

# A Novel Idea

*by Sevvv*

Written for the SS/OC Group's "Snape's 50th birthday" challenge: Just how exciting can an afternoon's 'window shopping' turn out to be? ...

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Written for the SS/OC Group's "Snape's 50th birthday" challenge: Just how exciting can an afternoon's 'window shopping' turn out to be? ...

With my nose pressed hard up against the window of the small, spartan-looking bookshop, I could just make out the twinkle of tiny lights from inside ...

The glowing display was clearly showcasing Flourish and Blotts' latest addition. And, as my sight adjusted, I deciphered that it was yet another rather sordid offering from the pen of Rita Skeeter - the journalist-turned-erotic-author everyone loved to hate.

'Looking for something in particular?' came a familiar, deep voice from just to my right. It made me jump involuntarily at its mere timbre ... sensuous and smooth as silk. I knew that voice. Knew it well in fact.

'Just browsing,' I said, as calmly as I could muster.

'You know what they say ...?' said the owner of the beautiful voice. 'Those who can't actually do, write about it ...'

I turned then, fully aware that my face had reddened and my heart beat had quickened.

'Must have a vivid imagination, that Skeeter woman,' said the formidable former Potions master of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

'Are you following me?' I said, trying desperately to change the subject and quell the excited fluttering in my stomach simultaneously.

'Possibly,' came the reply, accompanied by the all-too-familiar rise of eyebrows and slight curl of lips.

Walking away from the quaint bookshop, I couldn't stop the smile from deepening across my face as I knew he wouldn't be far behind me ...

I was right. Turning a corner, I passed into a little alleyway between two shops and stood with my back flush against the wall. It was dusk now, the rapidly diminishing light fading quickly.

I didn't have long to wait.

Quick and lithe as a panther, he pounced!

I emitted a little squeal - something between a scream of shock and a moan of delight I think.

He silenced it with his mouth hard on mine, and the sudden thrust of his questing tongue inside.

He made short work of lifting my robes up and inserting his fingers under my already soaking knickers, deftly pulling them aside.

'Come here often?' he smiled against my ear.

His dry humour was not lost on me, as I answered with something banal and unoriginal, like, "Not yet I haven't!" only too happy to find those same dextrous fingers had undone his own flies and he was already starting to thrust into me hard and fast.

Our laboured breathing would have given us away to passers by, had there been any. But, at this late hour, the area was quiet. So the only witnesses to our groans of pleasure, as we came down from our mutual high, were the silent bricks and cobbles surrounding us.

'We must stop meeting like this, Severus!' I gasped out, breathlessly.

'Yes!' he said, his amused tone not succeeding in sounding either neutral or unaffected.

'Same time tomorrow?' he went on. 'Only this time, can we please stay at home, Mrs. Snape? I'm getting far too old for this!'

The rules for the challenge:

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