

The Gift

by sunny33

Spying isn't always a good idea.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Spying isn't always a good idea.

Disillusioned and cloaked in the shadows by the storeroom of Scrivenshaft's Quill Shop, Severus watches and waits. Shifting his impatience from one weary foot to another, he is finally rewarded when a boy enters, glancing behind him as if to ensure his entrance is unobserved.

Severus edges closer, straining his ears to catch the conversation between Remus Lupin and the young man behind the counter.

"I'm looking for something special. For *someone* special."

"Do you have anything particular in mind?"

"Well, it has to be black, to match his hair, and sleek. Powerful. Intellectual."

Remus frowns a little and rolls his shoulders to rid himself of the odd tingle at the back of his neck. Checking the door once again, he sees no-one.

"How about this then?" Lifting the lid off a finely-crafted box, the shop assistant tips it towards Remus, displaying a magnificent black swan quill set in silver velvet.

"Perfect. He'll love it. And hopefully..." Remus blushes.

"Pardon?"

"Nothing. Just wrap it please."

"Would you like it delivered?"

Remus nods, quickly penning a note to accompany the quill. A very personal, revealing note.

Jealousy blooms with pitiless rage in Severus's chest as he watches the boy he longs for choose a gift for his despised enemy. Yet not a tear falls as he shrinks back into the corner, ravaged by his own self-hatred.

The roar of defeat pounding in his ears drowns out Remus's whispered reply when the shop assistant asks the name of the recipient.

"Severus Snape."

A/N: This was written for Round Five of the snupin_idws on Livejournal. Thanks to quaffswinegaily for looking this over.