

# I Have a Crush on my Professor

*by beaweasley2*

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## One-shot Story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I owe a huge thank you to my beta, Southern\_Witch\_69, her for all her help and support. Thanks to her infinite patience with me, I actually have something readable for you.

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*Dear Diary,*

*My name is Marionette Susanna DARTHMYER, and I was in Slytherin when I was at Hogwarts. Severus Snape was my Head of House, my Potions professor and the object of my schoolgirl dreams. In my career options discussion, I made the huge mistake of telling him. I'm quite certain he saw one, or more, of my fantasies in my mind and things happened, delicious, exotic and fantastic... But I'm ahead of myself. What did he do? What did I do? Well, I'll tell you...*

xoxox

I set down my quill and tucked my diary into the hidden panel of my wizard trunk, extra space loads of secret compartments. I pulled on my robes and left my room.

I was about to see him, alone in his office, just the two of us, as I decided the fate of the rest of my life.

When I knocked on the door, the door opened and Amanda Patinkin came rushing out, looking a bit pale and shaky. Taking a deep breath, I stepped inside and waited.

"Well, don't just stand there, come over here," Professor Snape said smoothly from across the room.

*Oh, how I've always wanted to hear him say that..* "Yes, sir," I replied, walking to the chair in front of him with well-practiced poise. *Thank you, Mum, for all those elocution and etiquette lessons.*

He waited until I sat down, crossed my ankles, and gazed up at him with my hands folded gently on my lap. "So, have you given any thought, whatsoever, to what you'd like to do after school?" he asked smoothly, looking at the parchment in his hands.

*Oh, I've thought about it all right. I've never wanted to be a wife, mother and homemaker, but I would if I was yours!* "Not really... Well, a little," I said, trying to maintain my perfect posture, hoping he'd notice. *Every fantasy, every dream of my future ... Oh, yes, I've thought about it, and it all includes you.*

He set down the paper he was holding and looked directly at me. "Enlighten me," he drawled. "What kind of job do you think you're qualified for?"

"I don't know what I want to do. I don't want to work at the Ministry." *They're a bunch of wet twits.* "And I don't want to run a shop." *Gods no. Mum, she's a socialite, but I'll be dragon scorched if I want to follow her footsteps. Shopping is not an occupation.*

"What extracurricular activities do you enjoy? Which subject do you like the most?" he asked, his dark eyes riveted on me.

I suddenly realized I'd been holding my breath and inhaled while trying to force myself to remain in control, calm. "I like riding on the hunt, and I occasionally paint, although not exceptionally well. I like playing the piano, but I'm not interested in pursuing that. I enjoy most of my classes well enough except Astronomy. I can do astronomical calculations and charting, but I don't fancy the subject." Professor Snape picked up his quill and made some notations on his parchment. I was held entranced by his attentive scrutiny and exact precision of his quill. I remember that exact look only a few months before when I saw him in the apothecary in Hogsmeade, checking out the herbs, lifting them up to his glorious nose, and inhaling their aromas for freshness. *The way you closed your eyes, savoring the..*

"Miss Darthmyer," he said, breaking me from my daydream. "You've done moderately well in Transfiguration, not too bad in Charms. You received Exceeds marks from your professors in both, although, I expected better from you."

*But I cannot charm you, can I? Oh, how I wish I could charm you... Make you take notice of me, see me as a desirable woman and not some insufferable student*

"Pardon, Miss Darthmyer?"

"Huh?" I asked. *Oh, dear Merlin, did I say that aloud?*

"I asked you what you think your options should be," he asked pointedly.

*My options. Marry some pureblood half-wit, birth babies, host cocktail parties, attend cotillions, have tea at the club, and oversee the house-elves that's Dad's plans for me...* "I thought maybe I'd go into Potions or something related to Alchemy."

"So, in other words, you've no idea what you'd like to do," he asked, dropping his quill.

I shook my head. "I saw a flyer for a Potions Brewer in High Haven, and a boutique in Hogsmeade is looking for someone with potions experience." The flyers were pretty, one was all pink and the other ivory with vines of roses and green calligraphy.

"Those are boutiques I believe, the Madam's Secret and Witch Anne's Bath and Body Boutique," he said with a sigh. "I thought you didn't want to work in a shop."

*I'd be near you. I would be able to see you on Hogsmeade weekends* "No, I said I don't want to run a shop," I said demurely. "But I think working on consignment for a boutique as a Potions Brewer might be all right." *And you could come down to my cottage for lunch or dinner*

He wrote a few more notes as I waited patiently. I tried not to stare at him, the way his hair framed his face, hiding his eyes. Once again my mind wandered. *he'd just look up, see me. Really see me, our eyes meeting, knowing that I want him, so desperately. Would he come around his desk, stand in front of me and lean down to kiss me, pulling me up into his arms and his embrace. Oh, to feel his hard lean body in my arms, to feel his strong arms hold me... Would his kiss be everything I imagine it would be? Soft, feather light touches that increase into passionate melding of lips and bodies, or would his kiss be fierce, demanding, his tongue exploring mine in sensual stokes? His fingers opening my clothes, hungry for the feel of my skin, allowing me to open his shirt to feel his skin under my hands. Would he strip off all my clothes or merely open them, letting my skirt and his trousers fall to the floor before he placed me on his desk, touching me, caressing me as he kissed my lips, my neck...*

"Not bloody likely."

I gasped in alarm and quickly regained my composure. "Excuse me, sir?"

He'd set the parchment and quill down and had been watching me, a slight curl to his lips that could easily be the beginning of a smile or a smirk. "A witch such as yourself would be wasted working as a shop assistant. Have you not decided on a career?" he asked, the smile fading.

"No, not really," I said, swallowing my nervousness. "Father..."

"Cannot support you the rest of your life," he said with a subtle smirk.

*But I could support you the rest of yours... I could give you a potions lab equal to the one here. You could spend your days how you wished, brewing anything you wanted, for profit, or not, and conduct any experiment you desired...* "I hardly need him to," I replied, my cheeks growing warm. *It's not necessary thanks to Great Grandma... I won't need for anything.*

"If you are finished daydreaming, may we please continue?" Professor Snape asked, his dark eyes still riveted on mine. "Possibly a career with a diplomat or publishing?"

*Or a Potions master's wife... I'd even settle for being your mistress. Just to know what your hands feel like, to see you naked before me, to savor your kiss*

"Miss Darthmyer," he said my name slowly.

My name never sounded so good before. "Yes? Oh, pardon?"

"I want you to think more clearly about your career options. With your wand skills, there are numerous jobs you could do. Follow the want ads and see what inspires you. We shall see how you do on your O.W.L.s. and we'll have another discussion regarding your future at another time. If you will please." He held up his hand indicating the back of the room, and I realized that my time was over. He was dismissing me.

He rose, walked around his desk and ushered me toward the door. I don't remember standing, but I was following his lead, walking to the office door. My heart leapt slightly as his hand brushed against the back of my robes, barely firm enough so that it didn't really press against my back, but I still felt him. "Thank you, Professor," I said softly,

turning to face him, my back toward the door.

"If you decide on what field you'd like to pursue, what you desire to do, come back during my office hours and we'll discuss it," he said, looking at me intently, a slight smirk on his usually serene face. "But I'd like to see you doing something more productive than brewing shampoo or hand lotion."

He watched me, staring at me. *Oh his eyes.* My heart raced, and I tried to control my breathing; he was so close I could smell the soft scent of herbs on his clothes laced with the barely perceptible taint of smoke mixed with the distinct smell that must be all his. He leaned down, his face coming within centimeters of mine as his hand reached for the latch. I tilted my head up to say something, possibly thank you or goodbye, and my lips brushed his face. He froze and I kissed him. His hands grasped my shoulders and he abruptly pushed me away.

"Miss Darthmyer," he said, his dark eyes boring into mine, a slight scowl on his face. "You shouldn't have done that. You are my student; I am your professor. *This* is inappropriate. Please go to your class and forget that this happened. It *will not* and cannot ever happen again." He stood back, opened the door and nearly pushed me outside.

My heart sank. I offended him. I kissed him and he was now mad at me. I turned quickly and ran from his office, refusing to look back.

xoxox

*Dear Diary,*

*Oh, Mother of Merlin help me! Well, for that matter, Merlin, Circe, Baal, Allah, Mother Goddess! One of you... any of you. I've a crush on my Head of House! This wouldn't have been a problem if I'd had Professor Flitwick or McGonagall as Head of House, or that ridiculous Professor Sprout. No, instead, I have the tall, dark, broody, and way too sexy Professor Snape. Severus Snape! Intense, incredibly dark mysterious eyes, Romanesque nose, chiseled jaw line and cheekbones, long, lean body that he tries to hide under his robes, and those glorious hands... Yes, those hands. Ever sat and watch his hands? I have. Too often it seems. And his voice... Oh, his voice! Richly resonate when he wants to be, softly demanding otherwise, with that deep, silky, languid drawl, which literally sends shivers down my spine. Just hearing him speak, listening to his smooth expressive tones stirs the imagination. I'd give anything to curl up on the couch or a bed with him and just listen to him read Bryon or Browning! Heck, I'd even pay Galleons just to listen to him read the newspaper! Oooh, or Poe! Could you imagine him reading Poe?*

*I've had a crush on Severus Snape for over a year now okay longer. You'd think I could tell you when it began, but I'm not sure exactly. I think it just kind of snuck up on me, but it definitely started my fifth year, when he was telling us about how daunting fifth-year Potions was going to be and he looked right at me. I was mesmerized by his voice, the way he moved as he lectured. I thought I'd gotten over him during the summer, when I started seeing Ryan Weatherby, but no. One look at him, one moment talking about my future with him, and I was falling for him all over again.*

xoxox

"Miss Darthmyer," he called out my name as we waited to receive our sixth-year class schedules. Dominique giggled as I rose and walked to the end of the table. "Well, sit down," he said, pointing to the space across from him.

*Not beside him, across. Damn. Well, all right* "Yes, Professor," I replied, dropping my bag, and sat facing him, waiting. He was reading my file, and all I wanted was to hear his voice, hear him say my name again in that rich, silky drawl of his. I licked my lips slowly in anticipation of catching his eyes, seeing those dark, dreamy eyes... *Merlin, could he be any sexier?*

He looked up, the faintest flicker of surprise on his face before his lips curled into a smirk. *I love his mouth, the way he curls his lips, the depth of expression a simple smirk of his mouth can make. No one can smirk, snarl or sneer like he can. No one can express more with a simple lift of an eyebrow either. He radiates sexuality, strength and power...*

His eyebrow rose up a notch as he watched at me, and his expression turned into a slight scowl. "You received your O.W.L.s, I presume, and have some idea which classes you wish to continue," he said smoothly.

"Oh, yes, sir," I answered quickly. He looked up, and I realized I had cut him off. *Oops.* "I'd like to continue with Potions." *I practiced so hard, revised every night to get my Outstanding; you have to let me in! I don't want a whole two more years without having Potions with you!*

"Your grade in class as well as your O.W.L. is sufficient enough for you continue," he said, and I exhaled, not realizing I'd held my breath, waiting for his answer. "Which other classes do you feel you're qualified to continue in?"

*I get to take Potions! Okay, what else do I want to continue in? I do well in Transfiguration and Charms... Herbology, I need to continue in Herbology... I find languages easy enough, and I really like Alchemy."*

"Then I suggest you continue in Alchemy as well," he said without looking up.

"Sure," I said enthusiastically. *Dad had had this same discussion the day I got my O.W.L. results, and I knew from him which subjects I was to ask for. I did well enough for most of my subjects, although I could have done better in History and Creatures, but I didn't spend my efforts in those subjects as much as I did in Potions, Transfiguration and Charms.*

His eyebrow quirked upward again as he nodded, and then he looked down, making notations on the parchment before him. "Here is your schedule," he said, handing me a slip of parchment with my classes on it.

I wanted to jump up and hug him when I noticed Potions was at the top of the list, but he continued speaking, asking if I'd purchased my books, and I had to keep from bouncing, looking somewhat composed as I told him that I did. I don't think I was able to contain my smile.

"If there isn't anything else I suggest you get going," he said dismissively. "You're holding up your housemates, and you're now late for class."

"Yes, of course, sorry," I stammer as I collect my things. "I'll see you in class, sir."

"Undoubtedly," he said, waving me off. "Mr. Derwent."

xoxox

*Dear Diary,*

*You see I've been friends with Dominique and Deborah since first year, and when I was made prefect, I took them with me to swim in the prefects' bathroom. Only we must have been in there too long, stayed past curfew, because Professor Snape came in, checking the bathroom on his rounds. We had ducked into the bubbles and foam to hide, but one of my friends couldn't suppress her giggles. I think he was going to drain the pool-sized bathtub until he heard the giggles. He walked along the tub, trying to see us through the bubbles, and he slipped on some soapy water and fell. Thankfully, he fell into the bathtub, but I thought I heard a thump or a splat before the splash of the water. I was frightened, afraid he'd hit the side of the tub when he fell, and I immediately swam up to help him, hoping he didn't hit his head or anything. I prayed as I*

swam that he wasn't hurt, and he grabbed me the same time I reached out to him.

When we both came up to the surface, gasping for air, his hair was slicked back with bubble bath, his fingers were clasped on my arms, holding me so close... too close, and my eyes locked onto his, and I was hooked. Literally. And I kissed him! I really did. Only it wasn't as romantic as I'd dreamed it would be. Oh, he's a great kisser, his lips are so soft and firm... But it didn't turn out like I'd expected.

However, in my dreams it's different. I kiss him or he kisses me. In my dreams, like he did that day in the tub, he holds my naked body against his, and I feel the warmth of his body through the wet cotton shirt and wool trousers as his robes billow in the water around him around us. In my dreams he pins me to the side of the pool, his fingers exploring my naked body, his mouth on mine in a crushing kiss that's both fierce with need and demanding my reciprocation. Believe me I reciprocate, gladly.

xoxox

Ah, the perks of being a Slytherin prefect. I've been memorizing warding spells, repelling charms for weeks now, so we could have the prefect bathtub to our selves. Dominique, Deborah and I had talked about this for weeks, going swimming starters in the prefects' bathtub, all by ourselves. Okay, skinny-dipping actually, but what the heck, we're girls, right? We had been swimming, diving, jumping and splashing to our hearts content for a while, laughing and playing in the bubbles so long we had to drain the tub and refill it. The bubbles from the faucets were so high they spilled out on the marble floor, but we didn't care.

Suddenly, Deborah called out for us to be quiet. "Marion, the wards, someone is trying someone is taking them down!"

"No, can't be. I used three in Russian and two in Italian and the ones I learned in Egypt last summer! No one here speaks Russian, Italian and Egyptian," I said in a hushed voice.

"At least two guys in our house speak Russian, and the Italian spells are still in Latin!" Dominique corrected me. We all sunk down into the foamy water to hide, moving the bubbles so we could see each other, but not be seen from the door. "What are we going to do?" Deborah asked in a hushed whisper.

"Secure the drain plug so the tub can't be emptied, for one, and keep really quiet so whoever it is will go away," I suggested. Deborah nodded and ducked under the water. A moment later she was back with her wand. "Ever do underwater spells?"

"No, well, one. You have to mean them. Since you cannot actually say the spell out loud because of the water, you have to really mean it so the intent is strong enough," Dominique replied. "I read that in *The Magical Aquatic Wilderness* when we were reading about harvesting Gillyweed."

"So if you can do it, help me," Deborah said as the door latch was shaken. "Whoever that is, is nearly through Marion's wards."

"Use that Russian Stuck-In Hex I taught you!" I said quickly. *Налка В Воткни* or the Italian, *Incollare Negli! Solfar Emis* good, too!"

Both my friends swam off to try and seal the plug on the bottom of the tub, leaving me staring at the door, wondering who was breaking down my wards. It wasn't anyone from the house, I'd bet my Demiguise cloak on that. Thanks to Dad's penchant for traveling on holiday, I'd picked up several really obscure warding charms, all in other languages. Languages do come rather easily to me. The door latch was turned, and I knew that the person on the other side had indeed broken all my wards even the Egyptian ones!

I heard Deborah surface, and I hissed a warning that the guy behind the door was about to enter, and I heard her whisper the warning to Dominique. I was amazed and relieved when the person who entered the bathroom was none other than Professor Snape. He walked along the short end of the tub, calling out Myrtle's name, the ghost from the second floor girl's loo, with a snarl, glaring at the foamy bathwater and the soapy water my friends and I had splashed out. He pointed his wand at the tub and cast the spell, possibly to drain it. I crossed my fingers. *Yes, I'd dreamed about being alone in here with him, but not under these exact circumstances. In my dreams, we're alone, and he brought me here for a chance to be alone. My dorm mates were not included in my fantasies.*

The plug must have held because I heard Professor Snape swear softly, and he turned to walk along the edge of the tub toward the deep end. I wanted to swim closer to watch him, but simply floated in the water as quietly as I could. He knelt down to tighten some of the taps, stopping a few of them from dripping, and then remained still. I'd heard one of my friends stifle a giggle behind me and the other shush her softly, but not softly enough. Professor Snape stood and walked quickly toward the other side of the tub, demanding that we climb out. All of a sudden he slipped, lost his footing and fell into the tub. I gasped, certain that I'd heard a thud or a splat-like thud just before the splash.

*Ohmygod, ohmygod, No! Please be okay,* I thought as I kicked off and swam as fast as I could for him. *Please don't have hit your head! Please be all right! Ohmygod, please be all right!* My fingers found robes, and I tugged, pulling him to me. I'm a good swimmer, but I didn't know if he was. I felt hands grasp my arm, and I tried to turn him so that we faced each other as I kicked for the surface. His other hand brushed my body, slid over my breast, and I made one last strong stroke with a desperate kick to pull us up. I broke the surface first, Professor Snape coming up a second later, and I tried to grab his flailing hand before he could grab me and pull us under again. Instead, he grabbed my upper arm and we did go under. I tried to struggle free, to free my arms from his grip so I could get us to the side of the huge tub, but he pulled me closer to him. I could feel his buttons and the course wool of his frockcoat against my skin, but I was too worried about the fact that I needed to breathe; I needed air. Finally, he let go with one arm and together we pulled ourselves to the surface again. He snarled something and grasped me again, pulling me tightly against him.

I struggled, trying desperately to free at least one arm to assist him. "I need my arms we'll sink! I can't save you if you pull me under!"

"You save me?" he snarled. "Foolish girl, I can swim. Hold still and stop fighting me."

*He can swim? Of course he can..* "I heard you hit something before you fell... Did you hit your head? Are you hurt?" I asked, deeply concerned.

"Hit my head? What are you babbling about?" he asked. "Stop struggling! I cast a Floating Charm on us; we are not going to drown."

I looked at him, trying to see if there was any blood. "Before you fell in, I heard a splat, more like a thud, and I thought... Oh, please tell me you are okay." His dark hair was slicked back, coated with bubbles from the water, and his face, usually hidden from view by his black hair, was fully exposed. *Circe, he's handsome! Not poster boy handsome a dark and dangerous kind of handsome.* His dark eyes were glaring at me and even angry, they were incredible. Almost black, mysterious and the kind of eyes you could get lost in. His jaw and cheekbones, were strong and masculine, and balanced his large, hooked nose. His face was all male and fiercely strong featured, absolutely handsome.

"My boots, you idiot girl. I tossed my boots," he snarled. "I removed my boots before I jumped in."

"You jumped in," I repeated what he said. *Why? To swim?* My lips quivered as he held me in the water, our bodies pressed together as we floated, held upright by his charm. I wanted to wrap my arms around him, feel him crush me in an embrace. I wanted to kiss him. My gaze flickered down to his lips as he spoke, and I imagined briefly those lips on mine, sensually kissing me, or claiming me in a fierce, demanding kiss as he savored my mouth...

"I thought maybe someone had drowned in the tub and got caught in the drain when I couldn't drain it," he was saying.

*He dove in because he thought I'd drowned? He was going to try and save me! He came in here for me. Oh, Merlin how romantic. My mind created a scenario of him pulling me to the surface, grasped in his arms, trying to resuscitate my still body by placing his mouth over mine (like I'd seen on Deborah's telly), only I'd wake and kiss him, his tongue sipping into my mouth as he deepened his kiss hungrily, glad that I was alive...* For a moment I was lost in his dark eyes. I understood now what Leticia was always saying when she talked about swooning as some bloke kissed her. Professor Snape could obviously make a girl swoon simply by looking at her. My imagination created visions of Professor Snape, his clothes coming undone through our combined efforts to free his body so that our skin could touch, his naked body

against mine...

"Seriously, Miss Darthmyer," he snarled. "So if you are finished trying to drown me..."

"Drown you! I was trying to save you!" His words snapped me out of my romantic fantasy.

He smirked at me, and then controlled his expression to one that was stony. "Well, if you are finished trying to ~~save~~ me," he said sarcastically. "I suggest you swim to the edge of this bloody pool and get out."

I didn't want to. I wanted to stay here in his arms and kiss him. His hands on my arms were firm and warm, my nipples kept brushing against his frockcoat and our legs kept entangling in each other's. All I had to do was pluck up the courage to lean closer, to wrap my hands around him, instead of clinging to him and I'd have my wish. I'd know what his real kisses were like.

"No, Miss Darthmyer, we are getting *out* of this bloody tub," he said with a soft sneer. "So are you capable of swimming or not?"

"Huh? Oh! Yes, sir," I replied.

"Then start swimming. *Finite*."

When his spell broke, we started sinking again, and he released me. Well, one hand did at least. I kicked and reached for the side as he pulled me to the edge of the tub. *Merlin, the man can swim, and he's a strong swimmer. Who knew?*

"Out," he said as we reached the edge.

I turned to face him, our legs once again in contact as he leaned against the edge of the tub over me. He was close *Oh so close. You could still kiss me, just lean in and kiss me*, I thought as my lips landed on his face. I missed his mouth but just barely, landing on the corner of his soft lips. He turned and his lips brushed against mine, a quick flutter, and I kissed him. For a brief minute our lips caressed sensually before he pulled away, his dark eyes surprised, then narrowed as he stared at me. Strands of his black hair were falling around his face again, and I wanted to reach out and push them back.

"Miss Darthmyer, restrain yourself! Do I have to levitate you out, or are you capable of climbing out yourself?" he asked, his snarl not quite carrying the fierceness he usually had.

"Of course I can, but... ah, Professor," I stammered. "I'm not... well... I'm not wearing anything."

His gaze traveled downward to my chest or what was exposed of my chest and shoulders above the foamy water. My breath caught, my heart raced, Snitches fluttered in my stomach, and the way he was staring at my chest, I wondered how much of me he could actually see.

The tiniest curl of his lips appeared on his face, quickly turning into an annoyed grimace. "Fine. I'll get out first and *wait* for you. I expect you dried off, dressed and in the corridor in five minutes," he said firmly. "Ten minutes and you'll get another detention, Miss Darthmyer."

"Another, sir?" I asked as he heaved himself, soaking wet, out of the tub.

"Yes," he snapped, then siphoned his robes dry with a flick of his wand. "One detention for being here after curfew, another for your inappropriate behavior, and a third for making me wait. We will be spending three evenings together. Now get out."

xoxox

Dear Diary,

I kissed my professor. I actually kissed him. I've replayed this in my mind, and the fact is I know he kissed me back. His lips touched mine in more than just a casual press of lips on lips. It was a kiss. His lips had been soft, supple, and I could feel his breath on my cheek. It was a real kiss...

I read and reread my diary entry, smiling to myself. The next few were not as heart warming as this page, not read as often. I'd used a Memory Charm to recall every detail, every sensation of the moment, every smell, every touch, and wrote them all down on this page. My kiss.

Since that night, I had stopped writing the normal, boring diary entries, but always writing down my dreams and my fantasies in on these pages. My fifth and sixth-year diaries are full of them, every entry, all of them with Severus Snape, my Head of House and Potions professor as the single love interest and focus of my desires. I smiled as I set the book down, the sixth in a series of books Mum intended as a seven book accounting of my life in school, my private memories, the recorded highlights of my youth. And Severus Snape is mentioned on every page. Don't get me wrong, I socialize, I go to Hogsmeade with my housemates and I've even had dates, but he's what I want to remember forever.

xoxox

Dear Diary,

*The boys in my house don't add up to Severus. Especially Flint, or O'Grady, or Adams for that matter, none of whom have the brilliant intellect of Severus. Even if they could combine their collective brains somehow, they'd still fall short. Amanda, Dominique, Dianne, Caledonia, Hilda, Leticia, and even Syneda have been the recipient of Flint's and O'Grady's amorous attentions, so it was no surprise that this month it's my turn. I've only six days to go, and I get to escape for the holidays. I can hardly wait. If I have to suffer any more innuendoes, grasping claws or sultry whispered words that make these boys sound like dogs in heat, I'll jinx them. I chose this year to concentrate on my studies, my classes and especially potions.*

*I had the most interesting thing happen to me in Potions today. Flint, in his attempt to be charming or in hopes that he could somehow gain my attention, sabotaged my potion in class. I've yet to know what he put in my cauldron, exactly. Elixir of Fair isn't usually an unstable potion, or its ingredients especially dangerous, even if combined incorrectly. It's simply a potion that demands utmost attention, extreme precision with the preparations of the ingredients and exact timing. If any step is off, the daisy roots not paper thin, chamomile flowers not laid onto the surface just right, the angelica not diced properly or fresh enough, the dried chasteberries not pressed into a smooth enough pulp... well, you get the picture. None of the ingredients would cause an explosion, but my potion did explode.*

xoxox

I couldn't push the memory of that day in the tub from my mind. I replayed, rewound and rewrote the scenario over and over in so many ways. Each one beginning with being held in his arms as we surface, eyes locked onto each other, mouths coming together in a passionate kiss and ending with me having sex with my professor in the prefect's tub: glorious and mind-blowing sex with Severus Snape. And all the while my friends being none the wiser or simply vanishing from the room as if they'd never been there.

I sat on the stool trying desperately not to itch while Professor Snape carefully separated out each ingredient from my potion, backtracking each step I'd done in order to trace the elusive ingredient Flint had accidentally befoiled my potion with. Of course I hadn't seen him actually do it, but I know it was him! My potion had been a perfect light blue with the chamomile petals floating delicately on the surface, just starting to seep into the brew. The instant my potion had exploded, Professor Snape had pulled me away from my cauldron and examined my face, neck and hands. When the pustules began to form, he'd smiled, then frowned. I wasn't sure whether I was happy that

he'd smiled, nervous he'd frowned or worried that his expression had changed so quickly. Then he ordered me to go to the hospital wing.

"I will be up to see you as soon as I brew the potion to reverse the effects of your blunder," he stated as I started to collect my things. "Leave them, you silly girl. Miss Ravenwood will gather your things. Go now! And in the future, Miss Darthmyer, I highly suggest you stop daydreaming in my class."

I ran off for the hospital wing, mortified. *Daydreaming? He accused me of daydreaming?* I entered the hospital wing and was met by Madam Pomfrey, who escorted me to a bed, gave me a gown, and then carefully examined my skin. She had just started asking questions about my potion when Professor Snape arrived.

"Poppy, I have identified the errant element from her potion and determined the results," he announced, handing Madam Pomfrey a vial and large jar. "Here is the salve and potion for her reaction. She will need a compress with borage, asparagus root, cleavers and eyebright in plummy grub secretions. If you need me to, I can make that for you as well."

"Thank you, Professor Snape. No need, I can make the compress," Madam Pomfrey said with a nod and drew a curtain around my bed. She smiled as began applying the salve after I swallowed my potion. "You're lucky Professor Snape was able to discern what you'd added to your cauldron so quickly."

I know I grumbled, hating to be accused of something I didn't do, but the potion and the salve were starting to work, so for that I was grateful and kept my silence. When Madam Pomfrey left, Professor Snape came and sat by my bedside. "You and I apparently need to talk," he said roughly. "First I owe you an apology. I invaded your mind today in hopes of seeing what you added to your cauldron. I realize that it's possible that your potion was tampered with without your knowledge; however, you'll have a detention with me and will re-brew the potion in order to receive your grade."

"Yes, Professor," I replied, abashed and happy at the same time. *Another night with Professor Snape! Oh, thank Circe!*

"However, Miss Darthmyer, I must address this ridiculous infatuation you apparently have for me," he stated coolly.

My heart sank.

"You should realize that under no circumstances are you ever to assault me, press your attentions on my person or discuss your romantic delusions with anyone. Your infatuation, while disturbingly flattering, is highly inappropriate behavior. I should have spoken to you after our first incident, but simply thought you'd come to your senses. Kissing me was unacceptable; I should never have allowed it to occur. You must never do so again, and you must refrain from enacting on such impulses again. You must consider this for what it truly is; a school girl crush on her professor."

His words stung, and my eyes welled up with tears. *I threw myself at him and he is berating me for it* "Yes, Professor," is all I can say.

"Now I will allow you to maintain your prefect status and you will continue with your prefect duties," he continued smoothly but firmly. "However, there will be no more nonsense from you regarding a supposed relationship between us, and you should cease writing romantic dribble about me. Am I understood?"

I swallowed hard, totally ashamed and yet furious that he may have found or read my diary. "Yes, Professor."

"No, Miss Darthmyer, I did not read your diary, I saw it in your memories," Professor Snape said with a smirk. "Either erase my name from your pages, or mail it home so that it does not fall into unsuspecting hands and become a source of gossip around the common room. I fully expect your cooperation in this matter."

"Absolutely, Professor. I haven't ever shown it to anyone, nor shared my fantasies. No one knows," I said, feeling as low as a Horklump. I know I was blushing, and I couldn't hide the hurt I felt at his words, but I was relieved that he hadn't actually read my diary. Still, his knowing about it was horrible enough!

"Very well," he said, standing to leave. "I shall expect you in my office upon your release from Madam Pomfrey."

xoxox

I watched him leave that day with a deep sense of regret and hurt. I cried that night, and for several nights after, broken hearted by what could never be. Years later as I sat with my publisher, watching with anticipation as he scanned my latest romance novel, I realized that I never actually kept my word. I still fantasize about Professor Snape, still use him as the main romantic interest in my stories, whether as the tragic hero, the sulking, brooding, enigmatic wizard, or the spy turned repentant lover. My stories sell well. I suppose there are thousands of witches that like the tall, dark, mysterious and dangerous wizard that can't live without the gentle love of a good witch. And I carry on the memory of the Professor Snape I knew in my writing, who'll forever be the wizard of my dreams.

~Fin~

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Author's Notes:

This story is not about a student/professor relationship, except in the mind of the student, and is nothing more than the highly imaginative fantasies of a girl with a crush on her professor. I hope that the age of the girl doesn't upset anyone, for that was not my intent. Besides, Severus wouldn't have acted on her infatuations now would he?

Original prompt:

#36. Severus Snape is (Okay I'm asking for a Mary-Sue! Or write this as any female Slytherin of your choice Only write this story in first person narrative!) 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?