

A Big Night

by wickederinperson

Severus Snape ruins yet another otherwise highly enjoyable evening.

Some Celebration

Chapter 1 of 1

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Drunk used to feel so good. Now it's nothing special. I don't know what's changed.

I've been going-on-forty since I was thirteen, so I can't say I've just matured past that. I know more now than I did when I first turned old enough to drink, but I can't see that as being a reason to not enjoy an alcoholic beverage and a social situation. I've read many books, had many interesting conversations, I've learned so much....

Maybe it is having learned so much that makes drunk dull. But it's not the actual training in potions or the ability to make one excellent batch of Wolfsbane. The newly published, highly anticipated article describing the findings on sephioporous stems and petals by Hermione Granger and Severus Snape shouldn't have anything to do with how much fun I have at a bar.

But it does.

I'm sitting outside writing in my journal at my own party. I told the boys I needed some fresh air. After promising that I just wanted to breathe and write a bit and that my clothes would stay on (Honestly! It only happened the once, two years ago! They should let it go!) they let me come outside. My own party, and I'm lurking outside in the shadows, alone!

Ron and Harry say that the man who reluctantly took me on as an apprentice two years ago has rubbed off on me. I agreed that my melancholy reaction to Firewhiskey is that infuriating man's fault.

That seemed to make them happy. I didn't mention that it's his fault I'm like this because I'm hopelessly in love with him.

I am a Potions mistress and will be teaching Potions at Hogwarts when Fall term starts, and I'm head over heels for our newest DADA instructor. Not quite what I had planned. But when have my good plans involving emotions, feelings, or anything else that can't be learned in a book ever turned out how they were supposed to?

I expected to become a Potions mistress as a result of this apprenticeship, and as of two weeks ago, I've got it. I chose to study under the most well-established, intelligent, hard-working, scrutinizing, and knowledgeable wizards to get anywhere near a cauldron in the past hundred years. Well, I might be biased. But I knew all along that when Severus Snape was finished teaching me everything he knows, I would know a lot.

I had hoped for this lovely job offer I've gotten, taking Severus' role as Potions professor as he's been finally allowed to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts. I had a theory that Professor Snape was being denied the position not because Dumbledore thought him incompetent for the job, but rather because there were few, if any, witches or wizards as qualified for the Potions professor position. Snape was skeptical of this thought-process at first, but I was prepared. I handed him a letter from Albus Dumbledore himself, stating that were I to become a certified Potions mistress trained by the best there was (a bit of ego-boosting that I convinced Albus to add), he would be happy to hire said Potions mistress as a professor, and give Severus the job he had wanted for over a decade. Well, the sour man agreed after that, adding only a couple dozen clauses to the contract I had already written up.

Of course I came to Severus Snape's office that day prepared and ready to convince him. So the Mastery was guaranteed and a job was practically offered already, from the start.

Falling in love with Severus-the-snarky-bastard-Snape was not part of my plan. I don't know how or why, I don't even know when! But somewhere along the line my respect and loathing for the man turned into... other... feelings. I know the way I felt when I first admitted to myself that I fancied him. I keep careful account of my days, both personally and professionally. Ironically, that day we were finishing up a Repelling Draught. He clasped my hand to berate my stirring technique and I knew I was attracted to him. The hairs on the back of my neck stood at attention and my toes felt numb. I don't know how long before that I fancied him, but that was the day I finally admitted to myself that no other man in my life made my toes go numb anymore. Just him.

The day I admitted I was in love with him was the day before his birthday. The feelings I had for him had been there for a while, but that was the night. The expression on his face when he opened his gift... I realized I wanted to see and cause that look until the day I die.

And now, tonight. I have been deemed a Potions mistress and Dumbledore has announced that the next three weeks will be the last in which Severus Snape teaches Potions. When term starts again in September, he will have his DADA professorship and I will be trying to keep the next generation of Neville Longbottoms from blowing themselves up.

The boys announced that it is a Big Night and organized this little celebration.

It is a Big Night.

I'm going to go up to the castle right now.

And tonight, I'm going to tell Severus Snape that I love him, with all my heart and soul.

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**Author's Notes**

*I do not own, nor do I claim to own, any part of the universe created by J. K. Rowling. I bow to her superior imagination and bank account.*

*Any spelling or grammar problems, assume they're on purpose because Hermione's drunk. The likely reason is that I f\*\*\*ed up, but you don't need to know that.*

*I haven't read HBP yet. So I don't know if this is compliant or not. I suppose I'll just assume it's not. Please don't tell me anything about book six, I do hope to read it one of these days.*

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