

Redemption on the Installment Plan

by Amita

Our hero begins the slow process of reinventing his life.

Chapter 1 of 1

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As the small group welcomed Severus Snape out of hospital, Trelawney spoke.

The life on hold

Is hard to begin.

The wizard bold

Finds his soul again.

"Would there be anything else, miss?"

"I'm tempted to buy gnome repellent for my neighbor, but I hear they become vindictive."

"This spell is more subtle than that, miss. It creates gnome wanderlust, and they leave, not knowing why."

"That's clever, but that's what I expect from you. Should I call you Severus or Mr. Snape?"

"You can call me Severus, Parvati, or you can call me Mr. Snape, Miss Patil."

"Retailers work long hours, Severus, but it's almost four. Can I treat you to a tea?"

"I thought you'd never ask," he said.

As they were about to leave, the door chime rang, and a witch entered with a wizard in tow who was complaining about being late for the game.

"You make the best ointment for pets," she said as she was purchasing the salve. "It's not just skill; it must be deep, loving hands."

Parvati mouthed at the wizard. "The game is starting."

"Hurry up, Hermione," said the wizard.

Five minutes later, as they were sipping their tea, Parvati asked why he had set up a potions shop near the entrance of Knockturn Alley.

“Well, my first thought was a pizzeria.”

She snorted her tea through her nose, which prompted Severus to buy her another cup as was only proper since the accident was his fault. As they talked, she gradually moved closer until her swinging foot was bumping his shin. When he looked at the ring on her finger, she replied that her fiancé would be in France until the end of next month. In his previous existence, Severus would have treated her severely, but he was trying to change, and since he had no guidance, he was thrown on trial and error. He told himself that treating her kindly would be a change for the better.

Two days later, Severus was waiting for Parvati in a teagarden when he heard a familiar voice.

“That ointment you sold me did wonders for Crookshanks. I’m telling all my friends. I think your shop deserves all the business it can get. And you’re dressing much better these days. Oh, I suppose I shouldn’t say that, but you are, and somebody should tell you. I hope the shop isn’t working you to death. You need some time off. Perhaps I can fix you dinner some time. I hope you don’t think that’s too forward, but we haven’t talked in ages, and I’m sure that ...”

A shadow had fallen between them.

“Don’t you have to look up a book in the library, Miss Granger?” asked Parvati.

After Hermione had left, Parvati remarked that Miss Granger was acting much too familiar for a lady who was engaged and that she and Severus should go somewhere more private where they wouldn’t be disturbed. Severus, still exploring his new lifestyle, agreed the idea had merit.

On their way to the cozier restaurant, Parvati found herself walking close enough to Severus to continually bump into him. She found herself holding his hand. As they turned into an alleyway shortcut, she let him fold her into his arms. Her arms went around his neck. Her lips found his. She was moving sinuously. When they finally arrived at the sandwich place, she was certain her undies were soaked. She invited him to dinner that Friday.

When he arrived on the appointed evening, she took his cloak to hang it up.

Parvati could feel Severus behind her, lightly holding her, combing his fingers through her hair, and nibbling on her shoulder. She dropped his cloak. When she heard him murmur that she was sweet and lovely, her nipples rose and pressed against her bra. She pressed back against him as his arms circled her waist. Did he mind her wide hips? Apparently not. His hands slid affectionately over them. She moaned and arched into his hands when they glided up her blouse to her breasts. It was lovely to be held. Her fingers fumbled with buttons and then fastenings. She let her blouse and bra fall as she turned and unbuttoned his shirt. He was so pale. Did he object to her Indian heritage? She glowed as he admired her hair, her eyes, and her complexion, and more than glowed as his lips admired her dark nipples. The glowing lady unfastened her companion’s trousers. He was behind her again and pressing into her. Yes, from behind would be fine.

She looked into the eyes of the two photographs of her fiancé on the night table as she deliberately unzipped her skirt. She gave the photographs a smile as she pushed her knickers down. She left her black silk half-slip on, hoping it would be enticing. She led Severus to the bed, lay face down with her feet on the floor, and gazed at the photographs as she parted her thighs.

She sighed with each gentle push that went deeper and deeper. She didn’t know it could feel that good to be mounted. She didn’t know her face was turning soft as she lay there with him all the way in.

She was exhaling, barely moaning, with each slow rock of her body. Her lover was lying lightly on her, his lips brushing her upturned face. He was whispering she was beautiful. This was lovely. The slow rocking, barely moaning. It was getting better. Parvati didn’t realize she was now twisting as her body rocked. Wiggling. She wanted more, more. Smiling. Severus taking her. Groaning and undulating and clenching the quilt.

There was a small cry.

Severus held her as her body gradually became soft.

She moaned as he began moving. She wanted him to have her, enjoying his coupling as it became more and more urgent until there was a frenzy that suddenly stopped. Parvati let the photographs watch as Severus gripped her and filled the void between her legs and made her feel complete.

She wanted him to stay the night. She made contented sounds as he cuddled her and stroked her hair until she fell asleep. Severus almost wished he loved her, but he knew there was no danger of being trapped in this relationship. Her fiancé would return next month, and he could continue his journey of discovery.

Prompt from LynF in chat: Severus discovers to his surprise that he wants to know a witch better.