

Gob - Stoned

by christev

Behind a locked door, Severus must make a decision...

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"Come on, Severus, quit teasing. You've been staring at me for weeks – don't think I haven't noticed."

The air was stuffy inside the tiny unused classroom, and Severus was still wearing his winter wools. The words, whispered just beside his left ear, only served to make him even warmer, and his hand reached up of its own accord to loosen his tie. He was in the middle of unbuttoning his collar when he remembered himself.

"I, uh, it's just that, erm, Gobstones practice..." He dug out two of the stones from where they'd been clanking together in the deep pockets of his robes, as if to prove his story. He never got flustered like this. He hated not having the upper hand in any situation.

"Gobstones?" A hand scooped them out of Severus' grasp and tossed them to the corner, where they spat their contents ineffectually. "You'd rather play with them, when you could play with these?"

Severus whimpered when his empty hand was yanked downward and pressed against the front of a very tight, very bulging, pair of denims. He reacted before he could think, forcibly pulling his hand away and pushing his torturer away from him.

"Stop it! Just stop it!"

"Severus, you've been virtually undressing me with your eyes every time you see me lately. Now you've got your chance, you chicken out?" A bit of hurt was mixed into the anger.

"DON'T CALL ME COWARD, Lupin! Just because I'm not falling at your feet, begging you to bring me off doesn't mean I'm chicken! Now get out of here and leave me alone!"

"Fine! Don't expect me to pay any more attention to those soppy looks you keep sending my way then *Alohamora!*"

Lupin unlocked the door and stomped off. Severus slumped against the wall, shaking.

He could have done it. Right then and there, he could have *done it* with Lupin! But no – he was too proud to admit his crush; even worse would have been showing his inexperience to the beautiful Gryffindor. He just couldn't bear the thought of Lupin laughing at the fact that he was almost 17 and still a virgin. No, better to not risk it. Anger he could stand, but not the ridicule. Yes, much better this way.

Almost convinced, he cast a subtle cooling charm, straightened his tie, and continued on his way to practice.

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A/N:

Original prompt from Amethyst: Snape, a virgin, a locked door, a game of Gobstones, and your favorite quote from your favorite HP book.

I decided Snape was the virgin, and my all-time favorite quote is "DON'T CALL ME COWARD!" from Half-Blood Prince.

From the Harry Potter Lexicon: Gobstones is a game involving stones played something like marbles, in which the stones spit disgusting liquid at the opposing player when they lose a point. There are Gobstone clubs at Hogwarts (OP17) and also an International Gobstones League (DP) Many of the kids at Hogwarts have a set of Gobstones and it's played fairly regularly (CS10, PA16, GF20). Harry was tempted to buy a solid gold set in Diagon Alley (PA4). The offices of the Official Gobstones Club are in the Department of Games and Sports on level seven of the Ministry of Magic (OP7).

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