

Wreck of a Ship

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1-Jan

Chapter 1 of 1

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Secret Admirer

Snape stopped abruptly in front of the door to the Potions classroom. He glared suspiciously around the hallway, but no one was in sight, and everything was quiet. He looked back at the door, his eyes narrowed. Nailed to the frame was a pink heart cut out of construction paper. White lace had been glued around its edges, and written on its front in red marker were the words 'I love Professor Snape!' He quickly cast several diagnostic spells on the heart, but no signs of who had left it appeared. Glancing around the dungeon again and finding no one, he removed the heart from his door and slid it into the breast pocket of his robe. He then entered his classroom and shut the door behind him.

Cho Chang emerged from the shadows and looked down at the 'Hello Kitty' doll she held. "See, I told you," she whispered to her stuffed animal. "Professor Snape will one day be mine."

Potion's Assignment

Snape sat behind the desk in his office and glared at the Ravenclaw seventh year who sat across from him, twirling her hair. "Miss Chang, you wanted to speak with me about the grade you earned on your Potions essay?"

"Yes, Professor," Cho replied, sitting up a bit straighter and batting her eyelashes.

"Do you have something in your eye?" he snapped.

"No, Professor," she pouted, sticking her bottom lip out like she'd seen Muggle models do on the runway.

"Exactly what did you not understand about your mark?" he asked, annoyed that the sulking girl would dare question his grading methodology.

"Well, I understand why I lost points for failing to correctly identify all the properties found in a living death potion," she told him. "But what about my penmanship caused you to lower my grade?"

"I took off points because, as I've told you before, nowhere in the Wizarding World is it acceptable to write an essay in which you dot your 'i's with hearts."

"But, Professor," she remarked, "I thought it looked cute and would make my homework stand out more."

"The goal of a Potions essay is not for it to 'look cute,' Miss Chang. Indeed, you would be much better served to make your essays distinctive through lack of errors, rather than sprinkling childish characters all over your parchments."

"But Professor Snape..." she began timidly.

"No more excuses! The next time you turn in a homework assignment covered with hearts or flowers or kittens or anything else you might consider 'cute,' you'll end up in detention for a week. Do I make myself clear, Miss Chang?"

"Yes, Professor," she whispered, looking on the verge of tears.

"Good. You are excused."

Cho quickly stood up and scurried across Snape's office. After letting herself out, she closed his door and leaned against the dungeon wall. "Oh, Kitty," she sighed happily, pulling her plush best friend out of her backpack. "Did you hear that? Professor Snape has figured out a way for him and me to be alone together for a week! I must go get my hair done, so that I'll look my best when he gives me detention!"

Gently placing Hello Kitty back into her bag, Cho climbed the stairs to the Great Hall, all the while humming 'You Are the Wind Beneath My Wings.'

Flirting

Cho had dressed with particular care this afternoon. She wore a black mini skirt covered with white polka dots and an oversized, white t-shirt emblazoned with a large, red heart on its front. She had accessorized her outfit with a pink beret, a pair of dark rimmed glasses (which she thought made her look older and more serious), and large, silver hoop earrings. She needed to look fabulous today because there was only one month left until she graduated from Hogwarts and Professor Snape had still not declared his love for her.

She had spent the last twenty minutes watching him traipse around Hogsmeade harassing students. On his last pass in front of the Quidditch supply store, however, she thought that his gait was starting to slow a bit and that his trademark sneer was beginning to look more and more like a grimace. Cho was sure that within the next few minutes he would be worn out, bored, and vulnerable to her advances.

Therefore, the next time Cho saw him round the corner headed toward the Shrieking Shack, she stepped out of the doorway she'd been lurking in and called out to him. "Professor Snape!"

Stopping in the middle of the road, Snape turned toward the girl with one of his eyebrows arched high. "Yes, Miss Chang?"

"I was wondering, sir," she began breathily, "if you would be willing to discuss my future with me?"

"I am quite certain that is a task better left to your Head of House," Snape replied frostily.

"Oh, I know that under normal circumstances you would be correct, Professor. But I am considering pursuing a career in the field of potions."

Snape wished that his eyebrow wasn't already arched so high, because he really would have liked to raise it even higher. "Surely, you mean a career in pottery or ponchos?"

"No, Professor, I am seriously considering studying Potions after I graduate." Cho smiled up at him. "Would you be willing to sit down and discuss the possibilities with me over a drink?"

"For the sake of Wizarding kind and the reputation of all Potions masters everywhere, I will most definitely sit down with you and discuss your inability to succeed in a potions career," Snape informed her bitingly.

Less than five minutes later, Snape was horrified to find himself sitting upon a spindly white chair across from Cho Chang at Madam Puddifoot's tea shop. He shifted uncomfortably, but froze when his chair gave a loud crack, as if it was going to collapse under his weight. "Surely, Miss Chang, we can find a more appropriate location for this discussion," he snapped.

Cho looked at him sweetly while she poured him a cup of Earl Gray out of a delicate, hand-painted pot. "Oh, but, Professor Snape, Madam Puddifoot really does serve some of the best refreshments in town." She then leaned over the table and placed a frilly, white napkin in his lap.

Snape clenched his teeth as he heard some sixth year Gryffindors giggling in the back corner. "So explain to me, Miss Chang, why you are interested in entering the field of potions when you have shown no extraordinary ability in the subject."

"Well, to tell the truth, Professor, I am only interested in developing one type of potion," she said in her most innocent voice.

"Unless it is some sort of 'miracle' potion, you will be wasting your time," he informed her harshly.

"I don't know that it would be a miracle," she replied. "However, if done correctly, I think it would make a number of people very happy and satisfied."

Snape was reluctantly curious. "Exactly what type of potion are we talking about?"

Licking her lips, Cho leaned forward again and whispered, "A love potion."

"Utter tripe," he responded with a wave of his hand.

"But, Professor, don't you think there are some people who know they are meant to be with a certain person, but aren't able to convince that person of the rightness of their relationship?"

"Ten points from Ravenclaw for the most inarticulate sentence I've ever heard anyone utter," Snape retorted.

Cho gave a deep sigh. For being the 'perfect' man, Professor Snape could be frighteningly dense at times. She tried again. "Professor, if I had such a potion a modified love potion I'd use it on you."

It took a minute for her words to sink in. As soon as they did, however, Snape choked on his tea and bounded to his feet, oversetting their table. Gripping his wand tightly, he began to back toward the door. "You will have to talk to the Headmistress if you want any more career advice," he said quickly.

"Would you like me to walk back to Hogwarts with you?" Cho asked, a big smile on her face for getting such an emotional response from her 'true love.'

"No! Ur... I mean no, thank you. I... I can see myself back," Snape stuttered, reaching for the door handle.

"Okay, Professor." Cho smiled, happy to see her and Snape's relationship finally getting somewhere. "I'll see you Monday in class."

With what could only be described as a look of terror on his face, Snape wrenched open the door and stumbled out into the streets of Hogsmeade.

Cho, meanwhile, poured herself another cup of tea and began to look forward to returning to Hogwarts to inform her stuffed animals all about her wonderful date.

The Crush

Severus Snape had never before been so anxious for term to end. He could not wait until the students had left the halls of Hogwarts and returned to wherever it was they

came from. This feeling was most unusual for him. Typically, he rather enjoyed having students around, since it provide increased opportunities for him to display his rather impressive skills and belittle those whose abilities did not measure up to his standards.

Things had changed in the last couple of weeks, however. He had lately become rather jumpy around students, especially the seventh year girls. Contact with them tended to make him clench his teeth more and straighten his back further. He had even started to develop a tic in his right cheek whenever he taught his advanced Potions class. This morning was proving to be just as uncomfortable.

He had set the seventh years to complete a relatively straightforward, but powerful potion, which he hoped would minimize his contact with the students. He was standing in the back of the room so he could prevent anyone from sneaking up on him and catching him unaware. But he could still feel himself become twitchy, he could still feel his eyes continue to wander back to HER.

Damn Cho Chang for her unexpected interest; it was unnerving and wholly unwanted. He had attempted to put an end to her inappropriate crush by glowering at her and humiliating her with his sarcasm. But instead of bursting into tears or crumbling into a pathetic whimpering mass, she had responded with winks, smiles, and lip licks. And in the end, it had been he not Cho who showed the first signs of fear, he who had retreated from the battle and given up ground. Now, he just wanted to semester to end, so that she would be gone and he could forget about this horrible situation.

As he directed another glare at the back of Miss Chang's head, she suddenly turned in her seat and met his eyes. He frowned at her, refusing to look away. She, however, just gave him a knowing smile and blew him a kiss before returning to her assignment.

Clenching his hands so that his fingers dug into his palms, Snape, for the first time in seven years, decided that there was finally a student that he despised more than Harry Potter.

The Worst Thing of All

The clock had just struck eleven when there was a knock on the door of Severus Snape's living quarters. He drew his wand and cautiously approached the entry. No one ever disturbed him this late at night not only had he trained the Slytherin prefects too well, but the students in his house typically preferred to settle issues among themselves as opposed to bringing in a third party to arbitrate their disputes. Therefore, whoever was interrupting him tonight could only be motivated by evil intentions.

Cracking the door open, he peered out into the hall. What he saw out there simultaneous infuriated him and caused his heart to drop into his stomach. Cho Chang, dressed in a red, clingy dress, stood in the hall shifting nervously from foot to foot.

Snape's hand snaked out into the hall, grabbed the girl by the wrist, and pulled her into his room before closing the door. "Miss Chang," he sneered, in full professor mode. "Although I find your slag costume quite amusing, it is completely inappropriate for you to parade it around the teachers' quarters, especially considering you are out after hours."

Cho gave him one of the smiles she'd been directing his way for the last month. A smile that suggested that she believed him to be as enamored of her as she thought she was with him. "Professor, I leave tomorrow. Tonight was my last evening as a student surely I can be granted a little leeway given the circumstances."

Snape's eyes raked her from head to foot; if he found anything about the girl engaging it was not evident in his gaze. "Letting students ignore the rules simply because it's inconvenient is the first step toward anarchy."

"There are worse things in life than a little rebellion," she replied, pushing herself away from the door and stepping closer to him.

He caught of whiff of her perfume, and it flashed through his mind briefly that this was the closest he'd been to a woman in a long time. "You are correct, Miss Chang. There are worse things in life. There is seeing your one true love falling for and marrying your worst enemy. There is realizing that the ideals you've embraced your entire life are nothing but lies and falsehoods. There is knowing that every day you are being asked to kill and blacken a little bit of your soul so that the rest of the Wizarding World might have a chance at redemption."

Snape closed the distance between them even further. Now, they were mere centimeters apart. "Of course, the very worst thing of all is being so obtuse that you can not even recognize when the object of your affection finds you annoying, childish, unappealing, and dim."

Stumbling back slightly, she asked perplexed, "Does this mean you aren't going to kiss me?"

Giving her a look of pure loathing, Snape wrenched open his door, grabbed Cho's arm, and maneuvered her back into the hall. "That is exactly what it means," he snapped, shutting the door firmly in her face.

With his eyes closed and his forehead resting against the door, he listened to the girl stomp off down the corridor. And although he was glad to finally be shod of the daft bint, some small part of him ached with loneliness and regret.

Seduction

Severus Snape was in a foul mood. His last class of the day had been a two hour lesson with the fifth year Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. Not only had he discovered two Ravenclaws trying to sabotage each other's potions, but a group of four Hufflepuffs had managed to create some kind of toxic vapor that had landed half the class in the infirmary. If those horrors weren't bad enough, Snape's allergies had kicked in because some jackass had sprinkled rose petals from the Great Hall up to the faculty's quarters.

Snape had sneezed five times before arriving at his room to discover a vase filled with a dozen roses sitting in front of his door. Flitwick and Trelawney were standing in the hall whispering, but smiled broadly at him as he approached. "Looks like you have an admirer, Severus," the Charms teacher winked at him. "I *predict* you will have a lively evening," Trelawney teased.

With an Evanesco, Snape vanished the flowers and glared at his colleagues. "I do not find such pranks the least bit amusing."

"Of course not," Trelawney replied, looking quite horrified. "Who would? But still, when it isn't a prank... how wonderful, how romantic." She then clutched her joined hands to her chest and stared dreamily down the hall.

Flitwick just smiled more broadly at the Potions master and waggled his eyebrows.

Snape furrowed his forehead at the strange antics of the tiny Charms teacher. Nodding curtly at the pair in the hallway, he used nonverbal magic to open his door and stepped inside quickly. To his dismay, he discovered the trail of rose petals began again. He wanted to demand loudly that whoever was in the room show himself immediately, but several years of service to the Dark Lord had taught him that bumbling around like a brash idiot was dangerous. Instead, Snape drew his wand and began to follow the petal trail. It ended at the door to his bedroom.

He sneezed. A pool of light shone from under the door, and the sound of soft music echoed through the hallway. He began to shake. Not out of fear; at least not out of fear for his life or fear of dark magic. Snape shook because he wasn't sure he was strong enough to say no to the person he imagined was behind the closed door. It had caused him physical and emotional distress the last time he'd said no to her and sent her away. And although that had been three years ago, he still recalled that night vividly and wondered more often than he cared to admit if he'd made the right decision. Well, to be perfectly honest, his mind never questioned his decision, but his cock certainly did.

Damn Merlin to hell. He didn't even like the girl. He found her annoying and prissy and over-emotional. She was 'high maintenance,' and he was definitely a man who needed a 'low maintenance' woman especially if low maintenance meant 'ignore until she was of use'. But bugger it all, the girl was fucking attractive. She was slim, had a pretty face, had great tits, and had long legs that he could easily imagine hooked around his shoulders. She was also no longer a student, having returned to work as

McGonagall's teaching assistant this year, so no longer illicit. If he wasn't close to entering the second decade of his current 'dry spell,' he might have had a little more control and discipline over his desires. But he knew that if he opened the door to his bedroom, he wouldn't ask her to leave again. At least, he wouldn't ask her to leave until he'd had at least a baker's dozen satisfying orgasms.

As Snape stood posed before his door reflecting on the general unfairness of life, the handle turned, and there stood Cho Chang, as lovely as ever.

"You got past my wards," he stated harshly, half glaring and half leering at the scantily dressed witch.

"I would have come earlier, but it took me several weeks and a number of visits to Madam Pomfrey's quarters before I could take them all down," she smiled. "The no red clothing ward especially caught me and my knickers off guard."

"After our last encounter, I thought it best," he growled, upset that he was visibly getting hard in front of her. Of course, he would challenge anyone to stay unaffected when confronted by a good-looking, twenty-one year-old woman, whose dark brown nipples were clearly visible through her white blouse.

Catching the direction of his gaze, Cho smiled even wider. "We are two consenting adults, we are attracted to each other, and we are standing only a few feet away from an ideal location to shag. Come to bed with me, Professor."

His teeth clenched tightly. Almost involuntarily, Snape nodded his head and followed her into his bedroom. He just about turned on his heel and left when he saw over thirty stuffed animals scattered around the chamber, but Cho was blocking his way out. "I am seriously concerned about your emotional maturity," he hissed. Nevertheless, he grabbed her by the shirt and pulled her against him.

"I had to bring them with me," Cho admitted as she began to remove Snape's robes. "They never would have believed me if I'd just told them about it in the morning."

In response to that bit of foolishness, Snape ground his mouth against hers, hoping that he would not regret this in the morning.

The End