

An Unexpected Visitor

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Surprise!

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Surprise!

For Semptra

"So, what do you think our next challenge ought to be?" the woman known as Notsosaintly asked, looking around the room at her cohorts in crime, smut, and other forms of delicious torture.

"Well, it's Severus' birthday, so maybe we should do something with that," Karelia suggested.

"That would be perfect," Semptra said with a nod. "We can do a lot with that – surprise birthday parties, balloons galore, maybe even Hermione popping out of the birthday cake."

"I think we should get right on it! After all, this is his 50th birthday we're talking about! It has to be special!"

Just then a flash of light appeared in their midst and, to their amazement, it was Severus Snape himself, fully dressed in his billowing black robes and his coat buttoned from his toes to his neck.

"I would like to know," he said, staring down at a piece of paper in front of him, "who exactly is notsosaintly here?"

"I...I'm Notsosaintly," she replied, staring at him and wondering if she was dreaming.

He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at her. "Whatever possessed you to create a site that has so many fics that revolve around me? Do you not know that I have to live out every one of those stories?"

"Oh, really?" Karelia asked with a smile. She started writing something really quickly and posted it on the website, giving Notsosaintly and Semptra a wink.

Several hours later, the three women and Severus found themselves in quite a state. There was whipped cream and frosting all over, and they had each had a day that they would never forget.

Using his wand to clean himself up, Severus stood. Before Disapparating, he turned to the three women, who still looked rather shocked.

"Next time, if you are going to write a birthday party for me, you might want to have it end before posting it. Otherwise, the cake is going to explode, as well as the can of whipped cream. Now, I believe I have a date with Lucius Malfoy. Just for future reference, I much prefer the ones where I am with Hermione Granger."

With that, he Disapparated and all that was heard was squeals and laughter from the women in The Petulant Poetess office.

Snape wonders into the TPP offices, looking for those responsible for all manner of snape-centric fic