

Severus Snape And The Art Of Dressmaking

by karelia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Standard Disclaimer: Not mine.

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The silky classroom voice of Professor Snape washed over her, making her skin tingle slightly with the undertones that his baritone carried, right through to the core of her body. It caused her to squirm slightly, guiltily, if only because such an ugly, greasy-haired bastard simply should *not* have that effect on any female, let alone a married one, no matter how intriguing a voice he had.

"Now, Lady J, listen carefully, for I shall say this only once. And I highly doubt you *carafford* another lesson from me, seeing that you are planning to visit She_Who_Must_Not_Be_Named in the near future." He spat his choice of term for her close friend but continued steadily, his voice not wavering ... unlike the expression on his face, a strange combination of contempt and awe. "I expect you to remember from now on, whenever you cut fabric." He paused momentarily; his eyes piercing through her, making her feel inappropriately exposed by the sheer intensity of his gaze.

As she felt herself blush, he smirked, turned his eyes away from her and continued lecturing.

"First of all, make no attempt to bother with mundane kitchen scissors for an art such as dressmaking. Just as you would not use a buttering knife to *cut ourgettes* destined for battering ... unless you are a dunderhead like the majority I am cursed to teach ... you would *not* use kitchen scissors for a task so intricate." He paused again to gaze at her, almost grinning with the clear knowledge that this was *exactly* what she had been doing up until now. With all her might, she wished herself anywhere else, just not here, where, as fully clothed as she was, save her cloak ... the fabric of which still lay in whichever home She_Who_Must_Not_Be_Named was currently residing in without the Muggle gadget that would speed up the making of said cloak ... she felt as exposed as if she was clad in entirely see-through clothing. His eyes wandered up and down her body, and even though she knew rationally that he could not see every part of it since she was sitting behind a desk, she felt as if he was assessing every inch.

Then he continued his lecturing. "Get a pair of dressmaking scissors, and if you can afford it, a sharpening device. The sharpening device is particularly important if you wish to cut stretchy, thick, inferior, man-made fabric, such as *velvet*," taunted he, and she was left in absolutely no doubt that he *did not* approve of stretchy, thick, inferior, man-made velvet. She figured that if she robbed a bank or three, she might be able to afford superior silk velvet, which wasn't stretchy at all. Nor man-made. Maybe he would approve of that. *'Hang on, why should I seek his approval, of all people???' she chided herself, utterly confused.*

Lady J was ripped out of her state of confusion by his voice, trying desperately to concentrate on his words rather than his voice, which was weaving itself over her still tingling skin, ensnaring her mind. "Of course, a sharpening device is always handy. It may be the same price as your dressmaking scissors, but you can use it over and over again. It will keep your scissors sharp ... hopefully sharper than your mind at present, *Lady J*," he jested and gave her a disdainful look before continuing, "Now, to the *cutting* process itself..."

He again looked her up and down, leaving her feeling wholly unveiled. She could not help an involuntary shudder, and he smirked again, his lip curling upward. Lady J wanted to get it right, the cutting of the fabric, even if it was stretchy, thick, inferior, and man-made, if only just... for him. To prove to herself what? Or to him? That he was the best teacher in the world, no matter what his teaching methods, no matter what his looks, no matter what his mannerisms were? Or was she looking for his approval? She did not know.

Her reverie was cut short by the sound of his voice again, low, menacing, dangerous, and immensely sexy. "You put the fabric ... washed and ironed *properly* ... on a clean, flat surface, such as a dining table, like so." She had not noticed the wand in his hand until he casually transfigured a desk near her own into a dining table that was an exact copy of the one in *her* dining room, evoking a gasp out of her.

He quirked an eyebrow at her and drawled suggestively, "The art of Legilimency is another one I'm accomplished in, Lady J."

The implications of his statement elicited another gasp out of her. The bastard had been shamelessly reading her mind, and she had not even noticed. She was also certain that he knew *exactly* what his voice was doing to her body and blushed to a redder shade than Weasley hair! *Oh Merlin... This can't be happening...* she thought helplessly.

"Now, if you'd like to pay *attention* to *learn* what you came *here* for," he quipped, his lip curling slightly as he gazed at her with a bored expression.

She pulled herself together and paid attention to his hand, which was now holding dressmaking scissors. Oh, Merlin, those hands. Looking at his hands made her shudder anew, wondering what else they were capable of. She blushed again, hoping against all hope that he would not notice.

Glinting at her, he continued lecturing and demonstrating, "You hold the scissors like so, as close to the table surface as possible. Hold down the fabric with your other hand, like so." He took her left hand and deftly placed it on the fabric. The physical contact sent jolts of fire through her body, and she acutely felt the loss when the contact broke.

He moved around her to stand behind her, and she felt his breath just behind her right ear. Lady J forced herself to repress another shudder the proximity of his body evoked but failed miserably when he placed his left hand on hers to demonstrate the act of cutting the stretchy, thick, inferior, man-made velvet perfectly and the scissors into her right hand before covering it with his own right hand.

"Now, now, Lady J, there is nothing wrong with getting your...*appetite*... elsewhere," he remarked as if wanting to lay her discomfort at rest, which he was so evidently enjoying. "As long as you go home to... *eat*," he drawled suggestively, his voice barely above a whisper, his breath tickling the area behind her right ear just so.

"Make sure you don't take the fabric into the entire length of the scissors. You'll cut more correctly with slightly shorter cuts," he lectured, and she watched in fascination as her own right hand, guided by his right, cut through the first part of the stretchy, thick, inferior, man-made velvet, which did not seem so impossible a task any longer.

His left hand was still resting on hers, holding the fabric in place. He repeated the process of guiding her hand through the cutting process, and she revelled in the strange and wonderful feeling his physical contact and proximity was invoking somewhere deep inside her.

Then, he stood up to his full length and moved to the other side of the table. The astute loss of his proximity and touch startled her painfully. "Now, Lady J, would you kindly care to demonstrate what you have learned?" he asked.

She was not entirely certain if she was ready for the task, but realised with a start that Professor Snape made, indeed, a very good teacher when she started cutting the next strip of the stretchy, thick, inferior, man-made velvet with near perfection. He inspected her work closely, and then stated sardonically, "Not too bad for the first time."

Suddenly, the door flew open. A young woman with bushy brown hair strode straight towards Professor Snape. "Severus," she said as she tiptoed in front of him to give him a kiss in greeting. "I just want to let you know that I'm having tea with Minerva, so come pick me up from her quarters when you're done here."

"Okay, love. I'm nearly done here, so I'll see you shortly. Organise some coffee for me, will you?" Severus replied and kissed her back. The young woman flashed a quick smile at Lady J as she exited the classroom. Lady J felt an unknown emotion well up inside of her. *What a bitch... I wonder if she knows just how lucky she is to have him,* she thought, ignorant that Miss Granger had invoked a spark of envy in her.

Professor Snape let his eyes wander over a quivering Lady J. Then he quirked an eyebrow and purred, "Well, Lady J, I suggest you go home to *eat*, and once you've done that, take the fabric to the dining table and start cutting it. With a pair of *dressmaking* scissors."

Lady J blushed at the insinuation and dared not meet his eyes. "Thank you, Professor, for an interesting lesson," she said boldly.

His mind obviously elsewhere already, he did not bother to look up and simply spat, "Dismissed."

Lady J managed to exit the Potions classroom with dignity, but the moment she exited Hogwarts, she broke into a run and quickly reached the airfield where her Cessna was parked.

Barely an hour later, she took the key out of her purse to open the front door of her home. "Hello, love. Did you have fun in your first dressmaking lesson?" her husband asked.

Lady J let her eyes wash over her husband's figure. He would have to do, for now. "Yes, thank you," she replied politely. "I learned more than I thought I would," she added, and, with her mind made up, Professor Snape's drawl of whetting one's appetite and then returning home to eat ringing in her mind, she decisively took him by his hand. "Come. Bed. Now!"

Finis

A/N

Big thanks go to Charlotte for jumping in to beta-read this.

This story is dedicated to my friend, the Lady_Joyous.