

Happy Birthday from the Potions Master

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PWP drabble. Snape, detention and a girl who has just come of age. Need I say more?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Detention. On her seventeenth birthday! For crying out loud, the exploding cauldron had not even been her fault. She had just been unfortunate enough to be standing right beside it. So of course, Snape had blamed her. And there she was now, chopping Flobberworms while her Housemates were celebrating her birthday party without her. Surely, they would have eaten all the cake by the time she returned to the common room. And there wouldn't be a drop of Butterbeer left either.

She glared menacingly at the Flobberworms in front of her. Screw Snape for this!

'Wouldn't you just love that?'

Her breath caught in her throat. As if Snape creeping up behind her without her noticing weren't spine-chilling enough. Now he was obviously using Legilimency on her as well. How dare he, by the way?

'This is my classroom, and I will do as I please.' His voice wasn't much more than a whisper, but still it made the hair on her arms stand up and a shiver go down her spine. And it was a damn good shiver.

'Well, would you?'

She swallowed. Did he mean what she thought he meant?

'Screw Snape,' he clarified. 'Would you want to?'

He was standing so close that she could feel the warmth of his body against her back, and his breath tickled the back of her neck as he spoke again.

'Keep chopping,' he ordered. 'I will need those Flobberworms tomorrow.'

She did as she was told, keeping her eyes on the blade. Snape didn't move, nor talk, and had she not still been feeling his breath against her skin, she would not even have known if he were still there.

Then she felt his hand in her hair, and his breath on her neck became warmer.

'Keep chopping,' he repeated.

His lips brushed her neck ever so slightly, and her knife slipped.

'Careful,' Snape whispered. 'We would not want to have to visit the nurse tonight, would we?'

He placed his hand on hers. 'Nice and slowly,' he instructed.

And she continued chopping.

Snape let his fingers glide up her arm, and his touch made her shiver despite the thick fabric of her school robes. As his hand came to rest upon her shoulder, he nudged her neck with his nose. She tilted her head slightly to the side, and as he kissed the sensitive flesh, she dropped the knife.

Snape did not tell her to pick it up again. He placed small kisses on her neck, and his hand travelled down her arm again. He shifted his position slightly, and as he cupped her breast, she moaned softly. As he started to suck her earlobe, she thanked the gods that he had wrapped his arm around her waist. Her knees might just have given way.

His hand travelled south and disappeared under the waistband of her skirt. And there wasn't a coherent thought left in her mind as he started stoking her with nimble fingers, still caressing her neck.

He entered her with two slick fingers, his thumb still deftly massaging her most sensitive spot. His breath was echoing in her ear, and she felt his lips tremble. And the hardness pressing against her back was certainly not his wand.

She came undone after mere seconds, probably screaming his name. She did not know. What she knew was that her whole body was trembling, and that she wanted more. But Snape just gently kissed her neck and stepped away from her.

'That is what you get for your seventeenth birthday,' he whispered. 'Imagine what you will get for graduation.'

Who's the girl? I have no idea. Pick your favourite.

Why did I write this? To make myself a birthday present. Alas, I am not turning seventeen. But you may congratulate me anyway. And send chocolate. Or write me a nice little story.

Thanks to star_girl for the quick beta.

PS: Check out *Now or Never* by Sunny33, who kindly answered my desperate plea: <http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=15411>