

Facing Her Facts

by HannahSmith

Someone needs to delve into her own subconsciousness to find out what she really wants.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N1: Many thanks to sshg316 who beta'd this story within a very short time frame and did a great job. Any remaining shortcomings are mine.

Hogwarts, December 24th

I know it's dangerous to keep a diary here after all, this is Slytherin House, where they try to read all your personal stuff, not Hufflepuff or Gryffindor, where they would be either too kind or too honest, or Ravenclaw, where they are too stuck-up with their own brains to give a shit for the products of other people's pens. Well, anyone trying to read it will find themselves hexed; at least I'll know who had the audacity (I've got a reputation for hexes). But if I do not empty my mind onto paper sometimes, I'm sure I'll burst. I haven't got a Pensieve.

Would I have been attracted to Snape if the Sorting Hat had put me into Ravenclaw, as it first suggested? I would have seen much less of him, but of course he'd still have been teaching me. Would he have liked me any less as a Ravenclaw? He probably would. He doesn't seem to like me much as it is. Ah well, never mind Ravenclaw. Here I am, a seventh-year Slytherin, staying at Hogwarts for Christmas (coping with the company of those horrible Weasleys and the hardly less horrible Potter, everybody else having normal families to spend their holidays with), and I made a major discovery over the past few weeks: I'm rather madly in love with Severus Snape, my Head of House.

I'm afraid other people will notice. Draco has been looking at me a bit oddly of late. He's got a crush on me, or so he says. He wants to be my boyfriend, or so he says. But I suppose it's mainly because he needs my help with his homework. His father wants him to get better grades, but he's too bloody lazy to work for them. Anyway, I obviously don't fancy blonds. Snape doesn't like my assisting Draco in Potions, but if I didn't do it, he'd keep spilling his stuff over my desk and my books and clothes, the slob, or worse, he'd be causing minor or even major explosions! (Snape should be grateful instead of telling me off.) Besides, I don't like to see Potter and the Weasley boy grinning at us, even though Snape takes house points if they do. Well, it's near dinnertime now. Have to get ready. Just wondering: where shall we sit? At one table, with the teachers, because there are so few of us? Maybe next to *him*...?

Hogwarts, December 24th, late at night

Festive season, my ass Snape wasn't there at all. Grumpy old git. What excuse did he manage to find for Dumbledore? There I was, all dressed up, trying to look as mature as I feel, full of anticipation and goosebumps all over me, and he just didn't take the trouble to turn up. So I got stuck with Professor Binns on my left side and one of those stupid weasels on my right. Imagine the wonderful entertainment. Draco went home for Christmas, thank Merlin. One advantage: if Snape had been there, I doubt I would have been able to eat much. So at least I've got a comfortably full stomach now. It's been snowing all evening, and the Potter-brat actually had the nerve to ask if I would go outside with them tomorrow morning and have a snow fight. Fat chance. Going to sleep now. Maybe better luck tomorrow.

Hogwarts, December 25th, afternoon

I don't know what is happening... but I think that Snape has finally *seen* me. Of course I'm not naive enough to think that he is in love with me, at least not yet, but this morning he sat next to me during breakfast and he actually *conversed* with me. He treated me like a sensible, human being, telling me something about his research and about his need for personal space and time to himself, given his character and past life.

I'm a little stunned. I realize now that, for all my childish attempts to draw his attention, I never really expected him to approach me in any personal manner. I've been cherishing this fancy and trying to get him to notice me, and now that he seems to have taken a very small step in that direction, my first impulse is to back off as fast as I can. I'm afraid I didn't react very maturely. I merely listened to him and hardly said a thing. I must have bored him. If it was an attempt on his side to find out if I was dating material, he probably has decided now that I'm *not*.

But all the same, my feelings for him have only intensified. Fantasies are all very well and good, but the mere thought of them becoming real is a little frightening. I suppose that's what true, mature love is about. Not just sighing and romanticizing at a safe distance, but actually experiencing the vicinity (literally and figuratively) of the object of your love. Is that what he is? How can I be sure, given how little I know him? I need time.

Hogwarts, December 30th, evening

Well, I got it. Time, I mean. Snape remained invisible again for the next few days. I've mentally adjusted to the new interaction between us, if I can call it that. I admit that it's a rather big expression for the few slightly personal words we exchanged. But for Snape, this is so different from his usual demeanour, it might be a big change for him as well. I'm confused. I keep analysing the event and coming up with a different conclusion every time. I don't even know what I want anymore. I've read somewhere that being in love is like suffering from psychosis - you're completely focused on one thing, and that distorts your view of everything else. Wish that Snape had a potion against it. An anti-love potion. Wonder what he would say if I suggested it to him.

Hogwarts, December 31st, afternoon

At lunch Snape came to sit next to me. It was the first time we saw each other after our dinner conversation, and I hadn't expected him. He asked me if I knew what I wanted to do after graduating. As my Head of House, he would have to ask me that at some point. He added that he'd already had the career talk with several others of my year and was I ready to have it? 'Yes,' I said, 'I am.' 'So how about tonight?' 'But it's New Year's Eve,' I said. He shrugged and looked in Dumbledore's direction. I got the feeling that he was trying to use me to get out of the New Year's party. But I let him get away with it and said yes.

Hogwarts, January 1st, afternoon

How shall I write this down? I'm going to burn this book as soon as I'm done. No one can know about this.

So I went to him last night to talk about my future. He made us tea first, to my surprise, and then he asked me about my plans. I told him about my idea to become a Potions mistress. He choked on his tea. I told him that I have always had the highest grades, as he very well knew, and that I'd been very nearly sorted into Ravenclaw. 'Potions is not just brains,' he said. 'It's an art.' I asked him to give me a chance. He put down his tea and said, 'Let me have a look to see if you've got what it takes.'

I knew what he meant: he wanted to use Legilimency on me. What could I do? I suppose that, deep down, I wanted him to find out how I felt about him. And he did. When he looked at me, those dark, brooding eyes of his staring deep into mine, I tried to put forward all my thoughts about my future career. But he swept past them, and I felt my emotions surging together with all my romantic dreams about him. I couldn't look away, no matter how hard I tried. It seemed like hours. I had to relive all my fantasies: the smile on his face when he saw me (never happened in real life); walks in the moonlight when he would be friendly and sweet to me and hold me by the hand; his arm around my shoulder or my waist; the feeling of his lips on mine...

Suddenly, he stepped forward and grabbed my shoulders. He looked angry. 'I'm your teacher,' he said. 'What do you think of me? How far would you go for still better grades?' Tears welled up in my eyes, but I still couldn't look away.

'You're a student!' he shouted. He hurt me with his grip.

'I'm of age,' I said desperately. 'I've a right to my own feelings! I'm not forcing *you* to act on them!'

He kept looking at me and gradually his face softened. 'You're so young,' he said. I placed my hands against his chest and willed him to see my most daring fantasy about him, the one to which I touch myself at night, when he would come to me in my bedroom, sit on the edge of my bed, slowly undress me and kiss his way from my lips down to my breasts until I begged him to make love to me. The fantasy would go no further - being a virgin, I wasn't quite sure about the details of what would happen next.

While I thought of this, I saw a smile grow upon his face, the smile I had dreamed about, the smile he had never given me before. Without looking away from me, he let go of my shoulders and laid a hand against my burning cheek. 'Is that the best you can come up with?' he asked, his tone soft and meaningful. 'My dear girl, haven't you a lot to learn...'

'Teach me then,' I replied, sliding my hands up to his neck. 'I'm your best student - teach me all you know...'

He smiled again and slowly leaned into me. And then he kissed me. I've been kissed before, but never like this. He was sweet and gentle at first, just brushing my lips a few times, giving me the chance to step back. When I didn't, he took my face between his hands and kissed me again, more insistently. He bowed his head and kissed my throat, and then he pushed my robe away from my shoulder and kissed me there, too. I was tingling from head to foot and clung to him, pressing myself against him. And then he was back at my lips, this time kissing me so deeply and passionately that I was ready to faint. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close. I knew that it was going to happen now, and I did not stop him when he pushed me to the door of his private quarters. I cannot quite remember what they looked like; it was rather dark, and I had my eyes closed much of the time. But I do remember the bed: it was soft but not too soft, it was very big, the sheets smelling of lavender, and it made hardly a sound when we fell down on it together. He began undressing me like he had done in my fantasy. He seemed to be following my thoughts.

'But this time, I will finish what I started,' he whispered against my neck, running his large warm hands along my body, sliding them under my robes and caressing my breasts. 'You will soon know what happened next in that dream of yours...'

When he had rid me of all my clothes, he quickly undressed himself and lay down next to me, wrapping his arms around me to pull me against him. I felt his warm skin and the muscles underneath. I started exploring his body with my hands like he had explored mine with his lips. He took my hand and guided it to his erection.

'Feel what you do to me,' he whispered hoarsely. 'Feel how hard I am... for you...'

He felt his way between my thighs, stroking the insides, then carefully touching me with his fingertips.

'Oh, you're a naughty little witch,' he said, breathing faster. 'You're very wet... Is that for me?'

'Of course it is,' I whispered back, slowly stroking him, up and down. 'It's all for you... Please, make love to me...'

He covered my lips with his in a violent kiss, leaving me totally breathless. Then he lifted his head and gave me a serious look.

'We could still stop, you know,' he said.

'How do I know we'll ever be in this situation again?' I asked. 'How do I know that you won't be having second thoughts tomorrow?'

'Isn't that exactly the reason why we shouldn't go on?' he said. 'Are you sure you wouldn't regret this?'

'Never,' I said, pulling his head down for another kiss. I spread my legs and raised my hips. He held his breath, then reached down and guided himself into me, pushing

carefully but determinately, giving me the time to adjust to his length. When he began to move slowly inside me, I felt a delicious tension building. This was so much better than in my fantasies. We moved together until the tension became unbearable; I exploded into the best orgasm I've ever had. Shortly after that he quickened his pace, thrusting deeply and groaning with his face buried in my shoulder while he shot into me. We lay there together, arms and legs wrapped around each other. We fell asleep and slept until noon.

I really need to tear out these pages and burn them...

Hogwarts, January 1st, early in the morning

Hermione awoke with a start. It was very early and still dark. She was alone. She could still feel Snape's burning lips on hers, his arms around her, his hand on her breast, his warm body covering her body. She could still feel his delightfully deep thrusts.

What the fuck was going on?

She was no Slytherin she was Gryffindor. She was no student she was Snape's apprentice to become a Potions mistress, after Snape had miraculously survived Nagini's bite. She was no virgin and hadn't been one for the last three years. She was certainly of age and she certainly did not fancy Snape. So why had she had such an intense dream about him fucking her to the point of distraction? So why she reached down was she dripping wet and swollen? Damn it, she must have had a very real orgasm during that dream! With *Snape*, of all people...!

Hermione jumped out of bed and headed for the shower. She set it to cold. She wanted to forget this dream as soon as possible. She wanted to forget it before she met him downstairs for breakfast. The bastard never paid any attention to her except for what was absolutely required, given her position as his apprentice, so the chances of him noticing anything unusual about her were slim anyway. Still, as a former spy, he was a great reader of thoughts and body language. She'd die of shame if he ever found out.

When she had walked into the hall and had taken her usual place at the table, she had by no means managed to forget her dream. She looked discreetly in the direction of the door. And there he stood. Severus Snape, ex-Death Eater, ex-spy, current Potions master, her boss, who occasionally insulted her and generally ignored her. But not today. Today, he looked her straight in the eyes, and she had the very disquieting feeling that he could see everything that had happened in her dream the previous night. Which was nonsense, of course, since he was too far away for Legilimency, and she had looked away from him after the first split second. But though she did not directly look at him, from the corner of her eye, she still noticed the unusual, predatory smile on his face as he walked towards the table to take his seat next to her.

FINIS

A/N2: This is my response to Potter Place Post-DH, prompt 36: "Severus Snape is YOUR Head of House, Your Potions professor and the object of your dreams. And in your career options discussion (or in your sixth or seventh year) he reads/sees one (or more) of your fantasies in your mind. What does he do? What do you do?"