

The Best Brothel in London

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Drabble written for the *Muffliato!* Birthday Gift Exchange in honour of our dear Potions master's birthday. The gift provided was a gift certificate at the best brothel in London.

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Snape huffed. Ever since had *risen from death* (Skeeter's words), he hadn't had a moment of peace. Interviews. Autographs. Limelight!

Today was his birthday. He had hoped that at least Lucius would leave him alone, but no! "Enjoy yourself," he had said.

"How much time does this buy me?" Snape asked, waving the gift certificate under the Madam's nose.

"Depends. Giselle, our best: twenty minutes. Lana: two hours."

"I'll have Lana!"

She was pretty. Nice arse, nice tits, and she never said a word. She sat knitting, and Snape enjoyed her bed for two hours, having a well-deserved nap.