

Snape Rules!

NT/SS

Von YasaiNoVampaia

A Letter From Someone

A/N: Thanks to ash vault rose garden for giving me this one idea I used.

8. A Letter From Someone

Hermione pushed the door of the girls' bathroom open and made sure that nobody was inside. She ushered Ron and Harry inside as she had decided the coast was clear. Not even Myrtle seemed to be there at the moment.

"Okay, let's better hurry" Ron urged, feeling a bit edgy at being in the girls' room again. They set up the cauldron beside the sink, it hang a few decimetres in the air and Hermione put a piece of parchment beneath. Muttering a few words, Hermione morphed the parchment into a Muggle thing, Ron could tell.

"So. We have to work together for this potion" Hermione said, putting the components into the right order. "I will add the ingredients, Ron, you will stir as often as I tell you, and Harry, you have to cast these charm after every sixth stir. Understand?" The girl handed Harry a small piece of paper. "After we are ready with the brewing, we'll have to activate the potion. I'll give you the words of the charm we need to chant ... afterwards." Before Hermione could activate the Muggle device, or Ron could ask what it was, there could be heard a faint moaning.

"Oh no, Myrtle" Harry groaned. "I don't want to deal with her right now. Why can't we just-"

"-flush her down?" Ron suggested, looking miserable.

"You have a sick fantasy." Hermione shook her head and walked towards the stall the noise was coming from, intent on convincing the ghost to let them in peace for the next hour. Pushing the door carefully open, she let out a high-pitched scream. "Myrtle what are you doing ... with Peeves?!"

"And you say I have a sick fantasy."

Hermione ignored Ron's comment. "Myrtle?!"

"What?" The female ghost whined indignantly. "This is one of the few advantages of being a ghost. Leave us alone!" She turned around in Peeves lap who was giggling madly. This definitely had made his day.

"Okay ... I just wanted to ask you not to ... well ... we wanted to brew something and ..."

"Does it look like we're going to leave this stall anytime soon?" Peeves asked.

Hermione grimaced and backed away slowly. She hadn't wanted to know that much. Ron looked disgusted and Harry was clearly amused by her expression.

"This gives her name a whole new meaning" Harry marked and Hermione flinched,

Moaning Myrtle, followed closely by an "Eww".

"Gross." Ron shuddered. "Let's get this over with as soon as possible. I'd like to put a memory charm on me to forget this unimportant tid-bit of information."

"Agreed" Hermione said and pushed a button on the Muggle device.

Suddenly, fire erupted out of nowhere, and Ron jumped back. "W-what's this? Muggle Magic?"

"No" Hermione said flatly. "A simple camping grill."

"Ingenious" Harry said in awe. "I would have never thought of that."

"Oh well" The girl answered, blushing slightly. "As we all need our wands for the charms and the potion is very sensitive, so I asked my Mum to send me our camping grill ..."

"Whatever" Ron cut her off. "Let's just begin."

And so they began. In the background, Myrtle's moaning could be heard, but not by them. After two minutes the teenagers had put pieces of paper into their ears and Hermione showed Ron how often he had to stir with her fingers. After the potion was ready and enough cooled off, Hermione swallowed dryly, pulled the paper out of her ears and handed Ron and Harry a parchment with a charm on it. She waited till they had gotten rid of the paper in their ears too; thankfully the moaning had subsided.

"So ... well" Hermione murmured, blushing again. "Uh, the charm is to be chanted by three witches or wizards. The book said we had to put the surnames of the two people we wanted to enchant into the text ... We have to imagine the two of them, so that there is no mistaking, maybe Snape's father is still alive or something and the two have the same surname, understood? Um, we have to chant it three times and ... okay, just start, shall we?"

Ron didn't look too happy. "You know, first Snape and McGonagall, then Myrtle and Peeves, but this ... is definitely my least favourite mental picture, thank you very much!"

Harry laughed and pointed towards his parchment. "This sounds vaguely familiar."

Hermione's cheeks burned an intense red, as she nodded. "I thought so, too."

"What do the Muggles say?" Ron said, frowning in concentration, trying to recall the saying his father had once taught him. "Ah. I'll send you the bill of the psychiatrist. I'm not looking forward to these nightmares ... Merlin, I'm going to be a Dreamless Sleep addictive! I'm never going to be capable of nearing a bed without panic attacks again! I'm just-"

"Very nice, oh drama queen."

"Shut up, Harry."

Harry shrugged and they agreed mutely to just chant the charm and forget about it. Deep breaths were taken, minds were being cleared, wands were pointed at the cauldron in the middle of the three of them.

"Snape and Tonks

Sitting in a tree

S-N-O-G-G-I-N-G ..."

Three nerve-racking minutes later, they were finished and let out a joint sigh of relief.

"Ready?"

"Ready."

"What now?"

"We have to give it to Snape."

"Do you think it did work properly?"

"Well, the proof of the potion is in the drinking."

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Severus sighed and leaned back in the headmaster's armchair. The ringing in his ears gradually subsided; there had been definitely too many howlers. Didn't they appreciate his help? Obviously not. Not that Snape cared, but Dumbledore would be disappointed that he couldn't trust his Potions Master in every aspect. Snape would right this. Oh joy. Casting a quick glance at the still petrified Fawkes, Severus smirked slightly. At least the blasted bird wouldn't be able to tell his master what he had done. The phoenix mentally furrowed his brows. 'Or so you think, mortal' He mused, as he read Severus' thoughts. 'Or so you think.'

Snape's short moment of peace was shattered; as was the window glass as the tiny owl smashed against and through it. Landing in a heap on the floor, the grey owl hooted confused and shook its head. Then it hopped closer to Severus and flew up to the desk. The Potions Master sighed (at least it wasn't another howler) and fixed the window. "Why didn't you use the other window?" Severus asked with a raised brow. "The open one ..." If Snape hadn't known otherwise, he would have sworn that the owl had looked sheepishly at that comment. Shaking his head, he freed the parchment from the bird's leg, causing the owl to nearly lose its balance as it had thrust the foot out. "Clumsy one, aren't you?" Tonks had found her familiar. After the owl had eaten a few treats out of Fawkes' cage, it flew as fast as it could, this time taking the open window. The owl didn't want to stay any longer than necessary in the man's presence for fear of ending like the phoenix.

Snape then closed the second window and went to read the later. Taking it out of the envelope, he grimaced and opted to only touch the parchment with his index fingers and thumbs; the paper was pink. Who dared sending the black loving Potions Master a pink letter?! Of all colours! Severus' expression changed drastically as he opened the letter; it became even more sour. After the second word of reading he tried to burn the letter, which didn't work due to Tonks' good work at charms. After the eighth word he tried to rip it in pieces, after the 18th he tried to push it into a mini volcano which he had just conjured and after the 27th he tried to cut it in pieces with Muggle scissors, resulting that he cut his own fingers. Nothing worked. "Damn!" Snape cursed, fearing that the letter was so good charmed, that if he left the office, it would follow him around magically. The fear was justified, mind you.

Snape's face alternately was white as chalk and red as tomato purée as he re-read the letter.

"Servus Severus!

I know you don't know me, but I know everything about you I need to know. You know, I think I used too many 'know's in here already. ;) Sorry 'bout that.

Sigh, oh I wish I could hear your alluring voice right now, lulling me into a web of laziness, I never intend to wake up again. I imagine your black eyes looking at me, burning with a passion, and I shudder inside, longing for you. I can't wait to feel your arms wrapped around me, holding me safe. Rest assured, that you won't have to wait much longer either.

Yours Forever,

Secret Admirer ^.^~"

Snape's fingers twitched spasmodically, his mouth slightly open, horror plain evident in his eyes. "Sweet Merlin. Why me?"

~+#+#+~

Nymphadora Tonks lay on her bed in her cool chamber at Hogwarts, pulling blossoms out of silk flowers. "He loves me, he loves me more, he loves me, he loves me even

more, he loves me ..." It was plain to see that she was very confident.