

Incubus

by Hechicera

Even if the fat lady sings, it's not necessarily over.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N

Huge thanks to my beta/Britpick team, corianderpie and exartemarte, who turn these drabbles around with a quickness, on very short notice. They always make me look better than I really am.

"Apparition-proof, my arse," he snorted, slicing through the wards. (Wand in one hand, drink in the other, and not a drop spilled.) With a loud *crack!* he materialised in the upstairs office of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes.

George gave a squawk of alarm, but recovered almost immediately, jumping to his feet and shouting, "Ha! *told* them you weren't dead!"

Snape put his drink down atop a stack of invoices. Belatedly, it occurred to him that changing into robes might have afforded him a bit more gravitas. Not to mention sparing him the cold draft that was creeping up the leg-hole of his Bermudas and making his ball-sack shrivel up like an Eskimo's.

He whipped the newspaper from his pocket and snapped it open. With icy dignity, he said, "Would you care to explain this?"

"Explain what?" said George, the picture of innocence.

He rattled the paper in what he hoped was a threatening manner. "This," he said, and read aloud.

"Incubus Roams Diagon Alley"

According to reliable sources, an incident captured on film behind Slug & Jiggers Apothecary may be evidence that erstwhile Hogwarts headmaster Severus Snape is alive and prowling the confines of Diagon Alley in the form of an incubus.

Shocking Scrutinopticon images show a half-dressed young woman engaged in vigorous sexual activity with an invisible partner—whom she addresses clearly and enthusiastically as 'Professor Snape.'

Said local business owner George Weasley, 'There was never any real evidence that he was dead—no body, no portrait, and no ghost. Draw your own conclusions.'"

Snape lowered the paper and glared at George. "Mr Weasley," he said, "I am enjoying my retirement. Being thought dead agrees with me. My fondest hope is to be completely forgotten. By everyone."

George shrugged. "It was just a bit of harmless role-play with Millicent. She always fancied you, you know. It's not my fault if people got the wrong impression."

Advancing a step, Snape pointed his wand at George. "You will return Mr Potter's cloak to him immediately. If anyone asks, you will imply that Miss Bulstrode has a vivid imagination and an unfortunate habit of semi-public self-gratification."

"And if I don't?"

"If you don't—"

He took another step forward, and poked his wand into George's chest.

"I will tell. Your. Mother."

George paled, and sat back down in his chair.

Snape allowed himself a small triumphant smile. "And now if you'll excuse me," he said, "there is a lovely young Samoan woman waiting to massage my feet."

When he had gone, George picked up the drink, which had sweated a small puddle onto the top invoice.

"Well, well, well," he said, holding it up to the light. "Looks like this is our lucky day."

With thumb and forefinger, he pulled away the single strand of black hair stuck to the side of the glass.

Prompt: An unseen presence unsettles the denizens of Diagon Alley.