

# Satisfaction

*by unlikely\_sisters*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

A compromising discovery in the hands of one sardonic Potions master becomes the perfect weapon to make an old enemy squirm.

Rummaging through the kitchen cupboards, Severus Snape cursed. Not only was he stuck in this mouldy dump masquerading as the Order's headquarters, under his archenemy's roof... Not only did he have to brew an exceedingly complicated potion, for the sole benefit of that man's friend... No, that flea-bitten mongrel couldn't even honour the basic rules of hospitality.

Black had used up all the coffee.

If Severus was to stay up all night, adding one pinch of moonstone exactly every 29 minutes, he needed that coffee. He only hoped that Black had not discovered Molly's secret stash in the pantry.

Striding down the hallway in righteous anger, he suddenly heard a strange... grunt. He stopped, standing still, listening. Someone was in the pantry.

Then he heard Lupin, whispering low and urgently. "We can't, Sirius. The others will arrive soon."

"Don't have to take long," Black's muffled voice replied. "But if I have to endure Snivellus all night, I need at least a little satisfaction."

"Shh! He's down there. And you know he's doing me a favour..."

Black scoffed. "It's not a favour to you, but to Albus."

Severus sneered. Ever so grateful... Furthermore, the two were obviously engaged in something illicit, something they wanted to keep secret.

Slowly, he crept towards the door, which stood slightly ajar, bending forward so he could see what they were doing.

Black chuckled. "Say what you like, Moony, but it's your hand that's on my – Argh!"

Fortunately, that moan drowned out Severus' own gasp of shock.

The sight presenting itself to him was that of Black's bare ass, his pants around his ankles, and two pale legs wrapped around his waist, legs that obviously belonged to Lupin, whom Black had pressed up against the wall with his robes bunched up.

For a moment, Severus could do nothing but stare.

This was disgusting, obscene... and certainly something neither Black nor Lupin would want the rest of the Order to find out about. Just imagining Molly's reaction brought a malicious grin to his face.

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The Order meeting was unbearably tedious. Normally, Severus would have left early, but tonight he stayed, waiting, watching.

Finally, Black brought up the night of the full moon.

"Why can't Remus stay here? With the potion, he'll be harmless."

"There are side-effects, Sirius."

"Yes, Black, *you* should know there's a *wild beast* underneath those robes," Severus drawled.

Black's eyes narrowed. "I thought you'd have more confidence in your own potion, Snape. I really don't want —"

"I can imagine what you'd want, Black, but this is not about *satisfying your desires*. One might think you're not able to think *straight* when it comes to Lupin..."

Black stiffened, while Lupin silently stared at the table.

"What if he lost control and *entered* your... room?"

Lupin raised his head with a soft gasp, his eyes unable to hide his shock.

But *nothing* was as satisfying as watching the moment Black knew he'd been defeated.

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Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.