

A Dance to Remember

Von PotionsMistress

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It was the annual Yule ball in my last year at Hogwarts, which was also the year of the Triwizard Tournament, when I managed to see behind his disguise for the first time. I stole another glance across the Great Hall. Why had it never occurred to me just how good the dark Potions Master looked?

'Most likely because you only saw what you expected to see, but then again these black dress robes really look hot,' I thought with a slight smile. And it was true. Severus Snape was perhaps not very good-looking by normal standards (not that I considered myself normal by any way), but his body was drop-dead gorgeous. The shiny black fabric of his inner robes fitted his body closely while his velvet outer robes were wider and billowed nicely around him every time he moved.

"I wonder if he dances."

"Who?" asked my friend Sherryll who stood beside me at the bar.

"Hu?" I turned towards her with a questioning look on my face. Then I realised that I must have said that out loud.

"Oh, no-one."

"Come on, Ciara, you can tell me!" pushed the blonde girl. "I won't breathe a word to anyone. Cross my heart and hope to die."

I smiled. You could always trust Sherryll to come up with something like that.

"It nothing, really. I was just thinking out loud."

"But of course," she drawled. "And that's also the reason why you have been staring across the room for the past quarter of an hour. And don't tell me you were 'just thinking', either. You were practically drooling."

"I was not!"

"Ok, maybe I exaggerate a bit. But you don't know me if you think you can get yourself out of this one without telling me what I want to know."

She was right and I knew it. I could never keep any secret from her, not that I wanted to. At least not until now. I took her arm and steered her towards the door.

"Hey..."

"If you want me to spill my soul to you, you don't expect me to do it where everyone can hear us, do you?" I asked her with a suppressed laughter.

We left the Great Hall, seemingly in search of the bathroom, and headed for a small broom cupboard. After quick glances in all directions we went in and having cast silencing spells, Sherryll turned to me and said just one word.

"Talk."

I sighed. There was no way out of it for me now.

"All right. But you must promise my two things first."

"Ok."

"Promise that you won't laugh."

She nodded.

"And promise that you will never tell anything."

She just gave me that look that said 'what kind of friend do you take me for?' and I just shrugged.

"Well I was looking at Professor Snape."

Sherryll opened her mouth to talk, but she made no sound. All in all she rather looked like a fish caught out of the water. I silenced any further comments with an impatient gesture.

"I mean I never thought about it before, but... He looks damned good in those dress robes, and the way he moves... I was just wondering if he did dance." I finished rather lamely. In the meantime, my friend had found her voice again.

"I always knew that you were a bit morbid, I mean you wear nothing but black, you love vampires and other dark creatures,... but isn't this going a bit far?"

I just stared at her for a moment and suddenly she laughed.

"Oh, sweet Merlin, you should have seen your face!" She leaned on to me, still panting with laughter. "No seriously. I'm not saying that I like Snape much, but... well, he has some kind of attraction. Although he is definitely more your type than mine."

I couldn't deny that. Her tastes were quite different than mine. Even when we watched a movie together, in the holidays, she always fell for the good guys while I always preferred the bad ones. Especially last August, when we watched the Phantom of the Opera. While I had immediately fallen for the Phantom, she had been completely on Raoul's side. It had been rather funny, all in all.

"Are you asking him to dance then, or what?" Sherryll interrupted my thoughts.

"..." I stared at her blank faced.

"Snape. Are you asking him to dance?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think that's a good idea."

"No way you're gonna get out of this that easily." My friend insisted. "I know you want to dance with him and I won't stop pestering you until you at least ask him."

"All right," I said resigned and let myself be dragged back into the Great Hall. I looked across the crowd and saw him standing there, talking with McGonagall. I almost stopped breathing for a moment. Maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all. Sherryll gave me a slight shove in his direction and I turned to see her mouth 'Go and get him!' at me. Grinning, I rolled my eyes at her and started to make my way across the room. With every step I felt my panic rise. But I wouldn't chicken out now, I just wouldn't. Besides I might never get a chance like this again.

Finally I stood before him. He had stopped his conversation and turned to me, clearly expecting some kind of emergency. As no one was missing any limbs or was covered in blood and I hadn't said anything yet, he was definitely not amused as he addressed me.

"Miss Wallace?"

Thankfully, my voice worked when I answered him a bit nervously.

"I was just wondering... would you like to dance with me?" I managed to get out. The Potions Master just stared at me for some time. This was probably not what he had expected. Then one corner of his mouth twitched and with a look that said 'why not?', he offered me his arm and let me onto the dance floor, to everyone's astonishment. But I had only eyes for the tall man in front of me who now started to dance with me.

I really liked the feel of his hand on my hip. And the way he smelled. And the way he moved, he was really a superb dancer. I was floating in seventh heaven as we moved across the floor. Why had I never seen past Snape's enigmatic aura before? The man wasn't only enigmatic and mysterious, but also sexy as hell!

He didn't only dance one song with he, he dance three songs with me. Three songs of perfect bliss. After the last one he politely led me off the dance floor and inclined his head slightly.

"Miss Wallace."

He was about to go, but as I spoke he stopped.

"Thank you," I simply said. There was nothing else I could think of at the moment (at least not something that I would or could say out loud) and it was the absolute truth. He raised an eyebrow questioningly, but when I just looked at him with a sincere expression, he bowed slightly to me.

"You're welcome."