

A Slythertide Gambol

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She was as new as he, although older. A Ravenclaw—he remembered her. No academic weaknesses, half-blood, all alone—like himself. But also so *very* like himself—short, round, and a smile as sweet as any Hufflepuff.

He also remembered when the Marauders threw her, naked and cussing, into the loch.

That memory had warmed many an evening.

Tonight was the staff Christmas party.

Tonight he'd socialize, discuss their mutual areas of expertise.

And tonight he would *gallantly* see her to her quarters in hopes of gaining another.

He knew just where he'd draw each ancient rune with his tongue.