

# Silk and Thorns

*by Ariadne AWS*

"My dear, your zipper is stuck."

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: I blame a very specific Snape for this one. I blame him very much indeed. Special thanks to Droxy, whoever had my camera, and Ferporcel for assistance with the cover art.

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His fingers swept the line where silk met skin; so swift, so sure, her breath caught in her throat, and she leaned against him, the rough homespun of his nightshirt alive on her bare arms.

Halfway down, the zipper of her Muggle-bought gown resisted his forbidden efforts.

His hair a shiver on her back as he leaned in to murmur, "My dear, your zipper is stuck."

"Force it."

She felt him smile. "Gladly."

A soft tearing, and a delicate silk ruffle floated enticingly in his palm.

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"Hermoninny, vhut happened to your dress?"

"Snagged it on a rosebush."