Everybody Needs Some Love

by Obviously_Best_Potions_Master

Summary

It took several years to rebuild Hogwarts from destruction after the war, so that students had to miss those academic years and then resume their study.
The reader was transferred to Hogwarts at her 4th year being 20 y.o. by that time. She had never known Snape before.
This is a story of development of their relationships in short sketches.

Notes

I originally posted this fic on my tumblr account, and I'm still writing it.
English is not my native language, I apologize in advance for mistakes.
First Impressions

There you were. A witch from a muggle family transferred to Hogwarts at your fourth year to attend your first Potions Class.

You’ve heard a lot about your Potions Professor. They said he was a true embodiment of evil. Every living soul at Hogwarts feared him, but for some students this fear joined hatred while for others – respect. He was one of the greatest and most powerful wizards of all time and he was going to teach you.

You’ve been at Hogwarts for a week but you failed to find at least one friend. You were mocked for being mudblood and no one wanted to mess with you.

You felt excited and very nervous before your first class. You were sitting at your desk just in front of the Professor’s table because nobody wished to take the seat so close to him.

Finally a tall man dressed in black from head to toes entered the room.

The students froze.

He swiftly came up to his table crossed his arms on his chest and scanned all the students attending his class with a sullen look.

“I suggest to get to work at once.” He said with a low voice which caused shivers go down your spine.

“Who can name the basic principles of potions making?” His glance jumped from one student to another and stopped on you. “Well it must be you who’d been transferred from Desmanpath?” He asked rising an eyebrow. “Let’s see what you’ve learned there.” He gave you an arrogant look considering you would fail.

You answered his question, and another one, and another…

“Bravo, Miss…?” He wanted to know your name.

“Y/L/N, Y/N Y/L/N.” You replied humbly and felt blood pulsating at your temples from anxiety.

He asked you few more questions. You knew the answers for all of them.

“Enough!” He interrupted you abruptly. “Write down the topic.”

He started dictating what you’ve just told him. Snape was very surprised and impressed because Desmanpath was known as the weakest and the most useless school of magic.

During the lecture he sometimes asked you questions which you could hardly answer because the topic was new for you, even though you’ve heard about the subject superficially, and did your best not to screw up. The rest just blinked their eyes. Snape grew interested in you and decided to watch you.

After the lecture Professor named the pages of the textbook which should be studied for the next class.

“Besides you, Miss Y/L/N,” his words came out loud and ominous, “you will go to the library and take the book in a special section presenting this.” He handed you a sheet of paper with the title
written on it and his signature below. “They won’t give it without professorial permission.” He said slowly and still strictly. “Study the material relating to today’s topic. Extra reading is not prohibited.” He shut his notebook, got up from the table and went into the room adjacent to the classroom.

“Like showing off you idiot?” Someone cried out in your back when everybody was leaving the class. “Brought yourself an extra task.”

“So what?” You snarled. “It will be useful to me, and you will not even retell what is written in your textbook next time!”

Snape heard this squabble and stealthily looked out from behind the door to see who he was going to interrogate with passion the next Potions Class.

The next class he began with a quiz. Snape gave you not a single glance. But to your surprise he started asking the boy who called you an idiot last time. You smirked gloatingly and rejoiced this fortunate coincidence which actually wasn’t one.

“Mr. Downer, you are a complete disappointment!” concluded Snape with disdain. “You should go back to elementary school, but even then you will continue dishonoring the name of the wizard.” He no longer honored him with attention.

During the lecture you carefully observed the sinister professor, but he didn’t pay attention to you either. You studied his long hump nose, his broad forehead with black hair hanging over it, the deep wrinkle between his frowning eyebrows, his black cold eyes, his mouth never having shown even a shadow of a smile. He had broad shoulders and big arms. In general, externally he was attractive, but this barrier of indifference and detachment did not allow to love him. He instilled fear and thrill.

He deliberately didn’t look at you, although he’s been waiting impatiently all the previous day to see you again. While you were bowing over your notebooks, he secretly watched you. Strict hairstyle, pale skin, these black lace cuffs and collar. He also had time to examine you. You reminded him of a young teacher, but not a student. You differed considerably from the rest of the students.

He denied that he liked you. He did not want to admit it to himself and drove these thoughts away and, in order to convince himself that he was indifferent to you, he spoke to you in a harsh and rude manner he did with the others. But every day you appeared in his thoughts more and more frequently.

You had Potions Classes every day as well as DADA so you met at least twice a day, except weekends. You got used to seeing him often and in the days free from studies you started missing his low deep voice.
In the next Potions Class you were quietly preparing a new elixir. You were fascinated and did not pay attention to anyone. Snape was fascinated by you. You were coping with flasks and other tools so neatly and skillfully. Strands of hair fell on your face, and you tried to remove them with your forearm, without touching your hair with soiled palms. You moved easily and naturally, while your classmates tried to grab jars and bottles clumsily, not knowing what to start with.

Suddenly Irma Bite, a girl who seemed to hate you, came up to you, looked into your cauldron with an excellent potion and, thinking that no one was watching her, poured some powder into it. You turned around and discovered that your potion was spoiled. Professor Snape won’t miss the opportunity to scoff you, as he always does with students who have distinguished themselves with ridiculous mistakes. You looked at your potion in despair, because you wanted to show your best to Professor. You knew that he respected you for your abilities, and he would consider such a potion a personal insult.

“What are you doing?!” You exclaimed, but it was too late.

“Look, our “Miss Wiseacre” has screwed up!” Irma laughed. Students looked at you and giggled. You were embarrassed and wanted to sink through the floor, because Professor Snape must have heard everything. You could make a new potion, but now it was impossible. He would see this abomination.

But Snape has not only heard everything, but he’s also seen it. He was shocked how much they’ve hunted down the poor girl that you didn’t even dare complain. His heart ached. He couldn’t go soft on this invidious injustice against you. He clenched his jaws, slowly walked over to your table and looked at your spoiled elixir.

“How disappointing, Miss Y/L/N.” He said in his soul-chilling manner, adding a little contempt to his tone. You felt like crying.

“How disappointing,” he continued, “that Miss Bite puts her nose in other people’s cauldrons whilst her potion…” he approached your offender’s table, “…looks even worse than that what came out of yours.”

You looked at him with astonishment. You were happy he knew it was not your fault and felt relieved.

Snape took a bottle with black powder from the shelf.

“You deigned to help Miss Y/L/N with this, didn’t you? Well, let me help you too.” He opened the bottle and poured all its content into Irma’s cauldron. She stood with her mouth open and could do nothing.

“What a shame, Miss Bite, you must have been mistaken the ingredient, it just messed up everything.” Snape said in invariably cold indifferent tone.

“I think you should refresh the properties of powders in combination with liquid substances.” He furiously looked at her. “All the powders.” He stressed these words. “I’ll check you tomorrow.”

Irma opened her mouth and widened her eyes, but she could not argue.
“Redo. Both.” He looked at her first, then at you.

Snape knew you’d manage to do it in the left time. He also knew that Irma won’t be able of that. He passed by and you rushed to work. Students watched you.

“You’re such a fool, Irma!” Said someone.

Irma just sobbed, “Fuck off!”

In last 20 minutes you did everything in the best possible way, your envier has failed as expected. All this time Snape kept his eyes fixed on you.

He checked the student’s potions and then came up to yours.

“Perfect. Not surprised.” He said calmly, as if you did not have to redo everything in a hurry.

Then he came up to Irma.

“Disgusting. Not surprised.” He stated in the same tone.

You lowered your head to hide a smile, but this didn’t escape professor’s attention. The corners of his lips rose slightly.
A Piece of Advice

Professor Snape was filled with respect for you at the very first Potions Class, when you were the only one who could not only answer all of his questions correctly, but even mentioned things he was just going to explain. He immediately focused his attention on your work and monitored your achievements not only on his subjects. And he wasn’t mistaken in you. To his surprise and pleasure, he discovered in you the propensity to potions. Maybe in you he even recognized himself in his student days.

Snape couldn’t help noticing that you were an outsider among the students. He’s grown to sympathize with you. Or was it a feeling of compassion?

“Damn it, what do I care about her?” He exclaimed to himself when he discovered that he was ready to tear the lousy head off someone who’d just said something nasty to you again.

You got used to pay no attention and just focused on studying.

One day at the end of the class someone pushed books off your desk and hooked you on the shoulder. Snape got furious and almost broke his quill in rage, but said nothing.

You picked up your things and were the last one to leave the classroom.

“Miss Y/L/N!” He addressed to you when you were going to say goodbye.

“Yes, Professor.” You walked over to his table.

“Today I witnessed disrespect for your person twice.” He said in a restrained monotonous voice.

You lowered your head.

“Why won’t you stand up for yourself?” His voice hard and cold.

You didn’t expect such a question.

“Responding their words only makes things worse.” You answered guiltily.

“You need just a few words to discourage them.” He looked at you intently to see you understood him.

“Use spells they don’t know, which they can’t resist.” He spoke slowly and measuredly, so that you could remember each word. “Although these dunderheads will not recall even those they need to know.”

“Vomitus. Insectuado. Terrapalus. I think these will be enough.” He said in the same firm voice.

You stared at him, unable to pull your eyes away and repeated the spells to yourself not to forget and to keep them in memory. He also didn’t not stop looking into your eyes.

You nodded, and there was everything in this gesture: understanding, determination, and willingness not to fail.

“It won’t change their attitude, but at least they’ll stop bothering you.”

“Thank you, Professor.” You uttered quietly and left the class.
After another insult you cried out “Vomitus” in one of the Hogwarts’ corridors, and one of the offenders began puking heavily on the floor.

“Insectuado!” You saw a flock of cockroaches rushing out of the mouth of your second abuser.

“Terrapalus!” Both of them slid in a puddle of bubbling green mash under their feet.

They yelled horrified. You were frightened as well and hurried to hide while everyone was distracted by the spectacle.

Running out of the crowd you came across Professor Snape. He looked at you with his impassive gaze, and you couldn’t understand whether he was angry or not. But suddenly he slowly raised his thumb up without a single emotion on his face and swiftly made his way through the crowd.

“What’s going on here?” He growled. “You two come with me!” He grabbed your offenders by their collars and dragged them along.

You looked at him as your hero and smiled sincerely probably for the first time here.
Snape's Unexpected Discovery

Professor Snape gave your class a task to calculate the most appropriate combination for a defensive potion. It was an old recipe with many variations. You’ve spent several nights in the library studying different ways of making it, and finally found the right amount of ingredients for each stage in your opinion. But in the process of studying the material you also noticed that, theoretically, basing on the properties of the ingredients, if you changed the formula in reverse order you could give additional useful properties to the potion.

You wanted to make sure your calculations were correct, but for this you had to try them in practice. And the only place where you could do this was Professor’s laboratory. You could just ask him, because he probably knew the answer, but you didn’t want to disturb him and were terribly embarrassed to do this.

You were afraid that he would kick you out or make fun of you. But curiosity and thirst for research outweighed, and you slowly went to the potions class still full of doubts. Your heart was pounding from excitement which overwhelmed your whole being. The fact that you would talk to him face to face made you nervous, you absolutely didn’t know what to say and where to start, and were ready to receive a portion of anger from Professor.

You didn’t know Snape wasn’t in the office. You stood at the door, holding the handle, but not daring to turn it. Returning, he saw you standing at the door, hesitating to open it, and something pricked his heart. While you were gathering your courage, you heard firm steady steps approaching you. You flinched and turned around. He stood before you, no single emotion on his face.

“Miss Y/L/N, did you want something?” He asked in a low chilling tone.

You stared at him with a confused frightened look, trying to find the right words not to make him angry.

As there has been no response, Professor opened the door in front of you and with a gesture of his hand invited you into the office, letting you go first. You walked past him, head in shoulders. He followed you, and the door slammed shut. Ignoring your presence, he sat down at his table and started grading the works. He looked harsh and unapproachable. But there was something attractive about it.

In fact, he was watching you with his side look. You intrigued him.

You realized that the longer you remained silent, the more embarrassing it would be to start speaking. Slowly you walked over to Professor’s desk.

He looked up at you, giving you a second chance.

“Professor …” You said softly, dropping your glance on the floor.

He was waiting.

“I …” You pulled yourself together and continued more confidently, eventually he won’t kill you. “I don’t want to waste your time with questions, so I just ask you to let me use the laboratory… I need to check one formula…”

If there stood someone else, he would have been halfway to fly out of the office, but everything was different with you.
He got interested.

“What formula?” He put his quill and notebooks aside.

“What are your questions?” Professor crossed his arms in front of him and looked at you attentively.

You could not bear his piercing gaze and lowered your head.

“This is about a defensive potion you’ve asked to study.” You began quietly.

“I remember what I’ve asked.” His voice low and cold as always.

You took a deep breath and continued. “Basing on the properties of the ingredients, I noticed that if we change the order in which they should be mixed, we can add magical power to the basic defensive quality of the potion.”

“It’s generally known that the final result depends on the order of the ingredients, Miss Y/L/N.” He said monotonously, noting to himself that no one had ever paid attention to this fact before, but you were right indeed.

“Yes, sir.” You already regretted coming here. “I found nothing about such a combination and wanted to check if it would work.” You lowered your head guiltily. “Forgive me for distracting you,” you took a step back, “this won’t happen again …”

Snape didn’t mean to offend you, and he seemed to say nothing that could push you away. He understood that you were afraid of him, and wanted to change that. Snape saw a huge potential in you and couldn’t allow you to drop his subject only because of the fear of him.

“Wait!” He left his seat and approached you. “Come with me!” He took your arm and led you to the laboratory.

He walked past the shelves, taking out the necessary flasks and jars and put everything required for your potion on the desk.

“Now tell me, which sequence should give you the desired result?” He asked calmly, and his voice seemed to soften.

You hesitantly told him. He listened attentively and nodded after each ingredient you named, as if considering and calculating what you would get in the end.

“You got to work. Snape watched you silently, helping you to hold the flask when it was necessary, handing you the bottles now and then, closing already unnecessary vessels and putting them away. He did not say a word while you were working on the potion, but his presence turned out to be supportive for you. He realized that he was pleased to be with you and work together. You did everything right, did not fuss and was attentive. The finished potion had a hideous swamp green color, and you decided that you didn’t succeed. Snape twirled the jar intently in his hands, shaking up the contents, and watched as it settled. He was shocked, he’d seen the same potion only once.

Professor left your potion on the table, came up to the closet, always locked and inaccessible to students, opened it with a spell and took out a small vial. He came back to you and, looking into your eyes, opened his hand. You rounded your eyes in amazement. He was holding a potion of the same
disgusting color as yours, with a piece of paper pasted on the glass containing your formula. You looked at him inquiringly.

“Once I’d also paid attention to this exact sequence. Nobody. Ever. Noticed. This.” He said, making pauses between words, and raised an eyebrow, as if asking what you could say in your defense. He was admired and proud of you.


“Still have questions?” He asked, and the corners of his lips lifted.

Keeping smiling you shook your head.

“Well done!” He praised you, without changing his measured tone, and, having taken you by the shoulder, led you to the exit.

“If you ever need advice, feel free to ask me…” He was waiting for your consent, looking in your eyes intently.

You nodded timidly. “Thank you, Professor.”

“Y/N… Don’t be afraid to ask me.” You heard the soft notes in his voice, but his words sounded like an order.

You willingly nodded again.

You were so grateful to him. Although outwardly he seemed cold and unapproachable, you realized that in reality he was different.

When you left, Snape returned to work, but he failed to concentrate. All his thoughts were occupied by you.
You were hated not only because of your origin, it didn’t even matter that much. The main reason was your success. Irma and Claire were furious when you got highest grades, and this happened very often. They couldn’t stand when you participated in oral questionings and examinations, because you always knew the answers. Your work has always found the praise of Professors, and casting spells succeeded you easily and naturally. Therefore, they decided to punish you in a special way.

When you headed to your Potions Class after breakfast, they attacked you from behind, put a sack over your head and hit you, so that you almost fainted, and dragged you into the closet under the stairs. You couldn’t see your offenders. One of them held you tight while the other rolled up your sleeves. You felt a wild pain in your arms. It was unbearable. You screamed, but they faded your voice with a spell. Suddenly they released you, and you heard footsteps receding.

You pulled the sack off your head and were horrified by what they did to you. Your arms were probably doused with acid, the wounds were deep, blood was oozing from them. You were sick of pain.

The first lesson was Potions, you couldn’t miss it, because you had a serious test. You stood up with an effort, returned to your dorm and did your best to bound your wounds, barely holding back your tears.

You never did anything bad to anyone. Why were they treating you like this? And who could do this? You asked yourself.

Having entered the classroom, you caught Irma’s angry glance.

Overcoming pain, you took your seat. Professor Snape gave the tasks, and you started. You couldn’t concentrate and eventually were the last to finish. You gave Professor your notebook and went to the lab to do the practical part. Snape noticed that something was wrong with you. He followed you to the lab. Students have already finished preparing their potions.

Your hands ached terribly, you felt the wounds pulsing under the bandages. You couldn’t cope with the pain. With shaking hands, you got to work. Snape was walking between the desks checking the potions, and finally he came up to your desk.

“Miss Y/L/N, are you all right?” He asked without emotion.

“Yes, Professor.” You replied, trying not looking at him.

Now he knew definitely that you were not all right. He kept watching you.

The work was done even by the most careless students, and you didn’t have even a half ready. It wasn’t like you.

Snape waited with irritation until everyone finally left the class.

When it seemed to you that Professor turned away, you put your palms on the table, trying to control yourself. Everything before your eyes went black. Of course, it didn’t escape his attention. He approached you with a serious, concerned look.

“What’s wrong with you? You feel bad?”
You shook your head negatively, without changing your position, you didn’t want to speak, your voice would give you away.

“Miss Y/L/N …” He gently took your hand.

You screamed in pain and pulled your hand away. Sweat came out at your temples.

Snape looked at you frightened. He immediately realized that you needed help. He quickly moved a chair towards you and sat you down. You bowed, almost laid on your knees, and pressed your injured hands to yourself.

He frowned. “So now you tell me what has happened.” He demanded calmly.

Tears flowed down your cheeks. You were ashamed of that humiliation you had experienced. You didn’t want him to see you like this.

He squatted in front of you and looked into your face.

“Y/N…” He whispered softly. “Don’t be afraid, I want to help you…”

You closed your eyes and cried, not able to hold tears anymore. He was afraid to touch you, didn’t want to hurt you.

“Show me your hand,” he asked quietly and carefully touched the back of your palm.

You grimaced in pain and lifted one sleeve, then another. Professor’s eyes were assailed by a dreadful sight of your forearms, wrapped to the elbow with bandages, already soaked with blood.

His eyes widened in horror. “How did this happen?” He was deeply concerned.

“I don’t know who they are…” You sobbed quietly.

He tensed and frowned his eyebrows.

“What?!” He growled. “This wasn’t an accident?!”

You were silent.

“When did it happen?” He shouted. “Why didn’t you tell anyone?”

“I was going to visit Madame Pomfrey after your class.” You pressed your hands to yourself again.

Snape stood up and rashly left the lab. You heard him slam the cabinet doors as if he was looking for something. He quickly returned with a few bottles and squatted again in front of you.

“Now we shall fix everything, and then you’ll tell me what happened, without missing a single detail.” There was so much emotion on his face: fear mixed with rage and compassion.

“Here, drink this first,” he handed you a vial, “that should dull the pain.”

Your hands were trembling, you couldn’t hold the tiny bottle. Snape helped you drink the contents, and you immediately felt relieved.

He carefully raised his hands to your bandages. “I need to look.” He warned.

You didn’t resist.
He started unwinding the bandages very carefully. You moaned, trying not to scream.

“Tshh, it’s ok… it’s ok…” he soothed you with a quiet soft voice.

When the bandages were removed, he almost broke into tears himself. The sight was horrible.

“That’s an acid-warthog mucus.” He stated.

Snape took his wand and started driving it over your wounds, uttering a spell.

“Plagas curatur,” he repeated, “Plagas curatur…”

You couldn’t believe your eyes, but your wounds began to heal and the pain has gone.

Having finished casting over one hand, he did the same with the other. There have been left terrible traces on your skin. He softly stroked your hands, touching the scars and looked up at you.

“They’ll be gone.” He promised quietly. His gaze was full of warmth and sympathy. “I’ll make an ointment that will remove them.”

You squeezed your lips. You did not expect such an attitude from the man who instilled fear in most of the students. You almost cried again from the feeling of gratitude that overwhelmed you.

“I’ve never heard of this spell, Professor.” You sobbed quietly.

“Of course you haven’t. Because it is mine.” He answered impassively.

Professor got up, took a chair and sat in front of you.

“Now tell me.” He paused. “Everything.” He was gloomy and serious again.

You told him everything he asked. You realized he was not the kind of person you needed to fear. Yes, he could be harsh and cruel, but only to those who deserved that.

Snape got furious.

“I’ll find the one who did this to you. And he will regret he was born!” Professor growled. “Even if I’ll have to give Veritaserum to every living soul at Hogwarts!”

You were sitting downtrodden and devastated. You didn’t want to make a noise of this situation, but it seemed not be avoided. Though you were very pleased that Professor Snape himself stood up for you. If this man was on your side, there was no doubt you were completely safe.

He looked at you and softened.

“If someone touches you again, you’ll immediately come to me. Understood?” It was rather an order, than a question.

You nodded.

He handed you another bottle. “Take it, this will help you calm down.”

You took the vial, your hands were not shaking anymore, so that you could hold it.

After drinking the potion, you really felt better and didn’t feel like crying.

“Thank you, Professor,” you were so grateful.
“Do you have something more to tell me?” He asked softly.

You shook your head and smiled.

“Visit me in the evening, I’ll give you the ointment.” Pause. “Will you?”

You nodded affirmatively.

“What’s on your schedule now?”

“Transfiguration.”

“No need to attend. I’ll talk to McGonagall, you can stay here for now.”

“Thanks, but I’d better go, really.”

He shook his head displeased. “As you wish… In the evening you are here.” He reminded you again.

“Thank you so much, sir.” You left the office, and there was not a drop of bitterness in your soul after the morning incident.

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When you entered the Transfiguration class, you caught Irma and Claire angry glances again. Did they do it? You felt very insecure.

McGonagall was late for 20 minutes. When the door opened, Snape entered the class and McGonagall followed him. When you saw him, your heart skipped a beat.

Snape started first. He sounded harsh and bleak.

“Something unacceptable happened today in the corridors of Hogwarts. Something monstrous both from humanistic and professional point of view. Something defaming the name of the school, putting an end to its reputation.”

The whispering circulated the class.

“Silence!” Stretched Snape.

“One of the students was attacked brutally and painfully.” He spoke slowly so that the students could catch every word.

“No one has the right to apply such methods. Moreover, I’m fairly certain that the victim did not give the slightest reason for such treatment. I also have every confidence that the causer is present in this room.” He slowly examined all the faces with his piercing look.

You hid your head in the shoulders. Snape was scary. He really struck horror. But you were happy that this particular man has taken your side, and would do even the impossible in order to protect you.

Everyone felt the same. Irma and Claire didn’t expect you to complain to him, and were very scared. If Snape decided to find the culprits, he would.

“So, if anyone has any knowledge about this incident, he can declare himself. Everyone implicated in this vile,.. sneaky,.. despicable… act of violence will be punished severely.” He spoke slowly,
with his head held high, and his cold, impassive glare, which made him look intimidating.

There was silence in the class. Students exchanged glances in agitation. Only Irma and Claire lowered their heads and hid their eyes.

“I fully support Professor Snape.” McGonagall joined in, her heart broken from what she’s heard from him before the class. She gave you a look full of sympathy and concern. “Such actions cannot be ignored or go unpunished. And the punishment should be severe.”

Nobody dared to move.

“Well.” Said Snape in a chilling voice. “If no one’s willing to facilitate, I’ll be forced to have a little talk to each of you.” One could notice a furious glint in his eyes.

Everyone knew that talking to Professor Snape meant interrogation with extreme prejudice.

“I shall start with Miss Bite.” If Snape could kill with a look, she would already be dead.

Irma startled and froze in horror.

“Miss Dastard, you’ll be the next.” Announced Professor.

Claire turned pale and trembled.

“Mr. Filch will make sure both of you are in my office after classes.” Said Snape with hatred and disdain, and left.

All day two causers of your unbearable life kept together and desperately thought how to avoid punishment.

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After classes you headed to visit Professor Snape. You were really embarrassed, but you couldn’t neglect his concern. As you reached the potions class, you heard Snape shout from behind the door.

“Minerva, it’s all about jealousy! These two crappy bitches have poured acid on her hands, because she’s smarter! And more attractive! What if they poured it on her face!? We cannot let them stay at Hogwarts. They are dangerous!” He yelled and growled. He was furious that Professor McGonagall wanted to give your offenders a second chance. “I insist they are kicked out today! Why can’t you see, they won’t leave her alone! After punishment, they’ll hate her even more!”

“I agree, their actions are tantamount to crime,” lamented McGonagall, “but, Severus, we all make mistakes…”

“Mistakes?!” He was indignant. “It was done on purpose! Planned, damn it! They’ve stolen that bloody mucus from Hagrid! There’ve already committed two crimes! No, you won’t convince me! They don’t belong here.”

“Severus, let’s wait till the first warning, and if they miss their chance, we’ll expel them. We shall forbid them to approach and touch Miss Y/L/N by now.”

The argument seemed to stop and voices faded. After few long minutes, you heard the sound of footsteps approaching the door. You ran over the column not to be noticed.

McGonagall left Snape’s office and headed for the stairs. You decided to wait a bit not to arouse suspicion. After some time, you came to the door again and did not dare to enter. Gathering your
courage, you knocked timidly.

“Enter!” You heard Snape’s harsh voice and went inside carefully.

Professor was standing at one of the desks. When you showed up, he immediately approached you and asked how you were feeling. You assured him that everything was fine. He sat you on a chair, then went into the lab and in a few moments he came out with a medium-sized jar. He put it on the table next to you and stretched out his hand.

“Well will you allow?” He carefully rolled up your sleeve, looked at the scars and frowned bitterly. He scooped up a pleasant-smelling mixture from the jar and started rubbing it into your skin with neat, gentle movements. His touch was a pleasure to you, he did it with such care. Having finished with both hands, he told how to use the ointment, and how many times a day.

“How did you understand they did it?”

“I’m not blind.” He was upset.

“I am so sorry for causing such a conflict.” You felt guilty.

“You? Causing a conflict?” Snape asked angrily. “No, this is definitely not you! This is due to the lack of brains in two stupid, useless, worthless heads!” His black eyes flashed with rage.

You smiled sadly and stood up from the chair to leave and not distract Professor anymore.

“Forgive me for giving you so much trouble.” You said guiltily.

He firmly grabbed you by the shoulders and looked intently into your eyes. You were even scared for a moment.

“Stop it! Can you hear me? Just stop it! They’ve hunted you down so badly that you already consider yourself a nothing! You. Are. Not. They all are not even a half of you! Don’t you see, you’re so far ahead, that they will never be able to reach you!” He realized he might’ve been too harsh, and loosened his grip.

“You’re making everything right.” He said quietly, stroked your shoulders in the places where he squeezed them, and let you go.

His words made you feel so warm, and tears welled up again. His support meant so much to you.

“Thank you, thank you so much, Professor!” You sobbed gratefully.

You carefully took a jar of ointment, prepared for you by him, and went to your dorm.

In the evening McGonagall and a few other students gave you a visit of support.

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All the next week, Professor Snape asked you to stay after classes to see how your scars progressed. Every time he looked at your hands, his heart sank at the thought, what you had to go through. He wanted to protect you from all the horrors of the world. You enjoyed his care and attention, and you really appreciated it.

On the sixth day there was no trace of the wounds left. Snape was pleased with the result.

“See,” he smiled slightly, holding your hands, “they’re all gone, as I promised.”
You couldn’t believe it was really so.

He frowned at his powerlessness. “How I wish I could heal the spiritual wounds these beasts inflicted on you…”

You were touched by his words. “Thanks to you, there’s nothing left to remind me of them, and I will soon forget about it forever.”
You’ve always felt lonely. In the Muggle world you were hated for your magical abilities, and in the Wizarding world you were despised for your origin. You were a stranger everywhere. Here at Hogwarts you had a couple of people you could chat with, but you had nothing in common. A few more students pretended to be friends with you because of the opportunity to write off.

You were one step above all of them. You’ve achieved everything by yourself, through hard and persistent work. Professors have noted this.

You were envied by many. They probably believed that everything was easy for you. Stupid. And cruel. Their constant mocking unsettled you. You could endure it for quite a long time, but sometimes all this needed to be given a way out. And the last case with Irma has morally knocked you down.

You found a place in the castle no man has entered for a long time. It was an abandoned tower. Sometimes you came here to be alone. You were always alone in fact, but here you could cry unnoticed. And now you were sitting on the steps and sobbing. You were so tired of constant pressure. And there was no one to help or support you.

You waited your tears to dry, as suddenly you heard footsteps. The door opened and Professor Snape entered it. He also visited this tower sometimes. Today he wanted to sort himself out, to understand why you’ve always appeared in his thoughts and more and more often started appearing in his heart.

He didn’t expect to meet someone here and was surprised to see you. He noticed your swollen eyes and looked at you with concern. You lowered your head to hide your face and wanted to leave.

“I’m sorry, Professor.” You said softly and walked past him to the exit.

“Wait!” He stepped between you and the door, blocking your path.

You didn’t look at him.

“What happened? Has anyone offended you?” He frowned.

“Nothing, Professor.” You sighed. “No a big deal.”

You dared to look at him. He was gloomy, serious and peered carefully at your face. He was really concerned, there was no usual indifference in his appearance. He understood why you were crying here alone, but couldn’t find a right word to say.

“Honestly, Professor, it’s all right.” You said quietly and tried to crack a smile. Then you looked down again and squeezed past him to the exit. You were ashamed that he saw you like this.

Snape felt uncomfortable that he let you go in such condition. He scolded himself that he couldn’t stop you… and comfort you.

He rushed after you and caught up when you almost went downstairs. He blocked your way again, and again didn’t know what to say.

“Come with me.” He almost ordered, took you by the hand and led you into his backroom in class. He held you tight, but controlled his grip not to hurt you. Without saying a word, he sat you in the
armchair and set a kettle to brew. Silently he put a cup in front of you and sat down on the edge of the sofa across the table, leaning forward, closer to you. You watched him in expectancy.

He started speaking. Quiet, not in his usual manner.

“I won’t question you.” He said softly. “I see everything as it is… Just listen to me… You’re different, you know that. And it’s not about the origin. It’s difficult to be different. It is both a gift and a curse. You have to drop everything and go towards your goal. This crowd of idiots will not break you.” He looked at you intently again, so that these words could stuck in your mind. “Promise you won’t let them do it.”

You looked at him gratefully. Your lips quivered, you nodded silently, because if you tried to say a word, you would have burst into tears again.

“Drink,” he gently pushed a cup to you, “calm down. I won’t disturb you. You may stay here as long as you want.” He got up and left the room.

You didn’t want him to go. You wanted him to hug you, so that you could cry your grief out on his shoulder.

You got the cup and took a couple of sips. The tea was fragrant, with apple and melissa. You never tasted anything like that. It flavored so delicious that you were ready to completely sink your nose into it. You smiled.

“He cares.” You thought, and the warmth spread inside of you.

Someone entered the class. You heard him asking Professor, and Professor answering and explaining something. You finished your tea and were waiting till everyone left the classroom. It was so cozy sitting in a soft armchair, and the dim light, illuminating lots of bookshelves, created a pacifying atmosphere. You didn’t notice how you fell asleep.

You didn’t come out for a long time, and Snape decided to check on you. He peeked into the gap of the door ajar, because he promised not to disturb you. You were sleeping. He quietly walked in and pulled a blanket out of the closet. Afraid of awaking you, he gently covered you with it.

He sat down opposite on the sofa and looked at you. He gave up. He finally admitted that he was attached to you, that you became dear to him and close to his heart. He would sacrifice everything, if only you came to this room and slept here every day while he was working. Your presence calmed him, giving him some kind of a new feeling, he hadn’t experienced for a long time. He admired you, and seemed to never have enough of it. He took a book and tried to read, but words didn’t come into his head.

He sat there, examining you, and trying to concentrate on the book, until he fell asleep himself. When you woke up, it was late. You were surprised to find yourself, carefully wrapped in a blanket, and to see Professor sleeping in front of you. His expression was calm and peaceful in the dream. You looked at him with a smile. You realized that, despite of the infinite distance between you, he was your only closest person at all Hogwarts.

Though you didn’t share a word about your feelings, though he left you here, having said only a couple of phrases, but this was enough to feel that you were not alone anymore, that there was someone who cared and was ready to help. Even in his own special way, but the more precious it was.

You really felt like thanking him, but didn’t want to wake him up. He looked so peaceful now, and
seemed to feel good. You carefully took the book out of his hands, picked up the blanket and covered Professor, tucking him in.

You were so grateful to him. You wanted to stay so much. If only you could sit next to him and continue sleeping on his shoulder. But you understood that it was impossible, that both of you would feel very uncomfortable in the morning. Therefore, fighting with yourself, you nevertheless went out to the class. It was dark and cool here.

“No, I have to thank him somehow, I can’t just leave!” You walked over to his desk, found a sheet of paper and wrote a few words on it.

You returned to Professor’s backroom and put the note on the table next to him. Now you had to go. You took another look at Snape, smiled and left.

Woken up in the morning, Snape was surprised not less than you, when he found himself wrapped in a blanket. No doubt, you did it. A wave of warmth spread in his chest. He looked around and didn’t find you. How he wished you were here. He noticed his book on the table, a washed cup, and what was that? He took a piece of paper.

“Thank you, Professor! You are the best person I’ve ever known. And the most human.” Was written on it. You would never dare to say it personally.

His heart sank with overwhelming feeling of affection and fondness for you. He hadn’t heard a kind word for a long time and was deeply touched. But he had no illusions that you would ever accept him. And this thought made his heart ache with longing.

You didn’t know how to behave. You felt awkward to meet Professor the next day. You greeted him before the lesson, trying to pretend as if nothing happened, and he, having greeted you with a barely perceptible smile, kept himself detached, as always.

Nothing indicated yesterday’s incident, you just caught his gaze each time you looked at him, and timidly hid your eyes.
You’ve been good at potions. Studying this subject didn’t cause you any difficulties, on the contrary, it seemed to be interesting and exciting. Snape noted this immediately, at the very first practical class. During the year he enjoyed watching your work. Snape’s classes didn’t inspire horror and panic in you, unlike other students. You’ve already got used to his temper.

Although you had difficulties in dealing with your peers, you never hesitated to engage in dialogue with Professors. Fellow students hated you for that. But what did it matter, they still won’t love you, even if you sat silently.

At first, you answered only when being asked, later you started raising your hand, and by the end of the year, you even dared to ask questions to clarify something. To your surprise, Snape never scolded you, but you were still afraid to catch his wrath. For Snape you’ve been a savior: when the entire class failed to answer, he knew that you wouldn’t let him down.

The last few months before summer holidays, he made a habit of asking you to assist him in practical classes. It was an honor for you, and you gladly participated. You noticed that you talked a lot during classes, sometimes your questions led you to a completely different direction. You started discussing one topic and eventually went far from the subject, but never beyond the scope of the lesson. Snape couldn’t help admiring you every day, he was confident in your abilities, and wanted to help you develop them.

You started thinking about him more often in your free time. He was always on your mind. You were looking forward to potions classes, because you knew that you could not only see your Professor, who’s been occupying your thoughts for several months, but also interact with him while making potions. You were happy that he distinguished you from the others, and really hoped that you could talk outside the classes someday. You found him attractive and virile. Only his coldness and detachment seemed to be an insurmountable barrier for you.

On the last day of studying, you had an oral quiz as usual. Everyone knew that your “question-answer” game would begin soon. But this time Snape didn’t pay attention to you. He tortured all the students, but completely ignored your willingness to respond. You just sat with your hand raised up, not even lowering it in between the questions, with your hopeless gaze on the floor. Snape found it cute.

He walked between the desks. Passing you by, he gently lowered your hand, and put his palm on its top for a moment, letting you know that today it was useless. You stared at him with a surprised look, he smiled faintly at you and nodded approvingly, complimenting you. You were glad to get a little attention from him, and remembered his warm touch with flutter.
I Don't Wanna Say Goodbye

You were standing on the balcony by the massive column and looking down at the students gathering by the carts. Today you were leaving Hogwarts for two and a half months of summer holidays. You didn’t want that, you knew you won’t be welcomed in the place you had to go.

A pair of late students were running along the corridor.

“Goodbye, Professor!” Shouted one of them.

“Goodbye.” A man answered indifferently, in a very familiar voice. Your heart skipped a beat. It was Professor Snape, you couldn’t help recognizing his voice, it was impossible. You pressed yourself into the column, trying to become invisible. You wanted to say him goodbye, but felt very unsure. He still scared you as much as he attracted you.

Snape noticed you and felt unbearably dreary at the thought that he won’t be able to see you all this time. He quietly came up to you from the back, you froze and were afraid to turn your head.

“Miss Y/L/N, why aren’t you coming down?” He asked in his leisurely manner.

You looked at him timidly and lowered your head. Now you should better rush down, because his question was rather an impulse for action.

“I …” You didn’t know what to say.

“Look at this view…” You said quietly.

He bowed slowly, resting his elbows on the railing and looked far into the distance.

“The nature is really beautiful here. Any time of the year.” He agreed in a soft voice.

You glanced at his profile, and couldn’t believe he was standing beside and just talking to you.

“Most of all I love winter,” you said, “when it snows, no matter what happens to you, there’s always a tiny place for joy in one’s heart.”

“I love winter as well.” Replied Snape, continuing to admire the view, and you caught a faint smile on his lips with amusement.

“You’ve even got a winter temper…” You looked at him with a shy smile.

“Yes,” he straightened to his full height, broke into a wide smile and laughed loudly, “that’s for sure!”

You couldn’t take your eyes off him and laughed with him. He never allowed himself to show emotions to the students, but now you could hear his laughter and see the glint in his black eyes.

When you stopped laughing, Snape looked at you, still smiling, and you felt warmth in his glance. You realized he wasn’t bad. He probably was just very lonely and unhappy. Now you were terribly ashamed that you’ve been afraid of him all the year, and you literally felt physical pain from the thought you had to leave.

This man was the only one who would support you. You remembered how he helped you, gave you advises, how he punished your offenders. All the year he secretly defended you, and you will always
be grateful to him for that. You caught his kind, but sad look, a look that he hasn’t given to anyone for many years, and it took your breath away. You continued staring at him, but you were no longer smiling. Your eyes were filled with tears, it was too hard to hold them. You blinked and they flew down your cheeks.

“I don’t want to go, Professor. Those people who give me a room, they hate me, despise me. Like everyone here…”

“Come on…” Snape said softly. He raised his hands to your face and gently wiped your tears, he leaned your head to his chest and hugged you tight, touching your hair with his cheek. You hugged him back and didn’t want him to let you go.

“Don’t cry,” he whispered, “you’re my best student.”

“Really?” You sobbed, still clinging to him.

He took you by the shoulders and pulled away a little

“Do I look like a man who just gives out compliments?” This warm look and kind smile again.

You gave him a grateful glance and negatively shook your head.

“The difficulties we face, make us stronger when we overcome them. Don’t let anyone break you. I know you’re strong. You can handle it.” He looked intently into your eyes.

“Why can’t I stay?” You sobbed.

“These are the rules, you know that.” He became serious again.

“Take my hand.” He ordered, stretching his forearm.

You knew that he was going to take you downstairs. You obeyed. And in an instant you found yourself on the first floor, in the shadow of the same massive column as upstairs. No one saw you.

“Run,” said Snape, “they’ll be going now.”

You turned your head to see the cart, ready to take off, but suddenly you stopped abruptly, turning towards Professor. Now he looked severe and passionless, as usual. But you knew he wouldn’t mind a tiny sentiment. You threw yourself at his neck, hugging him tightly.

“Thank you, Professor…” You whispered barely audible.

He gently ran his hands over your back and slightly smiled you goodbye.

“Goodbye, sir.” You moved back a little. He nodded approvingly.

Now it was time to hurry, you ran up to the cart, jumped into it and turned around to look at your Professor for the last time. He stood on the same place, serious and strict. You kept your eyes fixed on each other until the cart turned the corner.

“Thank you…” Snape whispered into the void.
Meeting After the Holidays

Two weeks before the classes, you were already sitting on your bags. You couldn’t wait to get back to Hogwarts. All the summer you’ve been studying plants, properties of substances, preparation of powders and liquids. You tried to figure out what you liked more: subject or Professor, and decided that both your interests complemented each other perfectly. But, hell, you had to admit that gloomy Professor tipped the scales heavily. You wanted to prove yourself, to do your best not to disappoint him.

On the way to Hogwarts your heart was pounding with impatience. Today you were going to see him. When you finally arrived, you settled in your dorm, dressed up and headed to the Great Hall for the Start-of-Term Feast. You looked for Snape in the crowd. He was nowhere to be found, and you got worried. Among all the living souls in this castle, he was the only one who gave you the drive and motivation to move on.

Only when the official part was to start, Snape appeared in the Hall accompanied by Director and took his seat at the table. You felt relieved and excited to see him. You saw nothing, but a tall black figure.

During the ceremony, Snape also inspected the crowd searching for you. He found you pretty quickly and also didn’t take his eyes off you. But, since you were far from each other, it wasn’t noticeable, and he could admire you as long as he desired. You were so beautiful, he thought. He couldn’t understand why your peers didn’t like you so much. He wanted you to feel comfortable here, and he would do everything for this.

After the official part, students were floating around. You were not going to stay here, because there was nobody to even talk to. You rushed to the exit to finally find yourself in your bed and fall asleep, bringing next day closer.

Snape watched you, and when he realized you were leaving, he swiftly took off and tried to catch up with you imperceptibly, so that it looked as if he accidentally saw you.

And there he stood before you. You forgot how to breathe. If it was someone else, you would just politely greet him and move on, but you stopped dead and couldn’t move. He approached you and bowed slightly. This drew the attention of students, standing nearby.

“Miss Y/L/N.” He smiled, slightly raising the corners of his lips.

You smiled back and your eyes were shining, he noticed that.

“How was your summer?” He asked in an official tone. He knew they were looking at you. As the most dreadful and formidable Professor, he’s always received more attention than other stuff. This pissed him off.

“Glad to see you, Professor! Thank you, it was better than I expected.”

“The family in which you lived, didn’t cause difficulties, did it?” He asked, lowering his voice so that your conversation would not become public.

“Surprisingly, sir. It wasn’t like them.”

“That’s good.” The corners of his lips lifted again, and there seemed to be a glimpse of complicity in his glance.
“Professor... did you do this?” You remembered complaining to him about your family before leaving.

He raised an eyebrow in astonishment. “Did what? I don’t understand what you are talking about.” His face expressed no emotions.

“I wish you a good and productive year, Miss.” He bowed a little again and passed on.

You turned around, holding him with a grateful look, and returned to your dorm with a great mood.
After the first potions class.

“Miss Y/L/N, linger for a few minutes.” Asked Snape, without distracting from the papers.

The students remaining in the class turned their curious eyes on you. You walked up to his table.

He looked at you attentively.

“Miss Y/L/N, I have a request for you, which you’re entitled to reject if you won’t like it.”

“Reject? Are you out of your mind, Professor? I’m ready to do anything for you!” You thought. And said, “I’ll do my best, sir.”

He was glad about your willingness and smiled slightly.

“Take your time before making promises, without having listened till the end.”

After a pause, he continued.

“As you’re showing excellent results in my subject, in both, I should note, I’d be glad if you helped me in the laboratory.” He said slowly. “Therefore I want to offer you to do some work related to preparing for practical classes, after dinner. You don’t have to come every day, but if you have at least an hour…”

“It will be an honor for me, Professor.” You said quietly, not letting him finish again. You couldn’t even dream of being trusted that much.

“You didn’t hear me out again, Miss.” He said, suppressing a smile, trying to look as strict as possible.

“Sorry, sir.” You looked embarrassed and lowered your head.

“This year you’ll have several new subjects, so you’ll face additional pressure, I suppose. You should understand this. Anyway, if you find it difficult, you can drop it any time.” He looked at you, waiting for an answer.

You nodded affirmatively. “I’m ready, Professor, I’ll be happy to help you.”

His gaze softened, the tension inside was gone, and he let out a sigh of relief.

“Good, I’ll be waiting for you after dinner.” Not paying attention to several students who were following your conversation in such an insolent manner, he gave you a kind smile, risking his gloomy reputation.

“I’m not saying goodbye then.” You smiled back and returned to your desk to collect the books.

Coming out of the class, one of the curious pushed you in the back. “Bloody upstart!”

“Fuck off!” You snapped quietly but firmly and left.

Snape saw it and promised himself to avenge his only sunshine in life in the next class.
You came after dinner. You were terribly worried and afraid of disappointing Snape.

He was busy with something in the supply room. You knocked softly on the open door and looked inside. Professor took out jars with herbs and liquids from the shelves.

“Miss Y/L/N, thank you for coming.” He greeted you politely.

In fact, he wanted to teach you more than he could in classes. He saw great potential in you.

“Tomorrow my 7th year will do the test work on upgrading the potions with stronger qualities. I need to make Immortelle extract, and pour it into 30 flasks. The difficulty lies in the fact that each extract must be done separately, because the active substance explodes in large quantities.”

You listened carefully and watched Professor.

He continued calmly, “I’ve already prepared two cauldrons, we’ll make it together to finish faster.”

You were scared because you had no idea how to make this extract.

Snape put all the cans and bottles on the table and looked at you.

“Come here.” He invited you to come closer.

You swallowed nervously and approached him, leaving your bag on a chair at the exit.

He noticed your dismay and smiled condescendingly.

“Don’t worry, I’ll show you everything.” His voice soft and kind. “Look, first we take ….”

He told you the whole process, but as your notebooks remained in your bag, you were desperately trying to remember everything he said.

Having finished with explanation, he started making a potion, commenting on his actions. You watched him attentively.

“You know what it is?” He showed you the rootlet.

You answered.

“Do you know how it affects the extracts?” He asked calmly.

You answered again.

“Do you even know that it is being studied in the 6th year?” He asked with reproach, but being actually very proud of you.

“No,” you replied apologetically.

“Tell me, is there something you don’t know?” He smiled again.

“Oh, definitely, Professor! I was just lucky this time.” You smiled shyly.

“Do not be afraid to ask questions,” he looked intently into your eyes, “I called you, being aware of that you’re not an omniscient. Here we’re going to do things, which you haven’t studied yet, so feel free to ask if something is unclear.” His voice sounded soft and patronizing. You enjoyed being here.

“Come closer, let’s do it together.”
And you started conjuring over your cauldron. You did everything by yourself, Snape only corrected you now and then. He was completely different now. Not so strict, not so cold. You often caught his subtle smile and warm glance.

“Shall we do one more together?” He asked carefully.

“I guess I understood everything, but yes, let’s do it together.” You were still very unsure.

He looked over your shoulder, you did everything perfectly.

“Good, Miss Y/L/N. Now I can leave you.” He walked up to his cauldron and started working on his potion.

Snape patiently explained you everything, and it was not at all like a lesson. You really liked it.

You didn’t notice the time and made all the extracts for an hour and a half.

When Professor looked at the clock, he apologized for delaying you longer than he expected. You thanked him, assuring that this time passed with pleasure.

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At first, you were very afraid and worried, you felt constrained and embarrassed to ask questions.

But over time, you got used and easily managed in the lab.

Snape could leave you alone with the cauldrons, while he was busy, grading papers. He liked watching you, liked the way you moved, the way you rested. Waiting for a potion to be ready, you often started doing tasks in other subjects right in the lab, while Professor was working at the table.

He really enjoyed your presence, enjoyed you quietly fussing around. Just knowing that you were somewhere nearby, filled his soul with warmth and a sense of comfort.

Afternoon practice became your favorite pastime throughout the day. You liked working with Professor, liked talking to him, just being with him in the same room was already enjoyable. You realized that Professor who instilled fear in everyone, and Professor you helped, were different people. You got attached to him even more.

You were no longer ashamed to ask, frequently one of your questions pulled along a whole chain of new ones, and you discussed a lot of interesting things, but never went beyond the professional sphere. He really taught you so much here.

Soon you felt at home in Professor’s lab, you knew where to find necessary things and how everything worked. Later, Snape started asking you about your day, but you didn’t want to talk about the bad, and the good happened rarely. The best you had was the time spent here.
Once, passing by the library, Professor Snape noticed a dim light and walked in to check if someone had forgotten to turn off the lamps. He carefully came up to the bookshelf and saw you sitting at the table and writing something very intently. You had several open books next to you and a small cage with a rat.

Snape froze, he didn’t expect to see you here so late. He watched you quietly, not to disturb.

“Avada Kedavra!” You said, and directed your wand on the rat.

Snape was shocked.

You started reading a spell. After that you waved your wand again. The rat just jerked its paws and fell dead.

“Damn, what am I doing wrong?” You exclaimed.

“Miss Y/L/N! I also wonder what you are doing here?” A deep, stern voice pulled you out of your thoughts. You flinched.

“Professor…” You muttered.

“Am I right to assert, that you are using unforgivable spells?” He said quietly but still strict.

“I … yes …” You admitted guiltily. “I’m sure that any spell can be counteracted. If we don’t use unforgivable spells, it doesn’t mean that the enemy won’t be able to use them against us.”

Snape was in full agreement with your words and didn’t hide it.

“You’re absolutely right, Miss Y/L/N. It’s foolish to believe that no one dares to use them just because they are forbidden.” He stood right above you. You felt embarrassed.

“You won’t mind if I sit next to you?” He asked softer.

“Of course!” You moved a little on the bench. He sat down very close.

“And how are you going to resurrect this unfortunate animal?” There was unfeigned interest in his voice.

“I’m working on a spell that should bring it back to life. I believe that all the nuances and details should be taken into account to the return the dead body, such as tissue regeneration, resumption of chemical processes, and most importantly preservation of self-awareness.” You looked into your notebook.

Snape agreed with your arguments.

“This is your spell? May I have a look?” He asked calmly. You hesitantly handed him your notebook.

He carefully looked through your notes.

“How long have you been working on it?” He was amazed by your research. He was amazed by you.
“About six or seven months. I tested this spell on rats which died a natural death, they all returned in 100% of cases. With Avada Kedavra, it’s still not working well. But there seems to be a progress…” You enthusiastically told about your work. “Some rats take a few breaths, some fight in convulsions, but this is also a result?” You looked at Professor, hoping to hear his opinion.

He was very impressed by your experiment.

“Surely, it’s already worth the Ministerial Award! Have you tried to swap phrases or add new ones?”

“Many times, Professor. This combination so far turned out to be the most effective.” You hoped that he would advise something.

“Interesting…” He said thoughtfully. “May I correct something?” He spoke to you as an equal.

“You’re asking?” You smiled at him.

He softly smiled back and took the quill.

You watched him. He carefully read your notes, then made a few marks on a clean sheet not to spoil your work. He pulled out his wand and casted a spell. The rat opened its eyes and took a few sighs before leaving this world again.

“Unbeleivable!” Snape whispered to himself.

“You know, in fact, Avada Kedavra is an ancient spell, originating from the ancient Aramaic. Maybe if you translate your spell, it’ll work?”

“I didn’t even think of it.” You replied bashfully.

“I’ll be right back…” He left you and returned a few minutes later with a couple of old books. He sat down next to you and started translating. You carefully watched him. He looked very serious, his hair fell on his eyes every time he leaned over the notes, but it didn’t seem to bother him.

You put your head on the books and looked into his focused face until fatigue overcame you, and you fell asleep right on them. Snape was translating slowly because he wasn’t competent in this ancient language, and had difficulties with cases and endings. He had to consult the books all the time.

He noticed that you were sleeping and smiled. He was so proud of you. He gently patted you on your back.

“Miss Y/L/N, it’s time go to bed, it’s very late.” He said softly.

You opened your eyes at his touch and his voice, but you didn’t really wake up.

“No, I’m not going anywhere, I wanna stay with you!” You replied in a dream, raised your head from the books, leaned to Professor and continued sleeping on his shoulder.

At first he was surprised by your courage, but immediately realized that you were still sleeping. He enjoyed having you so close, and decided not to wake you. He embraced you so that you could feel more comfortable. He tried to concentrate on the spell but the warmth of your body and your calm breath on his neck just didn’t let him think of anything else. He carefully rested his head on yours and inhaled your sweet smell unless he fell asleep himself.

In a dream, you wrapped your arm around his neck and sniffed in his collar. Your movements
awaked Snape. He hadn’t woken up next to someone for a long time, and this pleasant feeling of your closeness overwhelmed him. He pulled you tight to himself and kissed your head. He could sit like this till the morning.

After a while you slid your hand on his chest, buried your nose into his robes and opened your eyes. Snape looked at you with a gentle smile. When you realized what was happening, you started up.

"Forgive me, Professor!" Your cheeks flushed. "I…"

"It’s all right." He said tenderly. "You fell asleep right at the table. When I tried to wake you, you didn’t let me get up and continued sleeping in my arms." He smiled broadly, still not completely releasing you from his embrace.

"Forgive me, sir! It’s so embarrassing.” You apologized guiltily.

"I allow you to do that.” He smirked kindly. "Well, shall we go?"

You nodded, you were terribly ashamed. He offered you his hand and helped you get up.

"Will you let me take it for a while?” He picked up your notebook. “I’ll return it tomorrow in class.”

"Of course, Professor.”

He took the books he needed and put your notebook on top.

"You’re not going to continue translating right now, are you, sir?” You asked surprised.

"Actually, I am.” He answered earnestly.

"Don’t, Professor! Better go to bed too. You may have it as long as you want.”

He enjoyed your caring tone so much. “Come on, I’ll walk you to your dorm…”

Lying in your bed, you recalled his embrace with a mixed feeling of happiness and desire to experience it again.
After the class, you picked up your notebooks and looked at Snape. He saw the question in your eyes and with an imperceptible gesture asked you to stay. You nodded and continued putting your things in the bag very slowly, waiting for everyone to come out.

You approached Professor. He was kind and gentle, as always, when you were alone.

He took your notebook from the drawer of his table.

“I checked it several times to prevent mistakes.” He handed it to you.

“This ancient Aramaic almost killed me!” He complained displeased.

“Thank you, without you…” You didn’t know how to express your gratitude.

“Take your time before thanking me, you haven’t checked whether it will work or not.” He smiled. “I didn’t dare to do it, because it’s your research, and you must try it yourself.”

“Professor … I’d like us to do it together.” You asked timidly. “You also participated in this …”

He didn’t expect such a request from you and was deeply touched. He took you by the shoulders and looked into your eyes.

“It will be an honor for me.” He said quietly.

You agreed to do it after classes and were looking forward to this moment the rest of the day.

***

When you killed the rat with Avada Kedavra and casted a translated spell, nothing happened. You gave Snape a sad disappointed glance, he was also dissatisfied with the result. But suddenly the rat started breathing weakly, opened its eyes, as if it has just woken up, raised on its paws and continued rummaging through sawdust, as it did before you killed her. You looked at the rat in amazement, then at Professor. He was also amazed with what he saw.

“This is incredible!” He said to himself not believing his eyes.

You watched a rat for a few minutes, but suddenly it froze, closed its eyes and fell on the side.

“She died?” You examined the animal.

“Hmm … It seems so.” Snape frowned.

“I’ve never managed to revive it for such a long time.” You admitted.

“I’ll think what else can be done.” Promised Snape. “Anyway, this is an incredible breakthrough! Revolution in the Wizarding world!”

“I was planning to take this research for my final thesis. I still have a couple of years to improve this.” You smiled.

“If you need help, or advice, or whatever, you know where to go?” He asked seriously.
“I know.” You looked straight into his black eyes. “Thank you for your support, Professor … Thank you for everything…” His kindness made you emotional.

“I believe in you.” He cheered you up with a faint smile. “Don’t be upset. Shall we try something else?” His voice so soft and caring. “Come on.”

He led you to his table, sat you in his chair and pulled another one for himself. You were sitting very close and discussing how to improve your spell. Snape brought the books that he took yesterday in the library, and you tried to write the new combinations right away.

You felt so comfortable with him.

You leaned on the table, almost laid on it, and carefully studied a book, while in the meantime Professor looked through another one, making notes. You drew his attention, showing something in your book, then you looked at each other and started laughing. Sometimes you studied Professor’s notes, looking over his shoulder, almost touching it with your cheek, pointing with your finger at his lines and asking something. He willingly answered, and then you got back to work again.

You looked like two close friends who felt good in each other’s company.

This was the picture Irma, who hated you more than anyone else, saw at the slightly open door of the potions room.
My Dear Dunderhead

You were walking along the empty corridor of the first floor. Snape noticed you and wanted to come up to ask you to stay longer today, because he was planning a serious work with substances for tomorrow, and had a lot to prepare. But suddenly a cute little boy from the first year ran up to you.

“Hi,” he said, “what’s your name?”

“Hello,” you greeted him with surprise, “I’m Y/N.”

“Are you Professor?” The boy asked.

You laughed. “No, I’m a student.”

“You’re beautiful.” He said ingenuously.

You smiled broadly, none of the other students had ever approached you with good intentions.

“That’s very sweet of you to say that, thank you.”

Snape silently walked behind the column, not to be noticed. He couldn’t help smiling, he was pleased to see you laughing. He’s never seen you chatting with someone in an informal setting.

“Will you marry me?” The boy asked naively. His simplicity made you laugh again.

“When you grow up to marry me, I’ll be old and ugly.”

Snape was touched by this scene.

“Do you like someone?” The boy asked.

You smiled. “Maybe.”

Snape tensed.

“And does he like you?” Little detective didn’t give up.

You smiled sadly. “I don’t think he would ever like me that much as you.” You gently flicked the boy on his nose.

“Do you like it here?” You tried to change the topic.

“Yes! But I really don’t like Professor Snape.”

Hearing his name, your heart started beating faster. You squatted in front of the boy, so that he wouldn’t have to lift his head while looking at you.

“Really? And why don’t you like him?”

“He is angry.”

“No,” you smiled, “he’s not.”

Snape was listening to you carefully, he looked serious.
“He’s just demanding of his students. He’s strict but fair. He will never offend a student who knows his subject well. You just need to take responsibility for study, diligently do your tasks, conscientiously learn new topics. You are very lucky that he teaches you. Professor Snape is a real master of his craft, he will teach you everything.”

“He’s very scary!” The boy complained.

Snape frowned. “What a sensitive little dunderhead!” He snorted to himself. He knew quite well that nobody liked him.

You smiled again, because you thought you haven’t seen a man more attractive.

“Really?” You surprised cheerfully. “And I think he is handsome.”

Snape was listening to you in astonishment. He was stunned by your words.

“Watch him when he makes his notes,” you imagined this picture, “and you’ll see how smooth curves form his clear, proud profile.” You lifted your head and draw a line on your face from forehead to chin with your index finger.

Snape got shivers running down his spine.

“You are not afraid of him?” Surprised the boy.

“I used to be terribly afraid of him.” You recalled your first lectures.

“And now?” He didn’t give up.

“And even now sometimes.” You smiled and, after a pause, seriously added. “But most of all I am afraid to disappoint him…”

Snape was so deeply touched by your words that he’s lost his breath and was about to shed a tear.

“By the way, you never introduced yourself.” You remarked.

“I’m Jason.” The boy replied.

“Jason, never be afraid, there will always be at least one person at Hogwarts who will take your side. If you need advice or something, we can chat, agreed?” You smiled at him and rose to your feet.

“Agreed!” He was delighted.

You went away, and Snape stood rooted to the ground, not believing his ears. Everything turned upside down in his lonely haggard soul.

***

He didn’t remember how he returned to his Potions Class. He was so shocked by your attitude towards him, that he could barely focus on anything. He was filled with tenderness and affection for you, and was dying to see you.

When you entered the lab, Snape sat at the table and tried to pretend that he hadn’t heard anything.

“Good afternoon, Professor!” You greeted him affably.

He smiled, inviting you to come in.
“What are we doing today?” You had a great mood.

“I’ll do everything myself, there is a lot of work today, and you may just go rest.” He said softly.

“Moreover! Don’t you think I can leave you? You know I could live in your lab!” You confidently threw your things into the corner and unhesitantly headed for the workplace.

You knew he wouldn’t mind your presence. You were no longer afraid of Snape, he’s always been kind to you, and you knew that he would never hurt you and wouldn’t allow anyone to do this. Next to this gloomy unfriendly man, you smiled more often than with anyone else at Hogwarts.

He came up to you with a barely noticeable smile, already familiar to you.

“Are you arguing with me?” He asked jokingly, pretending to be strict.

“This is called care, Professor.” Your warm look brought harmony and peace into his soul.

“Care is giving you rest.” He corrected you with a hint of reproach.

You recalled how uncomfortable you felt, just passing by your common room, not to mention long staying there, and the smile faded from your face.

You lowered your head and said softly. “I’m resting with my soul here, Professor.”

Snape got enraged over these idiots who hammered you to this point. He clenched his jaws and said as gently as he could. “Of course… you may stay as long as you want, you’re always welcomed here.”

And after a few moments, he added encouragingly. “Well, let’s work then!”

He explained what needed to be done. It wasn’t new to you. The process required attention and constant intervention. You were completely focused on work. Snape didn’t take his eyes off you, as if he was trying to catch your every movement.

When you could leave your cauldron, you relaxed a bit and broke the silence.

“You know, Professor, today a first-year boy came up to me and told about your classes.”

“How interesting.” Snape remarked sarcastically with complete indifference, but he tensed inside.

“Is it hard to teach them?”

“No harder than you.” Replied Snape, not looking up from his cauldron. “However, they can be a nightmare.” He admitted with unconcealed disgust.

You failed to hold back a chuckle. His dissatisfied look amused you, because you already knew, he was not what he seemed to be.

“Do you want me to help you with them in practical classes?”

Snape was surprised, he had never expected such an offer.

“And what about your classes?” He looked at you intently.

“Your classes with first-years coincide with my History of Magic on Tuesdays and Fridays. You know perfectly well who teaches us this subject. I’m tired of listening how awesome he is.
Narcissistic and pompous cock!”

Snape laughed out loud. He did it so rarely, you couldn’t help laughing with him.

“Do you really want this?” He asked incredulously, he still couldn’t believe it.

“And you? Do you want this?” You asked seriously. You were afraid that he would refuse, that he would decide that you were taking on too much.

He smiled and said quietly. “You know the answer.”

“It means yes?” You were still unsure.

“Of course it means yes!” He came up to you and pressed you to his chest.

You exhaled with relief and hugged him back tightly.

“I knew you won’t reject me!” You smirked joyfully having no intention to release him from your embrace.

“You my dear dunderhead.” He stroked your head. “How could I?”

Snape was so happy to be able to spend even more time with you, and you were happy for the same reason.
First Class as Snape’s Assistant

You have agreed with Professor Snape that you would assist him with first-years in a week.

On the eve prior to this day, as usual in the afternoon, you came to the potions class, to prepare everything you needed.

“Well, are you ready?” Smiled Snape.

“A little worried.” You admitted.

“Don’t be afraid, I’ll be with you. You’ll show them how to make a potion, and check if they succeeded. You can do it, I’m sure!” He encouraged you with a tender smile.

You trusted him. During these few months you’ve become emotionally close, you felt comfortable with each other. You could sit in silence for a long time, doing your own job, but the presence of the other gave you a feeling of comfort and confidence. Sometimes Snape came up to you from the back and gently took you by the shoulders, checking on what you were doing. You loved those moments.

Snape got very attached to you, he needed you like air. Being with you filled his soul with warmth and peace. Of course he tried to hide it. But these little demonstrations of care gave him away. If you were not so passionate about him, you would have noticed.

The next day you came to potions class before Professor. You looked inside and, without finding him, decided to wait in the corridor. Little first-years were running around.

“Y/N!” Jason noticed you.

“Hello!” You were glad to see him. “How are you? Are you ready for the class?”

He nodded confidently.

“What are you doing here? You have no classes?” The boy asked.

“Professor Snape asked me to help him with your practical class.” You smiled, trying to hide excitement.

“Wow! I told you looked like Professor!” Exclaimed the little talker.

You were surrounded by more children. All of them were glad to hear that Snape wouldn’t teach them today. You were hurt to hear this and wanted to change children’s attitude towards him.

“Professor Snape will be absent today?” Someone asked hopefully.

“Don’t even dream of it!” You laughed.

Suddenly one could hear firm confident steps in the corridor. You recognized them. Having noticed you, always stern and impassive Snape smiled unconsciously, because now he could see no one but you. Children, who remained in the corridor, opened their mouths in amazement. They’ve never seen Professor Snape smiling.

“Everything’s fine?” He asked softly, slowing down his pace, and putting his hand on your waist, drawing you inside the classroom with him.
“Yes, Professor.” You answered his smile, but it was obvious that you were nervous.

He patted you on the back. “I’m with you.”

There was excitement among the children, they were whispering and exchanging glances.

“Silence!” Snape commanded strictly.

The children fell silent and hid their heads in their shoulders.

“Miss Y/L/N kindly agreed to help me with your practical lesson today.” He introduced you to the class. “But I will check your knowledge on the previous issue.” He warned in his usual chilling manner and without a single emotion on his face examined those who were present.

He asked everyone strictly and meticulously, as always. You enjoyed watching him.

When it was time for you to start, you approached Professor and, not wanting to be heard, asked him whispering in his ear if you could help the students. He leaned a little toward you so that you wouldn’t have to rise on your tiptoes and quietly answered holding you by the elbow. This picture was something new and amazing for the kids. Professor Snape didn’t look evil.

You explained what needed to be done, and students got to work. Snape was watching you, pretending to be busy filling out his notes.

You helped children with their potions, correcting and prompting, asking leading questions. They really liked you.

When the class was over, Snape came up to you.

“You were great.” He stated.

“I really liked it.” You admitted.

“You could be Professor one day.” He concluded without a hint of irony. “Much better than me.”

You smiled at him. His praise was very important to you. “No one can be better than you.”

The kids were watching you. Today they saw another Professor for a few moments, they realized that he could be good, and hoped that he would be as kind with them as he was with you.
Dance Lessons

It left two weeks before Christmas, which meant that Hogwarts was going to hold a Christmas ball. You had no intention to attend it and didn’t share general agitation.

“McGonagall confronted me with giving your course a dancing lesson!” Complained Snape with explicit disgust while you were helping him in the lab as usual. “Can you just imagine!?”

“I’m sure it’s worth seeing!” You encouraged him with a chuckle.

“Oh, you find it funny, don’t you?” He raised his eyebrow displeased.

“Me? No way!” You failed to hide a smile.

He smirked. “I’ll remember that.”

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“Headmaster asked me to prepare you dunderheads for the upcoming ball.” Professor Snape was standing semi-circled by a crowd.

This news caused excitement and agitation among students, someone whispered, someone giggled. Snape indifferently watched their reaction.

“Well, now that you’ve had enough fun, maybe we shall start already?” Strictly, but calmly, he got himself noticed.

Students fell silent and fixed their eyes on Professor.

You’ve been watching him all this time. You couldn’t believe that this strict, discreet man would teach you dancing. You were terribly intrigued how he would handle it.

“So,” he began with an impassive look, “the only thing you need to do at the ball is… Not. Causing. Trouble. Do not get drunk. Do not fight.” He looked sternly at the girls. “Keep a good head on your shoulders.” He made a pause. “It seems I forgot something? Oh right, you may dance as well.”

Someone smiled, someone giggled. One could rarely hear a joke from gloomy Professor.

“Will you be dancing?” Snape heard a question.

“No.” He snapped.

“By the way, have you already found a partner?” Professor’s voice sounded almost friendly.

Those who found, stood together and smiled at each other, those who were still searching, looked around confusedly, as if hoping that someone would come up and invite them right now.

“It doesn’t matter. Even if you don’t have a partner, you’ll definitely find someone at the ball.” Professor grinned.

He turned on the player and walked closer to the interested crowd of students.

“There is nothing difficult in the dance.” He slowly walked back and forth, examining everyone.
“Just listen to the music, feel the rhythm.” His voice was firm and calm. “Do not forget about the manners. Balls differ from ordinary dances by solemnity and strict etiquette.”

You didn’t take eyes off him. He always kept himself with dignity, with his head held high, and his shoulders straightened. He was a very attractive man. And this time was no exception.

“You need to choose a partner imperceptibly, without examining every girl from head to toe. It’s not a custom inviting to dance from the distance or by any signs. This means you shouldn’t wave your arms or shout through the hall, right?”

Laughter circulated the room.

Snape passed by a line of students and stopped next to you.

“A man approaches a lady and asks for permission to invite her, slightly bowing. This can be done silently.” With these words he turned to you looking into your eyes, bowed slightly and offered you his hand with his palm up.

You rounded your eyes and froze where you stood. Your heart pounded wildly and your hands were trembling.

“The woman expresses her consent…” he nodded slowly, prompting you to do this, and slightly smiled, trying to shake you up, “…with a friendly nod or smile.”

His warm look brought you back. You smiled sincerely and gave him your hand. He confidently squeezed your palm in his.

“Heading to the dance floor, the man lets the lady go first, and if there is enough place for both, he goes along on the right side.

Snape walked you to the middle of the room and stopped. He didn’t take his eyes off you. He came closer and carefully wrapped his arm around your waist. Your heart sank from his touch. You put your hand on his shoulder, losing yourself in his black eyes. You were no longer afraid of him, he’s become your mentor and friend.

“The man leads the dance.” Snape continued in a calm, low voice, glancing at the boys. “Watch your posture. It looks ridiculous when the girl’s figure is curved back too much, or the distance between the dancers is too large.” Therefore, he pulled you closer to himself, so that only few millimeters were separating you from each other, and made a step, then another one, and you started spinning smoothly. He was so close, you could feel his warm breath on your face and his tight grip on your waist. You wanted to dissolve in him.

Snape also felt true pleasure from your closeness, but had to control himself, because three dozen pairs of surprised eyes were glaring at you.

He led you so confidently, that you didn’t even have to follow the music. He’d become the whole world to you for these few unforgettable minutes.

“Watch your steps. If you still run into another couple, the man must apologize, even if it is his lady to blame. You can dance silently, but it would be polite to show your respect and have a little talk.”

Snape smiled at you, and you answered him the same.

“After the dance, the man walks his lady back.” When the music subsided, he loosened his grip with regret and, continuing to hold your hand, unwillingly led you to your peers who stood with their mouths open.
“Any questions?” He asked loudly.

There were no questions. Professor’s explained everything clearly, and no less effectively has he demonstrated. Nobody expected to see him acting like this.

“Thank you for the dance, Miss.” He bowed once more.

You replied him with a happy smile.

“Now all of you may practice.” Snape announced still standing next to you.

The students started fussing all around paying no more attention to you.

“So that was your revenge?” You asked quietly, giving Professor a kind glance.

“I’m not sure whether it would be enough.” He frowned and rolled his eyes as if thinking it over.

“I enjoyed every moment, sir.” You confessed feeling blood rushing to your head, bringing color in your cheeks.

“Me too, Y/N… Me too…”
Christmas Present

You decided not to attend the Ball, because you didn’t expect anything from it. You had something more important to do. You wanted to leave your Professor a Christmas present. You’ve spent several evenings knitting a wide black scarf for him. Since you didn’t hope to see him before departure, you wrote him a note which said:

“Dear Professor!

No one deserves to feel lonely, especially on such a holiday like Christmas. Although you’re pretending to be cold and indifferent (which, I must admit, you are doing great), I know that you are wonderful, kind and delicate person. I’m really happy to be the one you showed this other side of you.

Merry Christmas, my very best teacher, mentor and friend!

Always loyal to you, Y/N Y/L/N.”

You quietly headed to Snape’s office, opened the door and went inside. It was dark here, so you had to cast Lumos. You carefully walked to his table which was surely the best place to leave your present. With a gentle hand you pushed the ink bottle and a couple of books aside, wrapped your note in a scarf and put it on top of the nicely decorated box with chocolate you’ve also prepared for him.

You noticed that one of the drawers was ajar and there was a sheet with one line written on it: “Thank you, Professor! You are the best person I’ve ever known. And the most human.”

You realized it was that very note you left him last year when you fell asleep in his backroom. He kept it all this time! You stood and smiled remembering that day, you felt so warm and joyful.

But suddenly you heard the sound of steps rapidly approaching from the corridor. You casted Nox and rushed to the lab to hide behind a half-open door.

Snape as Professor had to participate in the official part of the Ball. He was searching for you in the crowd, but unsuccessfully. When he realized you didn’t come, he lost all the interest on this event he’s never actually been enthusiastic about, and went to his office. He needed to see you. He was thinking where to find you. “But what shall I tell her?” He asked himself.

Having approached his office, he saw a dim light, seeping from the gap under the door, but it suddenly doused. Snape got inside, lit the lamps and cautiously examined the office. You watched him in the doorway slot. Your heart pounded wildly. You couldn’t wait to see his reaction, but at the same time you scolded yourself for lingering and having no time to leave.

Professor walked slowly to his table and froze looking at the gift you left. He carefully took a scarf, and a note fell from it. He picked it, looked at the box, running his hand over its top. Then he unwrapped the note and started reading with a serious look. After a moment, a sad smile appeared on his face. Snape didn’t expect this, he was deeply and genuinely touched.

“Y/N, I know you’re here…” He quietly called you. “I saw the light…”

“Forgive me, sir, I shouldn’t have come here without your permission.” You smiled guiltily, coming up to him. “But I really wanted to make you happy.” You blushed and timidly lowered your head.
Snape was so touched by your attention, that he barely restrained himself not to let tears slip from his eyelashes.

“Y/N… I … I don’t know what to say…” He whispered.

“Don’t say anything, Professor.” You approached him. “Every word written here is true.” You said quietly, pointing at your note.

He put everything on the table, freeing his arms, and hugged you tightly. Without hesitation you hugged him back.

“Thank you… my dear…” He said faintly, pressing your head to his chest and kissing your temple.

“You really liked it?”

“This is the best gift in my life.” Snape admitted honestly.

You leaned closer to him.

He patted you on the head and pulled back a little to look at you. He smiled gently.

“Why didn’t you go to the Ball?”

“I didn’t want to spoil the memory of dancing with you.” You replied with a happy glimpse in your eyes.

“Want to repeat?” Without waiting for your answer, he gently grabbed you around the waist and, looking into your eyes, groped your hand, carefully taking a step. You were spinning smoothly between the desks in complete silence. He led you with the same confidence, and you felt that you entirely belonged to him.

He desired to kiss you so badly, but he was afraid that you’d reject him, and this would ruin your warm friendly relationships which he valued above all.

Having made several circles around the class, Snape stopped slowly.

“Want some tea?” He asked softly.

You nodded affirmatively.

He took you by the hand and led you to his backroom. You spent a wonderful time drinking a few cups of delicious flavored tea and chatting about everything. This was the best Christmas Ball’s night you could ever dream of.
You couldn’t wait until the term resumed. You got so used to seeing Professor every day, and these two weeks seemed an eternity to you. Not to waste your time and take your mind off thoughts about him, you worked on your research. But it was impossible to concentrate, because the only thing you did was reading Snape’s notes, which he left in your notebook. You could spend hours studying his handwriting. Realizing that he wrote this for you warmed your soul and filled your whole being with joy and happiness.

Snape never parted with your scarf. He examined each loop, and his heart filled with tenderness at the thought that you did it for him. He leaned soft cloth against his face, closed his eyes and imagined you. He’s read your letter, perhaps, for a million times and has already learned it by heart. He missed you badly and was dreading about the upcoming summer holidays.

***

On the way back to Hogwarts you caught a cold. The weather was terrible, you froze to the bone, and the consequences were not long in coming.

On the day of arrival, you had no classes, as usual, but you missed Snape so much that you decided to visit him and ask if he needed help with something.

The door was half open, and you cautiously walked in without knocking. Professor leaned over the table and wrote something intently in his notebook, a cauldron boiled in front of him, and various containers with ingredients stood nearby. Your heart started beating wildly, as you saw him. You made a few steps forward.

“Professor…” You called him softly.

He raised his head, and his gloomy face lit up with a smile.

“Y/N…” He said gently, “I didn’t expect you to come today.” He approached you.

“I thought, what if you needed help to prepare something for tomorrow.”

“Actually, no. I’m improving Veritaserum, it’s my private initiative.”

He realized, you might think he didn’t want you to stay. “But I’d be glad if you helped me with this.”

His warm glance returned your confidence.

“I really don’t want to distract you…”

“No, no, stay!” He took you by the shoulders, he didn’t want you to leave. With a gesture, he slammed the door and led you to the table.

“You know, I got so much used to the fact that you’re helping me here, and during these two weeks I couldn’t shake off the feeling that I was missing something…”

“I’ve also terribly missed all this.” You admitted.

Snape explained what he was doing, and you willingly got involved into the process.

He noticed that you were sniffing constantly.
“Did you catch a cold?”

“I guess.” Your hoarse voice surprised you.

“And what am I supposed to do with you?” Snape enquired sarcastically.

He headed to his supply room and returned a minute later.

“Here, take it.” He handed you a bottle and continued working.

You looked at him and felt happy to finally come back here.

***

Although you drank Snape’s potion, the next morning you woke up with coughing and a pain in your chest. But this wasn’t a reason for you to skip classes. You responsibly attended all of them.

“You have red eyes, did you cry?” Snape asked anxiously after classes.

“No, it’s my cold, probably.” You wheezed and smiled. Your voice was a mess.

“Taken your temperature?” He asked sternly.

You shook your head, your voice surprised you, and you felt a little embarrassed. He touched your forehead with the back of his palm.

“Come here.” Snape walked you into his backroom and set you on his sofa.

He took a thermometer out of the drawer and handed it to you. He strictly watched you taking your temperature. A few minutes later, without a single word, he snatched it back to see the result.

Snape raised an eyebrow and announced with reproach. “You’ve got fever. What can you say in your defense, Miss?”

You sighed and lowered your head.

Snape approached you swiftly and kneeled before you. He grabbed your foot and with a quick movement took off your shoe. He did the same with the other foot. Then he got up, took both your legs and lifted them onto the sofa, after that he grabbed a pillow and straightened it behind your back. Professor pushed your shoulders into the pillow laying you down. He pulled out a blanket and wrapped you up, tucking you in. He remained silent. You didn’t dare to object, and didn’t really want to, because his concern was very pleasant to you.

Snape headed for the exit, and having already opened the door, turned to you.

“You should understand that when I return, I expect to find you here in the same position. And don’t you dare to get up!” He ordered strictly with his low voice.

You smiled apologetically, and gave him a glance full of gratitude.

He smiled slightly in response, shook his head disapprovingly and left.

You felt so happy.

Professor returned 20 minutes later with medicines and a cup of hot milk. He consulted Madam Pomfrey and took everything needed for your recovery.
He sat next to you and handed you a cup. You felt the soft edge of the sofa sagging under his weight and his thigh pressing tight to yours. You took a sip and glanced at him from above the cup. He was so close. Though externally he looked strict and stern, his eyes were glistening with warmth and concern.

“Unbutton your robes.” He commanded, taking the empty cup from you and leaning to put it on the table.

You couldn’t disobey.

“Not completely!” Snape exclaimed in a fright. “Merlin! Only from above!”

You flushed and buttoned back a few buttons. You looked at him and broke into laughter which ended up with a bad cough. He tried to keep himself from laughing, but he failed miserably.

Snape opened the jar, smeared his fingers with some ointment and started rubbing your chest and back. When he finished, he wrapped you back in the blanket.

“Now get some sleep.” He said softly with a tender smile on his face.

“Stay with me, Professor.” You asked, being surprised at your courage. It must be because of the fever.

He leaned toward and hugged you, putting his hand on your waist. You felt so safe and comfortable with this man and were infinitely grateful that he was there for you.

“Close your eyes, try to sleep.” His voice was so caring.

You obeyed, and he quietly started telling you about his childhood and how he had to treat himself on his own.

You fell asleep soon, and Snape remained sitting next to you and stroking your hair.

“I love you so much… so much…” He whispered, knowing that you wouldn’t hear.
After being punished for attacking you, Irma was afraid to approach you, but now she hated you even more. At first she didn’t touch you at all, and that was a relief. But a year later, she continued mocking you now and then. She couldn’t stand that the most formidable Professor Snape stood up for you and made her life tough after that case.

Once after the Potions, Irma caught up with you in the corridor and pushed you so hard that you nearly fell.

“Snape’s slut!” She hissed and ran away.

You stood, unable to move. These words broke your heart. Did you ever give a reason to call you that? Yes, you loved Snape, but you were afraid to admit it even to yourself. You respected this man infinitely and would never dare to defame him. It was painful that Irma involved him in her filthy enmity for you.

After dinner, working in the lab, you tried to pretend that everything was fine, but Irma’s words sounded in your ears permanently. Snape noticed you were upset. He’s already learned to see changes in your mood.

“Are you okay?” He asked when you were preparing cauldrons.

“Yes, Professor, everything is fine.” You gave him a sincere smile, because his care and attention made you forget about everything.

When he focused on mixing herbs and powders, these words surfaced in your head again. You frowned, not knowing what to do, how to behave, and, most importantly, whether you need to tell him.

Snape came closer, looking at you anxiously. You stood lost in your thoughts, stirring the potion and didn’t even notice him. He carefully took a scoop from your hand.

“Go have a rest, I’ll finish.” He said softly.

“No, it’s all right, I just… Forgive me…” You lowered her head guiltily.

Stirring the potion, Snape gently ran his free hand over your back.

“Go.” He smiled tenderly, making you understand he wasn’t angry.

You obeyed.

“Now I have no choice.” You thought. “He’ll insist on telling him... But how? It will make him furious!”

Having finished stirring, Snape left the potion boiling, pulled a chair and took a seat next to you looking into your eyes. In his gaze there was concern and a numb demand to tell him everything. You knew that gaze.

“What happened? You know you can trust me.” He took your hand and squeezed it in his palms.

You put your free hand on top of his and stroked it.
“Of course I know.” You whispered.

Silence fell again.

“I don’t know how to say… It’s not only about me…”

“Tell me as it is.” His voice so calm and comforting.

“You won’t like it, Professor…” You were very upset.

Snape frowned, he was serious.

Gathering your courage, you said.

“It’s Irma again… Today she called me a slut… Snape’s slut.” You looked away being ashamed to repeat it.

“What?” He growled, scowling. “Does this little bastard still dare to open her dirty mouth? I’ll show her a real slut!” The presence of his name in this disgraceful phrase didn’t seem to bother him.

“I wouldn’t even pay attention if she didn’t drag you in.” You squeezed his hand tightly, trying to calm him down.

“If I decided her fate, she would’ve been kicked out of here last year!” Snape was furious.

“I don’t care about her.” You looked into his eyes, not letting go of his hands. “I just thought you should know.”

He pulled himself together.

“I won’t allow this worthless, envious scoundrel…” He gritted his teeth.

You slightly pulled his hands, stopping him short.

“Forget about it.” You didn’t take your eyes off him. This was the first time you had to reassure your Professor.

“I won’t leave it like this!” He promised, raising his eyebrow displeased.

“Look, our potion is almost ready, it’s time to add whirlstipe.” You smiled at him, hoping to cheer him up. He smiled back sadly.

You felt relieved and now you could continue working without intrusive thoughts, in search for solution. Snape watched you and his heart was aching from iniquity you had to face. He was determined to put an end to this.

***

During your evening meal, you watched Snape. He looked gloomy, for sure, the reason for this was your conversation. It made you sad.

Professor’s eyes were running over the heads, as if looking for someone. Suddenly he quickly got up and headed swiftly for the exit. He approached Irma and, grabbing her hand, dragged her along. You rushed to follow them, keeping your distance so that Snape wouldn’t notice you. He walked so fast, that Irma had to run after him, stumbling. When they reached Snape’s office, he roughly pushed her inside and the door slammed shut. You came closer and listened.
“So, unduly noble chance, McGonagall’s given you, wasn’t enough for you, right?” He growled.
“You think you’ll get away with this again, little scum?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Irma sniveled.

“You don’t know.” He slowly repeated her words.

“But you know my private life in details though, don’t you? You know. All. My. Sluts.” He paused after each word killing her with his stare.

“She complained again?” Irma whimpered. “Can’t stand up for herself?”

You couldn’t see Snape grabbing her robes and pressing her against the wall, but you heard a hollow rumble.

“You will never be able of doing even a half of what she can do now, you dirty filth!” Snape growled in her face.

“I’ll tell McGonagall!” She sobbed.

“Confessions won’t help you!” He scoffed. “Or are you going to complain? Can’t stand up for yourself?” Snape hit Irma with her own words.

You heard Irma crying.

“Let me go.” She pleaded.

Snape unclenched his fingers and Irma fell to the floor. You heard the rumble again.

“If McGonagall keeps you this time as well, I’ll turn your life here into hell. I. Promise.” He snarled with hatred and disgust.

“I’m sorry, Professor, I’m so sorry!” She sobbed on the floor.

“You apologize to Y/N tomorrow.” He demanded harshly.

“Yes.” She sobbed.

“You do it before breakfast. So that everyone can hear.”

She nodded.

“And you will never come up to her again, you will never say a word to her, and you will not even look at her!” He said slowly, so that every word would reach her.

“Get out!” He snapped.

You shuddered and hid behind the column.

The door opened, and Irma showed up in tears. She ran away from this place, away from Snape.

You were so grateful to him for standing up for you, and so proud of it.
You helped Professor in the lab as usual. You’ve made a whole pot of polyjuice potion for the next week practice. Snape brought an empty jar to pour the contents from the cauldron. You held the jar while he was pouring. Suddenly the potion exploded, forming a huge cloud of violet smoke around you. You coughed and got lost in space.

“Damn it! These dunderheads failed to clean the jars properly! Something caused the reaction…” Snape swore at the 1st course, who had detention today.

After the smoke cleared, you discovered that something was wrong. Everything was wrong.

“Professor?” Panicked a tall man, palpating his body and touching his head.

“Holy shit!” The young lady made a deep breath and leaned over the table with both hands, looking on the floor and trying to control herself.

You swapped bodies in this violet cloud.

The material embodiment of Professor Snape ran up to the polished cauldron and started examining its reflection.

“Oh, Merlin! What shall we do now?!”

The body, which was supposed to be yours, came up from behind with an impassive look and also glanced at the reflection.

“It will last a day, no less.” It snapped. “The concentration was too high, it would be naive and stupid to count on the usual for this potion one-hour effect.”

“I will be you for a whole day?” You exclaimed in horror, looking at the black suit with lots of buttons, you were wearing.

“Don’t worry, if it haven’t escaped your notice, I also have something changed in my appearance.” He quipped, showing you his long skirt.

You looked at him in dismay.

“Remove that expression from my face!” He grimaced and approached you. “We’ll handle this.” He tried to reassure you. “Right?”

You looked at yourself with Snape’s the black eyes, but the look, turned to you, wasn’t yours, it was his look. The only thing that made it clear that now you were him, that is to say, he was you. What a mix-up!

Professor, in whose body you were captured, had unusual for him confused and frightened look.

“Well…” Continued Snape with your voice. “Fortunately, tomorrow I have 2nd, 3rd and your course. You’ll hold classes for me.”

You rounded Professor’s eyes, and with hope offered to take a day off for tomorrow.

“No way, out of question!” He strictly refused. “I’ll let you refresh the material, and explain your new theme today, so that tomorrow you will repeat it to your dumb peers. You can do it.”
softened and took you by the shoulders.

It looked like a brave student was trying to comfort the most severe Professor at Hogwarts.

“It’s so weird talking to myself!” Said Snape and twisted your face.

“I feel the same.” You stretched Professor’s lips in a smile. “Fine, I’ll hold your classes, and you’ll attend mine.”

Snape rolled your beautiful eyes.

“That’s what I needed!” He exclaimed sarcastically.

You made a pleading expression on Professor’s face. “I have a test in Transfiguration tomorrow, you’ll have to write it for me.”

Your body collapsed exhaustedly on a chair and leaned with elbows on your knees. “It’s gonna be a tough day, I suppose.” It sighed fated.

Professor’s legs brought you to the chair standing nearby, and you sat next to each other. You were silent.

You looked at Snape’s hands, which were now yours.

“Just one day, it could’ve been worse…” You thought, putting up with the upcoming adventure. “Well, that’s even exciting!”

Professor’s body jumped up from the chair joyfully, and his lips said:

“Well, since it happened, we need to make another cauldron of the potion. Miss Y/L/N,” you jokingly addressed Professor with a stern look, “are you going to help me, or will you remain sitting like this?”

Snape couldn’t resist, and a smile appeared on your face.

“You quickly got in my character!”

You spent the rest of the day in the lab, making that unfortunate polyjuice potion again, Snape explained you the new material, you had to teach your classmates, and made clear what you were going to explain the 2nd and 3rd courses. You, in return, reminded Professor what tasks he would face on the test, and how to answer them.

When it was time for dinner, you decided to wait until the majority of students dispersed in their dorms, and only then you went to the Great Hall. You sat in the farthest corner and could finally eat.

If someone, who still remained in the Hall, looked at you, he could see Professor Snape pulling a huge piece of honey pie out of his student’s hands, while he was slowly eating a fruit salad. In fact, you were worried about your figure, which Snape was going to spoil by eating sweet overnight. He himself slipped you a fried chicken leg, so that you wouldn’t ruin his reputation with girly salads.

“I’m not sleeping in your dorm!” He said resolutely.

“They would better find Professor in my bed?” You pointed out your appearance.

“You sleep in my chambers.” Snape stated. “I’ll take the couch.”
“Yes,” you agreed, “it seems to be a good idea to have a view on each other.”

At that moment, Professor Flitwick approached the table.

“Severus, decided to have dinner with the students?” He friendly greeted you.

The real Snape was about to respond, and your body coughed. You remembered that it was you who looked like Severus, and hectically thought what to answer.

“Yes… Miss Y/L/N asked to explain her some potions formulas, and since I didn’t have time today, I decided, why not doing it here.” You cracked a smile on Snape’s face.

Professor Flitwick smiled to “you”.

“Miss Y/L/N, you should sometimes take a break from studying.”

“I will, Professor.” Said Snape, squeezing a smile with your lips.

“Stop smiling! I look like an idiot!” Snape made a remark when Flitwick passed by.

“And I like it when you smile.” You looked at yourself and smiled again with his lips. “In that case, Professor, do not frown my forehead, I can already see a wrinkle appear on it.”

The rest of the day brought no more surprises. After dinner you immediately headed for Snape’s chambers. The furnishing was just as you expected. Lots of shelves full of books, a table with a cauldron (why does he need a cauldron here?), curtained windows, with only a narrow slit for the sunlight. You found it cozy.

Snape took you to his room, where you could also see many bookshelves, a soft carpet on the floor, and a pair of table lamps on the sides of the bed.

Playful mood returned to you again.

“Professor, wouldn’t it be selfish? After all, your body will sleep on the bed, and mine will suffer on the couch!” You looked at him seriously and broke into laughter.

“True.” He agreed. “I’m staying. The bed is big, and there is enough place for us both.”

At first you thought he was joking, but he threw off your shoes and layed down. You did the same, expecting him to stand up and leave. But he didn’t. You layed in the dark and looked at the ceiling.

“I’m glad it happened with you…” Snape said quietly.

You were surprised and cautiously asked:

“Why?”

“Just because…” He paused. “You are the only person at Hogwarts whom I could trust my body.” He turned your head to you and smiled. You smiled too. You were pleased to hear that.

“I also wouldn’t like to entrust my body to anyone but you.”

Fatigue overpowered you and you fell asleep, each on your own side. Even despite you slept so close, both of you couldn’t even think of intimacy, because it was all too weird and ridiculous.

In the morning you decided not to show up in the Great Hall and only had tea with cookies right in
Snape’s chambers.

You’ve agreed to meet after classes in Professor’s office. You were very nervous, and Snape tried to comfort you giving you more instructions.

"Do not dare to smile! No jokes, no laughter! You understand?"

“And you don’t be rude, and do nothing if they start teasing you… I mean, me… Just ignore them, ok?"

You agreed with each other’s requests and went your own way.

You took Professor’s part fairly quickly, because you saw him almost every day and have perfectly studied his manners and gestures. And when your own course’s turn came, you were already unstoppable.

“Take your seats! Now!” You snapped with Snape’s low voice. You even started enjoying it.

Suddenly you noticed yourself in the crowd. Your embodiment looked at you with a smile and admiration. When you saw Professor, you felt a little embarrassed, but decided to play the role till the end.

Snape took your place at the desk and watched you. You slowly walked back and forth between the desks, repeating his gestures.

You explained the new material, slowly, in Professor’s leisurely manner, making pauses between words and giving contemptuous glances to some of your peers who made your life hell.

Snape was amazed at how accurately you stick to his manner.

As expected, questions followed after the explanation. You answered them the way he would’ve done it. But suddenly you heard a question which you didn’t expect, and you were not sure how to answer it. You were not confused though.

“Enough of dumb questions for today!” You said sternly.

Suddenly Snape raised your hand from your place.

“Professor, may I answer?” He asked softly, the way you would have done.

You barely restrained yourself, not to expose all Professor’s teeth in a smile.

“Miss Y/L/N?” You let him speak.

Snape answered the question in detail and thus saved you (and obviously himself).

After the class, you quickly retired to the supply room so that no one else would approach you with questions or anything else.

The door suddenly opened.

“Professor, will you allow me to enter?” Asked Snape and laughed.

You laughed with him.

“We did it?” You couldn’t believe.
“I can’t believe it either!” He answered, still chuckling.

You were sitting, exchanging impressions of the day and waiting for everything to return to its places.

Suddenly, it darkened in your eyes, you felt a complete loss in space again, and as soon as you came to your senses, you found yourself in your body.

“Finally!” You sighed with relief.

“Oh yes!” Snape agreed.

He came up to you and took you by the shoulders.

“Well done, you did an excellent job!” He gave you a tender look, full of admiration. “It was so difficult to talk to you, looking at that gloomy man.”

You laughed.

“I found it also difficult to realize that this downtrodden girl was my powerful Professor!”

“Let’s have a bite, I’m hungry as hell.” He suggested.

You also felt hungry and gladly agreed.

You sat down at the same place as the day before. But now you yourself were at the right places.
Come Back to Me

Hagrid asked you to go to the edge of the forbidden forest to feed his creatures, because he couldn’t leave just-hatched lizards. Though you were not eager to go there, you couldn’t refuse.

He sent Ada with you, who was having detention. One could hardly describe your relationships as friendly. You would’ve done everything by yourself, but there was no other choice.

All the way, Ada complained how unlucky she was to join you. She didn’t bother of restraining herself in expressions and constantly tried to mock you.

“Shut up! I’m not delighted with your company either!” You snapped irritated.

When you fed the creatures, and were ready to return as soon as possible, Ada was nowhere to be found.

“Damn…” You couldn’t leave her here, despite a strong desire to do it.

“Ada, where are you?” You called her.

“I’m here!” A voice from the forest reached you. “Help me!”

You rushed forward. You called Ada’s name, and she screamed back so that you could find her. But it was strange that her voice came from different sides every time. “Maybe it’s some sort of forest magic?” You thought.

“Ada, damn you! Where are you?”

Suddenly a figure appeared behind you. It was her. You turned around sharply. Ada held her wand in her hand.

“What does this mean?” You gave her a suspicious glance.

“Leave Michael alone!” She cried out with hysterical notes in her voice.

“What are you talking about?” You frowned in bewilderment.

“He looks at you all the time! Have you bewitched him?”

“Are you out of your mind? Why would do it?” This situation started annoying you.

“Why would you do that? Maybe because he is the most popular guy on the course?”

“Bullshit!” You snapped.

“You only bring problems! Sectumsempra!” Screamed Ada and waved her wand at you.

You felt a sharp pain in your stomach, in your sides, in your chest. You lowered your head and looked at yourself. Your clothes started quickly soaking with blood. You pressed your palms against the wounds, but the blood was unstoppable. You knelt down, feeling dizzy, and fell to the ground.

“Oh Merlin, Y/N! I didn’t mean to!” Ada frightened and ran up to you, but she could do nothing.

“Call Snape…” You croaked, trying to remain conscious. “Faster! Call him…” You knew that he
would help. You knew he would come at once.

“Yes, I’m coming!” Ada jumped to her feet and rushed into the castle. She regretted what had happened and was afraid that you would die.

Out of breath, she burst into Snape’s office.

“Since when do you enter without…” She didn’t let him finish.

“Y/N! She needs help! She asked me to call you!” Ada screamed barely holding back her tears.

Snape tensed and quickly approached her.

“If this is a joke, then it is not funny!” He growled scowling.

“I swear, sir! She needs help! She’s bleeding out!” Ada was in despair.

“What happened?” Snape’s eyes flashed with anger, but everything inside him broke off.

“That’s my fault…” She cried.

Snape grabbed her by the shoulders and started shaking furiously.

“Say what happened? Quick!”

“We quarreled, and I used a spell against her…” She sobbed.

“What spell?” He snarled. “Speak! What was the spell?” He demanded raving.


“How did you… Doesn’t matter! Where is she?” Snape was furious.

“In the forbidden forest, behind the edge.” She cried.

Snape pushed her away, turned around and disappeared. He transgressed right on the edge.

He looked around in confusion and rushed into the thicket.

“Y/N!” He called you at the limit of his voice. There was no answer.

Snape ran, not sorting the path.

“Y/N!” He was in despair, he didn’t know how badly you were injured. He prayed that you were alive.

Finally, he found you. You layed motionless, your blouse was soaked with blood. Blood was on your hands, which pressed the wounds, until you fainted.

Snape ran up to you and fell on his knees beside you. First of all, he pressed his hand to your neck to make sure that there still remained a pulse. To his relief, he felt a faint beating.

“It’s all right, my dear, I’m with you…” He whispered, pulling out his wand in a hurry.

“Vulnera sanentur!” He ran it over your wound. “Vulnera sanentur!” He conjured over the other cut.

When there left no more wounds causing blood loss, Snape brought his hands up to your face and
turned your head to himself. You were pale.

“Y/N…” He removed hair from your forehead and patted your cheek.

“Wake up, my girl…” He begged you quietly. Tears filled his eyes. “Wake up, my dear, please wake up…” He stroked your head.

Clenching his teeth, he grabbed your back with one hand and sat you down, leaning you to himself. Rising from one knee, he put his other hand under your thighs, and lifted you up in his arms. He brought you to the hospital wing.

Snape entered Madam Pomfrey’s office, roughly pushing the door with his foot. She shuddered and turned around in dismay. Seeing Professor Snape with you in his arms, she looked at him questioningly, waiting for instructions.

“Blood loss, a dropper and essence of Dittany are needed.” He said confidently, trying to keep his cool.

“This way, Severus!” Madam Pomfrey opened the door to the chamber and held it, so that Snape could carry you in. He laid you carefully on the bed. Meanwhile Madam Pomfrey brought everything necessary. She quickly put the needle in your vein and connected it to the dropper. Snape undid your robes and with a worried look treated your wounds with Dittany, leaning over you.

Madam Pomfrey stopped him. “I’ll do everything, Severus, there’s no need to worry, you brought her in time.”

He pulled himself together and straightened up.

“Yes…” He exhaled. “Fine…” He looked at you hoping that you would open your eyes.

“She’ll get better, don’t worry.” Madam Pomfrey walked him out of the chamber holding him by the elbow.

Snape had no intentions to leave and returned immediately as soon as everything was ready.

You layed in a hospital gown, still pale and lifeless. He sat next to you and took your hand. He gently stroked your head.

“Open your eyes, come on…” He was so worried about you, his heart sank with pain, and his eyes welled up with tears. He will kill this scum who did this to you.

“Come back to me, girl…” Snape whispered, staring intently into your face. “I need you so much…” He pressed your palm to his cheek and kissed it. “Don’t leave me…”

Snape didn’t know how long he’s been sitting like that. He kept his eyes on you, never letting go of your hand, never ceasing to stroke your hair.

Suddenly, he noticed your eyelashes fluttering, and froze, looking at you with hope.

“Y/N?” He leaned closer to you.

Without opening your eyes, you smiled faintly, having recognized his voice.

“Professor…” You sighed with relief and only then opened your eyes.

He looked at you excitedly with warmth and care in his eyes.
You were so happy to see him, you knew he wouldn’t leave you.

You put your hand on his lap.

“I was sure you wouldn’t let me die.” You said softly with a grateful smile.

“Don’t even think of it!” He gritted his teeth, chasing away this terrible thought.

“Thank you for being here…” You whispered, still smiling, and closed your eyes. You were still too weak.

He stroked your hair, leaned over and kissed your forehead. You felt his warm lips touch your skin, opened your eyes and gave him a tender, grateful glance.

“Sleep, I’ll stay with you.” He said quietly, and stroked your hair again. His touch was a pleasure. You bent your head to his palm, so that it remained lying in it. He didn’t want to remove his hand and continued rubbing circles on your temple with his thumb.

You felt so calm and safe. When he was with you, you had nothing to fear. You quickly fell asleep again, and Snape remained sitting beside you, ready to burst into tears, being infinitely happy that you were alive and nothing threatened you anymore.
No One Is Allowed to Touch Her!

“I ran out of Rafflesia burgeons.” Snape stated displeased.

“I’ll visit Professor Sprout, she definitely has some.” You suggested.

“No, I’ll do it myself later.” Snape didn’t want to bother you.

“It’s not difficult for me. I’ll be right back.” With these words, you headed for the Herbology class.

As you walked back, a group of students, who hated you and made your life hell, surrounded you, blocking your path. The evil glint in their eyes made it clear, it wouldn’t end up well for you. You slid your hand to your pocket but it was empty. You remembered, that you left your wand in Snape’s office.

You closed your eyes with disappointment, scolding yourself for being so absentminded.

“Well, look at our Miss “Smartie Pants”! Let’s show her who’s smarter!” One of them pulled out his wand.

***

You lingered. Snape felt uncomfortable and decided to check on you. Once being outside, his attention was alerted by loud voices reaching from the distance, and he headed for the sound. Turning the corner, Snape saw someone holding you up in the air and threatening to pull your skirt off you. Hanging upside down, you angrily promised to take revenge on your offenders, cursing at them with all the words you knew. This picture forced Snape to recall his student years and humiliation that he himself had to go through. His eyes flashed with rage, and he felt blood rushing to his head. Snape clenched his fists and furiously rushed forward.

“Expelliarmus!” He growled, knocking the wand out of someone’s hands, who was casting a spell on you, and with a gesture smoothly lowered you to the ground.

Snape ran up to your assaulter and grabbed him by the collar.

“You dirty swine!” He shouted. “No one is allowed to touch her! You still didn’t get that?” He shook his victim in a rage and harshly pushed him to the ground.

“You find this funny, don’t you? You lousy prick?” Having grabbed your other insulter, Snape hissed in his face and frenzy threw him to the ground as well.

You stood up and slowly approached Snape, holding you head high with dignity. You tried to restrain yourself from crying.

“They won’t see it. I’m not giving them this pleasure!” You repeated to yourself.

“Professor, do not touch them!” You stopped him with a confident demanding tone.

He glared at you angrily.

“Give me a reason, why should I?” His voice scared even you.

You lined up with him, standing beside his shoulder.
“May I borrow your wand, Professor?” Without a single emotion on your face, you stretched out your hand, not even looking at him.

Your offenders rounded their eyes and watched you, frightened.

Snape understood everything and without hesitation put his wand into your hand.

Flashes glinted. Gritting your teeth, you quickly hit strikes. You also made one hang upside down, and then let him fall; you cruelly spun another one around himself, so that he crashed right into the wall. The third one flew a few meters back and fell, hitting his face against the ground.

Snape grabbed those who tried to escape and held them in both hands.

At that moment Professor McGonagall showed up, accompanied by Mr. Filch.

“O Merlin! What’s going on here?” She exclaimed.

“Someone was begging for punishment.” Snape squeezed his mouth and pushed his two captives to Filch’s feet. Filch was happy to grab them.

“I can’t believe you’re doing it again!” McGonagall was indignant. “I will inform your parents immediately!”

***

When no one remained in the yard, Snape came up to you from behind and gently took you by the shoulders. His heart ached, he knew perfectly well how you felt. He wished he could protect you from this iniquity.

Usually you always responded his touch, but now you stood motionless.

“Thank you.” You said in a cold voice, returning Snape’s wand, still not looking at him, not even turning your head in his direction.

He silently took it, walked you around and looked at you with concern. Your eyes were welled up with tears, and your lips were trembling.

“I hate them.” Barely controlling yourself, you said clenching your teeth and staring past him into the distance.

“I hate them no less…” Snape assured you quietly. “I’ll destroy them, I promise.”

He carefully pulled you to himself, but you were cold and seemed not to notice him. Snape got very scared.

“Do not hold back, no one can see us.” He whispered, stroking your head. “It’s just me here…”

You stood without moving for a few more infinitely long seconds, which almost made Snape lose his mind from dismay and anxiety. But all of a sudden you leaned toward him, clasping your hands tightly on his back, and, burying your face into his chest, howled desperately, bursting into tears.

Snape exhaled, feeling relieved that you came to your senses, but his soul was torn to pieces from the thought on what you had to go through. He firmly pressed you to his heart, barely holding back his tears.

“Forgive me…” His voice faltered, and he pressed you tighter. “Forgive me, I shouldn’t have let you
go alone.”

In his caring and comforting arms, you calmed down a bit and sobbed softly.

“It would’ve happened anyway, sooner or later.” You whispered into his shoulder. “Besides, you cannot follow me everywhere…” You continued clinging to him, being grateful to your fate for bringing you together with this man.

“Why did you stop me?” Snape asked with a soft voice, stroking your hair and rubbing circles on your back.

“You would’ve crippled them.” You smiled, remembering how scary he looked. “I didn’t want to cause you problems.” You pulled back a little and gave him a grateful glance.

Seeing your smile, Snape’s heart sank. How dare they treat you like that?

He pressed your head to his chest and softly kissed your temple.

“Yes, I would. With no regrets.” He admitted in a menacing tone.

“I know.” You chuckled. “That’s why I didn’t let you do it.”

You stood in silence for a while.

“Let’s go inside?” Snape suggested quietly.

You nodded and unwillingly released him from your embrace.

“Don’t look at me, Professor, I look terrible.” You sobbed, wiping tears, smeared all over your face.

“You look beautiful, my dear.” He said confidently and smiled, trying to cheer you up.

There was so much pain in his eyes, you noticed that and felt a strong desire to comfort him.

Having wrapped your arms around his neck you whispered, “You’re my only support, if not for you…” You stumbled feeling like crying again.

“Shhh…” He soothed you. “I’m with you, and always will be.”
All the Hogwarts was excited from the news about the upcoming dueling championship among the senior courses. Snape tried to convince McGonagall that it wasn’t necessary to hold it, but she was convinced, this would arouse enthusiasm in students, and they would be able to achieve great success in DADA.

“Do you doubt my competence, Minerva?” Snape frowned displeased.

“No one could’ve taught them better, Severus.” She replied amiably. “But the students are so busy, why not let them have a little time off from textbooks? Moreover, as we’re holding the inter-school championship next year it would be useful for them to start training now.”

Snape wasn’t happy about the upcoming event. He believed it was an unreasonable risk to use combat spells for fun.

Despite the prohibition, students sharpened their skills on each other now and then. Even the junior ones who couldn’t yet participate, tried to fight with the few spells that they had already learned.

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“I do not share the general enthusiasm for this senseless championship.” Professor Snape uttered in a low voice, standing in front of the class. “You dunderheads can cripple even with a protective spell. But since it is not me, who decides whether to hold it or not, I have nothing left but to teach you how to defend yourselves.” He spoke slowly, clearly pronouncing the words.

Snape examined the students, running his piercing glance over their heads.

“So,” he paused, “I need a volunteer.”

Silence fell in the class room.

“No one is willing…” He stated in an indifferent tone.

You enjoyed watching him. He looked so unapproachable, so cold and menacing. But you knew how kind and caring he actually was. You chuckled to yourself for being the one to see the real him. You were so proud to have him by your side.

“Which spell will you use to attack your opponent?” Professor asked a boy from the back row.

“Flipendo?” He answered uncertainly.

“Flipendo.” Repeated Snape. “Wonderful.” His tone was full of sarcasm.

“And how would you repulse this monstrous attack?” Snape asked the other boy.

“Protego?” The boy replied quietly.

“How exciting.” He said in a bored tone, with his hands in his pockets.

You rolled your eyes. “Reflecto, reflecto…” You whispered to yourself, being disappointed about your negligent classmate.

Snape looked at you and the corners of his lips lifted. With a flick of his head he gave you a sign to
come up.

He stood opposite to you, looking into your eyes. There was something in his glance you could
describe as a subtle glimpse of privacy, only you two were involved in.

“Defend yourself, Miss.” His voice sounded harsh and distinct.

“But I don’t want to reflect it on you, sir!” You frightened.

“Do what I say!” He said sternly. “Flipendo!”

Snape casted a spell, and a blow of energy burst out of his wand. His hit was strong, but you knew
he used just a quarter of his real power.

You repelled his attack, and the blow rushed back in Snape’s direction. He flicked it off with a
barely noticeable movement of his hand, and it scattered down at his feet with a number of tiny
sparks.

Snape addressed the class.

“You must always be ready, that your own spells can serve against you.” Professor warned
monotonously with his head held high. “You can also use your opponent’s power against him. That
is why it’s so important to be able to defend yourselves. And to do it properly.”

“I would advise you to be prepared for surprises…” With these words he directed his wand at you,
spattering you with water. You chuckled and dried it, not letting water reach the goal. Snape smiled
approvingly.

“Miss Y/L/N, explain how you reflected my spell?” He was proud of you.

“I acted intuitively, used the opposite.” You admitted shyly.

He nodded.

“You cannot know all the spells …” he stated, “but you must operate with those you’ve already
learned.”

“Prepare an essay describing three defensive spells for the next class.” He snapped. “Dismissed!”

When everyone left, he came up to you and bowed gallantly. “My appreciation, didn’t expect you
would react that quick.” He praised you, giving you a gentle smile.

“This spell somehow appeared in my head itself.” You shrugged.

He nodded approvingly. “It should be so.”

Snape gathered his papers and walked up the stairs leading to his office.

“You can easily beat these dunderheads.” His deep voice reached you from behind the half open
door.

You followed him and walked inside. Snape was putting his notes in the drawers with a serious look.

“Professor?” You hesitantly called him.

He raised his head and carefully looked into your eyes. There left not a single reminder of that stern
and menacing man you saw few minutes ago.

“May I take some of your time?” You lowered your head. “If it wouldn’t bother you, of course.”

“For you as much time as you need.” Snape said with a soft but still deep voice, which made your heart flutter, pushed everything aside and watched you attentively.

You took a deep breath, gathering your courage, and continued.

“I have troubles with non-verbal spells. Maybe if you explained…”

He didn’t let you finish.

“That’s good you asked, because I actually was going to offer it.” His face twisted in a guilty expression. “Just thought whether it wouldn’t be too much for you.” He seemed to be a little unsure. “You never rest…”

Snape slowly approached you and stroked your shoulder.

“Same as you.” You smiled, and he couldn’t take eyes off your beautiful face. Your smile poured life in him, he could admire it endlessly.

“Let me know when you’re ready.” He said kindly.

“I shall go then?” You felt confident again.

“No.” He smiled. It sounded like a joke, but he really didn’t want you to leave.

“So I’m staying?” You didn’t want to leave either.

Snape laughed. “Go have some rest. I won’t let you overwork.”

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“Well, are you ready to discover the art of non-verbal spells?” Asked Snape after you finished working in the lab.

“Sure!” You were excited about the upcoming training.

“Shall we go outside, get some fresh air?” Professor suggested.

You went out into the garden and walked slowly along the path.

“Non-verbal spells, as you know, do not require pronouncing.” Snape began calmly and measuredly. “But even if you say the spell to yourself, it will remain verbal anyway, because you still use the verbal form.”

You nodded, knowing quiet well what he was talking about.

“Non-verbal spells are written in the language of symbols.” He continued in his leisurely manner. “They require wand waving and great concentration. Such magic will not tolerate uncertainty.”

You listened carefully.

“What spells did you learn?”

“Well, I tried simple hits and kicks.” You replied shyly.
Snape stopped in front of you, pulling a wand out of his sleeve.

“Hit me.” He commanded.

You hesitated.

“Don’t be afraid.” He cheered you up.

You directed your wand at him, imagined a symbol, casting a spell, and… nothing happened.

“It’s okay.” Snape calmed you softly.

He approached you from behind, gently put his left hand on your back, and with his right hand he took yours, straightening it in direction of the target.

“See that stone? Now we’ll try to hit it.” He was standing so close, so that you could feel his hair touching your cheek. You were so pleased with his attention and care.

You focused, the last thing you wanted was disappointing him.

“Close your eyes.” Professor said quietly. “Imagine the symbol… Feel the energy running along your arm straight to the wand.” He continued holding your back with one hand, while gently drawing a line from your shoulder to the forearm with the other, tightly squeezing your wrist.

“Now.” He whispered into your ear.

You concentrated and hit. Snape helped you with his power so that you would feel the necessary impulse.

The stone bounced to the bushes.

“Good.” He praised you, stroking your shoulders, staying behind you. “Try again.” His voice calm and soft.

You pointed the wand at the other stone, struck again and the stone broke into pieces. You happily turned to Professor. He smiled approvingly.

“You hit me.” He walked a few steps back.

“Go ahead, you won’t hurt me.” He answered your frightened glance with a smile.

“Hit me! Come on! Do not stop!” He demanded.

You attacked him, and he skillfully repulsed all your spells, so that they splashed sparkling on the ground. Now you understood why he took you outside, you two could’ve accidentally crushed his office.

He came up to you. “Well done.” He said quietly and looked into your eyes full of delight.

You continued walking slowly along the path, shoulder to shoulder. It was getting dark. Snape took your hand and laid it on his forearm. You looked at him kindly and leaned closer.

“Since you have to take part in these stupid fights, I want to show you how to recognize your opponent’s intentions and act in advance. There is a spell: Cognossere intentium.”

“Cognossere intentium.” You repeated.
He stood in front of you and pulled out his wand again.

“Try it.”

“You uttered the formula and felt vibration transmitting through your wand.” You caught the spell Professor wanted to use, and chose the most suitable one to repel it.

“Useful, isn’t it?” Snape was proud of you. He wanted to teach you everything he knew.

“No need to say it out loud. It works anyway.”

“You’ve never mentioned it in class, but it’s really necessary.” You took his arm again, and you continued walking.

“Because it is not generally known.” He said with an impassive look.

“Thank you, Professor.” You realized, he was sharing his own spells with you and leaned closer to his shoulder.

“There is nothing to thank me for.” He said quietly. “I haven’t taught you anything yet.”

“You’re kidding?” You exclaimed surprised.

“Because it’s nothing compared to what I’m up to show you.” He grinned cunningly.
This day Professor Snape asked you to hold his class with the first years, due to Headmaster had something to discuss with him. You gladly agreed, because you really enjoyed teaching children.

They worked with enthusiasm, and no one could predict trouble.

“Miss Y/L/N, it’s something wrong with my potion!” A girl called you.

You approached her desk to check what happened. The contents of her cauldron seethed actively, she’s clearly mixed up the ingredients. Suddenly, the foam started rising quickly, and something exploded in the cauldron, releasing a cloud of smoke in your face. It happened all at once, so that you didn’t even have time to react.

When the smoke cleared, you realized it was too bright in the class. So bright, that it hurt you to open your eyes. Every time you tried to look around again, sharp, unbearable pain pierced your head. You closed your eyes and leaned against the table.

The children frightened and helped you sit on a chair. You covered your eyes with your hands hoping you’d get better soon. But you didn’t.

With tears in her eyes, the girl was begging for forgiveness. You didn’t blame her, this could happen to anyone.

You told the children to go back to work and finish their potions, while you remained sitting on a chair, waiting for relief.

By the end of the class, the door opened abruptly, and Professor Snape walked in with a confident step. Since he couldn’t find you at the teacher’s place, he frowned and looked around. Having noticed you, sitting in a position that didn’t correspond the situation, he tensed. He tensed even more, when several students surrounded you with frightened expressions on their faces.

“Miss Y/L/N!” He sternly addressed you. “Care to explain, what is going on?” Snape panicked, though he didn’t show it.

Without changing your position, still covering your eyes with your palms, you answered him.

“We had a small accident, Professor, due to which it is very painful for me to look at the light.” You tried to open your eyes again, but regretted it immediately and moaned.

Having approached you swiftly, Snape squatted in front of you and put his hand on your lap, looking into your face with concern. The children, who were standing nearby, quickly stepped back.

You felt the touch and realized it was him. You squinted, trying to look at your Professor.

“It’s okay.” You reassured him quietly, because you knew, he would get furious.

“How did it happen?” He asked calmly, looking at you, but, not having heard an answer, he slowly rose to his feet and stared intently at the children.

“How. Did. It. Happen?” He repeated the question in a killing voice, which made blood freeze in veins.

Squinting, you turned to him and, having groped his hand, squeezed it tightly in yours. Your touch
didn’t let him loose his temper. He gave you a confused glance and, pulling himself together, looked at the children sternly. Two feelings struggled in him: love for you and rage at these idiots, whose fault it was, that you were now in such a miserable condition.

“Something exploded in my cauldron.” The girl confessed, glaring guiltily.

You pulled Snape’s hand which you still held in yours. With this gesture you asked him not to be too harsh, and he knew that.

“Detention!” He squeezed your hand, trying to keep his calm, his voice stern and scratchy.

“Dis-missed.” He snapped, and a crowd of children hurried to leave the classroom.

When you finally were alone, he squatted beside you again and stroked your thigh, leaving his palm rest on your knee.

“How are you?” He asked worriedly.

“I’ve had worse.” You smiled faintly.

“You find it funny?” He gently reproached you.

“That girl, she mixed up the order of ingredients, and a very strong reaction…

“I know, which reaction…” Snape interrupted you severely. And then, looking at you with compassion, he asked in a softer tone. “Is there anything else besides the pain in your eyes? Head ache?”

You nodded.

Snape clenched his teeth.

“You’ll have to forget about your usual routine for a couple of days.” His voice was soft and comforting. “It will pass itself, but it will take time.”

“Forgive me, Professor, it’s all my fault.” You were so sorry for being not capable of preventing the student’s mistake.

“It’s not your fault. It’s impossible to keep an eye on all these dunderheads and their cauldrons.” He replied with annoyance. “If she experienced the consequences of her mistake by herself, she would’ve learned to be mindful!” He exclaimed angrily.

“Don’t torment her after class.” You smiled apologetically.

“I’ll see…” He snapped sternly and sighed.

Snape had no doubt what to do with you.

“Stay here, I’ll be right back.” His caring tone returned you calmness and confidence, that everything will be fine.

Professor stood up, opened his closet with potions, took out a few vials and put them in his pocket. When he returned to you, you sat, leaning on your hands with your forehead. Professor patted you on the shoulder.

“Come on.” Quietly and calmly, he called you.
He helped you stand up, holding you by the elbow. Strongest spasms pierced your head, as you changed your position. You grimaced and stopped right away, to let the pain subside a bit.

“Don’t open your eyes, I’ll guide you.” Snape said tenderly.

He grabbed you around the waist and took your hand, so that you could lean on him. He slowly and gently led you out of the class, controlling all your movements. He warned you about the steps and turns. You walked confidently, fully trusting him.

Finally, you heard the sound of an opening door. He walked you into the room and sat you on the bed.

Snape shuttered the windows. You felt that it finally got dark, and carefully opened your eyes. It was his room, you recognized it. Once you’ve already been here.

“In the Hospital Wing, there is no enough dark place for you.” Snape explained monotonously, answering your numb question. He sat down next to you.

“Drink this.” He took a vial from his pocket and handed it to you.

You drank without even asking what it was. You fully trusted Professor and knew that he wouldn’t cause you harm. He grinned at your obedience.

Snape got up, straightened the pillow, took off your shoes and helped you lie down. He put two vials on the bedside table.

“I gave you analgetic.” He clarified tenderly. “Here is another one.” He pointed on a vial. “And this one is a sleeping pill. If you feel worse, drink it and have some sleep.”

“But what about my classes?” You looked at him plaintively, hoping that he would find a solution.

“I’ll warn your teachers don’t worry about it.” He smiled gently.

Snape sat on the edge of the bed and took your hand.

“I can’t stay.” He said softly. “I’ve got three more classes today.”

You didn’t want him to leave, but you understood him perfectly.

“Have some sleep…” He uttered in a gentle and quiet voice. “Shall I cover you?” His eyes were shining with warmth.

You nodded your head timidly and smiled.

“Thank you.” You whispered gratefully.

“I’ll be back as soon as I can.” With these words, Snape closed the door, and you were left alone.

It was unlikely, that someone, except for him, has ever stepped here. You’ve been allowed into the most closed, inaccessible to the stranger’s eyes dwelling of a menacing and formidable Professor, who settled fear in every living soul at Hogwarts. Moreover, he let you stay here alone, giving you the opportunity to look into the farthest corners of his small world, fiercely protected from invasion, a reflection of which undoubtedly were these chambers.

The potion helped, and you felt better. You pressed the pillow to yourself and buried your face in it. It smelled with something pleasant and very familiar. You inhaled deeper. It was a mixture of potions
fumes and herbs, with a slight flavor of old wood.

Lying in his bed, on his pillow, under his blanket was such a pleasure. You’ve never felt so good and comfortable. Soon you fell asleep with a happy smile on your lips.
When Snape returned, you were still asleep. You laid on your stomach, having sprawled all over his bed, and with your hand put under the pillow. This picture made something warm and quivering rise to his chest. For the first time he felt, what it was like to come to his chambers and find he wasn’t alone. You looked so peaceful, that he couldn’t help smiling. He realized, that he wanted to see you here every day, returning after classes.

Snape brought you lunch. He still needed to finish something in the lab, so he couldn’t stay, despite the strong desire to do it. He came closer and just admired you for a few minutes. You slept so sweetly, that he decided not to wake you. He put a bag with food on the bedside table, drawing attention to the fact, that both vials, he left for you, were untouched. That meant, you felt better than he thought.

Snape left you a talking letter, so that you wouldn’t strain your eyes, reading it, and, stopping at the door, glanced at you, full of love and devotion, and went out.

You woke up shortly after Professor’s visit. Opening your eyes, you realized, that you felt better. Headache has passed, but the bright light still caused severe discomfort. You stretched out on the bed and, turning over on your side, suddenly noticed a package and an envelope on the bedside table.

A pleasant excitement rose in your heart; you knew that Professor left it for you. You took the envelope and opened it.

“Y/N…” Said calm, low voice.

“I dropped in after classes while you were sleeping, and didn’t dare waking you up. I brought you some food. Eat, please.”

The voice continued anxiously. “I beg you, do not even think of touching the books! Rest.

Now I have to go to the lab. I’ll try to come back as soon as possible.”

And after a short pause, he added.

“Just rest, I’m begging you…”

His caring warm voice made your heart beat faster.

You listened to his message with a happy smile on your face.

Sitting on the bed, you reached out to the package. You were terribly hungry and endlessly grateful to your Professor for bringing it. You looked inside with impatience and saw your favorite food. He knew what you liked. Warmth spread inside of you, you were touched by his attention and care.

You walked into the sitting room. The windows here were also shuttered. Professor took care of that as well.

Having brewed tea, you took a seat on the sofa by the fireplace and ate everything, that he brought you, with pleasure. You noticed several books on Professor’s desk. You really wanted to look them through, but you didn’t, he asked you to rest after all.

Having no idea how to keep yourself busy, you slowly walked around in the gloom of Professor’s
chambers. It was clean and tidy here. Besides the sofa, standing opposite the fireplace, there was a table and several bookcases. You examined books on the shelves, the titles aroused interest, and you felt a desire to read them all.

You looked at the clock. At this time, you usually worked in the lab with Professor, you were terribly sorry, that you couldn’t join him now.

You returned back to the room and laid down again. You didn’t want to sleep anymore.

There was a chest of drawers by the window, and a wardrobe in the corner. There must’ve been Professor’s personal things. A new feeling overwhelmed you, a feeling of belonging to his life. It was so strange and so exciting.

Suddenly you heard a click of the door and a quiet rustle behind the wall. It was him. Your heart pounded wildly. You didn’t have time to get out of bed and sat, leaning on a pillow, as Snape entered the room.

“How are you?” He came up to you with a tender smile and sat on the edge of the bed.

“Better…” You were happy, that he finally returned.

“Long awake?” He put his hand on your thighs.

“Not really.” You replied and hurried to thank him for dinner.

Snape was glad to please you, he was glad that you were with him now. You were so beautiful, he couldn’t take his eyes off you.

“Tell me if you’re hungry, and I’ll take you something.”

“Professor, you’re so kind to me, I am really embarrassed to cause you inconvenience.” You gave him a tender glance, full of gratitude.

“Stop it! You’re not causing me any inconvenience!” Taking care of you was a real pleasure for him.

“I took your bed…” You jokingly twisted your face in a guiltily expression.

“You’re welcome, take it all.” Snape smiled slyly.

You felt like it was a tricky offering.

“Did I snore in the afternoon?” You asked frightened.

Snape laughed out loud.

“No, you just looked so…” He tried to find a word. “…cute…” He finished quietly and squeezed your thigh before standing up.

Snape leisurely approached the wardrobe, removing his cloak on the move, and hung it on a hanger. He unbuttoned his coat, and it joined his cloak. Left in a white shirt, Professor undid the top button and slightly rolled up his sleeves. You watched him. You’ve never seen him in an informal setting.

“I have some papers to grade, if you need anything, I’m behind this door.” He said calmly, as if such moments were part of your daily routine.

“This is cruel, Professor!” You tried to hold him up.
He turned and looked at you inquiringly.

“I’ll die here of boredom!” You made a pitiful expression.

He smiled gently. “Let me finish everything, and then we’ll chat, okay? It won’t take long.”

You were delighted with his suggestion and nodded affirmatively.

Snape walked out of the room, and you heard him rustling papers from time to time. But you could no longer be alone and decided to check on him.

He sat at his desk, with his back turned to you. Several candles were burning in front of him, and two piles of notebooks laid on the side. Slightly slouching, he made notes, leaning his free hand on his knee.

You quietly approached Snape from behind. Soft candle light didn’t hurt you.

“May I help you, Professor?” You asked cautiously, not to scare him, but he clearly knew, that you got out of bed.

“Yes.” He said sternly, without turning to you. “If you go rest.”

“But I have already! And I can see well in this light!” You came closer. “Look, you’ve got my first grader’s notebooks, let me check them?”

Snape turned to you with a serious expression.

“How dare you arguing with me!?” He asked, frowning jokingly, and grinned.

You looked at him with a smile, taking a stack of notebooks from the table. You sat on the couch and put them next to you.

“If you feel discomfort, drop it right away.” Professor warned you sternly, without looking around.

Together, you quickly finished everything. Snape joined you on the sofa, and leaned on the armrest with his back. You made yourself comfortable on the other side.

“You know, it’s all so different in the lab without you.” He quietly began a conversation.

You were pleased to hear that.

“Tomorrow it will be as usual.” You smiled him sweetly.

“You’d better rest for a few more days.”

“I’m terribly bored!” You complained. “Besides, you have so many interesting books here! And I have to fight with the urge to read them!”

“You’ll have time for them.” He admired you and enjoyed your presence.

“How was your day? No surprises?” You asked him, as usual.

“One surprise is enough for today.” He hinted at you.

Snape told you everything that happened this afternoon. This were ordinary things, but the most important was, that he shared them with you.
The rest of the day you talked, joked and laughed. Professor brought supper, and you ate together in his chambers.

When it was time to sleep, Snape walked into his room, took a pillow with a blanket and carried them to the sofa.

You felt guilty.

“\textquote{I slept well, Professor, allow me take the sofa?}” You stood in the doorway, hoping that he would agree.

“\textquote{Excluded.}” He snapped, paying no attention to your arguments, and laid down.

You walked up to him and sat on the edge. Snape looked at you displeased, expecting, you would try to persuade him take the bed.

You smiled tenderly, leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

“\textquote{Good night, Professor…}” You quickly stood up and disappeared in his room, before he could even reply.

“\textquote{Good night, my dear!}” You heard his deep voice from behind the door.
You accidentally heard a conversation between two students about Professor Snape. They were
talking about how they hated him and his subjects. It was hard for you to hear that. Arguing with
them would’ve made things worse, so you just headed to Snape’s office, feeling an urge to see him.

You entered without knocking on the half open door and saw him sitting at the table and intently
writing something. Your heart sank with affection for him.

Snape raised his eyes on you and checked the time.

“Already free? It’s quite early.” He smiled affably.

“No, I have two more classes…” You answered him with a tender smile. “May I just sit here for a
while?”

“Is everything all right? Snape alerted.

“Yes.” You took your regular seat in front of his table.

“Are you sure?” He frowned.

“Aha…” His concern made the bitterness in your heart fade away. You leaned over the desk, with
your arms crossed, and laid your head on them.

Snape returned to work. He couldn’t shake off the feeling that you were keeping something back.
You talked so much and met each other so often, that now he could see you through, noticing the
slightest change in your mood.

You watched him. He looked so personable in his black suite, exactly the same as you first saw him.
If someone told you then, he’d be your closest friend, you’d probably have laughed in their face.
You chuckled at this thought. When he was beside you, all your problems disappeared. You enjoyed
having him around and knew, he felt the same.

“Stop staring at me like that.” He said in an indifferent tone, not looking up from the papers.

“Like what?” You smiled, not being surprised at his request, and without even thinking about doing
what he said.

He turned his head to you, raising his eyebrow, and curled his lips in a sarcastic grin.

Without changing you position, you just closed your eyes and continued laying with a faint smile on
your face.

Snape pushed everything away, got up and approached you. Even with your eyes closed, you felt his
shadow looming over you. You opened your eyes, straightened and inquiringly looked up at him.

He sat next to you, one hand on the back of your chair, and the other on the table.

“What happened?” He asked you again with a serious look, making it clear, that you won’t get off
with jokes.

You lowered your head.
“Nothing happened, Professor. I just heard something not very pleasant…”

“It concerned you?” Snape was ready to protect you at all costs.

You shook your head negatively. “Rather you…” You confessed quietly. “They just discussed how they hated Potions and…”

Snape chuckled. “No a big deal!”

“It’s nothing, but I felt so bad for you.” You gave him a loving glance full of regret.

“And it is all?” Surprised Snape. “This is what made you upset?” He said softly, being deeply touched by your attitude.

“I know that you’re not what they think of you! And it’s painful for me to hear that!” You stared intently into his black eyes, which were shining with warmth and gratitude.

He smiled gently and, sliding his hand from the back of the chair to your shoulder, he pulled you to himself, pressing your head to his chest with another hand. You felt so good and safe in his arms.

“My sweet girl…” He said softly, and, loosening his grip, looked into your face. You slightly raised your head to meet his eyes and smiled guiltily.

He squeezed you tighter again, leaning his cheek against your forehead.

“That’s enough for me, that only one person knows about this.” He whispered peacefully.
Another academic year was over and you had no more classes. Some students have already left, but many of them still remained at Hogwarts.

You hadn’t said goodbye to your Professor and wanted to do it on the day of departure. He meant so much to you, so that you couldn’t just leave without saying a word to him. You realized, it was the end of your meetings in the lab, and it broke your heart.

Snape sat at the table in his office and just stared into nowhere. He couldn’t stop thinking about you. He knew that you would leave for two months, and this killed him.

The door was slightly ajar, and you carefully stepped inside, closing it behind you.

“Professor?” You called him barely audible.

“You haven’t left yet?” He asked quietly, standing up from the table.

“I couldn’t leave without saying goodbye to you.” You felt a lump lodging in your throat.

“I hope this summer won’t disappoint you.” He smiled, but it came out really sad.

You were so used to seeing Professor every day and didn’t want to part with him. You didn’t want to part with the only person, who gave you a feeling of safety, comfort and warmth. With a firm step you walked up to him and hugged him tightly, leaning your head against his shoulder. You tried to hold back tears, but your eyes were already wet. Snape’s heart was breaking at the thought, he wouldn’t see you for so long, he didn’t want to let you go. He crossed his arms on your back, stroked your hair and pressed his cheek against your forehead.

“I’ll miss you…” He confessed in a whisper. You were his only dearest person in the whole world.

At these words, your soul overfilled with affection and love for him, and tears rolled down your cheeks. He realized, you were crying, and clenched his teeth, trying to control himself.

“Come on…” He stroked your head. “My dear…”

Every kind word, he said, made you feel more and more desperate, and you cried even harder. He slowly kissed you on the top of your head and left his lips rest on your hair.

“Shh, it’s okay…” He comforted you, but his own soul was torn to pieces. He felt so bad about your departure, but at the same time he was pleased, that you felt the same.

“Will you let me help you here next year?” You sobbed, still clinging to him.

“I’ll be glad, if you want.” His voice so soft and kind.

You rubbed your cheek against his shoulder and took a deep breath. Snape had no desire to pull you away, he let you stick on him as long as you needed to calm down.

He enjoyed every moment, holding you in his arms, feeling the warmth of your body, your touch, your smell. How he wished you could stay with him for the whole summer!

“Forgive me.” You apologized quietly, loosening the grip on his back.
“You have nothing to apologize for.” He stroked your soft hair. “Want some tea? You’ll get better.”

You slowly let go of him and, hiding your face, wiped tears away.

“I’m such a mess…” You sighed.

He softly touched your chin and lifted your head up, forcing you look at him.

“You’re not.” He smiled tenderly.

You smiled shyly in response, feeling relieved.

Snape brewed tea, and you sat with him for a while in his backroom. You recalled, what happened during this year and discussed your further research, outlining principal points, you had to work through on your vacation.

When it was time to leave, you felt, your heart was going to break, and your eyes filled up with tears again.

Snape gave you a gentle smile. “Do not even think of crying again!”

“Why?” You asked bitterly.

“Because I feel like crying as well.” He smiled sadly.

You expected to hear anything, but this.

He hugged you carefully and patted your back, then he pulled back and took you by the shoulders.

“Shall I walk you?”

“Better not, Professor.” You gave him a grateful glance. “The last thing I want is to burst into tears in front of the crowd.”

He smiled and nodded.

“If something happens or you need help, send me an owl.” He warned you with concerned look.

“I will.” You promised eagerly.

You left Hogwarts, realizing that there was one person in the world, who cared about you. And Merlin, how much you cared about him!

Snape already missed you and had no idea how to survive these two months without you.
Summer Surprises

You’ve got so used to spending time with Snape, that summer holidays seemed to be never-ending. He was your only friend, and you missed him badly. You left your heart with him and nothing could fill that void. You loved him desperately, but he was your Professor, and you had no illusion, he would ever reciprocate. You were so grateful, that he found a place for you in his solitary life, and terribly afraid to lose him.

He was always on your mind, you recalled how you worked together and how you rested after. When you could no longer endure unbearable yearning for him, you took a piece of paper and started writing, getting it off your soul. The words formed into sentences themselves, because now it was your heart speaking.

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Snape was sitting on the terrace of his little house in Spinner’s End, concentrated on extracting seeds from a pod. He was working on his next research, having no other ideas how to keep himself busy. When he wasn’t working, he thought about you. He really needed you. He realized, that he had only two years left, to tell you about his feelings, before your graduation. But he didn’t know how. He felt insecure, how you would take it. He was afraid to be rejected. He feared, you would turn away from him. You’ve become a friend to him, and this only friend he was afraid to lose the most. His confession could ruin everything. These thoughts tormented his mind and exhausted his soul. Therefore, he needed to do something, that would distract him from the endless longing for you.

Having finished with the pod, Snape stretched his hand to take the next one, when suddenly a brown owl flew up and sat on the table opposite him. There was a letter in its beak.

Snape recognized your owl and got worried, that something could happen to you. He pushed his pods aside, mixing the ready-made seeds with the peels, and quickly opened the envelope. His heart was pounding wildly.

“Hello, Professor!” He recognized your handwriting.

“I know, that the first thing you thought, having received this letter, was that something’s happened to me. Therefore, I want to reassure you in advance. I’m all right.

I just miss you so much, that I can no longer keep it to myself. I really miss the time I’ve spent in your lab. And I’ve already read all the books I took from you.

I’m looking forward for the start of the term and have no idea how to spend the remaining three weeks.

I hope, you’re having a good time.

Forgive me for this letter, but I really miss you badly.

Always loyal and devoted to you,

your dunderhead.”

Snape’s heart grew a size, and everything inside of him fluttered with excitement. He immediately stood up from the table, knowing exactly, what he was up to.
In the morning you were woken by a knock at the window of your room. You rushed to check, what it was. You really hoped to get an answer from Professor and expected to see his owl. Yes, it was it! With trembling hands, you opened the window and took the letter. Having it unfolded, you saw only two words.

“Look outside.”

With a heart popping out of your chest, you looked outside and saw an old car on the road. Nearby, leaning with one elbow on the roof, and with the other on the open door, there stood Professor Snape. Smiling uncertainly, he looked straight at you. You rounded your eyes and opened your mouth in astonishment. Realizing this was not a dream, you took off and rushed to the exit.

You jumped out of the house right in your pajamas, in slippers, with messy hair, disheveled after sleep, leaving the front door open. Snape slammed the car door and hurried to meet you.

You threw yourself in his embrace, almost knocking him off his feet. Clutching at him, you closed your eyes, ready to squeal from delight. He smiled broadly, hugging you, and enjoying the opportunity to touch and feel you again.

He gently ran his hands up your back and on to your hands, which continued holding him tightly. He took you by the elbows and pulled them down a little to loosen your grip.

You let go off him, leaving your palms on his shoulders. Your eyes were shining with happiness.

“Professor…” You sighed quietly.

“Hello, Y/N…” He couldn’t take his eyes off you.

You noticed, that Snape was wearing a black T-shirt and jeans. Muggle clothes suited him so well. He looked so different, but no less attractive.

“I can’t believe, you’ve come!” You gave him a delighted glance.

“Brought you a couple of books.” He grinned.

You laughed and he joined you.

“Want to ride somewhere?” He knew, you wouldn’t mind.

You nodded eagerly, continuing smiling broadly, and not ceasing to glare at him. He was so deeply touched, seeing joyful shine in your eyes.

“Then maybe you should change your clothes? I don’t mind if you go like this, but…” He examined you, raising his eyebrow sarcastically.

You realized that you were standing in the street in pajamas, and blushed.

“Will you come in?” You jerked your head at the door.

And Snape came in. You offered him some tea, and dressed up, while he was drinking it. You were ready in 10 minutes and went downstairs. Snape couldn’t help admiring you.

“Never seen you in anything but your school robes.” He smiled, coming up to you.
“You’ve just seen me in pajamas!” You grinned. “But I can say the same about you.”

You went outside. Snape helped you get in the car, and only then he took his place behind the wheel.

He started the car, and heavy guitar riffs burst out of the speakers.

“Sorry.” Snape reached for the panel to turn off the sound, but you stopped him.

“Wait!” You gripped his hand and listened. Your lips slowly stretched into a smile.

Snape gave you an astonished look.

“I love this song!” You glanced at him full of delight. You’ve never wondered, what kind of music he would prefer.

He frowned, looked at you intently, and curved his lips in a confused smile, not believing his ears.

“Perfect! Make it louder!” You leaned back on the seat and shook your head following the music and singing along, paying him no attention.

Snape couldn’t hide his admiration, he realized that besides Potions you had other common interests. He smiled broadly and started off with a confident and contented look.

He took you to the city where you walked, until you could no longer feel your legs. You chatted, telling each other what happened to you during this summer.

You went to the cinema, had a bite in a cafe.

You dragged him to the Ferris wheel. Snape never liked these “wacky entertainments”, but now that you were there, he even liked it. At first, he felt uncomfortable and even embarrassed, but soon he started enjoying it. Your eyes were shining with joy and happiness, and he saw it. He came for this. He lived for this.

It was late, when he brought you back home.

“Thank you for a wonderful day!” You looked at him tenderly with sadness in your eyes, standing at the front door.

“Thank you for spending it with me.” He answered with the same sad smile.

“I don’t want you to leave.” Your voice was quivering.

“Be strong.” He stroked your cheek.

You pressed his hand to your face and nodded sadly.

“Just because you ask.” You did your best not to burst into tears.

“Don’t be upset. You liked it today, don’t you?” His voice was so gentle.

“Will you believe, if I say, that it was the best day in my life?” You gratefully looked into his eyes.

“I never doubted any of your words.” He smiled, admitting, that this day was the best in his life either. “Come here.”
He hugged you, gently sliding his hands along your back and squeezed you tightly, drowning his face into your hair.

Having wrapped your arms around his neck, you pulled him closer, stroking his shoulders.

You stood without moving, being not able to let go off each other.

“Thank you…” He whispered, without releasing you from his embrace. His deep and quiet voice made shivers run down your spine.

“For what?” You asked surprised, wondering how you deserved having him by your side.

“For being here for me.”
Having arrived at Hogwarts after summer holidays, you threw your bag into your dorm and, without changing clothes, rushed to Snape’s office. You missed him so much, that you were literally dying to see him. Snape was also excited about meeting you.

When someone knocked on his door, he couldn’t explain why, but his heart began to pound.

“Enter.” He invited in a low, stern voice.

You looked inside with a playful gleam in your eyes. Snape broke into a wide smile and hurried to meet you. You jumped up to him and wrapped your arms around his neck, clasping him tightly. He ran his hands along your back, and you felt his firm grip on your waist. He missed this feeling of your closeness and your touch and pulled you closer.

“Hello, sunshine.” He greeted you softly.

“My dear Professor…” You answered gently, still clinging to him.

He didn’t want to let you go, he hasn’t seen you for too long. You pressed your cheek against his black hair, inhaling potions fumes, he always smelled with.

He loosened his grip and stroked your back.

“Everything’s fine?”

You realized that you couldn’t hang on his neck forever.

“Yes.” You sighed peacefully and pulled back a little to look into his eyes.

“I am so glad to see you.” He looked at you with all the tenderness he was capable of, and smiled kindly.

“Me too, Professor…” You lowered your head, feeling blood rushes to your head, bringing colour to your cheeks.

Trying to hide embarrassment, you made a few steps along the room.

“Ready to take a few dozens of dunderheads under your wing?” You sat on the edge of the table, looking around the office.

“Do not remind me of that!” He winced in displeasure.

Snape approached you and leaned on the table beside you.

“I’ll have to instruct my first-years after the Sorting ceremony.” He spoke calmly, looking at the floor. You enjoyed his deep voice. “I’m not sure whether we could talk today…”

You looked at him, admiring his face, not able to take your eyes off him. He was sitting so close.

“Y/N…” He continued. “I put too much on your plate last year… Your assistance in the lab, and practical classes…” He looked at you seriously.

“No, Professor, it’s okay! I managed it! And I liked it!” You got scared, that he would no longer
allow you to help him.

“I opened a bank account for you.” He said calmly. “The school paid for all the classes you held, and extra hours as well.”

“What?” This news was a real surprise for you. “Why?”

“Because you deserve this.” He examined your face until his eyes met yours.

“But I…” You didn’t know what to say. “I did it not for money…”

“So what?” Snape smiled faintly. “Why can’t you be rewarded for your work?”

“Experience and knowledge you gave me was the best reward.” You were so deeply touched by his deed and couldn’t find words to express your gratitude, but your eyes spoke for you, and Snape saw it.

He wrapped his hand around your shoulders.

“I know.” He whispered.

“Still want to work with me?” Snape asked after a short pause. Though he pretended to be calm, he tensed inside, waiting for your answer.

“Oh course!” You leaned against his shoulder and looked up at him. “Of course, I do!”

Snape sighed with relief and pulled you closer to himself.

“Good.”

You sat silently for a while, enjoying each other’s company.

“The ceremony begins in 15 minutes.” He carefully reminded you.

“Right! Ceremony…” You realized you needed to dress up. “Shall we stay maybe?” You smiled regretfully.

Snape grinned. “I would love to.”

He patted your back and stood up to his feet. You followed him.

“Thank you, I am so grateful for your care, for…” Your voice faltered.

“Shh…” He stopped you. “Everything’s fine.”

His warm smile brought peace to your heart.

“Have I already said, that you’re wonderful?” You smiled back.

“Well, I’ve heard it a couple of times.” He jokingly rolled his eyes, as if recalling those moments.

“Then I’ll say it again…” You came closer and stretched your arms up to his shoulders, wrapping them around his neck.

“You’re wonderful, Professor…” He heard your soft whisper on his ear, and shivers ran down his spine. His heart fluttered of happiness to finally have you so close again. You brought sense to his life, arousing in him desire to live.
You rushed to your dorm, and Snape went to the Hall in a great mood. His new first-graders didn’t even understand, why they were told about Severus Snape as an evil and cruel Professor.
Even Potions Masters Need Some Care

You had a Potions class on your schedule.

All the students were sitting at their desks, waiting for Professor Snape. But it wasn’t he, who entered the classroom. Your heart sank, when Professor McGonagall showed up in the doorway. She announced, that Professor Snape was incapable of teaching that day, so she wrote paragraphs on the board, which you had to study, and dismissed the class.

Students happily jumped up from their seats, and a moment later there was no one left in the classroom.

You felt uneasy and asked McGonagall, what happened. With a kind smile she answered, that Professor Snape caught a cold, and there was nothing to worry about.

Leaving the class, you knew exactly, where to go.

Having reached Professor’s chambers, you hesitated to worry him. You stood at the door for a while, gathering your courage, and knocked carefully. There was no answer. You listened, it was quiet inside. You knocked harder. Nothing again.

Snape was lying in bed with a terrible headache and a sore throat. He definitely had fever. His whole body ached, and he felt chills. He took his rescue potions, which he kept for such occasions, but this time they barely had an effect. Having heard knocking at his door, he cursed everything.

“Who the hell is that?!” He exclaimed to himself, and was determined not to open it to anyone.

“Whoever it is! Just leave me alone!” He sighed in annoyance, when the knocking got more intense.

“Professor, it’s me.” You knocked again.

Having recognized your voice, his heart skipped a bit. Why didn’t he think about you right away? After all, who else could’ve rushed to see him immediately after being told of his ailment. He was terribly ashamed of his thoughts. Making an effort, he got out of bed and stumbled to the door.

You were about to leave, as suddenly you heard unsteady footsteps, a quiet rustle, and the door opened.

“And what are you doing here?” Croaked Snape and smiled faintly.

He didn’t expect you to come and was very glad to see you. You were the only person he was always ready to let in. Just 20 minutes ago, he asked McGonagall to dismiss your class, and there you were already, standing on his doorstep with an extremely worried look. His whole being was overwhelmed with tenderness and affection for you.

You felt relieved, when you saw him. You knew, that he would hardly be happy about visitors, and the fact that he opened the door for you, meant that he appreciated your attention.

He stood in a dark T-shirt, stretched from a variety of washes, and in same worn home pants. His disheveled hair fell over his eyes, which lost their usual vigorous gleam. It was evident, that it was hard for him to stand.

“Professor…” You gave him a compassionate glance. “You look terrible!” With these words you
squeezed inside, pushing Snape away from the door, and stretched your hand up to touch his forehead. It was hot.

“What are you doing?” He stared at you confusedly, he wasn’t used to being treated like that.

“Nothing yet.” Your heartwarming smile disarmed him. He couldn’t find, what to answer. He was so pleased with your presence.

“What did Madam Pomfrey say?” You slammed the door.

“Nothing.” Snape frowned. “I didn’t bother her. Am I not able to handle a cold?” He croaked, wincing and squeezing his neck with his palm. It was painful for him to speak.

“Go back to bed.” You commanded kindly. “You are barely standing!”

“I’m standing quiet steady!” Resented Snape.

“There’s no one else here, no need to play a hero.” You glanced at him with all love and affection you had for this man. “Professor, please…”

He really felt bad and would gladly lay down, but he didn’t give up.

“And what about you?” He asked sarcastically. He wasn’t used to showing weakness.

“Imagine that I’m not here.” You smiled and gently pushed him toward the doorway.

Snape was so bewildered and confused by the situation that he just obeyed and stumbled to his room. He collapsed heavily on the bed and laid down with relief. You sat next to him on the edge and covered him with a blanket, touching his hot forehead again.

“Temperature?” You asked protectively.

“I didn’t measure.” He grumbled. “Y/N, I’m not dying!”

“Of course, you’re not! I won’t let you!” You answered strictly.

Your confident tone hooked something in his soul, no one had spoken to him like that before. He never felt that someone cared about him, and his heart overflowed with love and gratitude.

“Where’s your thermometer?” You looked around, examining the surfaces of his bedside tables.

“I don’t have it.” He sighed hopelessly.

“So irresponsible of you!” You frowned, stood up to your feet and headed for the exit.

“Where are you going?” Snape shouted after you, but he only heard a slam of the closed door.

He laid, waiting for your return. This was the first time in his entire life, that someone was worried about his health.

Snape’s heart sank with excitement, when the door slammed again. He heard the rustling of packages and the sound of glass vials. After a moment you showed up, rapidly approaching him.

“Here.” You stretched him thermometer.

Snape glanced at you in disbelief, grabbed it with his hand and, without taking his eyes off you,
started measuring.

You took a seat on his bed, very close to him.

“Don’t even think you could get rid of me!” You smiled kindly.

Even if he wanted to chase you away, he wouldn’t. He wasn’t thrilled, that you saw him in such a miserable condition, but he was terribly afraid to push you away. And he had to admit, he really enjoyed your care.

He put his hand on your lap.

“Why are you doing this?” He still couldn’t believe you were there for him.

“You don’t know?” You answered quietly, melting his heart with your loving glance. “That’s enough, give it to me!” You took thermometer from him and rounded your eyes.

“So, now you will do everything I tell you!” You stood up and confidently headed to the hall.

Snape smiled to himself. What was happening now, was so unusual and so strange for him. And so needed. He was ready to catch a cold every day, only to have you so carefully fussing around him.

You came back with pills and a cup of water. He realized, he had no choice. He got up, leaning on the pillow and took the medicine.

“And now lie down.” You put his cup aside.

He obeyed. You tuckled him in the blanket and touched his forehead again, as if the pills could’ve worked in 30 seconds.

He looked at you with admiration. This fragile, downtrodden girl, he wanted to protect both day and night, turned into a confident, brave young woman, who seemed ready to do anything to defeat his cold.

“Sleep, Professor…” Your voice so quiet and gentle.

He didn’t take his eyes off you.

“Come on, close your eyes!” You laughed softly and stroked his hair.

He was so pleased with your care and your gentle touch that his heart softened, and he was ready to burst into tears of happiness.

“I won’t stop doing this until you close them.” Smiling, you ran your hand through his hair again.

“Then I probably won’t sleep at all. Ever.” He said seriously.

You laughed, removing hair strands from his forehead.

“I’ll be with you… if I may…” You timidly lowered your head.

“Y/N…” He clenched his teeth, trying to hold back tears, which so treacherously started forming in his eyes.

“Shh… Sleep, Professor.”
He stretched his hand out from under the blanket and wrapped it around your thighs, pulling you to himself. He surrendered and was ready to fall asleep, only because you asked him. It felt so calming and soothing having you so close, he sighed peacefully and slumbered soon.

You remained sitting with him, examining his face, touching his forehead, caressing his cheeks. There was no one in the world more precious and dear to you. Your cherished him with all your heart and desperately desired to stay with him forever.

Every second, spent with him, was a blessing. Being afraid of waking him, trying not to change your position, you carefully rested your head near his shoulder, and dozed off.

When Snape woke up and found you near him, his heart grew with warmth and fondness for you. He gently patted your back. You flinched and started up immediately.

“Forgive me.” You flushed.

“Don’t you say that!” He felt guilty. “Forgive me, it’s all because of me…” He coughed.

“You feel better?” You asked hopefully.

“I guess…” He rubbed his eyes and smiled at your concerned look.

“Hungry?”

“No! Don’t even bother with me!” He tried to sit up, but you stopped him.

“But I want! Wouldn’t have come, if I didn’t.”

“Y/N…” He said sternly. “This is just a cold.”

“Moreover! Isn’t it pleasant, when someone takes care of you, and you know that the disease is not serious, and there is nothing to worry about?” You smiled again so that he couldn’t argue.

“I always did it by myself.” He made the last attempt to preserve his dignity.

“Don’t you like having me here?” You asked jokingly, knowing the answer.

“I enjoy every moment…” He admitted quietly.

“So relax and let someone else solve your problems at least for one single day!” You took his hand, which was still resting on your lap, and put it carefully on the bed. “I’ll be right back!”

You brought dinner, and you ate together in Snape’s chambers.

Before leaving, you made sure he took all the pills and went back to bed.

“Shall I come tomorrow?” You asked, straightening his blanket.

He smiled gratefully and, looking into your dearest eyes, nodded barely noticeable.

You slowly pressed your lips against his cheek, lingered for a moment, as if trying to remember this feeling and, wishing him good night, you left his room.
Students were practicing to reflect spells in their DADA Class.

One girl confused a spell, and instead of casting a light push she made a powerful blow, which accidentally reached Snape, who stood at the table and was focused on his notes. He felt the danger, but didn’t have time to pull out his wand. He spun around and hit hard against the wall. He slowly slipped to the floor and remained sitting, unable to rise.

A deadly silence fell in the class.

“What are you doing? You idiot?!” You screamed and immediately rushed to your Professor. You fell on your knees beside him and saw a blood trickle, running out of his nose. You panicked, because such a spell could kill. Your eyes filled with tears. You raised your palms to his face and cupped his cheeks, holding his head and looking into his eyes.

“I am with you…” You whispered in a quivering voice. “I am with you… and always will be…” A tear rolled down your cheek. “Everything will be fine…”

Snape fixed his eyes on you. If he had to die, this was the best end for him, he couldn’t even dream of. He would consider it a blessing to pass away at your tender hands.

You were surrounded by the rest of the students. The culprit howled, repeating, that she didn’t mean to do that, someone suggested to call Madam Pomfrey. The crowd cluttered and hummed in excitement.

“Silence! Step back! NOW!” You yelled. The crowd moved back a little and watched you. You no longer saw them; the whole world has now narrowed to one only person.

You looked into his eyes. “Where does it hurt?” You asked him tenderly.

He blinked slowly and shook his head. “It’s okay…” His voice so weak.

You were so scared, so afraid to lose him. You realized, you needed to do something.

“No, I won’t let you die!” You whispered.

Your heart grew with determination; you couldn’t recognize yourself. Desperately you grabbed Snape by the collar with both hands and, gritting your teeth, you growled, switching to a shout.

“Severus! Where does it hurt?”

He admired you. Even now, when he could barely breathe. He was overwhelmed with pride for you.

“Answer me!” Sobbing, you begged him quietly. “Please…”

“My head…” He wheezed. “And here, under the rib…” He pointed on his side.

You put both hands on his temples, leaned towards his head and whispered spells, almost touching his forehead with your lips. You have never practiced this, only read it once in an old dusty book.

Stunned students were watching you. There wasn’t a sound in class apart from the clock ticking.
Suddenly your palms started to glow with a warm yellow light, which quickly penetrated Snape’s head. He took a deep breath, and his glance cleared. He was astonished by what was happening, only the most skillful wizards, who have dedicated their whole life to healing, could do this.

He wanted to stop you, trying to rise. “Don’t!” He exclaimed. “This spell is too complicated, it will take all your strength!”

“Sit!” You commanded and pressed with one hand on his shoulder, not allowing him to get up, holding the other hand on his stomach. You whispered something again, and the yellow light from your palm pierced Professor’s body. When it disappeared, exhausted, you dropped your head on his chest, breathing heavily.

He grabbed you by the shoulders, trying to meet your eyes. “Are you okay, Y/N?” Snape asked anxiously.

“Now that you’re okay, Professor, is the only thing that matters…” You smiled, looking into his eyes. A moment later you sat down next to him on the floor, leaned on his shoulder with relief and started laughing faintly, never taking your eyes off him. He quietly laughed with you.

You took his arm and pressed your cheek against his shoulder, being endlessly happy, that nothing threatened him anymore.

When you both realized, that two dozen pairs of bewildered eyes were looking at you, you stopped laughing.

“Enough for today!” Snape snapped sternly, in his usual manner. “The show is over.”

“I’ll talk to you later.” He angrily addressed the girl, who hit him. “Dismissed!”

The girl cried, trying to persuade him, that she did that not on purpose, but Snape didn’t listen to her. All his thoughts were taken by you and what happened now.

When everyone left the class, you were still sitting on the floor, shoulder to shoulder. Snape stood up first, stretched out his hand and helped you up. You felt weak.

“How are you?” He asked worriedly.

“You have blood, Professor!” You pointed at his nose.

“Right… It’s nothing…” He exhaled and wiped it with his thumb.

“I’ll sit down?” You said, as if asking for permission.

Snape rushed to pull you a chair. You collapsed down, being terribly weak. He squatted next to you and put his hands on your lap.

“You need to visit Madam Pomfrey.” He glanced at you with concern.

“I don’t want, please…” You hoped that he would take you to his backroom. The only thing you wanted now was having him by your side.

Snape was extremely worried for you. Such spells take all the power; he couldn’t predict how this would end up for you.

“I’ll be with you.” He looked intently into your eyes. “Agreed?”
You nodded, being forced to give up. Besides you knew, he wouldn’t retreat.

He straightened up and gave you his hand. You squeezed his palm and unwillingly stood up to your feet.

He grabbed your waist and in a moment you found yourself in his arms.

Snape carried you in a firm quick pace along the corridors. Everybody stared at you.

Someone has told Madam Pomfrey about what happened, and she was already running towards you.

“Severus! This way!”

***

Snape carefully laid you on a hospital bed. He stood nearby and didn’t leave you while Madam Pomfrey examined you, as he promised. You constantly looked at him, like a little child looks at an adult, searching for protection. He carefully watched Madam Pomfrey’s actions to make sure everything was all right.

“There is nothing to worry about.” She concluded. “General exhaustion due to a strong stress caused by casting a powerful spell. Rest, good nutrition and positive emotions are needed.”

He looked at you with relief and came closer, taking your hand. There was so much pain in his eyes. He smiled, as if he was asking for forgiveness for what happened to you. You smiled back faintly and squeezed his hand in yours.

“Madam Pomfrey? Will you examine Professor Snape?”

“What?” Snape frowned. “I’m fine!”

“Severus! I really had intention to examine you as well.”

Snape looked at you angrily.

You smiled at him. “Please, Professor… I must be sure, that you are really fine. I guess, I deserve this.” You asked quietly, and added in a whisper. “Please…”

He sighed and his gaze softened.

“I’ll be right back.” He gave you a warm glance full of gratitude, let go of your hand and went out.

When he returned, you’ve already dozed off.

“Go rest, Severus.” Suggested Madam Pomfrey. “She will sleep quiet long.”

“No, I’ll stay with her. You said I’m okay.”

“As you wish.” She sighed and left.

Snape sat on the edge of your bed, took your hand and pressed your palm to his lips. He cried. He couldn’t believe that, risking your life, you saved his own. He couldn’t understand how you did it. It was a mystery to him, it was impossible. You’ve done the impossible today!

He sat, bowing over you, pressing your palm to his face, kissing it, and not taking his eyes off you.
“Severus?” Professor McGonagall approached him from behind. “Can we talk about today’s incident?”

Snape turned his head back a little, without raising his eyes at her. Then he looked at you again, having no desire to leave you.

“Yes, of course.” He agreed with a regretful sigh, delicately put your hand on the bed and stood up.

The conversation was long. Snape told everything. McGonagall couldn’t understand how you managed to cast such a complicated healing spell, and moreover to do it successfully. It was decided to watch you and, if possible, try to develop your hidden abilities. Snape volunteered to work with you, when you fully recover. He was glad to spend with you as much time as possible.
Snape rushed to get back to you. You were still sleeping. He sat down, took your hand again and stroked your hair. You woke up at his touch.

You were so happy to see his dark silhouette leaning over you.

“You feel better?” He asked quietly in compassionate tone.

“Yes, Professor.” You smiled, and he couldn’t help answering you the same.

“Hungry?” He caressed your cheek. It was a pleasure to feel his gentle touch on your skin.

You shook your head with joyful gleam in your eyes.

“You need to eat to recover. What shall I bring you?” He was so caring, so kind to you.

“Nothing, really, Professor.” You put your hand on his lap with a grateful smile.

He was there for you, you could never have enough of him. You loved being alone with him, he was completely different, the way he really was. That gloomy, fearsome man disappeared as soon as there was no one left in the room besides you.

“Why you gotta be so naughty?” He frowned jokingly. “You leave me no choice, but giving you detention!” He raised his eyebrow displeased.

“With pleasure, sir! You’ve never given me detentions.”

You both laughed.

“You don’t have to stay here.” Snape said quietly after a short pause.

“If you feel strong enough…” He fell silent for a moment and, gathering his courage, continued uncertainly. “I would like to ask you to have dinner with me.”

Waiting for your answer, his breath caught in his throat. Snape looked at you, as if his life was hanging by a thread.

How could he ever assume, that you’d refuse?

He helped you up.

“Can you walk?” Snape asked concerned.

You made a few unsteady steps, leaning on his hand.

“Yes.” You realized, you still felt weak.

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure, that I don’t want to stay here any longer.” Your pleading glance drove all his doubts away.

Seeing, that you were barely standing, Snape wrapped your waist with his firm hand and picked you up easily, carrying you away… Where? You didn’t care, you were so happy to feel him so close.
Clasping his neck, you clung to him, enjoying his confident grip. You made a lame attempt to persuade him, that you could walk on your own, but he didn’t let you go. Not that you’d ever want him to, so you didn’t resist, fully trusting yourself to this strong resolute man.

It was late in the evening, and no one came across you in the corridors. Snape brought you to his backroom and set you on the armchair. With a gesture, he lit the candles in the lamp.

“At least give me a tip, what would you like?” He asked softly, setting a kettle to brew. “Meat? Bakery? Fruits?”

You were embarrassed that he wanted to please you so much. You timidly asked for a piece of chicken pie.

“Good!” Snape rejoiced. “I’ll be right back.”

He returned a few minutes later with a bag of food. He was going to monitor your recovery and watched you eating. He had a bite as well, but he wasn’t hungry.

He needed to tell you… To tell, how much you meant to him… But he couldn’t find words.

“Y/N…” He took a deep breath. “…I was so scared for you…”

“If you could only imagine, how I was scared for you, Professor!” You looked at him tenderly, remembering what you had to go through today.

“I never told you… I should’ve done it so long ago…” He said with regret, and continued, not taking his eyes off you. “You are wonderful… I admire you, your persistence, aspiration… I am so proud of your success…” His eyes gleamed. “I always try to help you, protect you by all means, and you know it.” He paused. “I do care so much about you…”

You listened to him, and your heart was pounding wildly. He was the best, the kindest, the most wonderful person you knew.

“I know, Professor…” You said quietly, and looked at him with all fondness and affection you had for this man. “You’ve helped me and defended me so many times! I will always be grateful to you for that! You were the only one, who cared…” You got emotional and tears rolled down your cheeks.

He also was excited.

“You are the kindest man I’ve ever known…” You sobbed. “You are my only friend…”

He stretched you his hand and whispered. “Come to me…”

You sat on his sofa, and he hugged you tightly, pressing your head to his chest and stroking your hair.

“You are so dear to me, Y/N…” He confessed quietly. “I got so attached to you during this time, I won’t survive if something happens to you…”

You cried, sobbing on his shoulder, and he could barely restrain himself.

“Cry, my girl, cry…” He whispered, clenching his teeth. His heart was breaking. He would die for you.

“Besides you… I have no one… in the whole… world…” You wept, clinging to him and gripping
tight on his robes. You couldn’t stop, you cried of happiness that he was alive and unharmed.

He patted your head, planting kisses on your forehead, having no intention to ever let you go.

“You are my only… dearest person.” You sobbed, hugging him tightly. “I would die, if something happened to you…”

“It’s okay… Everything is over…” He reassured you, and his soul was torn to pieces of the feelings he had for you.

When you ceased crying, you were afraid to show Snape your face, you knew it was red and swollen. He understood that. Therefore, he continued embracing you and didn’t try to say a word.

It took you a while to calm down, and your shoulders were no longer shuddering from sobs. You were still sitting with your hands wrapped around his neck, and your face buried in his robes. He was still holding you tight, rubbing gentle circles on your back, running his fingers through your hair.

“Not the best time to tell her about my feelings…” Realized Snape. “She’s been through enough today.”

“You know, I also had no friends at school. And they didn’t treat me good either.” He began his story in a calm low voice, opening up his soul for the first time in his life, trusting you his secrets.

“Bastards…” You sobbed.

He smirked at your remark.

“I also was different. Like you…” And he told you about his life before taking the position of Hogwarts Professor. You asked questions from time to time, but tried not to interrupt him. When the story was over, you both fell silent.

“Pity, we hadn’t studied together, Professor…” You were afraid to move, so that he wouldn’t loosen his grip on you.

He smiled sadly. “But we are together now, and I teach you.”

“Yes, we are two lonely souls.” You carefully rubbed your temple against his shoulder, making yourself comfortable.

“So we are no longer alone, aren’t we?” The corners of his lips raised in a peaceful smile, and he pressed you closer to himself.

You’ve cried so much, that your eyes hurt and tended to close. You felt you were going to fall asleep soon. Snape also was tired and emotionally drained, he’s suffered enough today as well. He kissed your forehead again and closed his eyes, leaning his head against yours. He wished this evening never ended…

You fell asleep, embracing each other, and this was the happiest night for both of you.
You woke up in the morning in Snape’s arms.

Somehow you both slid along the backrest of the sofa at night, and now you were laying snuggled up tightly. Having opened your eyes and found yourself in his embrace, with your head resting on his chest and one of your legs thrown over his, you felt so warm and safe as you’ve never felt before. You didn’t want a new day to start. You clung to him, having no intention to move, until he woke up.

The classes were to begin in half an hour. Snape was still sleeping. You rose on your elbow and watched him, studying every wrinkle on his face.

“Professor, it’s time to get up, classes will begin soon.” You whispered, delicately running the back of your palm over his cheek.

“Mmm, let’s sleep some more…” He muttered slumberously, wrapping your waist with his hand.

You smiled, it was so much like the morning of a regular couple. But you were not a couple, and will you ever be the one? You wanted it so badly.

You stroked his hair, making another attempt to wake him up.

“Get up, Professor, it’s too late.”

He reluctantly opened his eyes. Seeing you, leaning over him, his lips stretched into a smile, but, remembering what happened the day before, his expression got concerned at once.

“How are you?” He asked worriedly, gently gripping your shoulder.

“I’m fine.” You replied with a faint smile. You really felt good.

“What time is it?” He frowned, rubbing his eyes.

“You have less than half an hour till your first class.” You chuckled.

“Why is it not Saturday?” He exclaimed with annoyance, but seeing your smile, he softened and answered you the same.

You realized that you were still laying on him and shyly moved up.

“I’m sorry…” You blushed, hiding your eyes.

“Hey…” He whispered, rubbing your back. “It’s okay, nothing to apologize for…”

He let go of you, rose slowly and lowered his feet on the floor, leaving you enough space to take a seat beside him. He looked at the table with the remnants of yesterday’s food and pointed at it indifferently.

“Do you mind if we have chicken pie again?”
You gave your consent with a slight nod. Snape waved his wand and two flavored pieces appeared in front of you. He stood up, brewed tea and put two cups on the table. You watched him and couldn’t understand why he was so serious.

Snape was thinking, how to protect you from a crowd of idiots, who would surely want to know details about what happened the day before.

“No classes today.” He said sternly. “I’m sure that every living soul at Hogwarts knows about yesterday’s events, so your absence wouldn’t be a surprise.”

You opened your mouth to object.

“But if you want…” he continued seriously, “I can talk to your Professors.”

He made a pause. “Why aren’t you eating?” His tone was harsh.

Resignedly, you took a piece of pie, looking up at him. You liked the way he showed his care.

“It would be better, if you rest until the end of the week.” He said softer and joined you.

“But I don’t want to miss my classes.” You replied pitifully.

“You will surely survive this loss, besides it’s Thursday today.” He ate his pie and waited for you to finish yours.

“Eat up!” He commanded strictly. “I must make sure you ate well.” He rose to his feet.

Snape was thoughtful. You couldn’t understand, what was wrong. When you finished, you got up and approached him.

“Are you okay, Professor?” You asked worriedly. There was so much care in your glance, and Snape felt warmth spreading inside of him.

“Don’t worry about me, everything is fine.” He smiled gratefully, but you still felt he was concerned.

Silence fell again.

“Listen…” Snape lowered his head. “You may return to your dorm, I’ll walk you if you want… But you may rest here as well…” He looked deep into your eyes. The last words came out quietly and softly, as if he asked you to stay.

“No doubt, they will importune you with questions.” He continued in his usual monotonous manner. “And this place is protected from any potential forms of intrusion. No one dares to stick their nose in here, and I will be sure that you’re safe.” He stated without a single emotion on his face.

You perceived the reason of his concern and smiled at him as gently as you could.

“If I won’t bother you…”

He raised his hand to your face and carefully stroked your cheek.

“You will never bother me.” He assured you in a firm, confident tone and his face lit with a smile.

Students were already entering the classroom. Snape turned sharply and with a gesture of his hand closed the door which separated his backroom from the class.
He swiftly approached the closet and pulled out a blanket.

“In case, if you want to sleep.” He put it on the edge of the sofa.

“If you get bored, the books are all at your disposal. Although I would advise you not to strain your head for now.”

He opened the locker and showed you a box with cookies, looking around not to forget something.

“You may take anything you want.” He took you by the shoulders. “And remember, I am with you. If you need something, or you feel worse, call me right away.” He spoke measuredly, so that you could memorize every word he said.

You nodded vigorously. The feeling of gratitude overwhelmed you, and you couldn’t help throwing yourself in his arms.

Words stuck in your throat.

“Thank you…” Was everything that you could pronounce in a barely audible whisper.

Snape gently slid his hands along your back. He didn’t want to let go of you, didn’t want to leave you alone. He unwillingly pulled you away and looked at you, losing himself in your eyes. He wanted to kiss you so bad, but he didn’t dare.

Professor went out to the class, and you heard his familiar, menacing tone.

“Take your seats! We begin!”

You listened as he lectured the students. The topic was interesting. You followed carefully, trying to retain the information. You found a piece of parchment on a shelf and started taking notes. You really wanted to be the same skillful sorcerer like him, someone who deserved him… someone he could respect.

When he finished lecturing, and the students got to practice, you put your notes aside and ran your eyes along the bookshelves. Having found a book on today’s topic you nestled down on Snape’s sofa and looked through the pages. But reading made you drowsy soon, so you laid the book flat against your stomach, closed your eyes and fell asleep. You felt so happy.

After class, Snape went to check on you. You flinched at the sound of the opening door and looked around confused. Snape scolded himself for waking you.

“I’m sorry…” He whispered. “I didn’t want to wake you.”

He sat on the edge of the sofa, taking the book from you and putting it aside, and pulled the blanket up on your shoulders.

“You’re hopeless!” He sighed and smiled condescendingly. “This is how you don’t strain your head, right?” He remarked sarcastically, rising his eyebrow.

“I can’t miss your lectures!” You gave him a cheerful glance, making yourself comfortable.

Snape watched you with admiration. He rested his palm on your face, drawing a line along your eyebrow with his thumb.

“Rest… I beg you…” His soft voice soothed, and you closed your eyes.
After classes Snape brought you lunch. You asked him about his day, as usual. He told you, that he settled the issue with your absence. You assured him, that you no longer wanted to stay inside the four walls, and Snape had no choice but taking you for walk.

You went out into the garden and slowly wandered around for quite a long time. Snape demanded, that you leaned on his hand. Although you felt strong enough, you didn’t miss the opportunity to be closer to him. He delicately asked you to tell about your life before Hogwarts, and now it was your turn to share your secrets.

Following your story, Snape realized that you had much more in common, as he could even presume. You were joking and laughing. Snape felt endlessly happy, and so did you.

When it was time to return to the castle, you knew that tonight you won’t be able to stay with him. Your insides shrank at this thought, you didn’t want to part with him.

“I would suggest that you live in my chambers.” He said seriously, as if answering your bitter glance. “But I’m afraid, it might be misunderstood. And I can no longer let you sleep on that sofa…”

“But it’s the most comfortable sofa at Hogwarts!” You looked at him pleadingly, hoping that he would keep you.

He laughed and jokingly wrapped his hand around your neck, pressing you tightly and making you laugh too. “I’ll walk you to your dorm…”

“May I take the book from you, I read in the morning?” You asked, when you went upstairs.

“You may take whatever you want. You may come whenever you wish.” He stopped. “If you want to talk or just to sit silent, all my doors are always open for you, you know that.” He held you by the shoulders and didn’t take his dark, tender eyes off you.

You enjoyed his attention and care so much. You were so grateful to have him by your side.

“I know…” You leaned to him and crossed your hands on his wide back. He tightened his grip on you, pulling you closer and drowning his face into your hair.

You stood motionless, unable to let go of each other.

“I’m so happy you’re all right, Professor.” You whispered. “I was so afraid for you…”

He pulled you back a little, without releasing you from his embrace, and looked into your eyes.

“You have no idea how scared was I…” He sighed excitedly, with his heart sinking at the thought he could lose you. “I would never forgive myself if something happened to you…”

He gently cupped your face, fixing your head in his hands, and slowly kissed your forehead, lingering for a while before separating his lips from your skin. The only thing he desired, was to stay with you and never let you go.

Clinging to him, you hugged him tightly and kissed him on the cheek in response.

You took the book and went back to your dorm. Snape returned to his chambers.

You tried to read, but couldn’t concentrate on the text. All your thoughts were with him. So you fell asleep, with his book in your hands and a smile on your face.
Snape couldn’t focus on anything either. Bright warm light burst into his empty lonely soul. He closed his eyes and saw you.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!
Just a friendly reminder, that feedback is very much appreciated :)}
Mission for a Special Agent

Chapter Notes

Remember Jason? It’s that boy from Chapter 13)

The next morning, you woke up later than usual. Judging by the silence behind the door, everyone has already left for their classes. You felt so happy. You made yourself comfortable leaning on the pillow and decided to stay in bed a little more. You couldn’t disobey your Professor, he asked you to rest these days after all. But you were dying to see him, so you decided to visit him in his lab after dinner, as you used to.

Snape got up early. He didn’t sleep well at night, events of the last days have shaken him so much, that his sleep got disturbed and short. Several times he woke up in the middle of the night and couldn’t help thinking about you. He was worried and felt an urge to see you, to make sure you were all right.

All the morning, Snape was pondering how to visit you, without being noticed by curious students, and not to arouse unnecessary suspicion. Transgressing directly into your bedroom was absolutely inappropriate.

You didn’t show up in the Great Hall for breakfast, and this made him even more nervous.

The first Potions Class Snape had, was with his second-years, where you assisted him during practice.

“Will Miss Y/L/N not come today?” Jason asked at the beginning of the lesson. He wasn’t afraid of Professor Snape that much as earlier. “Is she fine? We heard she…”

“She’s fine.” Snape interrupted sharply.

“She saved you…” The other girl finished.

“Tell us, what happened?” Asked someone else.

“Yes, Professor, tell us!” The rest of the students joined in chorus. They were no longer frightened of him and didn’t consider him evil or cruel.

“Silence!” He angrily settled the class down and added a little softer. “I’ll tell you later, if we have time.”

Children worked with double zeal, not to disappoint their Professor and to have time to listen to the story.

Snape was beside himself with anxiety and couldn’t find any peace. He needed to know, how you felt.

Five minutes before the end of the class, he had to tell about what had happened, because children really worked diligently, and he was forced to keep his word. He briefly described the situation, assuring them, that everything was fine and there was nothing to worry about.
“And which spell did Miss Y/L/N use to heal you? I’d like to learn it too!” Asked Molly, a pretty girl from Hufflepuff.

“This was a very difficult and dangerous spell.” Snape lied, he still couldn’t understand how you did it. “You’re not ready to learn it.”

To his amazement, Snape realized, that he was speaking softer with his students. Was this the way you influenced him? The warmth spread inside of him, as he thought of you. Snape smiled to himself, remaining impassive outwardly.

“Well, that’s enough for today, get out!” He snapped, but it sounded kindly again. “What the hell is wrong with me?!” He questioned himself.

“Mr. Trusty!” He addressed Jason. “Linger for a moment.”

Before leaving the classroom, Molly came up to Professor and with a childlike immediacy hugged him with her thin little arms.

“What a luck, that Miss Y/L/N knows such spells! I’m so happy, that she saved you, sir!”

Snape was shocked by such manifestations on the part of children. He never expected, that they would get attached to him, despite his formidable repulsive appearance and disaffected attitude. This was something new for him. He smiled confused and awkwardly patted the girl’s head.

Your little fan stood waiting.

Snape looked at him intently.

“Jason, I want to ask you to do something for me.” He said seriously.

The boy blinked.

“I’m busy now and can’t do it myself.” He paused. “I need you to pay a visit to Miss Y/L/N and inquire, how she is, and whether she needs anything.” He tried to be as deadpan as possible, but Jason noticed that Professor was worried. “I don’t recall seeing her at breakfast, so take her something to eat. Understood?”

Jason nodded his head vigorously, willing to help.

“Then, you will come back here and tell me everything.” He stretched his words, looking at him in such a way, that the boy realized: if he fails, Professor will personally kill him with bare hands.

“Yes, sir! I’m going right now!”

“Well, why are you still here, then?” Snape frowned angrily.

Jason started off and rushed to the exit.

***

When Jason timidly knocked at your door, you read a book, sitting on your bed, wrapped in a blanket. You got out of bed to open and were surprised to see him.

“Hello!” You rejoiced. “What are you doing here?” You invited him to enter.

“Professor Snape asked me to find out how you feel. And he said to bring you some food.” He
handed you a paper bag.

You smiled broadly, you were very pleased, that Professor worried about you so much, that he was ready to rely on a third party, just to make sure that you were fine.

“But I was going to drop in by myself!” Jason assured.

“Thank you!” You took the bag from his hands. “Take a seat!” You pointed on the chair, returning to your bed.

“Tell Professor, that everything is fine, I feel good, and he doesn’t need to worry.” You heart was sinking with affection, when you thought about him.

“He said to ask if you need something.”

“I don’t need anything, I’m perfectly fine!” You smiled. “I would’ve attended my classes today, but Professor forbade me. Can anyone disobey him?” You jokingly winked the boy.

“Tell me what happened. Professor only said, that someone confused the spell and accidentally hit him.”

“This is how it was.”

“But how did you save him?”

“I can’t explain…” You admitted. “I was so scared for him, that it just happened somehow by itself. I read about this method of healing, but I’ve never practiced it, because it’s a very complex energy spell. But that day it just surfaced in my head. I couldn’t lose time, because his injury was really serious!” You seemed to have gone through that moment again, and your eyes welled up with tears. “I didn’t know how this could end up for me, but I was ready to do everything to save him, and if needed, I would do it again without hesitation!”

“You are a true hero!” Exclaimed Jason.

“No, I’m not…” You were not smiling anymore, the thought that you could lose your only nearest and dearest person in the whole world returned your experiences.

“Professor Snape treats no one like you.” The boy remarked.

“What do you mean?” You frowned.

“He’s always so strict, when he holds our classes alone. But when you assist him… he even smiles.”

“It’s because we enjoy working together.” You understood what this little detective was hinting at. You were pleased to hear this, but you didn’t want him to know, how much you appreciated your Professor. “Just be kind to him, and he will be kind to you.”

“Yes, I get it!” Jason rejoiced. “I have to go now. May I visit you later?”

“Of course!” You laughed.

When he was about to leave, you stopped him.

“Wait! Tell Professor, that I will come to the lab after dinner to help him as usual. And tell him not to be angry.” You smiled.
“I will!” Satisfied with his mission, he ran out of the room.

***

Snape was waiting impatiently for his messenger. “Where the hell is this little asshole?!?”

“Why so long?” He shouted irritably, when Jason entered the class.

But, without letting the boy open his mouth, he asked excitedly. “How is she?”

“She is doing well.” Was the answer.

“And that’s it? Have something to add?” Snape was ready to strangle this insufferable dunderhead.

“I brought her meat rolls and donuts.”

“Good.” Professor paused. “Am I supposed to pull each word out of you?” He was getting furious.

“She asked you not to worry. And not to get angry.”

Snape frowned. “Why should I be angry?”

“Y/N, that is Miss Y/L/N, she said, she would come to help you this afternoon.”

“She’s hopeless!” Snape sighed and shook his head displeased. “Thank you, Mr. Trusty, you helped me a lot.”

“Miss Y/L/N loves you, Professor!” At these words Snape’s heart skipped a beat.

“What? Did she say that?” He glanced at the boy in disbelief.

“No, but I think so.”

“You’d better think of something useful!” Snape snapped angrily.

Jason ran away, and Professor remained sitting at his desk, revolving these last words, unable to pull himself together for quite a long while.

“Miss Y/L/N loves you…” Echoed in his head.
McGonagall’s Support

A few hours later, someone knocked at your door again. You were even more surprised to see Professor McGonagall standing at your doorstep.

“Hello Y/N, can we talk?” She smiled amiably.

“Of course, come in, Professor.” You stepped back.

“Shall we sit down?” McGonagall seemed to be a little nervous, as if something was bothering her.

You sat opposite each other.

“Y/N… Do you feel well?” She asked, trying to delay the main question.

“Yes, I’m fine, Professor!” You replied with a grateful smile.

“I’m happy to hear that!” She smiled kindly in response. “All the stuff is so worried about you.”

“Not worth it, really.” You were touched by her attention.

“Y/N, I wanted to ask you…” McGonagall hesitated. “What Professor Snape means to you?”

“Is he okay?” You panicked.

McGonagall smiled, you’ve already answered her question.

“Yes, he’s all right.”

You sighed with relief.

“Why are you asking?” You frowned suspiciously.

“Look, Y/N… What happened the day before yesterday is a very rare case. What you did, and how you did it, is a real mystery to all of us. I just want to understand, what it was.” She replied quietly.

“I can hardly repeat it. To be honest, I can’t explain it either. It all just happened on emotions.”

“That is why I’m asking, how you feel about Professor Snape.” She insisted softly.

“Is it so important?” You had no desire to discuss it.

“Yes…” McGonagall smiled compassionately. “Your answer could give me a clue, whether it was your very special gift or…” she tried to find the right word, “…or something else.”

“You see, Professor… You know perfectly well, how they treat me here.”

“I know, dear.” She felt sorry for you.

“I have no friends here, except those few people I can chat with, but we have nothing in common.”

McGonagall listened quietly, letting you gather your thoughts.

“Professor Snape, he…” You didn’t know what to say. “In spite of his coldness and detachment, he is the closest person to me at Hogwarts. Unsociable, inhospitable, gloomy and angry Professor Snape
turned out to be my only dearest friend! He was the first one to notice that they didn’t like me here, he supported me, he gave me advices at the right moment. It’s only him to thank, I haven’t been broken yet, you see?” Your eyes welled up with tears. “And he was almost smashed against the wall! Do you think I would just watch him die?”

McGonagall was deeply touched.

“I understand you perfectly, girl.” She sat on your bed and embraced you. “Now I understand everything… Sometimes, in order to save someone we love, we’re ready to sacrifice ourselves. If you didn’t care about Severus, you wouldn’t be able to do anything.”

“Just don’t tell him!” You frightened.

McGonagall smiled. “Why? Doesn’t he deserve this?”

“I’m not sure he will like it.”

“Sweetheart, he will be happy to know it!”

You looked at her in disbelief.

“I suppose, you mean much more to him, than you think.” McGonagall continued quietly, “I’m sure, he would do the same for you.” She looked at you with motherly care. “But don’t worry, I won’t tell him if you don’t want me to.” She reassured you and got up to her feet.

Before leaving, she said, “I treat Severus like a son, and I’m really happy, that there is someone, who appreciates him that much. He deserves it more than anyone!”

She smiled kindly and left.
Call Me Severus

After dinner, you headed for the lab. McGonagall’s words echoed in your head. You wanted to believe that she was right, and you really meant so much to Professor Snape.

Your heart pounded wildly, when you approached the door of the Potions class. You took a deep breath and knocked.

“Enter!” A stern, low voice responded from inside.

You carefully opened the door and timidly walked in. Seeing him at the desk, leaning over his notes, you felt so peaceful and lighthearted.

“Professor?” You called him quietly.

The sound of your voice took his breath away. He rose his head from the papers and looked up at you. His heart sank, seeing your thin fragile figure in the doorway.

“And what are you doing here?” He asked with a feigned reproach, got up from his desk and headed towards you.

“Came to help you, as always.” You smiled guiltily.

“I told you to rest!” He frowned displeased, but he actually was really happy to finally see you.

“I’m already tired of resting!” You answered with a pleading look, imploring him to let you stay.

“Tell me, what shall I do with you?” He sighed, shaking his head, and smiled gently at once. “Want some tea?”

You nodded.

He led you to his backroom, which held your best and happiest memories.

You made yourself comfortable in the armchair, while Snape put the kettle to boil.

“I brought your book back.” With these words you put it on the table.

“Everything is clear?” He asked calmly with a quiet but still deep voice, standing with his back turned to you and taking the cups out.

“Yep, sure. On our topic, everything is clear. But I found description of a method, which we haven’t practiced yet. It requires mint wormwood.”

“Merlin! Did you read the whole book?” Surprised Snape. “Well, of course you haven’t practiced it! This method is very alternative, I just show how it is applied, but students don’t do it on their own.”

“We don’t grow mint wormwood here.” You stated confidently.

“Right.” He answered in an indifferent tone.

“Do you collect it in its natural environment?”

“Exactly.” He put a cup of fragrant tea in front of you and a box of chocolate cookies and took a seat
on the sofa opposite to you.

“But it grows in moss caves, also inhabited by rootsludge!” Your eyes widened.

“I had no doubt you knew that.” Professor grinned.

“But this is so dangerous!” You gasped excitedly.

“I know a few tricks.” Snape smiled slyly. He had to get used to your desperate urge for knowledge, but he couldn’t stop admiring you.

“You’re doing it on purpose?!”

“What?” Snape laughed.

“Making an intrigue!” You smiled back. “You expect I would beg you to share these tricks with me?”

“Perhaps…” Snape declared with a serious look, but his eyes flashed jokingly.

“I’ll find out myself!” You didn’t give in, but you liked this game.

“I hope you’re not climbing into that cave by your own?!” He got worried, because he knew, how stubborn you were.

“Perhaps…” You mimicked him.

“Don’t even think of it, it’s dangerous!” Professor forbade you severely.

“I had no doubt you knew that!” You imitated him again.

He stared at you with that strict look, which would scare the daylights out of every living soul, possessive of self-preservation instinct. But you were not the one to be afraid of him anymore.

You laughed cheerfully, and gave him a kind glance, full of love and devotion.

“Don’t worry, Professor! I will definitely not climb into that cave!” You calmed him quietly with a tender smile on your face.

He liked it, that you felt more confident with him, more uninhibited and relaxed, without even being afraid of teasing him, but he was really worried, that you could get into trouble.

He leaned forward, took your hands and firmly squeezed your palms in his.

“Promise me.” His anxious glare pierced you through.

“I promise…” You whispered and squeezed his palms in response.

He nodded approvingly, loosening his grip. He knew, that you wouldn’t lie to him.

“I admit, that I made an unforgivable mistake by unintentionally challenging you.” He said with a guilty smile, leaning back on the sofa. “So to redeem myself, I can take you with me the next time I need mint wormwood… if you want it, of course.”

“Really?” You couldn’t believe he wasn’t joking, it should definitely be a great adventure. “Of course! Of course, I want!”
“I had no doubt…” He sighed hopelessly and took a sip from his cup.

The rest of the day you sat and talked about everything. Snape told you about this mysterious method, and several comical incidents, related to its using. During this time, you drank more than one cup of tea and didn’t notice it was already too late in the evening.

When leaving, you asked for permission to take another book from your Professor. There were a great many interesting publications on his shelves, which were not to be found in the library. When you finally chose what you liked, Professor grabbed the book from you. He looked intently through the contents.

“I have to make sure, that you won’t detect anything here, that will push you to dangerous exploits.” He said seriously, turning the pages.

He was firm and adamant, even strict. Previously, you would’ve been frightened of him, but now that you’ve studied him well enough, you knew, that this was the way he demonstrated his care about you. You couldn’t contradict him, couldn’t disobey.

“I won’t be seeking for adventures without informing you, Professor.” You gave him a grateful glance and smiled kindly.

“I’ll take it under my control!” He threatened firmly.

“And, Y/N…” His voice softened. “Stop calling me Professor at last…”

Your heart almost jumped out of your chest. You looked at him in amazement.

“Not in public, of course.” He smiled gently. “But when we’re alone, you may call me by name.”

“It won’t be easy to get used to it.” You answered him with a shy smile. “But I will try, … Severus…”

The sound of his name seemed so unfamiliar, so weird to your ears. Feeling your cheeks burning, you lowered your head to hide embarrassment. You didn’t dare looking at him and counted buttons on his coat instead.

He smiled broadly and patted you on the shoulder, sliding his palm up to your chin, rising it delicately and forcing you to meet his eyes.

“Not difficult, right?” His tender smile and warm glance returned your confidence.

“Severus…” You repeated quietly. His name rolled off your tongue, arousing a new pleasant feeling inside of you.

You playfully took the book from his hands, and slipped to the exit.

You were happy that he let you closer to himself. Snape was happy that you took him.

You both have always been proud of your trustworthy, empathetic, and warm-hearted relationship and valued it above all, but now you knew, that it will move to another, even more intimate level.
Together in the Woods

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

During the breakfast you and Professor Snape shared glances. You slightly smiled at each other, trying not to expose yourselves. It frequently happened before, but today it was a little different. When you realized that Snape had finished his breakfast, you got up from the table and left the Great Hall first. You walked slowly, hoping that he would want to talk to you. And he did. He quickly caught up with you in the corridor.

“Y/N!” He greeted you, slowing down his pace.

“Professor!” You smiled joyfully.

He frowned. “And how did I ask to call me?”

“Sorry, sir…” You hurried to correct yourself and rolled your eyes at your stupidity.

“I’m hopeless…” You smiled guiltily. “Severus…”

He gently smiled back.

“What are your plans for the weekend?” Snape went along with you, with his head held high, no emotions on his virile face. His black suit and long cape, waving slowly at his leisurely yet steady step, complemented his unapproachable and formidable image.

“No plans, just wanted to look through paragraphs on the subjects I missed during these two days… And thanks to you, I have something to read.” You answered cheerfully.

“I was going to gather Chelidonium, while the weather is still warm.” He mentioned in his usual measured tone.

“Chelidonium? That Chelidonium, which releases acrid juices at the stem damage?”

“Exactly.”

“You need to be very careful.”

“True.” Snape agreed. “But gloves easily solve this problem.” He turned his head to you and smiled at your concerned expression. “Another problem is Scramblers which inhabit the places of its growth.”

You fell silent, continuing walking slowly along the corridor.

“You made me know about your intention on purpose, didn’t you?” You looked up at him suspiciously.

“Perhaps.” He smiled slightly.

“So I can go with you?” You were excited with delight.

“I’ll be glad, if you join me.” He admitted softly.
“You still had doubts?” You exclaimed. “When are we going?”

“As you wish, we can go today, or maybe tomorrow.”

“Today, let’s do it today!” You hopped childly, being impatient to hit the road.

Snape laughed.

“Well, then you just need to change into something more… suitable.” He was happy that you agreed to accompany him.

“I’ll be quick!” You were ready to take off.

“Don’t rush!” Snape chuckled. “Let’s meet at the gate in… Will half an hour be enough for you?”

“Sure!”

“So, I’ll wait for you there in half an hour.” He gave you that genuine smile you loved so much, that smile nobody presumed, he was capable of.

You quickly changed into black jeans and a warm dark-green pullover, put a walking coat on, and in 15 minutes you were already there, waiting for your Professor.

Snape came a few minutes later. Without his suit, he looked very unusual, also in black jeans, a black sweater and in the same walking coat as yours. He never betrayed his predilection to black color.

“You’re so fast!” He complimented you. “It took me a little longer to prepare something, that we might need…” He pointed on a bag, which hung over his shoulder.

“Shouldn’t I take anything?” You suddenly realized your hands were empty.

“I took care of both of us.” He smiled protectively.

During your long journey, Snape explained you how to collect Chelidonium and what surprises you might have encountered in the mountains. Clearly, he wasn’t going to put you in danger. If something threatened your life or could even cause a minor injury, he would’ve never taken you with him. The deeper you went into the forest, the tougher was the path. There wasn’t any path, to be precise. You passed over snags and trunks of fallen trees, while meanwhile you had to climb up the mountain. Snape always gave you his hand and helped you overcome obstacles.

Finally, you reached the place, and found yourselves on a wide glade. When Snape helped you to get over the last huge stone, you noticed a Scrambler, staring right at you.

“Severus…” You pointed at the monster, which headed in your direction, swiftly approaching you.

Snape turned around and quickly pushed you behind his back, shielding you with his body. Fearing that the monster would attack your Professor first, you pulled your wand, and, shouting “Immobilus!” made the Scrambler freeze.

“This spell is too weak for him, he’ll break it soon.” Snape examined the monster to make sure he wasn’t able to attack you. “Let’s get out of here!” He grabbed you by the hand and dragged you along with him.

You ran away, hiding behind the rocks. Now that you were safe, Severus stopped short of breath.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have… I messed up everything.” You apologized, blaming yourself.
“You did everything right, good job.” He was really pleased with your reaction. “Timorfortis works better on them.” He warily looked around to detect any sign of danger, but to his relief, this place turned out to be absolutely safe.

“Never heard of this spell. Is it yours?” You were fascinated by this man’s intellect.

“Yeah.” He muttered carelessly, as if it was in the order of things.

“And how much time did you spend to figure this out? And most important… how many times did you put yourself in danger?” You looked deep into his eyes with that extremely concerned glance, which always touched his heart. “I’m afraid to imagine, how you’ve come up with many of your other spells…”

Severus laughed. “You’d better stay unaware!”

“Why won’t you write a book? That would be useful…” You suggested. “What you do with potions, it’s just unbelievable! You’ll have to release a whole series of books…”

“I doubt that someone will appreciate it.”

“I would really appreciate it!” You looked at him with reproach.

“Then I’ll write exclusively for you!” He jokingly clasped your neck with his hand and pulled you close to himself, making you laugh.

“You promised!”

Snape was happy that there existed someone in his life, who accepted him for who he was, with his dark and light sides, with all his shades. Someone, who gave him freedom to be himself, without being forced to lie and pretend.

Once you asked him about dark magic, you knew about his past, after all. Everyone knew. You supported his interest on the Dark Arts. You believed that, possessing these knowledge, one could become a much more powerful wizard, which Snape proved himself. Dark magic could not only bear destruction, but also serve the good deeds. Severus has always been of this opinion, but his whole life he was confronted with misunderstanding. Until the moment, when he met you.

You reached a meadow, dotted with Chelidonium, and started collecting herbs. You watched Severus by work. He looked so peaceful and relaxed. You remembered the last events, when you almost lost him, and tears flowed down your cheeks. You felt an urge to hug him, but you didn’t dare. So you just wiped your face with your sleeve and continued picking scratchy leaves, rejoicing at these moments, that you were spending here together.

Having finished with Chelidonium, you headed back.

“Wait for me here, I’ll check on the Scrambler.” Snape wanted to leave you in a safe place.

You grabbed his arm. “I’m going with you!”

“No, you’re staying here, until I make sure that nothing threatens you!” He snapped harshly.

But you didn’t let go of his hand. He turned to you and patted your shoulder. He couldn’t be angry with you, your frightened eyes begged him to stay.

“What shall I do with you, huh?” He asked softly.
“Timofortis, I remembered. I can help.” You couldn’t allow something to happen to him. You felt the need to constantly be with him, to see him, to feel him, and (Merlin! what a pleasure!) to touch him. You realized that you would just die without this man.

He gave up and allowed you to join him. All the way, Snape conjured spells to protect you.

As you approached the place, you discovered that there were no less than ten monsters waiting for you. Snape stopped and stretched his hand to hold you. He could’ve dealt with them himself, but he didn’t want to risk you, so he pulled you back.

“We have no choice but to return the other way.” He sighed.

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“I’m sorry I took you here.” He apologized, helping you to climb over the other thick trunk of a fallen tree.

“I’m very glad that you took me here!” You reassured him. “It’s so beautiful and calm here!” You made a deep breath. “And what a smell, do you feel it?”

Snape smiled. “Calm? I wouldn’t be so categorical about it, taking into account the reason, why we’re dragging through the thicket now.”

You laughed. “I still really like it here!”

It was getting dark, so Snape realized you had to stay overnight in the woods. Finally, you found a glade, protected from one side by the mountain, and from the other - by the edge of thick bushes.

“This place is suitable for lodging for the night, shall we stay here?” Suggested Snape.

You were surprised that he was going to spend the night in the woods, but this news aroused a pleasant excitement in your soul.

Snape sat down, leaning on a boulder, took out some food from his bag and with a movement of his head invited you to sit down beside him. You noticed, that he brought what you liked, he did it for you. Your heart fluttered with tenderness, you were so grateful for his care.

Only having finished your meal, you realized how tired you were. You laid on a soft grass, looked at the night star-spangled sky, and talked. Snape saw, you were drowsy.

“Come here.” He stretched out his hand so that you could lie on his shoulder. You gladly moved closer and made yourself comfortable on his chest. He embraced you with his big hands, pressing you tightly.

“Are you cold?” He turned his head to you, leaning his cheek against your forehead.

“No.” You whispered and buried your face in his sweater. You felt his chest rise and fall when breathing and heard his heart beating. Enjoying his smell and the warmth of his body, you fell asleep soon.

Snape was overwhelmed with fondness and affection for you. He didn’t want this night to end. He dreamed of being so close to you, to touch you, to breathe you. You already slept and quietly snuffled him in the neck. He stayed awake for a long time, enjoying every moment of your closeness.
In the morning, you woke up first and found that you and Severus were lying on one side, covered with his cloak, him hugging you from behind, with his hand thrown over you, and his palm resting under your cheek. You felt so warm and comfortable. You kissed his hand, and pressed it to your chest.

Snape felt your touch in a dream, he pulled you closer, snuffled into your hair and rubbed his nose against the back of your neck, sending shivers down your spine. Your heart fluttered at this pleasant feeling, you’ve never experienced before. You closed your eyes and, having no desire to free yourself from his embrace, tried to fall asleep again.

You slept a few more hours before Severus opened his eyes.

“Y/N? Are you sleeping?” He asked in a whisper.

As there has been no response, he gently kissed your neck, which was in such a seductive closeness with his lips. Touching your tender skin and holding you so tightly, he felt primeval instincts taking over him. He shook off these thoughts, carefully raised on the elbow above you, freed his hand from your grip and gently removed hair from your face.

“Y/N…” He quietly called you.

You took a deep breath and opened your eyes. Turning onto your back, you looked at him and gave him the happiest smile. “Good morning, Severus!”

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The road back to Hogwarts was long, but not difficult. When you returned, Snape insisted that you went to your dorm to change your clothes and have rest, although he didn’t want to let you go.

“Thank you for taking me with you!” Your eyes were shining with delight. “I really liked it.”

He smiled. “I’m glad to hear that. I didn’t want to spend the night in the woods, forgive me.” He still felt guilty.

“I liked that too!” You reassured him happily. “Will you take me again?”

“I will… Of course, I will!” Your heart melted at his warm and tender look.

You agreed to meet each other in the evening and have some tea. Such pastime has soon become your tradition and a favorite part of your daily routine.

Chapter End Notes

Hey) If you have something to say, just do it! I wanna know, what you think))
Chatter Over a Cup of Tea

After finishing your work in the lab, you sat in Snape’s backroom and drank tea, as usual. There left less than three weeks before Christmas.

“What are your plans for the holidays?” Severus asked, leaning back in the armchair, taking a sip from his cup.

“You know, that I would prefer to stay here! I could spend this time with benefit!” You replied frustratedly and clasped hands around your knees, covered with Snape’s blanket, putting your chin atop. You sat sidelong on his sofa, your shoes scattered on the floor.

“You can also spend it with benefit in Berryweel.” He tried to encourage you. The last two years, Snape has ceased to love holidays, because each time he was forced to part with you.

“Yes… Probably…” You thoughtfully looked out of the window, you also had no desire to leave him.

It was snowing outside, first time this year. You widened your eyes in a joyful surprise, pulled off the blanket and jumped barefoot to the window.

“Look, it’s finally snowing!” You exclaimed enthusiastically.

Snape smiled, watching you. Since you felt comfortable in his presence, since you were no longer afraid of being yourself, he couldn’t help admiring you. The way you rejoiced at simple things, the way you expressed your discontent, the way you took care of him.

He also loved snow, and would be glad about it, if only all his attention wasn’t directed to you.

“Shoes! The floor is cold!” He grinned at your childish delight.

“Yes, one moment…” You mumbled, ignoring his request, and raised your head up to the sky to see large snowflakes falling from above.

He rolled his eyes. Stubborn… He loved it so much in you!

He got up from his armchair, approached you leisurely and, following your example, looked out of the window. Huge snowflakes fell from a low gray sky, spinning in mild wind blows. He smiled. He hasn’t felt so lighthearted for a long time.

“Go put your shoes on, or I’ll have to drag you back to the sofa!” He demanded sternly and raised his eyebrow.

You smiled apologetically and jumped onto the sofa, wrapping yourself back in his blanket. He remained standing at the window and looking far in the distance.

“If it goes like this, everything will be snowed under by the morning.” He uttered thoughtfully, peering into the landscape, which was losing its shape under the falling twilight.

“I hope it will!” You shook your shoulders in anticipation.

Snape looked at you questioningly.

“I can’t wait to walk on the snow!” You explained smiling, your eyes sparkling with delight.
“Oh yes, patience is really something, what you lack.” Snape said seriously, and slowly returned to his armchair, taking his unfinished cup from the table and making another sip.

“You think so?” You gave him a disappointed glance.

“So we can come up with a Potion of patience!” You joked, and immediately realized, that you liked this idea. “Really, Sev! Let’s try it!” You got inspired and straightened on the sofa, leaning forward a little, closer to your Professor.

“Are you serious?” He rolled his eyes hopelessly, being aware, that you wouldn’t give up, unless he himself resolutely refused. But clearly, he wasn’t going to reject you. He was glad you would have another common goal.

Your pleading glance and tender smile left him not a single chance. He raised the corners of his lips and quietly agreed. “Of course, we shall try.”

“So what do we need for this?” You started thinking, leaning your head on the backrest of the sofa, and looking up at the ceiling.

Snape thoughtfully stared into nowhere for a few moments.

“Well, it’s quite obvious, that we’ll need moon dew, the sprawling bindweed, sloth’s dried spinal cord…” His calm deep voice resounded in your ears, making your heart flutter.

“You’re right, we need to combine something lazy and energetic at the same time, this is what patience made of!” You agreed.

“And what shall we take as a basis? Energetic laziness?” Snape laughed.

“Sounds great!” You loved spending time with him, you never got bored and always had something to discuss.

Snape slowly reached for the drawer, took out a piece of parchment and a quill, leaned back into the armchair, crossed his legs and started writing. He looked so devilishly attractive.

Your joke turned into a serious brainstorming. He appreciated in you this combination of childish playfulness and intelligence. You came up with a couple of ideas, and something similar to a recipe appeared under Snape’s quill.

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A few days later, you were sitting with Snape in his office.

“Severus, I can’t wait to try our formula!”

He laughed. “I’m not surprised!”

“Can I start?”

“I have only two works left!” Snape frowned indignantly.

He was grading papers, leaning over his desk. Black strands of hair fell on his focused face, but it didn’t seem to bother him. Waiting for your Professor to finish, you watched him attentively. His tall dark figure attracted you so severely. Everything was perfect about him. His appearance, his temper, his voice. Merlin! What a charming voice he had!
Having finished, Snape approached you, giving you a hand. You stood up, looking at him cheerfully, and he led you to the lab.

“It’s been three days since it started snowing, and I never went outside!” You complained, putting the unnecessary vials and jars back on their places.

“You spend too much time studying.” He said, and realized that you were spending much more time in his lab.

“And I gave you too much work…” He came up to you and, stroking your shoulders, looked guiltily into your eyes. “You should’ve told me…”

“No, I will never give up on this!” You smiled kindly.

“May I take you for a walk on Saturday?” Snape offered uncertainly. “If you’d like it, of course…” Your eyes lit up with a joyful glitter, and he understood at once, that you clearly wanted to go with him.

“Will you be patient enough to wait a few more days?” His lips curved in a subtle smile.

“I will.” You answered in a whisper and chuckled.

You got along so well with your Professor, in spite of the barrier which created his status. You valued his friendship above all. But you were desperate with desire to be more than just friends, and this sinful desire got stronger each day.

Being blessed to have his favour, to be so close to him, to see him any time you wanted saved you from frustration and helped to overcome this misery, which painfully squeezed your heart.

If only you knew, that he felt the same. If only you knew, how much effort it took him to restrain himself from confessing to you. If only you knew, how afraid he was to ruin everything.
Walking in the Snow

Professor Snape and you agreed to meet at the gate an hour after breakfast. You couldn’t wait for this moment to come, and no Potion of patience would help you.

You put your coat on and walked to the gate. Professor was already waiting for you, trampling patterns in the snow. He was wearing a black coat and a scarf, which you presented him last year. You couldn’t help smiling, when you saw him. He noticed you, and his face lit up with a cheerful smile as well.

You slowly walked to the lake along the forest. The weather was frosty. Rare snowflakes fell quietly to the ground. The forest seemed fabulous. Everything inside of you was fluttering at the beautiful view.

Snape also enjoyed the view, but the most he clearly enjoyed your company. Each step beside you was a pleasure for him. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt so peaceful.

Snape walked confidently, but your feet slid on the snow over and over again. When you slipped and twitched, trying to keep your balance, Snape grabbed your arm and thus saved you from a painful fall.

“Sorry!” You laughed.

“Hold on to me.” He bent his arm at the elbow and allowed you to grip on it.

Your legs were constantly sliding in different directions, which incredibly amused you. Snape constantly strained his arm, pressing your hand to his body, preventing you from falling. He enjoyed it so much.

The forest was quiet. No sound could be heard but the snow creaking under two pairs of shoes. You walked silently, admiring the nature. You held Professor’s arm, clasping it tightly with the two of yours. Your face was right next to his shoulder. Without looking at your feet, you shamelessly examined his proud profile, which was now so close. His cheeks and nose got slightly red on the frost, and several snowflakes stuck in his hair.

“Let’s go there?” Having noticed a large glade with a few fir trees, covered with snow, you pulled your Professor off the path into the forest.

You so touchingly rejoiced the snow, looking so childishly happy, that Snape himself felt rapturous uplift in his soul. You let go of his arm and ran through the snowdrifts to the center of the glade. He followed you with a smile.

You stopped and raised your head up to the sky. You stood, with your eyes closed, letting snowflakes fall on your face. Snape was watching you with admiration. He came closer. Your hair was disheveled under the scarf that you wore on your head, and the blush on your cheeks gave your face a mischievous expression. Your eyes were shining with happiness. You were so beautiful.

“It’s so wonderful here!” You sighed dreamily.

Snape smiled sweetly. The only thing he wanted, that you were happy.

Suddenly you felt an unbearable desire to have some fun. You slowly walked around your Professor and, while he leisurely turned to face you, you crouched abruptly, grabbed a handful of snow in your
palm, making a snowball, and threw it in Snape’s back. Without waiting for his answer, you bent over again for the next snowball, and it met his shoulder.

Snape swiftly grabbed some snow and attacked you. You tried to dodge, but failed miserably: there was a large white mark on your hip. While you leaned over to make another snowball, Professor hit your back twice. Laughing, you tried to run away from him, but he ran after you and attacked you with a few more snowballs. You were shooting him back on the move, but the advantage was on his side (as in everything). You laughed and screamed happily, ran away from each other and hid behind the rare firs, until you got exhausted.

Being too tired to aim, you threw snowballs randomly, but Snape always hit his target.

Suddenly you turned around, and he accidentally slapped snow right into your face. Taken by surprise, you froze, lowered your head and tried to shake off the snow that stuck under your collar.

Snape rushed to you, tearing off his gloves and throwing them on the ground.

“Forgive me! Please forgive me… I didn’t want to…” He repeated frightened, cursing himself for his clumsiness.

He started wiping the snow off your face with an extremely concerned look. You laughed happily and gripped his wrists, so that he was forced to leave his palms on your cheeks.

“It’s all right, Severus!” You giggled. “Everything is fine!”

He gently stroked your jaws with his thumbs, delicately freeing his hands, took off his scarf and wiped the rest of the snow from your face with it. He felt so terribly ashamed.

You took his scarf from his hands and carefully wrapped it back around his neck.

“Don’t worry, Sev!” You reassured him with a kind smile. “It’s just a game! We had a great time, didn’t we?” Your eyes sparkled with delight.

He smiled apologetically and nodded.

“I didn’t want to…” He whispered. “I’m so sorry…”

You picked up his gloves, shaking the snow off, and handed them to him.

“If you continue apologizing, I will hit you with another snowball!” You warned jokingly.

“Yeah?” He raised an eyebrow. “Did you just threaten me?”

You realized, that you were in trouble, and started off to hide behind the tree. But surely, you failed and felt a swat in your back. You fell on the snow and laid motionless… trying not to laugh.

Snape ran up to you again, and as soon as he leaned over you, you threw a handful of fluffy snow upwards, having covered his head with it. Taking advantage at his confusion, you pounced on him and pushed him on his back.

“I won!” You announced happily, bowing over him.

“Really?” His eyes flashed. He tumbled you down, pressing you to the ground with his body, and now you were the one to be defeated.

“Let’s call it a draw!” You laughed.
“No way!” Snape growled jokingly. “No half measures!”

He rolled off you and fell down on the snow.

You laid beside each other, looking at the sky and at the tops of the trees, taking time to catch your breath. You’ve already forgotten, when you’d had so much fun. Snape was sure, that this was the first time in his dark and bitter life.

He was the first one to stand up and, giving you his hand, he helped you to raise to your feet. With firm, confident movements, he started shaking snow off your coat. You did the same for him. Tired, you smiled broadly, dangling your arms weakly along your body.

Snape took your hand and led you to the road.

“Aren’t you cold?” He was worried about you.

You shook your head.

As soon as you stepped on the trodden path, you slipped again. Snape caught you and once again didn’t let you fall. He tightly wrapped his hand around your waist and pressed you to himself whenever your legs were trying to slide or get woven. You felt his firm grip and understood, that this man would protect you from all the horrors of this world, that you were completely safe in his caring arms.

Having reached the lake, you slowly walked around it, talking about everything. It was still snowing, and ice crystals glistened, shimmering in the light. Although you lived in a Wizarding world and knew firsthand about magic, you could swear, you’ve never faced magic like this.
After a Walk

Students were playing snowballs in the courtyard, when you returned. You chuckled, remembering your play with Professor Snape. He winked at you, knowing what you were thinking about.

Hogwarts has already been decorated for Christmas, and the holiday spirit was in the air. For the first time Snape appreciated the festive decoration and even felt something resembling joy. You walked together, examining the finery, and your legs unconsciously led you to Professor’s office.

You realized that, probably, it would be better to return to your dorm and not to bother your Professor, who’s already spent his whole day, being busy with you. Without giving you time to articulate this idea, Snape helped you to take off your coat and hung it to dry next to his.

“Hungry?” He opened his locker, taking two cups out.

“I’m starving!” You took your usual seat on the sofa opposite to his armchair.

Snape headed for the exit.

“I’ll bring something.” He said calmly before leaving.

You looked around the room, which was so familiar to you, and slowly ran your eyes along the bookshelves. Your attention was attracted by an old shabby book, which title said: “Dark magic, directed at evil intentions.” Having it opened, you widened your eyes in astonishment. The fields were all written with numerous notes. You flipped through the pages and found, that there was no empty space in the book, everything was filled with neatly written notations. After reading the first entry, you realized that it contained instructions on how to resist dark spells. You continued reading and, to your surprise, you found out, that for each spell, described in the book, Professor found a counter spell. “Why won’t he give his research to the world?” You asked yourself.

“The less scums know about the ability to resist them, the more superior they feel. And blind self-confidence usually leads to defeat.” Snape explained monotonously, appearing at the door and answering your numb question.

He returned so silently, that you flinched and startled, staring at him in amazement. He smiled with the corners of his lips.

“Are you reading my mind?” You knew quite well, that he was a master of this craft.

Snape sat down on the armchair and took food out of a paper bag, placing it out on the table, without looking at you.

“I respect you too much and would never dare to do it without your consent.” He answered sternly and looked up at you seriously.

“I’m sorry, this was just a joke… But I really thought just about that – why don’t you publish your works…” You didn’t want to offend him and tried to smooth the blame. “You know I have nothing to hide from you…” You smiled apologetically, your glance full of regret.

“I know.” He said softly and smiled back.

“It’s true, Severus…” You reached out to him across the table and took his hand.
He looked at you with his warm gaze, intended only for you, clutching your palm in his.

“You may read it.” He nodded at the book. “Just promise, if you want to try something, you will come to me first. It can be very dangerous.”

“I promise… Forgive me, Sev… I didn’t want to offend you…”

“Stop it…” He stood up, took a seat beside you and hugged you, pressing your head to his chest. “Everything is fine, I didn’t mean anything like that…” He whispered, kissing your head. He was angry with himself for giving you a reason to think so.

“Most of all I’m afraid to push you away…” Your heart sank painfully at this thought.

“You won’t…” He smiled kindly and, patting your back, stood up to fetch tea.

You watched him with gratitude and devotion.

After a long walk in the fresh air, you felt drowsy. And after a tasty dinner, sleep entirely overcame you. Snape noticed this and silently pulled the blanket out of the closet. You knew, what that meant.

“Am I not annoying you?” You asked uncertainly.

“What a nonsense!” Snape stretched the blanket, ready to throw it over you, and with a jerk of his head he ordered you to take off your shoes.

You obeyed and raised your legs to the sofa. He covered you and put a pillow behind your back. You smiled at him as gently as you could.

“Rest…” He pulled the blanket on your shoulders and answered you with such a caring smile, which made you feel warmth spreading inside of you.

When he straightened up to step back, you gently took his hand, asking him to stay. He sat down next to you and rested his hand on your side. Without saying a word, you stroked it and left your palm on top of his forearm. You felt so good, so calm and peaceful, when he was beside you. Closing your eyes, you felt that you were falling asleep. Snape remained sitting with you and admiring your beautiful features. You were so dear to him, he wanted to stay with you forever and didn’t know how to survive the upcoming two-weeks long parting from you.
Amortentia

Snape instructed you to show the third course how to make Amortentia, while he himself was busy with preparing tests for the final work at the end of the semester. He went to his backroom, not to disturb you with his presence, and so that no one would distract him.

“Well, our potion is ready.” You stated. “Everyone who’s willing, may come up and smell it. For each of you it will smell special, depending on what you like.” You enjoyed teaching and found it really exciting.

Your offering aroused anxiety among children. Taking turns, they started coming up to your cauldron and inhaling mysterious fumes with curiosity. They enthusiastically described, how Amortentia smelled for them.

“Miss Y/L/N, and how does Amortentia smell for you?” Asked one of the students.

Snape heard the question from the door ajar and carefully peeked out to look at you. He felt nervous and couldn’t explain why. His heart pounded wildly, promising to pop out of his chest.

You came closer to the cauldron, closed your eyes and made a slow deep breath, concentrating on the scent, tickling your sinuses. You got lost in this pleasant flavour, which spread in white curly puffs of steam, rising up from your cauldron.

“It smells like a mixture of herbs with a slight flavour of old wood.” You uttered quietly, slowly opening your eyes, and freaking out with realizing, you’ve just said it aloud.

“It smells of herbs and old wood in this room!” Someone remarked.

“It’s probably because I like working here.” You cracked an awkward smile, feeling blood rushing to your face, bringing colour to your cheeks.

You knew quite well, that there was a man, who smelled exactly like that, a man, who spent even more time here, than you. That smell clinged to his clothes, stuck in his hair. You registered this smell every time you found yourself close to him.

Unconsciously you drew a look at the door of the backroom, where he was working at the moment. To your surprise, you realized that he was watching you with his piercing gaze.

To hide your embarrassment, you went on the offensive and addressed him, taking him aback.

“Professor, would you like to join us?” You smiled playfully, pretending, that the scent you smelled, was something ordinary for you, and not of much concern.

“No.” He snapped sternly.

“Please, Professor, sir!” The children pleaded him.

He rolled his eyes and approached you. Removing the lid off the cauldron, he sniffed shortly a couple of times.

“I feel nothing but your perfume.” He stated indifferently.

You flushed.
He looked at you and smiled faintly.

“Apparently, I’m not the kind of person, who would be attached to smells. I apologize for disappointing you.” He hoped you wouldn’t guess. This wasn’t the way, he wanted to confess to you. Not now, not in front of these dunderheads.

“Satisfied?” He glanced displeased at the crowd of students, surrounding you. “If you’re finished, you may be free.” With these words, Snape slowly walked up to his desk and took out some papers from the drawer.

You gave the children a kind glance, making them understand they could leave.

When you approached Snape to question something, the most curious girl, who so insistently asked you to smell the potion, imperceptibly scooped up a little from the cauldron and with a sly grin left the classroom.

***

After dinner, you went to the lab as usual, but Snape wasn’t there. You decided to make your homework in other subjects while waiting for him.

When he finally entered the class, you noticed that something was wrong with him. He was smiling sweetly, his eyebrows arched in admiration.

“Severus?” You looked at him in amazement and got up from the chair.

“My love, I finally found you!” Snape swiftly approached you and pulled you into his embrace.

You realized at once, that someone decided to make a silly prank by slipping him your Amortentia. The one who did it, will dearly pay for this, when Professor comes to himself.

You resolutely pushed with both your hands against his chest, trying to stop him, but he was too strong.

“Severus, oh Merlin! You’re not yourself!”

“You are so beautiful!” He looked at you with affection. It was not his look, it was a charm that acted.

“I’d like you to think so without Amortentia…” You made another attempt to free yourself from his embrace.

“You smell so good!” He nuzzled in your neck and roared with pleasure, kissing your skin.

You stunned, feeling chills run down your spine. His touch was a real pleasure, and the groan escaping from his mouth, made your stomach flutter. You hesitantly tangled your fingers in his hair, pulling him closer, trying to percept his every touch and every sensation it aroused in you.

“Huh…” You exhaled quietly, closing your eyes.

You couldn’t deny that you liked it in a way. But this was not for real.

“Sev?” You bitterly let go off him, thinking how to get out of this situation.

“Yes, my love?” He slightly loosened his grip on you and glared into your eyes with the same overly happy expression.
“We need to save you!” You declared kindly.

“You’re my salvation!” He exclaimed passionately, his face broke into a wild rapturous smile.

“Severus, I beg you!” You laughed, he looked so funny.

You somehow managed to turn your back on him, trying to reach the locker, where Professor kept his potions, but he didn’t let you go. Struggling with him, you opened the door and pulled out a bezoar. Turning to face him again, you handed him a stone.

“Take it, it will help.” He looked so touching, you couldn’t help laughing.

“I don’t need anything but you!” He declared in a sweet voice.

“Me too, Severus, me too…” You confessed sadly, regretting, that he said it under the influence of charms.

“Now open your mouth.” You pushed the bezoar between his lips and watched him, holding his face in your palms.

The enthusiastic expression on his face faded away, and his eyes startled at yours. He realized that he was holding you, but he didn’t understand how this happened.

“Welcome back!” You laughed, and laid your hands on his shoulders.

“What happened?” Snape finally let go off you.

“Someone decided, that it would be funny to give you my Amortentia.” You took a step back.

“Merlin! Forgive me! Please forgive me!” Snape apologized with a frightened look. “Didn’t I allow myself too much? Didn’t hurt you? Didn’t scare?”

“It’s all right.” You smiled sweetly. “That was…” you lowered your head, hiding your eyes, “…cute.” A slight blush appeared on your cheeks.

“Forgive me, I’m so embarrassed!” Snape pleaded.

You walked up to him and put your hands on his chest.

“It’s not your fault, Severus.” You reassured him quietly, meeting his black eyes.

Snape frowned. “I’ll find this prankster, and we’ll see, if a month detentions will seem to him just as funny as this stupid joke!”
You and Snape were searching through Hogwarts’ basements in order to find fungal hyphae for his new experiment.

In one of the basements Snape came across the Mirror of Erised, which was hidden there from curious students. It was well known, that the mirror could bring more harm than good.

Snape didn’t want to look in the mirror, but something pulled him towards it. He slowly approached the smooth dusty surface and hesitantly raised his glance on the reflection. Stunned, he stood rooted to the ground, unable to move, his eyes fixed on the picture appeared before him.

He saw himself embracing the most beautiful girl in the world. It was you who he held in his arms. You gently wrapped his neck with one hand, and with your other hand you carefully stroked his head. He drowned his face in your hair and held you tight, his arms crossed on your back.

Snape’s heart broke into pieces. A strong longing for you seized his lonely soul. Snape could swear that he physically felt loneliness choking him. A lump lodged in his throat, obstructing his breathing. You were the only one he desperately desired, desired in the way he shouldn’t.

He wanted to give you all of himself, and didn’t even dream that someday you would answer the feelings he was hiding so long.

You found the necessary mold and hurried to show it to your Professor. Seeing him, you frightened. He looked so miserable and devastated.

“Severus?” You quietly called him and moved closer.

Frowning, he stared at his reflection. You realized that something was wrong, and stood between him and the mirror, glaring into his eyes.

“Sev?” You called him again, putting your palm on his chest.

He flinched and shifted his look from the mirror to you. He was lost and confused.

You checked the mirror, and seeing nothing but your reflection, you turned back to your Professor.

“What happened?” You pierced him with a concerned gaze.

The vision he saw in the mirror still stood before his eyes and painfully squeezed his heart. With gratitude in his eyes he took you by the shoulders.

“It’s nothing, everything’s all right…” He quietly reassured you.

“You look terrible.” You worried for him, because just a few minutes ago you were laughing together, discussing the upcoming Christmas Ball.

Snape looked down bitterly, still feeling the dark void in his soul. He didn’t answer.

“Severus…” You wanted to know what happened in that short time. “I know, something’s wrong… What did you see there?” You put your other hand on his chest.

Confused, he looked at you, trying to chase away this vision. You could see pain and despair in his eyes. You wanted to help him, to comfort him.
You gave him a compassionate glance, lowered your head sadly and, gathering your courage, continued quietly.

“I understand that I’d hardly ever be someone for you, you’d fully open up your heart… And you don’t have to… but I want you to know…” You looked up to meet his eyes again. “…that you can always count on me.”

These words pierced his tormented soul.

“My dear…” He drew you to himself, hugged you tightly and froze, his face buried in your hair. You clasped his neck with one hand, and carefully stroked his head with another.

“You’re not alone, Sev, I will always be there for you…” You whispered, clinging to him.

Snape still couldn’t believe you considered him worthy of your amiable, supportive, sympathetic attitude towards him. He thought, he would never be able to thank you enough for your loyalty and faithfulness. It was something he’s been starving for so long, and once received, he was ready to return it twice as much as he was given.

He grabbed your fragile body and didn’t want to let you go. Looking in the mirror, he saw the picture that appeared before his eyes a few minutes ago, but now this reflection seemed to be real.

“Do you see anything there?” He asked cautiously, pointing at the mirror with a jerk of his head.

You let go off him and turned around. Snape saw you do it in reflection.

“I see us.” You replied, not understanding what was happening.

“Us?” His eyebrows twitched slightly in surprise. “And what are we doing?”

“We’re standing and looking in the mirror.” You looked up at him inquiringly.

He frowned.

“Let’s get out of here.” He took your hand and pulled you away.

***

Being back to his office, Snape was serious and thoughtful. He recalled what just had happened and realized, that reflection of both of you exactly repeated his vision. He couldn’t believe that.

You understood that something was bothering your Professor. You came up to him from behind and carefully grabbed his shoulders, pressing your cheek against his back.

“I really want to help you…” Your voice so caring.

“You know what that mirror was?” He asked quietly.

“No.” You whispered.

“The Mirror of Erised. It shows deepest, most desperate desires of our hearts…”

You listened attentively to his every word.

“I saw there something, what I thought I would never get.” Snape fell silent for a moment. “But you know, I guess I’ve already got it.” He slowly turned to you.
You were afraid to ask, what exactly he got, and looked at him worriedly.

Snape’s heart pounded wildly. Should he tell you now? He felt he was losing ground under his feet. A moment of hesitation seemed an eternity to him, but familiar voice of yours brought him back to reality.

“So it means that everything’s all right then?” Your eyes sparkled with a hopeful glitter.

He nodded, and the corners of his lips raised.

You clasped your hands on his back, closed your eyes and listened to the beat of his heart. You wanted time to stop, so that you would never have to let him go.

“Thank you…” He whispered, stroking your shoulders.

He felt peace and harmony returning into his soul under your soothing touch.
The Night of the Ball

The day of the Christmas Ball has come. You didn’t want to go. You felt insecure, and didn’t even thought of dancing with someone. The only person who could undoubtedly count on your company was Severus of course, but being Professor he couldn’t invite you. You went only at McGonagall’s request, having no idea why she wanted you to attend the event. She only said you had to be present.

Since you had no desire to show up in an unsuitable outfit, you had to choose a dress for yourself. It was a long black high neck dress with lace sleeves, and the same lace top. You disbanded your usual bun, and your hair fell freely on your shoulders.

When Severus saw you, words stuck in his throat. Your elegant refined silhouette took his breath away and made his heart beat faster. He couldn’t take eyes off you and watched you from the distance.

You felt uncomfortable standing there alone, not knowing what to do with your hands and with yourself in general. You searched for him in the crowd, and once you met his eyes, a shy smile appeared on your face. He felt an urge to approach you right there, but he was restrained by the ceremony etiquette. At first it was necessary to listen Headmistress’s speech, and he was forced to stand beside McGonagall with other Professors.

You fixed your eyes on each other, unable to resist the strong bond, connecting your souls.

McGonagall held a solemn speech and noted the best students of this year. Among the names you heard yours. This meant that you needed to appear in front of the audience to give other students an encouraging example and be greeted by applause. You realized, this was definitely the reason, why you had to come.

Embarrassed, you stepped forward, accompanied by a couple of students, whose names were also mentioned. Snape stared at you from behind. Only few feet separated him from you. Standing so close and being not able to touch you was unbearable.

When the official part was over, you wanted to leave right away, but the man standing behind you didn’t let you. Before you took a step, you noticed Severus approaching you. He was so personable, so attractive. Stern look on his face made his appearance fearsome, but not for you.

Your heart pounded wildly, as he came up to you and bowed, stretching out his hand, palm up.

“May I have your hand for this dance, Miss?” He asked with a soft, barely perceptible smile.

You didn’t expect him to invite you in front of everybody’s eyes. You gave him a loving smile and put your palm in his. Severus walked you to the center of the Hall, carefully wrapped his arm around your waist and pulled you gently to himself. You rested your hand on his shoulder, a little closer to his neck than required, and tenderly patted his back. He took the first step, drawing you into a slow dance. He led you confidently, as always, and you forgot about everything in the world. He didn’t take his eyes off you, and you didn’t see anyone but him.

You looked fascinating. Both in black outfits emphasizing your figures, with proudly straightened shoulders and raised heads. Students opened their mouths in amazement. A few people could brag they’ve seen Snape dancing, moreover dancing with the most unsociable, mysterious and - no one could deny it - the most beautiful student in this room.

Snape admired you, examining every inch on your familiar face. You loved being so close to him.
Losing yourself in depth of his black eyes, you felt so comfortable and safe. His firm, confident, yet caring arms were the only place you could find your shelter.

“You’re so beautiful…” He almost whispered in a soft silky voice, smiling tenderly with the corners of his lips.

“And you look great, as always.” Trying to hide the blush that suddenly appeared on your face, you lowered your head, pressing your cheek against his shoulder and leaning closer to him.

He bent his head, so that his lips barely touched your hair.

“I’m glad you’ve come. This Ball is not so bad as I’ve expected.”

“Would you be the same opinion if I wasn’t here?” You looked up at him again with a cheerful gleam in your eyes.

“If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t stay here longer than it’s required of Professors!” He admitted.

You smiled at him with the sincerest smile, and he answered you the same.

You stopped, when music faded. Severus loosened his grip on you, but he had no intention to let you go. He slid his hand along you back, lingering on your hip, and you moved your hand from his shoulder to the elbow.

“Don’t you mind another dance?” He smiled, knowing that you won’t refuse.

Once the next melody filled the air, you clung to him, putting your hand back on his shoulder. He smoothly wrapped your waist again and fixed you firmly in his arms. The world was slowly disappearing around you and stopped existing all at once, when his eyes locked with yours.

“Do you remember us dancing in your lab last year?” You fondly glanced at him.

“Is it possible to forget?” He smiled, recalling that night.

You felt so good beside each other, you both didn’t feel lonely anymore and spent most of the time together. You got closer each day. Having studied each other so well, you’ve reached the point of perfect mutual trust and understanding.

During a short pause in between melodies, you gently took his hand, and he firmly squeezed your palm in his.

“Shall we have a little walk?” You suggested. You noticed how many eyes were still glaring at you, and wanted to escape from this crowd.

“You took the words right of my mouth!” Snape smirked.

You went out in the corridor and sighed with relief. It was cool and dark here, only sliver of moonlight spilled through the high arched windows, making it possible to see in the dark.

“I hate those gatherings!” He grimaced.

“I don’t like the crowd either.”

You both fell silent for a moment.

“Aren’t you cold?” Snape wrapped his hand around your shoulders, pulling you closer.
“I’m not, while you hold me like this.” You looked up at him with a grateful smile and saw the corners of his lips raising slightly.

You walked slowly through the empty corridors, enjoying each other’s company, without thinking where your legs would take you.
Muted noise of the Ball reached you from the Great Hall, getting more and more distant with every step you made, until you could no longer hear it.

Webs of corridors led you to the abandoned tower, where Snape had found you crying for the first time. It’s been so long ago, but he remembered that day, as if it were yesterday.

His heart ached at the thought, what you had to go through, but he knew he’d never let it happen again and was ready to protect you by all means, even if it would cost him his life.

It was snowing outside, and a beautiful winter landscape opened from above.

“So pacifying…” You looked into the distance.

Snape was staring at you, realizing that he no longer had the power to restrain himself. He needed to touch you, to feel you, to tell you, how much you meant to him.

He slowly came up to you from behind and embraced you, crossing his arms on your stomach. You stunned, unable to move from excitement. He never did that before. You covered his palms with yours and rubbed them slightly. Your heart was pounding wildly, ready to jump out of your chest.

Snape slowly turned you towards him. He was serious and peered deep into your eyes, stealing your breath while looking through your soul. You unconsciously rested your hands on his chest. He stroked your shoulders, raised his palms up to your face and gently touched your neck, drowning his fingers in your soft hair, fixing your head in his hands. He hesitantly leaned toward you. His face so close. You locked your eyes on his lips. His mouth slightly open, and his breath so heavy on your skin.

Your heart skipped a beat and you found your own lips parted. You moved a little closer, and he slowly, very carefully, touched your lips with his.

He gently kissed your lower lip, taking your breath away. You softly answered his kiss, barely touching his upper lip. Severus kissed you again, just as gently and carefully, and you answered him the same, exhaling passionately. Your hot breath burned his face, and he eagerly covered your mouth with his. You clenched your fists, gripping tight on his robes. His lips brushed yours slowly, tenderly, growing more passionate and demanding. Your stomach fluttered at his hot, fiery touch, and you pressed your lips even tighter to his. You firmly kissed each other until you both needed to break apart for air.

Making an effort, Snape unwillingly pulled you away a little to gather some much needed oxygen. Being afraid to finish the kiss, you reached out for him and continued covering his lips with short gentle kisses. Breathing heavily, he rested his forehead against yours, lowering his hands on your shoulders. You gasped for air, stroking his chest, sliding your palms up to his shoulders, and gently
touching his neck.

“I need you so much…” He whispered, losing himself in your eyes.

Your joints ached when you seized his collar.

“And I need you, Severus… I need you so bad…” Your voice faltered. You felt so happy, but your eyes welled up with tears.

You pulled him in a long gentle, yet passionate kiss, sinking into his hold. He wrapped his arms around your shoulders, and you clenched your hands on his back. Once you felt his tongue on your lips, you opened your mouth, allowing him to plunge deeper. Your whole being seemed to shoot fire, vibrating with pleasure and excitement.

Severus smiled fondly, looking into your eyes, as you pulled away for air once again. Smiling back, you moved closer, rubbing your cheek against his face, and closed your eyes, enjoying the softness of his skin. He held you tight in his embrace, and you clung to him with your whole body, with all of your soul and mind. He stroked your hair, pressing his lips against your head.

“I was afraid you’d reject me…” He admitted softly, burying his face in the crook of your neck. He inhaled your smell and couldn’t have enough of it. Holding you firmly in his arms, he was still afraid of losing you.

“Why?” You raised up your head to see his face.

His entire body was taken by the overwhelming feeling of relief at your loving, affectionate glance.

“How could I reject you? I’ve been praying for this since the day we first met…” You whispered, gently caressing his jaws, reaching out for another kiss.

“Me too…” He bent his face toward you, and your lips crushed together.

You couldn’t believe this man has chosen you. You didn’t want to let go of him, being afraid that this moment would vanish like a dream.

His kisses made you feel dizzy, you almost fainted, realizing that now you belonged to him.

“I’ll give you the whole world…” He groaned, clenching his teeth at genuine devotion for you.

You shook your head and smiled kindly, your eyes glistening with love and gratitude. “I don’t need anything, but you…” You whispered, wrapping your arms around his neck.

“I’ll always be there, my dear… I’ll always be with you…” His low, yet soft voice resounded in your ears, making your heart flutter.

Tightening your grip on his neck, you clung to him, melting your small body into his. You stood motionless, unable to let go of each other.

“I love you.” He confessed quietly, carefully tangling your hair.

Your heart almost jumped out of your chest. You peered deep into his eyes, and a tear rolled down your cheek.

“I love you, Severus …” You whispered. “Love you with all my heart…”

He wiped a tear from your cheek, without noticing it appeared on his own. You did the same for
him, and you both laughed quietly, resting your foreheads against each other’s.

You snuggled up to him, and he folded you tight in his arms, nuzzling in your hair.

“I love you so much…” He whispered, still not believing that you were his now. He was so afraid of losing you, that his heart ached painfully at this thought.

You pulled him closer, sinking into the warmth of his side, craving to feel him, without parting from him for a single moment.

“I love you, Severus… love you… love you…” You repeated, trying to hold back tears.

You remained standing there, hugging each other, until you heard footsteps outside the door and the laughter of a couple, escaped from the Ball, just like you.

Severus loosened his grip and smiled, caressing your cheek. “Want to return?”

You shook your head. “I want to stay with you.”

You were drowning in his black eyes.

He rested his hands on your waist, drawing you closer, and kissed you again. Confidently, slowly, passionately, savoring each moment. His kiss knocked breath out of you, and you exhaled feverously, unable to resist a powerful desire to be even closer to him. You’ve been longing for him for so long and tried to get as much of him as you could, biting greedily on his lips.

Your eagerness lit him on fire. Blood raged through his veins, hammering in his temples. He couldn’t restrain any longer, he leaned forward and, taking a few steps, pressed you against the wall. Electric tingles ran through your entire body. Your breathing quickened, and so did his.

He lowered his head to your shoulder, planting fiery kisses on your flawless skin, rising higher up your neck, and finally reaching your hairline. His touch was a blessing. Feeling the need to know him better, you grabbed his shoulders and pulled him toward you. He slid his hands to your hips and, clutching them tightly, harshly pressed you to himself. You felt him getting hard, and a quiet moan escaped your mouth. Your insides fluttered in anticipation.

Barely controlling himself, Snape eased his pressure. He didn’t want to rush you or incline you to something you were not ready for. He was very delicate, being afraid to cause you even slightest physical or spiritual discomfort.

He breathed heavily into your face.

“Are you sure you want this?” You saw the question in his eyes, though he remained silent.

As if answering it, you raised your palms to his face and, cupping his cheeks, ardently crushed against his lips, kissing him passionately, letting your tongue taste him.

Without interrupting the kiss, he apparated you to his chambers.
You stood by his bed, embracing each other. The room was lit by only a couple of candles, allowing you to discern silhouettes in the dark of Snape’s chambers.

You felt dizzy at excitement that overwhelmed your whole being, the world was spinning around you, and your heart was ready to jump out of your chest.

Snape nuzzled your neck with delicate kisses. He slowly ran his hands along your back, carefully unzipping your dress. He gently slid his fingers under the fabric and pulled lacy sleeves down your shoulders. Your body flushed with heat once his palms rested on your bare waist. He caressed your smooth, tender skin, while his hands worked their way around your body. Sensation of your perfect softness lit him on fire. He’s been craving for you for so unbearably long.

Though your souls have already been strongly bonded together, your bodies remained strangers for each other.

You shyly unbuttoned his coat and timidly ran your hand over his chest. In the meantime, he carefully undid your bra, slowly exposing your breasts. There was nothing more bewitching than your naked forms. You felt his heavy breathing on your face, not daring to look him in the eyes.

Snape cupped your face, bending down to meet your lips. His kiss was feverish, intense, yet delicate and soothing.

You caught your breath, when his palms sank down your belly and started slowly crawling up your sides, approaching your breasts, gently squeezing them. You were so warm, so responsive to the touch. He pulled you closer, dragging your dress off you and letting it fall to your feet.

He himself quickly took off his coat, and you helped him with his shirt. You carefully rested your trembling hands on his bare chest, as if being afraid of this touch. Snape eagerly pressed you to his body, banishing all your insecurities. You slowly kissed his neck, drowning your face into his hair. Sliding your palms down his torso, you gripped on his belt and unbuckled it, letting him know you were ready to give all of yourself to his possession.

Holding you firmly, Snape took a few steps towards his bed and carefully laid you down, covering you with his body. Having pushed his knee between your legs, he slightly parted them climbing atop of you. He was dying with desire to take hold of you, his cock was hard and throbbed painfully in arousal.

Though you desperately craved for this, you felt a soft panic growing inside. Having noticed it, Snape locked his eyes with yours for just a moment, but this was enough for you to feel safe again.

“Severus…” You exhaled feverishly, gasping for air.

He lowered his head, kissing your neck, your collarbone, sinking down to your breasts. He gently
sucked on your nipples, tasting your soft skin. This sensation ignited him with irresistible desire, burning him down to ashes. His wet lips and hot tongue on your sensitive spots sent chills down your spine, and a restrained timid moan escaped your mouth.

Snape slowly slid his hand down your belly, right to your entrance and ran his fingers between your soaked folds. He was surprised to find how wet you were for him. Did you really want him as much as he wanted you? You tensed, feeling your stomach knotted up in anticipation, as he rubbed a several strokes with his cock against your clit and slightly pressed it on your entrance, ready to thrust into you any moment.

Snape caught your startled glance.

“I love you…” He whispered and covered your mouth with his in a sensual kiss.

His tender touch eased your tension and helped you relax. It was another kind of magic he’s always performed on you.

You whimpered quietly, once he pushed himself into your warmth. He didn’t move for a moment so that you could get accustomed to his size. Blood rushed to your face, and pleasant heat spread throughout your entire body, as he started slowly thrusting into you. He slid easily, stretching your hot wet walls around him. You moaned with pleasure, grabbing on his back, fogging his mind with lust and desire, and begging for more. Rare groans burst out of his throat, as he fastened his pace.

Growing in speed and hardness, he stimulated you so right, making you more and more sensitive.

Loosing yourselves, you were drowning in a whirlpool of bliss and pleasure. Your billowing breaths mingled, while skin was slapping against skin.

You’ve never felt so good before. Your body trembled under his weight, ready to release all the tension that has been growing in you for several years of desperate obsession with this man.

“Don’t stop, Severus, please, don’t stop…” You whispered feverishly, pulling him down on you, scratching his back, clasping your hands on his shoulders, tangling your fingers into his hair.

Snape felt euphoric, realizing how weak you were becoming. He was happy to do it as much as you needed, he wanted to give you all of himself. Your pleasure was the only thing, that mattered to him now.

“Oh, Severus…” You shuddered at the sweet warm sensation, washed over your body. The feeling was so intense, so overwhelming, that you could barely endure it, and a loud moan escaped your mouth. He slowed down a bit, letting you enjoy the moment. His every movement gave you incredible pleasure, you’ve never experienced before.

Gasping for air, you fervently whispered his name, burying your face in the crook his neck, bringing him to the limit. He could no longer keep instantly increasing pressure inside and groaned deep in his throat, filling you with his seed in the last few sloppy thrusts. You wrapped your hands around his neck, slowly rubbing your cheek against his black hair, when he crushed on you with his relaxed body, pressing his head against your shoulder. Being held captive under his weight, you felt, that you entirely belonged to this man. You caressed his back, tangled his hair, planting kisses everywhere your lips could only reach. You were so happy.

Snape raised on his elbow, bending over you, his face so close. Carefully removing hair from your forehead, he looked deep into your eyes, dying with devotion and gratitude for accepting him. His soft loving glance radiated warmth, melting your heart, bringing peace to your soul.
“I love you so much.” You whispered, pulling him closer.

His heart fluttered, spreading tingles inside his chest. He smiled and gently kissed your lips, dissolving in a warm pleasant sensation. You clung to him, enjoying his every touch, so tender, so caring.

Snape rolled off you onto his back and stretched out his hand, inviting you into his embrace. You gladly moved closer, making yourself comfortable. As soon as your head touched his chest, he squeezed you in his arms, leaning his cheek against your forehead.

“Stay with me…” He asked quietly. “Don’t leave…” He tightened his grip, having no intention to let go of you for a single moment.

You rubbed your head against his shoulder, nuzzling into his neck. You were ready to stay with him in this bed forever.

“Can I really stay?” You couldn’t believe that the next two weeks you would be together without parting for a second.

“I think you could even move in here. If you’d like it of course.” Snape froze in suspense, waiting for your answer.

You smiled cheerfully, thinking of both of you going to bed and waking up together during your winter holidays.

“I couldn’t even dream of that, Sev…” You confessed, gently stroking his chest. “But isn’t it against the rules?”

“I’ll talk to McGonagall, we’ll sort it out.” He promised.

“And now…” he smiled broadly, “…we have two whole weeks!” His eyes flashed mischievously, as he pounced on you, pinning you down. Holding you firmly by the hip, he showered your neck and shoulders with short tender kisses. You laughed happily, trying to answer him the same.

Snape let you push him on his back. Laying on his stomach, you slowly leaned toward him and covered his lips with yours. He enjoyed the warmth of your body, your gentle touch, your calm breathing and sweet scent… He dreamed of you for so long, not even expecting to have a share of the happiness you gave him.

He drew you closer, deepening the kiss. It was magic, the way his lips connected with yours, the way his palms slid along your sides, the way your bodies merged together.

“I feel so good with you, Severus…” You confessed quietly, looking deep into his eyes, caressing his face, so virile and attractive.

He pressed you to his heart, overwhelmed with affection and gratitude.

“Thank you, my dear… thank you for coming into my life…” A peaceful smile appeared on your face at the sound of his deep yet quiet voice.
Snape woke up in the morning, embracing you from behind. You breathed peacefully in your sleep. A wave of warmth and tenderness swept over his soul.

Raised on his elbow, he stroked your arm and kissed your shoulder. Nuzzling in your neck, he inhaled your smell with his full breast, realizing he would never have enough of it. You were so close, but he pulled you closer to feel you with every inch of his body. He couldn’t believe that now you belonged to him. He couldn’t even dream of it. He was ready to give you everything he had. He worshiped you and could swear, that this morning there was no man in the world, happier than him.

He kissed your frail neck, burrowing into your soft hair, caressing your tender skin. He wanted to dissolve in you entirely.

You started waking from your slumber at his delicate touch. With a peaceful sigh, you rolled on your back and opened your eyes. Your heart fluttered, seeing his face so close, and your lips stretched in a cheerful smile.

“Severus…” You whispered, drowning your palm in his hair, touching his neck and rubbing his jaw with your thumb.

“Good morning, love.” Snape carefully stroked your cheek and gently covered your soft sweet lips with his in a soul uniting kiss.

You leaned into his touch, losing yourself in a warm pleasurable sensation. His hair fell on your face, tickling your skin. Burying your fingers into his mane, you slowly brushed his scalp, exploring the curves of his skull, ruffling thick black locks.

Being so soft, so sensual and breathtaking, his kisses intoxicated your mind, and soon you lost control over your body, which started heating up with desire. A slight tingle of tension nestled in your abdomen, growing stronger with each heartbeat. You moaned quietly into his mouth, desperately craving to merge together with the man, you loved more than life itself. Kissing him feverishly, you threw your leg over his thigh, drawing him closer.

A soft groan escaped his throat, as he tightened his grip, growing more possessive of you. His body flashed warm, lit up from inside.

“What are you doing to me, girl?” He breathed heavily into your face. Snape was surprised, how easily you turned him on, and a lustful grin appeared on his face.

He snuggled up to you, letting you feel him getting hard.

“Take me, Severus…” You exhaled passionately, pressing him tighter to yourself, dying to feel him inside, to experience divine pleasure, he gave you last night, again.

Seeing, how needy you were, he sank down to your breasts, melting into your softness, his lips delicately caressing tender skin. Your body shuddered in response. Weakened by his gentle seductive touch, you arched your back and moaned in excitement and anticipation.

“I need you, Sev! Please…” You pulled him up, wrapping your arms around his neck, begging him to take hold of you.
Burning with desire, he rose above you and pushed himself inside your warmth, sending fiery shiver throughout your entire body. Steady and confidently, he started thrusting into you, burying his face in the crook of your neck, as his pace quickened. You moaned with pleasure, and he couldn’t help groaning into your ear.

Drowning in feverish whirls of passion, your bodies merged together, and so did your souls. Physical satisfaction combined with overwhelming emotional affection created a strong unbreakable bond, connecting your hearts.

“Severus, don’t stop!” You felt the sweet wave approaching. “Please, don’t stop!” You whispered passionately in his neck, your body shaking from how sensitive you were becoming.

Having no intention to stop, he continued eagerly, enjoying your warmth and softness.

His name left your lips in a loud whimper, once the pressure, which was growing in your belly, burst out, spreading heat throughout your body. Overwhelmed with bliss and pleasure, coming in so many wonderful flavors, you felt limp and helpless. Trying to stay conscious, you gripped on his shoulders, your nails leaving deep traces on his skin, pushing him over the edge. Utterly drunk with lust and desire, feeling your sweet vibrations, Snape couldn’t restrain any longer and let himself release deep unbearable tension, squeezing him from inside. Growling and snarling, he made a few last erratic thrusts, extending the moment you both never wanted to end.

Breathing heavily, you pressed him tightly to yourself, longing to feel his relaxed body on top of yours. You rubbed your cheek against his temple, tangling fingers in his hair, when he slumped on you.

You couldn’t come to your senses, your soul still floating in the air. The feelings, this man gave you, were something incredible, unimaginable, unbelievable. You felt him with every cell of your body, he’s become the whole world to you.

Snape slid off you and fell beside, breathless.

You turned to him and buried your face in his shoulder. He looked at you with admiration and smiled exhaustedly. You moved closer, rose above him on the elbow and slowly peppered his face with little kisses. He closed his eyes, enjoying your tender touch. You kissed his forehead, his temples, his eyelids, sinking down to his lips. Severus clenched his jaws, dying with pleasure, affection and devotion to you.

He opened his eyes and caressed your cheek, leaving his palm on your neck.

“I love you so much, my dear…” He whispered, looking intently into your eyes. “I won’t let anyone take you from me…”

You rested your head on his chest, snuggling to him. He embraced you with both hands, wrapping them around your body, holding you tight.

“Don’t let it happen, Severus. Ever…” You asked quietly. You couldn’t believe that the man, you’ve been dreaming of for two years, accepted you. Now you belonged to him, and nothing in the world had the power to change it.

He carefully rolled you on your back, bending over you. “Never… I will never let it happen…” He whispered and carefully kissed your eyes. His lips so warm, so soft.

You smiled, realizing how gentle and attentive he was. Although you knew, he was completely different from what his appearance said, but you could never presume, that he was hiding such a
vulnerable and sensitive soul behind that cold stone wall of detachment and feigned indifference.

You gently answered his kisses, savoring each moment. You wanted to make him happy, take away all his pain and fill his soul with warmth and love.
Any Plans for Christmas?

Having no intention to leave the bed, you were lying, embracing each other, your arms and legs intertwined. Your head rested on Snape’s shoulder, and his arms wrapped around your body.

“Pity I haven’t met you 20 years ago…” Pressing his cheek to your head, Snape sighed quietly with notes of sadness in his voice.

“20 years ago I was a child, Sev!” You giggled, rubbing your face against his chest, and gently kissed it, lingering for a while without separating your lips from his skin.

“What you had to go through, made you what you are now.” Your voice calm and soft. “And I’m madly in love with this man!” Without raising your head from his chest, you looked up at him, your glance full of devotion.

Meeting your loving gaze, Snape caressed your cheek, removing hair from your face, and kissed your forehead.

“I have no one more precious than you.” He whispered. “And never had…”

Overwhelmed with tenderness, you clung to him, covering his chest with slow gentle kisses.

Snape’s heart fluttered at the thought that he was needed, that someone loved him. And not just someone, but you! A girl, who poured life into his soul, who made his heart beat faster, a girl he never wanted to part with. You were the half, which made him feel whole.

You aroused in him feelings and sensations he never knew before. This storm of emotions swamped over him, washing all his sorrows away.

You gently stroked his chest, his shoulders. Nuzzling in his neck, you gave him a dozen more tender kisses. You couldn’t help enjoying the closeness of this man. You felt the need to constantly touch him, feel him, have him beside.

“I love you so much!” You whispered in his ear, caressing his face. “You’re my only dearest person…”

You were happy that you could finally say it to him, without hiding your feelings.

He carefully turned you on your back. Once he bent over you, a few slightly tousled hair strands fell on his face. Smiling happily, you raised your hands to his forehead, removing them to admire his attractive features. He leaned over your lips, drawing you in a slow sensual kiss. You clasped your arms around his neck, gently answering his kisses and begging for more.

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You didn’t know how much time you spent in each other’s arms, but the noise and excitement outside made it clear that it was about afternoon.

“It seems like they started gathering before departure.” You smiled, kissing his neck.

“Finally, we’ll have some peace here.” Snape winced at the thought of the crowded corridors.

He sighed quietly and kissed your forehead, pressing you to himself. He needed to feel you, holding you tightly in his arms, he was still afraid that you would disappear like a phantom.
“Do you usually stay here for Christmas?” You asked.

“Depends.” He answered in a calm low voice, rubbing gentle circles on your back. “I stayed the last few years, at least.”

You didn’t care, where you were going to spend your winter holidays, the only thing that mattered, was that you would be together.

Snape had no desire to stay at Hogwarts, because you would be in full view here. It wasn’t time to make your relations public, he thought. Not because he was afraid for his reputation or position, no! Most of all he didn’t want to cause you troubles. There were enough evil tongues around, and since you had a lot of enviers, everything was even worse.

“How would you like to spend these two weeks?” Snape was ready to go anywhere you asked.

“In your arms.” You smiled happily, looking up at him.

He answered you with a sincere smile and gently kissed the tip of your nose. You laughed, burying your face in the crook of his neck, enjoying the warmth of his body.

Except Hogwarts, Snape had no other options but his house on Spider’s End. He was ashamed of it. This was not the place he wanted to take you.

“Is something bothering you?” You noticed his thoughtful frown.

“No, nothing serious.” He smiled, but his eyes betrayed him.

“Sev? You can tell me…” You rose on your elbow to have a better view of his face. “What is it, that made you sad?” You cupped his cheek, kissing the corner of his mouth.

With a soft gentle movement, he stroked your head, looking intently into your eyes.

“I thought of taking you to my house, but it looks miserable… I forgot, when I’ve shown up there for the last time…” Snape’s voice sounded as if he was apologizing.

“Does it matter?” Your eyes glistened with love and affection. “I really don’t care where to be, if only with you.”

With these words, you leaned toward him, and holding his face with your palm, covered his lips with yours.

“I’m so happy to have you…” He whispered, overwhelmed with love and devotion. “I need you so much, girl…”

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You convinced Snape, that you would gladly visit his house.

“If you don’t want to go there, let’s stay.” You were ready to do anything, as long as it was good for him.

“We’ll return at once, if you won’t like it there.” Snape also wanted you to feel comfortable.

“My dear dunderhead…” You caressed his face. “When shall we go?”

His heart melted at you warm, loving glance.
“You decide.” He smiled gratefully. Will he ever be able to thank you enough for your kindness to him?

“Tomorrow?” You suggested dreamily, resting your head on his shoulder.

“Tomorrow.” Snape agreed quietly, tightening his grip on you.
You walked along the street, which didn’t look very picturesque. Two rows of gray brick houses, standing close to each other, framed the same gray narrow road. Not a single tree was to be seen around, only one tall mill chimney ominously rose above the block. White roofs, covered with snow, made this unfriendly place a little bit more attractive, and the man beside you didn’t let you feel uncomfortable, no matter how hostile seemed the surroundings.

You wrapped his arm with two of yours, holding him tightly and having no intention to let go of him, unless you reached your destination.

Snape was tense.

“What a fool I am to drag her here!” He scolded himself.

Feeling his nervousness, you wanted to comfort him, to make him know he meant the world to you, and nothing could change it.

“Is everything alright, Sev?” You quietly asked him, pressing your cheek against his shoulder and looking worriedly into his eyes.

He cracked a smile, gratefully stroking your head. “Yes, everything’s fine.”

Snape stopped before the house, which didn’t differ from the rest and rose his head up, inspecting its facade, slowly running his eyes down the wall from the small attic window to the doorstep. You realized that you finally were there.

Snape took the key out of his pocket and, taking a deep breath, hesitantly turned it in the lock. You approached him, standing between him and the door, cupped his face and gently kissed his lips.

“I love you,” you whispered.

“Merlin, how did I deserve you?” His eyes glistened with gratitude and devotion.

“I have the same question!” You rubbed your nose against his cheek. “I’m so happy to be with you!”

Your glance, full of love and fondness, and your kind words, which made his heart flutter, returned his confidence.

He turned the doorknob, and it creaked open, inviting you into a cold dark hall.

Snape let you go first and slammed the door shut behind him. He waved his wand, wiping dust from all the surfaces and returning things, negligently scattered here and there, to their places. In a moment the house was sparkling clean, as if no one ever left it.

Snape lit a fire in the chimney, and soon you both felt warm and comfortable here.

You looked around. Old withered furniture, walls all hidden behind the bookshelves, windows drawn with weather-stained curtains. But you found something attractive in this. You saw the house for the first time, but you realized, that for Severus it was a part of his life, and now you were ready to consider it a part of your life as well.

“I like it here, you shouldn’t have worried!” You wrapped your arms around his neck, resting your head on his shoulder, and his chest fell, releasing a deep sigh of relief. Snape felt, that he could
finally relax.

“I should’ve sold it long ago and buy something better.” He admitted. “But up to this moment I didn’t see this as necessary.”

“And now there’s still no need to do it.” You assured him with your quiet, tender voice. “It’s wonderful here, my love.”

He was so thankful for your support and understanding. His heart grew a size with desire to make you the happiest woman in the world, to protect you from all the horrors and injustice, to give you everything he could.

“We need a Christmas tree!” Your eyes flashed with joy, as you playfully put your hands on his shoulders.

Snape raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“What?” He thought he misheard you.

“It’s Christmas tomorrow, Sev! We need a tree!” You giggled cheerfully.

For as long as he remembered himself, his family’s never celebrated Christmas properly. He stared at you in confusion. He was so used to a gloomy solitary existence, that these simple joys seemed to him something odd and alien.

“But I have nothing to decorate it with…” He answered uncertainly.

“Is that a problem?” You clasped your arms on his neck and didn’t let go of him, gazing merrily into his frightened eyes. “We can buy everything! You gonna like it, come on! Show me where’s the mall!”

Snape couldn’t argue with you, he was ready to do anything for you, if only you were happy.

You left the house and walked slowly along the streets. It started snowing.

The city was ready for celebration, and you could feel the spirit of holiday in the air. Shop windows were illuminated with blinking lights, winter ornaments and brightly colored signs, attracting long queues of bustling customers. You could even hear some muted Christmas melodies reaching from somewhere. Amused, your eyes wandered from one side of the street to another, and a delighted smile appeared on your face. Admiring you, Snape himself felt rapturous uplift in his soul. When you were happy, he was happy as well. He didn’t notice how his own lips quirked in a placid peaceful smile.

You chose decorations with such eagerness and genuine joy, that Snape also got carried away with this process and realized that he liked it. Making these small festive preparations was a pleasure, he never experienced before.

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If you weren’t so fascinated by each other, you could notice a curtain on one of the windows shoving aside, exposing a curious old woman’s face. Watching passersby was one of her favorite activities. This time she saw a beautiful couple walking slowly down the street.

The tall man, all in black, carried a fir-tree, smiling happily at the young woman, who walked beside him with a large bag of groceries in her hands.
The wrinkled face lit up with a smile at the sight of this heartwarming picture. “They will definitely have a happy Christmas!”

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Snape easily set up the tree, and now it was the most pleasant thing left – decorating it.

You unpacked the box with ornaments, pulled out two glass balls and, smiling, handed one to Severus. He took it, watching you attentively with a suspicious frown on his face.

You hung the ball and looked at your man in anticipation.

“Come on, Sev, it’s fun!” You cheered him on.

He hesitantly approached the tree, hung the ball you gave him and watched it swing on the branch.

“Great job!” You whispered in his ear and kissed his cheek, putting another ball in his palm.

Before he could answer, you already focused on other decorations.

His confused expression gradually disappeared, and Snape smiled peacefully. Looking at you, at this fir tree, at the boxes with tinsel, he felt happiness filling his soul. He enjoyed this moment as much as he enjoyed you.

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Tired of the fussy day, you sat on the sofa, embracing each other. The dark room was lit only by twinkling colorful lights on your Christmas tree and a crackling fireplace. Two glasses with wine remnants stood on the table.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” You asked quietly, admiring the sight.

“Beautiful…” Snape agreed, stretching his lips in a contented smile.

“I told you’d like it!” You buried your face in his neck, planting soft gentle kisses all over.

“Thank you,” he whispered, pressing his lips to your forehead. “I’ve never had such a wonderful Christmas.”

“Me too, Severus…” You rested your head on his shoulder and continued looking at the lights until sleep overcame you.

Snape held you in his arms, still not believing he could ever be so happy.
You woke up feeling a little cold and turned to Severus, hoping he would embrace you and warm you with his body, but he was not around. Your heart sank, once you realized you were all alone in an empty bed.

“Sev?” You quietly called him, but there was no answer, only depressing silence thickened over your head, causing you feel so terribly lonely and uncomfortable.

“Severus?” You called louder.

As there has been no response again, you got out of bed, put on your fluffy morning gown and left the room. Still shivering from the cold, you crossed your arms on your chest and slowly tottered downstairs.

Quiet rattling of tableware was heard from the kitchen and a pleasant, flavorful aroma soared in the air. You knew that he was there, and your heart started beating faster.

Staying in the doorway, you saw your man extremely focused on making toasts and sharing them out on two plates. Without his black suit, he looked so unusual and so homely. Your lips stretched in a loving, grateful smile, and you felt an unbearable urge to hug him.

Once he noticed you, he left everything and came closer. You were together for only a few days, but he realized, he couldn’t ever live without you.

“Good morning, sunshine!” He gently grabbed your waist and, slowly drawing you to himself, kissed your cheek, inhaling your sweet scent.

You clasped your arms around his neck, clinging to him with your whole body.

“Don’t leave me alone, Sev…” You begged him plaintively.

“I will never leave you, girl!” He crossed his arms on your back, tightening his grip.

“But you already did it!” You complained, not releasing him from your embrace.

 Snape smiled, being endlessly happy you needed him so badly.

“I just wanted to make a breakfast for you.” He drowned his face in the crook of your neck, kissing your tender skin.

Stroking his head, you burrowed your fingers into his hair. “I froze without you…”

He pulled you away and, holding you by the shoulders, looked deep into your eyes. “I won’t let it happen again!” His soft loving glance made your heart flutter.

“Come here.” He led you to the table and sat you on a chair.

Snape returned to the stove to finish cooking. You watched him attentively, trying to absorb his every movement. Admiring his tall figure, you couldn’t take eyes off him. Shamelessly examining his exposed wrists, not covered with long buttoned up sleeves, his neck, free from tight ties and high collars, you felt so proud he belonged to you. You still couldn’t believe this was not a dream.

Leaning over the table, he slouched a little, exactly as he did in his lab, making potions. How many
times you glared at his formidable silhouette, struggling with desire to touch him, but being not able to do it! You smiled to yourself, realizing that now it was left behind.

“Let me help you!” You approached him, and with your head pressed to his back, carefully wrapped your arms around his torso.

He slowly turned to you, landing a tender kiss on your forehead. “I’ve finished already.”

Snape put two plates on the table and poured hot cocoa in your cups. Light steam rose upwards, spreading delicious flavor all over the kitchen. You watched him with both admiration and gratitude.

“Drink, warm up!” Snape took a seat opposite to you.

His caring voice was enough for you to feel warm again.

“Severus… You shouldn’t have worried…” You smiled timidly, feeling not worthy of his care.

“It’s a pleasure for me!” Your heart melted at his tender glance.

You reached out to him and gratefully squeezed his palm in yours.

“Will you taste it?” Snape pointed at the cup with a slight nod.

Now he looked even more relaxed than during those idle hours in his backroom at Hogwarts, where you had your usual daily tea together. There was no former shadow of doubt in his eyes, no fear that you would turn away from him. Finally, he found peace he had been searching for so long, without even hoping to ever get it.

He watched you, holding the cup in your palms, slowly raising it to your lips and taking a careful sip. It seemed to him, that the world stopped existing for that short moment, as you closed your eyes, tasting the drink, and inhaling its smell with your full chest, breaking in a peaceful smile. You were his everything, and he was determined to keep you safe at all costs.

As you opened your eyes, glancing up at him from above the cup, you felt a little embarrassed at his persistent, but such a warm gaze.

“Don’t look at me like that!” You laughed, but suddenly your smile disappeared. You started up from the chair and sat on his lap with your arms wrapped around his neck. Surprised, he immediately drew you into his hold.

“Do look, Severus!” You slid your hand from his shoulder and placed it lovingly on his cheek, gazing intently into the depth of black eyes. “I’m ready to die for this look…” You whispered and captured his lips, kissing him desperately.

His soul fluttered, spreading warm tingles inside his chest. He pressed you tightly to himself, his lips smacking against yours in a passionate reciprocal kiss full of gratitude and endless devotion.

You smiled gently, when he slowly brushed your lips with his before pulling them apart. You still held his face in your hands, having no desire to let him go.

“Thank you for the breakfast.” You whispered, and he smiled in response.

Snape smoothly stroked your thigh through the soft fabric of your morning gown. “Want to go somewhere?” He asked quietly.

You nodded slightly, your fingers playing with his thick black hair. Your touch was a real pleasure.
for the man, who’s never known kindness and sympathy in his life.

He rested his head on your chest, listening to your heartbeat. You were his weakness, he needed you so much and wasn’t afraid to show it to you. You leaned towards him, clasping your hands on his back, letting him know how much you loved and appreciated him.

You kissed him on the temple. “Where shall we go?”

Snape loosened his grip on you and pulled back a little, holding you by the hips.

“Anywhere you want.” His voice sounded firm and confident, and determined glint in his eyes made it clear, he’d take you even to the Moon, if you asked.

“But I don’t know this city,” you chuckled.

“Think better,” his eyes flashed as he smiled slyly.

Snape didn’t take eyes off you, and you suspected he’s already had a plan.

“Anywhere…” He repeated, emphasizing this word, when you tried to guess, what he was up to.

You could answer him with nothing but a bewildered yet happy smile.

“No ideas?” He raised an eyebrow in anticipation. “What about London?”

Once you mentioned you wanted to see this city, and not just the Kings Cross station, and now he was going to take you there. But you’ve never told him it was your dream! How did he know?!

“You’re not kidding?” Delighted, you clung to him, nearly knocking all the wind from his lungs.

Snape laughed. This was the best sound you’ve ever heard.
You’ve passed through London a couple of times, lingering at the Kings Cross station on your way to Hogwarts, but never seen the city properly. Not to exaggerate, you’ve always wanted to spend several days there, and got really excited at Severus’ offer. This city has always attracted your interest with its history and architecture.

“Well, everything’s ready, I guess. We can go now!” Snape showed up in the doorway, shaking the snow off his coat.

You were counting minutes, waiting him to prepare the car, and started off, once his low deep voice announced you could finally set out on your journey.

“I can’t believe we’re going there!” Your eyes sparkled with delight.

You approached him and put your hands on his shoulders. “And I still can’t believe I’m here with you…”

He drew you into his embrace, gently kissing your lips. He couldn’t believe it either.

You went outside. Snape helped you get in the car, and only then he took his place behind the wheel.

A happy smile appeared on your face, as you remembered the day you have once rid this car with him. That day was wonderful, and this one promised to be even better.

Calm and relaxed, Snape confidently drove the car. Small towns swept by, dragging along ribbons of bushes and trees, which framed the road. The scenery was really beautiful, but the man sitting beside you pulled all your attention. His proud profile attracted you so much, that you couldn’t help glaring at him.

“What?” Snape smirked, looking at you.

“I miss you, even when you’re so close,” you confessed guiltily.

He stretched out his hand and squeezed your palm in his. “That’s better?”

Fingers intertwined, you finally took your eyes off him, peering far into the distance and admiring snowy landscape. “Much better!”

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London met you with traffic jams and crowds of people. Without even having noticed your arrival, noisy and fussy, it sucked you into its crazy busy whirl. Words stuck in your throat, as you found yourself in the middle of this amusing hectic ambiance. This place seemed like a dozen wizards have conjured over it.

Snape himself didn’t really care much about the view, you were the only one his eyes could see. Nothing mattered to him, when you were beside. He admired the way your eyes glistened with joy and delight, the way your brows arched in amusement, the way a smooth curve of your lips built a charming smile on a lovely face. How happy he was to have you! This overwhelming feeling has lodged in his heart the night he confessed to you, and never ever left him since then.
Walking through the old part of the city, you tried to avoid thongs of tourists, who flooded the streets even on such a frosty winter day.

“Everything’s so different here,” you voiced an obvious fact. “Hogwarts seems like another world…”

“Well, it actually is,” Severus smiled. “Do you miss this?”

“No, it’s just so unusual,” you squeezed his arm you were holding with two of yours. “A week ago, I was terrified by the thought I would have to leave the school… to leave you…”

“These thoughts haunted me as well,” Snape kissed the top of your head on the move.

“I didn’t want to leave so much, and now I’m afraid to go back,” you looked up at him sadly. Here you completely belonged to each other, he was not your Professor, but just the man you loved with all your heart. You felt so good with him now and were scared, that when you came back, it all would change. You wouldn’t be able to fall asleep on his shoulder and wake up from his kisses.

“Nothing will change, Y/N,” he stopped and took you by the shoulders. “I’ll always be with you!” His soft warm gaze proved he really meant that.

“But what if…”

He didn’t let you finish. “I promise you, that everything will be fine. Do you trust me?”

“You’re the only person I trust, Severus,” your pitiful eyes begged for protection.

“Everything will be fine, sweetheart… you have nothing to worry about,” he pulled you into his hold, determined to fight for your little happiness.

Suddenly you were blinded by a flash.

You startled and stared at the man with the camera. Snape frowned, ready to attack the insolent, who dared to invade your personal space.

“Now kiss, and I’ll take another photo!” The guy exclaimed.

“May I ask…” A long pause followed. “Just out of curiosity of course…” You recognized familiar sarcastic notes in a cold measured tone and snorted, trying to suppress a chuckle. “What made you think, that we want to be photographed?” Snape squinted angrily.

“You’re standing under our mistletoe! On holidays, we treat everyone who stops under the mistletoe with our coffee on the house!” He pronounced a well-rehearsed text, which he seemed to repeat quite often.

Snape blinked confused and looked up. You followed suite and saw a big beautiful mistletoe bundle hanging over your heads. Embarrassed, you lowered your head, feeling your cheeks blush red. You knew that Severus was not the kind of a man, who would kiss under the mistletoe, and moreover do it for show, and you already opened your mouth to refuse politely. But suddenly you felt a strong hand grabbed your waist. You raised a surprised glance on Severus. Full of love, his eyes looked at you with all the tenderness he was capable of. He slowly leaned toward your lips, giving you a gentle kiss. You closed your eyes, enjoying his touch, and heard another flash sound. Snape didn’t let you go for a long moment, caressing your lips with his. His soft sensual kiss made you feel dizzy.
“Sev…” You smiled shyly, as he slowly pulled apart.

“Welcome to our coffee house!” The guy with the camera invited you inside.

You couldn’t believe what just has happened. It was so unlike the gloomy dungeon Professor. You realized that he did this only for you, and your heart fluttered.

You ordered bicerin and two pieces of chocolate cheesecake.

“Thank you, Sev,” you reached out for him and squeezed his palm in yours.

“Stop it…” He didn’t think he deserved your gratitude.

“You spoil me!”

The corners of his lips raised. “But it’s such a trifle.”

“I’ve studied you quite well during these two years, Severus. And I know, that it’s not a trifle for you!” You looked deep into his eyes, melting his heart with your warm gaze.

He didn’t know, what to answer, because you were right. Such manifestations were not at all typical of him, but for you he was ready for any act of sheer folly, and he had to admit he liked that.

Sitting at the small table in a dim light of the stained glass lamp, you enjoyed your treat and each other’s company. Pleasurable and pacifying atmosphere of this place tended to trap you in its enclosure for quite a long while.

Looking around, you noticed that the walls were decorated with pictures of other kissing couples.

“I wonder if they’ll hang our photo here too?” The cheerful glint in your eyes made Snape smile.

“Bold of them not to do it,” he grinned.

“Next time we’ll come back here and check!” You suggested, and he agreed with you.

Time has always been tricking you, when you were together, flying by with a speed of light, when for the two of you it seemed like just a moment. The day passed unnoticed, and so did countless rows of houses and streets, that laid in your way. Winter night shone with multiple lights, and your eyes shone with happiness. Being in the center of a huge swarming city, you felt like there was no one and nothing around. That magical evening only two souls, found each other, were left all alone in the whole universe.
Ghosts of the Past

Snape was sitting on the sofa in front of the fireplace, and you were laying on his lap, resting after a long walk. With your eyes closed, you enjoyed his gentle soothing touch. His fingers slowly and carefully made their way through your hair, which, to your surprise and pleasure, had a relaxing effect on your whole body. You felt his love pouring into you through his palms, when he tenderly caressed your face, your neck, your shoulders. His strong yet caring arms were the safest place in the world, where you wanted to spend the rest of your life.

Snape watched you with admiration. His once empty soul now overflowed with warmth and tenderness.

You sighed peacefully and opened your eyes. “I feel so good with you, Sev…”

“Me too, girl…” He whispered, and his lips stretched in a smile.

You snuggled to him, making yourself comfortable. Leisurely looking around the room, you suddenly caught a glimpse of an object you hadn’t noticed before. On the shelf over the fireplace there stood a golden statuette in the shape of a small ball.

“What is it over the fireplace?” You raised your head amused, pointing at the curious thing, which drew your attention.

“Gobstones Cup,” he answered indifferently.

“You played Gobstones?!” Your face twitched in surprise, as you returned your cheerful glance back at him.

“I didn’t,” he snapped with a heavy frown.

The smile faded from your face, you started up and sat next to him, worriedly looking into his eyes, trying to find the reason of such a sudden change in his mood.

He didn’t want to talk about it, didn’t want to recall a single day from his past, and this Cup really was something, that could revive a chain of unpleasant and painful memories. Seeing your concerned face, Snape felt ashamed for responding you that sharp. Scolding himself, he clenched his jaws and cupped your face, gently stroking your cheeks with his thumbs. He smiled apologetically, his glance full of regret.

“It’s my mother’s Cup,” he said softly.

Your heart raced, he never spoke about his family. Despite of numerous questions swarming in your head, motionless, you just sat, peering into his eyes, being afraid to ask. Giving him time to collect his thoughts, you tensed in anticipation. Would he be willing to tell you his story, or he’d consider this information enough for you?

“She was the Captain of the school team and the President of the Hogwarts Gobstones Club,” he continued after a pause.

You carefully rested your hand on his shoulder, rubbing gentle circles on his chest, encouraging him to go on.

“She also studied in Hogwarts?” Your quiet voice acted soothingly, as well as your tender touch.
Snape took your hand which held his face, kissed your palm and got up from the sofa. Confused, you remained sitting, following him with a wary glance. He walked slowly to the fireplace, grabbed the Cup and twirled it in his hands, resurrecting pictures of the gone days in his memory. The wrinkle between his brows deepened in a sullen frown, giving his serious face a thoughtful expression.

You regretted for unintentionally forcing him to return to his past and watched him silently, not daring to approach.

Snape stood as if venturing on something. After a moment, which seemed you an eternity, he sighed and pulled out an old leather-bound book, which was hidden behind the others. You were the only person he could entrust his deepest secrets, without fear of being condemned or misunderstood.

Eyes fixed on the things he held, Snape slowly returned to you and took a seat beside you. He handed you the Cup. There was not just one ball, as it first seemed to you, but three of them. Tracing your finger over a small tablet below, you read the inscription engraved on the pedestal. It said: Eileen Prince, Gobstones Tournament, 1945.

“Eileen Prince,” you repeated to yourself. That was his mother’s name. Excited at the new feeling, which grew inside of you, you raised a grateful glance on Severus.

“She was very proud of it,” he said quietly. There was so much sadness in his voice, that your heart sank painfully.

Snape took the Cup from you and placed it aside, pushing the old book in your hands instead. You looked at him as if asking for permission to open it, although it was obvious he gave it to you for this purpose. He nodded approvingly, chasing your doubts away.

Turning the cover, you realized you were holding a photo album.

You got to know him better with each story he told you, with each experience he shared with you over these years. But this time everything was different, now he opened all the doors wide open before you, letting you into his world.

You stared at him again with a frightened, uncertain look. He smiled gently, touched by your advertence and delicacy. Pulling one half of the album to himself and leaving the other on your lap, he gently put his hand on your shoulder, drawing you into his hold, and turned the first page. A faded photo of a young skinny girl of approximately 15 years old was attached to the old shabby sheet. Unlike the usual happy smile, expected to be found on pictures, her look was cross and sullen. She wasn’t attractive, but you noticed familiar features you loved so much in the man, sitting beside you. You couldn’t help smiling at their similarity.

The corners of Snape’s lips raised, as he watched you.

“You are very much alike,” you gave him a kind glance.

He didn’t answer, only tightened his grip on you. You rested your head on his shoulder, and stroked his hand, which held the album. He turned the next page, and you saw his mother surrounded by her school friends, gloomy and surly. Just like him! You chuckled.

Another photo showed Eileen standing with a tall young man. It was probably his father, you thought, but decided not to ask questions entailing obvious answers.

“Tobias Snape,” Severus explained in a prickly voice, his upper lip twitched in disgust, “my bloody father.”
You slowly raised a questioning glance at him and saw a well-known contemptuous expression on his face, it was never meant for you, but you had to see it quite often. You understood at once, that the story wasn’t going to be pleasant.

Snape told you, how his father abused him and his mother, how he hated wizards, and how Snape hated him. Your heart was aching at the thought, that your only dearest person hadn’t known love and happiness since childhood. Determined to give him everything he lacked in his wretched life, you clung to him, letting him know, he wasn’t alone any more.

On the next picture there was a thin boy with huge black eyes. You couldn’t believe it was Severus. Remarkable, how years alter people.

The following photos showed him as a student.

“Your hairstyle hasn’t changed much,” smiling sadly, you paged further, trying not to focus on his unhappy appearance.

Snape didn’t pay attention to the album anymore. He was watching you and the way your face changed touchingly, when you looked through the pictures. Now he knew, that everything bad, that had ever happened to him, was left on the old pages. Overwhelmed with love for you, he realized, there was no space for grief and sadness left in his soul. Now that he had a reason to live, for the first time in his life he could happily look in the future.
The 9th of January (Just Another Day on the Calendar)

Already in the evening you were terribly excited and couldn’t even sleep properly, thinking about the next day. So you woke up early in the morning, while Severus was still asleep. Your lips stretched in a loving smile, seeing his face relaxed in a peaceful dream. He looked so calm and serene. How was it possible, that this wonderful man, who was so dear to your heart, instilled fear in every living soul he met?! Stroking his head, you delicately kissed his lips, not to wake him, and carefully got out of bed.

You tiptoed to the closet, took out your clothes and crawled out of the bedroom. You couldn’t let him wake up before it was time and had to dress up in the living room. The day just started breaking: as usual, the sun rose late in winter. Wrapped up in a scarf as a finishing touch, you went outside and confidently paced along the street.

During this time spent in Cokeworth, you’ve studied the neighborhood a bit, while dragging Severus for your daily walks, so now you knew exactly, where your destination located. Although there was not a single passerby to be seen on the streets, the shops were already opened.

Having your business done, you went back home. Home… You already considered his house your home! There was no place in the world more attractive and comfortable than his small house on the outskirts of an unsightly street of a large industrial city. But you realized, that the matter was not at all in the place, but in the man, who was next to you. Your home was beside him. Never have you ever felt so safe and protected. Your soul slumbered in a peaceful dream, each time your body found itself in his strong, but tender embrace.

Smiling at your thoughts, you didn’t notice how quickly you returned back.

Once the door behind you slammed shut, you took off your coat and hurried to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. Today it was your turn to surprise the one you loved.

Snape could hear the griddle crackling and the kettle whistling, when he went downstairs.

“Good morning, love!” You met him with a happy smile and hung on his neck, holding him tight.

“Good morning,” he kissed you, wrinkling at the light, still not fully recovered from his sleep.

“What are you doing? And why so early?” He yawned and stumbled to the table, taking a seat near the window.

“What does it look like?” you grinned.

“Am I right to assert, that you left me alone in bed?” He asked in his monotonous manner and raised an eyebrow displeased.

“You’re always right, Sev…” You approached him, placing yourself between his legs and putting your hands on his shoulders. He gently took you by the hips and drew you closer, raising his head to meet your eyes.

“But I would never leave you for long!” You slid your hands along his shoulders up to his neck, and cupped his cheeks, holding his face in your palms. Leaning toward, you gently pressed a loving kiss on his lips.

“What are your plans for today?” You straightened up and looked into his eyes.
“Why does it seem to me, that you already have some kind of plan?” He squinted incredulously.

You laughed and, carefully freeing yourself from his grasp, returned to the stove.

“No, I have absolutely no plans,” you lied, giggling cheerfully.

Snape silently stared at you. Your behavior was way too suspicious. He followed your every move, trying to figure out, what was on your mind.

A plate with heart-shaped pancakes, decorated with cream and a few strawberries atop, put in front of him, pulled him out of his assumptions. He blinked in amazement, deeply touched by your attention.

“Y/N…” he sighed guiltily, “you shouldn’t do this…”

“But I want to do this!” You carefully straddled his lap, and your palms reached his face again.

He wrapped his arms around your waist in response.

“I love you, Severus, and I want you to know that!” Your soft lips covered his mouth in a tender sensual kiss. “Happy birthday, my dear…” you whispered, slowly pulling apart.

Snape was stunned. No, he certainly knew you wouldn’t miss this day, but since no one has ever sincerely congratulated him, he didn’t know, what to say. He hated this day his whole life, but today his heart melted at these simple words.

“Don’t make an event out of it,” he looked at you seriously, but mild tone of his voice betrayed, how grateful he actually was.

“Of course, I will!” That determined glint in your eyes warmed his heart.

“I don’t celebrate my birthday,” watching you, he leaned back in his chair, holding you tightly in his arms.

You laughed. “Do you ever celebrate something?”

“No,” he grinned.

“So, I guess it’s time to get rid of this boring habit!” You concluded. “After all, we had a great Christmas! Didn’t we?”

He felt really embarrassed, that you attached so much significance to this day. He was very pleased. But embarrassed.

“Will you eat my pancakes? Or you’re waiting till they get cold?” You reproached him jokingly.

Snape took your hands and pressed your palms to his face, planting kisses all over.

“Thank you, my dear,” he whispered, dying of love and gratitude.

You kissed his forehead and rose to your feet. His gaze followed you.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, you pulled a middle-sized box, wrapped in bright paper and decorated with a bow on top, handing it to Severus.

Snape’s eyes widened, and his eyebrows arched in surprise. He understood that it was for him.
“What is it?” he asked quietly, not daring to take it.

You tilted your head and gave him that kind of glance, he usually awarded his negligent students distinguished themselves with stupid questions, with one only difference, that your eyes now were full of love, not irritation.

He slowly took your gift and started unfolding it. He felt his cheeks burning red, getting presents was so unusual for the severe man.

Excited, you were looking forward to his reaction.

He carefully freed a thick book from under the wrapper.

“Remember, I told you about this work?”

“Of course, I remember,” he ran his hand over the hard cover. He remembered perfectly well that sunny day, when you walked in the forest last spring, and how enthusiastically you shared your impressions about this book. He saved the memory of each moment spent with you.

“You don’t have to read about potions and spells all the time,” you smiled sweetly. “Muggle literature can also be rather interesting. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

“Thank you, Y/N!” He put the book on the table, stood up and hugged you tightly. “I will definitely like it!”

You clung to him, enjoying his warmth. After a long while in his embrace, you unwillingly pulled away a little and looked into his black eyes.

“So what about pancakes?”

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Winter storm raged outside. Strong wind howled in the streets, raising snow powder in the air and circling it in furious swirls.

Laying on the couch in front of the fireplace, in each other’s embrace, you both felt so happy, you could swear, no one in the world had ever felt before.

“Do you want to go somewhere?” you suggested.

“Noo!” Snape frightened. “Just look outside!”

“Come on! It’s just a blizzard!” You chuckled, although the thought of sticking your nose out in the cold scared you no less than him. “I want this day to be special for you!” you didn’t retreat.

“It’s already special, because you are with me,” Snape smiled peacefully. He couldn’t even dream of more.

“Shall we order a pizza then?” You leaned on your elbow, resting your other hand on his shoulder. Your eyes sparkled with joy.

“Two at least!” He agreed.

“Yeeah!” You climbed over him and rose to your feet to pick up the phone. “What’s the delivery number here?”
Even though nothing extraordinary happened on this day, even though you stayed at home, this day was very special for Snape. It was the first time in his life, when he didn’t feel despaired, the first time, when he was pleased to receive a present. Your attention was the only thing, that mattered to him. There was nothing more precious and important for the man, who never knew kind attitude and sympathy.

Spending the rest of the day in between pleasant conversations, gentle touches and loving kisses, you both could feel all-pervading harmony, which filled the air. It was magic, how warm and safe you felt in each other’s arms.
Snape was sitting on the bed, leaned on a pillow, and waited for you to come out of the bathroom. Even 20 minutes of your absence seemed to him an eternity. How had he lived without you all this time? And how happy he was now. It was a blessing to have someone who understood him, someone who needed him and brought meaning to his life.

Snape smiled to himself, imagining how you’d appear in the doorway, wrapped in a towel, and, still a little embarrassed to expose your naked body, would quickly dive under the blanket.

The sound of an open door pulled him out of pleasant thoughts, returning him to no less pleasant reality.

“Come here,” he stretched out his hand, inviting you into his embrace.

Smiling, you made a few leisurely steps forward and sat on the edge.

“My hair is wet, give me a few minutes.”

“Do you want me to help you dry it?” Snape straightened up and moved closer to you. With a gesture he lifted your comb, and it sailed through the air, dropping straight into his palm. Leaning on the soft mattress with both hands, you reached out for his lips.

“I don’t want to bother you,” so much love and gratitude was there in your eyes.

“You will never bother me!” he stroked your cheek and gently taking you by the shoulders, slowly turned your back to himself.

You chuckled cheerfully and made yourself comfortable, giving him full access to your hair. He’s always been very delicate with you, and you knew for sure, that he wouldn’t hurt you by ripping a single hair from your head.

Snape lovingly took wet ends in his hand. He was extremely gentle and took great care in the way he ran the brush through your locks. He unconsciously threw his glance on smooth curves of your shoulders. Your pale skin attracted him with fierce force. He couldn’t resist it and leaned toward you, leaving a soft kiss on the crook of your neck.

Shivers ran down your spine and you closed your eyes, dying with pleasure. Tilting your head to the side, you moaned quietly, letting him know, how much you enjoyed what he was doing.

Caressing your skin, Snape continued combing you, but now he knew you both would stay awake for a little while before falling asleep, and a lustful grin appeared on his face.

Snape planted soft gentle kisses all over your neck, while he was busy with your hair. After drying it with a simple spell, his hands smoothly drifted through your strands, massaging your scalp, which made another moan escape your mouth. While his fingers were still drowned into your soft hair, his lips made their way along your shoulder up to your jawline, leaving on your skin faint traces of hot air, expelled from his lungs.

His kisses sent tingles throughout your body, fogging your mind with one only desire: to connect your flesh in passionate ardor.

Slowly pulling the towel off, Snape exposed your perfect figure to his sight. Your breathing
quickened once his warm palms grabbed your bare waist, sliding smoothly up your sides to the curve of soft breasts, squeezing them slightly at the first discreet touch and getting more and more demanding. Your nipples hardened in arousal, the pain between your legs grew stronger with his every touch, making the further waiting of the man to take hold of you unbearable.

Your feverish sighs made it clear you wanted more.

“My sweet girl…” he whispered, slowly gliding one hand down your belly to your soaked entrance.

A quiet whimper rolled off your lips once he pushed a finger inside your needy core, and started slowly pulling it out and shoving back in. You threw your head back on his shoulder and arched your spine, responding a pleasurable sensation, which promised to grow into overwhelming flaming surge, washing over your entire being, if he continued. Besotted at how sensitive you were becoming, Snape had no intention to stop, the thought of bringing you to your climax took over him, driving him insane.

Your hot wet walls clenched around his finger, as he curved it slightly to hit the spot, which made you weaker and weaker for him. You quivered under his touch, utterly drunk with the bliss the man so generously gifted you. He wrapped his arm around your ribs and abruptly pulled you to himself, hissing passionately into your neck, his mouth slightly open, as his lips trailed slowly along your skin.

The tension knotted in your abdomen was way too much to bear. You whined his name, begging for release, and he gladly gave you what you needed, as he pressed his thumb against your clit, rubbing intense yet gentle circles. This was enough for you to get over the edge, the wild flame rushed across your body in a powerful outburst, spreading heat throughout your extent in strong frenetic waves and sweeping you over.

Snape growled into your nape, as if he himself could experience this delightful feeling, which made you bushed and breathless. Eyes closed, you leaned against him, your chest raising frantically, and your body still shaking. Giving you time to come to your senses, he planted kisses all over your skin, where his lips could only reach, his hands wandering slowly along your sides.

Unable to restrain himself, Snape carefully laid you onto your back, and slightly spreading your legs, found his place between your thighs. His cock painfully throbbed in arousal, craving to feel your seductive warmth. He couldn’t help moaning low in his throat, once he pushed his length into you, making a few first slow thrusts. Blood rushed to his face, hammering in his temples and almost blacking his sight, as you fully took him in hot wetness of your tight core. Your walls stretched around him, enveloping his manhood into sensitive fluttering flesh, which felt like a true relief for a man, who had to abstain himself during torturously long, neverending minutes (no less enjoyable though), while his attention was focused on pleasuring the most precious woman in his life.

You clasped Severus’ neck, clinging to him, as he started pumping inside you, filling you to the hilt. His every movement heated you up with astounding intensity, the stinging feeling in your belly growing stronger, making it impossible to endure. Your body trembled under his weight, feeling his hard cock pulsating inside, his hips bumping into yours in fast and hard thrusts of love. Gasping for air, you seized his shoulders, your nails leaving deep traces on his skin.

His name left your lips in a fierce whisper, when you reached your climax, releasing the tension built up in your abdomen. Sweet tingling sensation washed over you with an explosive force, taking away your last breaths and the residues of energy, leaving you weak and exhausted. Lost control over your mind as well as over your body, you felt tears streaming down your cheeks, while you were both crying and laughing at the same time.
Snape frightened at first, thinking he’d hurt you, and froze for a moment, but your shiny eyes begged him to continue.

“You’ve just brought me to heaven…” faltered voice of yours infatuated the poor man, spinning his world around the invisible axis, which passed through the center of your shared bed.

His eyes glistened with delight, bringing you that high over the edge was a dream he never wanted to wake up from. He felt euphoric, picking up his pace again. The pressure inside grew stronger uncontrollably, his jolts became frantic in overwhelming feverish agony. Snape’s body flushed warm, as he loosened the strain, which was unbearable to hold any more, and growled in your ear, filling you with his seed in few last erratic thrusts.

Helpless, you laid under Severus’ mass, unable to move, your vision blurred with bliss and pleasure. It took him a while to catch his breath before he could raise. Leaning on his elbow, Snape gently wiped tears from your cheeks, peppering soft kisses over salty traces left on your beautiful face. His warmth would seep into your being every time his lips touched your skin. Hands wrapped around his neck, you pulled him closer, whispering how much you loved and needed him. Melting into your hold, Snape answered you the same, realizing, how weak and defenseless he was becoming at your kind words, enjoying that power you had over him.
It Couldn’t Last Forever

All the holidays you’ve spent together, without parting for a single moment. There were days when you walked around the city, and there were those when you just idled in bed and did nothing but cuddle. You were enjoying each other, never having enough of gentle touches, tender kisses, delicate caress on the skin and hushed whispers in the ear. During this time, you’ve studied each other even better, than it could ever be possible. Perceiving the slightest changes in state of mind or emotion, you felt like your souls were interacting without any need in physical manifestations.

Your days passed by carelessly, filled with joy and pleasure, while sleepless nights flamed in passionate fire.

Snape, who never knew reciprocity before, gratefully returned you love twice as much as he’s been given. He valued you above all and couldn’t imagine his life without you anymore. He needed you like air to breathe. Worshiping every inch of your body, he never stopped admiring you. He’s never been so happy, and showed it with his every word and action. Being so terribly afraid to lose you, he didn’t miss a single opportunity to tell you, how much he loved and needed you. You gladly reassured him that you would never leave him and would always be there.

Your soft touch, warm glance and kind words made Snape’s heart beat faster. Next to you, he had the freedom to be himself, to be the man he hid carefully under hundreds of shells over long years of solitude.

For you there was no one more precious in the whole world. This formidable, gloomy man became gentle and attentive every time you were around. You knew you could count on him no matter what happened, that he would protect you at all costs.

Feeling his endless love, you couldn’t believe that he’d chosen you, and was ready to thank him in all possible ways. You were never tired of repeating how dear he was to you, and how happy you were to be with him.

Your souls merged into one, you both knew how much you meant for each other, and were extremely happy and thankful to your fate for bringing you together.

Realizing you’d have to hide, Snape didn’t want to go back to Hogwarts. The closer this day approached, the more intolerable it bothered him. He was so accustomed to always having you by his side and couldn’t even stand the thought of parting with you.

You also wanted to stay with Severus in his small house, but despite all the difficulties you’d have to face, you still felt happy, because you knew: nothing had the power to ruin the strongest bond you’ve cultivated. Moreover, your little secret gave you a reason for pride. You’ve always been proud to have Professor’s favor, and now, when he was yours, you were literally bursting with delight.

You arrived to Hogwarts the day before the rest of the students. Snape insisted that you carried some of your things to his private chambers.

“Now these are your chambers too,” he said calmly, handing you the key.

“Are you sure we’re doing the right thing?” you were afraid that he might have problems because of you.

“No. It would be right to take all your belongings from your dorm,” he answered in a confident tone.
“Aw, come on! You know what I mean!” you chuckled cheerfully, being so happy, that he wanted you to live with him.

“Don’t worry,” Snape said quietly. “Leave it to me,” with these words, he took your face in his hands and landed a slow, tender kiss on your lips.

With a fluttering heart you wrapped your arms around his neck, melting into his firm embrace. You knew, that together you would handle everything.
Not a Problem

During the first class with Snape after your winter break, you felt weird. No, you were not embarrassed, rather proud. You looked at gloomy fearsome man, knowing that he was yours now, and you completely – with your body and soul – belonged to him. When he explained something with a serious, deadpan face, you recalled how wrinkles gather in the corners of his eyes, when he smiles, and your lips unconsciously tended to expose all your teeth in a cheerful grin.

“None of them will ever see his lovely smile! None of them can even imagine, how kind and sympathetic he is…” you thought, watching your classmates, who hid their heads in shoulders, trying to be as silent as possible, not to annoy their strict Professor.

“And how good he is in bed!” Your cheeks flushed red at this thought. “Merlin! What am I thinking about?!” Biting your lip, you lowered your head over the notebook, trying to concentrate on the task.

Despite the urge to fix his eyes on you and never look away, Snape gave you just rare glances, not to cause unnecessary suspicion, but it was too difficult. These long hours, when he couldn’t touch you, seemed him a real torture.

“You never asked me today,” you walked over to him, putting your hands on his sides, when there was no one left in class.

“If I did, I would probably forget about all those dunderheads at once, and I have to stay focused!” he smiled lovingly, lifting his hand to your forehead and gently slid his fingers along your skin, removing hair strands from your face. “You’re such a distraction!”

You chuckled, feeling warmth spreading inside of you, and raised your head, reaching out for his lips.

Holding you by the shoulders, Snape leaned a little toward you. Eyes closed, you enjoyed his soft touch.

“What are you doing to me?” he whispered, breaking away from your sweet, such seductively alluring lips.

You cupped his cheeks, fixing his head in your hands.

“I just love you, dear,” you whispered back, burning his face with your hot breath.

He squeezed your hips tightly and pulled you closer, kissing your neck. Your insides fluttered with pleasurable sensation.

Clutching on his shoulders, you threw your head back, giving him better access to your skin. He covered the bare part of your shoulder with tender kisses, sending goosebumps down your spine.

“I don’t want to leave,” you sighed, rubbing your forehead against his temple.

“I don’t want to let you go,” he growled quietly into your ear.

You reluctantly pulled away from him, smiling tenderly.

“See you after dinner,” you gently smacked the tip of his nose and ran off for other classes.

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“I just can’t help it,” you heard Snape’s voice from behind the door of his office, when you were about to enter.

“I understand you, Severus,” McGonagall’s voice answered him. “I’m so happy for you two. You should’ve confessed long ago. I think you’re very much alike and deserve your bit of happiness.”

“What do you mean long ago?” Snape exclaimed annoyed. “Did you know?!”

“My boy, it was so obvious! The way you look at each other is enough to understand it,” her words surprised you no less than him.

“And how long was that noticeable?” Snape asked embarrassed.

“I noticed, that you distinguished her from the rest a few months after she was transferred here. You were so caring towards the poor girl. I’ve never seen you like this.” McGonagall smiled. “I must admit I was really happy to find out, you meant as much to her.”

You stood, rooted to the ground, not believing your ears.

“And to your request, Severus, I cannot promise that we could do it this year. But I assure you, everything will be done till the start of the next term.”

“Thank you, Minerva, I appreciate that,” he answered in his usual measured tone.

“I’m so happy for you, Severus!” McGonagall expressed her joy once again, and you heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

When Headmistress left Snape’s office, there was not a hint of someone eavesdropping in the corridor.

***

You were lying in bed in the dark of his chambers. Your chambers. How much time you’ll need to get used to this?

Your head rested on Snape’s shoulder, while he leisurely stroked your hair, holding you in his arms. His touch was a pleasure. You didn’t want the new day to come, didn’t want to part with your man even for a few hours. Clinging to him with every inch of your body, you tried to memorize the feeling of his closeness, as if being afraid, that this might be the last time.

Snape was calm. Nothing mattered to him, when you were beside. He felt, how much you loved him, and was determined to keep you safe, to protect you at all costs. Tightening his grip, he pressed a kiss on your forehead.

“Sev?” you called him quietly, stroking his chest.

“Mmm?” he hummed peacefully, tilting his head slightly to see you better.

“I need you so much,” you whispered, making his heart flutter.

With a delicate touch on your chin he raised your head, forcing you look at him.

“I will always be with you,” he reassured you, connecting your lips in a loving kiss.

You slid your hand up to his neck and covered his cheek with your palm.
“Promise?” you were drowning in the depth of his black eyes.

“I swear to you,” his voice so tender and glance so warm.

“Is something bothering you?” Snape asked, putting his hand on top of yours and squeezing it slightly. Another kiss landed on your skin before he lowered your hand back on his shoulder.

“No,” you smiled sadly. “Just thought, how difficult it is to pretend we mean nothing to each other.”

“We’ll have to wait a little,” he wrapped you into his firm embrace. “I spoke to McGonagall about us.”

You froze. He didn’t mention it during the day, and you started worrying he’d never tell you.

“She doesn’t consider our situation…” he paused, picking up the right word, “…a problem.” Snape smiled faintly and frowned, taking his eyes off you.

“Now it seems to me that something’s bothering you, Sev. Don’t keep it back,” you pleaded, piercing him with a concerned glare of yours.

“I asked her to employ you by a quarter of the rate for the next year,” he said indifferently. You knew that he always used this indifferent tone, when it came to serious things, and he wasn’t sure how you’d take it.

“If you’d like it, of course…” Snape tensed, waiting for your answer.

“Is it possible?” You were shocked by the news. If you were a part of the staff, you could spend more time with Severus, without the need to hide.

“She will write to the Ministry,” he paused again. “Most likely, they’ll send a board to check you and make a decision about your appointment.”

“A board? Do you think I’ll succeed?” you frightened.

“I have no doubts,” he patted your back. “I would vouch for your competence in potions. And you can always count on me, if you need help.”

“Severus! You do so much for me,” deeply touched, you looked up at him, overwhelmed with gratitude and appreciation. “I don’t know if I could ever thank you for your kindness and care,” you whispered, burying your face in the crook of his neck.

How did he deserve you? After all, it was he, who didn’t know how to thank you for your love for him.

“Just stay with me…” filled with tenderness and affection for you, he answered quietly, pressing you tight to himself. “That would be more than enough for me.”

“You know that I love you more than life? I want you to know…” you kissed his neck, enjoying the warmth of his body and melting into the grip of his strong arms.

“I know, girl…” he stroked your head. “I know, my dear… You’re all that I have.”
What McGonagall’s Visit Could Bring?

It was hot in Snape’s lab. You selflessly worked on another potion, entirely focused on the process. Blue fumes steamed out of the flasks, and a thick mash boiled in the cauldron, releasing air bubbles, which exploded like small geysers, when they reached the surface. Snape carefully measured the amount of ingredients, while you added them to the potion. You harmoniously complemented each other, both in work and in life.

It was a pleasure to watch you.

After Snape told McGonagall about your relationship, she was so agitated by this news, that she just couldn’t help thinking about it all the time, being sincerely happy, that you finally found each other. And now there she was, standing on the threshold and smiling sweetly, looking at you. How did she manage to open the door so silently?

“Professor McGonagall?” you noticed her first and startled in surprise.

Snape gave her an unamused glance and returned his attention to the potion you were making.

“Did something happen, Minerva?” he asked measuredly in a bored tone.

Smiling nicely, she walked over to your desk, pondering how to express her request, which was the purpose of her visit.

Your cheeks blushed, and you lowered your head to hide embarrassment. You knew, that she was aware of your situation already, and wasn’t sure how to behave. McGonagall approached you and put her hand on your shoulder, highly astonishing you with this gesture. Snape’s face twitched in suspicion, he stared at her intently with a numb question in his eyes.

“He doesn’t give you too much work?” she almost whispered in your ear.

“No, ma'am, not at all,” you smiled shyly.

“Do not pressure the poor girl, Severus,” McGonagall winked at him cheerfully, “take care of her.”

Dumbfounded, you looked at your man inquiringly. He shrugged, having no idea what was happening either.

“I see you work in full swing?” she examined your cauldrons and various flasks standing nearby.

“I’m impressed by your capacity to gain an accurate understanding of a thing,” Snape quipped, savoring each word.

“Does he act like an arrogant asshole around you too?” McGonagall questioned in the sweetest voice you’ve heard from her, she seemed to enjoy this conversation.

Suppressing a giggle with a tremendous effort, you turned away, trying to avoid meeting her eyes. “No, ma'am.”

“Aw, so our Mr. Sarcasm can be nice?” she widened her eyes jokingly, portraying genuine surprise.

Snape groaned displeased, shook his head and sighed hopelessly, realizing that his colleague had something on her mind.
You felt uncomfortable, and begged Snape for help with a pleading look. He left the potion boiling and approached you in a determined step. Resting his hand on your nape, his tall figure loomed over McGonagall, making it clear, he had no intention to let her play her puckish tricks on you. But despite his expectation, she not only didn’t let go off you, but grabbed Snape’s shoulder with her other hand.

Standing between two first Hogwarts’ authorities, you shrank, almost fainting from excitement, something was going to come.

“Actually, I wanted to invite you for a cup of tea,” with an amiable smile, she glanced at you first and then at Snape.

“Why would you?” he frowned.

“I knew he would resist,” McGonagall chuckled, “he likes being begged. Don’t you, Severus?”

Snape rolled his eyes and remained this way, until she lost her interest on unsuccessful attempt to piss him off. In a friendly way, of course.

“But you won’t refuse me, will you?” she pierced you with a persistent glare.

You cracked an awkward smile, feeling your cheeks burning, and raised a confused glance at Severus. The corners of his lips lifted ever so slightly, that you would probably not even notice it, if it were not for a lively glint in his eyes.

“Drop in, when you’re done,” she ran her eyes over your table once more, estimating, how long it could take you to finish, patted you both on the shoulders and headed for the exit.

Before leaving, she stopped and turned back. “Oh, almost forgot!” she laughed guiltily. “What would you like for tea? Any preferences?”

“Chocolate cheesecake,” Snape’s low voice sounded firm and uncompromising. He knew what you liked.

“Perfect! Do not linger!” with these words, Headmistress disappeared behind the door.

You looked up at Snape in bewilderment, you still couldn’t believe what had happened, and why McGonagall was so eager to invite you for tea. But Severus didn’t seem surprised, as if it were in the order of things. He was calm as usual.

“She’s sweet,” he smirked. “Don’t worry, you’ll get along well.”
Standing in front of the Stairwell Gargoyle, you took a deep breath, trying to pull yourself together. Headmistress has always been kind and sympathetic, but why she invited you, remained a mystery. McGonagall supported you in the most difficult moments, but of course not in the way Severus did. Who knows how your life would turn out here, if this man hadn’t shown a share of his attention toward a lonely downtrodden girl two years ago.

You didn’t want to show Snape how worried you were, but as he could feel even the slightest change in your mood, it was silly to hope he wouldn’t notice.

Rubbing your shoulder, he tried to calm you down. “It’s just a friendly visit.”

“For you, but not for me. She’s Headmistress after all!”

“Well, I’m her Deputy, and you’re not afraid of me,” Snape smiled, pulling you closer.

He was right. But your relationship developed so smoothly and naturally, that you yourself didn’t even realize, how close you were becoming. Day after day, through constrained exchange of short simple phrases, you’ve grown to show a bit of care for each other, hesitant and insecure but so heartily. You didn’t notice, how you started spending more time together, just lingering in the lab at first, and going out later under pretext of gathering ingredients. Something drew you to each other and you couldn’t resist this mysterious force, fully giving yourselves to its power. Gradually you’ve built a strong connection, nothing in the world could destroy. Having this man was a blessing.

While all these thoughts were swirling in your head, the Gargoyle turned around, giving you access to the stairs. Snape’s firm hand landed on your nape, slightly pushing you forward.

You gasped in amazement, once you entered Headmistress’ office. It was so magically magnificent here, that you forgot about your excitement for a moment.

“Oh, come in!” you heard the joyful voice of an old lively lady.

You blinked, looking around, but she was nowhere to be seen. Snape smiled, touched by your confusion. He took your hand and walked you to a small veranda, hidden behind dark green curtains with silver patterns.

“Finally!” McGonagall approached you, and literally snatching you from Snape’s hands, sank you down on a chair at a small round table, set with a teapot and various treats.

Terribly embarrassed, you dropped your eyes, timidly picking at the folds of your dress. Severus leisurely took a seat next to you. Squeezing your hand, he forced you to look at him. His kind smile promised, that there was nothing to worry about, and you couldn’t help answering him the same. You felt so calm and easy at once.

McGonagall joined you almost immediately. Slightly tilting her head to the side, she admired you with a friendly smile.

“You look so beautiful together,” she clasped her hands in delight.

Your cheeks flushed, and you looked down again, trying to hide a humble smile.

“Minerva,” without a single emotion on his face, Snape interrupted her in almost a whisper.
“Don’t be a bore, Severus!” she frowned at him and returned her glance back on you. “Help yourself, child!”

“How’s your study?” Headmistress’ look pierced you through.

“It’s good,” you answered quietly.

“And your relationship with the students?”

“Much better. At least they don’t touch me anymore. It seems like they’ve lost interest in me,” you smiled bitterly, remembering the hell they made your life before.

“Glad to hear that!” McGonagall took a sip from her cup. “So you spent the holidays together?”

Snape realized that numerous meticulous questions were not to be avoided, and joined in the conversation, with that only purpose, to save you from speaking. He began the story in his leisurely manner, starting from the day you first arrived at Cokeworth. Your man’s voice has always had a soothing effect on you and didn’t fail this time as well. You felt surprisingly comfortable in this cozy, almost family atmosphere. McGonagall’s favor was evident, and you finally relaxed. Complementing Snape’s story with new details once in a while, slowly but surely you took the initiative, enthusiastically sharing your impressions about the time you’ve spent together.

McGonagall couldn’t help but rejoice, watching the way Snape looked at you, the way his eyes sparkled with happiness. You two were made for each other.

If it were not for the soundproofing charms of the Headmistress’ office, the laughter of the three of you would be heard in the school corridors.

“I don’t know, if I could ever convince him,” you replied, laughing and wiping the tears from your face.

“Oh, dear, you have the power to make him do anything!” McGonagall made another unsuccessful attempt to calm down.

Snape sat, rolling his eyes and frowning with displeasure, when you were discussing how stunning he would look in a colorful Hawaiian shirt on your summer vacation. He couldn’t understand how your conversation went that far. “Women… They have an outstanding talent in changing topics…”

“I’ll make some more tea,” he snapped, realizing that you won’t leave him alone.

“You are the first one, who managed to tame his obscure temper!” McGonagall winked, when he disappeared in the depths of her office.

“No, he’s not at all like that!” you objected. “He just pretends.”

“You’re right! Nevertheless, he let you see it, which is no less important!” she agreed, and you grinned.

“Severus appealed to me with a request on your account,” McGonagall put her cup aside and looked at you intently. “To be honest, I was also going to offer you to stay at Hogwarts after graduation.”

You froze, being taken aback, not ready to discuss such serious things.

“I need to know if you’re ready for such responsibility and the pressure which comes along with it? Do you really want this? And by the way, you want it, right?” she still didn’t know, what you
answered on Snape’s proposal.

You vigorously nodded your head. “I really want to. But I don’t know if the students could take me seriously, because I’m not much older than them.”

“Severus got Professor’s position, being 3 years younger than you,” McGonagall cheered you up. “He managed to handle it, even though he had no one to support him or help with advice. And you will have all this.”

“Yes, indeed,” you agreed hesitantly.

“I’m writing to the Ministry then, about you being appointed as his assistant,” she stated. “I don’t know the whole procedure, because this is the first precedent in our school, when a student will combine studies with work. But I’ll keep you informed, of course.”

You nodded again, your heart pounding wildly from excitement.

“Severus and I will help you, I’m sure it’s worth the trouble!” she smiled sympathetically.

“I don’t know what to say…” Touched by her kind attitude, you couldn’t find words to express how grateful you were.

“I left you for just a few minutes, and there remained not a trace of your wicked fun,” Snape’s deep voice interrupted the conversation. You sighed with relief, the man’s presence made you feel better.

“What happened?” he placed the teapot on the table and patted your shoulder, his face gained a concerned expression.

“Nothing, Severus! Absolutely nothing!” McGonagall poured fresh tea into empty cups. “It’s natural to be a little nervous, before making important life choices.”

“Was it necessary to discuss it now?” Snape frowned. “And surely in my absence!”

“You didn’t miss anything. We’ll wait for the response from the Ministry, and in the meantime, there is nothing to worry about,” McGonagall lit a dozen more candles with a graceful gesture, it was getting too dark outside.

“You sure?” ignoring his colleague’s words, Snape addressed you, his eyes staring into yours, searching for the answer.

You smiled, realizing that enlisted the support of these two people, you were destined to succeed, and there was no possible way for you to fail.

“Yes, come here,” you grabbed his hand and pulled him to yourself. He took his seat beside you, but this time he moved closer to finally wrap you into his embrace. You laughed cheerfully, nuzzling into his neck. There was no need to keep up appearances any more.

The rest of the evening passed by unnoticed, though you’ve lingered till the midnight. For the first time you felt confident about your future and could joyfully look ahead.
“You ignored me the whole class again!” you reproached the man displeased, crossing your arms on your chest, pretending a deep offence.

Snape laughed cheerfully, grabbing you into his hold.

“Need my attention, girl, don’t you?” his lips connected to yours in a slow sensual kiss.

You tried to resist at first, but surrendered rather quick, as his caress grew more demanding. Your insides fluttered at his confident touch, and you loosened at once, your hands gliding up his neck and squeezing him tightly. You missed Severus so much during this endless day, and wanted him all to yourself.

“I suppose now I need more than just your attention,” you hissed into his face, feeling your cunt already swelling in arousal.

He grasped your hips and lifted you up in his arms, snarling into your neck. Firmly clutching at his shoulders, you shrieked playfully and wrapped your legs around his torso. Snape carried you to his workplace, sat you on his desk and passionately crashed against your lips, holding you tightly with one hand, while the other carefully snuck under your skirts and, stroking your thigh, smoothly slid up to your entrance. He gently ran his fingers between your folds and grinned at how wet you already were for him. Feeling him touch you, where you needed it the most, you breathed ardently into his face, inflaming him with desire. His finger made a few strokes along your soaked crotch before slowly sinking inside. Face buried in his neck, you squeezed his shoulders, nails digging into his robes, and moaned quietly, expecting much more to come. Snape added another finger and made slow movements in and out of you.

“Ugh, Severus…” your hot breath burned his skin.

“Yes, love?” he grinned innocently, teasing you and pretending to have no idea, what you wanted from him.

“Take me, Sev…” you whispered in his ear, dying with desire. “Please…”

He continued making these simple movements, which made you forget about everything.

“Huh,” you moaned, biting his earlobe. You also knew, how to make him weak.

Snape growled deep in his throat, fervently and eagerly kissing your neck.

His low bestial roar drove you crazy.

“I beg you, Sev…” you couldn’t take it anymore.

He removed his hand from under your robes and knelt down, spreading your thighs a little wider. He slowly rubbed your throbbing bud with his thumb and pushed it inside your core. He added another thumb, opening your folds, admiring your soaked slit glisten with juices. He savored this moment, drowning his fingers into your warmth and pulling them out again, smearing your moisture over your swollen clit. His pants were getting too tight for his growing erection. Craving to feel you stretch around him, his hard cock pulsedated painfully, intoxicating his mind with desire.

You leaned back on his table, whimpering in anticipation, once his tongue came in contact with a
sensitive spot of yours. Instinctively, your thighs tended to clamp shut, but his firm hands held them apart possessively, making you quiver and beg for release. He delicately sucked and licked on your clit, twirling his tongue around your bud, bringing you over the edge. You could feel nothing but the heat, knotted in your nub and nagging sweetly deep inside, ready to wash over you.

“Keep going! Please, keep going! Let me cum!” you pleaded desperately.

Your cries and moans made him feel like his pants would burst at the seam. Groaning wildly, he sank a finger into your tight core, moving it intensely and pressing the spot, which he knew, gave the best reaction. Your orgasm hit you in a wink, rushing through your body in powerful pleasurable waves.

“Oh, Severus,” you whined, trembling against him.

He felt your walls pulsate around his finger, and slowed down a bit, letting you enjoy your high, just to continue fingering you again with a fierce force. Your juices drained down his palm, as he worked hard on you.

Crying out his name, you pressed your hand against his forehead, begging for mercy. You were too sensitive to endure it for long and another wave washed over you, spreading heat throughout your entire being.

“Oh, so good…” you gasped for air.

Ready to bring you this kind of pleasure forever, Snape closed his eyes to absorb the moment.

“Yes, that’s what I want to hear…” he murmured as his lips covered your folds, tasting your sweetness, delicately lapping it up till the last drop.

He raised up and wrapped you into his hold, gliding his hands along the curves of your body. Greedily grabbing your buttocks, he squeezed them firmly and dragged you off the table, abruptly turning your back to himself. Utterly drunk with lust, hectically, he managed to unbutton his trousers, allowing his considerable erection bounce free, and bent you over his desk, lifting up your skirts and pressing the head of his fully hardened cock to your entrance.

“Just take me, I beg you!” you sobbed, dying to feel him inside.

He slowly ran the length of his erection between your folds to wet himself and thrusted into you, filling you up to the hilt.

A loud moan escaped your lips, as you leaned on the tabletop, almost blacking out from pleasure.

Your fluttering walls clenched around him, taking last bits of sanity from the man, who didn’t have power to restrain himself any longer. He gripped you by the hips, fixing you in his strong hands, firm enough to leave slight bruises. Snape rapidly picked up his pace, without even noticing how hard he had been pounding into you.

“Yes, Severus, yes…” you pepped him up, as he shoved you onto the desk, forcing you lay on your stomach under his pressure. Piles of papers swept off the wooden surface and fell down, scattered all over the floor.

In the heat of passion, craving to feel your body, Snape crushed on you, holding on the edges of the table, and continued at the same pace. With one hand, he grabbed you from below and squeezed your soft, perfectly shaped breasts, regretting they were hidden under a layer of clothes. Taking time to enjoy your forms, he slid his palm up to your neck, pressing you to himself, choking you slightly.
You panted with need, praying for him to never stop. He growled passionately at your nape, bumping into you with all his force. You felt so good and couldn’t imagine, if you could ever feel better, but when his other hand slipped down to your clit, stimulating you even more with intense yet gentle rubbing, you realized, that you actually could.

“Oh, Sev, I…” The desired moment was so close. “I…” you stuttered, unable to say a word. You moaned and whimpered, as your body trembled under his in sweet convulsions. Your walls tightened around him, sending pulse through his erection, bringing Snape to the edge. He slowed down, never stopping to press on your swollen bud, extending your pleasure. Eyes closed, you enjoyed his every touch.

“Merlin, you destroyed me…” breathless, you collapsed on his desk, shattered and exhausted. “Do not make fast conclusions, sweetheart…” Snape whispered into your ear. He straightened up, grabbed you firmly by the hips again and started thrusting into you even more violently. He held back at his last limits, wishing you to cum for him one more time.

Overstimulated, you felt the heat in your abdomen explode in euphoric outburst. Crying out Severus’ name over and over, you shuddered, riding the wave of bliss and pleasure. Now Snape could finally give way for himself, releasing unbearable tension he held back inside, reaching his climax. He snarled and growled, pushing you slowly, but strongly, filling you with his seed.

With the last few thrusts, he slumped down over you on his elbows, trying to catch his breath. You couldn’t come to your senses as well and laid motionless on his desk, under the weight of his body. The man made you a sobbing, panting and quivering mess. Buried his face in your hair, he kissed your neck and shoulder. You enjoyed his heavy breath on your skin, the vibration of his chest from his rare roars, still bursting out of his chest. He leisurely rose to his feet, buttoning up his pants and, gently lifting you from the table, turned you to himself. You wrapped your arms around his neck, looking into his eyes with the happiest glance. Snape delicately wiped wet traces from your cheeks. He got used to finding tears on your face after the moments of closeness, which proved he brought you to the highest point.

He gently kissed your eyes.

“Thank you …” you whispered faintly, carefully brushing his lips with yours. He slowly kissed you back, having no desire to let go off you. Clinging to him, you laughed timidly. “Can’t stand on my feet…”

He hugged you tightly and grinned.

“I’ll take care of you,” his soft voice resounded in your ears, making you feel so safe and protected. Snape wrapped his hand around your waist and bent a little to grab your legs, and in a heartbeat you found yourself in his arms. You laughed delighted, when he carried you to his backroom.
He sat you sidelong on the sofa and took a seat beside you, leaning his back on the armrest. Pulling you into his embrace, Snape pressed your head to his shoulder and sighed peacefully.

“I feel so good with you,” you whispered, nuzzling into his chest.

He planted short tender kisses all over your forehead, your temples, your cheeks. Lovingly stroking your hair, he answered so quietly, so that only you could hear. “Me too, my dear… I have never felt so good in my entire life…”
This day began as usual, and neither you nor Snape would have imagined what surprises it would bring.

Snape opened the door of his chambers and looked out to make sure, that the corridor was empty. This action has become a part of your morning routine.

Blocking your way with his hand, he leaned against the doorjamb.

“I love you,” he whispered and lowered his hand on your waist, pulling you closer, drawing you into a sensual and tender kiss.

Having no desire to part with Severus, you wrapped your arms around his neck, kissing him back.

“I love you,” you replied as his lips smacked against yours one last time.

“I wish I could sit with you at the same table…” the thought of exchanging stealthy glances during meals in the Great Hall till the end of the term made you sad.

“We’ll have dinner together, when everyone’s gone, all right?” Snape cursed himself for not being able to change the situation, for making you hide your relationship. You deserved better.

“As always, Sev,” you smiled sincerely and gave him a loving look, full of warmth and tenderness.

You often dined together. It was the most convenient time, because in the evening there usually remained just a few students in the Hall, and they were too tired to pay attention. You’ve never even thought about blaming Severus for it, you understood everything and were ready to endure these little inconveniences for as long as it takes.

Stroking his cheek, you looked deep into his eyes, absorbing the warmth they radiated.

“See you soon,” with these words, you slipped into the gap of the open door and ran away until someone could notice you.

***

Sitting at the table in the Great Hall, you looked at your plate without much appetite. When Severus appeared, you didn’t notice your face lit up with an adoring smile.

Taken his usual place at the main table, Snape immediately fixed his eyes on you. Trying to look natural, he covered his mouth with his hand, giving you a sign to make a more serious expression. This gesture made you smile even wider, and you lowered your head, trying to pull yourself together. Snape snorted, barely restraining himself from laughing.

***

McGonagall walked into the Hall, but instead of joining her colleagues, she stood in front of the audience.

Clearing her throat, she drew attention to herself.

“Dear students! I beg your attention!” she began. “I want to inform you that this morning the school received an owl from the Ministry of Magic with an advance notice about conducting an inspection.
This should not distract you from studies, and all your classes will be held as usual. I’m sure that this will not cause much inconvenience.”

An agitated whisper circulated the Hall. Excited students started discussing the upcoming ministerial visit.

“I remind you about the norms of behavior and please watch your appearance.”

After making an announcement, Headmistress took her seat at the table next to Snape. He turned to her immediately, asking something, and she answered seriously. Looking at his frowning face, you realized, that he was not happy with what was happening. Their conversation lasted the whole breakfast time. McGonagall also seemed unusually tense.

You watched them anxiously, but Snape was too thoughtful and didn’t even look in your direction.

After breakfast, you caught up with him in the corridor and asked, how serious this inspection would be, and most important, what consequences it might have.

Snape assured you that there was nothing to fear.

“For me personally, this shouldn’t be a problem,” he soothed you, walking with you along the corridor, shoulder to shoulder. “I keep my papers in order, they will have nothing to complain about.”

“What’s the reason for the inspection? I don’t remember we had something like that before,” you were still worried.

“We have a new Head of the Education Office, that’s all. They will now check all schools.”

“Well… But I feel uneasy, Severus…”

“No need to worry, it’s a common thing,” he smiled lovingly, and it made you forget about everything.

***

After class, you came to Snape’s lab as usual. He was glad to finally be with you again.

“Everything’s all right?” he approached you and carefully stroked your back.

“Everything’s wonderful until you’re with me,” you turned to him and wrapped your arms around his neck.

He rested his hands on your waist and looked softly into your eyes. You leaned toward him, begging to hold you tight. Enjoying his closeness, you buried your fingers in his hair and showered his face with gentle kisses. Snape closed his eyes, enjoying your touch. He adored when you did that.

When your lips came in contact with his, he tightened his grip on you and took the initiative. He kissed you slowly, savoring each moment. Snape pulled away, and you saw his tender, barely perceptible smile. His face in your hands, you pressed your forehead against his.

“Potions don’t brew themselves,” you whispered, losing yourself in his dark eyes.

“Yes…” he sighed, reluctantly letting you go.

“What are we doing today?” you enthusiastically rolled up your sleeves.
“Potent Extimulo Potion and Invigoration Draught.”

“Great!” you went to the supply room for the necessary ingredients.

While you were picking cans from the shelves, someone entered the laboratory.

“Severus!” you heard a sugary female voice. “Haven’t seen you for ages!”
“Severus! Haven’t seen you for ages!”

“From the moment we graduated, I suppose,” your man’s low voice answered her in his usual cold manner.

You timidly stepped out of the supply room with a few cans in your hands.

In front of you there stood a rigged out woman with an extravagant hairstyle and vulgar makeup. Judging by her showy appearance, she thought more of herself, than she really was. Seeing you, her smile turned into a grimace of contempt.

“Another moron, having detention?” she jerked her head in your direction.

“Actually, no,” said McGonagall, who was standing at the entrance, and so you didn’t notice her at once. “I’m up to apply her for the position of potions assistant before her final exams.”

At these words, Snape closed his eyes in frustration and shook his head displeased. He didn’t want this woman to know about you.

“Wow!” She arrogantly raised an eyebrow and turned her gaze to Snape.

“The position of the Deputy Headmaster requires much paper work, so I need an assistant in the lab,” he explained measuredly.

“Really, Severus?” the woman approached him and teasingly stroked his chest. She ran a finger from his shoulder down to his stomach.

“You just tell me, and the Ministry will send you an assistant,” she offered, looking at him with feigned sympathy.

Your heart sank at this picture. Who is she? Why she’s acting like that with him?

Snape resolutely moved her hand away. He caught your glimpse and saw pain in your eyes. He wished he could hug you and explain everything.

“I’ve already taught Miss Y/L/N everything I need her to know. Therefore, I do not intend to waste my time training another person.”

He looked intimidating. You haven’t seen him being that mean for a long time. You stood motionless, hoping it was just a bad dream.

The woman gave you a judging look.

“Are you sure Severus?” she came up to you, examining you from head to toe.

“Tell me, what is the difference between Cichorioideae and Cichirititeae?” she watched you haughtily.

You looked at Snape surprised. He nodded to you, giving a sign for you to respond.

“I suppose, you deliberately asked a tricky question, trying to confuse me?” you confidently raised your head. “Cichorioideae is a recognized name for a certain Asteraceae subfamily, while such word
as Cichirutiteae doesn’t even exist.”

Snape smiled faintly, growing proud of you.

The woman blinked, dumbfounded.

“Oh…” she stuttered. “That was too easy, right?” she laughed, turning back to Snape.

“Well, maybe we should have dinner today? What do you think, Severus?”

You gritted your teeth. Despair squeezed your heart painfully, making it hard to breathe.

“I’m not sure if I will have time tonight,” he snapped, “we can talk tomorrow at the teacher’s table. If. You. Wish.”

Her eyes flashed viciously.

“I have a lot of work, as I’ve already mentioned,” he said calmly, but you noticed he clenched his fists in irritation.

“As you know, Severus,” the woman snapped, and headed for the exit.

“All right, McGonagall, now show me the greenhouses,” you heard her unpleasant voice as they walked out in the corridor.

***

You stood confused, upset, disappointed. You didn’t expect, that seeing Snape with another woman would be so heartbreaking. You didn’t expect to see him with another woman at all! You got used to spending all your time with him, always having him beside, that even a thought of his possible acquaintances outside Hogwarts seemed to you something distant and even unreal.

Your soul was bleeding. You were afraid, that she would take him from you. You didn’t want to cry, but tears treacherously gathered in the corners of your eyes.

Snape approached you, carefully pulled the cans out of your hands, which you still held tightly pressed to yourself, and put them aside. He gently took you by the shoulders. He saw, how lost you were and wanted to comfort you.

“Who is she?” your voice faltered.

“Beata Pike. We studied together,” he explained quietly.

Seeing how upset and confused you were, he caressed your cheek.

“We just studied together,” he assured you, as if answering your numb question, which bothered you the most. “She’s always behaved defiantly,” his face twitched in disgust.

“Is she going to inspect the school?” you realized she could cause you big troubles.

Snape nodded bitterly.

“So that’s why you were so upset in the morning?”

“Yes,” he sighed, taking a step back.
Snape sat on the edge of the table and pulled you to himself, placing you between his legs. You rested your hands on his shoulders and gently slipped your palms up to his neck, stroking his jaws with your thumbs. He grabbed your hips, drawing you closer, and squeezed your fragile body in his hands. You were his dream, his treasure, and he would never let anyone take you from him. He would never let you doubt, how important you were to him, how much he needed you.

“That question. It wasn’t tricky, as you thought,” he cheered you up. “It was stupid.”

You raised your eyebrows in amazement. Snape smiled faintly and kissed your forehead.

“You think she wanted to take you by surprise?” he grinned, and you smiled guiltily.

“Intellect has never been her strong side,” he snorted. “Did you see her face when she heard your answer? She was sure that this…” he frowned, trying to remember the word, “…what did she call it?”

You laughed.

“She was sure it was a real word, I swear!”

“No way!”

Snape smiled broadly, seeing that you felt better now.

“Come here,” he cupped your face and leaned his forehead against yours. “We’ll handle this, right?” He whispered.

You believed him. Relieved, you wrapped your arms around his neck, snuggling up to him.

“I love you so much, Severus! I need you so much…”

“I will always be with you, Y/N… Whatever happens…” he promised, overwhelmed with love and devotion. He buried his face in your hair, patting your back, enjoying your closeness.

Your heart melted, and you felt warmth spilling inside your soul. You knew that his words were sincere, that his feelings were real.
Bad Day Ends With Good News

Chapter Notes

Hi guys, I'm back. Idk for how long though.
I hope someone's still interested =)

Snape came up to you from behind, when you placed the last few flasks back on the shelves.

Putting his hands on your waist, he leaned toward your shoulder and slowly kissed your soft skin. You tilted your head slightly, giving him more access to your neck. His neck kisses drove you crazy. Gentle touch of his lips, his hot breath, his hands, wrapping you around and crossed now on your stomach… All this gave you the feeling, that you entirely belonged to this man. Next to Severus you could be weak, you didn’t have to worry about anything.

“May I invite you for dinner?” his calm, deep voice vibrated in your ears.

You stroked his arms, which still held you tight, and carefully turned to face him, resting your hands on his shoulders.

“What if Beata sees us?” You didn’t want to cause him troubles.

Snape gritted his teeth. Sliding his hands up your sides, he stroked your shoulders and gently cupped your face.

“You don’t deserve this, my dear…” he frowned bitterly, you could see a mixture of guilt and regret in his eyes. “I’m so sorry to make you go through it…” he wanted to make you the happiest woman in the world, but instead he was forced to pretend you meant nothing to him, and it broke his heart.

“Everything’s fine…” trying to cheer him up, you drowned your fingers in his hair, clasping his neck, and reached out for his lips. His care meant so much to you.

Snape grabbed you into his hold and pressed you to himself in a fit of tenderness and devotion.

“Shall we go to Hogsmeade this weekend?” he suggested, looking into your eyes, as his forehead rested against yours.

“You mean, sort of a date?” your face twitched in a joyful surprise.

“Perhaps,” he smirked slyly.

“Aw, Severus, that’s so wonderful…”

“Come on, we’re not going anywhere, if we starve here to death,” he kissed your nose and pulled you along with him.

***

The Great Hall was almost empty, and remained students paid you no attention. The rumors about your assistance to Snape spread pretty quickly, and no one was surprised of seeing you together.
Many were used to it. You perfectly complemented each other, two unsociable weirdos, keen on work.

Sitting in the farthest corner of the Great Hall, as usual in the evenings, you enjoyed your dinner, as suddenly you noticed Beata approaching your table with a determined step.

You reached for Snape’s hand and squeezed it in yours.

“She’s coming,” you whispered and hurried to remove your hand before she could see it.

“Don’t mind her,” Snape muttered, and his eyebrows curved in a sullen frown.

“So that’s what you’re doing tonight, Severus?” her unpleasant voice rudely intruded the quiet fuss of the Hall, disturbing the peaceful slumber of its walls. “Is this your work?” she scornfully examined you, standing behind him.

You saw his knuckles turning white, as he clenched his fists.

“We discussed how to reduce the concentration of toxic sediments while evaporating spongespike mucus,” he answered indifferently. “I presume, you would hardly be able to give a useful advice on this subject,” Snape didn’t even turn to her and continued eating.

“Excuse me?!?” she hissed angrily.

“What exactly from what I said turned out to be beyond your understanding?” he snapped.

“I’d rather go, Professor? Don’t want to bother you,” you decided it would be better to leave, not to provoke this woman.

“No,” he roughly put his palm on your forearm and pressed it to the table. “We’re not done yet.”

“So Beata, will you join us?” Snape inquired in the same indifferent tone, without giving her a look.

“I’m not sitting at the student’s table,” she squinted with disgust and left, giving you a threatening look.

“She pisses me off,” Snape raised his eyes on you, searching for support.

You stroked his hand, which still squeezed yours.

“We can handle it, Sev.”

Your tender smile and loving gaze returned peace to his soul and made him forget about this unpleasant annoying factor, which was going to poison your life the whole next week.

***

Late in the evening, you were sitting in Snape’s chambers (which were also yours now), drinking tea and discussing this eventful day.

“Oh, come on!” annoyed, Snape rolled his eyes, once someone knocked on the door. “Wasn’t it enough for today?!”

You tensed and looked at him in dismay. He put his cup aside and stroked your thigh.

“Don’t worry,” he reassured you quietly.
To conceal the signs of your presence here, you took your cup, grabbed your sweater hanging on the armrest and quickly disappeared behind the door of your shared bedroom. Snape hated himself for not being able to make things better, regretting you had to hide like a criminal. Frustrated, he hit the wall with his fist and headed for the exit.

“Evander!” you heard Snape’s surprised voice.

“Hello, buddy!” unknown man greeted him cheerfully.

“Don’t you tell me you also came with the inspection!”

“That’s right, Severus! Forgive me such a late visit, I had to finish some business in London. Just arrived, huh…”

Snape invited the guest to enter. You heard the steps behind the wall.

“Tea?” Snape offered out of politeness.

“Sure,” Evander sat down on a chair. “Already seen Beata? Oh, she was very excited about seeing you,” the man burst into laughter.

“What’s so funny about that?” Snape sounded unhappy.

“Aw, you know she was going crazy about you in the 7th year!”

“She’s always seemed to be a little out of her mind,” Snape snapped.

His sarcasm pleased the guest, and he again burst out with a loud laughter.

“Don’t mind her,” he sighed, trying to catch his breath. “Her uncle insisted to send her here.”

“Why wouldn’t he send her to the Moon or something…” disappointed, Snape rolled his eyes.

“This would be still too close,” Evander chuckled and changed his cheerful tone to a serious one. “Need something for school? I could help.”

“Thank you, the school doesn’t need anything. Better ask McGonagall, but I think she will give you the same answer,” Snape replied calmly.

“How are you, Severus? The same loner?” the question sounded sympathetic and friendly.

“Just 20 years older…”

“Ain’t you going to start a family?”

“I am,” Snape answered quietly, but you still could hear his words from behind the closed door.

Your heart raced, and a warm feeling spread inside your chest. You realized that he wouldn’t raise this topic until you graduate, but it didn’t matter, you were ready to wait as long as it takes. You leaned your back against the door and closed your eyes, smiling happily to yourself.

“Wow, that’s new! And who is she?” you heard Evander’s excited voice.

“You don’t know her,” Snape had no desire to discuss you with anyone.

“Oh, come on!” the guest was delighted.
Still smiling at your thoughts, you stepped away from the door and joyfully threw yourself onto the bed, sprawling on it.

Two men talked for a long time, and you dozed off before Severus came back. He wanted to end this conversation as soon as possible and finally return to you.

Snape opened the door to your bedroom and saw you sleeping. He was happy to see you in his bed, he was happy you were with him.

He quietly approached you and sat next to you on the edge, resting his hand on your side. You felt his touch and opened your eyes, turning on your back and looking at him joyfully. Seeing your sleepy but happy face, Snape couldn’t help smiling lovingly.

“He left?” you asked, knowing that Severus wouldn’t come in, if the guest still stayed here.

“Yes,” Snape answered quietly. “Barely escorted him out!”

“Who is he?” you were curious. This man seemed to consider Severus his friend.

“We also studied together. He’s the Head of the inspection. I didn’t know that. But that’s good news. Beata shouldn’t cause much trouble then.”

“This is great news, dear,” you reached out to his shoulders, drawing him to yourself, “kiss me.”

Snape smiled affectionately, leaned toward you and covered your lips with his.
A day later, making your way to Snape’s office, you heard voices in the corridor. One of them belonged to your man, you’d never confuse it with anyone’s else. You slowed down and hid behind the corner, carefully peeking out to see what was going on.

Snape stood motionless, his face showed no emotions, and the woman from the Ministry was fussing around him. You felt an irresistible urge to grab her hair and hit her against the wall, once she came up to him so close it stopped looking decent. But Snape didn’t pay attention, ignoring all her attempts to stir him up.

“You know, Severus, I can both either save you from any problems or bring them to you,” she whispered into his face, cocking her head high, trying to reach his lips.

It was enough for Snape to raise his head slightly to make her task impracticable. He tolerated Beata’s intrusive presence, but this clearly couldn’t last forever.

“You came here to make my life unbearable, didn’t you?” You heard his cold, monotonous voice, which once attracted you so much, but you were proud he’s never spoken like this with you. “Do you have any idea what the Ministry implies by the word “inspection”?” Snape looked somewhere above her head.

“You are so cruel with me, Severus…” she gave him a pitiful glance and stroked his chest. “Be kind, and inspection won’t bring you any troubles.”

“You completely lack of understanding of personal boundaries,” he snarled.

“Let’s remove all the boundaries, Severus…” she clung to him, sliding her palms along his shoulders.

“Bitch!” you gritted your teeth.

Snape roughly grabbed her wrists and sharply pulled her hands down.

“Enough!” he growled. “You may check anything, I keep my papers in order.”

He was about to leave, but Beata shouted indignantly after him. “I can destroy you!”

Snape turned around and grabbed her neck, roughly pinning her against the wall.

“Don’t you say!” he hissed angrily. “Aren’t you afraid to mess with me?”

Beata blinked dumbfounded, Snape seemed to scary her for real.

“Stay away from me, as long as it doesn’t concern work,” he walked into his office and loudly slammed the door shut, leaving her speechless.

Your lips stretched in a contented grin, and your chest expanded with pride for the man, who was so strong, so resolute and unshakable… and all yours. You left your hideout and confidently headed for the door, which was unceremoniously closed before Beata’s nose a while ago.

Having offered her a restrained nod as a sign of greeting, you passed by and without knocking unhesitatingly stepped inside, slamming the door with the same loud bang.
Snape’s eyes flashed with rage, as he turned his head in your direction, being sure it was Beata who followed him, but when he saw you instead, the anger on his face gave way to an expression of deep relief.

“Did you meet her in the corridor?” he gestured at the door.

“I did,” you grimaced in disgust.

“Come here,” he stretched out his hand.

You approached him and crossed your arms on his back, leaning into his hold. He grabbed you by the shoulders, drawing you closer, rested his chin on top of your head and sighed peacefully. Time seemed to stop for this short moment, when you stood silently, embracing each other. You felt so safe in his strong loving arms. Holding you tight, Snape closed his eyes and relaxed. Nothing in the world mattered, when you were beside.

***

You started working, but regretfully you were not destined to finish. Beata burst into the lab, accompanied by bewildered McGonagall, who could hardly understand what was happening.

Snape squinted viciously and straightened up, ready to listen to Beata’s other stupid reproaches. You set all your tubes and jars aside and also fixed your eyes on her.

“I have a question concerning the filling of storages with ingredients,” she stated defiantly. “As far as I understand, the school supplies you with them, am I right, Severus?”

“Yes,” Snape said indifferently.

“But you use them not only in educational purposes, do you?”

“Yes,” he confirmed.

“Professor Snape provides our hospital with some medicaments, which he kindly agreed to prepare by himself,” McGonagall interceded. But Beata didn’t listen.

“You and your assistant,” she looked at you suspiciously, “run your personal experiments here.”

“Science makes progress due to additional research,” he explained calmly.

“So you admit that you’re spending school property for personal purposes,” she concluded.

“I monitor the amount of ingredients and make up for their shortage on my own, if necessary,” Snape answered coldly. “Check the inventory lists.”

“Do you buy ingredients personally?”

“I collect the ingredients personally,” Snape corrected her.

“Why doesn’t your assistant do this? Isn’t it a job for her?” she grinned scornfully.

“Isn’t it up to me to decide how to organize my work?” Snape spit irritably.

“If you refuse to accept candidature of the Ministry, I want to make sure you’ve made a right choice and this assistant will do her job well.”
“But she’s not been appointed yet!” McGonagall tried to protect you.

“Moreover, let her prove she’s worthy of this position.”

Snape clenched his fists, barely controlling himself.

Beata walked slowly between the desks, rolling her eyes, as if pondering something.

“Spider eggs,” she said the first thing that came to her mind, “collect spider eggs… Those big ones…”

“You mean arachnid eggs then?” you clarified, not missing a chance to catch her on lack of basic knowledge. Snape rounded his eyes, looking at you. Why would you even mention these dangerous creatures?

“In winter? Are you out of your mind? She won’t do it.” Snape firmly rejected this insane idea. Patronizingly, he rested his hand on your nape, making it clear he wouldn’t let anyone put you in danger.

But you were determined to fulfill this task. You wanted to prove this woman you were capable of much more than that.

“I can do it!” you readily agreed.

Snape’s heart stopped. He stared at you from under his heavy frown. A numb question froze in his eyes: “Why?”

Seeing how worried he was, you reassured him softly. “I know where to get arachnid eggs, Professor.”

“Abandoned cave beneath the old oak tree?” he raised his eyebrow. “It’s dangerous. You won’t go anywhere.”

“I can do it,” the vigorous glint of your eyes amazed him, he believed you’d really manage it. But he still didn’t want to let you go alone. This thought terrified him, and he desperately tried to find a reason convincing enough for you to stay.

There was not a trace of softness in your tone, once you turned to Beata. “Even though it’s not the right time…” feeling superior, you stated arrogantly, revealing her incompetence, “…I’ll get them.”
You dressed warmer and walked out of the castle. You felt guilty for leaving Snape alone to worry about you, but desire to prove Beata and everyone else that you were worthy of being his assistant was stronger.

You easily reached the old oak tree, which was so high you couldn’t distinguish the sky from where you stood due to its thick branches chaotically interwoven above your head. It looked majestic, and you knew Severus would like it. But you had no time to admire this picture. Without hesitation you scrambled into the hollow of a wide tree trunk and saw a black hole gaping in the ground. This was the entrance to the cave. Once inside, you took out your wand to light your path. The cave led deep down in the subsoil, so it wasn’t as cold as outside, yet damp and musty. You carefully stepped from one stone to another, and slowly started crawling down.

Making your way through quite a spacious tunnel, you’ve reached a crossroad, which offered you three different directions. You didn’t want to be chased by arachnids, and moreover to be surrounded by them, so you decided to enchant two of them so that nothing could get out, and moved further.

Going deeper down the tunnel, you heard a strange rustling sound getting more and more distinct the closer you approached. You were not afraid to meet a herd of spiders. Severus taught you some useful spells that might help defeat them.

***

“This is abuse of authority!” Snape growled. “I will not tolerate such attitude! Your arrogance put people in danger!”

“What’s going on here?” Evander entered the office. If he appeared a few minutes earlier, everything might be different.

“She sent Miss Y/L/N to get arachnid eggs,” McGonagall almost cried.

“I just asked to bring the ingredients,” Beata widened her eyes, she didn’t expect Snape would be so angry.

“What!?” Evander exclaimed indignantly. “Nobody collects them in winter!”

“I intend to file a complaint to the Ministry with a request to reconsider her competence!” Snape was furious.

“I will support Severus, Beata,” Evander scowled. “What you’ve done, was highly unprofessional.”

“But I did nothing wrong,” she blinked.

“You sent the poor girl on a dangerous task!” McGonagall cut her short. “Severus, we have to stop her, have to get her back…” she desperately looked on both men, hoping they’d find the solution.

“Oh, you say it to me?” Snape snapped, resolutely heading for the exit. Passing by Beata, he offhandedly pushed her off his way.

“Shall I go with you?” Evander followed him, eager to help.

“I’ll do it myself,” with these words, Snape quickly left the office.
He ran along the corridors to your chambers, praying you haven’t left yet. But it was too late. Snape grabbed his coat and rushed after you.

***

Holding your wand ready, you carefully moved forward. Soon you met the first few eight-legged cave inhabitants and killed them without an effort, but there were more and more spiders coming. You wished you had Severus beside. The creatures not only looked disgusting, they aggressively defended their territory. For a brief moment you regretted coming here, it was reckless, but you had no way back. You fought valiantly, without thinking of fear, you’ll think of it when everything’d be over.

When you finally got rid of an unpleasant company, you felt physically drained, exhausted. Cobweb was everywhere, even in your hair. You took a short break to catch your breath and focused on your main goal – eggs. After studying all the corners of the cave, you realized there were none. It was too dark here. Maybe you missed something?

Suddenly your foot slipped off the ground and you rolled down into another hallow. Disoriented, you lost coordination and met the floor like a sack of potatoes. Acute pain pierced your leg, bringing you back to reality.

“Shit!” you cried out in frustration.

Attempts to rise were unsuccessful, even touching the leg was painful, not to mention standing on it.

***

When you fell to the very bottom of the cave, Snape already reached the old oak. He followed your traces in the snow, so he was sure you were there. He noted your wit, once he saw enchanted tunnels, and his chest expanded with pride for you, you did everything right. Snape hurried on. He stumbled on numerous corpses of arachnids along his way, which proved he moved the right direction. He couldn’t believe you killed all of them all alone. His heart pounded in his chest, although you surely knew how to deal with gigantic spiders, it couldn’t guarantee you didn’t need help.

You were nowhere to be found. Snape called out your name, hoping you’d hear him. And you did.

“Severus! I’m down here!” you rejoiced at the sound of his familiar voice. “Be careful, there’s a hole in the ground!”

A wave of relief washed over him – you were alive! – and he hurried to help you.

“Are you all right?”

“Yes!” you answered, trying to sound at ease.

“I’m coming,” he climbed down the slippery rocks.

Once below, he saw you sitting on the floor, all weak and dirty, and rushed to you.

“What happened?” frightened, he fell to his knees beside you, studying you with a worried gaze.

You looked at him and smiled gratefully. You were so happy to see him, so glad that he came for you.
“I think I twisted my leg,” you grimaced, trying to move it.

“It’s okay, I’m with you…” he whispered kindly, focused on your damaged limb and carefully took off your shoe. He was extremely delicate not to cause you pain.

“It will hurt,” he warned, and you squinted: “I know…”

“Ready?”

“Yes…”

“On three then. One… Episkey!” he casted a spell.

“Ouch! You said on three!”

Without paying attention to your resentment, Snape palpated your joint. “Better now?”

Your leg hurt no longer. “Yes,” you sighed, “thank you…” you pulled your shoe back.

Snape got up to his feet and gave you his hand to help you stand up. He looked around to make sure nothing threatened you both.

“What was that!?” he shouted angrily. “Why would you do this? What were you thinking? Just tell me!”

His tone took you aback. He’s never yelled at you before.

“I was thinking about you!” you shouted back, but your voice cracked, “about us!”

Hearing this word… “us” …something pricked in Snape’s heart. He realized he gave vent to emotions, although he shouldn’t.

“I know I can be your assistant!” you continued shouting desperately. “I want to be! Merlin! You taught me everything! I could pass my finals right now, while fighting with these bloody monsters and juggling their stupid eggs before that bitch’s face! I wanted to prove her I could take this position!” you stopped short. “And you…” you added under your breath.

“Me?” Snape staggered. It was the first time you spoke to him like this. An immense feeling of guilt struck him like a lightning. He knew he hurt you. “Why would you need to prove something to me?” he asked quietly, pondering how to smooth his guilt.

“I wanted to prove that someday I could become worthy of you…” you hopelessly dropped your hands along your sides, and lowered your head in despair. “But I only upset you… I’m a complete disappointment…” a tear rolled down your cheek. You understood he was right, you made him worry to no purpose.

Your words tore his heart. Snape approached you and clasped your shoulders, pressing you tightly to himself.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry…” you sobbed plaintively, crossing your arms on his back and resting your head on his chest. “Please, forgive me…”

“No, you forgive me…” Snape whispered, stroking your head, “forgive me, my dear, I shouldn’t… I was so afraid for you…”

“I know…” you sighed relieved and rubbed your temple against his shoulder.
He fixed your head in his hands, forcing you look at him.

“I don’t know if I will ever be worthy of you,” there was so much tenderness in his look, and so much uncertainty.

“What?” touched, you couldn’t believe his words. “Don’t say so!” you raised your hands to his face and caressed his cheeks, reaching out for his lips, putting all your love and devotion into a kiss. “Dunderhead,” you whispered, breaking apart and pressed your forehead against his. “You are the whole world to me.”

Snape’s heart fluttered in his chest.

“I love you so much, I was so afraid to lose you,” he breathed into your ear, clutching you tighter.

“Aren’t you mad with me?” you asked guiltily, leaning into his hold.

“No, sweetheart,” he reassured you softly, but you could feel the bitterness in his voice, “I hurt you, forgive me…”

“It’s okay,” you nuzzled into his neck. “That was my fault after all…”

You stood motionless for a while, embracing each other.

“Sev?” you broke the silence.

“Hmm?” his thorax gave a slight vibration in response.

“But I would’ve managed this, if I weren’t so clumsy,” you grinned.

“You would,” he pulled you away a little just enough to look you in the eyes and smiled. “I’m so proud of you! But you have to remember – I will never let anyone endanger you, even you yourself!” he raised an eyebrow, expressing his willingness to keep his word, and you chuckled happily, being grateful to your fate for bringing this wonderful man into your life.

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