

# Not Going to Portus Club

*by notsosaintly*

She can't go to Portus, so why not indulge herself? Warning: mango margaritas abound.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 11*

She can't go to Portus, so why not indulge herself? Warning: mango margaritas abound.

Disclaimer: Recognizable HP characters belong to JKR. Notsosaintly is me. This is not a Mary-Sue. It is an author insertion. I belong to no one (except Severus and Lucius).

Author's Note: This was started as a drabble run on Potter\_Place. I was feeling lonely because nearly all my admins (except one) have gone or will be going to Portus. Drabbles were exchanged. Each of us will be posting our set of drabbles (or single drabbles) under the same title. Read all together, you'll get the complete picture. Hope you enjoy!

Hugs and margaritas go to Pearle for the lovely icon.

This story begins with Notsosaintly panicking because her admins have left and she has no idea how she'll keep up with all the work....



~ One ~

Severus places a mango margarita in front of Notsosaintly with a dry, slightly disgusted expression, not letting go of the glass stem just yet.

"You will NOT panic. Have I made myself clear?" he intones as Notsosaintly nods rather dumbly, looking longingly at the margarita.

"Yes, sir," she says weakly.

"I said, have I made myself clear?" he repeats militarily, snapping her to attention.

"Yes, SIR!" Notsosaintly answers more convincingly this time. (She hides her feelings well; it's merely the lure of the margarita.)

Severus relinquishes his hold of the glass, and Notsosaintly grabs it, licks the sugar from around the entire rim (to Severus' consternation), and drains the margarita in one, long draught, moaning with satisfaction the entire time. (They don't make them large enough in her opinion.)

Setting the glass down with a sigh, she looks up at Severus with batting eyelashes and says:

"Thank you, sir. May I have another?"

## Two

*Chapter 2 of 11*

The master of margaritas is very obliging.



~ Two ~

Severus pours the tequila into the blender with one eye directed at Notsosaintly.

"How many more of these do you plan on having?" he asks archly.

"However many it takes. That is, if you feel you're up for the task," she replies casually, running a finger around the rim of the drained glass, making sure none of the sugar has been missed.

The blender comes to an abrupt stop.

"Hey!" she shouts indignantly.

Two long strides has him towering over her threateningly (or at least in effect; he doesn't threaten her much at all). His fingers curl around the glass she still possessively holds onto and accidentally brush against hers. She stills and looks up into his dark, maddening eyes and relinquishes her hold, albeit reluctantly.

With a "Hmph," he takes the glass to the sink. Expectancy follows in the wake of his retreating billowing robes. Washed and dried, the glass is brought to the plate which holds the crystallized sugar.

"Do you want another?" he growls, making her quiver in anticipation.

She nods and says, "Yes, please."

The high arch of his left eyebrow has her modifying her response slightly, eager to get her lips on another delicious margarita.

"Yes, master," she obeys, "I'll have another."

## Three

*Chapter 3 of 11*

Could there be some competition for Severus' attention?



~ Three ~

The door to the bar swings open and another woman enters, sliding onto a barstool. Notsosaintly notices the amount of cleavage the woman is conspicuously sharing with *her* bartender and looks down at her own scoop-necked baby-doll tee, checking to see if she leans forward—just so—an equal or greater amount of cleavage might be revealed. Satisfied, she drains the last swallow of her margarita and walks to the bar with her empty glass.

Notsosaintly slides onto the barstool next to the new arrival and recognizes the drink sat in front of the woman as something called a "Tie Me to the Bedpost". She glares at Severus and leans across the bar, purposefully, to hand him her empty glass.

He glares back, though he removes the glass from her hand, slowly dragging his fingers across hers suggestively. She doesn't move, allowing the contact, the low neck of her tee inviting his gaze to caress the perfectly supported and fluffed breasts which now heave slightly in anticipation.

Slowly, his eyes move up to meet hers, and the darkness is maddened by something even more intensely feral than before.

The glass gone from her fingers, she sees only one way for this to continue, and she says, "Thank you, master, may I have another?" as he starts the blender without breaking eye contact.

~ [with nods to peppermint](#)

# Four

Chapter 4 of 11

Strawberry Seduction



~ Four ~

Sipping her margarita, a little slower this time (the first two were rather tipsy-making; Severus definitely knew how to use his tequila), Notsosaintly notices the buxom woman sitting next to her toss her ringing mobile (what song was that, *I'd Do Anything For Love?*) out the window and nod in greeting. Notsosaintly smiles shyly, but she doubts the other woman notices as she makes no attempt to start a conversation. Well, with her at any rate.

The mobile-free woman does catch Severus' attention and asks where Remus is. Perhaps her interests don't lie only with the tall, dark, margarita-mixing god behind the counter. Her question produces a shrug from said god, and a plate of strawberries and sugar magically appears between them.

Notsosaintly plucks the largest strawberry from the top and wraps her lips around its dark red flesh, pulling back as her teeth sink in. Red juice trickles from her bottom lip as she savors the sweetness of the fruit, and her eyes fall shut in sheer fruity bliss.

Behind the counter, Severus struggles to answer the woman's question, though "He's—ah—not here at the—*(groan)*—moment," doesn't seem to satisfy her one bit.

~ [with nods to peppermint](#)

# Five

Chapter 5 of 11

Competition abounds, but doesn't worry Notsosaintly too much.



~ Five ~

The temperature increases about ten degrees as a woman in a red dress and to-die-for heels walks through the door. Notsosaintly begins to feel slightly underdressed, but knows that Severus prefers undressed to any kind of dress at all, and she plans on being that way by the end of the night.

The woman in red makes a very dreamy picture indeed, and Notsosaintly's roving eye is noticed by Severus, who takes the woman's rather suggestive order for 'Sex on the Beach'. He nods at the woman and then quirks an eyebrow at Notsosaintly, who merely widens her eyes at him and hastily takes another sip of her dwindling margarita.

Before placing the woman's fruity drink on the bar, which Notsosaintly eyes with some envy (not having known a world outside of mango margaritas), Severus scrawls a quick note on the back of a blank receipt and places it under her drink. Both Severus and Notsosaintly glance at each other when the woman slips the note into her handbag and smirk.

Notsosaintly drains the remainder of the mango sludge from the bottom of her glass and puts her hand over the top as Severus reaches for it.

"You know what, Severus? I think I'll try Sex on the Beach this time," she says, winking. This is going to turn out to be *very* good night.

~ [with nods to Dreamy Dragon](#)

# Six

Chapter 6 of 11

Enter Lucius, Notsosaintly's weakness.



~ Six ~

Severus knows that Notsosaintly has only one weakness (besides him, of course). Whether he planned this or not, she is not sure, but a few minutes later, the very thing that makes her melt into a puddle of shameless lust, Lucius Malfoy, walks in the door. Granted, he has a striking doe-eyed beauty hanging off his arm, and Notsosaintly wonders if she hasn't a bit of faerie blood in her veins. If so, things could only get more interesting tonight.

The couple seats themselves (looking quite cozy) in one of the more private back booths, and Severus is summoned to their table.

"If I'm not back in five minutes, come join us," he whispers in Notsosaintly's ear as he spells her drink to refill itself. His thoughtfulness truly is endearing, she thinks as he grabs a bottle of wine and two glasses and emerges from behind the bar. On queue, Remus enters from a back doorway, filling Severus' abandoned position behind the bar.

Severus' arse is the main attraction for many, if not all (the mobile-tossing woman seems to have eyes only for Remus at the moment), of the women in the bar as he strolls to Lucius' table. Not five seconds later, he summons a glass for himself, and Notsosaintly looks at her watch, knowing that in five minutes she'll be sitting next to Lucius (Severus won't mind; he never does). Never mind the exquisite creature sitting beside him; her personality is sure to match her looks, and Notsosaintly looks forward to finding out.

[~ with nods to silverdoe](#)

## Seven

*Chapter 7 of 11*

Being two places at once can be fun.



~ Seven ~

Lucius is gracious enough to move over to give Notsosaintly enough room to sit down. One of his hands finds its way onto her thigh and grips it in greeting. Notsosaintly notices that his other hand is similarly—even more so—busy on the other side, and his date winks at her knowingly. The men's conversation continues as though there weren't any disruption.

"So who did you find to replace you at Portus?" Severus draws, reclining backward as he sips his wine.

Lucius replies, "My dear old mother-in-law, that randy hen, Druella. She claimed to have forgotten what it was like to feel young. I suppose the whole dangly bits thing was a bit of a draw as well...."

Severus chuckles, and Notsosaintly nearly spits her Sex on the Beach onto the table, but classily manages to let it go up her nose instead.

"I convinced Argus to go for me," admits Severus, which produces hearty laughter from both Lucius and his date. Severus twists in his seat and shouts, "Remus!"

Remus looks up from mixing another Tie Me to the Bedpost for the woman in front of him and shouts back, "Hagrid!"

The table of four and the bartender dissolve in laughter, and Lucius reaches over the table to clap his friend on the shoulder.

"Well done on finishing the Polyjuice Potion in time, my friend."

"Anytime," Severus says and slips a foot up Notsosaintly's inner leg from the other side of the booth. "This is *definitely* more entertaining."

~ cheers to rdholmantx, who *attempted* to claim Lucius and Severus were at Portus; but we know better, right?

## Eight

*Chapter 8 of 11*

Lucius, sitting next to Lucius, Lucius' hand on her thigh...



~ Eight ~

The little minx on the other side of Lucius draws Notsosaintly into conversation, and whilst talk between the women falls to things like clothing—her silken silver dream of a dress was indeed faerie-made—and good reading, the talk between the men travels from old acquaintances to the various women currently occupying the establishment.

Lucius' hands have free reign over the two women on either side. One hand curves around the silver-clad body of the woman on his right, caressing her ribcage and occasionally slipping beneath the diaphanous folds of her garment where only the two of them know what magic his hands are performing. Notsosaintly's long, flowing skirt hides exactly what Lucius' other hand is doing to her leg, but her leg has moved flush against Lucius' and their ankles are attempting to snake around each other. Between words with Severus, Lucius kisses first the silver beauty, delicately as befitting her demeanor, then turns to Notsosaintly and devours her mouth roughly, knowing from past

experience exactly how she likes it.

The wine bottle is finished, and Severus, with half-lidded eyes after watching the scene before him play out, groans and stands—adjusting his tight-fitting trousers while he is faced away from the crowd—and claims he should get back to helping Remus but will be back later to join in on the fun.

Notsosaintly mumbles protests that segue into quiet moans of pleasure, and her eyes follow Severus, who walks toward the door to the beer garden. Before he exits, a “just you wait” look burns in Notsosaintly’s direction.

Severus’ look—or maybe it is Lucius’ roving hand—sends thrills throughout her body.

~ a quick nod to Camillo, for sending Severus out to her in the beer garden

## Nine

Chapter 9 of 11

A Lucius sandwich sounds nice.



~ Nine ~

The heat in the back booth grows to unconscionable levels, yet it occurs to the three people occupying it (the same ones creating said heat) that the place is so crowded now no one is noticing. Lucius’ hand soothes the trembling thighs of Notsosaintly on his left as his mouth busily soothes the silver beauty on his right. Both women’s chests heave as the god in between them increases their heartrate and their desire.

Maybe it’s a devil-may-care attitude, or perhaps it’s the fact that no one seems to be paying any attention to the trio at the back of the room—whatever it is loosens Notsosaintly’s resolve. She twists her body and runs her hands across the broad expanse of Lucius’ chest. White silk shirt, black pearl buttons, a pair of tight little peaks beneath that cause their owner to moan when smoothed and tweaked.

Since it’s already difficult to keep his mouth focused on it’s current activity, Notsosaintly grows bold and her left hand travels down his chest, over his abdomen, and caresses over the incredible (prior experience reminds her) length, now hard and wanting, straining against his trousers. His hips push upward against her palm, and he whimpers into the kisses he is bestowing upon the other woman.

Silver reflects in the eyes of the woman being held and kissed by Lucius, and her gaze lingers on what Notsosaintly’s hands are doing, at Lucius’ hips thrusting, and when her eyes travel up to meet Notsosaintly’s, they glow with pure lust. Feeling generous, Notsosaintly nudges Lucius’s left hand free from her skirts and guides toward the other woman, who looks like she needs it more.

Lucius groans with disappointment as Notsosaintly removes her hand from his bulging trousers, and she leaves the two love-birds to finish together. In any case, she notices Severus come back inside—with a lit cigarette, no less. She means to go and chide him for it, but a very interesting—and well-shod—woman with a love of tea, it seems, is already doing that for her.

~ [with nods to sunny33](#)

## Ten

Chapter 10 of 11

Working the bar, and Remus looks *hungry*.



~ Ten ~

Sliding up to Severus, Notsosaintly whispers in his ear, “You left me alone with Lucius. I thought you liked ~~to~~ watch.”

“You were hardly *alone*, wench,” he bites back—literally, on the tender side of her neck. “And ~~to~~ so love to watch you being pleased, but I do have a duty to the other patrons of this establishment.”

“I will have your undivided attention later, right?” she purrs, hinting that she expects pleasure *from him* before the night is through.

“You will unequivocally have my undivided attention later, of that you shall not worry.”

Notsosaintly grins and glances around the room. George and Fred enter and flank the buxom woman at the bar where Remus is still blending cocktails. The werewolf is looking rather flummoxed—no, more like *hungry* but unsure where he is going to strike first. His decision seemingly made, he approaches the woman with the cup of tea in

her hand, probably the only person *not* inebriated at the moment. He growls something Notsosaintly can't hear, and she sees Severus go off with the pair toward the private rooms.

She wonders if he'll be watching or participating. No matter his choice, she'll be told every sordid detail later as he pleasures her the only way Severus Snape can.

~ with a nod to both [peppermint](#) and [sunny33](#)

# Eleven

*Chapter 11 of 11*

Finally alone ... but with a surprise.



~ Eleven ~

Later that night, after tables were cleared and patrons gone, Notsosaintly sidles up against Severus. His arm wraps around her back, his hand slowly caressing her hip.

"I hope you're not too tired," she purrs as she glances up into his burning eyes.

"Never. Not for you," he says before bending to capture her lips with his.

She's been waiting for this all night. Playing with Lucius, flirting with the twins—there were a couple of other wizards who had approached her, oh, and one witch actually—but nothing was better than snogging Severus.

He pulls back from this cursory kiss and looks at Notsosaintly, who is bright eyed with lust after being chased all night and watching Severus interact with several admiring witches. She smiles.

"What are you smiling about, wench?" he asks, nipping her nose, her chin, her lips.

"I'm smiling," she answers, shuddering as he nips the lobe of her ear, "because/ am the one who will be enjoying what every woman here tonight was admiring."

"Is that right?" Severus pulls back and with a single finger snags the neckline of her shirt and peers down at Notsosaintly's wares.

"That's right," she answers as she cups his balls and squeezes, playing with the toys which she knows are ~~hers~~.

"Well, what would you say if I told you I had a surprise?" His eyes close as her hand glides over a rather sensitive area.

"I'd say bring it on," she says, knowing Severus' surprises never disappoint.

At that moment, the door opens and Lucius walks in, his date conspicuously absent. Severus quirks an eyebrow questioningly at his friend, and Lucius answers without being prompted, "Wore the witch out. It's only me, I'm afraid."

Notsosaintly hugs Severus tightly and kisses him voraciously. "Thank you thank you thank you!" she says between kisses he returns with equal fervor.

"I'm happy you're pleased," he replies as Lucius comes up behind Notsosaintly and presses her in between his body and Severus'. Notsosaintly looks up as Lucius and Severus share an equally heated kiss over the top of her head and feels as though she's about to faint.

"*Very* pleased," she murmurs as both bodies harden against her.

Silently, she amends to herself: nothing is better than snogging Severus *AND* Lucius.

~ fin