

Snape Rules!

NT/SS

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No Sleeping Beauties

12. No Sleeping Beauties

Nymphadora lay awake in her bed, staring through dark blue lashes up at the deep purple canopy which was draped over her four-poster bed. Dark blue lashes, matching both the current colour of her hair and her mood. She felt a bit depressed due to the slow progress her advances were making, but she wouldn't let go just now. Nothing short of death of age (or maybe a clumsy accident) would hold her back, in fact. Severus Snape was definitely not her limit. He couldn't possibly resist her charming self, her brightly coloured personality; try as he might.

"Oh, and try he will," Tonks grinned, her mood already notably better. Severus could be the best dueller of the entire Wizarding World, but he didn't stand a chance against Tonks' seduction skills. Her chosen target would be better off not resisting; but if he would struggle, it'd mean more fun for Tonks.

The ceiling of the dungeons hung fairly low in comparison to the earth and higher level classrooms Tonks had been in. It had been intimidating and not little oppressive, but somehow Nymphadora had changed her mind these last days. The ceiling didn't cause her to choke anymore, it seemed more like it was complete and safe in its own closed way. Leaving the practical side (which said that the low ceiling meant less air in the room to be heated in the underground chambers) out of account, the witch concluded that her room was almost comfy; in a twisted, medieval, Severus Snape kind of way.

Which led her to the point why the Potions Master was so exciting in the first place.

His softly alluring voice had been the very first thing Nymphadora had noticed about Severus; and because she as a Metamorphmagus could change everything but her voice as she pleased, she liked this feature the most. Her train of thought may seem a bit twisted, but for her it was perfectly logic. She could play around with eye and hair colourings, the form of her nose, even alternating her age was possible; but her voice would always give her away; it was the most unique thing about her. And that was the reason why the voice of her future partner played such a big role. Not as big a role as Snape's nose, but with that unique voice Tonks was willing to overlook this crooked

flaw.

Tonks felt her eyes droop after a few minutes of silence. Curling into a tight ball, she buried herself deeper under the thick blankets, thinking that it could be a tad warmer down there. She sighed and moved one hand under her head.

She didn't really mind the coolness too much, if only her blankets kept her warm, and even if she did mind, it was not important. She was kind of a masochist, after all.

Becoming an Auror of free will, taking up DADA lessons with teenage kids, falling for the infamous Potions Master.

And what was the cold air of the dungeons compared to Snape's behaviour towards her?

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The Gryffindor Common Room was deserted, short only of Hogwarts' three most famous - though, maybe not most popular - students; Harry, Ron and Hermione. Huddled closely together by the quietly crackling fire, they spoke in hushed whispers. The dancing flames threw ghostly shadows over their faces, making it appear as though they were planning something sinister.

Poisoning a Professor with an illegal Love Potion to let him fall for one fellow teacher may be considered sinister from some point of view, though, but not from Harry, Ron or Hermione's.

Snape would see the good (though mainly selfish) intention they had, once he was securely head over heels for Tonks. Then again, maybe not, because the Potions Master's attention should be fixed upon his lover once the potion had been administered and he wouldn't waste a second thought on why they spiked his drink.

That'd be too good to be true, yes definitely, too good ...

"We have only two more vials. We MUST NOT fail," said Hermione urgently. "The next tries have to work! Any suggestions?"

"It wouldn't work to simply smuggle the potion into his morning tea, would it?" Ron asked.

"No," said Harry. "This would be too easy. Maybe he could smell that the drinks were spiked the last times we tried that-"

"No wonder with that conk," Ron muttered.

"Anyways," said Hermione impatiently. "I agree with you, Harry, we have to make it less obvious. Snape could have realised that there was something wrong; he isn't the Potions Master for nothing, you know ... Though, I wonder why he didn't say anything, give detentions ...?"

"Are you now complaining that you're NOT in trouble?" Ron asked incredulously. Hermione was sometimes more of a mystery to him than magic was to Muggles. How could her brain work that way - and get those marks to boot? "D'you reckon you need to see Pomfrey? I sure think so!"

"I didn't say I wanted troubles," Hermione said angrily, her brown eyes flashing dangerously - and if the buzzing of her frizzy hair was any indication, she was under electricity. "I can surely live without any point deduction or detention - unlike others!"

"Would it be too much asked if we could start again tomorrow?" Harry asked gloomily. "Why don't we just sleep over it, let our minds try to work it out? And as tomorrow is Saturday, we'll have plenty of time after breakfast - and after our homework," he added hastily at Hermione's piercing glare, "to come up with an unfailing plan. All right?"

Hermione nodded curtly. "You're right. We can't start with Plan B before Monday in any case."

"Yeah," agreed Ron, casting a quick glance at his watch. "It's past twelve already and I'm tired. Even the chair here looks comfortable enough to sleep in now." He yawned and stood up, slowly stretching his aching muscles. "G'night," he muttered towards Hermione, still a bit upset. "Coming, Harry?"

Only a few minutes later, all three of them were safely in their beds, slumbering away and most likely dreaming of a time when their Plan B would succeed, dreaming of a time when Snape would fall in love and leave them alone, dreaming ... of a better time.