

# Snape Rules!

## NT/SS

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### Thirsty, Nymphy?

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Snape's arm reached for the glass of water on the table, three pairs of eyes watching him intently, burning on his skin. Abruptly, he looked up. Nobody seemed to observe him. Odd. He then turned around to Tonks who had shrunk half a meter, looking distinctly disturbed.

"Severus-" she snapped in a children's voice.

"It's Snape!"

"- you said this would be a counter-potion to the Squeaky Potion!"

"I lied," he deadpanned. "Sue me."

One body transformation and one Wick Blue later, Tonks was back to her normal, brightly coloured self. "Thanks for this instructive demonstration, Severus!"

"Snape!" he snapped, then reached again for the water, and once again the feeling of being watched stopped him. He put his attention back to Tonks, who struggled still with her clothing.

"Professor Snape, Sir?" Harry asked suddenly, causing Snape's head to snap in his direction. "Why don't you drink some water? You seem so, uh, thirsty ..."

"Why, pray tell, should this be of any concern for you, Potter? Or don't I want to know?" the Potions Master snarled.

"I'm, uh, just curious ..." Harry said, carefully.

"Mark my words, Potter," Severus said, coolly. "Curiosity killed the cat."

"It was an accident!" Curiosity cried, breaking into tears. "How often do I have to repeat it?"

Snapé lifted one brow. "Whatever."

Tonks made her way to the cupboard to write down the calculation of how long the Squeaky Potion worked. Unfortunately, her clumsy self broke through her layers, as she neared an almost undetectable uneven patch on the floor, tripping and flying halfway through the air. Stopping herself on the teacher's table, where Snapé sat, watching untouched, Tonks broke the glass.

"Tonks!" Snapé snarled, drawing his wand quickly and drying his wetted papers.

"Oops," Tonks said, sheepishly. "Let me help you!" She went to pick up the disordered papers, tearing some in pieces.

"Enough!" Snapé growled, ripping the pages out of her hands, brushing her hands with his own while doing so.

"OK," Tonks whispered, slightly out of breath due to the physical contact. One step after the other. First their hands brushed while he ripped papers roughly out of her grasp, and sooner than you thought, he would rock their second child into sleep ... Fantasies were something so beautiful.

The bell rang, indicating that the lesson was over, and the students left the classroom; all apart from three exceptions.

"Professor?" Harry asked, hesitantly stepping forward, a glass of water in his slightly trembling hand. "Uh, I thought that after your water broke ... that came out wrong ... here," he handed the glass to Snapé, "if you're still thirsty."

"How very touching," Snapé drawled. "I'll never die from dehydration with you around, will I?"

"Don't be so grumpy," Tonks chastised. "That was very nice of Harry, Severus!"

"SNAPE!" he growled towards Tonks, before redirecting his gaze in the direction of Harry, schooling his features into an expressionless mask. "Yes, very ... nice ... of you and oh so very convenient, Potter." Snapé poured the potion-tinted water over his hands, freeing them from Tonks' scent.

Harry took the glass back, looking satisfyingly confused, and then the three last students left, leaving Snapé and Tonks alone in the DADA classroom.

"So," Tonks said, sitting down on the desk next to Snapé, crossing her legs slowly. "What will we be doing the next time, Sev?"

"For Merlin's sake!" Snapé growled, being not in the least distracted by the witch in front of him. "Use at least my full name!"

"So I have your permission to use your given name then?" She didn't give him time to

respond. "Thanks, Severus!"

"Argh! That's Snape! Shall I spell it for you?!"

"That won't be necessary, Sev," Tonks giggled.

"SNAPE!!"

"But Severus is such a pretty name," Tonks said, frowning, not noticing the violent twitch of Snape at hearing both his name and the word 'pretty' in one sentence. "And Sev is a nice nickname."

"Alright," Severus said, quietly. "If you must insist on calling me 'Sev', I'll refer to you as ..." He searched for the perfect embarrassing name, then his eyes lit up evilly. "... Nymphy!" Ha! She would see not to-

"Nymphy?" Tonks gushed, excited, confusing Snape. "How sweet!"

Snape's eyes grew wide with horror. "Sweet? That was not my intention at all!"