

WizardSable

by Tevildo

Snape encounters a witch from another world, who introduces him to a new form of magic. (SS/OFC)

Lost in the Briars

Chapter 1 of 5

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Snape bit back another expletive as his cloak once again snagged on a bramble. Why had he ever thought this was a good idea? The *Ars Alchemica* article made it seem so civilized – the 1988 International Conference Of Wizards, “a unique opportunity for the acknowledged experts in all the fields which make up our noble discipline to pool their knowledge, share their research, learn from each other – and, of course, relax.” *Relax*. Snape pulled his boot from a hitherto-invisible puddle of mud, leaving a neat brown coating with a few artistically placed twigs and leaves adhering to it. The personal invitation had finally convinced him; it came from Professor Gontermann, a German wizard who even Snape respected for his innovative work with potions. Following fulsome praise for his monograph on the thirteenth use for dragon blood, Gontermann had requested him – in a suitably obsequious manner - to deliver a lecture on the subject. Indeed, that side of the Conference had gone well – it was only the “relaxation” that was an issue.

It had started with tea. The first sip at the cup of greyish liquid, apparently made with dust and lukewarm water, which he’d been offered on the first day had convinced him to change to coffee for the duration; more stimulating to the mind, perhaps, but also to the kidneys, and the Continental habit of starting the day with several cups of the stuff had not ameliorated the effect. Facilities at the castle were adequate, of course, but the choices for this morning’s activities had been a three-hour lecture entitled “Whither Geomancy? – A re-appraisal of historical Divination methods” by one Ferdinand Draper, an American wizard whose tedious and pettifogging approach to his subject formed a perfect counterbalance to Trelawney’s ramblings, or a healthful Herbological excursion through the surrounding forests, lead by Gontermann – the choice had seemed obvious just after breakfast, but half an hour of manful and determined striding through the woods was a strain too great for Snape’s bladder; he had to drop away from the party of wizards and find somewhere discreet and hidden from view...

He wasn’t lost, of course; he’d only stepped a few yards – well, a dozen or so – away from the path, and he could always levitate himself above the treetops to relocate the party; but that would be a confession of weakness which would require embarrassing explanations. He could hear Gontermann’s voice already - “Sie haben Sie sich verloren, Herr Schnar-pay?” - to the barely-suppressed giggles of the others. No, the path was just ahead of him, a quick jog to catch them up, none of them would notice his absence. His way was momentarily blocked by a small stream – little more than a ditch, really, although its water seemed unusually clear – but a half-stride, half-jump took him over it, at the expense of nothing worse than some mud on his knees to match that on his boots. A sudden gust of wind disturbed the leaves around him for a second, then all was quiet once more.

Snape’s nostrils twitched, a familiar scent becoming apparent above the pervading wet vegetation. Smoke from a wood fire, with the unmistakeable overtones of borage and hellebore; someone was preparing a potion, out here in the forest. He raised his eyebrows in puzzlement. This hadn’t been on the agenda for Gontermann’s excursion,

and none of the party had been carrying any equipment; and, besides, none but the most eccentric wizards would brew a potion in the open air, subject to uncertain draughts, moisture, and contamination, when a fully-equipped laboratory was at their disposal. Not a conferee, then – a local wizard? Snape inhaled deeply, turning his head in the direction of the breeze. *Anucaudax castrum*? He'd not smelt that for twenty years, not since Slughorn had gone through his collection of obsolete ingredients. The fungus had been considered extinct for decades; there was another source of it now? He had to investigate. Following his nose – he smiled to himself as the old adage, so *amusingly* and *originally* applied to him by generations of teachers and students, proved literally true for once – he set off in the direction of the fire, the first draft of his triumphant second lecture already running through his mind.

The trees thinned out, the pines giving way to beeches, more sunlight filtering through their branches. The thin column of bluish smoke became clearly visible ahead, as Snape quickened his footsteps towards it. There was a flash of red and a rustle of wings from the trees above him; his eyes caught the bird – it was a bird? – as it flew forwards into a wide clearing. Snape stepped cautiously into the open. Before him was a tent, thin black leather stretched on green branches – the expected cauldron was suspended over the expected fire, partially hidden from his view by a tall, cloaked figure, its back turned towards him. Around its head was a fluttering of wings and a raucous squawking – it span round to gaze at the intruder. Two simultaneous gasps of amazement escaped into the air, as the two magicians stared at each other in disbelief.

Author's Note. Some may recognize the title of Prof Draper's lecture from the works of Terry Pratchett. Our contributions to each other's work are now equal. :)

Strange Meeting

Chapter 2 of 5

Snape encounters a witch from another world, who introduces him to a new form of magic. (SS/OFC)

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Enormous thanks to Tarah_Fae for her help and encouragement in the development of this story.

Hazel's mouth stayed open, her eyes riveted to the apparition. It – *he* – was walking towards her, his boots leaving prints in the grass; not a vision, not an illusion, but something real and solid. She knew the legends, the traveller's tales, the ancient tomb paintings – she'd seen the showman's fakes, a pig's head with the ears cut off and the snout turned inside-out - but there was one standing before her now, walking upright, fully clothed, and – her professional instincts took over – decidedly attractive. Arenoth had hidden behind her cloak – she smiled down at her familiar, and extended an arm towards her visitor.

"Hazel El-Panni, witch, at your service. Forgive me, I wasn't expecting company out here."

Snape came forward to meet the witch, and took her hand, trying not to look down at it too closely, although he couldn't help counting her fingers – only two?

"Severus Snape, Potions master. I take it you are not attending the conference?"

Of course she wasn't. An Animagus who could hold the transformation half-way would be famous throughout the wizarding world, and as for brewing a potion at the same time - impossible. But what else could he say?

"Conference? I - I'm afraid not." Hazel could feel the undoubted power of the man through her fingers – not only was he human, he was a practitioner of the magical arts! Her mind raced at the word – conferences were for priests, politicians, the respectable. How could he be part of that world and still have and use The Gift?

"No matter. I see – or, rather, I smell," Snape forced a smile, "that your potion employs..." He gasped again, seeing a dragon – a tiny dragon, no more than two feet long, but a dragon nevertheless - perch itself on the *thing's* horns. He recoiled. "What is that?"

Hazel followed his gaze. "Arenoth? He's my familiar." She took a deep breath. "You have one yourself?"

Snape shook his head, his eyes still fixed on the dragon. "A familiar? No – but *he* is a dragon? I have never heard of one being tamed, let alone..." A hiss from the fire distracted them. Hazel turned back to the cauldron, with a quick "Excuse me," and began to stir.

Snape closed his eyes for a long second, but the scene was unchanged when he opened them. He concentrated on the cauldron, something he could believe in. Hazel was using a plain white rowan rod, bringing the spiral pattern formed by the two components of the mixture back into perfect alignment – he nodded in approval, noticing the witch counting the revolutions under her breath. From the turmoil of his mind came an unexpected thought – "Does she count in base six?" He sighed, and finally let himself take in the details of the creature standing in front of him.

It was around six feet tall, and human in shape, although its head – he thought carefully – a deer of some sort, perhaps an antelope? However, the two horns that curled up from it reminded him more of a bison, and the face showed all the marks of intelligence and concentration that a careful brewing required. It wore a loose, olive-green tunic under its cloak – its visible skin was covered in fine fur, golden-brown, black, and white. Instead of feet, it had the cloven hooves of the *Artiodactyla*, its lower legs encased in shiny black leather. It was undeniably female; the smooth curves of her HUGE TITTIES were clearly visible under her tunic. Snape's eyes strayed back to them, exploring every contour of the fabric, the palpable bulges at the peak of the twin domes where her nipples peeked invitingly at him, her cleavage becoming more and more visible as her tunic melted away, his hands reaching up to squeeze them firmly, burying his head in that warm, soft valley of comfort, his tongue lapping...

Hazel looked up, and smiled at Snape's expression. "Don't stand too close downwind, or the fumes will get to you - if they've not already. I think you'd better sit down. Arenoth, fetch Severus something to drink." Hazel spread her cloak on the ground, well clear of the cauldron, and carefully lowered the trembling wizard on to it.

Snape's vision swam back into focus. "My... apologies. An aphrodisiac potion? I..."

Hazel chuckled, and spread out her arms. She declaimed in her deepest voice, "My Elixir of Dreams. He who drinks of this will depart for a short while into the world of his most exalted and spiritual desires, to commune with the gods and angels, to seek out the spring of the Muses and drink deeply thereof; or, indeed, enjoy the more earthly pleasures." She sprinkled a pinch of powder into the cauldron, and continued more prosaically, "Basic hallucinogens and mood-enhancers, nothing sophisticated. Are you feeling better now?"

Snape blushed a deep red. "Yes, madam, I was only affected for a moment. I must protest..." He was interrupted by a tug on his sleeve. The little dragon was holding up an earthenware beaker, containing a steaming, deep-brown liquid. Snape took a tentative sip, then a deep draught – proper tea, at last! His features relaxed into as close

an approximation to a natural smile as they could.

“Ahh, thank you so much. Now, Miss El-Panni –”

“Hazel, please.”

Snape nodded. “Now, Hazel, I have some questions. Shall we start with – What are you, where am I, and how did I get here?”

AN: Arenoth waves to you, dear reader, and holds up a small sign, with “DANGER – EXPOSITON!” written on it. Let us rejoin Hazel and Severus after they’ve finished this essential but unedifying process in the next chapter. :)

Hazel first appeared in a story of mine, entitled “WitchSable”, published on a long-defunct site. Hence the title of this particular fic.

Revelations

Chapter 3 of 5

Snape encounters a witch from another world, who introduces him to a new form of magic. (SS/OFC)

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Some hours had passed since Snape’s arrival, the sun casting longer shadows across the clearing. It was apparent that his crossing of the stream that morning had brought the wizards together. As Hazel had said, “That must be the nexus,” at which Arenoth had covered his ears with his wings for some unaccountable reason, “between the worlds, a weak spot in the conti...” she glanced at her familiar who shook his head, “the *fabric* of reality – so much magic in one place must have caused it to fail.”

Snape was confident of his safe return, having no desire to remain in Hazel’s world. In his, racial characteristics were limited to skin colour and minor facial characteristics – here, they took the form of intermediates between human and animal. Snape now understood why Hazel had been as surprised at his appearance as he had been at hers; he had been astounded when Hazel had said, smiling - “My mother was an antelope, and my father a wolf. I don’t know where I got the horns - my grandmother, or the milkman,” just as he would have said if asked about his nose. Humans were mythical creatures, dwelling off the edges of the maps – the legends described them as fat, filthy, bestial creatures, always naked, never washing, barely able to talk, emerging from their caves and trees only to rape, kill and eat unfortunate explorers who ventured into their forbidden territory.

Apart from the likelihood of his spending the rest of his days in a circus freak show, Snape also couldn’t face a wizarding life hawking his skills to Muggles (Hazel had started to laugh when he first used the word, but his glare had silenced her) who only wished to further their desires for love, money, and secrets. This was how Hazel lived; an itinerant apothecary and fortune-teller, setting up her booth in the dark alleys of the cities or, like today, deep in the woods, waiting for her “clients” to surreptitiously make their devious ways to it; she noted with a sigh, “So many ‘witches’ neglect their powers, or have none; they sell only their drugs and their bodies – but, things have always been so. To have a community, a respectable society, where you hold *conferences* – that, I cannot believe. All that magic together, and organized; have you never sought temporal power? To rule, rather than to hide?”

Snape shuddered, his fingers involuntarily moving to *that* spot on his left arm. “Some have. But – we... they failed. It is no longer spoken of, and, *Deo volente*, never will be again.”

Arenoth shook his head sadly, but neither wizard noticed him. He held up another cup of tea for Snape, who had sighed and almost allowed his fingers to pet the harekki’s ears, such was the intensity of his emotion.

Their conversation had moved into the tent as the afternoon drew on, where Snape had obtained some fruiting bodies of the fungus that had first aroused his interest, and had exchanged some mutually-interesting advice on potion brewing with Hazel – her technique for the preparation of aconite-based potions, in particular, was noted with special diligence, and had spent some time surveying her magical equipment.

Her tent’s enchantment was familiar to him; although only four or five feet across externally, inside it opened out into a reasonably large space, fitted out like any wizard’s chamber. Bunches of herbs, crystals, and mysterious talismans hung from the ceiling, a large oak table with legs carved into eldritch – Arenoth, who was apparently asleep on the table, opened one eye and fixed its reptilian pupil directly into Snape’s face – grotesque figures, stood in the centre of the space, carrying on it a crystal ball, Divination cards arranged in a neat and doubtless symbolic pattern, and the skull of some unfortunate horned creature. Some books – a very small collection by his standards, but still an adequate library – sat on the shelves which lined the walls, but most of the space was filled with a bewildering array of bottles, phials and boxes, containing the main stock of Hazel’s trade.

One thing intrigued him; a complicated construction of highly-polished leather straps with embedded studs, linked together by brass rings and buckles. He held it up, frowning curiously. “Hazel – what is this used for?”

Hazel took the apparatus from him, giving one of the rings a casual buff with her sleeve. “This is my harness. It enhances and directs the energy flow for the sexual rituals; and, of course, the clients find it very impressive.” She winked at him. “I don’t suppose *you* need one.”

Snape’s eyebrows shot up to the middle of his forehead. “Sexual rituals! What on earth are those?”

It was Hazel’s turn to be shocked. “Do you mean to say that your craft doesn’t employ the most powerful force in nature? That such a man as *you* are has never used his gifts? This is something else I need to teach you.”

AN: “Harekki” is Ursula K LeGuin’s name for the sort of creature Arenoth is, although players of AD&D may prefer the term “pseudo-dragon”.

Edification

Chapter 4 of 5

Snape encounters a witch from another world, who introduces him to a new form of magic. (SS/OFC)

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Thanks *again* to everyone who's encouraged me so much on this story!

Snape's anger was palpable, his voice barely coherent. "Teach me? Are you suggesting that we have carnal connexion? Miss El-Panni, my time here has been useful, and I certainly do not wish to appear ungrateful, but we have only known each other for a few hours, and I must say that I consider it entirely inappropriate for you to make such a proposition..."

Hazel silenced him with a growl. "Severus, I'm being serious. This is as vital a part of the craft as reading the crystal or accuracy in the schemata. It's essential to some of the most important spells; anything connected with fertility, the growth and increase of plants and animals, would be virtually useless without this energy. I insist that I, at least, tell you about the theory of the rituals; a practical demonstration isn't essential, if you feel so strongly about the issue."

They scowled at each other, arms folded. Snape's breathing slowed from its peak of rage, his eyes noticing just how effectively Hazel's arms framed her chest area... An unfamiliar word rose to the surface of his mind. "Schemata?"

"Gestures, postures, movements. The physical component of casting a spell." Hazel relaxed, and smiled a little. "Another subject that can be taught theoretically, but where practice is a far more effective method." Snape nodded, and allowed himself an inner smile. "Very true indeed. However, let us see how far theory can take us before we resort to anything drastic."

Hazel shook her head, but kept her pleased expression. "As you wish. First, we must decide on a spell one you're familiar with."

Snape searched his memory. There was such a spell, mentioned as "lost" or "ineffective" in the books; most fledgling wizards had tried it, but, at best, had only produced a small rosebush or one or two bean plants. He nodded. "I know of one. Let us continue."

Time passed. Snape, always a quick learner, had understood the basics of the technique, but shook his head in frustration, one aspect still eluding him. "Hazel, forgive me, but I still cannot visualise what you mean by 'the level of my arousal'. I have never been in the habit of analysing myself while I am," he coughed discreetly, "engaged in the act." Hazel said nothing, merely tilting her head to one side and smiling invitingly. Snape sighed. "It would appear although, this will be entirely for my edification, not my enjoyment that we must proceed to the practical aspects of the discipline."

A few minutes later, they were lying naked next to each other. Snape shivered apprehensively at the cool air on his skin and the damp grass at his back, his feelings more akin to his first day at McGonagall's Transfiguration class than to any romantic encounter. Hazel smiled across to him, admiring his body as if it were a marble sculpture rather than a living man - for the moment.

"That's good," she purred. "Now, remember the form of the ritual. First, relax, take complete control of your body, become at one with your environment, with the Nature that surrounds us now, our universal Mother..."

There was a brief retching sound from outside the tent. Hazel looked up, her face annoyed. "Arenoth, please. The traditional words are the most accurate, and this is a serious lesson for Severus. You're supposed to be keeping watch, not criticizing my language." The harreki removed his claw from his mouth, shrugged ostentatiously, and flew away out of sight.

"Anyway. You know what to do?"

Snape nodded, closing his eyes.

His first sensation was a light, warm touch against his right nipple, almost imperceptible. Hazel was breathing on it, her lips as close to his skin as possible without touching it. Snape let out a quiet noise of pleasure, almost a purr; then Hazel's lips were against his ear.

"Remember observe it, control it, don't get lost..." She returned her mouth to his chest, extending her tongue. The wetness of its tip traced smooth circles around the dark-brown, ribbed skin surrounding Snape's nipples, making them stiffen and tense. A quick glance confirmed the rest of his body was following. Hazel took a deep breath, and closed her lips firmly around one firm nub, suckling on it, lapping at it with the full width of her tongue. She ran her fingers slowly across his chest, their hoof tips cold and electrifying against his most sensitive nerve endings, tracing the line of his breastbone, working down inch by inch to find the smooth, barely visible hairs that surrounded his navel, lifting her hand so that only their extremities were touched.

She felt Snape moan with pleasure, and lifted her head. She whispered "Open your eyes, stay focussed." He did so, his chest heaving, but his breathing still slow and regular. Hazel ran her head down the full length of his body, stroking his skin with the velvet fur of her cheek, until it joined her gently-massaging fingertips at his groin. She stretched out her tongue. Snape shuddered in desire at the sight of it, far longer and more muscular than any woman's and curled it into a sheath, wrapping its length around his member, enveloping and caressing his arousal.

He whimpered, the blood pulsing wildly in his penis, but mentally held tight to his lust, keeping control as the witch had told him. Hazel took hold of his wrist, guiding his hand towards her body, resting it against her stomach; he let it stay there for a second, burying his fingers in her fur, then slid it downwards, slowly and carefully, passing through the coarsening pelt of her groin to probe and explore the sweet warmth between her thighs, the hot wetness of her vulva.

Hazel inhaled deeply as Snape's fingers touched her, the thrill of their pleasure spreading out into her whole body. "Yes, that's it. Use all of your senses sight, touch, smell, taste..."

"Taste?" gasped Snape. Hazel grinned, and, removing his hand from the centre of her arousal, ran one finger across his lips. His body shuddered, the aroma of her juices bringing his passion to a new height, while his mind fought with the struggling spell, keeping it tethered *bound* to his penis, dragged along like Hypatia behind her chariot, forced towards its mortal orgasm. One more word escaped his lips "Please?"

Hazel purred, deep and low within her body, and slid herself forward. Her lips opened to him, feeling every ridge and vein of his manhood as it entered her, probing and stretching her, its own wetness lost in the deep well of her sex. He bit his lip, hanging on to the cliff of release, his whole being suspended from a point tied to Hazel's vagina as it squeezed his cock, smooth as silk, and hot as a furnace. He started to thrust desperately against her, nearly losing control, nearly there, not able to hold on...

Hazel shouted "NOW!", pressing herself down onto Snape's penis, feeling it convulse and twitch against the firm grip of her cunt. With a moan that was just audible above the pounding of their hearts and bodies, Snape formed the word "*Floreat*", releasing the spell and his semen together.

A brilliant green light enveloped them, visible even through Snape's tightly-closed eyelids. The radiance expanded, its intensity diminishing to a barely perceptible haze in the air, then vanished with a brief, warm gust of wind.

What seemed like hours, but was, in fact Arenoth checked his stopwatch forty-seven seconds later, Snape gave a deep, contented sigh, and raised himself to his elbows. Hazel had dismounted, and was lying next to him, running her fingers gently over his head he took her into his arms, planting one tender kiss on each nipple, feeling the softness and warmth of her fur against his cheeks, listening to her heartbeat as it slowed and quietened. "Hazel that was..."

"Edifying?"

They both collapsed into laughter, Snape for the first time in many, many years. Recovering himself, he wiped the back of his hand across his brow. "The spell did it work?"

Hazel drew the flap of the tent aside, and looked round the clearing. "I see nothing but the spell didn't fail. As the source of your power is in your own world, that's probably where it took effect."

Snape nodded. "Ah, yes." There was a moment of silence. "Hazel, I..." He was unable to find the words he needed, but Hazel understood him her eyes twinkled. "Perhaps the time has come for me to make my way home."

She helped him to his feet, and gave him one last kiss in the centre of his forehead. "Farewell, Severus Snape until we meet again." Hazel watched until Snape had reached the edge of the clearing, and then shouted to him, "Severus!"

He turned back. "What is it?"

Hazel held up a greyish pair of pants. "Before you go I think you should put your clothes back on."

Epilogue

Chapter 5 of 5

Snape encounters a witch from another world, who introduces him to a new form of magic. (SS/OFC)

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Snape stepped onto the path, turning his head towards a din of footsteps. Gontermann was running towards him, his face flushed with excitement and exertion.

"Herr Schnar-pay! You must come – Ach, you have one yourself found?" He pointed at the mushroom in Snape's hand.

Gontermann practically dragged Snape along the path into a broad clearing. The ground was covered with thousands of the brown-and-white fungi, some even clinging to the lower parts of the trees, like the residue from a wave that had crashed onto a beach. Louise Middleton, an Herbologist from the DIMC, was dictating to her quill.

"This basidiomycete is undoubtedly a member of the *Anucaudax* genus, the first sample recorded since the loss of the last known living specimen of *A. castrum* in 1928. Unlike *A. castrum*, the characteristic striae on the basidiocarp are narrower and lighter in colour, samples ranging from – space for colour chart entry – no, don't put *that*, you ... Anyway. While a detailed assessment of the fungus' properties will require a further study, initial field results," she broke off to level an admonitory gaze at a wizard who was sitting against a tree-trunk, a broad, vacant grin on his face, "would seem to suggest that it shares *A. castrum*'s primary psychotropic component..."

Gontermann clapped his hand on Snape's shoulder. "An amazing discovery, no? Tomorrow, we will at the conference present a lecture; have you any additions?"

The corners of Snape's mouth twitched. "No, thank you, Professor. This is not my field of expertise, although today has been very informative. I will be sure to apply my new knowledge most diligently when I return to Hogwarts." As, indeed, with the assistance of Professor Sinistra, he did. :)

Author's Note: I believe all mycology terms are used correctly.