

Christmas Cheer

by sunny33

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"Merry Christmas tae ye all, includin' th' Bat ay th' Dungeons here!" Minerva proclaimed as the staff party hiccupped to a close.

"At least I have the decency to remain sober, unlike some Hibernian harridans I know," Snape sneered.

She smothered a smirk as the Charms professor gasped in outrage. "Ah suspect th' stick would remain firmly lodged up yer jacksy e'en if ye did imbibe, Sev'rus. Ne'er min', Filius," she patted Flitwick's arm absently, "ah can handle this scunner."

"You wouldn't know where to start, old woman."

"Now, now, let's all calm down," Flitwick squeaked. "Tis the season to be jolly, after all."

Catching up with her outside her door, he pressed close and reached over her shoulder, whispering the password known only to two people. Urgency thrummed in his veins as he kicked the door closed and spun her into his arms. Garments landed unheeded in a desperate trail as passion escalated and burned, sweeping the two into its fiery embrace.

Breathing ragged, she caressed the stray lock of hair from his face to reveal the dark gaze she could so easily drown within. "In a hurry, were ye?"

"You know damn well how your insults turn me on," Severus growled, capturing her hand in his and allowing his tongue to trail promises over her palm.

"Only you would consider tha' as foreplay, ye snarky poltroon," she purred as Severus demonstrated with lips and fingers and throbbing heat exactly how his body responded to her extensive Scottish vocabulary.

A/N: Written for kellychambliss as part of the Snape_Idws Secret Santa Exchange on LiveJournal.

Thanks to quaffswinegaily, who looked this over with her Scottish eyeballs and a Scottish-English translation site for Minerva's tipsy talk.

Jacksy = arse

Poltroon = idiot

Scanner = nuisance