

Reparo

by stgulik

Never underestimate the power of Charms.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus would not miss a single thing about school. Not this station platform, not those endless goddamn Quidditch games, and certainly not the library, where ~~he~~ could be found, alone, sprawled in one of the comfortable chairs deep in the Charms annex.

At first, Severus had been content to gaze at him obliquely: sandy hair, long fingers holding a book or a quill, throat enticingly exposed above a loosened red and gold tie.

Later – “How would you pronounce this?” He had glanced up almost shyly, nudging a yellowed book across the arm of his chair.

One conversation led to more; one afternoon led to much more.

But the annex was discovered, then invaded, by giggling girls who seemed more interested in *his* biceps than Advanced Charms, and Severus was edged out, resigned to having lost the best thing about the whole—

The train whistle blew. “Oi, Snape, you dropped something.” Remus Lupin was suddenly there, bending over, then pressing a cloth into his hand. “My address. Write me, yeah?” Before Severus could take a breath, Remus had moved down the platform. Severus clenched his hand around the handkerchief. Parchment rustled.

Maybe the year hadn't been a total loss.

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