

Spinner's Bed

by duniazade

Only virgins can see Pogwumps. (Bluestocking and Lovegood, *The Great Compendium of Magical Creatures*)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: Written for Snape 100 in response to Bluestocking's "Late Bloomer," in which Severus was timidly confessing his virginity to Luna.

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He lay back on the pillows, panting. A silver ray of moon, filtered through the slitted shutters, fell on the upturned corner of his mouth, sharpening the exhausted smile into a crooked, almost feral grin.

"You are very experienced, for a beginner," Luna remarked softly.

"I meant it felt like a pure, fresh start – I have never been so fortunate in love before. Being chosen is a first time for me."

A strand of Luna's hair, almost dark by contrast, coiled on his white chest. Her finger traced a sinuous path along the torso, to the black shadows below.

"Slytherin."

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Luna stepped back and surveyed her handiwork with satisfaction.

Severus lay splayed on the imperceptible net of spider silk. Thicker ropes tied his wrists and ankles to the yew's branches. His robes spilled around him like black ink, but a delicate Diffindo had neatly severed the cloth along the heart's meridian. A moon ray, piercing through the dark foliage, glittered on the Milky Way of his skin.

"You won't be able to see the Pogwumps, but you'll feel them. They enjoy trailing their long, silky feathers across old Acromantula nets. Naughty teases, they are. It gives them quite a thrill."