

A Night of Hope

by veradee

A shared night makes Snape hope for a change in his life.

A Night of Hope

Chapter 1 of 1

A shared night makes Snape hope for a change in his life.

A Night of Hope

A story by veradee

She was bending down to him, trailing kisses down his chest, nibbling and licking. Her long hair caressed his skin, making Snape moan. Then she grasped his half-hard erection and started to stroke it.

"Minerva!" he cried out when her thumb grazed the tip of his penis.

Then... he woke up.

The spring sun had already risen, and a pale light illuminated his bedroom. Birds could be heard singing outside.

Snape stretched. He couldn't remember feeling as light-hearted for a long time. It had been many months that he had awoken from such a pleasurable dream.

A dream that wasn't only a dream.

He turned around, reaching out to clasp the sleeping woman beside him, but the bedside was deserted.

He looked around the room. Minerva's clothes, which had been strewn all over the place last night, were gone.

He sighed and let himself fall back on his bed.

The previous day had been a hellish day. First there had been another attack, leaving two more pupils petrified: Clearwater and Granger. Then Hagrid had been sent to Azkaban, and Dumbledore had been removed as Headmaster.

In the evening, Minerva had sat in the staff room, clenching a glass of Ogden's Firewhisky in her hands and tears swimming in her eyes.

Snape had been rather shaken as well, and without giving it much thought, he had stepped beside her and placed his hand on her shoulder. Suddenly, he had found himself in a fierce embrace and later in a much more heated one in his bedroom.

They had clawed for each other, ripped their clothes from their bodies, and devoured each other, at last crying out in ecstasy and despondency.

The second time they had made love; they had sought and found sympathy and solace. Snape could still feel the feathery touch of her hands, which had explored every

inch of his body.

But sometime during the night, she had left him without a word.

He rubbed his eyes. What had he done wrong?

Of course, Minerva knew about Lily.

He has loved Lily since the day they had met when they had been ten years old only. But lately, there had been days when he didn't know whether he actually still loved her. One day he thought that it was guilt that made him keep clinging to her, while on another day he felt that he would never love any other woman than Lily.

But Lily had never been his and been dead for almost twelve years now.

Snape knew he couldn't go on like this. He couldn't spend the rest of his life loving a chimera that reflected his feelings with cold indifference only. He yearned for a woman who was warm and real.

Minerva could be that woman. Since they had become colleagues, they had always got along well, had led many animated conversations, secretly shared a laugh about some pupil's prank, fought for Quidditch matches and house points. Minerva was intelligent, witty, strict but warm-hearted, and sometime last night he had felt that he might be able to learn how to love her.

He punched his blanket. Why had she left?

It had been obvious that she had savoured their night, and he knew that he hadn't messed up this time. Not like a few years ago when he had bedded that shop assistant from Gladrags Wizardwear and had blurted out Lily's name when he came.

But apparently, Minerva had only looked for a few hours of comfort.

Snape grabbed the pillow she had slept upon. Her scent still lingered on it and, closing his eyes, he inhaled deeply.

Finally, he let it go. He took his wand from the bedside table to flick open the curtains. The morning sun mercilessly shone into his face.

He rose from his bed and went to his bathroom.

The moment he pushed open the door, he saw the letters on the mirror, which hung above the washbasin. They were in Minerva's familiar handwriting.

S,

The past night never happened.

M.

He felt as if someone had sliced open his heart with a hex. Motionless he stared at the words for several minutes before he gripped his wand.

He was on the brink of saying *Tergeo* when the mirror spoke. "She was crying when she wrote this."

Snape felt another slice to his heart. He dropped his wand.

Instead, he took a cloth and wiped away the words, letter by letter until the mirror was as clear as an empty Pensieve.

Annotations: Written for the challenge "Matters of the Heart" at the LJ community Romancing the Wizard. Many thanks go to Lady Whitehart for proof-reading.