again and again. What was she going to do?

Severus Snape was leaning against the wall in his Potions classroom in shock from the force she had used to push him away. Something was terribly wrong. That woman was NOT Morgana. Who was she? How could he have been so mistaken?

He walked into his private room, lit his lamps, and poured himself a tumbler of firewhisky. He saw his reflection in the mirror over the fireplace as he brought his hand to his face to drink. Blood. He dropped the glass and ran to the bathroom. His hands and his crotch were bloody. He undid his pants and took out his penis. It was streaked with scarlet.

"OH SHITE!" he roared. *What have I done?*

He stripped off his clothes and jumped into the shower, scrubbing furiously. With everything else he had on his mind, now he had to figure out which girl he had deflowered tonight!

The next morning came with a blinding headache. Subsequently, Snape's fuse was shorter than it had ever been before. Woe to any dunderhead that crossed his path today! He was so furious he couldn't wait to get his hands around Morgana's neck.

He watched her at Slytherin's table, flirting and teasing the seventh years. He noticed her robes were open, showing her form-fitting blouse. With a discerning eye and remembering the breasts he had cupped and massaged the night before, he could conclude Morgana's breasts definitely were not the ones he had tasted last night. His mystery lover's breasts were fuller and larger. He scanned the table for any dark-haired girls that could pass for Morgana. His eyes were killing him, burning from his hangover and self-loathing, and he could not focus. Well, he'd get to the bottom of this when he met with Morgana later.

It was a tortuous day, having the bitch around him and not being able to question her. He tried to focus and figure out which girl it had been. It must have been a Slytherin girl. No other girl would do such a favor as breaking curfew for Morgana except a Slytherin. Then a terrible thought crossed his mind...*What if she were a third year? What if she were a first year? OH GOD!*

He got control of himself and shook the paranoia out of his head. Of course, she was too well endowed and rounded out to be so young. He prayed to any and every deity he knew of that at least she was a sixth year. He excused himself from his fourth- year Potions class and splashed cold water on his face, willing himself not to vomit. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and recalled the discussion he had with Morgana just last evening.

"So, if I come here, will you be up and waiting for me, Severus?" she said seductively.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked suspiciously.

She pushed herself against his hard chest and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Severus, I've wanted you since I was fifteen. I've fantasized about what it would be like with you...the sexy war hero, defeating the Dark Lord. You've tortured and teased me for so long! Now, I'm eighteen. A woman. I'm also no longer your student. Now, I'm no virgin, but you've been the one I've been working towards. I want tonight to be exceptional for both of us. I have a lot I could probably teach you." She smirked.

"You think you can teach this ex-Death Eater a trick or two?" he whispered into her ear seductively. "Do not tease me, witch. You may get something you might not be ready for," he warned her.

"Just tell me what you want," she breathed into his ear. "I'll be your slave. And I'll only speak to scream your name in ecstasy."

They had laid out the plan; she showed him her phial of Contraception Potion. It did not matter to Snape; he still would make her take this Contraception Potion just in case. But now! FUCK! Running around...maybe limping around...this school was some confused deflowered virgin who could be creating life within her and not even know it. He hoped whoever she was, she'd have the good sense to go get checked out. Maybe that's what he should do: go talk with Poppy and see if any girls had come round today for a Contraceptive Potion.

After class, Morgana smirked at him and left with the other fourth years. She knew he was livid. But did she know someone else had taken her place? He shook his head. *can't think of all that now. I'll deal with her later. Go see Poppy!*

"Severus Snape!" stormed Poppy. "I don't think it is any concern of yours if some unfortunate girl has come to me for that kind of personal request."

Snape rubbed his bloodshot eyes. "Poppy, if she is a *Slytherin* girl, I most certainly have the right to know!" he growled. He calmed down his tone and spoke softly to the matron. "Poppy, I've heard a terrible rumor that a *Slytherin* girl maybe in trouble. I need to know if any girls from my house have come to see you. I don't need names, just a yes or a no."

"Well," Poppy relented. "I don't know what to tell you, I haven't had a girl come to me in months! Girls must be getting smarter about things or taking care of it outside of the school."

"What about your stores? Any break-ins? Have any girls been loitering around? Maybe potions are missing?" he mused.

"Severus, this infirmary has been devoid of all females for the past three days! And no one has been messing about in my stores. I would know! And you know me well enough to realize that I am meticulous about my stores!"

Well, she's right about that! Snape thought grudgingly. "Well, thank you, Poppy. Please let me know if any *Slytherin* girls do come to you. Can you promise me that?"

"Certainly, Severus. I know how protective your house is about its secrets. Don't worry." She patted his shoulder. Poppy was so good to him... like a mum really. She'd treated every wound he'd ever received since he came to Hogwarts at eleven. That was a lot of caring with the hexes, thrashings, and tortures he took from Potter and his lot, and then all the tortures he received from the Dark Lord over the years. Finally, there had been the last battle...his near-death experience. She had helped to save him.

Well, he was no closer to finding out who his mystery lover was. *God, I hope she thinks of the encounter as a tryst and not rape, but the way she bolted from me...that wasn't a good sign. But the way she responded to my touch? She obeyed my every request, even moved her body to meet mine. Then she was screaming in pleasure and then...UGH! She didn't say "Severus"; she had said 'Professor.' Bloody fuck!*

Finally, he and Morgana were alone. She sauntered in his office and said, "Hello, Lover!"

He sat in his chair, expressionless. "Am I your lover?"

"Of course! Don't tell me you didn't enjoy last night. I bet you never thought I could be so wild!"

"Oh, that's not how I remember it," he said icily.

She went pale. "H-how do you remember it?" she asked shakily.

"Come here, Morgana," he said softly, holding his arms out for her. She came forward and sat on his lap. His arms wrapped around her tightly as he tilted her head so he could whisper in her ear, "Why did you tell me you weren't a virgin?"

"What?" she asked unconvincingly as she attempted to wriggle out of his arms.

"Who was she, Morgana?" he asked in a low and dangerous snarl.

She laughed as she pushed herself from him forcefully. "You mean to tell me you fucked another girl and didn't know it wasn't me?" She burst out laughing anew...harder than ever.

Snape jumped up and cornered the witch. "It would be wise for you tell me what game you are playing at," he whispered threateningly.

Morgana assessed the situation. He was angry, very angry, but she knew he had to restrain himself. After all, she was Mulciber's daughter. "Look," she said darkly. "After your little stunt when I was trying to talk to *my friend*, Robbins, before you so rudely yanked me away and then told me 'I belonged to you,' I knew I would never let you have me. You are a sick and twisted fuck, Severus Snape! I had bruises on my arm for a week from where you practically ripped it off! So I made arrangements. No harm, no foul. You got fucked, and I didn't. Everyone's happy."

"Really?" he retorted. "Not an escapade to entrap a teacher? Was this all just a laugh for you? Wanted to fool the 'Greasy Git' of the dungeons? And what of your 'replacement'? Are the both you laughing behind my back?" he roared.

"Well, well, Snape. My father was right about you. You'll have to watch that raging paranoia of yours. Sorry to disappoint. I cannot reveal my helpers. Let's just say she was very eager to meet some *Slytherin* boys when I procured her services. So I figured she might as well get the Head *Slytherin* at that!" she smirked. Her eyes grew wide.

"Wait! She was a *virgin*?" She fell apart laughing. "Well, it's a good thing she didn't know she was on her way to get fucked then!" She walked out into the lab to begin her work. She cracked up laughing again. "You are in so much trouble!"

Snape was beyond himself. This seemingly, charming, young witch had arranged for an unsuspecting virgin to fall right into his clutches! He deserved to be a fool. After all, her father was one of the most vicious Death Eaters he had known; indeed, Mulciber was one of the few who had trained him! He would have to tread cautiously. The bastard may be dead, but there were enough ex-Death Eaters around who would avenge Mulciber's daughter. The apple doesn't fall from the tree; and Snape had followed his prick to his destruction. But now, there was an innocent girl, probably losing her mind at what he had done to her! He lost it. He attacked Morgana and blasted her across the room. She whipped out her wand, blood trickling from her head.

"Watch it, Snape!" she hissed viciously. "All I have to do is say the word and your sorry arse goes back to Azkaban. So just take your beating like a good little boy." She wiped the blood from her forehead. "Maybe next time you'll treat your women with more respect!"

"Get out," Snape said with all the venom he could muster. *If she were not Mulciber's daughter, I would kill her!*

"But, my work..." she said.

"GET OUT!" he yelled.

"Fine!" she spat at him. She gathered up her things and left, flouncing out the door.

He stood there for a long time. What was he going to do? He had survived to help defeat the Dark Lord and now look at him! Played and blackmailed like an idiot by a little chit! He was losing his touch.

A/N: I LOVE the movie "Godsford Park" and Kelly McDonald, who is pictured here at the top and played Mary Maceachran in the movie. That is where I got the last name for my OC (by the way, she played as Maggie Smith's lady's maid, who plays McGonagall in the Potter movies). I wanted to make sure I gave credit where it's due. If you

haven't seen Godsford Park, go see it! It has Clive Owen(who is HOT!), Ryan Phillippe, Michael Gambon (Dumbledore), Helen Mirren, Kristen Scott Thomas, and Jeremy Norton. And also the actress who plays Lily Potter in the movies, but I can't think of her name. Thanks for reading my rambles. PLEASE REVIEW! I love to hear feedback/criticism/praise...I can take it!

Hiding Out

Chapter 2 of 12

Professor Snape discovers the identity of his mystery lover. He researches into her past and is surprised by a new development.

Diana spent the next days staying as isolated as possible. She had always been nice to the house-elves, and they sensed her trepidation, so they brought her food into her room. She only left her room when she had to go to class. She had a lot studying to accomplish; N.E.W.T.s were pressing in on her. She changed her hairstyle when she went to Potions class. She put it up in a bun where before she had always worn her hair down. She thought that perhaps since he so seldom paid attention to her, he'd think her hair was short since she always worked in the dark back corner of the room. She was terrified of Professor Snape finding her out. He would be furious to know she had used his desire for Morgana for her own pleasure. He rarely ever had to attend to her since she was such a good potion maker. As the days passed, she just kept telling herself, *five more months, just five more months, and I'll be gone and this will all be over*

What was really bothering her were the dreams she couldn't stop. She found her herself desiring him more and more. She would wake up to the sensation of him slipping in and out of her slick core. She wanted so badly at night to return, but he didn't want her, he wanted Morgana! It also didn't help being in the same room with him during class...the very room she had experienced so much passion. Just the anticipation of seeing him aroused her. The worst part was the trek down to the dungeons. She had to force herself not to look at him.

Snape watched his seventh years work their potions. Two weeks had gone by, and he was still on the lookout for his mystery lover. He had patrolled the area to see if she would return, but she had not. He hadn't heard anything from Poppy either. He walked towards the back of the room. *Oh, yes, I always overlook this girl, Diane...Diana: the Scottish girl.* She was always mousy and silent, working in the dark. He hardly ever noticed she was there, but always did solid work when he graded her essays and potions. He walked back towards her in her usual dark corner and saw a lock of hair fall out from her bun into her eyes. She shook it back. She was completely unaware the Potion master was eyeing her. She swiped her hair behind her ear when it came back into her eyes. She was sighing deeply and forcing her eyes to stay open.

"Is there a problem Miss Maceachran?" Snape asked from beside her.

She jumped and turned to him, scared to death. "Oh! Professor! No...no problem," she answered breathlessly as she returned to her work with rapt attention to detail.

Snape frowned at the girl, that voice... was familiar. He studied her features. She was starting to breathe deeply and was becoming increasingly nervous. Snape walked around behind her, sniffing her hair discreetly as he passed. *Tea rose. And she has it up!* She was the correct height, hair color, and loosely resembled Morgana. He stopped walking and bored his eyes into the back of her neck. He saw sweat forming on her nape. *She is nervous!* he thought. He stayed as she began to stir her potion.

"Miss Maceachran, your technique is off. Allow me to assist you," he commanded smoothly.

He placed his hand over hers in order to guide her moments. He knew as soon as he touched her hand. Diana closed her eyes...she knew it too.

At the front of the room, Morgana smiled viciously at the couple. Snape glanced up and saw the wicked smirk on the evil bitch's face. She deliberately turned her back to him.

Snape removed his hand from Diana's. He did not know what to do. He knew she was aware of him. Yet she had not denounced him. He passed her by and decided to let it be...for now. But the figure of Diana Maceachran would have to be monitored.

He watched Diana over the next two months. She was a fastidious student. Hard working, but silent. Helpful to others, but made them carry their own load. Being a Slytherin, he had access to her personal files. He found out she was a pure-blood, descended from the old Prewett family on her mother's side, and her father was the elderly pure-blood Scot, Archimedes Maceachran. The Maceachran, or Mac Eachran clan was an ancient Scottish Wizarding family from way up in the remote Highlands. So, she was a cousin to the Blacks, the Malfoys, and the Weasleys! Hers was a long line of Slytherins and Gryffindors. Equally separated and just as unimpressive, her family had remained unspotted during the First and Second War. Voldemort had no dealings with the Maceachrans. They obviously did nothing to avenge the deaths of their Prewett cousins: Fabian and Gideon. So, it seemed Diana was a perfect representation of this old pure-blood family: obscure, remaining unseen, unnoticed, and unattached. She would no more haul him in front of the Wizengamot for rape than do a strip tease during the End-Of-Term Feast.

He tried to recall her from his own experiences. His stint in Azkaban had seriously tampered with his memory. Although it was getting better as time passed, it remained difficult for him to dredge up mundane or fleeting memories. One can't put a memory in a Pensieve if it can't be recalled, and he didn't trust anyone enough to poke around in his mind to help him out. As much as it pained him to think about those days back in 1996...the year he murdered Albus...he had to. It was her first year.

I was excited to finally have gained the class I had coveted for so long. First years were the easiest to manipulate to my will. Fear from being far from home, being in a new place, it was almost too easy to scare them into submission. She was older. That's right; she was the one who came from the Upper Highlands. I remember scanning the room to double-check my record just to make sure I had heard correctly that she was indeed older. She had been plain, very serious, and pensive. She sat in the back and did not care to participate in class unless ordered. Her work was solid. Solid, thorough, but was not outstanding. Perhaps she could have excelled, but her work was exactly what was required. No more, no less. One thing that stuck out was that she did not show fear as the others showed fear. She watched and observed. She disliked my pictures of the depictions of the Unforgivables. More than once I would catch her looking at them instead of focusing on my lecture, but I never chided her. First, she's a Slytherin, and secondly, her work did not seem to suffer from her lack of interest.

Ah! An interesting notation from Potter...oh, yes, he had taught her Defense Against the Dark Arts during her third through sixth years

"Diana has extremely powerful magic behind her practical work. She, at fourteen, was able to produce a corporal Patronus...a dove...without much effort or practice. She was also able to produce some basic non-verbal spells and hexes when prodded. Her efforts to produce and conjure magic of this caliber are impressive for her age, but she is not interested in delving deeper to see if she could become more powerful. I am positive if she were to apply herself she could be a very powerful witch. She is intensely dispassionate about the dark arts, to the point of non-compliance with practical lessons. More than once I had to speak roughly with her about her refusal to participate in class. She acts as if she is ashamed of her magic and finds herself more at ease with writing, tests, basically anything that has nothing to do with using her

wand. It is my opinion this could bear a potential problem if not addressed."

*Interesting. She is definitely not lured by the dark arts. Good for her! Fourth year, fourth year, she would have been fifteen*He closed his eyes and tried to recall the faces and where they sat. *Shite, that was the year Morgana started her seduction attempts. That was a terrible year! Dealing with Potter and that randy slag everyday! Okay, focus! Diana. She was in the back, always in the back. Did her work, kept her mouth shut. Never had a lab partner. Preferred to work alone. Interesting.*

He went over his notations for her O.W.L. consultation during her fifth year*Oh, yes, the architect. She came in and sat silently...didn't even ask permission! She wanted it to be over as quickly as I did. She avoided eye contact, which was irritating and disrespectful! She claimed to have worked very hard during the reconstruction of the castle and that had flamed her interest in architecture. She stayed on sight, rain or shine, living in her tent. She said she had no home to return to, but did not tell me any reason why. She just lived like a gypsy, surviving off her wits. Oh, yes, she was the nomad that I thought was a liar! I spoke to Miss Granger about her. What did she say? He* racked his brain to recall his conversation with Miss Granger.

"Yes, Professor Snape, she worked...for a fourteen year old...as hard and uncomplaining as a grown wizard. She was especially interested in the complex potions that had to be made for all the various injuries that occurred on site, and to create the moldings and all the magical properties that had to be restored into the masonry. Of course, she could not create the potions, but because she chose to live on site, she was able to come and go as she pleased. She sat and took notations during the potion making process, but mostly she worked in the muck and the rain with everybody else. I don't think I ever heard her complain."

"She never had problems living on the site? No problems with unruly wizards?"

"No. She is a right demon at Charms. Ask Professor Flitwick. She had her little pup tent warded with extremely complicated wards for her age. I was impressed. She told me her father was an intensely private man, and he had taught her all these spells as a young girl before she even came to Hogwarts! She also was so hard working that she earned genuine respect among all the volunteers. She pulled her own weight and never complained the work was too hard. She didn't primp or was concerned with being pretty. Besides, she was fourteen. She was more of the "little sister" of the group. I don't think anyone saw her like that. Furthermore, McGonagall had her in her sights most of the time, so that might have helped matters."

So, the girl was not a braggart He could see her, sitting across from him in her worn robes and creamy skin: the gift of being born and bred in the damp Highland air, no doubt. It was obvious she was either quite poor or extremely frugal by the state of her robes. She did not care for girlish frivolity. Her answers during her career consultation had been perfunctory, curt, and she seemed eager to get out of his office. It was a relief. He hated chatty people, especially chatty girls...unless they were randy. After all, Azkaban had left him desperate for a woman's touch...any woman's touch. Morgana Mulciber at fifteen was another Bellatrix Lestrange, fifteen going on forty, but she was still out of bounds. He probably went to see more whores during that year than all his adult life combined.

Sixth year, she would have been seventeen. I started making plans with Morgana's apprenticeship. Diana still sat in the back, never raising her hand to answer questions, just silently worked and handed everything in on time. There is just nothing unique that stands out about her! She never seemed to want to impress anyone or prove herself. She is a true loner. So what in the hell was she doing trying to curry favor with Morgana? Unless, it was the other way around and Diana was Morgana's prey. No, she can't be that naive!

Now that he knew who she was, it still did not uncomplicated matters. In fact, it compounded his miseries. Did she conceive? Was she suffering? Her body had felt very good to him. He had taken her virginity, which was an experience that he could not stop thinking about and amazed him every time he saw her. *No one* had ever been where he had been, and he decided he *never* wanted that to change. Whenever she was in the same room with him, he felt a surge of primal need to claim her as his. He felt as though he owned her and he wanted her again. He figured since circumstances had allowed him to survive the war, and now he had this young, intriguing woman whom he had taken, why should he not keep her and make a life with her? She could give him a lot of pleasure over the years, if she were so inclined. *Who am I fooling? She probably just wants to forget it ever happened!*

He noticed the other boys paid her no attention. At least that was a relief; he wouldn't have to murder a student for making advances towards what was his. It was apparent Morgana was the desired one. Diana was a plain replica. Why bother with a plain Jane when a goddess was in the room? *Complete and utter fools!* Snape knew what the other boys did not. Diana was a very passionate and sexy witch underneath her worn robes and mild demeanor. She hid and covered her incredible body well, a figure that had been trimmed and stream lined from her manual labor, making her a fit and strong lover that surprised him in her ability to match his strength. He had experienced her screaming underneath him, thrusting her body against his as she arched her back to meet his touch. She had the most supple breasts and smooth arse he had ever tasted. He wanted her now. *But how will I approach her? Forget it! Even though she's eighteen, I'll have to bide my time until she's finished with school*

Knowing became the worst kind of torture. He had a face now in his pornographic dreams. Every moment with her in his classroom was unbearable. How had he ever overlooked her in the past? He would stare at the table where he took her. He relived the moment over and over. He would watch the ever-silent Miss Maceachran as she worked...always alone. She did not seem to be cordial to Morgana. She also seemed lately to be on the outs with many Slytherins. Either that, or was she distancing herself from them? He couldn't help but wonder what was going on.

The winter months were at a close. The struggle to keep from Diana had been torturous. So many times he wanted to go to her, but could not. He also refused to go back to the whores he normally would frequent when in such a state. He had finally experienced the purity and beauty of a virgin. She would be the only one now to relieve him. He would have to make do with satisfying himself until he could approach her appropriately and court her.

One day, in Potions class he noticed Diana was having problems creating her Draught of Living Death Potion. She was staring at the ingredient...valerian root. She slipped on her dragon hide gloves and began to slice it, but she could not do it well with the gloves. He swept to her side.

"Miss Maceachran, you must do this with your bare hands."

He went to reach for the silver knife to begin the process while Diana slowly took off her gloves. His hand accidentally grazed a protrusion from her robes. At first he froze, but then he slowly and discreetly stretched his long white fingers on it and knew. So did she. She kept her head down and did not look at him. And that damn lock of hair fell into her eyes. He glanced swiftly around the room as he cradled her womb. No one was looking. He realized now that she could not risk handling the valerian; just touching the sliced root would be absorbed into her skin and could cause complications with the pregnancy. *Clever girl.*

"Diana," he whispered. "Please stay after class."

After the room was empty, the two lovers stood facing one another.

"Sir, may I meet you here tonight after curfew? Around midnight?"

"Yes," he answered dryly.

She turned to leave.

"Diana, you are having my child."

"I know, Professor," she replied without turning around.

"You will call me Severus when we are alone. You have that right."

She said nothing, but left.

Until tonight, my Diana, was all he could think.

The Proposal

Chapter 3 of 12

Severus and Diana come to an understanding of their future, and Diana reminisces about her life, starting with her childhood to where she finds herself now: the pregnant intended of an ex-Death Eater she knows nothing about.

A/N: Sorry for forgetting my manners! I did not give my thanks to my wonderful beta, MadBrilliant for her help on Chapter 2! So, big smooches to MadBrilliant for her fantastic work for this chappie! Please Review! I LOVE reading reviews and want to know your thoughts!

He waited in the shadows. She would be almost three months along, just now showing a bump if it were not for the robes that hid her figure so well.

She came as she did the last time without a light to guide her. She stood in front of the Potions door and placed her hands palms down on the door. He smirked to himself at her attempt of seduction with submission. *She obviously had enjoyed our encounter!*

The Potions master came to her and wrapped his hands along the expanse of her waist and kissed her neck. He stripped off her robe and unwarded the door, leading her inside the dark room. He warded the entrance shut and placed a Silencing Charm on it. He kept the room in complete blackness.

He tossed her careworn robe onto the floor. "Take off your clothes," he ordered seductively.

She obeyed. He knelt before her, placed his cheek against her baby bump, and then kissed it. It was the most erotic thing Diana had ever experienced. He did not hate her or the baby. She felt relieved.

She heard him slip off his robe and drape it on a table. He picked her up and gently placed her on the table, the same table as before, but this time he lavished his tongue on her core. She was overcome with emotion. She screamed out her climax as he massaged her familiar breasts, now a little fuller and the nipples larger from pregnancy, but it was she...finally! This woman was the one he had made his, and now he would start life over again. Knowing that made him feel relieved and content. She was perfect: non-obtrusive, strong, unquestioning, silent, giving, and intelligent. He might love her yet.

"Diana?" he called in the dark.

"Yes, Professor?"

"No, Severus."

"Yes, Severus?"

"Did I hurt you? Have you been suffering? I tried to find you."

She rose up to face him. "I know...I didn't know what to do."

He kissed her mouth softly and cupped her breasts. "I missed this. I've never felt this with any other woman nor have I ever had a virgin. I didn't know until later, but when I realized, every time I saw you...I want to claim you, make you mine. Do you want to be bound to me?"

"Will you love me and the baby?" *Merlin, she is very direct! It must be the Scot in her.*

"Yes, as much as I can love," he affirmed. "I know I want you with me to start a new life, and I want to claim my child as well. Now that the Dark Lord is no more, I'm finally free to have a future. It seems unforeseen circumstances have led us to this point, and I find you to be as desirable as any woman I could ever hope to meet. I hope, in time, we can grow to love each other."

It was far from any woman's ideal declaration from the man she wanted, but Diana was not like most women. It would be sufficient...for now.

"I accept. Severus, I've ached for you every day."

Snape was speechless at her forthrightness. He finally found his voice. "I waited for you, wondering if you would come back to me."

"I thought you wanted Morgana," she said, the jealousy barely detectable in her voice.

He cupped her face with his hands. "All I wanted was the woman who felt so good underneath me, who moaned and screamed from the pleasure that I gave her," he whispered seductively into her ear.

Diana closed her eyes and nestled her cheek into his hand, enjoying how he spoke to her.

"You should have been in Gryffindor," he said wryly. "You deserved a better deflowering. I will try to make it up to you, Diana."

She reached up to place her hands on his and kissed him passionately on the mouth. She wrapped her legs around his waist and urged him closer.

He swiftly took her but thrust shallowly. He did not want to go too deep because of the baby. It was excruciating...causing him to pant and moan. She felt the same to him, only sweeter, somehow, because of the life he had placed in her. Finally, she begged for him to take her harder. She grabbed his arse and slid down the table on his robe, slamming into him as deep as she could go. He thought he would pass out from the sensation.

"Are you sorry I was your first?" he gasped as he thrust into her over and over.

"No, I wanted you.... OHHH!"

She was climaxing now. He let himself go and cried out her name.

Afterwards, he picked her up and took her into his bed. He rose over her and took off the rest of his sweat-soaked clothes. He spoke to her now in complete seriousness. "You belong to me now. You are mine, my very own. I've never had my very own witch before." There was so much sadness in that statement. Diana held him tightly to her and kissed him as lovingly as she could. They lay together calming their breath and enjoying the closeness.

Finally, his desire burned for her again. And so he took her once more. She did not complain. She let him have his way with her. She loved his touch, the way he suckled on her breasts, and made her feel the things she never dreamt to feel. She would take as much as he wanted to give. *He is like a starving man for physical release*, she thought. He obviously would need a lot of sex from her. Well, that was what she was built for, and if truth were told, she had wanted sex for a while now. Now, it seemed she would be getting as much as she wished. If she were going to be with him, bound to him, and have his child, she might as well go with it and not feel guilty that they were not yet married. It would happen soon enough.

He did not seem to be the type of man to bother much with soft feelings, though. For the first time, she felt grateful she had been raised in such a hard home. Delicate emotions were frivolous. Love? What was love really? Respect? She respected the wizard. That she could bind herself to and be content with her life. There was just one thing she had to clear up.

"Severus, what about Morgana? I thought you wanted her?" Diana asked as they lounged in bed together.

"Well, there is something you should know about our Morgana Mulciber," he said wryly. "Morgana has been trying to seduce me since her fifth year. It was quite easy to evade her when she was younger. I *normally* do not pine for my students." He gave Diana a knowing look. "Once she turned 17 during her seventh year, she made pointed efforts that she was of legal age and things became more... *difficult* to handle. She would daily remind me of her desires. Then, when I took her on as an apprentice and she turned 18, I decided I had had enough. I knew she just wanted to *experience* my favors."

"Ah!" said Diana knowingly. "The celebrity attraction...the spy who helped defeat Lord Voldemort."

"What is your estimate of me?" he asked pointedly.

Diana shrugged and smiled at him. "I spent years avoiding you. I was terrified of you. My first year was when Dumbledore...died, and my second year...you were Headmaster. I was scared of you and the Carrows all the time! I spent the whole year trying to avoid you as much as humanly possible. It's good to know now what was really happening behind the scenes. Then my third year, you were in Azkaban, then in my fourth year you came back. I just tried to keep low. I was still terrified of you, even though I knew the truth. I just kept in the back and worked silently. You never bothered me or had any reason to speak with me, so I was invisible. I'm actually rather good at that," she explained.

"But the night you took me, I had never kissed a boy, never held hands with a boy. I knew I wanted to have sex, but wanted to wait for the right wizard. I never thought it would end up being you!"

She then looked directly into his black eyes, holding them with her own. "But, your touch haunted me. I started yearning for you. Then when I found out I was pregnant...I just knew it would be all right. I knew eventually we would come to this point, once you found me."

"I was very concerned that I had taken advantage or coerced you. Why did you not come to me and reveal yourself?" he said softly, but there was anger under the surface.

She lowered her face, embarrassed to look at him. "I was scared at first, because I knew it was you and *didn't* want you to stop. There was a moment remember, you said I could leave with no repercussions. I heard you unbuckling your belt...and I-I knew I wanted it." She glanced up at him, her face felt hot, and his eyes were growing larger and larger as he stared at her.

"I was shocked by my being taken the first time. But then the pain eased, and I loved the sensations." She cleared her throat. "Afterwards, I thought of it more and more, and I wanted to go back to you. I didn't think you wanted me, only Morgana. I was scared you would be angry that *I* took advantage of *you*!"

He was shocked. *She thinks she seduced me?* He snorted. "You are worth ten of her!" he sneered.

He leaned over her and looked into her face harshly. "I'm 42 years old. You are 18. Being mine won't be an easy life. I'm not an easy man to love or even like at times. But I don't want to give you up. I want to have something of beauty in my life...after so much destruction." He slid his hand down her face and neck down to her chest and circled her womb. "So beautiful," he murmured. "Can you accept what I can offer you? I can give you security, stability, honor, fidelity, and respect. I will never raise my hand to you, and I promise I will try to love you however you want me to. Just be forthright with me and tell me what you want or need. I may not be able to provide it immediately, but I will strive to please you. Is this marriage arrangement acceptable? Because if it is, you will live with me here and never leave."

"Of course, Severus," she answered confidently.

Diana watched the sleeping wizard next to her. She knew nothing about him, apart from the rumors and the papers. She could not believe the turn of events in her life. Three months pregnant with such a dubious and feared ex-Death Eater's baby! She had only been a second year when the battle was fought at Hogwarts. She had been sent home, and home was far away in the Upper Highlands, outside of Halkirk. Her parents, her elderly father especially, hated the Ministry of Magic and Voldemort, but did nothing to join either side. Her father made their home Unplottable. He was a natural at Charms and taught his daughter well. They were pure-bloods. Her father, Archimedes Maceachran, was a lone figure. He was a wizard a little past his prime when he married the young daughter of the aged Nigel Prewett. Nigel was the brother of Ignatius Prewett, who had married Lucretia Black. Nigel and Ignatius were cousins of Septimus Prewett, Molly Wesley's father. So Diana's mother, Constance Prewett, was related distantly to the Blacks and Malfoys through marriage and the Weasleys through blood.

Soon after the marriage, Maceachran took his young bride off into the Highlands and isolated her from her family. He was an extremely domineering and possessive man who did not want to share his wife and daughter with anyone. Constance grew to accept her lot after a season and took on her husband's views as her own. Diana had been raised to resist forming attachments with her estranged family.

"All are either Voldemort-crazed fanatics, or fanatics for that Order of the Phoenix!" Her mother had raised her on that statement, and Diana developed her isolationist personality around that belief.

When Hogwarts sent for her, the Ministry had to track her down and it had taken a year...but finally it was put to Professor McGonagall to get the girl. It was a complete disaster. The Ministry thought because McGonagall was Scottish herself, she might talk some sense into the daft Scotsman, but he resisted her at every turn. He finally relented when Diana begged to go.

"You du kno' you are kin to pure-bloods, and blood-traitors! There IS no middle ground wi' these people!"

He eyed Professor McGonagall and asked her point-blank if she could ensure his daughter's safety when he knew what had happened at the Department of Mysteries. McGonagall looked shocked that he knew about that!

"Oh yes, lassie! I dinnae kno' all things, boot I du kno' tha' madman is bak!"

"Mr. Maceachran," McGonagall said primly, "I assure you that Diana will be sent home immediately at the first spot of trouble. I will make sure that if she isn't sorted into my house, I will work alongside the head of her house to ensure her safety!"

Diana's mother, never a one for displays of affection, put her hands on her daughter's shoulder.

"You will go into the den of lions, the sea of serpents. But you must learn your magic. Stay pure and untouched from your kin, but don't push them so far away that they will despise you. You can't come back here, Diana."

She looked at McGonagall. "She has a vault in her own name at Gringotts that is from the Prewett fortune which is rightfully mine. We have no need of it here. It will be her dowry. She will go now and make her mark."

McGonagall sputtered, "She must come home for summer holidays at least!"

"Oh no!" hollered Mrs. Maceachran. "You want her, you've got her. We want no part of this. She has a dowry, she'll find a wizard, and she'll make her own way."

She bent down to her knees and looked earnestly at her twelve-year-old daughter. "Work hard, that is what will save you. Remember, to find a man who doesn't care about blood status. It's all shite, Diana. It doesn't matter, but if you need to...to survive, use it to only your advantage. But never shame us by hurting others because they may not be pure-bloods."

She rose and glanced at McGonagall. "If I had my choice, I'd say Molly Weasley, my cousin might house her for the summers, or maybe Andromeda...no, too close to the Malfoys. You watch out for my girl! No Malfoys are to bother her!" she warned.

McGonagall's lips pursed tight. "She's a pure-blood. Lucius' son won't care either way. He's going to be a sixth year. Don't worry."

So Diana left her home and spent the first two years at Hogwarts in complete shock. When McGonagall saw she was sorted into Slytherin, she decided to bypass Snape and deal with the young girl herself. The death of Dumbledore at the hand of the most feared teacher at school, then the complete dismantling of the Ministry, and their massive changes left Diana even more inclined to keep her head down and ears open. Her first summer was spent with Andromeda Tonks, a distant cousin, against Diana's mother's express wishes, but McGonagall wanted Diana as far away from Harry Potter as possible. That meant no contact with the Weasleys. It was a blessing in disguise she had sorted into Slytherin. She would hide in plain sight there. Then she had been sent home during the battle. It was the first time she'd seen her parents since she was eleven. They grudgingly took her back because of the War, but now she was almost fourteen. She made the torturous decision to return to Hogwarts and finish her education. Her parents were relieved that Voldemort was dead, but did not want any ties with any ex-Death Eaters. The fact she had been sorted in Slytherin solidified her parents' resolve that they part ways.

She stood outside of her house, preparing to walk to the train that would take her to Hogwarts. Her father stood, towering over her and told her these words:

"You're a woman, no' a wee lass ennymore. You've munny and a chance for a future. You make your fortune. Dinnae come bak here. Mind you marry a good wizard, wi' a good mind. Be smart, Diana. Better to marry an ugly man, wi' a brain, than a han'some man who is an idiot! I kno' you will du well, you've bin a gud gurl, Diana." With that, he patted her cheek and walked away from her. Diana knew, even at fourteen, she would never see her parents again.

She worked hard and without complaint during that summer before her third year. Classes and lessons were to be informal, so many had perished; so much of the castle had to be reconstructed. Hermione Granger took over Potions for Diana's third year. Harry Potter taught Defense against the Dark Arts. She worked hard at every class she set her mind to, but kept herself silent and in the background. What helped her keep her anonymity was another Slytherin girl named Morgana Mulciber. She was a year older than Diana, and they looked quite a bit alike, except the younger girl was more like the plain version of the vivacious Morgana. Diana worked that summer on the castle's reconstruction and discovered a love of architecture, construction, and building that led her to a decision to become an architect. She worked, rain or shine, in the mud and helped to clean up the debris from the old stonework that had been blasted away during the fighting. She grew strong and became lithe due to the hard work. She dressed as any other wizard, since she worked side by side with them, in slacks and heavy boots. She recalled her mother's advice that work would save her. So, she worked and worked hard. On her off hours, she read the various Wizarding newspapers as she rested in her tent. She kept tabs on the trials of Death Eaters and Voldemort Supporters. No other trial was more controversial than that of the ex-Headmaster, Severus Snape.

The trial took place during Diana's third year. He had been left to rot for months in Azkaban, but when the trial commenced, it was swift, and Severus Snape had been cleared of all charges, due to the information given by Potter and a journal left by the late Dumbledore. Even though Potter helped to acquit the man, he still did not trust him. Snape grudgingly, out of guilt over Albus' death, came back as Potions master at the start of her fourth year when Diana was fifteen, but was eager to find a successor so he could leave with a clear conscience. Hermione Granger did not want to continue as the Potions instructor, nor did she want to further her education to become a Potions mistress. So, Snape had to wait for a student to show him or herself worthy of an apprenticeship. That was when Morgana Mulciber made her move.

By the end of Diana's sixth year, the castle renovations were complete, and she could now sit back and relish in her mind the fact she could say one day to her children, "I was there when..."

According to Professor McGonagall, and other gossip Diana heard around the halls and corners of the school, Professor Snape had been a complicated man before the fall of Voldemort, but now he was even MORE complicated...as if that could be possible! He seemed to have no purpose, no force to direct his life. He spent more nights drinking, trying to forget the fact he had murdered his only friend and father he had ever really known.

But what made the already volatile professor increasingly unstable was that Snape's love for Potter's mother came out and for the intensely private Potions master...it was akin to the end of the world. He hated that anyone knew he had an unrequited love. He hated that Potter had blabbed his mouth to the world about Lily. Women threw themselves at him, girls tried to seduce him. All the while, sniggers and whispers from the staff just lit up the inferno. More than once, Professors Snape and Potter blew apart the staffroom during one of their fantastic rows.

McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, and Hooch just let them get it out of their systems and kept out of their way. It seemed to help since, after a row, the two wizards would calm down, and there would be peace for a few weeks, until something would trigger either Snape or Potter and the two would be at each other's throats again. It was clear the two would never be reconciled. So by the end of Diana's sixth year, Potter quit Hogwarts, to pursue his dream of being an Auror, and Snape took over as Defense teacher along with his Potions Position, but brought Morgana Mulciber back as his apprentice the start of Diana's seventh year. In two years, she would be a Potions mistress, and finally, Snape would have Defense against the Dark Arts all to himself without fear of the curse. His life long dream would finally be his to enjoy!

So that is his plan, mused Diana as she stared at the sleeping wizard next to her. *To get his life back on track and have some purpose at the age of 42.*

What Diana did not know was that he was desperately lonely, having finally let Lily go. But what woman in her right mind would want a man with such a dark history and character? She'd have to be completely mad. So he went discreetly to whores, only when absolutely necessary. So every few months, he would see a different girl, a clean girl, but always different. There could be no attachments.

Then, Morgana began to turn-up her seduction techniques on the Potions master. She was very beautiful, but was cruel in her beauty. She wielded it like a knife. She teased and taunted him until finally, when she graduated and became his apprentice, she drove him insane every day with lust. She was eighteen and no virgin. He decided he would show her what teasing got a witch. But instead, he ended up ravishing Diana Maceachran, probably the only seventh-year Slytherin virgin in the whole history of Hogwarts!

Family

Chapter 4 of 12

Diana seeks the help and acceptance of her cousins: the Weasleys.

Diana Maceachran Apparated to the Burrow one early Saturday morning. It was April, the Easter Hols, and the whole clan would be there. Diana wanted desperately for family to accept her. She was four months pregnant. It would not be long before the world knew she was having the ex-Death Eater, Severus Snape's, baby. *What would my parents think of me now?* She shuddered to think.

She knocked briskly and Ginny answered. She was taken aback. "Diana?" she asked, unsure of the woman in front of her.

"Yes, it's me. I wanted to see your mum."

Ginny smiled. "Of course! After all, we're cousins, aren't we? Mum! Guess who's here!"

Molly Weasley screamed in delight at the sight of Diana. "Upon my word! Look at you—little Diana. How are you?" She grabbed her, hugged her, and felt the small bulge. "Diana," she said sedately, but with a knowing look, "meet the family."

Diana stepped into the kitchen where all the Weasleys were crammed in for breakfast.

"Arthur, can you believe it? Constance's girl!"

"Ah, yes! Pleasure to finally meet you."

Molly continued with her introductions.

"Here are my sons, Bill with his wife, Fleur. She's French."

Diana smiled as she shook their hands.

"My son, Fred"—her voice wavered as she pointed to a portrait of a redheaded boy waving happily—"he died in the war." There were tears in her eyes.

Diana swallowed and felt the sting of tears for her cousin. "I'm so sorry," she whispered as she placed her hand on her shoulder.

"Oh... well... the war was hard on all... but here is Charlie, George—Fred's twin—Percy, and there is Ron with his girlfriend, Hermione."

Diana smiled in recognition. "Pleasure to see you again, Professor Granger."

Then she caught the sight of Harry Potter next to her, his arm around Ginny.

"Professor Potter, nice to see you again," she said breathlessly.

Hermione jumped in. "Please, no more 'Professor' talk. We were only too happy to step in at Hogwarts until things could get sorted out. Tell me, Diana, are you still at Hogwarts?"

"Just for a couple of months, I will be finishing school in June."

Hermione went on. "Diana was my favorite in Potions. She is very skilled."

"She was in Defense Against the Dark Arts, as well!" piped up Harry. "Tell me, have you been keeping up well? How is your Patronus?"

"Still a gentle dove. But hopefully, I'll never have to use her for anything other than sending messages."

"Hear, hear!" cheered the boys in the corner.

"Sit down, dear," whispered Molly. "Tell me, how are your parents?"

Diana looked around. "I don't know. After Voldemort died, I told them I wanted to come back, to help with the rebuilding and continue my education. They never wanted me there in the first place, that was why I was a year older everyone else in my class. But when I chose to go back, my father took me aside and told me I wasn't a girl anymore, I was on my own. I had my own dowry in Gringotts and was told not to return and make my fortune."

"Blimey," whispered George.

"You mean your parents *abandoned* you at—what age?" Arthur asked.

"Fourteen."

Molly was strangely quiet. Finally she let loose. "Well, I'm not shocked! That Archimedes was just a—well, it takes all kinds to make up this world."

Ginny asked, "Mum, how are we related, really? I never understood."

Molly took a breath and started a plate of food for Diana.

"Well, Diana's Mother, Constance, was a Prewett—a niece of cousin Ignatius Prewett, the one who married Lucretia Black. Constance's father was Ignatius' brother, Nigel, and they were cousins to my father, Septimus. But Diana is more connected to Ignatius, who married Lucretia Black, who was Sirius' aunt, so Diana I think is in closer relation to Sirius and the Malfoys than we are, maybe—I'm not sure. Although it would only be through marriage, not blood. WE are blood related."

Harry's eyes lit up at the mention of Sirius, all the rest he disregarded. Here in front of him was a relation of his beloved godfather that he could actually have a relationship with that was around his own age. Sure, he had Andromeda and Teddy, his godson, but here was a person he could have a real connection with on an equal level! He thought he lost that type of connection forever when Tonks died. It was a dream come true. "That must have made things difficult for you," Harry said grimly to Diana.

"The Ministry had to send McGonagall to retrieve me out of the Highlands. My mother was never one for emotional displays. She flat out told me, and I don't mean to offend anyone, but the sentiment in our family was that all our relatives were either Voldemort fanatics or Order extremists, meaning the Malfoys and you all, respectively. She said there was no room to be in the middle, so she said to keep my nose clean, don't get involved, and don't stand up for any causes. Then I would be safe."

Diana hung her head. She felt so ashamed of herself and her family.

Bill spoke up, "Look, Diana, you were a kid when we fought the war. You had no business anyway worrying about sides. Your time came when Hogwarts needed to be rebuilt. From what I recall, you were a hard worker and a natural with the basics of architecture."

"Not a truer word spoken!" joined in Charlie.

Diana smiled. "That is my wish, to be an architect. Although the reason for the discovery of my passion for building had to come from such sorrow and destruction, I never felt so close to a group of people as when we all worked on the reconstruction of Hogwarts and Hogsmeade. It was like almost having a family."

Molly's eyes grew wet as she embraced the young girl. "Well, you've a family right here! Right, you lot?"

"Absolutely!" said George

"Of course, cousin!" said Percy, very importantly as he reached across his hand to hers.

All at the table agreed wholeheartedly.

Diana smiled and shook it. She tucked into her food and enjoyed the conversation.

After breakfast, everyone started to talk about his or her plans for the holiday.

"Please," said Diana. "Before you all go, I did have a purpose in coming here. I don't want anything, except a family. No money, no favors. I just need a family because I'm going to have a baby."

"What?" almost the entire men's section shouted in unison.

Molly stood by Diana. She looked in her brown eyes. "I thought I felt something when I hugged you. How far along? Not much, I reckon."

"I'm almost four months along," she whispered.

"Who's the bastard we have to kill?" said George, half-joking, half-serious.

"George!" Molly shouted.

"Well, she's family, Mum!" yelled Ron. "We can't let this go by without something being done!" He looked straight at Diana. "Who is he? Is he marrying you?" he demanded.

"That's why I came first, to break it all to you, because he's older—a lot older than I am. He wanted to come. I really had to put my foot down, and even then he was very angry that it would look like this to all of you—like he was trying to evade his responsibility. But he's not—he wants to marry me as soon as possible."

Harry started to breathe hard and his face grew dark as he stood up.

"Harry?" said Ron cautiously.

"Who do we know who needs to be chased down with something sweet because he's such a bitter pill? Who do we know who is so paranoid that he would get angry over his intended coming to see her family first to break the news without him? Who is the only bastard in the world who would take advantage of his own student?" he roared.

Diana covered her ears. Harry practically ran to the Floo.

"Harry!" yelled Hermione. "Don't—you know he's an excellent duelist. You've never been able to best him!"

Ron's mouth gaped open. "Harry, bloody hell—don't do this!" he warned.

Harry didn't care. He turned towards the Floo, but he was too late. Severus Snape was already stepping out.

A/N: Oh boy! Up next: the showdown. And how do you think Snape is going to deal with Harry's desire for a relationship with Diana? Uh-oh! There's trouble a'comin'!

Confrontation

Chapter 5 of 12

Snape deals with the Weasleys' and Harry Potter's reactions to Diana's pregnancy.

A/N: Oh, manners, manners! Loads of big wet kisses and buckets of Godiva chocolates for my dear beta, MadBrilliant! Sorry I forgot to thank you for Chapter Four. Continued thanks for this chappie. What would I do without you? Also, hugs and chocolate to all who gave the wonderful reviews I've received so far. I LOVE reviews! Keep'em comin'!

"Potter," he said calmly as he dusted himself off.

He turned hesitantly from Potter to face Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. "Arthur, Molly, I apologize for my intrusion, but I felt a strange urge to get over here. It looks like Mr. Potter was already on his way to my place for a confrontation."

Arthur stepped up to Snape. "Is this true, Severus? You seduced your own student?"

Snape just stood there. He was at a complete loss as where to begin. He saw the pleading eyes of Diana to not lose his temper.

"All right, you lot!" bellowed Arthur. "Back in the kitchen! Molly, coffee and lots of it— and Bill, I think I'm going to need some firewhisky."

Everyone was settled again, except Harry, who had to be restrained between Bill and Charlie. Hermione, Ginny, and Fleur huddled around Diana as the story began.

"Look," Diana said. "I'm eighteen. I'm of legal age. We are all adults here and nothing that happened occurred when anyone was underage. So, we are talking about consenting adults," she warned.

"Right," Molly interrupted. "I don't know if everything is our business. Diana needs family, and she and Severus are having a baby. I think the question is are you both happy?"

Diana and Severus looked at each other, and she smiled timidly at him. His face softened, but he did not smile. Together they said, "yes."

Ginny burst out as if she had been holding in a lungful of air. "Well! We've got plans to make! When will you get married? When is the baby coming? We have to plan it all!"

The women giggled and plotted in the kitchen while the men stole outside.

Potter rounded on Snape.

"What have you done?" he shouted.

"I have nothing to explain to you, Potter," Snape sneered.

"She's Sirius' cousin. That makes her my business. I need to know your intentions," Harry demanded.

Bill put his hand on Snape's shoulder. "You'll be a part of this family now. So, you'll need to answer to us all. We just need your word."

Snape looked all around him. He tried to figure out the ruse, the joke. Arthur noticed and spoke up as he stepped up to him, pushing Harry gently out of the way.

"Severus, it looks as if I am the closest Diana has to a father. I think you know what is expected," he said in a very calm and serious tone.

Snape was not used to this type of intrusion upon his intimate life. But he would have to get on with it if he wanted peace with Diana.

"I am eager to start a new life for myself. I have nearly reached my prime. I am alone. It is time to place the past behind and start living for the future. Diana is a lovely young witch whom I have found to be compatible with my own sensibilities. She is a delightful woman, and I would very much like to ask you, Arthur, formally, for her hand in marriage."

Arthur pressed him. "Do you love her, Severus? Will you take care of her, respect her, never hurt her, or be cruel to her?"

Snape's jaw clenched. He hated this exhibition in front of everyone. His feelings and desires were private! He closed his eyes and leaned into Arthur. The two men whispered, and then they clasped hands.

"It's done!" announced Arthur.

The women were waiting by the window and rushed out at the announcement. Snape took his fiancée and told Arthur and Molly they would be leaving now.

"I just don't get it," said Ron. "Mental that is! She's absolutely barking to be with that git!"

"Ronald!" Hermione yelled as she smacked him on the arm.

Ginny, who had been quiet while all the speculation went on, was finally asked by George, "Ginny, you're looking rather pensive. Know anything we should know?"

She turned to face her family. "It's just perfect. They are more alike than we're giving them credit for. When Snape was in school, he was studious and quiet, didn't like to be singled out. Diana's the same way. Hermione, you said she excelled in Potions, and Harry, you said she was really good at Defense Against the Dark Arts. They both come from dubious homes, not fully accepted, always having to keep toeing the line, making it through, alone, and abandoned. They fit, it's like they know a language that no one else could understand or would want to! I think it'll be okay. And anyway, they're both Slytherins!" she proclaimed.

Harry face remained angry. "I still wish I knew how he got her to—"

"HARRY!" Ginny yelled, blushing with embarrassment.

"Well, I'm just saying!" he explained.

"He's got a point you know," Ron whispered to Hermione. She rolled her eyes at him and shared a smile with Ginny.

A/N: I know this is short, but the next chapter is going to be a difficult one. Remember, this fic is called Possession for a reason.

Possession

Chapter 6 of 12

Diana experiences the darker side of Severus' personality as her pregnancy progresses.

A/N: Warning: this chapter contains disturbing acts of a sexual nature. Some may classify it as rape, some may not, so I leave it up to you, the reader, to judge. Nevertheless, I have tagged a Abuse/Rape warning on this chapter, because whatever it is, it is not appropriate, healthy, behavior. There is nothing gratuitous about what is occurring here. It is pivotal to the plot of the story. It is sad and dark, but such is the psyche of Severus Snape. That said, HUGE thanks to my beta, MadBrilliant, and to all of those who take the time to review. Please let me know your thoughts on this chapter. It was very difficult to write, and I want to hear from you whether it is good or bad! I can take it.

Diana and Severus walked into their private rooms. He was visibly upset.

"Go shower," he said.

"What?" she asked.

"Just do it!" he snapped.

She showered and came out with her towel covering her. She went to look for a clean robe and was enveloped from behind.

"Come to bed."

"Now?" she asked.

"Yes, I need you now," he said huskily. He was naked and shaking with need. He pulled her over onto the bed and kissed her passionately, running his hands all over her. Diana was uncertain about what was driving him. She seemed not to really be there to him. Her body, yes, not her...her person, her self. He finally entered her. It didn't hurt, but she was taken by surprise by the detachment of it. She gasped. He took her face in his hands, his dark, bottomless eyes piercing hers. "You're mine, mine, no one else's! You'll be with me forever, is that understood? You will never leave me, will you? WILL YOU?" he roared.

"No," she whispered, feeling a bit scared of the man to whom she had given herself.

He closed his eyes and began to thrust inside her, but she was not feeling the usual passion he normally showed. She felt as if he needed to reassert his claim on her as his territory, his possession, a belonging. He was terrifying her.

"You're scaring me," she whispered. She wanted to run away from him. A feral possessiveness was taking over him. He was truly frightening her.

He didn't register her words. He kept thrusting with increasing force. *He is going to hurt me if he doesn't stop!* She thought hysterically.

"Severus, please stop!" she cried out. "You're hurting me!"

She tried to push him off her, but he grabbed her hands and held them down on either side of her head. He continued thrusting, but in controlled movements.

His eyes snapped open and pierced hers. "I'm not going to lose again! I won't be a fool! You are mine. You belong to me: body, mind, and soul. Tell me you're mine!" he thundered.

Diana couldn't believe what was happening to her. She didn't know what to think or what to do. Then she remembered the baby.

"Diana, say it!" he ordered.

"Severus...the baby!" she yelled.

He stopped thrusting and looked at her, really looked at her. Horror crossed his face, and he withdrew from her, turning away and putting on his clothes. He kept his back to her. It was apparent he was ashamed. He spoke to her but kept his back to her.

"I apologize, Diana. I only know what I know. I just don't want to be alone anymore." He was breathing hard now and was shaking. She could sense his terror and fear.

He was repulsed. *How could I act in such a manner? Surely she'll leave me. I have become my father and let all the insecurities in me loose on my last chance for happiness, damn it! I've become everything I've always hated about men!*

She finally spoke to him.

She kept still on the bed, afraid to move, but spoke firmly with a voice she didn't recognize. "I'm not going anywhere. Trust me, I'm here because I want to be here." She realized it was true. She had made her decision to stay with this man. She would not back down now. She would give him the opportunity to prove himself.

He looked into her face. Huge tears were falling from his dark and penetrating eyes. "Do you love me, Diana?"

"I want to. I know I respect you...at least I did. I don't know what happened to you that would make you try to dominate me in such a manner. I won't live with violence. I can accept your insecurities, but not your violence," she replied sternly.

"Understood," he whispered, and he left the room.

Severus hated their weekly visits to The Burrow. He hated that Potter was so protective of Diana. He hated that the boys were touching her, hugging her. Now, every time they came back he would politely ask her to shower, and he would have sex with her. He would gently take her. He never repeated what he had done to her the first time, but it was still a surreal experience that concerned her because he was so compulsive about it all. To Diana, who really knew nothing about healthy sexual relationships, it had just been a strange request at first, but now into her seventh month, she realized this ritual had indeed become a compulsion. What was especially disturbing was his need for her to tell him she belonged to him and she was his...and only his...while he made her climax.

Because of the first way he had treated her in regards to this activity, she had felt reluctant to accept his request. He had waited for her answer, pacing back and forth, making jerky movements with his neck and shoulders. He had looked as if he were in some sort of psychological pain. It bothered her that he was trying to be so humble about it, when it was clear he didn't want to be. So, she had agreed that as long as he kept being polite and gentle with her, she would indulge him. He had been relieved and grateful for her acceptance. Although he was gentle, there was a detachment that made her feel used. Many times after having sex, she would curl up on her side of the bed and cry. He would wrap his arms around her, tell her he loved her, and would wipe the tears off her face. He kept telling her he would try to be more worthy of her.

What added to the confusion was every other time they made love, it was just that: *they made love*. It was everything she enjoyed about sex, and she reveled in his passion for her. But once a week a different man would take her to bed, and she would experience all the insecurities of a very powerful wizard.

Diana was starting to become increasingly concerned about their relationship. Surely by now since she had finished school and was now officially the intended of Severus Snape, his insecurities would just go away. They did not. His possessive nature over who spoke to her, where she went, and how long she was away from him worsened. But throughout, he continued to keep his temper towards her in check and never physically attacked her again.

In his mind, he just wanted her to be with him. He didn't want to share her, and he was terrified of losing her. He loved listening to her stories about growing up in the Highlands. She'd sing the songs her mother had taught her, the old haunting melodies that would lull him to sleep. It was better than any Sleeping Potion he had ever taken. She was incredibly intelligent, not in a bookish way, but in a very earthy and humble way. It was a unique type of intelligence Snape found he could respect. He was starting to respect so much about her. First, she had attracted him with her body, but now she was enticing him with her mind and her sweet voice that held a slight brogue. She also wasn't bothered by his rages towards others. He'd rage about his students, or a meeting, basically anything that inconvenienced him...she'd let him fume. She didn't care. He literally would be shocked that she would sit and read a book while he raved and yelled. She would just keep on reading! What Snape did not know was that her father was the same way. More bluster than bite. So, when his tantrum was over, she would put down her book and smile at him. He would sit down exhausted next to her and let her rub his neck and hum one of her songs. But whenever he got too snarky with *her*, she'd tell him what her mother always said to her father, "Hold your wheest, old man!" It made Severus laugh.

He was scared of her leaving him; of all the attentions she received at the hands of Potter and those damned Weasleys! He couldn't compete with all of them. So, the only way he could feel secure was to claim her in this way. He didn't understand why he needed to dominate her so, and it pained him that she always cried. He hated the crying. He hated that *he* made her cry. He never was rough with her. He was tender and always made sure she was ready to receive him, so it must be that she was struggling with her decision to stay with him. He wondered which one of the Weasleys she would throw him over for. Or maybe Potter would take her away, just like his goddamn father took Lily from him!

Diana understood possession. She had seen how her father's possessiveness had stolen her young mother away from her family and placed her in isolation in the Highlands. She was determined not to end up like her mother and push her family away. It took her a while to see what Severus was doing to her, but once she opened her eyes, she refused to close them and ignore the problem. She would have to be tough with this man who was so difficult by nature. But it would not be easily done. When it came to sex, she was completely at a loss. He knew how to use sex for his advantage. He knew what to say to her to make her weak as water in his hands. It would have to change, she decided. If she could hold her own in any other situation with his temper, then surely she could stand up to his sexual compulsions.

She analyzed the situation and it seemed that the further the pregnancy progressed, the worse his compulsion became. But was it the baby or was it just because as each day passed, by refusing to put her foot down, his behavior became worse and worse because he had nothing to fear from *her*?

This is enough! she decided. She wasn't going to indulge his insecurities anymore. She was going to break this cycle of insanity or she would leave. She decided to test him. They went to their next visit to The Burrow. They all decided the wedding would take place after the birth (due in September) during the Christmas Hols so time could be made for the new couple and family to get to know one another. Severus sulked in a corner as Bill and George patted Diana's belly. The girls also touched it too, but Severus hated it when the men got too close. Then, when Harry would begin his (what Severus called) "fawning" over her, with his side-stepping Snape, making her sit near him so he could "talk" and attend to her needs, Severus could only take so much and then he would assert his role as father and fiancé and take over matters. That meant no more hugging from the men folk and no talking in anything other than necessary conversation. And he made damn sure that "necessary" for Potter meant someone had to be dying.

Severus' jealousy and possessiveness was not lost on the Weasleys. It was actually hilarious to George and Ginny, who were amazed at the depths of Snape's paranoia. But Hermione and Fleur were adamant that they all should be more patient and understanding with the professor. After Severus and Diana left to return to Hogwarts, they gathered around to talk about the situation.

"After all," Fleur said. "What doz 'e know of luv and familee? Eee'z been alone and izolated 'ez 'ole life!"

Hermione piped up. "Fleur is spot on! We should be encouraging Diana to stand up for herself!"

"Hermione," whined Ron, rolling his eyes. "This isn't a cause...like SPEW!"

"I am quite aware, Ronald, what is at stake here!" she spat icily. "And I think a little more support and understanding is what is called for here!" She rounded on Harry next. "I also think you need to consider Professor Snape's feelings, Harry. Every time they come here, you take over as if she is *your* intended instead of *his*!"

"That's ridiculous, Hermione! Do you know what I think?" snapped Harry.

Ginny groaned.

"I think a little toughness is what's required. Diana needs to shake some sense into him before he gets her so under his thumb she won't be able to say 'boo' to a garden gnome! Then, all the *wonderful things* that he claims..." he stopped speaking as if he had been Petrified.

"Harry, what is it?" asked Ginny concerned.

"THAT WANKER!" Harry screamed.

Harry jumped up and ran outside. Ron, Charlie, and Bill dashed after him with Percy and George at their heels. They tackled him to the ground and tried to get him to calm down before he could Apparate to Hogwarts and make a huge cock-up of everything! The women huddled around the fray screaming at them to calm down.

Finally, someone got him in a half nelson, and Percy started talking. "Right, Harry...you need to tell us what's got you upset. Okay? Just let it out, old man."

"Oh sod it, Perce, you big prat!" yelled George as he tried to hold Harry still.

Harry was breathing hard, but was finally forced to calm down. "He wants her *because* of how she is. Don't you understand? She's uncomplicated, easy-going, unobtrusive, unquestioning, never gets in the way. She won't challenge him, won't be anything but a bed-warmer, a POSSESSION!"

"Harry...that's *mental*," said Ron. "You really think it's bad as all that?"

"I want to know how she got pregnant!" Harry demanded as he pointed at Ginny. "How does an 18-year-old girl get pregnant by her 40-year-old professor when she barely knew him before? It's not like she's been around him like we were for seven whole years! And it's not like he's the most attractive man she could have come across!"

"Well, Harry, isn't that perhaps the reason?" asked Hermione. She started counting off on her fingers. "They meet first year. The second year, he's Headmaster, not teaching, so no contact, and then she's taken away during the war. No contact. Third year, he's in Azkaban. Again, there is no contact. Then she sees him fourth year. She's fifteen. She was already maturing. Maybe when he saw her...it was like for the first time. And he stayed away until she was of legal age, almost done with school, and perhaps feelings were revealed, reciprocated, got out of hand, and it just happened!"

"Still, that's pretty sick!" George said darkly.

"No, Hermione, we need to know for sure. I just don't trust him." Harry insisted.

"Harry, just because *you* can't deal with Snape doesn't mean that no one else on this earth could love him!" yelled Ginny. "Look at your Mum!"

Harry threw Ginny a look of pure venom.

"Okay, that's it! That is it. We'll get to the bottom of it all. Somehow," said Bill.

They all stood silently not knowing where to go from there.

Taking a Stand

Chapter 7 of 12

Diana stands up to Severus while Ginny has a late night meeting with Morgana Mulciber. Later, Ginny rounds up the women to talk to Diana about the truth of her relationship with Snape. Then Ginny talks frankly to Harry about her thoughts on his relationship with Diana.

A/N: Sorry for the evil cliffie! Big thanks out to my beta, MadBrilliant! Please review! It's better than chocolate!

Diana and Severus entered into their private rooms. She went to sit on the sofa while Severus was already taking off his clothes.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting comfortable. The baby is very restless."

"You need to shower," he ordered.

"Not now... perhaps before bed," she said absentmindedly while thumbing through a book.

She watched him out of the corner of her eyes. He was getting nervous.

"You need to get clean so we can be together."

"Severus, I'm here. We are together." She smiled up at him lovingly.

"No, you know what I mean, you promised, now DO IT!" he raged.

She sat firmly on the sofa and slowly raised her face to his in indignation.

"You need to explain to me where you get the right to speak to me in that tone," she retorted icily.

"You are mine! They've been touching you, and I can't..."

"Severus, come here and sit with me," she asked sweetly.

"No." He was extremely agitated now, pacing up and down the floor.

"Severus, what does 'love' mean to you?" she asked.

He glared at her.

"*That* is an idiotic question! How does one begin to answer such drivel?" he sneered.

Diana sighed. "My father is older than my mum. He's a hard man. He isn't the kind to show displays of emotion, unless that emotion is anger or rage. Not that he ever beat us, mind you, he never did. He's just a deeply damaged person. He can't feel good about being happy. My mum tried to change him, and...well, basically she ended up adopting his personality, his hardness, and his coldness. She did what she had to do to survive since we were so isolated in the Highlands. I don't hate my parents for who they are and how they chose to turn me out of their home. It's the way they had to be...for them. I don't hate them, but I refuse to adopt their ways of loving and treating family."

She struggled out of the sofa and waddled her way to her lover. She took his face in her hand and lowered it to face hers.

"You told me you'd love me as much as you were able. I accept that. But this demanding possessiveness...that's not love...and that is not part of the deal. So, if 'love' means to you bossing me around, treating me like an object, and forcing me to be the person *you want or need* for me to be so *you* can feel better about *your own insecurities*, well I'm not in for that."

She went to the bed, changed her clothes, and lay down to sleep.

"I will not sleep with you tonight," he called out to her. *Is that a threat or a manipulation?* She couldn't figure it out.

"That is your choice, Severus," she answered.

Ginny Weasley Apparated outside of the Hogwarts Boundary Line for a very important meeting that same night. Soon, a beautiful, dark-haired beauty approached her. She smiled at the redhead and extended her hand.

"Well, well, Ginny Weasley! How is the famous Potter these days? Going to make an honest woman out of you one of these years?"

Ginny smiled back as she shook the woman's hand. "So good to see you again, Morgana. Harry and I are quite the 'busy little couple', to be sure." Her eyes sparkled back at the evil witch.

Morgana dropped the pretense. "Ginny, you should have been in Slytherin. What in the hell are you doing here? And what could be so bloody important to see you now at this time of night?"

"Well, you know me, 'Little Miss Gossip!' I reckon I shall take over for Rita Skeeter one day! You won't guess who popped up at our house during the Easter hols!"

"Hmmm." Morgana patted her index finger on her cheek in fake concern. "Oh, yes! Diana Maceachran! Am I right?"

"Yes," drawled Ginny slowly. "You and Professor Snape were quite the duo from what I recall. Rumor was you couldn't wait to get your legs around him."

Morgana laughed. "True, true! I did have the hots for his brooding type, but I decided it wasn't worth it."

"Wasn't worth it?" Ginny laughed. 'Come now, when has a conquest EVER not been 'worth your while?'"

Morgana looked around slowly and edged closer to the redhead. "Look, I didn't mean for things to get out-of-control the way they have; I mean it looks like they were destined to find each other, so maybe I helped it along. All I know is that Severus Snape is one real scary wizard. I was hooked...flirting, teasing, and basically I had him gagging for it. Well, one night, just as I was to close the deal, he saw me talking to a fellow Slytherin; I mean it was completely platonic. We weren't touching or anything...just talking. He comes along, rips me out of the hallway, drags me down to the dungeons, and starts *raving* at me, that 'I belonged to him and no one was going to have me but him.' He is insane. I had bruises all over my arm from where he grabbed me. There was no way I was going to let him fuck me."

She stood back, shaking in her remembering. Ginny was white with fear. Then she got angry.

"What did you do, Morgana? What's this 'destined to be' bullshit?"

Morgana licked her lips and crossed her arms. "Look, I'm not proud of what I did, but there was no way he was going to let me out of fucking him, not after I had pursued him for so long. So I sent a decoy and prayed he wouldn't kill her."

"My GOD! Morgana, do you know what you've done? You do realize that Diana is pregnant? You mean he...*heaped* her?"

"Probably! From what my father told me about Snape...look, I should have heeded warning and let him be. But, he was such a challenge, so aloof, forbidding, and so 'touch me not'...I found him to be irresistible! Please understand, I'm sorry Diana got hurt, but what was I going to do?"

"You are a *coward*!" Ginny spat at her. "You couldn't face the trouble you started and instead sacrificed a virgin to deal with *your* mess!"

"Hey!" Morgana yelled. "I'm no bloody Gryffindor. I'm a Slytherin. And we do things differently than you do. Diana hasn't hauled him in front of the Wizengamot. She hasn't denounced him for rape. For all of what that man has done, just her crying rape would get him a lifetime stay in Azkaban. No trial, no evidence, just on her say-so! But she lives in his rooms, sleeps in his bed, *and* she's marrying him. It might not be as bad as all that. Hell, for all you and I know, she might be having the time of her life in his bed! Either way, Diana is cut from thicker cloth than either of us. If any woman could handle that sick fuck, well, I'd bet on the Scot."

Then without warning she Apparated away. Ginny was left fuming with the information. She'd have to talk to Diana. If Harry found out about this, he would murder Snape or get himself killed trying!

The next day Ginny had Diana and all the women in Diana's life over to The Burrow for a heart-to-heart chat.

"Diana," Ginny said calmly as she took the woman's hands into her own. "We're here, just us women, to talk. We all love you and care deeply for you. There is nothing you can say that will shock us, or make us think less of you. Do you believe me?"

Diana looked at the gathered. Molly, Fleur, Ginny, Hermione, and Andromeda Tonks were around her, smiling and being supportive. She sat back into the sofa.

"Okay, what do you want to talk about?"

"Diana, how did you and Severus start becoming intimate?" asked Molly.

Diana flushed. Then she felt afraid they would take it for feeling shameful when she actually was remembering how erotic the encounter had been.

"What have you heard?" asked Diana shrewdly. "Maybe it's best to know what you know and start from there. It's *complicated*."

Ginny told the women about Morgana's deception, but did not reveal the reason behind it.

"So, Professor Snape thought you were Morgana Mulciber, his apprentice?" asked Hermione.

"Yes, but he of course found out," she whispered.

Andromeda, who had known Diana since she was twelve, was the most distressed by this information. "So, you mean to tell us that your teacher, upon his realization that you were not the woman he had intended to *be* with, just carried on as if nothing were amiss?"

"No, it's complicated," said Diana as she shook her head.

"We were in the throes of passion. I'm eighteen. I'm a woman. Severus and I never spoke or had any dealings with each other. I was a Slytherin. I worked in the back of the class while he tormented Gryffindors. I did good work, kept myself busy, and never spoke to him. I was fifteen when he came back to Hogwarts. But I tell you when he discovered I wasn't Morgana, things were too far-gone to stop...and I wouldn't have wanted him to. It was pitch black. Morgana, to be clandestine, orchestrated it that way. If you've not noticed, I tend to resemble her. Afterwards, I ran out on him. He didn't know who I was, just that I wasn't Morgana. You should have seen him the next three months. He was a wreck, first trying to find me and then watching over me until he found out I was pregnant. He was not a man who was enjoying what had taken place. He was just as set up as I was!"

"Did he hurt you, Diana? Did he rape you?" asked Ginny point-blank.

"NO!" said Diana firmly. "When I came back to my room I did a thorough once over. There was not a bruise or a scratch on me. And I'll tell you all this for good measure...I had a chance where I could have stopped him! He actually *stopped* and told me I could leave before things got out of hand. But I didn't want him to stop. I enjoyed it."

That shut the women up. Diana's face was set. The time for questions had passed. There would be no more of this second-guessing from the family about Snape's intentions. He had allowed her to change her mind at the last minute, and she had stayed. Diana had enough second-guessing going on in her own mind and in her own home.

Ginny appraised the stoic face on Diana. *She is cut from thicker cloth. Perhaps she and Severus, even though the beginning was less than ideal, could actually manage to have a happy life together*, the redhead mused.

"Harry," Ginny said as she sat down at the dinner table to speak with him privately. "I spoke with Diana and another person of interest in their...love story'. Harry, she wants to be with him. She was quite clear about it. She related the information on how she got pregnant, and although I'm not real happy about it, there was no getting around the fact that she was more than willing to be with him and she wants to continue to be with him."

"What happened, Ginny?" Harry demanded as he jumped up and rushed to her side.

She jumped up to face off with him. "I'm NOT telling you that, Harry Potter! That was a private and intimate moment that you have NO business knowing about. I don't even know all the details, just enough, as a fellow witch, to make sure she wasn't raped. And she was not raped, Harry. She was quite blunt about it," she explained sharply.

"But, she's Sirius' cousin! I care about her. He's not a nice man," the young man maintained.

"Harry," Ginny said as she took his hands into her own. "I understand you loved Sirius, and now you have this new connection to him...it's the best thing you can have next to having him back. But you have to realize that, although you mean well, you threaten Snape. I've been watching him whenever you come near her, and it is like he wants to kill you. You need to back off and let Snape take care of her. You talk about possession... well, Harry, you are teetering on the precipice yourself because of your feelings for Sirius."

Harry clenched his jaw and tried to move away. Ginny grabbed him by the waist and pulled him to her.

"Harry!" she yelled. "Snape and Sirius hated each other. Snape sees your concern and the looks of disgust at him, and it churns the past all up again for him. Now he has to fight you, your dad, and now Sirius once more! And why? So he can keep the woman he really wants to start over with. It's too reminiscent of what he had to go through with your mum. He's not equipped for this. You need to back off, or you will end up hurting Diana. *He's* her choice...understand? She *chose* Snape!"

Her eyes were flashing and her face was flushed. She hated having to be so hard on him, but sometimes she had to knock some sense into him for him to realize what he was doing was detrimental.

"Ok, Gin, I'll back off," he acquiesced. "But you'll have to help me because how he treats her is not right. He is entirely too domineering with her!"

Ginny closed her eyes and hugged him. "I know, Harry. We all know. It'll work itself out. It will. Diana is stronger than you realize." She backed up and faced him. "Think about where she's come from, what she's endured...what house she's from! She's a Slytherin!"

Harry snorted.

Ginny laughed. "I'm serious! She doesn't look it, but she's like a rock, born out of those crags in the cold Highland seas. She's been alone for a long time, and she's fended for herself smashingly! All Snape has to do is crash one to many times against that Scottish temper of hers, and she'll break him. You should have seen her today, Harry. Like steel. When she was done talking, we all knew...just from the look on her face...the subject was closed."

Harry released his tension. "Good, then this should be entertaining to see. Snape's going to get his!" He smiled wickedly.

"You are incorrigible, Harry Potter!" Ginny reprimanded him.

He kissed her then. He loved it when she got bossy.

Almost Lost

Chapter 8 of 12

Diana and Severus finally face off over his possessiveness. She warns him that his behavior may cost him more than he can afford to lose.

A/N: Thanks again to my wonderful beta, MadBrilliant. Please review! I live for them! Thanks to those who have already let me know their opinions. Good or bad, I want to hear what you all have to say!

Severus Snape was in a snit. He had been called out and then was pushed into an emotional corner with no escape route. Now for the second night in a row, he was sleeping on his sofa instead of curled up against the woman he had made his. The words of Morgana and Diana weaved in and out of his mind. Yes, he had a temper... a vicious one. He had a possessive nature as well. After all, everything he had ever wanted always left him. He just required the assurance. That was never going to change. Why couldn't women just respect the line? Why did they think they had the right to call each and every shot? That's what Lily had done. Every time she kept him dangling and waiting for more. And more never came. Nothing could ever just stay the same. He lost so much. Trust, safety, security—what were those things?

Was he asking for too much for her just to be with him? Why did he have to compete with Potter and the rest of the damn Weasleys? Ever since Potter knew about Diana being a cousin to Black, he tried to hide the fact he wanted her for himself. He just wanted him out of the way, just like his fucking father—"Get rid of *Snivellus*, Lily!"

The war was over, his duty finished, and vows paid in full. Why must he still be saddled with that damn boy? Why couldn't he just be left in peace! Maybe if he took Diana far away, he might find rest.

Breakfast was a somber affair. Diana sat across from Severus as he ignored her, reading his paper. She was aching terribly; her back was killing her. She could do with a good rub. Severus looked from behind his paper and took off his reading glasses.

"What's wrong?" he said gruffly.

Diana took a sip of tea. "Nothing. My back is hurting me," she murmured, keeping her eyes from making contact.

"Diana, I thought about what you said the other night. I think you owe me an apology. As soon as you are willing to give me an adequate one, then I will return to our bed and get on with things."

Diana was in no mood, physically or mentally, to deal with the absurdity that had flung out of his mouth. She looked at him square in the face and said, "Are you drunk? Because that will be the only acceptable excuse I will take from you for making such an asinine statement." She sat calmly waiting for him to blow.

"My dear, I realize you are hormonal and bound to hysterics in your condition, but please do not underestimate me. My patience is wearing exceedingly thin. You have defied me and ejected me from my bed. I am in no mood to play anymore games," he replied smoothly.

"First of all," Diana began. "You announced you were not going to sleep with me and then proceeded to go and sleep on the sofa. I only told you the truth, and that was

your choice. I did not 'kick you out.' Don't play the victim with me, Severus Snape! You won't win."

"Victim!" he spat. "How dare you? I AM the injured party in this. In all of this! You flaunt yourself all over the Weasleys—they are no more family to you than half of the pure-blood families in Britain. You could have your pick of them. So who will it be? Not Bill as he's married. Maybe Charlie, he's brawny enough, or maybe you being a Slytherin, Percy. He has a taste for power. Or maybe you just are waiting for Potter to dump his little girlfriend, and then you both can live 'happily ever after.' He can finally have his precious convict godfather's cousin for himself!"

Diana looked at him as if he were insane. *Was he always this paranoid?*

"You're raving!" Diana said incredulously. "How can you think so lowly of me as to speak such bile to my face? Or do you think so lowly of yourself that no one would actually choose you? You aren't good enough to keep, so you have to resort to this level of ownership and property. How dare any one care for what is yours! I'll forgive you, Severus. I'll forgive you for even thinking I would even contemplate betraying you. But you have been warned. I will only take so much, and if you continue to act in this manner, you will lose me—but not to a man. You will just lose the baby and me. And you will have no one to blame but yourself!"

Diana went into the bathroom to shower. Her heart was heavy. *How can he be so backward in his thinking?* Then she laughed sadly. *Of course, I chose a man just like my father! How pathetic!*

All of a sudden a terrible ripping seared through her. She screamed and collapsed in the shower. Suddenly, Severus was leaning over her, his mouth moving but she couldn't understand him. The pain was so bad! The baby wasn't due for another six weeks! She looked down and saw a pool of blood around her legs. She started to cry. Then she lost consciousness.

She woke up in the Infirmary. She had been forced awake, and the baby was coming. There was blood everywhere, and nothing could be done magically to stop the process. There was blood all over the floor, all over Severus, and her. She screamed as the baby tore through her. Severus was pale as he watched her scream and groan through the pain.

"Are you absolutely sure she needs to be conscious for this?" he demanded.

Poppy was trying hard to keep the hemorrhaging from taking over completely. "Severus, this child of yours is far too eager to join us. Unfortunately, I need her to push; otherwise she'll continue losing blood and will die. The baby isn't doing too well either. It needs to come out now!"

"Then cut her open and take the child!" he shouted over Diana's screams.

Molly grabbed the wizard by the shoulder and forced him to look between Diana's legs. "There is the head. It's almost over. Now help her push so we can end this!" she yelled.

He went back to her side. She was so pale, her lips were blue, her brown eyes so full of pain. He wished he could take the Cruciatus Curse a thousand times over to spare her from this. Finally, the end was nearing. She screamed a horrible wrenching shriek as if she were dying, and out emerged his son. His son! He was ghastly and weak. The Healers had arrived and were monitoring him and Diana. He held her and kissed her gently on the lips. He was terrified. It was entirely his fault. He hadn't taken care of her. If only he had not been so selfish and demanding, she'd be all right and this nightmare wouldn't be happening.

"It's over," he whispered as he leaned over her, stroking her cheek. "You don't have to worry about the pain."

She closed her eyes, and Severus was pushed out of the room.

A/N: Sorry the short chapter. The next one will make up for it, I'm sure!

Forgive Me

Chapter 9 of 12

Severus faces the truth about himself and waits for Diana to wake up.

A/N: I hope you all like this chapter. I'm dedicating this one to i3bluebyrd. Enjoy! Thanks again to my wonderful beta, MadBrilliant.

His son was going to be fine; they told him at St. Mungo's. It was a good call for Poppy to have revived Diana. Mother and baby had been close to death. Severus went to see his son. He looked exactly like him. *Damn!* Even in infancy, he could tell he'd have his cursed nose!

Molly and Andromeda came with him to see his son. They were taking turns with Fleur, Ginny, and Hermione to watch over the baby and feed him. Diana had been in very critical condition, but The Blood-Replenishing Potions had stabilized her. She was in a coma, due to her blood loss, but the Healers could not account for why she was not coming out of it. Snape was beside himself with grief. He could not stay there, just watching her body limp and lifeless. Molly told him to go back to The Burrow; they would take care of him and the baby.

He Flooed back and found Potter waiting for him at the table.

"Fuck off, Potter," he mumbled.

"Sit down, Snape," he retorted in a commanding voice.

Snape sneered at the whelp. "Think you can take me on, boy?"

"Nope," he said noncommittally. "I just thought it would be as good a time as any to get pissed."

Snape snorted.

He sat across from the boy as he produced a bottle of firewhisky from his side. Ginny came from behind Snape, making him jump as she set down two glasses.

"Sorry, sir, didn't mean to startle you," she apologized.

She then set down two bowls of stew, one for Harry and one for Snape, and told them to tuck in.

"I want something in your stomachs before you start your binge!" she ordered.

"Bossy wench," Snape muttered.

"Yeah, but she's *my* bossy wench, Snape, so you'll mind your tongue."

The two men ate silently. And once they had put away enough stew to satisfy Ginny, the drinking commenced.

At first, the talk centered on Defense Against the Dark Arts, since that was the subject they had both taught and had the most in common. They spoke about Snape's old Half-Blood Prince Potions book and Harry told him the time he tried the non-verbal "*Levicorpus*" just to see what it would do and had Ron up dangling by his ankle right out of a deep sleep. Snape was just drunk enough to chuckle at that one.

They spoke about the war, about the losses: Fred, Lupin, and Mad-Eye.

"Tonks... that was sad," admitted Snape. "There were times at the meetings she'd try to make people laugh with those crazy faces. Once, she almost broke me into a smile."

Harry laughed. "I loved how she's get so ticked off when anyone called her 'Nymphadora.'"

"You the godfather, aren't you Potter?" asked a very drunk Snape.

"Yeah, I hope I'll be a better one than mine was."

Snape's eyes snapped and bored into Harry's. "Well, Potter, I think that is the first time I've ever heard you say anything about Black that I could reasonably agree with."

"I was wrong, Snape."

"What?" he snapped.

Harry took a large gulp of firewhisky and said, "I was wrong. I acted in a manner that was inappropriate towards your witch. I thought I had to protect her from you, for Sirius' sake. I didn't trust you. But I never saw Diana *that* way. I love Ginny. But I realize that I didn't make things easy for you. I'm sorry."

Snape poured another drink and swallowed it down in a hurried gulp. He was at a complete loss for words. He realized then that he had been a total prat. He kept nursing and feeding his pity and hurts from the past and then bitched about why he couldn't just be happy. He had completely unleashed his unstable nature on the one woman who had given him everything, and he had basically called her a whore! He was a coward. What wizard treats a loving witch like that? Only a coward!

"I'm going to name him Septimus," he announced. "After Molly's father. I figure Diana would like it."

"To Septimus Snape!" Harry cheered as he raised his glass. "Another generation to strike fear into the hearts of dunderheads everywhere!"

Snape laughed a hearty laugh now. He was completely pissed. Harry, who wasn't far behind, laughed as well.

"The poor, unfortunate lad looks exactly like me. Nose and all!" admitted Snape.

The two men burst out laughing.

Ginny sat on the stairs, tears running down her face as she laughed silently with them. She was happy for this moment, although it was a possibility neither of them would recall it in the morning, or at least if Snape did, he'd probably Obliviate Harry's memory on sight...

Two weeks later, Snape had become a fixture at The Burrow. The fall term was to start, and he desperately needed someone to take care of Septimus. Molly and Arthur had been good to him. Ginny was the only child left in the house so, The Burrow was quite empty normally. Molly told him she'd love to have a little one to look after during the day.

So Snape packed up his rooms, the rooms he had lived in for so many years...for twenty odd years...and officially moved to The Burrow to be near his son.

Diana was still at St. Mungo's. After a month, the Healers decided to move her into a more permanent room with a normal sized bed and furnishings. Snape hated it. It was as if she were moving into her own flat and this was her new bedroom. On the whole, they had given up hope she'd ever recover. Severus came once a week and talked to her about their son, how much he missed her, and he'd always end up in tears by the end of his visit.

He would talk about their last words to each other and how he regretted that they had been angry words. He would confess his guilt and feelings of responsibility, that what she had said was an omen. He felt he had indeed lost her, not to a man, but her sickness, and it was entirely his fault. He told her of his conversation with Potter and how civilly they were getting on. He still thought he was an irritating whelp, but he saw the love he had for Ginny, and he felt sad every time she smiled at him or hugged him. He would say he observed how Potter treated her, and how Arthur treated Molly. There was so much freedom there...trust and freedom. He would admit at each visit how so wrong he had been. He had allowed his fears and hurts from his past to control his life with her. He would tell her he wished she would wake up, so he could start making up to her about how badly and childishly he had behaved. Then, he would talk to her about how much he wanted to have that same freedom and trust with her, that he wanted to learn *with her* how to gain those things. Lastly, he would beg her to wake up. He would cry for her to wake up...

One day, he came for his visit and saw her bed was empty. He dropped the flowers he had brought for her and sank to the floor.

No, please, no! he thought over and over.

"Severus, what you doing on the floor?" Diana cried out.

He turned, and there she was, up and walking with a medi-witch. He jumped up and grabbed his lovely Diana in a desperate embrace.

"Careful, careful!" said the mediwitch. "She woke up four days ago like she'd been sleeping and wanted to shower, eat, and get up. We wanted to contact you, but she wanted to be more herself and get moving around on her own. But, she'll have to stay a few more days so we can monitor her. So, be gentle with her. We all understand, Mr. Snape, you love your wife so very much."

He shoed the nurse away and helped Diana into bed. "We still haven't gotten married," he said sadly.

She smiled brightly at him. "How the baby? Where is he?"

"He's at The Burrow. I've been living there since I brought him home. He is happy and unfortunately looks just like me."

She snuggled up against him and breathed, "Hold your wheesht, old man."

Severus Snape smiled. He had never heard anything so wonderful in his life.

"I love you so much!" he told her as he held her. "I wish I could make love to you right now and make up for all the times I hurt you. I'm so sorry...I wish I could take it all back!"

"Severus," she whispered. "That was so sweet."

He flicked his wand and warded the door to the room. Diana watched in amazement as he turned off the lights with another flick, placed his wand on the bedside table, removed his shoes, and then drew her into his strong arms.

"Severus," she begged. "Here? I-I don't know. My hair is still wet from my shower."

"Shhh, you have nothing to do. Let *me* love *you*."

He kissed her slowly and gently. His hands glided down her nightgown and slid up underneath it. His hands were warm as he wound his way around her stomach. Diana tried to stop him.

"Please, I am all flabby and pudgy there!" she said embarrassed.

He looked her in the eye and said, "I love you, every part of you. You are the most beautiful woman in the world, and I want to love every bit of you. Just relax," he murmured as he captured her mouth again.

She dropped her protests as he carried on, making his way up to her breasts. Finally, the gown was up and over her head, and she shivered from her nakedness in front of him.

She wanted to protest that she was ugly, fat, and ungainly from being stuck in this bed for over a month, not moving. But it did not matter to him. He began to massage and kiss every part of her body. His hands felt wonderful, as if he were siphoning his own magic and giving it to her. She felt invigorated and alive. Her flesh tingled with each touch and kiss. Finally, he gently parted her legs and kissed her ever so lightly on the insides of her thighs. She was burning up with heat. She wanted him to kiss her *there*, but was embarrassed to ask. He finally placed his hands on each side by her waist and bent down and licked at her nub. She shuddered and moaned at each flick. It was so slow and torturous. Her nipples were hard now, and she felt the familiar build up of her climax growing stronger and stronger. But he was moving so slowly...she didn't know how it would happen. She felt herself gushing fluid from her as her arousal built stronger and stronger.

"Please, Severus, *please, please, please!*" she moaned.

She was panting and groaning, needing release so badly. He finally captured her swollen nub into his mouth and sucked on it greedily. She grasped onto his hair and released a sharp, keening cry.

"Ohhhh, Sev-er-us! *Ahhhh!*"

She came back down and watched him slowly rise over her. "Diana," he whispered. "I love you."

She felt a finger slip inside her. She had no idea what she was like down there. Obviously, enough time had passed since the birth that they could, but she didn't know.

"I don't know how I am down there," she finally said.

"Believe me, Diana," he said reassuringly. "You are normal and perfect," he reassured her.

"Okay," she replied. But she was still scared.

She was still so wet from her climax he slid in easily. He placed her legs on the top of his thighs as he knelt at her entrance. She was instantly propped up. He leaned down and kissed her face and throat, making his way to her ear. He whispered his love to her and his desire to be with her as he delicately moved his fingers in and out of her, slowly and lovingly. His voice was so silky and sexy, she sighed in contentment.

"That's right, just relax, Diana. Let me love you."

He continued to move slowly and gently inside her. It felt like a loving caress. He continued to hover over her. She watched him as he slid in and out of her at an agonizing slow pace. She was sweating and panting with an aching need deep inside that demanded satisfaction.

"Diana," he murmured. "I'm so sorry I hurt you. I love you so much. I couldn't have borne it if you'd died."

Finally, he placed his hand on her nub, pleased to find it engorged with blood and again desperate for his touch. A few strokes and she came again, melting into him. Then the build up deep inside exploded. She cried out again and again. She gushed around him and Severus felt he was in heaven. She never looked lovelier.

She was looking at him with glassy eyes, deep in her afterglow.

"What about you?" she asked softly.

He leaned over her again and kissed her neck. "I just wanted to make you happy. It may be too soon, and I just wanted you to be pleased. Did I hurt you at all? Were you pleased?"

She was shocked at his concern. "No, you were so gentle and controlled. It felt wonderful. My whole body felt caressed and loved. Now, I am so tired. Must. Sleep." She said as she closed her eyes.

Then she slept as Severus covered them up, and he held her gently to him. She was so perfect; he was enthralled with her *This is real love...I know it must be* he thought.

Real Love

Chapter 10 of 12

Severus and Diana settle into real life with their son. Morgana finally reaps what she has sown.

A/N: Thanks to all who have continued to review! Also, much love and chocolate to my beta, MadBrilliant!

On this moment now I know

Exactly where my life will go.

Seems that all I really was doing

Was waiting for love...

Don't need to be afraid

No need to be afraid

It's real love

Yes it's real, yes it's real love,

It's real.

"Real Love" by John Lennon

It took a long time for Diana to recover. She was ghastly thin and pale due to her confinement and loss of so much blood. The medi-witches informed them that Diana's placenta had separated completely from her uterus, and in such a violent way, rendered her uterus extremely susceptible to another abruption if they decided to have more children. Snape flat out refused to have any more babies. He told Diana he would never risk losing her again, and they had their son to think about. Diana cried a lot over the loss, but knew it was the right decision. A simple incantation was made inside her uterus, and within minutes she was rendered sterile. It was so simple. She couldn't believe it. She felt there should be more to it after all she had suffered to bring her son into the world...it just wasn't right.

She came home and met her son. For a premature baby, he was so big! Two months old and she had missed so much. Molly's cooking helped put back on the weight she needed to gain, but emotionally, Diana was not well. She had fought Severus over making her a potion to create the lactation process, since she had dried up during the coma. Severus knew it would be a disaster, but he could not rattle the determined Scot in her. She saw it as her only chance to be a proper mother now that there would be no more babies. She was not going to miss out on the experience of breastfeeding her only child. Unfortunately, Severus was right. Septimus did not want to take the breast as he was now used to the bottle. Diana did not take the rejection well. She took it as a sign she was a failure as a mother and wished she had just died. She thought her child had rejected her and loved Molly more. He cried when she held him, but was soothed in Molly's arms. Even Severus, who claimed he was the most unnatural person in the world to have paternal feelings, was able to soothe 'the little man' as he called him.

It was a hard three months; a lot of fighting and tears could be heard from the Snapes' bedroom, mostly from Diana. Arthur and Molly were patient and waited it out with them. They knew how hard having children could be, even in the most ideal of situations. But this was a situation that had been less than ideal from the start! There were many a night where Molly would comfort Diana as she cried over her insecurities as a mother and a future wife, and Arthur would take Severus out for a walk and listen to him rant and rave about how he couldn't put up with the emotional hysterics anymore. Sometimes, Arthur would tell Severus stories about his children when they were babies, how insane Molly would be at the end of the day, and how he didn't know he would get through another. But they did, and he assured the other wizard that he would too.

"Severus," said a sultry Morgana Mulciber as she draped the doorframe to his office.

"Ah, Miss Muciber, do come in," he said civilly.

"So formal," she quipped as she sat down across from his desk.

"Well, we do have a bit of business to attend to today," Snape admitted.

"Indeed, I start my second year of my apprenticeship. I'm looking forward to getting that certificate that states I was able to survive the infamous Professor Severus Snape. It will be quite the coup for me. No one would dare refuse me with such credentials. Even with your sordid history, you still are considered the most learned Potions master of this age." She smiled with a satisfaction that only comes from an assured victory.

"Unfortunately, Miss Mulciber, our time together must come to an abrupt end. I will be unable to handle the responsibilities that come with having an apprentice. I even must forgo my plans of taking over the Defense position, so I have here a letter of one-year completion with honors and a reference letter. I'm sure you will be able to find another Potions master or mistress that will be happy to take you on." He shot a nasty smile at her.

Morgana was furious. "What is the meaning of this? We had a deal. I worked my arse off for you, you swine, and you cannot back out now! Even with your recommendation and worthless certificate, there will always be the question of why did I not stay on for the duration?"

Snape sat leisurely in his chair and spread his hands in regret. "My dear girl, have you not heard? My fiancée has given birth to my son. They both almost died, and my soon-to-be wife is still not fully well. She needs my time and deserves my attentions more than you. So, in a way, you could say, you only have yourself to blame," he said softly with an icy tone.

Morgana grabbed her papers and stormed out.

Snape was relieved. He could finally say to himself he had avenged his Diana's innocence.

The same day, Diana was humming one of her little songs as she changed Septimus' nappy. She was still trying to win over her son, and today, so far, had been a good day. At least he had not screamed his head off yet while she tended to his eating and changing. That was what Diana considered a "good day."

"Hi, ma wee darlin,'" she cooed.

She forgot to cover him as she grabbed a fresh nappy and got sprayed in the chest.

"I'll be jiggered, you wee begger!" She clapped her hands over her mouth. That was definitely NOT what she wanted her son to hear from his mummy.

Her expression with big eyes and her hands clamped over her mouth earned her a giggle from her son. She slowly lowered her hands and then repeated the expression. He smiled and laughed a happy little gurgle. She broke out in a great smile. Afterwards, she changed her son (and herself) and laid him on her chest for a snuggle and cuddle. She sang to him the old songs from the Highlands. She had been afraid he would not like her singing, so she had never tried before.

Ho-bhàn, cadalan, m' eudail;

Ho-bhàn, bà , mo leanabh.

Eudail mo chrìdh';

tha thu sgìth measg nam blàthan;

Neòinean is Ho-bhàn, bà , mo leanabh,

dìthean

shnìomh thu àlainn.

'S caoin tha do ghnùis bheag,

mhic dhiùnaich nam blàran;

'S àlainn 'na shùil thu,

rùin, a màireach

Dùin-sa do shùilean,

a mhùirnean 's a ghràdhain;

Slàn biodh do dhùsgadh,

Rùn do mhàthar.

As she sang, Septimus snuggled and burrowed right into her cleavage and slept.

Just like your Daddy, she thought happily.

Thus began the bonding between Diana, and her son, Septimus.

Snape came home to a very content wife. She was so happy about her day with Septimus, she barely could contain herself. Snape laughed at the story. He watched her as she cooked with Molly, holding Septimus as she whipped her wand to cut to the vegetables. He loved how happy she looked. Her spirit, her drive, and her determination was back. The woman he had fallen in love with was back. Molly and Arthur could not help but notice the desire that passed between the two of them.

They insisted on taking Septimus with them to have coffee and dessert at Bill and Fleur's home. Diana and Severus put up a reasonable resistance, just to make things not look so desperate...but in fact they truly were. They had not had sex in months. Oh, there had been a couple of mercy blow jobs so Severus' temper could be calmed, but Diana had not had any interest since she had felt so depressed. Well, the drought was officially over.

She came to bed very nervous. It did not take long for her fears to disappear. She had never seen Severus so desperate for her. He spoke sweetly to her and took his time.

"After all," he said. "This will be your first time since having the baby, so in a way it's like you are a virgin again. I promised I would make it up to you, Diana," he whispered.

Diana was deeply touched by his words. She kissed him passionately. It had been so long since she had truly wanted him, wanted this. It was all a blur of skin and clothes being pulled off, smelling his familiar scent so intimately. Her hands found their way into his hair as he descended, kissing a familiar trail down to her nether lips...

"I love you," she whispered as he finally entered her.

"I love you," he groaned as he thrust himself completely inside her.

He kissed her so passionately, so lovingly, she knew his words of love were real. He really had learned to love her. During her depression, she would scream and curse at him, and he had taken it. Oh, he would argue back with her, but only to try to shake some sense into her. He had taken all her anger at how he had treated her as she had brought it up over and over again, even after he had profusely apologized, but he had never threatened to leave her or demanded that she behave better.

All these memories rushed through her mind as she enjoyed her husband gently taking her. She watched him. He was holding so much back...for her. She recalled their first time, and she knew that was how he liked it. *Well, I can fix this!* she thought naughtily.

"Severus," she moaned.

His eyes snapped onto hers. "Don't hold back. I know how you want it,*and so do I!*" she pleaded with soft urgency.

He closed his eyes and grabbed her tightly and drove into her. She wasn't as strong as she had been, but hell, she needed the work out. She pushed herself to meet his movements and match his ardor. He was grunting and panting now against her neck. She hiked her legs up high to his sides, and he surprised her by grabbing them and hooking them over his shoulders. She arched her back as he continued to slam into her, lifting her off the bed at times. She grabbed the railings of the headboard behind her as she screamed out her orgasm. He followed soon after, hollering out his own.

After he gently lowered her down, she drowsily sank into the crook of her husband's arm. He stroked her face and told her again how much he loved her. She smiled through closed eyes as he gently kissed each lid.

A/N: The Scottish lullaby is called "Tàladh Thròndairnis" and is translated as:

Hovan, ba, my wee darling

Hovan, have a wee nap, my jewel,

Hovan, ba, my wee darling

Jewel of my heart, you are tired amongst the flowers

Daisies and marigolds (flower of the valley), you wove them beautifully

Your little face is tender, son of the hero of the battle fields

You are beautiful in his eye, dear, tomorrow

Close your eyes, cherished one, loved one

May your waking be healthy, Mummy's darling.

Here is the link if you want to hear the song sung:

http://www.kistodreams.org/taladh_throndairnis_g.asp

Like father, like son

Chapter 11 of 12

Severus now must face the most humbling experience of all: a son who is just like him!

A/N: Well, I can't believe we're here! This is the last chapter, but there will be an epilogue, so watch for that. Please review! I love to hear your thoughts! Again, a big thank you to my beta, MadBrilliant!

Septimus was a scowling eleven-year-old. He was very serious for eleven and the spitting image of his father. When the two of them stood side by side, it was scary to behold. The years had been challenging with such an intelligent little wizard growing up in their cottage next to the Burrow. Diana had postponed up her dream of being an architect. She had declared her hands were full designing the structure of her son's character, which was more important than any building could ever hope to be. He had the stubbornness of his father, but he feared his mother. He knew she loved him dearly, but she was a gentle force to be reckoned with if he stepped out of line, and he still managed to do that often enough. He was sure to be a Slytherin. It had been a joy to watch him grow up with the Weasleys' grandchildren, including James, Albus, and Lily—Harry and Ginny's kids.

From the day Lily was born, Septimus, at five, declared her "his." He walked right into the bedroom where the children were greeting their cousins and new sister. He walked up, solemn with his black hair, pale skin, and black eyes, just like Severus in his expression as he contemplated the little baby cradled in Ginny's arms. Then in front of everyone, declared, "I will marry her. She's mine." And proceeded to eye each male in the room, as if he were giving a warning!

Now, the relationship between Harry and Snape had softened over time. Although the men would never be "friends," they were civil and at least shook hands upon greeting. They never called each other by their first names; it was "Potter" and "Snape." Ginny and Diana gave up trying to reconcile the divide. But after a general armistice, this simple declaration from a little five-year-old boy threatened to end the peace. Harry glared at Snape, and Diana thought for a moment Harry would throttle her only child. Severus quickly intervened and took Septimus out for a "chat" about the difference between people and possessions. It was the most humbling moment of Severus Snape's life. But for Diana, she had never been prouder of her husband.

At eleven, though, the scowling Septimus, who had never said another word about his feelings either way for Lily Potter since that "chat" was now furious that he had to leave her behind to go away to Hogwarts. He was extremely protective of the freckled redheaded waif. Although Septimus was not one for open declarations of feelings, it was quite clear he adored her. And likewise, little Lilly Potter was completely devoted to Septimus. She was beside herself when he left for Hogwarts, and Septimus was so angry with his parents, at the sight of the crying Lily, he swore he wouldn't write—EVER—even though he would be in his father's Potions class.

Upon returning from the Great Feast and the days work done, Severus and Diana found themselves, for the first time in years, alone. No worrying if a little nosy boy would be trying to sneak into their bedroom to hear "What's all the ruckus about!" or wondering if he would blow up the house because he couldn't keep his hands off his father's potions. Diana swore up and down to the Weasleys she had no idea how that boy still had an arse left to sit on, he'd been tanned so many times within an inch of his life by his father!

Diana sat on the sofa, nursing her wine. She must have dosed off, for when she opened her eyes, Severus was gone! She called for him, but there was no answer. She went down to his lab and could dimly make out his shelves and bottles.

"Severus?"

She went to take out her wand to light the room when a hand wrapped itself around her mouth and another hand around her waist.

"No uniform this time, how disappointing," he whispered in her ear.

Diana smiled and closed her eyes as she gave herself over to her husband. Soon, she was laid out on the familiar lab table and was moaning.

"I'm so glad you took this table home with you," she panted. Indeed, as soon as the cottage was built when Septimus was 2, Severus had taken that lab table with him, damn if anyone was going to stop him!

"It has been good to us over the years," Severus replied between his own moans as he thrust deeply into her.

She still felt so good to him after all these years, so beautiful and perfect. He loved how her passion for him never dimmed, how she still would scream for him, but for the last eleven years, only when Septimus went for a sleepover. Severus made sure that happened at least once a week.

Severus had grown so much since the birth of their son. His insecurities still haunted him, but he had learned the difference between love and possession. What was strange though, to him, was how Diana would beg him to ask her if she was his and his alone.

"I thought that was scary and inappropriate?"

She had smiled and said, "Once the trust and security are there, it is no longer a threat, but it can be a real turn on. You don't ask it out of fear and desperation, but out of devotion and desire."

That he could do.

Epilogue

Chapter 12 of 12

What does the future hold for Septimus and Lily? Will he learn from his father's mistakes?

A/N: I have been so touched by all the wonderful reviews I've received. I am so glad you all have loved Severus and Diana as much as I loved writing about them. Thanks again and baskets of Godiva chocolate for my *brilliant* beta, MadBrilliant!

It was Septimus' sixth year when Lily started attending Hogwarts. She was so happy to be near him, and he was beyond thrilled but was at a loss with his feelings. He knew—he always knew Lily would be the only one, but he was too old, and she was too young. She wouldn't understand his feelings and it would be inappropriate to tell her. He was her hero, her pet. He indulged her every whim, but was harsh when she was unruly. He went into his final year saddened at the loss he would have to feel.

After the end of the ceremony, he took a walk with his father around the lake.

"Father, she'll forget me. She'll get older, and I won't be here. She'll find another bloke—when she starts to notice them—and won't think of me ever again!" he said dejectedly.

"You don't know what the future will hold for you, Septimus. If you are to be with her, it will be," Severus assured him.

"It's just not right!" he yelled in frustration. "I have given so much over to her. She's mine! I know it! Why can't I just tell her not to bother with any others, that she belongs with me! And when she's old enough, it will be me she'll marry!"

Severus put his arm around his son, which wasn't easy since his son was almost as tall as he was now! Severus could see the same fear in his son's face as he had seen in his own. He thought it might be a good time as any to tell his immature son about another Lily from his own life. Maybe, if he were wise enough, he would learn....

Septimus and Lily married straight after her graduation from Hogwarts. He had gone on to an apprenticeship in Potions and had just taken over his father's old position as Potions master upon completion of his apprenticeship. Harry Potter's toast to Baby Septimus all those years ago had become a reality. Septimus Snape would continue to hold the standard of striking fear into the hearts of any dunderheads that might cross his wake. Although Lily had dated "another bloke" briefly during her fifth year, during which time Diana and Severus seriously worried over their son's sanity, he was able to contain himself and take his father's advice to "let her be!" When she came to Septimus, broken-hearted over her boyfriend's deception of cheating on her with another witch, he confessed his love for her and told her he would wait forever for her. The fifteen-year-old girl was so touched by his feelings for her that she agreed to wait with him. Then, during her seventh year, they officially made their engagement known. Severus and Diana were greatly relieved.

Now, Septimus had grown up to be the exact image of his father, physically and in personality, much to Harry's horror. What was equally disturbing was that his precious daughter, Lily, had chosen such a man to marry! But Ginny said, "Remember dear, she was sorted into Slytherin." Harry just closed his eyes and shook his head. And to think he had thought that day was the worst day of his life!

During the reception, Severus took the opportunity to speak with his son about the importance of respect and individuality in marriage. He urged his son to remember his wife was more than just a wife, she was a person who had dreams, hopes, and feelings that were different from his own. She was not put on this earth to be his wife only. He admitted to his son that he had made that terrible error with his mother and almost lost them both because of his own fears and insecurities. It was an enlightening conversation for young Septimus. He had deep and intense feelings for his Lily and felt very territorial towards her. Severus reminded his son that she had already chosen him. He didn't have to worry anymore. They were married. Father and son felt satisfied about their conversation, and Severus felt he could now release his only son into the world to make of it what he could.

Now Snape, who had indeed grown and changed as a person in so many ways, still could not help himself and got a vindictive jab at Potter about his daughter becoming "Lily Snape." While wands were being drawn and hexes threatened, Snape laughed while Diana shook her head. Oh, she wasn't shocked. She knew the man she had chosen. And you can't change snarky. Some things never change.