

Tally

by kellychambliss

Some men sleep. Severus tallies.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N -- a triple drabble

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After sex, most men want to sleep. Or so Severus has heard.

He, however, is not most men. After sex, he prefers to do what he's doing now: lie awake and tally the score.

Sex for Severus is a contest, one he began with Minerva years ago, after a Quidditch argument somehow led them into bed.

Their competition is fierce – and the result always a draw. He gets hard for her; she turns soft for him. Orgasm is both surrender and victory at once.

Still, he's satisfied. For if neither of them can finally win, the game need never end.

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Minerva sleeps beside him, her skin as pale as his own, her hair hiding her face. Severus reaches over to smooth back the dark strands, letting their softness slide through his fingers, letting his hand brush her breast. He's not giving any ground, since a caress she's unaware of can't be counted against him.

But then she stirs and wakes. "Severus? What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he snaps, hoping she hasn't noticed his touch. "Why should anything be wrong?" For good measure, he adds, "Irascible old woman."

She isn't fooled. She removes his now-still hand and murmurs, "Greasy git."

Point to Minerva.

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She's in the lead now, Severus doesn't deny it – at least not to himself.

But before he can plan his next move, she makes hers, turning to settle comfortably against his side. And she stretches her arm across his chest.

Severus waits, expecting her to push him away or laugh at him, but she does neither. If anything, she nestles closer.

Point to Severus.

He allows himself to smile into the darkness. They are even again.

He listens until Minerva's regular breathing tells him that she has drifted off once more.

Then he folds his arms around her and sleeps.

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