

# Pink and Black

*by kereia*

An unusual couple's take on domesticity.

## N/A

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Author's Notes:** This was written for [smutty claus](#) (2007).

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### **Pink and Black**

She knew it was stupid to get upset about the scarf, but she'd laboured for hours with the intricate pattern, knitting, unravelling and re-knitting whenever she had found a mistake. She'd wanted to make sure that it was perfect when she gave it to him.

And now, it was finished and laid out over the armrest of the sofa in all its pink glory, and Tonks wanted to cry. When she'd stashed it away last night there had still been several inches missing. She'd hidden it beneath the pillows as she always did when her eyes became too tired after a long day at the Ministry spent rushing to Order meetings and performing official duties.

Despite her determination to stay awake until Severus returned, she had fallen asleep before the church bell had tolled out the first morning hour.

Her slumber had been quiet and peaceful: the cozy warmth of the fireplace's fading embers pulling her into dreamless rest, which had only been disturbed when his weight had descended next to her. She had risen, still drowsy, to the taste of his lips on hers, to his scent on her breath, and his warmth against her body.

With a contented moan she had threaded her fingers through his long, black hair and slanted her mouth against his. She'd pulled him closer, her eyes still closed as she had revelled in the welcome heat he had augmented within her.

His hands had stolen beneath her nightshirt; long, cool fingers tracing the lines of her abdomen, upwards across her stomach, along the soft expanse of warm flesh to the scar below her rib cage. His thumb had brushed idly along this battle souvenir as his tongue darted between her parted lips to explore her mouth.

When his fingers had abandoned her body to divest her of her garments and the blankets encompassing her, her own hands had begun to tear at the fastenings of his cloak. The loops and knots had resisted her fingers' efforts, and with a frustrated groan Tonks had opened her eyes and pushed Severus onto his back.

He had looked at her from the shadows thrown by the curtains of their four-poster bed, eyes sparkling with amusement, the barest hint of a sardonic smile on his face. But when he had opened his mouth to tease her, she'd kissed him fiercely, staying his, no doubt, sarcastic remark.

Straddling his hips, she'd gained more freedom for her hands to undress him, and soon she had pressed her heated skin against his pale, sharp-angled body. His fingertips had run along the curve of her spine as her mouth had trailed an intricate path along his collarbone down to his chest. Her tongue had brushed across the small, taunt nipples, eliciting a hiss of pleasure from his mouth.

When his hands had cupped her butt and pulled her centre against his erect cock, she'd fastened her mouth around one of the small peaks and had suckled the hard flesh,

mirroring the undulating motion of her hips against his. Her hands had reached between them, and she'd gently grasped his cock to guide him inside of her.

Her head thrown back, she'd felt him enter her, had angled her hips to take all of him, and he had risen to first kiss her throat then repay the attention she had earlier lavished on his chest. Once again her fingers had fisted in his hair as she rocked against him, feverishly pressing his mouth against her sweat-slicked skin. She had loved this: loved the feel of him around her, inside her, his breath harsh against her breasts.

Her breathing had stalled alongside his own when their bodies had crested, Severus following her over the edge into ecstasy, only to tumble from the waves to the calm, solid shore. Tonks had collapsed on top of him, her eyes closed, her body sated, and her mind losing her feeble fight to ward off sleep as his arms had closed around her.

At some point during the night he must have gotten up and found her unfinished needlework.

When she had first discovered that Severus Snape enjoyed knitting, she had been amused. It was not the sort of pastime in which she had pictured the Hogwarts' potions master to indulge. But he had not only explained to her that it was a relaxing occupation, especially contrasted with his work as a spy for the Order, but to her astonishment, he had even taken the trouble to teach her the basics when she'd expressed an interest.

This side of him had been one of the many surprises he had held in store for her once she had made the effort to look behind the cool, composed, and uninviting facade of the potions professor.

Tonks knew him well enough by now to understand why he had finished knitting the scarf. His compulsive strife for perfection had driven her up the wall on numerous occasions, but she couldn't help the disappointed rancour she felt when she looked at what had been supposed to be a surprise present.

With a sigh, she resolved to hide her next endeavour in a less easily accessible place and contemplated how she could discourage Severus from interfering with her plans again.

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It was already late at night when she returned from her latest excursion for the Order. The house was dark and deserted.

With a heavy groan, she wrenched her cloak off her shoulders and dropped it on the floor. Her muscles were aching, and she looked forward to taking a long, hot bath to alleviate her discomfort.

Adding copious amount of pink bubbles to the rapidly rising water, she flicked her wand, lighting the room in the soft glow of floating candlelight, and descended into the spacious tub.

She reclined, her hand sweeping idly through the foam, when she heard the bathroom door open.

Severus Snape stood in the doorway looking down at her with raised eyebrows.

"You just got back as well, I take it."

Maybe she was more upset about the scarf than she'd liked to admit, but his flat greeting rankled her.

"Well, hello there. It's good to see you, too," she replied, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Severus' eyes narrowed, and immediately she felt foolish. She hated that look. It made her feel like a school girl again, back when she had only known him as a vile, petty teacher who liked to make everyone's life as miserable as his own. It had taken her a long time to understand that, while her first assessment of him had not been entirely inaccurate, there was a lot more to this intensely private man than what he allowed the rest of the world to see.

He shifted in the door, clearly uncomfortable with her sullen mood. "I'll make diner." He started to turn away. "If you're hungry, feel free to join me."

"Sure," she mumbled in a noncommittal voice.

He hesitated, annoyance and concern warring on his features. Then, with a resolved expression, he approached, crouched down beside the bathtub and kissed her.

Tonks acquiesced to him for the space of a heartbeat and then tried to push him back, still a little upset. He resisted, and instinctively, childishly she hit the water's surface as hard as she could. Liquid and pink, strawberry-scented foam splashed upwards into their faces, and Severus jerked back in surprise.

Tonks stared at him, hair and cheeks dripping wet, a crest of foam floating onto the tip of his nose.

Her lips twitched.

He glowered at her.

She burst out laughing, his scathing comment about her apparent lack of maturity lost in the hilarity of his appearance. She splashed him again.

He tried to ward off the small fountain of water, overbalanced, and fell on his butt. By the time he had risen to his feet again, Tonks was in stitches, her giddy laughter echoing off the dark green tiles.

For a moment Severus tried to keep his expression stern and disapproving, but before long he heaved a tragic sigh and resigned himself to her silliness. To Tonks' surprise he kicked off his shoes and disposed of his cloak before he joined her in the bathtub, his black robe eagerly soaking up the warm water.

Amidst her astonished sputtering he reached for the soap and shampoo and settled down in between her thighs, his back turned toward her.

"Ehm...you do realize that you're still fully dressed, right?" she ventured in between amused chuckles.

"The robe needs to be washed anyway." The comment was rendered in a deadpan tone of voice as he opened the tabs again and bent forward to run water over his stringy hair.

"So washing your robe while your bathing is your idea of multitasking?" she teased and arched backwards, her hand fishing for her wand which rested atop the linen cupboard.

"My ultimate goal was to pull you out of whatever...what's that extraordinarily eloquent term you like to use? Ah yes...'funk'... to pull you out of your funk." He sat up abruptly, water sloshing around him, drenched hair snapping back, causing a fine rain to descend on her face and chest just as she grasped her wand.

Tonks stilled.

"You were trying to cheer me up... by acting the fool?" she whispered, incredulous and touched at the same time.

Severus shrugged, his angular shoulders rising almost imperceptibly. There was a sudden cautious tension to his lithe body.

"You could say I felt whimsical," he said quietly.

Tonks stared in wonder. Severus Snape. Whimsical. Those terms were in such natural opposition to each other that she found the concept nearly impossible to grasp.

She sat up and wrapped her arms around the sodden robe still covering his body.

"And what exactly could cause the great, grouchy Severus Snape, Head of Slytherin House and scourge of Hogwarts' students, to feel such a capricious emotion?" she asked softly.

His body relaxed against hers. "I found your scarf," he said, evading the subject.

She swatted his shoulder, no longer upset. "You mean, you finished knitting my scarf."

"There were some irregularities in the pattern you tried to knit."

Tonks pulled away from him, leaned back and crossed her arms over her chest. When Severus twisted half-way around, he found himself on the receiving end of her accusing glare. A bemused smirk appeared on his features.

"I took the liberty of correcting your mistakes." He leaned towards her, his eyes never leaving hers. "Though it was a valiant first effort," he conceded.

"It was supposed to be a present for you," she huffed.

He seemed genuinely taken aback. "You were going to gift me a pink scarf?"

Tonks rolled her eyes in exaggerated perturbation. "I would have turned it black and silver before giving it to you. It was just a disguise in case you found it before I could finish it."

He blinked at her, his sharp features drawing into a frown. "So you were upset because I ruined your present?"

"I didn't really think you would touch anything pink with a ten foot pole."

He clenched his teeth, and she had the sudden impression that he was trying not to laugh.

She frowned.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing."

"Severus!"

The all too familiar, superior smirk resumed its accustomed position on his face.

"I was merely contemplating the incongruity of a naked woman who has shagged me true and good just last night claiming that I wouldn't touch anything pink with a te... phfft," he sputtered when the bathwater rose up to splash into his face. Tonks flicked her wand a second time, and his sodden robe disappeared, leaving him naked between her thighs.

"That was bad," she said, not even trying to hide her amusement. "Truly bad for a person of your wit and composure. Added to your offense of tempering with my knitting, I'd say you have quite a lot to make up for." She reached for the shampoo and heaped a generous amount of the pink liquid onto his head.

"First things first, though." She giggled and started to massage the semiliquid substance into his hair until it foamed and bubbled. Satisfied, she leaned back and regarded his facetiously scowling face. "There, now you look as if you fell into a bowl of strawberry cream. Pink suits you, you know. I think there's really no reason to change the scarf's colour."

"Then don't count on me wearing it," he grumbled.

"I could cast a Permanent Sticking Charm on it," she mused.

"Do you really think I wouldn't notice?"

Tonks smiled, threading her fingers into his pink hair, satisfied to see the charmed shampoo working its magic. He would probably throw a bit of a tantrum when he saw himself in the mirror, but the spell only lasted twenty-four hours, and, truth be told, she was looking forward to making it up to him.

"I could probably think of one or two ways to distract you." She smiled and pulled him down for a long kiss.

The End