

Bathtub

by chivalric

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One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is for my dear friend shellsnapeluver: always keep in mind that you're loved, baby!

Severus Snape, Potions master of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, had had an exceptionally hard day; he was tired, dirty, and hungry on top of it. Unfortunately, he had a potion to finish, some essays to mark and, maybe, the Dark Lord would summon him tonight. Unlikely, but possible nevertheless. Therefore, he might only have time to take a quick nap in front of the fireplace. Food, though, and a shower would have to wait.

With a deep sigh, he opened the door to his dungeon rooms. "Wish this sodding war was over," he murmured to the torches that lit the stone walls. "Potter will be eighteen in a few weeks. How long is he going to wait to kill the Dark Lord until he'll be married with kids?"

Shrugging his heavy coat off his shoulders, he couldn't be bothered to hang it up; he left it near the door, pooled into an ink-black heap, then he dropped his wand on the small table next to the mirror and went on towards his living room. Pity he had forbidden the house-elves to enter his quarters in his absence necessary security measures or they might have prepared a plate of sandwiches for him.

Idle wishes. As usual, his rooms were dark and cold, like his heart, like his soul.

He pushed the door to his living room open, and warmth brushed his pale skin, warmth that emerged from the flames blazing in his fireplace.

Immediately, he summoned his wand and searched for intruders who might mean him harm but couldn't find any. No danger lurked in the shadows. There was just the fire and...

And then his mouth fell open, and his eyes threatened to pop out of their sockets when he saw what else was in his living room. Something that hadn't been there before. Something he'd heard about but hadn't seen himself. Something that actually didn't belong into a living room at all.

Cramped in between table and armchair stood a bathtub. A big, cast iron one, shiny with age and history. It rested on lion's paws, was filled with water, and on the surface, bubbles bobbed. Steam was curling upwards to the ceiling. A sweet, wonderful fragrance filled the air, reminding him of hot summers, juicy fruits, and sweet kisses he had never shared with the girl he had loved once. The scent wasn't just masking the potion smells that usually wafted through his quarters but it completely banished them, and Snape felt his eyelids drop with joy and longing.

After another moment, he carefully stepped closer, expecting the bathtub to attack him at any moment. After all, it had lion's feet; one could never be sure what something with lion attributes would or wouldn't do. Attacking was the most obvious conclusion; lions didn't like snakes.

The bathtub, though, sat on his floor and looked innocent. Maybe the water sloshed invitingly, but then, this might be an illusion caused by candlelight.

Since when did he have so many candles in his quarters?

"I have a bathroom, and it contains a shower cabin," the Potions master murmured, wand still in his hand. "I do not have a bathtub. The bathroom is too small for a tub, and I have no use for it anyway. So where does this thing come from?"

Another hesitant step. Snape kept his distance in case it attempted to bite him.

Maybe the tub smiled mildly at this foolishness, but in this light Snape couldn't be sure.

Refusing to be intimidated by the damn thing, he placed his wand on the table and waved his hand through the steam. Tiny drops of water clung to his skin as if inviting him to shed his clothes and sink into the warmth up to his hairline.

Snape's neck ached; his bones were weary. He'd been on his legs all day long without a chance to as much as sit down even once. He longed for some peaceful moments, and actually, he could very well imagine that a hot bath would do him a world of good.

It didn't look dangerous apart from the lion paws. There was a distinct possibility that it was nothing but a bathtub filled with hot, steaming, fragranced water.

Soft, gentle, soothing water. The heat would loosen up his muscles; he might be able to relax a bit, and he might even get in the mood for a proper dinner as well. Due to his lousy job as a spy, Snape had lost most of his appetite and looked like an underfed scarecrow. But then, who could blame him? Who would be able to eat, knowing that the Dark Lord might call on him for another evening entertainment at any moment? An evening entertainment whose participants were usually a number of utterly terrified victims and a very eager snake with an unbelievable hunger for fresh meat?

Snape's stomach twitched at that thought, and he took another step towards the water.

Towards temptation.

"What the hell," he grumbled and shed his suspicions together with his shirt. "It's just a sodding bathtub. Probably a reminder from Dumbledore to let me know it's time I get clean again. Damn paranoia, to think it could do me any harm."

He shed his trousers, too. Naked, he stood in front of the tub and, because he was Severus Snape, waved his hands above it in a complicated pattern, checking for Dark Magic, for hidden traps, for dangers underneath the bubbles. Of course, his spell only revealed what he already knew: it was a bathtub, there to take a bath in. Nothing more, nothing less.

Heat shot up his calf when he put one foot into the water, but it was only for a brief moment his feet had been icy, and he needed a moment to adjust to the temperature. But once the first foot was in, he was eager to ease his whole body into the tub.

Slowly, very slowly, Snape sat down. Bubbles surrounded him, and the tips of his hair touched the surface of the water. A bit lower, maybe. Yes. That was it, now it was perfect he sat up to his neck in hot water, his legs too long to be stretched out but comfortable nevertheless. Resting his knees on either side of the tub, he finally closed his eyes this was perfect, lovely, and damn the Dark Lord if he dared to summon him now.

When magic tingled through the air, it was already too late. Snape had been close to dozing off, he had shed his attention together with his clothes, and he didn't stand a chance at the well-aimed hex that bound his wrists to the sides of the tub. Simultaneously, someone cast an *Obscuro*, effectively blindfolding him in less than five seconds, he was helplessly struggling against his bonds, left at the mercy of the person who was with him in his rooms.

He was tired, exhausted even; he hadn't eaten apart from some toast early this morning, and the water's heat had somewhat dizzied his mind. Without his wand, he doubted he could break the bonds, and foolishly, he had left his wand on the table.

Briefly, he considered to call for help. A house-elf would always listen to a wizard's call, and he guessed his rooms would be crowded with his colleagues in no time. Thinking about it again, he decided against it far too embarrassing. "Who's there?" he asked, his voice cold with tightly suppressed anger. "Release me, and I might consider not ripping your heart out."

A soft chuckle in the darkness, warm and tender and definitely female. Young, innocent in a way. Not one of his colleagues; definitely not one of the Death Eater bitches he had to deal with on a near-daily basis.

"Good evening, Professor," the voice said, closer now she had moved, whoever she was. The voice was not familiar to him, but then, there were enough spells that could obscure one's true identity.

A thought hit him. If this was a student, he might be the target of a quite nasty prank, and in this case, he would indeed tear out hearts. He hated pranks even more than he hated spying and that was saying something. "Release me," he growled, low and dangerous.

"No, Professor. And just in case you wondered I don't mean you any harm. I won't hurt you, and no one will ever know what happens tonight. This is not a joke. It's just..." Her voice faltered.

"It's just what?" Snape asked, more curious now than angry. There was something in the girl's voice and it was a girl or a young woman, at the most that told him she meant what she said. He wasn't a spy for no reason his knowledge of people was exceptional, his ability to judge others in a matter of seconds ensured his survival as well as his success in the Dark Lord's service. The girl didn't mean him harm, and she wouldn't call her friends, either.

"It's just that I've wanted to do this for a long time now," she murmured. "You always look so tired; you don't seem to care about yourself and your well-being, and I've wondered if I could help you to relax. Sorry for the bonds and the blindfold, but obviously, you mustn't know who I really am."

"Polyjuice would have done the trick quite nicely," Snape replied coldly, although he wasn't really in the mood for coldness. "Unless, of course, you are a student and don't know how to brew it."

"I've known how to brew it since my... erm... years ago!"

The tiny break between the words told him that she must have refrained from telling him something that might have been a hint to her identity in just the last moment.

"It's just that I don't feel well wearing someone else's face, and anyway, I didn't want to break into your stores to get the ingredients. Relax, Professor Snape. Just enjoy what I'm going to do."

Now, relaxing was the one thing Snape didn't master well. He was always alert, always kept his surroundings under control, never let down his defences. Relaxing, loosening up, was practically impossible for him. He held too many lives in his hands to relax; his responsibility couldn't be shed at a ridiculous order.

On the other hand, the blindfold kept the world and his tasks at bay in a surprisingly promising, even seductive way. The world behind the blindfold was black, couldn't be seen, and was therefore almost non-existent.

So why not enjoy whatever will happen? Snape's mind whispered. *If you're extremely lucky, she won't shy away from touching you and massage your shoulders.*

"Do as you please, then," he said, surprised to hear a quiver in his voice.

"I'm glad you said that," she replied. "Really, very glad. I promise you will enjoy it, each part of it. May I... may I please touch you?"

Now, that was a very promising start. Snape raised an eyebrow and just managed to nod.

Cool hands touched his cheek. *She must be nervous*, he thought, idly wondering why he allowed her to continue, why he didn't stop her. He leaned his head against the back of the tub. He could have ended this, maybe not easily, but he'd manage it with a bit of an effort. Even if she wasn't a student, she was no match for him not with his experience in the Dark Arts.

Still, he didn't want to stop her. He wanted, needed to be touched for once in his life without hesitation, without reluctance, without disgust.

Gently, her fingertips trailed along his cheekbones, over his crooked nose, and up to his forehead, where they tiptoed along his eyebrows and finally, down to his lips.

Snape sighed deeply. He hadn't been touched in such a way for ages; he'd nearly forgotten how wonderful it felt.

Softly, she began to paint circles on his upper arms; after a moment, her second hand joined the first. Following the muscles down to the elbows, she then ran them up to his neck and began kneading his shoulders, just as he had hoped. "Relax," she murmured and surprisingly enough, he did.

She massaged his shoulders and neck, she ran her fingers along his jaw, and then she squeezed shampoo into her palm in order to wash his hair. Languidly, she put gentle pressure onto the sensitive spots underneath his ears until he nearly purred with delight. It was pure, lascivious joy, getting spoiled like this admittedly, Snape hadn't considered a bath could be that wonderful.

Then he sensed her move, and a moment later, she whispered into his ear, "Don't be scared."

Before he could as much as consider why he would be scared, she brushed her lips over his cheek, and he gasped he had expected a lot, but not a kiss! "What the..." he began, but she put a finger to his lips.

"Don't talk. Just enjoy. If you want me to stop, just say so, but otherwise, I'd prefer you to be quiet."

"I don't think..."

"Please," she insisted, and Snape closed his mouth, the memory of her lips still burning on his heated skin.

A spell curled the surface, and the water cooled just a bit. It was still very warm but not hot anymore, and Snape realised that the heat had been about to lull him to sleep. "Hmmm," he murmured, remembering just in time that she didn't want him to speak.

A second spell she had summoned herself a chair. He could hear her sit down; her arms turned the water. Cooler waves mixed with the warmth; a rush of heat stroked along his length and with sudden, embarrassed realisation, Snape felt himself getting hard.

Immediately, he tried to move his hips. Her hands were dangerously close to his groin, and after the amazing start of this, he really didn't want to spoil it now only because his body refused to behave. *I cannot even remember when I last had an erection*, he thought furiously. *Why now, for Merlin's bloody beard?*

Well, at least that could be answered easily: because the situation was most arousing. The scented water, the warmth that surrounded him, and most of all, the presence of the girl, whoever she might be. He hadn't had a shag in years. Now his needs broke free with a vengeance, and he craved her touch, craved her hand on his hard, painfully stiff cock, craved to climax.

Oh, shit.

Just when he was about to open his mouth to apologise, to tell her to stop, to leave, her hand cupped his balls and her lips kissed his ear. "That's what I wanted to happen, Professor," she breathed, squeezing his balls. "I came here to arouse you. I am here to satisfy you. Let me touch you, let me stroke you." Another kiss. "Let me make you come."

He moaned deeply and harshly. His body moved of its own accord; his back arched into the girl's touch, and then she securely wrapped her other hand around his cock.

Helplessly, he yelped, fully in the girl's hands, completely at her mercy. He was bound, he was blindfolded he couldn't hinder her, he couldn't even see her next actions, and gods, how much he enjoyed each single second!

She began to move her hand, the one on his cock, up and down in a tantalising, cruelly slow rhythm, whilst her other hand continued to massage his balls. The combination of both made his brain melt thinking straight became impossible, and all he could do was dig the fingers of his bound hands into the sides of the lion-pawed bathtub, holding on for dear life.

Unarticulated groans could be heard in the Potions master's silent rooms, the gentle slosh of water, and the quiet breathing of the girl, wanking him so very expertly. He didn't know if she had undressed, or if she had just pushed her sleeves up. All he could feel was the naked skin of her arms and hands, and sometimes, when she bent to lick across his chest and nibble his cherry stone hard nipples, he could feel her hair float along his lower abdomen.

She sped up her movements, and instead of continuing to stroke his balls, she added pressure, gentle, breathtaking pressure, to the sensitive bridge between his legs, right between scrotum and anus. It was a marvellous feeling; Snape would have sworn an oath he'd never experienced anything similar.

More groans from his side. His lips parted, his breath came in harsh gulps, and his body as well as his mind burned with the need to come.

He couldn't help it: he begged. "Please," he rasped, all his thoughts focussed on his cock and the hand wrapped around it and those fingers caressing his bum; and now she kissed him, truly, really kissed him, full onto his mouth, parting his lips with her tongue, not afraid of him, not disgusted by him; and then he came, spilt his seed in long, shuddering spasms until he was empty, hollow, and sated.

All muscles relaxed, all worries forgotten, he lay in the bathtub. She'd cast a *Scourgify*, she'd released his bonds, but he still wore the blindfold. She had asked him if that was all right because she didn't want to reveal her identity, and he had seen no reason not to fulfil her wish.

Turning his head, he tried to find out where she was. He'd heard small sounds of her pulling her blouse or maybe her jumper back over her head, she'd bound her hair back, and every now and then, he supposed she'd looked at him, not moving at all.

"Why have you done this for me?" he finally asked when the silence had stretched for too long. He feared she was gone already, and the thought made him shiver with a sudden feeling of unexpected, piercing loss.

When she answered, her voice was close to the door. He imagined her hand already lingering above the doorknob, her real life awaiting her a life with friends and joy and laughter, far away from his dungeons and the fearful, lonely Potions master.

"I told you," she whispered. "I've wanted to do this for a long time now. I look at you during classes..."

Ah, he thought, *so she is a student.*

"...and I see the dark rings under your eyes and the way you hold yourself upright by sheer will and not because you've had a proper night of sleep. I see your robes hanging loosely on your frame, and I see you picking on your food during meals."

"That obvious?" he said, half sarcastic, half shocked by her deep insight into his personality as well as his life.

"To me it is. You fight on our side day and night, and no one is aware of it. You are in Voldemort's service, in danger of being killed every time you are summoned, and no one cares. Which is the reason why I planned this. I wanted you to know that I know, and that I care. Winky helped me bringing the tub in, she granted me access to your rooms, and I would be grateful if you could keep this between us. Don't scold her; she's as worried about you as I am, and she eagerly agreed in helping me when I told her you would feel a lot better after my... treatment."

Snape smiled at that, surprised somewhere deep inside him that he was actually able to smile. For the first time in years, he was not cold; for the first time in months, he was longing for his bed instead of dreading it and the nightmares that always accompanied his sleep.

Not tonight, he thought. *Tonight, I'll dream of her.* Maybe, he would eat before he went to bed, telling a house-elf to prepare a tray with his favourite foods. He did feel well; in fact, he felt good enough to consider the possibility of surviving this sodding war and have a life afterwards, a life without spying, without fear, and with some happiness instead.

Strange, what a bit of friendliness had done to him and his black, cold soul.

"What you did was wonderful," he murmured, summoning a towel.

"Glad to hear that," she said, and the difference in the acoustics told him that she had opened the door. "After all, I know how to get inside your rooms as long as you don't have Winky fired." Swiftly, she swept back inside. "Imagine what might happen the next time you take a bath," she whispered, and kissed him one last time.

Before he could react, reach out to grab hold of her, she was gone, removing the blindfold with one last, silent, spell just before the door fell shut behind her and left him inside alone once again.

Warm and clean and feeling perfectly at ease with himself and the world, Snape stepped onto the rug in front of the low flames, vanished the water, and moved the tub into an empty cabinet with a flick of his wand. Water dripped onto the floor and dried slowly on his rosy skin. Heat still emerged from the fireplace, although the logs had burned down to a dark red glow.

He didn't bother to order food; instead, he went straight to bed, stretching out on the cool, soft sheets.

His breathing deepened, and he was already half asleep when a memory stirred. Something she had said... Something about the Dark Lord... and Polyjuice...

Sleep took him before he could put a finger on it, before he could remember that only very few people dared to call the Dark Lord by his name, and that only someone skilled in potions and with profound bookworm tendencies could brew complicated draughts such as Polyjuice.

It didn't matter. It didn't matter that he was asleep before he could put the pieces together. As expected, he dreamed of her, and in his dreams, she had the face of his best student.

And in his sleep, he smiled.

A/N: This was inspired by shell's husband, whom I met last year in Los Angeles. After a long, hot day at work he mentioned he'd go skinny-dipping. Someone should have told him that carelessly spoken words in my presence nearly always trigger a plot-bunny attack. Now he knows, and I hope he doesn't mind :-)

Thanks to Dreamy_Dragon for an extra fast beta job, and to notsosaintly, of course. Hugs to both of you!

And finally, here's the link to the bathtub. I nicked it from ildi's picture 'Candlelight'. It's a Snape/Lupin art, I love it, and I couldn't resist borrowing the tub [Click here to view picture](#)