

The Kissing Bandit

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Voldemort was dead. And, amazingly, Severus Snape wasn't.

Instead, Snape sat off in the corner at a table by himself as the celebration raged in front of him. He hadn't expected to live through this war. He hadn't made plans. He had no more goals. He had no idea what he should do with himself now, so he drank. Glass after glass after glass found its way from his hand to his lips, then to the table drained of their contents.

The more he drank, the less the future bothered him. By the time he'd polished off his sixth glass of firewhisky, he couldn't even remember what he'd been so worried about. He had plenty of time to figure out what to do later. For now, everyone around him seemed to be having a good time, and on closer inspection, several of the ladies out there dancing were looking very beautiful.

Extremely beautiful, he thought as he snatched another drink off the tray that just happened to be floating past him again. He was available, he was redeemed, and he was randy. Time to bless these ladies with his presence. He downed the drink. A single sober thought fought its way through the fog surrounding his brain. It might be better if the women didn't know who he was until after he'd had a chance to work his particular brand of magic.

Smirking at his cleverness, he transfigured his napkin into a glossy black mask. It reminded him of that sword fighter guy his mother had oohed and aahed over on the television. What was that guy's name again? Zina? Zero? Zorro, that was it. His smirk grew. He was definitely clever. Women had swooned all over that guy. Ego boosted, he fitted the mask firmly on his face and tried his best to swagger on his way to the dance floor.

The first woman to cross his path was Minerva. Her eyes shined in the candlelight and she giggled a little as he neared.

"Oh, dear me. Now there's a masked man I could respect in the morning," she slurred.

Severus grabbed her around the waist and dipped her low.

"How right you are," he drawled before pressing his lips to hers. Her lips felt dry and wrinkled. Not exactly what he'd had in mind. He lifted her to an upright position, drew back, and bowed. "Enjoy your evening, m'lady."

He moved on to the next woman. He wrapped his arm around Madam Hooch and spun her around to face him, then moved in for the kill. Immediately, her tongue forced its way into his mouth, wiggling around. He pulled back sharply and wiped away a copious amount of spittle from his lips with the back of his hand. Ugh most definitely not, he thought as he turned and tried again with Septima.

Septima's lips were firm and soft, and the kiss was slow and tender. It definitely had potential, he decided. But they were also slick with gloss, which was probably now all

over his mouth as well, and that thought Avada'd any possibility for a spark. He'd keep looking, but keep her in mind as a Plan B.

The next closest woman was Molly. He took one step, then stopped. Maybe not. Arthur was sure to be hurt if he tried to snog her, and after the stomping she gave Bella, crossing Molly probably wasn't the wisest idea either. Hmmm, guess that meant no snogging Ginevra, either. A loss to be sure, on both counts especially Molly as producing that many offspring was sure to provide plentiful opportunities for perfecting technique still, there were many more mermaids in the sea, so to speak.

Working his way through the room, Snape snogged every available unmarried witch, within reason, of course. Even drunk he drew the line where Sybill was concerned. By the time he reached the other side of the dance floor, he had made his way through Pomona, Alicia Spinnet, Penelope Clearwater, Hannah Abbott, Daphne Greengrass, Lavender Brown, Katie Bell, Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, Irma, Cho Chang, the new Muggle Studies professor, Gretchen, and several of the younger men's dates. Yet, something was missing with each one of them. No one as of yet had made him feel that spark, that jolt of lust that made him want to shag her into next week. It was starting to get a bit depressing, to be honest.

Looking around the Great Hall, he spotted only three available women left Gabrielle Delacour, Luna Lovegood, and Hermione Granger. Snogging the young Delacour girl probably wouldn't be very wise, given that she was the younger sister of Fleur Weasley and the date of Draco Malfoy. It would probably be the one and only way to get the Weasleys and the Malfoys fighting side by side with equal passion and conviction. Entertaining to say the least, but only if he wasn't their intended victim.

Damn. He was thinking much too clearly, which meant he was much too sober.

He located a floating tray, grabbed two more glasses of firewhisky and pounded them one after the other. A few moments later, his chest still burning, he happily succumbed to the floating, haze-filled sensation once again.

Much better.

So, no to Gabrielle Delacour. Okay that left Luna Lovegood and Hermione Granger. The Lovegood girl was odd, quirky, and prone to awkward outbursts. He could just imagine her ordering him to stop in the middle of a shag because she thought she's seen a purple, spotted, owl-eyed nargle or some such nonsense. Granger, on the other hand, was smart, perhaps a little too smart for her own good, but smart nonetheless. She was also bossy, but then again that could mean that she just knew what she wanted and made it happen. She was a fierce warrior, powerful, and strong in her convictions. Oh, yes! She could have spark!

Scooping yet another glass off a passing tray, he drained it and set it on the nearest table. He checked that his mask was still firmly in place, then attempted to focus his eyes on his new goal. She was standing several feet away, near the punchbowl next to Draco and Lucius Malfoy, talking with the Delacour girl and Potter. As if she could feel his eyes on her, she suddenly looked in his direction and smiled, then turned back to rejoin the conversation. To Snape's drunken mind, that smile was tantamount to hollering, "Come and get me, big boy."

Assured of his welcome the girl could throw a wicked hex after all he crossed the floor. As he had done to so many others this evening, he grabbed her about the waist and looked down at her.

"Saving the best for last?" she purred, a sexy smirk adorning her face.

Inside his trousers, a certain attribute rose to place its vote in agreement.

"I certainly intend to find out," he drawled before crashing his lips to hers. Her lips were soft and full and just as demanding as his own. His heart beat a little faster. She ran the tip of her tongue across his lip, then nipped his bottom lip with her teeth; but, just as he was preparing to return the favor, the little nymph ended the kiss and stepped back.

The bulge in his trousers was straining against the buttons as if trying to burst through and reach the girl. He couldn't help but agree. The girl definitely had spark! She'd ended the kiss, though. Feeling dejected, he tried to save face and walk away, only to find the young woman's arms holding him firmly in place.

"Oh, no you don't," Hermione said, pulling him back against her. She pressed the full length of her body against his, making it very clear that she could feel his eagerness. "You made me wait all night for you to make your way over here, snogging every available witch as you did so," she scowled.

Snape had no idea where her conversation was headed, but he certainly did not enjoy being scolded like an adolescent while Lucius watched on smirking.

"Perhaps we can take this conversation somewhere a bit more private," he suggested.

The young woman smirked again.

"I believe that would be wise. I doubt you would want to receive your punishment so publicly."

"Punishment?" he said incredulously.

The young woman holding him nodded gravely.

"Oh, yes. You have been VERY naughty tonight, stealing kisses from all those other witches! And, of course, the only true reward for naughtiness, is a very hard, very thorough spanking!"

Without another word he swept Hermione up into his arms and headed for the dungeons, completely ignoring Lucius' laughter that floated after them.

He barely heard Lucius' call of, "I'll expect a full report in the morning, ol' friend."

But when Hermione hollered back, "Not a chance, Lucius. He's going to be tied up for a while," Severus broke out into a run.

A/N: A special thank you to Ravine for her wonderful beta skills. *big hugs* Also a huge thanks to GeminiScorp for providing the prompt and begging me to post this. The prompt Severus Snape, a mask and kissing spree.