

A Summer Fling

by morgaine_dulac

A Potions master returning home for summer and a pleasant distraction.

Hello, Mr Snape

Chapter 1 of 12

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She'd see him every summer.

Ever since she'd gotten involved with the summer playgroup, she'd see him walking past the playground almost every day. Tall, imposing, dark clad, and with a scowl that could make flowers wither. A mysterious man who'd disappear again towards the end of August. Since she was curious, she had made inquiries. Snape was his name. Severus Snape. That was all she could find out.

'Look,' she told her children one day in early July. 'It's Mr Snape.'

'Hello, Mr Snape!' called her five-year-olds.

Try to scowl now, she thought and smiled at him.

He'd see her every summer.

Ever since she'd come to the summer playgroup business three years ago, he'd see her almost every day as he walked past the Cokeworth playground. The place held many memories for him. He'd made a friend there, his only friend. He'd lost her, and for many years, the playground had seemed dark to him, empty. Now there was laughter again, happy children, and a sweet twinkle in a pair of grey eyes. Yes, he'd seen her looking at him, and he had scowled.

'Look, it's Mr Snape.'

He froze. How could she know his name?

She met his dark glare unblinkingly. She hadn't expected him to break into a smile. He didn't seem the type. Even the fact that he had stopped surprised her a bit. But she was glad that he had. It gave her the chance to have a proper look at his face for the first time.

The scowl she had seen seemed to be a constant companion of his. She could tell by the angry line between his eyebrows.

'Good afternoon, Mr Snape,' she said.

All he did was give her a curt nod. Then he turned, wordlessly, and walked away.

A/N: It's been a while since I had a serious case of Drabbleitis. I have to say, it's a pleasant distraction from writing my third OF. There will be more, but I can't tell you when exactly.

How do you know my name?

Chapter 2 of 12

A Potions master returning home for summer and a pleasant distraction.

How could she know his name?

That question bothered Severus Snape immensely for the next couple of days. So much so, that he considered confronting her outside the playground. But to his own surprise, he found himself taking an alternative route for his afternoon walks. Towards the end of the week, he had managed to put the incident out of his mind.

On Saturday night, he popped into a shop on the other side of town. He preferred to go there, away from his house. He was just about to pay, when he heard her voice.

'Good evening, Mr Snape.'

'Are you stalking me?'

His voice was laced with poison, and he knew many people who'd tremble under his glare. But she just laughed.

'I'm as surprised as you are to see you here. I'm on my way to a party. Just picking up some wine.'

'How do you know my name?' Severus demanded to know.

'I made it my business to know. We're neighbours. I live down your street.' She payed for her wine and put it in her bag. 'Well, see you around. Good night, Mr Snape.'

She smiled and left, leaving Severus standing with his mouth open.

A Bottle of Wine

Chapter 3 of 12

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'Good afternoon, Miss Starrett.'

He had approached her from behind, treading softly, not wishing to make any noise. As she turned around, her surprise was obvious. Whether she was surprised by his sudden appearance on the playground or him knowing her name, Severus didn't know.

'That wine you bought the other night,' he started, a look of disgust on his face.

'It might have been cheap, but it was enjoyable,' she defended her choice. She was smiling now. Apparently, she had recovered from her shock.

'There are better ones,' Severus stated, producing a bottle from the folds of his cloak.

She didn't recognise the label. Of course not. The wine was elf-made. But Severus knew he needn't worry. By the choice she'd made the other night, he could tell she knew nothing about wine.

'Enjoy,' he said, holding the bottle out towards her. 'Let me know what you think of it.'

'Do you expect me to drink this all by myself?' she asked.

Severus cocked an eyebrow.

'You could join me,' she suggested. 'I live down the street, last house on the left.'

'I know where you live, Miss Starrett,' Severus answered. He, too, knew how to conduct research.

At the Pub

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They met up at the pub in the end, as they both agreed that drinking wine at her place on the first date wasn't appropriate. It wasn't a date either. They had agreed on that, too. They were just two people meeting up for a drink in order to learn something more from one another than just their last names.

'I heard the children call you Cat,' Severus started.

'That's short for Catriona.'

Severus nodded. He knew. He even knew what kind of car she drove.

'My name is Severus.'

'I know,' Cat said and smiled.

Of course she knew.

'You're a teacher then?'

Severus frowned. That she'd been able to find out his name was one thing, but his profession?

'I figured since you're only around during summer. Boarding school?'

Severus nodded, not quite sure how much he wanted to reveal. To his relief, Cat didn't seem to want to know more.

'I was thinking about becoming a teacher once. But I didn't want to do the same job year after year.'

'You don't play with five-year-olds all year round then?'

'Only during summer. I travel a lot. No strings attached.'

No strings attached? Severus liked that.

'I think I should walk you home now,' he suggested shortly before closing time. He had lost count of how many pints they'd had.

'I don't think that would be appropriate.'

'Why not?'

'Because I'm tipsy.'

'I am not planning to take advantage of you, if that's what you're worried about.'

Cat giggled.

'What a shame.'

She did let him escort her home, all the way to her garden gate. There she looked him straight in the eyes. She wasn't half as tipsy as she pretended to be.

'We should do this again some time,' she suggested and Severus agreed.

How About A Glass of Wine?

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They met up at the pub twice. They talked about everything and nothing at all. The third time, Cat pointed out that the bottle Severus had gifted her with was gathering dust on her kitchen counter.

'It's a nice evening. We could sit outdoors and have a glass. I have crackers, and there might be some cheese left in the fridge.'

Severus shuddered. If her taste in cheese was as horrible as her taste in wine... But he had to admit that it was a fine summer night. A glass of wine in the evening sun

would do just nicely.

She did have crackers but thankfully no cheese, and to Severus' surprise, her wine glasses were made of fine crystal.

'Heirlooms,' she explained. 'From my grandmother.'

The wine was sweet and heavy and went straight to his head. He should have eaten dinner, Severus thought.

He tried to focus his gaze, let his eyes wander over Cat's red lips and the soft curve of her neck. Oh, to taste those lips, to caress that soft skin...

All of a sudden, Severus paled, remembering who had given him that bottle of wine.

Lucius always claimed that he needed to get laid.

The Consequences of Elf-Made Wine

Chapter 6 of 12

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Severus grew acutely aware of Cat's every movement, her every gesture, every breath she took. She had started inhaling through her nose and was altering between biting her bottom lip and moistening it with the tip of her tongue. She barely met his gaze, and there was a sudden blush to her cheeks.

She was feeling the effects of the wine as well, Severus was certain of it. All he would have to do was lean in and claim a kiss, and after that...

He would be surprised if they made it indoors before they ripped each others' clothes off.

His mouth was dry. His heart was hammering in his chest. He could hear the blood rush in his ears. His palms were sweaty, his breath shallow, and the bulge in his trousers was becoming more evident by the second.

He could see Cat squirming in her chair, adjusting her position. Oh yes, she was aroused! Aroused as much as he was. She wouldn't mind getting fucked. Merlin, she would most probably welcome it!

Tonight she would, yes. Tomorrow she'd regret it. She was a Muggle, after all, and thus oblivious to the magic of the wine she had drunk.

Severus excused himself. In the privacy of Cat's bathroom, he splashed some water on his face, took some deep, steadying breaths, willing his mind to concentrate on anything but Cat's fine arse and tits.

Flobberworms. Sybill Trelawny. Argus effing Filch!

Nothing helped. If he'd go within an arm's length of Cat again that night, he'd ravish her, and no matter how much she would moan, no matter how tight she would wrap her legs around his hips, urging him to take her harder, it would be nothing more than rape.

'Fuck you, Malfoy!' Severus growled and made for the backdoor.

Brooding

Chapter 7 of 12

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Once again, Severus found himself avoiding the playground. As honourable as his intentions had been, he had — without explanation — walked out on Cat.

She must have wondered what had happened to him. Surely, she had noticed his arousal like he had noticed hers. If she had disappeared the way he had, his ego would be in smithereens, Severus was certain of that. He was unspeakably sorry, but he couldn't figure out how he could apologise. 'I was aroused but didn't want to fuck you' was veracious and anything but flattering. Cat would kill him on sight, and with good reason.

He would love to fuck her!

Cat was sweet, witty. She had a horrible taste in wine but a good sense of humor. They'd surely get along nicely in bed if they took their time. It had been a while, after all. Two years ago, during his third year as a Hogwarts teacher, Severus had had intimate relations with a witch he'd met at the Three Broomsticks. The sex had been good, but the witch had tired of him, since he had not wanted to commit, as she had put it.

Cat wouldn't want commitment, Severus guessed. No strings attached.

It was Sunday morning, maybe around ten. Severus had been up since dawn, and now he was bored. Had it not been raining, he would have gone for a walk. Maybe past the playground, even though he knew that Cat didn't work on Sundays.

Maybe she'd go down to their pub to have lunch. He could catch her there, apologise or pretend that nothing had happened.

He could go past her house. He knew where she lived, after all.

If he were a braver man.

Nope. He'd stay at home, Severus decided.

Then there came a knock at the door.

A Braver Woman

Chapter 8 of 12

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'You don't have a phone.'

'No, I don't.'

'You've given up on your walks.'

'I haven't.'

'You're avoiding the playground then.'

'Yes.'

'And the pub.'

'Yes.'

Severus found himself having lost every trace of eloquence he had ever possessed as Cat stared him down with her grey eyes.

'Look, if this is about last Saturday, um, ...' She broke off, cleared her throat, and Severus detected a slight blush on her cheeks. 'I felt it, too. I don't know if it was due to the wine or ...'

She took a step towards him.

'I could have eaten you up that night.'

She was standing uncomfortably close to him. Behind her the rain was pouring down, making a deafening noise as it hit the pavement. There was thunder in the air, but Severus barely noticed. Instead, he could hear his own heartbeat, and hers. He felt her breath tickle his cheek, his lips. He was unable to break eye contact, was drowning in her icy pools, couldn't breathe.

As she put her hand on his chest and kissed him, he was so surprised that he stumbled backwards. Quickly, Cat closed the distance between them and kicked the door shut with her boot.

In the Dark and Gloomy Hallway

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The hallway was gloomy, too dark for Severus to make out much more than Cat's face. But he could see the mischievous twinkle in her eyes. Her hand was still resting on his chest, his back was pressed up against the wall. He had nowhere to go, but to his surprise, he didn't mind. He didn't mind her second kiss either but willingly parted his lips for her. Her tongue entered his mouth, engaged in a wrestling match with his. He felt his knees go weak and his cock go hard, and on Cat's lips, he could feel a smile.

He gasped as he felt her hand between his legs, groaned as she caressed his hardening manhood. She had disengaged from their kiss and was now kissing the side of his throat. Her free hand, the one she had placed on his chest from the very start, had slipped inside his shirt, exploring his skin. Whenever she had unbuttoned said shirt, was beyond Severus' ken.

Her lips wandered downwards, leaving a trail of kisses on his neck and chest. Severus exhaled audibly as she flicked her tongue over his hardened nipple and gasped in surprise as she unbuckled his belt.

She took her time on the way down, kissing — as it seemed — every inch of Severus' stomach. Her hand was cupping his balls, every now and then giving them the slightest of squeezes. As she went down on her knees, Severus instinctively thrust his hips forwards. He heard her giggle, felt her fingers wrap themselves around his shaft, her tongue flick against the tip of his cock. Her lips slowly closed around it. He felt her tongue, her teeth, her hot breath. She took him deeply into her mouth, and Severus closed his eyes, digging his fingers into her hair.

She made him come undone before he had truly realised what she was doing to him. With a sound that couldn't be described as anything else than a whimper, Severus spilled himself inside her mouth, a wave of embarrassment washing over him before the tingling sensation in his body subsided.

With his fingers still entangled in her hair, he tried to steady himself, gathering the courage to look down at her. What he saw upon opening his eyes was priceless!. There she was, gazing up at him, and innocently wiping her chin. Like a cat that just got the cream.

Turning the Tables

Chapter 10 of 12

A Potions master returning home for summer and a pleasant distraction.

'Sorry about that. Couldn't help myself.'

'Sorry? You're sorry?'

What the hell was she sorry about, Severus wondered. He hadn't come that hard in ages. If anything, he should be the one being sorry for not lasting longer.

Taking a firm grip around Cat's shoulders, he pulled her up and kissed her hungrily, tasting his own saltiness on her lips. She responded to his kiss, grinding herself against him, moaning softly.

As they broke apart, Severus gazed deeply into Cat's eyes. He could easily have read her mind, but he didn't need to. It was quite obvious what she wanted.

His lips once more found hers as he guided her down the hallway. Where to go? They'd never make it up the stairs to the bedroom, Severus concluded. The closest room was the kitchen. Now, he could ...

With a mischievous thought manifesting in his mind, Severus pushed Cat into the kitchen where he lifted her onto the table. Positioning himself between her legs, he started kissing her neck, enticing delicious little noises from her as he caressed her sensitive skin.

He would have loved to fuck her right there and then but held back. He had a favour to return.

He massaged her breasts through the fabric of her blouse. He could feel her nipples harden under his touch, but he was in no hurry. Instead, he took his time opening her buttons and removing the fabric from her skin, kissing, licking, suckling at every inch of flesh he uncovered. When he looked up at Cat, her eyes were closed and her teeth deeply sunk into her bottom lip. She was enjoying his ministrations, alright, Severus thought with a smile, and directed his hand under her skirt and up her thigh. To his utter surprise, she wasn't wearing any knickers.

'Well, I wasn't on my way to church.'

She was grinning at him now.

'Minx,' Severus hissed.

He let the tip of his tongue flick over her lower lip and dip into her mouth. She sucked it greedily, which sent jolts of pleasure through his body. He had meant to play with her, finger her until she came undone, but now he was losing his mind.

He grabbed her and pulled her towards the edge of the table. Taking a firm hold of his cock, he guided it towards her entrance. With a deep growl, he buried himself inside her.

Slowing Down

Chapter 11 of 12

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He froze. With his cock deep inside her, he looked into Cat's eyes. Had he proceeded too quickly? Certainly, she had come to his house with the intention of shagging him, but should he have asked for her permission before entering her? At least, he should have tried to carry out some proper foreplay.

He opened his mouth, not sure what he wanted to come out. An apology, maybe? It was far too late for that, for sure.

Cat tilted her head, caressed his cheek with her fingertips. Then she let herself fall backwards, encircling his hips with her legs.

He eased slowly out of her, just to fill her again the next moment, just as slowly. He wasn't in a hurry anymore. Instead, he savoured the sensation of her warm flesh and the rhythmical contractions of her muscles around his cock. Every now and then, he leaned forward to caress her breasts or to suck her nipples. It was during one of those moments that Cat wrapped her arms around his neck and let him pull her up into a sitting position again.

'This time, I want to see your face when you come,' she whispered into his ear.

He took her face in both hands, looking intently at her before he kissed her. Earlier, their kisses had been wild and passionate, but now they took their time to properly taste each others' lips. Severus barely moved his hips, but the new angle made Cat whimper slightly every time he filled her anew. He gently fondled her breasts, softly caressed her bum, her back, her thighs. As one of his long, slender fingers joined his cock inside her, Cat gasped in surprise, and Severus grinned. He had a feeling that he soon would be watching her come. Very soon.

He wrapped one arm around her hip, holding her close as she squirmed in his embrace. His cock was still inside her and so was his middle finger. He could feel her muscles pulsating around him, in the same rhythm in which he was caressing her clit with the tip of his thumb. They were engaged in another sensuous kiss. Cat was moaning into his mouth, all the while he could feel her nails digging into his back. Then she went rigid. Her moans turned into breathless gasps. She was trembling in his arms, and Severus couldn't help but smirk.

It was the most silent and at the same time the most powerful orgasm Severus had ever witnessed. Cat was holding him tight, and it was hard not to drive into her and let her muscles bring him to the same peak she had just reached. But this moment was not about him. Severus was sure that he would get what he desired sooner or later. Now he just wanted to watch her.

When she stopped trembling, he eased out of her and kissed her softly.

'May I suggest a change of location? I do own a rather nice bed.'

At the End of the Day

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A Potions master returning home for summer and a pleasant distraction.

Cat was lying by his side, her head resting on his chest. Severus absentmindedly played with her hair.

'Would you like some chips?' she suddenly asked.

'Yes! I'm famished.'

'Wonder why?'

Cat giggled, and Severus playfully slapped her bum.

They had every right to be hungry. They had fucked like rabbits for the better part of the day. In his bed, in his shower, on the threadbare rug in the sitting room. Severus doubted that the walls of his house had ever witnessed that much shagging before.

They had made love, too, sweet and tender love. It had been wonderful.

They gathered up their clothes, dressed, and Severus found an old jacket for Cat to wear. Then they stepped out into the evening air. It was quite chilly, and the streets were still wet. When it had stopped raining, neither of them knew.

The chip shop wasn't far away, not more than a few minutes' walk, but far enough for Severus to notice that Cat was unusually quiet.

'What's wrong?' he asked once they had ordered their chips.

Cat buried her hands in the pockets of his jacket.

'I'll be leaving tomorrow', she said. 'I've got a job in Greece.'

They ate their chips chatting about Cat's new job.

'It's just something temporary. I'll probably be back in England before Christmas.'

'And then?'

'Who knows?'

After they had eaten, Cat handed Severus his jacket.

'Keep it,' he said.

'But it's yours.'

'Was.'

She kissed him on the cheek to say goodbye, and Severus gazed after her as she walked down the street. He hated to see her leave. He liked her and wouldn't have minded spending more time with her. But he knew that there would be another summer, and with some luck, there would even be another summer fling.