

# Lessons in Seduction

by sunny33

Severus Snape reluctantly provides advice to Remus Lupin.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters and setting belong to JKR. I'm just borrowing them for a little outing.

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"Nymphadora, I would be honoured if... No, too formal. Nymphadora, do you think you might... No, no! Too pathetic. Nymphadora, fancy coming to the ball with me? Dammit! She'll never go for it!" Remus Lupin ran his hands through his already dishevelled hair and stared into the mirror he had been practising before. "Why is it so fucking difficult?"

"Perhaps because you are approaching the problem in your typically brash Gryffindor manner, Lupin." Severus Snape's sneer infiltrated every word.

"What would you know, Snape? You're hardly an example of a wizard about town with witches hanging on your every word." Remus's frustration lent an uncharacteristic bitterness to his reply.

"I know she hates being called Nymphadora. You'll never get anywhere if you use that name."

"And you have a better suggestion?" Remus slumped into a chair at the small table, head in his hands. Asking advice from the taciturn Potions master was desperation indeed.

Snape circled behind the chair silently, leaning forward to breathe in the werewolf's ear. "Subtlety, wolf. Stop trying so hard."

His hand brushed the ends of Remus's hair at his collar as he moved to the other side of the chair. He was rewarded by a tensing of the other man's shoulders. Leaning in, he whispered again, "Accidental touches when she least expects it." Seating himself opposite, the dark wizard's gaze held Remus captive. "Fleeting glances." He lowered his eyes. "Long enough to keep her guessing your intentions."

Wordlessly, Snape transformed a discarded quill into a deep red rose. Tossing it down, he stood and walked towards the door. "*She* will ask *you* to the damned ball."

"Wait! Severus!" Remus rose and reached for Snape's sleeve. "Why?"

"Why?" Snape snarled.

"Why are you helping me?"

"Because I'm sick of hearing you talking to all the damned mirrors in this place. It's time you acted like a man, not a bloody sycophantic wolf cub."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, do you need a demonstration?" Snape turned and, using the hand still grasping his sleeve, whipped Remus around so the werewolf's back was flush against his chest with his arms pinned down. He splayed his hand over the other man's chest and slowly began rocking side to side, as if dancing to some unheard music. Using his nose, he nudged aside Remus's hair and laid thin lips upon his bared neck. A soft sigh accompanied the subtle relaxation of muscles beneath his hands. "That's exactly what I mean," Snape murmured, all at once fixated by the scent and lean form of another male. Without conscious thought, his tongue slipped out and tasted Remus's skin.

"Mmm. Severus." Remus shifted slightly as he felt Severus's wand against his buttocks. A sudden cessation of movement and a twitch in the hardness behind him revealed the truth. Remus smirked to himself as he deliberately pushed backwards into the groin of his former adversary. "Perhaps you should show me more." He turned and met the surprised lips of the Potions master with his own hungry mouth. With one hand tangled in Snape's hair and his tongue exploring the spicy sweetness, the other hand drifted down between their bodies to confirm his suspicions.

Severus Snape was fully aroused.

Sometimes, with the right motivation, a determined Gryffindor could out-Slytherin the head of Slytherin himself.

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A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Mazzy: Lupin and Tonks are NOT an item yet; post-war Lupin wants to ask Tonks to the celebratory ball but can't get up the nerve. Severus is sick of seeing him practising in the mirrors at Grimmauld Place and finally, out of exasperation, takes Lupin aside and gives him some 'suave' moves. The 'moves' work a little too well, and Severus and Lupin find themselves in a very heady situation.

Thanks to quaffswinegaily for looking this over.