

Fighting Fire With Nudity

by *Nom de Plume*

The annoyances of living in a Muggle neighbourhood have finally taken their toll on Snape.

The Problem, Solved.

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for miamadwyn's Pervy Nekkid!Snape Challenge on lj.

The Prompt: Missionaries, pervy nekkid!Snape, a duck named Jones.

Enjoy the silliness (hopefully). Thanks to machshefa for the beta.

A knock sounded at the front door.

Severus looked up from his book and sighed. He'd felt the wards tingling across his skin for several minutes now, but as nothing had come from it, he'd hoped the intruders would lose their nerve and simply go away.

"Muggles," he groaned.

He swiftly rose out of his chair and stepped, noiselessly, over to the window to peek out. His eyes narrowed further. *Muggles*.

There were pros and cons to living in a primarily all-Muggle neighbourhood. The pro, of course, being that he was away from any and all types of annoying witches or wizards who would bother him about Hogwarts, the War, or any other types of "neighbourly" goings-on expected when in the presence of other magical persons.

The con was simply the Muggles themselves.

Especially these types.

He rolled his eyes and grit his teeth as the young men in dour black suits adjusted their ties. How many times did he have to threaten these persistent pests?

Another knock echoed through his sparsely furnished living room, and he winced.

No more.

He was going to put a stop to this nonsense once and for all.

He looked about him for inspiration and spotted it sitting on a pillow that was perfectly placed to absorb the meagre rays of light shining through a curtained window and the

silky fabric it had abducted for its nest.

"Jones. I require your assistance."

Timothy and Alex were standing anxiously outside the strange, dark man's house for the fifth time in as many weeks. They had made him their top priority before moving on to their next destination of calling.

"Remember, Alex, he may be outwardly cold and perhaps a bit cruel, but inside his soul is screaming for help. We mustn't give up on him."

The younger man beside him nodded uncertainly, straightening his simple black tie again.

As Timothy raised his hand to knock once more, the door was flung wide open, and the young men plastered smiles on their faces in greeting.

The smiles quickly vanished.

"Gentlemen!" the strange man called out cheerily to them.

As one, the boys' jaws dropped.

The usually stuffy, overly clad, dressed all in black, buttoned from heel to chin, rude man now stood before them in a loosely hanging, silky, black bathrobe.

That might not have been so odd in and of itself, except that was all he wore. And currently they were looking at far more exposed flesh than they had any right to.

"You're just in time!" he crooned from the entrance. His feet were set apart in a wide stance, his hips slightly protruding, while the flimsy, slick fabric fluttered carelessly in the mid-day breeze, exposing his family jewels for all the world to see.

And as if that weren't disconcerting enough, a plain white duck stood calmly at his feet, adding to the insanity of the situation. It bent its slender neck and ruffled the feathers of its wing.

Timothy spoke first.

"Uh, sir? Are you... that is... did you realise..."

"Boys, today is your lucky day," the crazed man intoned.

Alex desperately pulled on his partner's jacket in an attempt to pull him away.

They took a step backwards.

"I realise I've been particularly harsh, but I've seen the error of my ways," the half-naked man said calmly. "Won't you come in for some tea?" The duck quacked loudly at his feet and flapped its wings in agitation.

"R-really, sir, we didn't realise what time it was," Alex sputtered, his eyes carefully averted to the sidewalk.

"Yes, we... should be going—"

"Nonsense!" the man said, taking half a step forward. The duck followed. "You just got here. Please, humour me. I promise, I won't bite," he purred and leaned against his doorway seductively.

The duck, fully irritated by this point, raised its lovely, white wings and ran at the two young men, quacking with fury. The boys yelled in tandem and quickly turned, running down the street as fast as their legs could take them.

Snape hastily closed his robe and fastened the tie around his waist with a satisfying jerk. He grinned devilishly and held open the door for the little duck that was now waddling back into the house.

He looked down. "The unexpected attack was impressive," he murmured and bent to retrieve his clothes from the floor.

The duck resumed its place on the pillow, dragging the black bathrobe with its beak. He began the arduous task of rearranging the nest he'd built that his master had so rudely destroyed only moments before.

"Severus? What's wrong with Jones?" Hermione called from upstairs.

Severus settled himself back into his favourite chair and propped open his book.

"Nothing. Just some kids messing about the front lawn again," he called back, grinning.

There was a pause before she answered. "He's such a good little guard-duck."

Severus smirked to himself. "You have no idea."
