

Lupin's Arms

by Fanny T

There are lots of things Severus Snape would prefer to watch, rather than those arms. Those scars. Those reminders.

Lupin's Arms

Chapter 1 of 1

There are lots of things Severus Snape would prefer to watch, rather than those arms. Those scars. Those reminders.

Arms

It disgusts him, that's what it does.

It's infantile, that behaviour. An adult—a teacher, at that—should have better self knowledge, better outlets, better control (well, maybe not control, since that is what causes the ridiculous behaviour to begin with). To revert to such childish, immature actions... One could think they were fifteen again.

That's when it started, quite possibly. He always watched the other man—or boy, as it was then—and the beginnings of it, the foundations, were surely laid then. That's when he saw his classmate start to go cold and calm, reacting to every grievance or wrong by lowering his voice, rather than raising it in anger, and freezing his features in an expression of gentle politeness. It was also around that time that the other man lost the outlet of pain through his own claws, trading it in for moonlight escapades and the freedom of running across open spaces.

Idiot.

When you take something away, you must always replace it. Pain with pain. Fury with fury.

It's a shame, too, because they're quite nice arms, otherwise. Nicely proportioned, the upper arm neither bulging nor skinny and the lower finely covered with golden-brown, not yet greying like the rest of him. Stronger than one would think by the looks of him—but then, the body is the same as the one that runs, heedless of fatigue, under a pregnant moon every month. Or did until quite recently, anyway... And although the shape of it may change, the body remains and so does its physique. And its scars.

Ah, yes... its scars.

There are scars across those arms—old and white, they are a reminder of how time has moved and how the thorough research of potions has helped people lead better lives. He isn't particularly jubilant about this specific life being eased in any way—he admits this readily—but the success of his own favoured area gives him pleasure enough. And given the opportunity to test the effects of that research on a willing subject—albeit not one he would have preferred, had he had any choice—he wasn't going to turn down the chance.

Besides, it gives him the opportunity to tell the other man all the things he does not find pleasing about him.

It started as a release, a chance for him to vent his frustration over a lousy day—and if he hadn't happened to have had a lousy day when the time came for him to bring the vital, smoking goblet, spending hours on the blasted potion was reason enough to be in a filthy mood. It has evolved, with time, into an attempt to make his colleague react to something—anything—just to get him to show some emotion. To make him talk, lash out, defend, explode, *anything* that shows that there is still someone alive

behind that *bloody* smile, that collected expression. To show that there is still a person in there.

Sometimes, he doubts there is. Sometimes, he feels like punching that gentle smile right off, just to see what would happen. Nothing at all, quite probably. He has just about given up on the other man now, since he discovered the fresh scars across the arms—far too even and regular to be explained away by claws or badly placed furniture, or any of the other thin excuses he gives.

Weak. The man is so weak.

But, well... It's up to everyone to decide for themselves how they want to deal with the pain in their lives. Whether they do it by talking, or shouting, or slicing up their own skin when the darkness becomes too pressing.

He snorts, dismissing thoughts that always enrage him with the childishness of the situation, and picks up the goblet he just prepared. His free hand hovers over a bottle of Dittany, briefly, before he flicks his fingers impatiently and tucks his arm behind his back.

Smiling grimly, he carries the potion to his colleague with the ever-increasing scars.