

Overbooked

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Prompt: #304 Molly Weasley knows better than to match Severus and Harry together ... but she just cannot resist.

A/N: This was written for Snarry-a-Thon. Many thanks to my beta, Literaryspell. You are worth the wait!

The Burrow was stuffed...predictably...full. Molly had volunteered its use as a temporary meeting place for the Order for the weeks' time it would take to get Grimmauld Place cleared of a raging infestation of doxies that had somehow crept in and exploded all over the premises. They turned out to be rather prolific, and as a result, the infestation had become entrenched before anyone had realized how dire the situation really was. One minute they had noticed a few fluttering around, the next there were eggs everywhere, and those bites *hurt*!

It was no secret that Molly loved a full house, but even she had to admit a minor miscalculation. All of the children were home for the summer. Charlie had invited a couple of his herpetological partners to stay over for a few weeks to study a rare breed of shrunken, vestigial-winged dragon that could only be found in this vicinity. Ginny had asked for some girlfriends to come and keep her company...feeling rather smothered by the overwhelming brotherly presence...and Molly had readily and sympathetically agreed. Of course Hermione and Harry were here again...they were always welcome, as this was turning out to be like a *de facto* home for them. She didn't even consider them guests anymore. Everyone assumed that they would be here anyway.

Unfortunately, these events had converged all at once, and an occurrence rarely seen at the Burrow came to pass: they were overbooked. Molly wrung her hands in distress.

"What will I do, Arthur? I can't very well ask people to leave now!" she whispered to him in a corner of the kitchen after supper. She had made enough food to feed everyone, but there was no way they could all sit at the table, and people were eating in shifts, all over the place. The twins were, for some reason, eating their stew on the roof of the shed. She could see them sitting there now, from her view out the kitchen window. Fred was dangling a long leg over the edge, and George appeared to be throwing small stones at the garden gnomes from his perch near the chimney. From the intermittent squeals, it seemed like he was a halfway decent shot.

Apparently Arthur could see them, too. "Just mind the north corner! It has a wonky spot, just there!" he shouted.

Molly and three other people cloistered in the small space winced. "Arthur, please!"

"Sorry, they are close to the mildewed shingles. I keep meaning to repair it. Tomorrow, that's it." He rubbed the back of his neck and grinned an apology.

"What am I going to do about the sleeping arrangements?" she persisted.

Arthur sighed. "It isn't as if it's a big secret at this point, dear. They know we're a bit pinched for space, I'd say."

"Well, you're no help at all!" Molly felt the hysteria rising. "Where is everyone going to sleep?"

"It'll all be fine, Molly. Calm yourself. We're friends here, and no one will mind bunking together. It will only be tight for a few nights." Arthur pulled his wife close. Well, closer.

"Right. Of course you're right." Molly took a shuddering breath and looked around her. "What I need to do is organize, that's all."

Arthur knitted his brows. He recognized that glint of determination in his wife's eyes. He had seen it many times before over the years. "Um, dear? Why don't you just allow everyone to decide for themselves how they'd like to work it out?" he suggested gently.

"Because then there would be utter chaos!" Molly exploded, heedless of the grimacing people in the kitchen. They tried to move away, but it was useless in the overstuffed Burrow. It was like trying to funnel too much pudding into a mould; it kept moving, but not really going anywhere. People were stuck where they were, like it or not. And right now some of them were stuck in a kitchen, listening to Mrs. Weasley rail about accommodations. "Don't you realize, Arthur, that I have to take things in hand or everything would just fall apart?"

"Uh-huh," Arthur grunted noncommittally.

"So, if I put the twins in with that chap from Romania, and of course Ginny can share with three of her friends..." Molly ticked off the arrangements on her fingers.

Arthur tried to sidle off, but he was held in place by a tall fellow he'd never met and two teenage girls that were chattering non-stop about the Quidditch captain from Italy. Arthur tried unsuccessfully to suppress a groan.

"So that leaves Hermione with Tonks, and then it's all sorted!" Molly beamed. "I'm going to go print out schedules and hand them around. Oh, I do hope we have enough hand towels for the bathroom!"

"I believe you forgot Severus, didn't you?" Arthur mentioned helpfully.

"Drat!" Molly frowned. "Well, let me see, I suppose he can just sleep with ... well, with Ronald!"

Arthur reached past her for the last apple turnover that was on the counter. He couldn't see a plate anywhere immediately handy, so he carefully manoeuvred the bite into his mouth without dropping too much on himself. "I thought you had Ron in the big room with Remus?"

Molly pursed her lips. "So you start listening now, eh? Why do you care who sleeps with whom?"

"I don't," he said simply. "I just don't want a disaster on our hands. Why don't you switch Charlie out with him?"

"Oh, I've a better idea!" Molly nearly bounced in glee. "Harry can do it! He's such an angel, he won't mind."

Arthur swallowed hard. "Er. Molly. Are you sure that's a good..."

"Oh, hush, you! Of course Harry will do it! He has endless patience! That boy is a saint, I tell you!" Molly had her hands clutched in front of her and sighed at the beatific image she was no doubt conjuring in her head.

"Molly, I think you ought to think carefully about the..."

"It's decided! Harry and Severus will be just fine. No one else wants to sleep with Severus, trust me," she said. "Harry will do it with no complaint, just watch and see."

Arthur polished off the dessert and sighed. "We'll see, all right."

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"You want me to sleep with *whom*?" Harry choked. "But, Mrs. Wea..."

"That's a good lad!" Molly beamed. "I knew you'd step up to the plate! Now, you're in the room at the top of the stairs, just on the left there." Molly leaned in and said in a low tone, "I just *knew* I could count on you to help out!"

"Molly, what's this about my sleeping arrangements?" a voice said behind them.

At the sound of those cultured tones, both heads swivelled to look at Snape. Harry already felt guilty, although for what, he couldn't say.

"Oh, Severus, I'm glad you're here. Harry can show you. I'll just leave you to it!" Molly said and promptly left them.

Harry swallowed as he turned to look into the face of his Potions professor. Snape did not appear amused.

"Well, what are you waiting for, Potter? Some of us actually work for a living, and I intend to retire at a reasonable hour," Snape said.

Harry forced himself not to blush. He didn't know why he was so nervous. Was it because he was seeing Snape in a setting outside of school, and he seemed more like a real person instead of a stiff, authoritarian statue? Harry had to admit that Snape looked a lot warmer and more approachable in the gentle glow of the Burrow's lighting: less pale and more alive. Almost...alluring. Harry's eyes widened. Where did that thought come from? Harry shook his head in consternation to clear it of the scandalous idea. "Ah, well ... I was going to go to bed, too. Actually. If that's okay," Harry stammered. He felt himself flush.

Snape merely cocked an eyebrow but remained silent.

"Yes, so ... I guess that's okay with you, then. Let's go. We're on top. *At* the top! I mean." Harry clenched his fists and whirled around. *What was his problem?*

"Lead the way," Snape said.

Harry appreciated that he didn't laugh outright. They climbed the stairs, and Harry was uncomfortably aware of how close Snape was behind him. Harry had never been so mindful of his own arse before, how much it swayed as he stepped up, how close the other man's face was to it on the lower stair behind him. *Was it hot in here?*

After an interminably long climb to the top of the staircase, they were there. Harry stood dumbly outside the room, but Snape just pushed smoothly past him. Harry shivered as he felt the cool kiss of the other man's robes flicker around his legs, and then the moment was over. He was alone in the hall.

What should he do? Get dressed in the bathroom or in front of Snape in the room they were going to be sharing? The longer Harry stood in the hall, the sillier he felt, until he just held his breath and stumbled recklessly inside, as if diving into an icy pond. He felt as equally unprepared for either plunge, but he would rather be just about anywhere else right now, even a freezing lake. At least it wouldn't be so awkward.

In the time that Harry had been dithering, Snape had managed to unfasten most of the long row of buttons at the front of his robe. He was wearing a plain white lawn shirt underneath and fitted black trousers. It was simple and should have been unflattering in its extreme austerity, but instead it had the opposite effect. The garments only

enhanced the man, with nothing extravagant or overly embellished to detract from the figure presented. There was nothing to distract Harry's view of a surprisingly fit chest, a trim waist. The clothes might be plain, but they were tailored beautifully and left little to his imagination. Snape had been hiding a most striking physique under his buttoned-up exterior all this time. Harry's mouth went dry.

"Your manners are appalling, Potter. Don't you know it's rude to lurk in doorways?" Snape's voice snapped him out of his reverie.

"Yeah ..." Harry couldn't think of anything more coherent to string together. He had to concentrate all of his efforts on not staring. And keeping his mouth closed. Oh, and not drooling.

Snape calmly took the rest of his robe off and folded it neatly. It was when he began to remove his shirt that Harry realized the true dilemma Mrs. Weasley had placed him in.

"There's only one bed!" he squeaked.

Snape finished taking off his shirt. He folded it precisely and moved onto his trousers.

Harry bit his lip and began nervously undoing his own shirt.

"Very good, Potter. It seems you can count." Snape said. He unfastened his trouser placket and started to slide them down.

Harry couldn't resist trying to look. What would Snape be wearing? Boxers or briefs? What colour? Harry had a wild notion that he would be the type to wear something completely against character, like little cartoon hearts or smiley faces or something ...

Snape cleared his throat. "See something you like, Potter?"

Harry snapped his eyes up. Oh, for the love of Merlin! He'd been caught trying to sneak a peek at Snape's underwear!

He realized that Snape was smirking. He was waiting for an answer! Was there a right one to give?

Harry felt like he was going to crack. "Yes! I mean, no!" He felt sweat break out on his upper lip.

"Well?" Snape took a step closer. "Which is it, Mr. Potter? I don't bite, you know." There was a glint in his eye. "Not unless you want me to."

Harry groaned.

"Speak up. I can't hear you," Snape said sternly.

"I said yes," Harry said.

"Yes to what?" Snape crossed his arms across his chest. He looked a little bit triumphant, Harry thought.

"Yes. I see something I like. And yes ..." Harry trailed off. His face had to be nearly purple with embarrassment by now. "I might want you to."

Snape's lips twitched. "To what?"

Harry thought he might faint. "You are going to make me say it?"

A faint nod.

Harry cleared his throat. "Okay. I might like you to ... bite. Me. I think I would like that." He looked down at the floor. That was all he was going to say.

Snape stepped close enough for Harry to feel the heat of his body. He wouldn't look up, but Snape lifted his chin and looked into his eyes. "First we say, then we do. You have to ask for what you want ... *Harry*."

Harry felt the first shiver of the night with the kiss that started gentle and ended savage, but it wasn't the last. When he pulled away, breathless, he was the one with the glint in his eye. "Snape?"

Snape rolled his eyes. "Call me Severus. Don't you think it's a little more ... appropriate, considering the circumstances?"

Harry grinned. "Okay. Severus?"

"Hmmm?"

"You said to ask first for what I wanted. What colour are your pants?" Harry felt a laugh bubble up at the idea of getting to see his Potions professor in his undies.

Snape raised an eyebrow. "Why don't I show you?"

And suddenly Harry wasn't laughing anymore.

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"Arthur! What is that?"

"Nothing, Molly. Go back to sleep."

"But something woke me up! I heard a bump, I'm sure of it! What if it is a burglar? Go and check, Arthur."

"I will not, Molly. Go back to sleep." Arthur rolled over.

"Arthur, stop ignoring me! I know I heard it!" Molly sat up.

"I did, too." Arthur sighed. "Just...let it be, Molly."

"You never believe me, Ar...wait! There it is again!" Molly cocked her head. "Is that a groan? Maybe one of the boys is hurt! I'm getting..."

Arthur reached a hand out and grabbed her wrist. "I *said*, let it be, Molly. Good night." He tucked his arm back in and closed his eyes.

"Well, you just don't understand a..." Molly paused. The sounds were getting more regular. The occasional thud was now a constant, rhythmic bumping. Her face flamed in the darkness at the unmistakable sound. "Oh." She tucked her feet back in. There were now audible moans accompanying the bumps, which were now getting quite enthusiastic. "Who do you think it is?" she whispered.

Arthur grunted.

Molly poked him. "Well, don't you care?"

"No, and it's none of our business. Just go to sleep, Molly. No good will come of meddling."

"Well, if you ask me, they are rather advertising it with such vigorous ... activity." Molly listened a moment. She felt a little jealous. The groaning was getting a little out of hand. The whole house could surely hear them, whoever they were. "Oh, my. You don't think Ginny can hear that, do you? And her friends?"

"Yes. Yes I do," Arthur mumbled into his pillow.

"Arthur!" Molly whacked his arm.

"Ouch! Well, they'd have to be bloody deaf not to!"

Just then, the pleasure seemed to be reaching a crescendo. Molly could make out muffled words that made her eyes go wide:

"That's it, give it to me hard!"

"Come on my face, you dirty boy ... "

"I'm going to ride you so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week, you filthy cockslut. Take it, that's it ... take it all ... "

Even Arthur had to sit up at that. "Well, they are enjoying it, whoever they are," he said weakly.

There was a final long, keening cry. If anyone had slept through the rough sex and dirty talk that had preceded it, they certainly couldn't ignore the obvious orgasm-releasing howl that ripped through every room of the Burrow, ending with a very audible "Severus!"

Molly and Arthur just looked at each other.

"But ... but ... Harry's in that ... " Molly trailed off. "Harry Potter is gay?"

Arthur sucked in his breath and lay back down. "So it would seem, dear. So it would seem."

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Get earplugs. It's going to be a long week," Arthur advised before he fell back asleep. No matter what the rest of the people in the house got up to, he had a roof to fix in the morning.