

The Visitor

by Keppiehed

Severus may not welcome a break in his routine—but he needs it.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Prompts: “Here? You want to stay here?” and veela!fic

A/N: Written for Snarry LDWS. This was my swansong, as alas, I was voted out of this round. I seem to have a problem with the creature!fic ...

The knock startled Severus. He wouldn't normally have answered it, but alas, curiosity got the better of him. He didn't usually receive visitors, so the knock was completely unexpected. Severus pulled the door open, ready to ream whomever dared disturb him.

“Do you know what time—” The question died on Severus' lips as he stared at the sight that greeted him on his porch. A man was there. A man as pale as the dawn, bled of all color and with hair that would have given the Malfoys a run for their money. Severus knew he had never met him before, and yet when the man looked up, the shock of recognition flowed through them both. Eyes, green eyes like emerald fire. They could belong to none other than: “Potter!”

The man—if, indeed, he might still be called that—nodded in acknowledgment, white forelock parting to reveal the famed scar.

Severus couldn't help gasping. “What happened to you?” Though he had a guess with the stirring in his loins. He hadn't felt a desire that strong in... a long time.

“Professor. It's a complicated story. Can I trouble you for a place to sleep for the night?” Harry grinned lopsidedly.

Severus felt an answering tug in his nether regions. “Here? You want to stay here?”

Harry gave him a penetrating stare. “I'd be happy to tell you the reasons, but it may take some time. I'll be happy on your... couch. And I'd be grateful. More than I can say.”

Severus sighed. “Of course. Come in.” He held the door wide.

“Thanks.” As Potter brushed by, Severus had the vaguest notion of wings for a moment, and then it was gone.

Perhaps Potter might require more sleeping space than the couch, after all.