

Severus' Mince Pie

by Jolene_Wawr

2013 Christmas Drabble. The Christmas word I picked was 'mince pie'.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A pair of obsidian eyes gazed sedately down at a plate that lay before him. Exhausted, he cut a piece and prepared himself. Severus Snape was about to enjoy one of the small pleasures of the season. Slowly, and with deliberate precision, he lifted a piece of mince pie off of his plate and guided it to his already watering mouth. Ever so delicately, he slid the cold fork out from between his lips, leaving the warm, moist and sweet medley on his tongue. With instant contentment, Severus moaned and closed his eyes. He chewed. Exhaled. Swallowed. His tension was gone, and the weight that had been on his shoulders was lifted. Severus let out a breath and tilted his head back in response to the moment's peace. Alas, as quickly as Severus' relief came, it was extinguished. An intense searing and prickling pain on his left forearm caused him to drop his fork with a clatter onto the plate. Severus swore. He gave one last glance at the mince pie and cleared his mind. With a small pop, it was left to grow cold on his desk.