

# Restricted Reading

*by herbologist*

Why is Severus Snape trying to steal a book from the Restricted Section of the library?

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Why is Severus Snape trying to steal a book from the Restricted Section of the library?

**A/N: Reviewers are just as important to fanfiction as writers. This little drabble is dedicated to KellyJoy, who inspired it with one of her thoughtful comments. Thank you for your wonderful encouragement and feed-back!**

**You can read this as an additional scene to 'Avada Kedavra' or as a standalone piece.**

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Severus trained his features into a perfectly bland mask. Most other people's cheeks would have been burning with shame, but he had mastered the skill of subterfuge to perfection. As he pretended to be casually perusing the ancient tomes in the Restricted Section, the book he had been looking for was already tucked under his arm and well concealed by the generous folds of his robes.

The library was deserted and perfectly quiet. It was a Hogsmeade week-end. The call of idle chatter over a pint of Butterbeer was evidently much stronger than his students' desire to pass their OWLs or NEWTs. It was perfect timing.

With slow, measured steps, he emerged from between the shelves. His eyes directed straight ahead, as if immersed into deep thought, he approached the counter where Madam Pince sat jealously guarding her treasures. The thought of anyone finding out just what he had chosen to read this afternoon was unbearable, so he intended to ignore her, walking right past her towards the safety of the double doors marking the exit. But before he could leave, the tedious librarian stopped him with a pernickety harrumph. He cursed inwardly. She must have placed a charm on the books to alert her when one of them crossed the threshold of her dominion.

He turned slowly towards her, determined to quell her objection with his most intimidating glare. Unfortunately, what reliably worked in the classroom seemed to have no effect on Irma Pince. She appeared even more tight-lipped than Minerva, her pointy nose quivering with indignation.

"Severus, even professors are required to check out the books they wish to borrow."

Damn! What now? Perhaps, if he was lucky, she would just swipe the book with her wand and perform the registration charm without even looking at the title. It was worth a try.

"Ah, forgive my oversight," he drawled as nonchalantly as he could manage, moving over to her with calm collection. Yet his pulse was racing as he withdrew the embarrassing item from underneath his sleeve and placed it on the counter with the cover facing down.

She reached for the little book and ran the tip of her wand along its spine. As she looked up at him, pushing it back towards him, she gave him a suggestive, knowing smile that looked entirely out of place on her wizened face.

He snatched the book out from underneath her haggard fingers, watching in horror as she toyed flirtatiously with the buttons of her blouse, throwing him what could only be described as a parody of a sultry look. It was too much. He'd rather be fondled by the giant squid than suffer that look every time he had to go to the library, possibly even running the risk of being propositioned by the withered old spinster.

Infuriated and mortified at the same time, he drew his wand.

*"Obliviate."*

Another practised flick erased any spell she might have placed on the text. He had no intention of returning it, only to face the same embarrassment again. He tucked his loot into his robes again before striding out of the door, under the eyes of a sweetly smiling Madam Pince.

Any feelings of guilt he might have had for Obliviating a member of staff and stealing Hogwarts property were easily dispersed by his Slytherin mind. After all, it was his duty as Head of House to confiscate such inappropriate reading in order to protect his students from corrupting influences. He was doing the school a service.

Back in the privacy of his underground sitting room, he stretched out on the canapé in front of the fire, avidly studying the pages of explicit descriptions with titillating illustrations of couples engaged in all sorts of lustful activities. The best way to ease his nervousness was to be well prepared, and so apprehension slowly gave way to excited anticipation. A small smile of puerile joy spread over his face.

It was true. Severus Snape was going on a date.