

# One Lucky Shop Girl

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*I take no credit for this story; the credit goes entirely to Azrael who told us on Potter\_Place the original real-life version, which inadvertently gave me this plot bunny that bit me really hard and I rewrote it for her – soo...*

*Azrael, this one is for you.*

*I want to thank you, DuchessOfArcadia, for the beta help so I could post this drabble and share it with you.*

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Deborah was straightening the robes on one of the sales racks, making sure that they hung in the right place by size. Madam Malkin was rather particular about how the robes were to be hung; first by size, and then by color in the order of the rainbow with the browns and blacks at the end of each section. Deborah didn't mind; she loved working at Madam Malkin's shop during the summer holidays, and she got a three Sickle discount on all her robes.

The bell on the door sounded, and Deborah looked up, her jaw dropping in astonishment. Who should walk in but... *ex-Headmaster/ex-Death Eater turned good guy/ex-Head of her House – Slytherin, winner of the Order of Merlin, first class – twice! Master of Potions, author of Hogwarts' Potions and Defense Against the Dark Arts books, and now four time winner of the Hector-Dagworth Most Extraordinary Achievement in Potions award – and the wizard I soo wanted to meet ever since getting his Chocolate Frog card, Severus Snape, and his girlfriend/partner/apprentice/whatever Hermione Granger was these days, and she's here – here to buy some robes. Obviously, but he's here too!*

As Miss/Madam/whatever she goes by these days walked over to examine the robes on the nearest rack, Severus Snape plonked himself down in the corner and turned to look at the collection of magazines on the small table between the chairs. Apparently neither *What Witches Are Wearing*, *Witch Weekly* nor *Quality Quidditch Today* appealed him very much because he sat there, looking for all intents and purposes like most of the sons/boyfriends/husbands who come in with their significant other do, brooding while he read the *Daily Prophet* while Madam-Miss – thank Merlin it wasn't Mrs. – Granger started trying on several outfits. After a good long while, he'd finished the paper and was starting to look, well, grumpy.

Deborah couldn't stop herself from staring at him. He was a legend in Slytherin House, and so far she'd spent her first five years at Hogwarts admiring his portrait in the common room. His long, dark hair, strong, angled facial features, penetrating dark eyes, and Romanesque nose... She dreamed about him, wishing she'd been in school before the bloody war, and then she'd have had this remarkable, powerful, and accomplished wizard as her professor and Head of House, instead of the portly coward Professor Slughorn.

Not wanting to seem impudent or rude, Deborah finally plucked up the nerve to approach Madam Granger. "Pardon me, Ma'am, for asking, but do think he would mind

signing an autograph for me?"

Madam Granger looked over at Severus Snape, her gaze sweeping him up and down just as Deborah had been doing for the last twenty minutes, and he gave her what could only be described as a long-suffering look. Madam Granger's mouth twitched in an amused smirk as she turned to look at Deborah. "Well, despite all evidence to the contrary, he doesn't bite, so maybe you should ask him yourself."

Deborah made a sharp intake of breath, because the idea of him actually biting her neck playfully replayed repeatedly in her most intimate fantasies of the wizard and had just flashed unbidden in her mind again at the statement, and she felt her cheeks flush. Especially since it was Madam Granger who'd – as if she knew... *No, don't go there*, Deborah thought, chastising herself. *There's no way she could know.*

Madam Granger laughed softly. "Or not."

Taken aback by her comment, Deborah shook her head. "Thank you, Ma'am. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask me, all right?"

Madam Granger nodded and returned to her shopping. Deborah walked quickly to the back of the store to get a self-inking quill and her Severus Snape Chocolate Frog card and moved slyly through the store, edging her way closer to the wizard in black. When she was finally close enough, she swallowed, forced down her nervousness and then approached him.

Surprisingly enough, he looked up at her with a curious expression. "Yes?" he asked smoothly.

Deborah forced herself not to swoon at the velvety melodic tone of his voice. "Sir, I – I'm a Slytherin. And I was wondering – would you be so kind as to sign my Chocolate Frog card?"

He regarded her for a moment and then smiled. "Of course I will."

Needless to say, Deborah got more than just his autograph; he asked her about her classes, and even gave her a few pointers for her Potions lessons.

That evening, Deborah told her younger sister about the encounter. "He was actually very nice once the attention was on him and not the woman trying on clothes."

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*Author's Notes:*

*Okay, not my usual style of writing, but I wanted this to sound like a gobsmacked, hormonal teenage girl who'd just met her idol!*

*Thank you, Azreal, for allowing me to use your anecdote.*