

Getting a Ride

by Southern_Witch_69

Harry and Snape find themselves sharing a ride home.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry and Snape find themselves sharing a ride home.

Disclaimer: Not my characters and not making any money.

This was written for luvsev who prompted me during the Potter Place Saturday Night Drabbles Chat. The prompt can be found at the end of the story.

Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for the read through.

Hannah put her hands on her hips and glowered at her husband. "Neville, I don't care if they aren't the best mates or not. They'll Splinch in this condition, and we haven't any rooms left for renting. Put them in the bloody car already."

The older man stepped forward. "Don't worry, lad. I can drive them to Potter's house."

Neville nodded. "I just wish Ginny and Harry hadn't split up. He never used to get this pissed when she was with him."

"Well, I think it's about time he loosens up a bit," Hannah said with a small smile. "And the other one," she nodded towards Snape, "it's nice to see him without a stick up his arse if you know what I mean."

At that moment, Snape stumbled forward and snickered. "Did you hear that? Potter claims he can hold his whiskey better than I can. I believe I am demonstrating now that I'm the one who can remain in control of himself... myself."

"Ahahahaha," laughed Harry. "I can." To demonstrate, he held up the tumbler of whiskey with two hands steadily. "You've just spilt yours!"

"What an idiot! That's not what I—" Snape said loudly, sloshing his whiskey. "Damn."

"See that, did you?" Harry asked the others before lifting his glass to his lips. Unfortunately, more fell onto his chin and robes than inside his mouth.

"Lost yer lower lip, Potter?" Snape asked.

"Thanks for doing this, Mr. Dobbs. The best place for them is out of here," Neville said, wanting the drunken pair to leave. He didn't want to be responsible for any row that might ensue, which it likely would at some point.

"Not at all, young sir. Come along, you lot," the old man called.

Neville and Hannah guided both men out of the Leaky Cauldron and into the backseat of Mr. Dobbs' small car. "Thanks for coming," they both said at the same time to their

guests.

"Congratations on taking over ownership of this cauldron... er, this pub," Snape said before grunting. "Potter, what are you doing on my lap?"

"I'm trying to say goodbye to my friends. Is that all right? Because if it isn't, too bloody bad."

"Talk to you later, Harry," Neville said, closing the door before either could say any more.

"Grimmauld Place, right?" the old man asked, looking back at the struggling pair.

"I'm not going there," Snape said.

"It's on the way to me house, man, so that's right where yer going," the man replied. "Potter said it would be all right if you stayed in one of the rooms there."

"Absolutely not," Snape said.

"My house not good enough for you?"

"Wasn't good enough for your wife, I heard," replied Snape.

"Fuck you!" Harry shouted heatedly, trying to move away but unable in the cramped seat, hating that the man had brought up his ex-wife.

"Not in this century."

Harry laughed at this.

"Just what do you find so funny, Potter?"

"Shall I check back next century to see if you're up for it?"

"Up for what?"

"A fuck," Harry blurted. He glanced down at Snape's crotch. "You there, do you still get up?"

Snape looked puzzled for a moment and then opened his mouth in horror. "Are you positioning me, Potter?"

"Already talking positions?"

"NO! Propositioning!"

"I like to top, thanks, but I expect I can make an exception for you."

Again Snape's mouth opened in incredulity. "How dare you—" Suddenly, Harry's mouth was on his, attempting a wet kiss. "Get off me," he managed to mutter, though moving to allow Potter more room to climb onto his lap fully.

When Harry's green eyes opened and gazed into his, Snape felt something melt inside of him. He wanted this. Bringing a hand up to cup the back of Harry's head, he guided him closer and claimed his lips in a fierce kiss, tongues meeting and tangling in hunger.

He had no idea how they did it, but the next thing he knew, they were stumbling up the walk to Harry's house, still in each other's arms, and tumbling into the front door and onto the floor, the only sounds their heavy breathing and the annoying old man's laughter as he shut the door behind them. They never did make it to the bedroom that night, sleeping instead in the sitting room on the warm, plush rug before the low-burning fire in the grate.

No matter. The bedroom could be fully explored another time. In fact, there were several rooms in the old place that could be used for pleasurable activities.

luvsev requested: Severus and Harry in the backseat of a car; up to you on what they are doing and where they're going