

Paper Clip in my Pocket

by debjunk

Severus Snape is always ready in case he needs to make a quick getaway.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus Snape is always ready in case he needs to make a quick getaway.

Severus Snape leaned over his desk and looked at the paper clip. Instead of being shiny and silver, it was dull and rusty. The smooth lines of the clip were now bent and angular. He leaned back a little so he could examine it better. It seemed to be exactly what he needed.

He picked up his wand from the side of his desk and concentrated. Waving the wand over the paper clip, he chanted the spell that would make the old, beaten, and decrepit clip into a Portkey. The clip glowed green for a second before returning to its dull rust color. Severus smirked.

He'd been making his own Portkeys now for years. There were many reasons. The main one had originally been because of his spy work. He'd known that one day the Dark Lord would point his wand at him and say those dreaded words... *Avada Kedavra*. Luckily that scenario had never played out, and the war was long over.

More recently, he'd been creating these Portkeys for an entirely different reason. He'd been invited repeatedly to the Weasleys for dinner. He'd tried to make up excuses, but they were never taken seriously. He'd become accustomed to Apparating every Friday night for dinner. Whenever he was there, he had the feeling Molly Weasley had taken on the 'Severus Snape needs a woman' cause. One day, he knew she would parade someone in front of him, hoping there would be sparks.

Severus huffed. No woman would ever feel sparks when it came to him. He knew, however, that Molly Weasley was not one to be sidetracked. He'd seen it in her eyes for the past few weeks. She was plotting. He'd heard it in the tone of her voice.

"Severus, when on earth will you settle down? Surely there's... someone?"

She'd crooned that very phrase over and over again. Severus grimaced. He knew it wouldn't be long.

Straightening up, he waved his wand. The paper clip Portkey sailed into his pocket. He stalked out of his room, en route to yet another dinner at the Weasleys.

When Severus entered the Burrow, he noticed that he was the first to arrive in the kitchen. That was odd, as he usually timed his entrance so that he would be one of the last to arrive. He loved the effect of his robes billowing behind him, and it was a useless exercise if no one was there to witness the glory of his black cape rippling behind him. He stalked into the kitchen and sat down sulkily at the table. Reaching out, he drummed his fingers as he impatiently awaited the arrival of the rest of the group.

Hearing footsteps behind him, his ears perked up, but he made no move to turn around. Soft hands rested on his shoulders. Severus stiffened. No one ever dared touch him. Who would dare to now? Turning his head, slightly, he caught a glimpse of a blue silk shirt before his head was turned and straightened to face forward again.

The hands moved along his hairline and began to run fingers through his hair. Severus closed his eyes at the soft caresses, but quickly opened them again. He wasn't one to let his guard down so easily, but he'd been overworked and exhausted for weeks now. The fingers massaged his head, making him groan inwardly.

"Molly said you needed someone to loosen you up, Severus," a woman's voice whispered into his ear.

Severus stiffened. *Damn, the Weasley woman has gone ahead with her convoluted plan!*

His hand moved to the pocket where the Portkey sat. He slipped his fingers into the pocket and was about to touch the small paper clip when he paused. What would it hurt to find out just who Molly had chosen for him?

Without pausing to think, he spun around, only to find Hermione Granger, resident know-it-all, standing behind him with her fingers wrapped in his hair. Her look of surprise was worth the discomfort he felt at finding that she was the one who'd just whispered in his ear.

Looking at her tentatively, he spoke finally. "Professor Granger, what do you think you're doing?"

Hermione shrugged nonchalantly. "I told you, Molly said you needed to loosen up. I volunteered to help you." Reaching out, she snapped his head around and began to massage his temples again.

"Professor! Hermione! What do you think you're doing?"

She got near his ear again. "I'm giving you a massage, Severus."

Severus felt the ire rise in him. How dare this chit manhandle him so! He reached once again to touch his Portkey, but froze when Hermione placed a kiss on his neck.

"What... what are you doing?" he rasped.

"Just trying to loosen you up. Is it working?"

"You... You just kissed me."

"I did."

"You wanted to kiss me?"

"I've wanted to kiss you for over a year now."

Severus' hand was still in his pocket, hovering over the paper-clip. He could take the easy way out and disappear. Should he give in to that flight reflex that was so ingrained in him when it came to women? Maybe, instead, he should turn around and grab that woman who'd just kissed him, pull her into his lap, and show her just how much he could 'loosen up'.

It was an easy choice, really. Spinning around, he grabbed Hermione and pulled her into his lap. His mouth descended upon hers and kissed her passionately. Her arms surrounded his neck, and she pulled him even closer, showering him with kisses.

She pulled back finally. "See, Severus. I knew it wouldn't take much to make you relax."

"Indeed," Severus replied before pulling her back for more. He'd save that Portkey for another day.

The prompt, by ApollinaV: There were reasons why he made his own Portkeys. This was one of them.

Thanks to Lisa, who beta'd this while chuckling at Saturday Night Live.