

My Snarky Valentine

by sunshinefanfics

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape strode briskly through the dark corridor, footfalls thudding off the flagstones as he neared his private quarters.

Merlin, but was he glad to be finally rid of the ridiculous Valentine's Day soirée! Headmistress McGonagall had forced him into chaperoning the stupid Cupid affair, and just when he thought he could no longer endure paper hearts and stolen kisses between pupils, Minerva had relieved him.

"Stop being a sourpuss," Minerva told him tartly, her face drawn into its usual pinch. His nostrils flared, and he searched for a scathing insult.

"Vapid old prune!" he retorted, turning on his heel. "I never have and never will have use for this insipid display of false affection. Good evening, Headmistress."

Ah, Minerva mused, watching her deputy headmaster stalk away amid billowing robes, *he's finally softening with age.*

Reaching the Disillusioned door of his suite, he instantly realized his personal wards had been dismantled. Standing silently, he tried to list those who might be smart enough to break through his wards. Minerva, definitely, and maybe Lupin. He'd purposely made them Auror-strength...*Auror!*

Feeling his heart pick up a rapid tattoo, he opened the door. Closing it soundlessly, he stood planted in place.

"Nymphadora Tonks! You bloody sneaky chit!" he bellowed toward his bedchamber. "Must you always encroach upon my living quarters?"

A muffled giggle floated through the half-open bedroom door.

"That's not true," she sing-songed. "I've encroached upon your classroom three times. Only twice in your 'living quarters.'"

He sighed. He hadn't been expecting anyone, least of all her, and he sincerely had some marking to do. If he were to shirk his teaching duties tonight she would have to earn his presence.

They'd been carrying on a clandestine relationship for some months now, primarily whenever the urge took Tonks. He certainly wasn't dissatisfied with the loose arrangement, but she always seemed to require his participation at inopportune times. Though when Severus stopped to examine the situation closely, he was chagrined to realize that he could more than tolerate her cockamamie, boisterous presence. Sometimes.

Sighing in defeat, he entered his bedchamber. It was alight with candles, providing enough illumination to clearly show the woman lounging on his bed.

Tonks lay on her side, facing the door as Severus entered. Immediately, his eyes were drawn to the shocking red and violently violet mix of her hair. Looking further down her body, he saw two interlocking "S" shapes on her flat abdomen, apparently self-applied with some sort of silver paint. Completing the picture was the thatch covering her mons, shaped into a heart and sporting the same red and violet mix as her head.

Turning around so she could not see him smirk, he began to remove his robes and frock coat.

"Have I not told you that I far prefer your natural appearance to a Metamorphmagus version of yourself?" he asked quietly, hanging his garments neatly in a long armoire.

"Yes," she groused. "But this is special, Snape. Come on. Have a heart." She snickered at the irony. "It's Valentine's Day!"

"A day in which I refuse to take part," he returned staunchly, sitting on the edge of the bed to remove his boots and socks.

"Come on," she complained. "I went to a lot of effort for this. Are you kicking me out?"

"Of course not," he snapped, turning to face her and trying valiantly to keep his eyes above chest-level. "It is simply that I loathe tomfoolery."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Amazing we ever shagged, then, because tomfoolery and Auror-ing are pretty much all I'm about."

"You conveniently forgot petty crime," he reminded her, unbuttoning his shirt. "You did break into my quarters unprovoked."

"Nope!" she returned brightly, smiling widely. "That falls squarely into either category. Tomfoolery to have a good time...Auror-ing because I know there's a Dark wizard in here."

"Oh, enough of your prattle," he announced, standing and removing his trousers and shorts. Naked and awesome in his tumescence, he commanded, "Return your hair all of it to its natural color."

"I went to a lot of trouble for this..." she wheedled. He crossed his arms and stared down at her impassively.

"Change it. Non-compliance will force me to leave and attend the papers which so desperately need marked."

"You bloody great bat," she sniped, her posture relaxing into one of defeat. "There's no frivolity to be had with you."

He watched her close her eyes as she concentrated on restoring her natural color. Severus noted that her hair glittered oddly.

"I didn't know that Metamorphmagi could manage sparkles," he commented, watching her chestnut brown tone bloom from the roots and quickly overtake the multicolored hair.

"We can't," she said, eyes still closed. "I went to a Muggle sex shop in London and bought spray-on hair sparkles and this edible body paint." She indicated his intertwined initials above her now-brown thatch of heart-shaped pubic hair. "Are you happy now?"

"Marginally more so, yes," he said, watching her face cloud over. After a long moment of staring at one another, he let the corner of his mouth quirk in the smile he was feeling but could not articulate.

The simple motion had the intended effect.

"Get over here, git," she said affectionately, smiling slyly and reaching toward his painfully erect cock. Not wanting to let her get too far with his appendage, he hurried onto his massive bed, standing upright on his knees. She met him in the middle, cupping his pale cheek in her hand as she drew him closer for a kiss.

Tonks kissed him soundly, her hands softly petting the smooth skin of his back. He returned the caress, long fingers not yet straying from the bounds of propriety. Gently but inexorably, she bore him down to the mattress. He lay down without argument, drawing her atop him and threading his hands through her hair as she sucked lightly on his tongue.

A small moan escaped him and he twitched against her thigh where she straddled his narrow hips. Releasing him, she smiled, catlike and triumphant that she'd wrested even the tiniest bit of emotion from him. Sitting back on her heels, she surveyed his wiry chest and stomach.

"Hmmm," she mused, tapping her finger on her chin. "Looks like I'm rubbing off on you." Severus glanced down the planes of his torso and saw that some of her glittery body paint had transferred from her skin to his during their kisses.

She planted a kiss on his breastbone, then raised her head and held out her hand.

"Accio paint pot!" she demanded, and a small black container flew into her hand from his dressing table. A wicked smile lit up her face and she carefully unscrewed the lid.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked, a dark eyebrow cocked.

"Exactly what you think I'm doing," she returned, licking her right index finger salaciously. "I'm going to paint your pretty little nips silver and lick it off."

"Perfect," he groaned.

"Quiet," she instructed, laying a paint-covered finger on his lips. His tongue snaked out to taste her fingertip, finding it nicely coated in a chocolate-flavored substance.

She pulled her fingers out of his reach, then sat back to allow more candlelight to play over his chest. As if contemplating a blank canvas, Tonks scooped a bit of the silver paint onto her finger and began to artfully anoint his rigid nipple. Playfully covering the flat disc, she turned to the right and reproduced her artwork.

After leaving a small flourish in the paint, Tonks sat back again and admired her handiwork.

"You are far too impressed with yourself," Severus groaned as she began to delicately lap away the body paint.

"Someone's got to be," she sighed, swirling her tongue around the hard tips.

He digested her comment silently until she brought forth a gasp with a tiny tug of her teeth.

"Witch!" he exclaimed, pushing her away. "No more."

"Oh, I'm almost done," she said, indicating his half-covered left nipple. "Let me finish?" she pleaded.

He inclined his head slightly, and she zeroed in on the silver nub. He lifted his shoulders from the mattress as she polished off the last of the body paint.

"You're tasty," she quipped, eyelids at half-mast as she leaned in to kiss him again. He found her mouth pleasantly chocolate flavored, and he pulled her atop him as he returned the ravenous embrace.

Presently his hands wandered to her round, pert bum. Kneading purposefully, he slightly separated her cheeks and ghosted his finger over her spread crevice. She squirmed delightfully against him and made an excited sound as he repeated the barely-there caress.

After some time she wiggled away from him, hair tousled and lips swollen from his kisses.

"I'm not done with that paint yet," she breathed, grabbing the jar from where it lay discarded on the duvet. "Come stand up over here." She scrambled from the bed and knelt on the floor, waiting for him to join her.

"Must I?" he signed, pillowing his hands behind his head.

"Yes," she asserted firmly. "You'd look more...authoritative...standing over me."

"I didn't know we expected an audience," he said, eventually coming to stand before her, erection hovering near her lush mouth.

"We aren't. I'm your audience. Now talk to me while I bring you off."

"I've no intention of letting you complete your self-appointed task," he scoffed as her paint-covered fingers began to stroke his trembling cock. Tonks just looked up at him and smiled, licking his tip daintily.

His eyes closed involuntarily and he began to speak, knowing that if he recounted their past rendezvous she would become nicely slick between her curvy legs.

"Do you recall our session in my classroom? That lovely evening in which you stroked yourself to completion at the sound of my voice. And after we'd coupled, you so slyly bent to retrieve your footwear and robes. You showed me your pink quim, ripe, lush, begging for me to kneel behind you and soothe it with my tongue.

"And before that, you challenged my Potions knowledge and expertise, then questioned my ability as a spy. Do you recall my momentary flash of anger? I so wanted to administer corporal punishment for your infraction, but again you distracted me."

Chancing a glance at his partner, Severus looked down to see his hard, silver-painted shaft disappear halfway between Tonks' lips. She looked up and caught his eye, winking mischievously. Suddenly Severus felt hands inching their way up his tense thighs to where his hands hung at his sides. She threaded her fingers through his long, pale digits and began to use only her mouth to pleasure him.

An undignified moan passed through his lips and he had to actively work to steel himself against her ministrations.

"And the first night I encountered you, wet and wanton, writhing upon my bed. I would have slid underneath you and licked your dripping cunt until you had no more to give. I should have filled you doubly, that toy and I, and fucked you into screaming oblivion."

Severus was quickly getting lost in his own words, his mouth on autopilot as he gently swayed to the rhythm of Tonks' hot tongue. His fingers were exerting great pressure on her as she gently released his cock and ducked her head to snake her tongue behind his sac and touch the sensitive spot behind.

"And this, this is something we've left too long unexplored. My dear Auror, you are simply a natural. Would that I could let myself go..." he sighed, ceasing his stream of consciousness and hazily delighting in the oral treats Tonks was bestowing.

Soon his words tapered off for good as his eyes drifted shut and his hands became lax. With her hands freed, Tonks hoped to trigger an astronomical orgasm for the austere Potions Master.

Delicately, so as not to rouse him from his sensual stupor, she thoroughly wet her finger and began using both her hands and mouth on him. His hands came to rest on her bare shoulders, where they alternately squeezed and relaxed. Severus' moans and sharply indrawn breaths increased tenfold when her wet finger explored various pressures on his perineum. As he clenched her shoulders in a sudden death grip, she eased her finger into his rear.

Instantly his body tightened and he was jerked out of his daze, feeling as if his entire body was deliciously contracting around her one stray finger and pouring out all he had to give. His testes roiled as he took a great shuddering gasp and released torrentially into her waiting mouth.

He stayed upright just long enough to glare at her as she licked him clean, then collapsed to his bony knees and gracefully crumpled to the floor in front of her.

"Miss Tonks," he said sternly, panting. "I told you I did not wish that to happen."

She situated herself on the floor next to him and smiled. "I did."

He lay still for many minutes, letting his breathing return to normal.

Finally, he spoke.

"I have yet to decide on an appropriate punishment for disregarding my request," he said softly in his silkiest voice. "I believe I shall need to ponder a bit longer. Let us adjourn to the bed."

Picking his lanky form off the floor, he held out a hand to Tonks. She accepted and he led her back to the center of the sinfully soft bed, pulling away his down comforter and revealing the warm green sheets underneath.

She stretched languorously in the bedclothes, extending her legs and showing the toned muscles there in relief. Curling her toes, she closed her eyes and smiled sexily. Feeling his eyes boring holes into her, she opened her eyes to peer up at him. Sitting precisely next to her, he was appraising her body. Presently, a long finger reached out to trace the outline of the smudged initials on her stomach.

"You've marked yourself as my property, Miss Tonks," he said quietly, skimming her soft skin.

"Is this a problem for you?" she replied coolly.

"Hmmm," he rumbled as if seriously contemplating his answer. Leaning down, he flattened his tongue on the paint closest to her breasts. Following the taste, he moved over one S, licking, kissing and nibbling along the way. Silky black hair brushed over her torso and she sighed contentedly as she ran her fingers through it.

After devouring one of his initials, Severus moved his head to suckle at her hard-tipped nipples. Cupping them together, he made a great show of teasing her while keeping steady eye contact.

"I can't think when you do that, love," she said absently, closing her eyes and again finger-combing his hair.

"I believe that is the general idea," he murmured before taking her lips again.

Lazily they kissed, and Severus marveled at the easy camaraderie they had. Tonks was so accepting of him. Merlin's beard, she *pursued* him. He would be lying if he said these things didn't innately please him. Letting his guard down with her was fast becoming the norm.

As her hands twined possessively around his neck to bring him closer, a thought struck him *I think she thinks she is my...friend* And as he deciphered that curiosity, his heretofore disregarded member was beginning to make a second appearance.

She felt his semi-hardness against her thigh and was instantly excited, but decided she could stand a little more of his delicious licking of her paint-covered stomach. Breaking off their kiss, she lightly pushed his shoulders back.

"I think I've still got some paint on me," she whispered cheekily, increasing her pressure on his shoulders.

"Ah," he said, as if she'd made a particularly brilliant deduction. "I believe you are correct."

Sliding his body down hers, his tongue hotly traced the path of the remaining S. Tonks writhed happily beneath him, and squealed in surprise when he delved his tongue into her navel.

"Ooh, that tickles," she said breathlessly.

He smirked against her skin and continued his path, licking and kissing her stomach even when no traces of the silver body paint remained. Again he felt her warm hands pressing his shoulders, pushing him wordlessly toward her hot, slick core.

"Do you need something?" he asked carefully, trying to hide all traces of his amusement.

"You know what I want," she muttered, turning her instantly blushing face to the side.

"I think you shall have to be more to the point. As I understand, females do a great deal of unspoken communication, and as I am not fluent in 'silent female,' I request a translation."

"Snape, please," she pleaded softly.

"Surely an independent woman such as yourself can voice your needs," he returned, brushing his lips just above the top of her heart-shaped curls.

Unmoving and silent for many seconds, she finally blurted out her wishes. "I want you to go down on me, SnapePlease."

"Such eloquence," he rejoined, situating himself.

"You've got enough pretty words for both of us, I think. I do well to remember my own name when I'm around you," Tonks sighed, feeling his fingertips parting her delicate folds.

She lapsed into silence as his nimble tongue stroked her, wholly content with the slow seduction he was sure to provide. She couldn't ever remember any bloke being so thorough; hell, any bloke being so *enthusiastic* about it. A girl could tell. She could see the subtle pride and triumph in his eyes every time he did this for her.

Letting her mind go blissfully blank, she concentrated on the sensations he was stirring up inside her. Jolts of pure fire zinged through her as he gently stroked a fingertip over the sensitive flesh above her entrance while keeping just enough pressure on her clit with his tongue.

Her trembling thighs began to creep closer to his ears and her quiet moans and gasps increased in volume.

"Yes...please...very close," she mumbled, arching her back to bring her hips into closer contact with his questing tongue. "Right...there."

Rapidly he applied more pressure, listening raptly as she began to keen in a low voice. The moment her breath caught and her body froze, he knew.

"*Severus*," she breathed as her womb contracted, covering his tongue in her trickling rain. Shuddering as he took some last, lazy laps of her sex, she relaxed when he finally removed himself from her.

"You do unspeakably wicked things with your gorgeous tongue," she said, panting slightly. She felt his hair brush her face as he leaned in close to her lips.

"I've never heard prettier words," he whispered, sharing her taste with her.

He allowed her many minutes to recover from her orgasm and she was glad. She had hoped he would be this way, so that when he finally graced her with his hard cock she could feel the entire buildup again. Curling against his side, her hand drifted down to his groin, playing in the crisp hair. They had been quiet for a long time, and the silence continued as she wrapped her hand around him and lazily stroked his renewed hardness.

She wasn't going fast enough to undo him, but it felt wonderful. Severus let himself luxuriate in her slow touch while he wrapped his arm around her shoulders. His mind wandered to her promised punishment. He knew exactly what she had in store and he couldn't wait to mete out her fate.

"I have finally decided upon your punishment, Miss Tonks," he said softly, in his finest classroom voice. Her stroking hand froze. Snorting under his breath, he reached out and entwined her fingers with his, urging both their hands to continue the trip up and down his shaft.

"Are you afraid, Miss Tonks?" he asked, looking down at her. Her head was buried in his shoulder and she mumbled something against his skin.

"Pardon me?" he asked politely. "Could you please look at me when you speak?"

She raised her head but wouldn't make eye contact. "No," she said resolutely.

"Perhaps you should be," he said. "I have long been a proponent of corporal punishment. Please rise, Miss Tonks."

He sat up against the headboard, moving some pillows to prop him. "Place yourself across my lap, lying on your stomach.

She eyed him suspiciously, then rose and draped herself over him as requested. A little spanking she could handle. But knowing Snape, he probably enjoyed being more than a little heavy-handed. She steeled herself for the first blow.

Instead she felt him massaging and kneading her bum, much as he had before. She tried to look at him over her shoulder but he gently turned her head back around.

"Tsk, Miss Tonks," he said soberly. "Bring your knees underneath you and raise your backside."

Slowly following his instructions, she scooted her knees underneath her until her kneecaps touched his thigh. Pushing her derriere into the air, she resettled her body into a comfortable position.

Severus took a moment to drink in the sight. Her head was pillowed on slender, crossed arms, hair spilling over her neck and shoulder. The smooth, toned back arched up and peaked at her round, firm cheeks, the lines of her thighs completing the visually pleasing triangle.

He drew his right hand back and laid a resounding smack on her left arse cheek.

"Count them," he intoned softly.

"One...two!" she said, the matching blow meeting her right side.

Her voice was music to his ears as he carefully placed each swat. Being sure only to strike in the fleshiest of places, he studiously avoided overtaxing her pale skin with too many spanks on one spot of skin.

After ten he stopped, rubbing his relatively cool left hand over her reddening arse. She arched into the contact and a sigh of relief gusted from her. Stroking her back, his hand presently reached between his leg and her torso to softly fondle a breast.

"Is my impudent charge enjoying this?" he queried, letting her hardened nipple graze against his palm.

"More than she should," Tonks replied darkly, leaning into his touch.

"Another ten, at least, for being agreeable to punishment," he said silkily, poising his hand for another strike. "Eleven!"

His left hand continued to caress her as his right meted out her faux reprimand. Now he was striking more softly, but lower and lower until his palm came into contact with a bit of errant slickness that had eased out of her and spread between her thighs.

"Ah," he mused, rubbing one finger slowly along the partially exposed but tightly closed lips of her sex. Immediately she spread her knees apart, hoping to feel more of his questing finger. She was aching for him to fill her. Even when he'd paid glorious homage to her pussy he'd not even entered her with his fingers.

Slowly, more of her moisture-soaked skin came in to view as she pushed her legs apart. The soft folds of flesh within her bloomed lushly, flushed a dark pink and waiting for him.

"I think I've learned my lesson," she moaned hopefully.

She tried to hold in her throaty growl as one long finger penetrated her nether lips and traced her ridges.

"Have you?" he asked idly.

"Severus, *please*."

He'd not given her express permission to use his given name, but he liked the way she made it sound. Somehow, it made her request that much more intimate.

"Do you want me this way?" he replied gruffly, thinking that his heart was going to beat right out of his chest.

His response was a pointed push against his hand.

Galvanized into action, he prodded her to crawl out of his lap. Quickly, Tonks scrambled toward the head of the bed, instantly returning to the position she'd occupied across his legs.

His hard cock jutted forward as his hands grasped her hips. Taking himself in hand, he teased her clit with his head before moving back and sinking deeply, effortlessly inside her.

"Holy fuck," Tonks breathed. Experimentally she tightened herself around his not inconsiderable girth and grinned when she heard his answering moan.

"Brazen," he declared, as he pulled back to begin thrusting. He loved this position and the depth it afforded, hoping his partner felt the same way. It was hard to decide whether to take her hard and fast or enjoy her tight canal as he watched himself disappear inside her with long strokes.

He was sticking with long strokes as he weighed the options, content as he listened to her muffled but gratifying gasps.

"Feels good, Snape," Tonks panted, lifting her face from where it was pressed into the duvet. "Just a little faster. Little harder."

Decision made, he seated himself as far inside her as he could and began to take shorter, harder, more forceful strokes. Grasping the flare of her hips, he pulled her now-pink arse toward him, mesmerized with the jiggle every time he slammed himself inside her.

"Wish we had a mirror," Tonks wheezed, reaching an arm underneath her to touch her clit. "I'd love to see you fucking me."

"You enjoy watching yourself climax?" he asked acerbically, pushing into her roughly now.

"Stupid git," she breathed, taking great effort to look over her shoulder at the lean, flushed man behind her. "Want to see you. Didn't you hear me?"

Lighting fast, he reached forward with a bony hand and snatched her long hank of hair, wrapping it around his fist and pulling her head back as far as he dared without causing her discomfort.

"Why?" he hissed, staring her straight in her wide, heavy-lidded eyes.

"Cause," she choked out, as if it was the most natural answer in the world. A sharp tug advised her that she'd best elaborate. "You're good. Good to me, too. Like being with you."

He released her hair like it was on fire and dropped to all fours over her form, their dark hair mixing together as he bit her neck where it joined her shoulder, at a loss for words. His fucking became more frantic and sweat blossomed between their skin. Severus planted his hands on the coverlet in front of her and growled his pleasure when she placed much smaller hands over his, meshing her fingers with his.

Harder and faster he went, until he thought muzzily that his hips had to be a blur and her body was surely trembling like a sapling in a strong wind. Dimly aware of her own hand bringing her pleasure, he hooked his chin over her shoulder.

"Close," he breathed raggedly in her ear.

"Yeah," she replied, voice unsteady.

His lips and tongue took hold of her right earlobe and presently he felt her stiffen, body tight around him.

"More, more, more," she chanted quietly.

Four more sharp, angled thrusts with his hips and she was collapsing around him. Three more pushes found him coming in erratic, hard spurts inside her. Her fingers were crushing his hands now as he gulped air and unraveled. Merlin, he didn't want to do it but he did, pulling out as far as he dared and pushing himself back in with what hardness he retained. Her surprised, indignant gasp smoothed out as he reentered her, finally coming to rest his head between her shoulder blades.

He forced himself not to flop upon her, but as their breathing slowed, she asked, "Sleep? Please?"

"Yes," he answered gratefully, feeling her knees slide backward and her body hit the mattress. Loath to move much more than she, he groaned as he extricated himself from her entrance and fell to her right side. Halfheartedly, he decided to summon his wand so he could perform a cleaning spell.

"Just sleep, Sev'rus," she mumbled. "Won't hurt to stew in it just once."

He would have laughed but his eyes were closing and he was asleep.

His normal habit of waking predawn was pushed back a few hours commensurate with vigorous nocturnal activities. Taking stock of himself, he realized that somehow Tonks had pressed her sweaty, sticky, glorious body against him during the night, and he'd companionably thrown his own leg over her. Her head was nestled in the crook of his probably aromatic underarm, and the duvet felt like it was tacked on to his perspiring body.

Groaning softly, he tried to remove himself without waking her and intending to get up and use the facilities, then come back to bed and wallow in their sex-scented enclave a little more.

"Time s'it?" Tonks mumbled from his side, stretching a bit.

"Just past daybreak," he estimated. "I will return momentarily."

"Havta get a shower," she moaned. "I feel great, but sticky."

Fifteen minutes later found them both relieved and in Severus' shower, with him kneeling and muttering crankily as she laughed and washed his hair.

"You know perfectly well that this hair will be ugly and greasy again soon," he grouched, towel-drying his hair and trying to hide his interest as she slathered on some of the aloe lotion he kept nearby in the winter to keep his hands from cracking with dryness.

She smirked back at him and he allowed her indulgent request to put lotion on his hands.

"I feel bloody great," she said expansively, trailing naked into his bedroom and finding that house elves had scurried in and replaced the sheets and duvet. She twirled around, hands outstretched. "Want to go again?"

He soberly schooled his features.

"Would that I could, though I have classes to attend to beginning in one hour. And I must visit Hogsmeade to make some vital purchases," he said.

"Oh," she said, looking crestfallen. "May I come with you to Hogsmeade?" she asked, brightening considerably. He busied himself spelling her hair dry and brushing some lint from the robes she had stashed in his room.

"I'm afraid it would be utterly boring, though you are welcome to view my purchases after dinner."

Potions ingredients she had absolutely no use for, but if he was obliquely inviting her back, she'd not object.

"Excellent," she said, taking her wand from his outstretched hand and standing on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "See you later."

He watched appreciatively as she flounced out of his bedchamber and he heard the door shut.

Silly girl. He had only one thing to purchase. A large, high-quality, non-sentient mirror.