

Whatever Might Happen

by Southern_Witch_69

Severus decides to have a private moment. Someone barges in.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Heh, wrote this for voxangelus who gave me the following prompt:

Snape is caught wanking to his great mortification. Hot sex does NOT immediately insue. It may later.

This is the first time that I've been alone in my home for three months. After Potter defeated the Dark Lord, and I say defeated very lightly, he and his pesky friends came to retrieve what they thought to be my body in the Shrieking Shack. Apparently, the potion I'd devised worked, keeping my body alive until help could arrive. To make a long story short, I was brought to St. Mungo's and then to my home--and have had a fucking house-sitter since, be it Potter, Granger, one of the Weasleys, or Minerva.

But today, yes, I finally have my home to myself. How can a man attend to his more personal needs with someone always hovering about? Potter and the young Weasley girl have had some sort of row, and he's there trying to sort that out.

Quickly, I slide a hand under the hem of my nightshirt and move it beneath the waistband of my underpants. My flaccid prick becomes hard immediately, obviously having missed the touch of anything more than a soapy cloth. I smirk. Even bathing on my own, I couldn't indulge in this, being uncertain if anyone would walk in or hear me.

Damn pests! How dare they come into my home and demand to oversee every aspect of my recovery? And why would~~eh shit!~~ Yes, that feels fucking great.

Tightening my hand around my thick cock, I move a little more quickly, knowing it won't take long to find release. "Fuck yeah."

Faster. Closer. Faster.

"Unnh... fuck..."

Soon I'll be less tense, soon I'll have release, soon I'm going to come, and now...

"Potter!" I shout out as I come, horrified that he's walked in and is staring at me, mouth agape. "What are you doing here?" I ask angrily as I jerk down my nightshirt.

A small bag of takeaway drops from his fingers to the floor unnoticed. "I just... I thought you might be hungry, so... Snape, y-you said my name just now."

"Because you barged in here! Can't you knock?"

"I didn't think you'd be doing that!"

"GET OUT! Stop gaping at me!"

"When you said my name... and when I saw that you were--" his voice lowers to a whisper, "coming, I thought that maybe you felt it, too."

"Felt what?"

"This. What's been between us these past few weeks."

"What are you on about? There's nothing!"

"Yes, there is. What do you think Ginny and I had it out over?"

"If you think this sick joke will--what are you doing? Get back, boy!"

"I'm no boy," he says, coming closer and dropping to his knees beside my bed. "I just... I've wanted to do that, touch you--let me."

"I..." My voice trails away as he boldly places a hand on my leg and slowly rubs his way up to the front of my underpants. How I want to be touched this way. It's been so long.

And to my surprise, it's true. I want it to *behim* who's touching me. There is something between us. As his trembling hand moves beneath the thin fabric, I slide over in invitation, wanting him to join me on the bed... for whatever might happen.

AN: Snerk. My Snarry addiction continues...