

His Most Distinguished Feature

by star_girl

An old flame laments on her favourite part of Severus Snape. Written for the SS/OC FB group's "Snape's 50th birthday" challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I have always loved Severus Snape's nose.

As a fellow pupil, I watched the surly Slytherin get mocked for his unconventional appearance in those awkward teenage years. He did not suit his looks back then. His whole appearance was ramshackle, like he'd been put together with little thought. His limbs were long and ungainly; his hair greasy and unkempt. And that magnificent nose did indeed look far too big for his face. But I never thought it ugly.

As Severus grew into a man, he also grew into his looks. Gone were the shabby clothes, bony knees and elbows, and his jerky, insecure gait. Now he dressed in the finest black robes from Madam Malkin. His black hair was no longer greasy but instead had the sheen of a raven's wing. He was tall and moved with the grace of a panther. His voice was smooth as silk, betraying his new-found self-confidence. And that nose... That nose at last fit his face, a proud Roman nose with perfect angles.

The first time Severus kissed me, I could feel his nose brush my cheek. And when he nuzzled into my neck, that nose sent shivers right the way down my spine. But it was when we made love that his nose really showed its true worth.

Severus was never happier than when his head was resting between my thighs, lapping me so ferociously that at times I thought he wanted to consume me. He would combine his furious tongue with the hard, blunt edges of nose, pressing firmly against the nub of my arousal until I screamed his name and could take no more. Once I had peaked, he would lift his head, painting slightly and with a twinkle in those onyx eyes that betrayed his excitement, watching me intently as I recovered from his unrelenting ministrations. He would smile at me, then, so tenderly that it would break my heart.

The last time I saw Severus was a year or so before Harry Potter joined Hogwarts. His brow was furrowed and he seemed deeply troubled. He told me that we could no longer be together and that I was in danger. He said his past was back to haunt him, but I did not understand what that meant at the time. We cried together that night, and I remember how the bright, crystal tears trickled down his nose in the candlelight. I kissed those tears away then, kissed every one away from that nose I loved so dearly.

When I heard of Severus' death and of all the secrets he'd kept from me, I wept bitter tears of regret. It took me some time to visit his grave in the grounds of Hogwarts, and some time to forgive him. Even through my grief, I could see the sculptor had done a fine job on his tomb. They captured his elegance and dignity perfectly, and the smooth, sloped edges of his nose.

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This was written for the "Severus Snape's 50th birthday smut drabble writing challenge" on FB. The rules being:

- * The drabble must be no longer than 500 words.
- * The drabble must be SS-centric (obviously!) but you can use whatever secondary characters you like.
- * The drabble must include the following words: Nose, Silk, Twinkle.