

# The Potions Master's Buttons or Button Button Who's Got the Button

*by potionmistress60*

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## Classroom Antics

*Chapter 1 of 5*

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A/N: A while back, I wrote this piece for the Button Challenge at TPMM. I originally wrote this as a short fic, but after some prompting, I decided to continue this Snape/Rosmerta story. My thanks to Susan who volunteered to beta this story.

The Potions Master's Buttons or Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?

By Potionmistress60

### Chapter 1 - Classroom Antics

The noise and commotion could be heard all the way down the hallway. Severus Snape's pace quickened as he hastened towards his classroom. His robe billowed around him as if he were flying. He would have been the look of Byronic beauty and grace if it were not for the storm of anger across his features.

"Dear gods and Merlin, I can't take another day of this! Heads are going to roll; be it Gryffindor or Slytherin!"

It was Snape's last Potions class of the week, and he was hoping to get through it with some modicum of sanity. Gryffindor and Slytherin had been at each other for the past five days. Their teams were to play each other at Saturday's Quidditch match, and by the sound of it, things had come to a head.

Snape took his frustrations out on the classroom door and kicked it open.

"SILENCE!"

The students immediately stopped what they were doing. The classroom looked like a Muggle photograph with the students caught in mid-motion. Snape wished he could hit all of them with *Petrificus Totalus* and let the dunderheads sit there like statues for the rest of the class time.

"I will not have my classroom turned into some barbaric cockfight in the back room of some seedy pub!" Snape declared. "Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, come here -- now!"

"Professor Snape!" Hermione Granger cried out. "It's not their fault! They were minding their own business when ..."

"I said SILENCE, Miss Granger! What part of that word don't you comprehend?" The Potions master glared at the impertinent little know-it-all. "Perhaps your intelligence is overrated," Snape said icily. "If you don't prepare to keep that infernal mouth shut, you will be joining your so-called friends on a little adventure."

Hermione was visibly upset at the unfairness, but thought it prudent to take her Potions professor's advice. She gave Harry and Ron a sympathetic look and sat down at her desk.

Both boys looked at Snape, rolled their eyes and braced themselves for the worst.

"And, if I ever see you two roll your eyes at me again, I will personally pluck them out and simmer them in erampent fluid and bubotuber. Do I make myself perfectly clear?" The menacing tone of his voice caused more than a few students to find refuge in their books. Snape got the desired effect as Harry Potter and Ron Weasley paled and became more submissive.

As Snape looked up at the rest of the class, he noticed Draco Malfoy and his two sidekicks, Crabbe and Goyle, smirking.

"Mr. Malfoy, while I am sure that Messrs. Potter and Weasley were the instigators of this commotion, I have grown quite weary of your part in all of this. I want you and your two toadies to come up here as well."

Snape took pleasure in seeing that smug little smile of Draco's wiped off his foolish face. If it weren't for Lucius' power and influence, he would have dealt with this Malfoy progeny a long time ago. As it were, Severus had to step lightly and put up the facade that Lucius' offspring was his Slytherin golden boy.

"You and your uncontrolled behaviors have worn my patience to the quick," Snape growled. "If I had the power to do so, I would cancel this infernal Quidditch match here and now. But since that is quite impossible, I am calling for an immediate detention in which all five of you will serve."

The young wizards looked at each other, confused. It was not uncommon for their Potions instructor to give out detentions. This was part of the daily activities and was actually expected. Never in their years at Hogwarts, however, had they heard of Snape giving detention to those in his own House of Slytherin!

"And, since I am bound to teach Potions at this hour, I will have to turn you over into the hands of another. Miss Parkinson!" Snape called out. "Please retrieve Mr. Filch for me, immediately!"

All of the students' eyes popped open wide, and they reminded Severus of the Owlery in the West Tower. If he weren't in such a foul mood, he would have found it humorous.

Pansy Parkinson scuttled out of the classroom like a mouse being chased by a kneazle. It only seemed like moments later when she returned with old Filch in tow. Mr. Filch was the caretaker at Hogwarts, and although he was non-magical, one took great pains to avoid him. He was cantankerous at best and took great joy out of seeing Hogwarts students in misery.

"Mr. Filch," Professor Snape said with false concern. "I have five Hogwarts students who need to learn proper classroom behavior. I've assured them that you would be only too glad to tutor them."

Filch's eyes took on a gleam of anticipation as he looked at Snape. He then turned to his newly acquired charges and smiled nastily. Four of the five boys swallowed hard and looked quite uneasy. Draco tried to appear calm and a bit indignant, but Severus could see the fear seeping out.

"Come along, laddies," Filch cackled. "Ol' Professor Filch has got some teaching to do."

The six of them filed out of the room one by one. It looked like they were participating in some form of death march. Filch could be heard talking to the unfortunate students and cackling all the way down the hallway.

Snape was amused by Filch's zeal for torture and punishment. Once in a while, the old Squib would pull Snape aside and tell him about the good old days; when it was acceptable to inflict pain on students as a means of punishment. Severus would close his eyes and envision the various tortures described on Potter, Weasley, Longbottom and that insufferable know-it-all... *Granger*.

"Ah, but that Dumbledore, he took all the fun away," Filch would lament.

The Potions class finally got underway, and with the catalysts removed all went fairly smoothly. Even Neville Longbottom managed to make it through without incident. Snape suspected Hermione Granger had her hand in helping him, but at this point he didn't care. He just wanted to get this class done and over with. He had plans tonight and didn't want to spend half the night scrubbing ooerpus out of his hair again.

With class over, Severus gathered up his things and headed down to his quarters. Word spread quickly of Snape's mood and the classroom theatrics. The student body parted quickly as the dark man passed by. When he finally reached the solitude of his room, he threw his parchments and books on his desk and sat down in his favorite leather chair.

He gave a heavy sigh and smiled. "Now, Rosmerta, my attention is completely on you."

## The Lady in Waiting

### Chapter 2 of 5

Severus Snape's thoughts turn to the lovely Miss Rosmerta as he prepares for their date.

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### Chapter 2 – The Lady in Waiting

Severus Snape had fancied Rosmerta for some time. She was the proprietor of the Three Broomsticks, which was a pub down in Hogsmeade. He would go down there on weekends, sit in a dark corner and watch her work her magic across the crowd. Almost everyone liked Rosmerta. One would describe her as pretty and radiant. She had a

good nature, was quick to laugh, and was equally quick to lend a sympathetic ear. She could be a bit bawdy at times but not to the point of being terribly crass. This aspect of her personality was part of an act, for she did, after all, have to deal with a lot of rowdy and drunken warlocks.

At first, Severus never really paid much attention to Rosmerta. To him, she was just the barkeeper of the local drinking establishment. It was not until Snape started attending the occasional Friday staff meetings at the pub that he started noticing her enchanting personality. From that point on, he would linger a little longer after these meetings, and this led to more frequent independent visits. Eventually, Rosmerta started keeping a special table in the back free for him. She always made Severus feel welcome, whether his mood was pleasant or not. She had a good sense about her and knew when she could push him or when to give him a wide berth.

Their conversations, in the beginning, started out as small quips and pleasantries, then graduated on to more formal modes, and eventually they crossed into the personal. Snape was reticent to move past the conversational aspect of their relationship. There was always that nagging voice that told him that he didn't deserve happiness. Not to mention, he feared that with his not so illustrious background and lack of experience courting witches, he would ruin what friendship the two of them had built. It was, however, Rosmerta who finally took the bull by the balls.

It was a Friday evening and, as always, Snape came into the Three Broomsticks and took his usual table. Rosmerta took it upon herself to personally deliver his drink to him.

"Professor Snape!" Rosmerta said sharply. "I do believe this lengthy conversation has gone on quite long enough. Now, are you going to introduce me to your friend or not? It seems a show of bad manners on your part, not to introduce us when he obviously seems so eager to meet me."

Snape was taken off guard and quite confused by her remarks. Rosmerta gave him a sly smile, and it was then that Severus realized the true meaning of her words. Feeling like a young schoolboy caught in the act of masturbation, he became slightly flustered and spilt his drink onto himself.

"Oh dear me!" said Rosmerta with a slightly seductive tone. "It looks like I'll have to clean that up. Don't you worry though; I have just the cleansing spell up in my room. That's if you care to join me." She paused a moment to watch Severus' reaction and continued. "It's an old family charm guaranteed to lift stains immediately." She gave Severus a quick little wink.

Snape stood up from the table, promptly took Rosmerta's hand and nearly burst through the crowded bar room.

As Snape sat in his quarters thinking back on their first evening together, his friend began pushing against his trousers. It was aggravated at all those buttons for hindering its escape.

*Now, now, Snape said to himself, there will be no foolish wand waving here. Let's wait till the lady arrives.*

Snape had a couple of hours to prepare for Miss Rosmerta's arrival. He had planned a quiet, romantic evening in his private quarters with the hopes of impressing her with his finer points.

"Dobby! Winky! I need your assistance!"

Always eager to please, the house-elves Apparated quickly.

"Yes, Master Snape? What would you need? Dobby and Winky always like helping Master Snape. He's a great wizard, he is."

Winky stood slightly behind Dobby, bobbing her head in agreement.

"I am entertaining a female guest tonight, and I thought we would dine in my room. Could you arrange to have dinner brought to my quarters, say around 7:00 pm?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Dobby and Winky would be most glad to."

Now both elves were bobbing their heads.

"I will tell cooks to prepare something extra-special for Master Snape and friend." In saying that, Dobby gave Snape a wink.

"Ah. No surprises Dobby, please," said Snape firmly.

Dobby had a tendency to overdo things a bit, and that made Snape nervous. Severus wanted the evening to go smoothly without courting some disaster, especially a disaster propagated by this over-achieving house-elf.

"Winky?"

"Ye... Yes, Master Snape?" Winky said nervously. She was not as bold as Dobby, and Snape's presence seem to make her uneasy.

"I have some laundry in the corner that you can take. Also, I seem to have lost a button on my good frock coat. Could you make sure that it is repaired before my guest arrives?"

"Of course, Master Snape," Winky said as she bowed.

"That will be all." Severus gave them a little wave to motion them along.

The elves gathered up Snape's clothes and vanished in a snap.

"Now, that taken care of, I have some time to relax and freshen up. A good, hot bath is first in order."

As Snape headed to the bathroom, he grabbed his latest copy of *Potions Monthly Magazine* off the desk.

*Nothing like relaxing the muscles and stimulating the mind,* he thought to himself. He patted the magazine and mumbled, "At least this will keep me from getting too anxious." He smiled and closed the bathroom door.

## Surprise! Surprise!

Severus Snape has set his sights on showing Rosmerta his finer points. Interruptions, however, threaten these plans. Pairing: Snape/Rosmerta

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### Chapter 3 - Surprise! Surprise!

"I feel like a new wizard," Severus said as he sauntered into the bedroom. He unwrapped the green bath towel that covered his lower torso and started to fold it. He noticed the frock coat, that had been sent out to be repaired, was laid out neatly on the bed. It was set next to the rest of the attire he had planned on wearing that night. He laid down the towel, picked up the coat, and inspected the newly replaced button.

"Mmm, not bad for a forty-something wizard."

Snape jumped and tried to cover himself with his frock coat. "Rosmerta!" he exclaimed. Severus was not sure whether to be angry or pleased with her intrusion.

Rosmerta had been standing in the main room, but after hearing Snape in the bedroom, had decided to investigate.

"Oh!" Rosmerta started to laugh. "I didn't mean to scare you. The elf I saw out in the hallway told me that you were expecting me."

"Not for at least another hour," Severus said a bit tersely. He could feel a slight blush rise to his cheeks as the embarrassment of his reaction registered. He was supposed to be so cool and controlled under adverse situations.

"I was able to get someone to manage the pub a little earlier. I really didn't think you'd mind." Rosmerta smiled at him, acting coy and batting her lashes. "Honestly, I'd say my timing was impeccable." She looked Snape up and down, lingering over certain prominent areas.

By now, Severus had gathered his wits about him and decided to relax and play along. He dropped the frock coat on the bed and started towards Rosmerta. With a menacing glint in his eye and speaking in his best intimidating voice, he said, "I'd say your timing is most unfortunate, Miss Rosmerta. Disrupting the teacher will cost you dearly."

The low silkiness of his voice triggered a series of reactions in Rosmerta. Just his act of speaking could suddenly touch off her sexual desires, yet make her feel shy and vulnerable. His dark eyes, examining her closely, were hypnotic, calming and dangerous all at once. It caused a mixture of wanting to fully offer herself to this man and a natural fear of exposing her soul to the devil. She giggled nervously and started backing up.

"Now you dare to laugh at me? My, you really are quite insubordinate." As Severus spoke, he strode slowly and deliberately towards Rosmerta. He surveyed his intended prey, stalking her with controlled intensity.

"What would be a just and proper punishment for the likes of you?" he continued. His dark eyes continued to gaze steadily at his victim, contemplating her weakness, which would indicate the appropriate penance.

Rosmerta kept backing up as Snape continued towards her. There was a mixture of anxiety and anticipation working itself up within her. The natural reaction of fight-or-flight grew stronger, but was surpassed by her sexual appetite. She had never played naughty schoolgirl with Severus and didn't know how far he would take the game. The thought was provocative.

"Detention, perhaps?"

The words dripped off his lips, and Rosmerta found herself wanting to spend a lifetime of detention with this luscious man. She felt a familiar tightness develop quickly in her lower belly, and her nipples became painfully taut.

"Public flogging? I could set you as an example for other students." A slow smile crossed Snape's face.

Rosmerta's back was now up against the wall, and Severus was almost upon her in all his delectable nakedness. She started to wriggle against the barrier, stifling her laughter. Snape kept drawing closer and closer. She could see and smell his desire, and the need to throw herself at him was nearly more than she could manage.

"Oh, please, sir! I've been a wicked, bad, naughty girl, and I must pay the penalty!" Rosmerta said in a slightly desperate tone. "There is but one punishment for this, you must tie me down on a bed and spank me!"

*Ah, the Castle Anthrax scene,* thought Snape. *I wondered if she was into spankings.* He was amused at her attempt at role-playing. *This could be very interesting, indeed,* and the thought of tying this beautiful woman up and having her at his mercy excited him even more.

Trying hard to stay in his formidable character, Snape continued. "After I have spanked you, I will have to deal with you as I wish."

As he said this, Severus reached Rosmerta and placed his hands against the wall, on either side of her head. He stared into her face, and Rosmerta immediately became lost in the dark depths of his eyes. It was that strange, hypnotic feeling that she felt whenever he stared at her, and she wanted to swim in those onyx pools forever. Her instincts, however, told her to break eye contact. When she did, Rosmerta noticed a large erection straining out to meet her. At the mere sight of Severus' engorged member, her clitoris began throbbing stronger, her inner muscles spasmed slightly, and she gasped. A warm wetness formed between her legs as she tried to hold herself steady.

Severus was upon her now. She was fully captured. Rosmerta felt his hardened cock press slightly against her thigh. She pulled her hips from against the wall and tried to get better acquainted with him. Snape continued to look into her face. His predatory look was replaced with something more tender, loving, and passionate. He was driving her crazy with desire.

*Forget the spanking, for now,* she thought. *What I really want is to waste no more time, rip my clothes off and ride him like a wild, dark stallion across the moor.*

Snape leaned into her with his mouth barely touching hers and whispered, "I can arrange that, if that is truly what you wish."

The look of comprehension and surprise on Rosmerta's face caused Snape to chuckle.

"Legitimency does have its advantages," he said with a wicked grin.

Severus removed his right hand from the wall and lightly stroked Rosmerta's face with his slender fingers. He ran his thumb back and forth across her cheekbone. As he felt her smooth skin, he studied her face and committed it to memory for the nights that they wouldn't be together. He debated whether to continue on with this game or just give into what they both desperately desired; for he was not only punishing her but himself as well. The ache in his manhood begged for release. Severus knew that if he didn't act soon it would be too late. Control was not his forte tonight. He let his hand trace Rosmerta's chin, neck and down across the tops of her breasts.

"This is torturous." Rosmerta groaned.

"Hmm... long, drawn out punishments not to my lady's taste? Perhaps, she would like it more swift and sure." Snape accentuated the end of his sentence with a sudden jab and grind of his pelvis into her groin.

Rosmerta's breath hitched in her throat, and Severus felt her knees buckle slightly. He leaned his face into hers again and slowly licked her parted lips before kissing her firmly and passionately. Rosmerta responded by seeking his mouth with her tongue, running her hands up and down his long torso only to land firmly behind his perfect derriere. She held onto it as if she never wanted to let go. Her hips began to sway back and forth as she tried desperately to rub her clitoris against Severus' stiffness. The dark wizard let out a small moan and grabbed at Rosmerta's long skirt. In one fluid motion, he managed to lift the fabric up above her hips and proceeded to pull her undergarments down.

As Severus was about ready to take Rosmerta against his bedroom wall, he heard a cough in the other room. It startled the witch and she quickly grabbed Snape's hands in order to stop him.

The Potions Master rolled his eyes. "Wonderful timing," he growled sarcastically. Then he whispered, "It's just our dinner. The elves are delivering it in the other room. I'll get rid of them."

Snape tried tugging at Rosmerta's undergarments again and got a playful slap on the hand. He gave her a mischievous grin, and she shook her finger in his face.

"Dobby, just set the dinner on the table and then let yourself out!" Snape said a little agitatedly. "Oh, and please give it a warming spell before you go. We will be a little detained."

Severus leaned into Rosmerta's ear and whispered again. "My lady still has to pay her dues and must submit to her punishment." As he said this, he snaked his hand under her knickers and fingered her swollen nub.

"It's not Dobby, sir!"

The alarm in Snape's head went off and he froze. He recognized that aristocratic, sneering voice anywhere.

"Damn it!" Snape said through gritted teeth. "This can not be happening to me. Not now!"

He quickly removed his hand from its warm, wet enclosure. Rosmerta pulled her skirt down and tried to straighten herself.

"Malfoy! This is neither the time nor the place for an impromptu visit nor am I in the mood for one of your informant's meetings."

"I have something to discuss with you Professor, and I'm sure you will want to hear what I have to say," Draco Malfoy said smugly.

"I'm sure whatever gossip you have about Mr. Potter can wait till tomorrow. Now go, if you value your life!"

"Oh, it's not about Potter, sir. It's about you."

Rosmerta knew enough about the Malfoys to decide that she didn't like the tone of this young wizard's voice and where this conversation may be going. She sensed that her lover was not going to get out of this predicament by standing bare-naked in the bedroom. He was going to have to face the little ferret in person. She reached into her pocket and retrieved her wand.

"*Clathas operire*," she said softly.

The clothes on the bed flew across the room and placed themselves onto Snape's body. He looked slightly astonished as he realized that his nakedness was covered.

Rosmerta smiled sweetly and stated matter-of-factly, "An old trick I used in my wilder, more promiscuous days."

Snape looked at her with his eyebrow arched. "You'll have to show me later what other talents you learned in those promiscuous days. Right now, I have to deal with a spoiled little serpent that needs to know his place."

The fully clothed man marched out of the bedroom and into his main quarters. There stood Draco, smiling that self-righteous smile of his. Severus wanted nothing better than to hex it off and send the boy that owned it to the depths of hell.

"Mr. Malfoy, I have asked you to come back at another time, yet you refuse to do so. Do you mind me asking but do you have a serious death wish?"

"No, sir," Malfoy said as he continued that damnable smile. "I believe, however, that you do."

"Are you threatening me, Mr. Malfoy? If you are entertaining any thought of such a deed, I highly suggest that you watch out with whom you are dealing with at present. As much as I commend you practicing such talents, I warn you to exercise them on someone more comparable to your ability."

Draco wavered slightly and then continued. "I'm sure that my father will not like to hear about the detention that you gave me today. In fact, I think he will become quite upset. He could make your position at Hogwarts quite unpleasant if word got to him about this matter."

Snape laughed right out loud and then changed his demeanor to something more serious. "Mr. Malfoy, if that is the best you can do, please go back to your room and work on your delivery again. Your father will know about your classroom antics and it won't be from you. I am positive that he will be quite upset. Upset that his only male heir was behaving so Gryffindorishly. Cunning, resourcefulness, and determination are what I praise in a Slytherin... not foolhardiness, boorishness and imprudence. Now get out of my sight before I make you wish that you had never stepped foot in Hogwarts."

"Yes, sir," Draco said with some resentment. He turned around and headed for the door.

"Draco?" Severus asked with more control. "Out of curiosity, how long have you been standing here in my quarters?"

Draco turned around and smiled devilishly. "Long enough, Professor Snape. Have a very good evening, sir."

The professor glowered at Malfoy as he stepped out the door. He would have to have a little chat with the Headmaster about this open door policy that was set in place at the beginning of the school year. Dumbledore felt it was necessary after some unfortunate student landed in the hospital wing.

*So the security wards set in place were too severe... Served the little prat right! thought Snape. Potter should have thanked me. He got a week's worth of rest, relaxation and enough chocolate frogs and cockroach clusters to last him the rest of the semester.*

"Our intruder is finally gone, I take it?"

Rosmerta entered the room and took her place behind Severus. She rubbed his shoulders briefly and proceeded to run her hands down his back, delighting in the feel of such fine fabric. Her nose lightly touched his back, and she took in a deep breath. The smell of Severus body was enticing. It smelled of the ginger and eucalyptus bath salts he had been soaking in prior to her arrival.

"I believe we have some unfinished business to attend to, my dear Professor."

Her hand reached around to Snape's front, and she gently ran her hand over the buttons on his trousers. She felt him respond to her caress, and she smiled wickedly.

"So many buttons, so little time. What is a poor witch to do?"

Severus turned around and faced her with an equally wicked smile. "All the better to torture you with, my dear. I could assist you with the task of removing all these buttons, but I think we'll see how well you handle the responsibility yourself."

"I love a challenge," Rosmerta said with a slight moan. "Perhaps, I will keep one as a souvenir of my conquest."

Her hand reached up to the top button of Severus' coat, circled it with her finger and proceeded to unbutton the black object slowly. This first button was stubborn and Rosmerta had difficulty getting it through the buttonhole.

"I hope you haven't charmed them in any way. That would be cheating," Rosmerta softly chided Severus.

"I wouldn't dream of it," he whispered in her ear.

His warm breath against the side of her face caused Rosmerta to stop, close her eyes and concentrate on the sensation.

"You are distracting me, Professor Snape," her voice wavered slightly.

"What a pity, Miss Rosmerta," Severus said smoothly. "Perhaps, you need to learn how to focus your attention on one object at a time."

Her body reacted to his low, sensual voice, and Rosmerta found herself clutching his coat for a moment. When the feeling had passed, she was able to continue with the undertaking of unbuttoning the long line of buttons. She fingered the second button and promptly kissed it for luck before she dislodged it from its position.

"Two down, fifteen more to go." Snape said silkily.

Rosmerta looked into his eyes and smiled as she undid the third one. "I never told you this before, but the night I first noticed you, I was drawn to all of your buttons. I found myself absolutely fixated. "

As the witch continued to undo each button, slowly, she kept on speaking. "I wondered to myself, what it would be like to have to button and unbutton each of those, day in and day out? How I would like to be the one to open you like a wonderful present at the end of each day. Many nights, I wished that I would find one of your black treasures lying on the pub floor."

Snape looked at Rosmerta with some fascination as he never had such an adoring fan. "What would you have done with it?" he asked quietly.

"I would have kissed it, played with it, slept with it. I would have hung it on a silver chain and worn it next to my heart. "

Severus reached up to touch Rosmerta's face and hair and then pressed his lips to hers, kissing her deeply and without reservation. He wanted to taste her mouth, her skin, the breasts hidden under her bodice. After a brief moment, he pulled away and looked longingly into her eyes.

"I think that we should move to a more suitable location," he said as he grabbed her hand.

Severus gently pulled her to the bedroom and over to the bed. He sat down on the edge of the mattress and placed his hands firmly around Rosmerta's waist. As he leaned back onto the duvet, the wizard pulled his lover down upon him.

"Proceed with your task. If you succeed, I will gift you with more than a button."

Rosmerta giggled with the anticipation of the rewards she would receive. She sought out the rest of the buttons and pressed on.

The door in Snape's main room opened up and the tinkling of glass and metal was heard as a cart moved along the floor.

"Master Snape! Your dinner is served!"

Suddenly, the bedroom door slammed shut and Dobby jumped at the sound.

"Ah, Master Snape?" the house-elf said a little timidly. "I will just put a warming spell on the food, and you and your guest can eat at your leisure."

Dobby waved his hand over the food, mumbled a few words and with a sharp "POP" he was gone.

From the bedroom, Rosmerta could be heard squealing and laughing. "Button, button, who's got the button?"

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*A/N: "Clathas operire" is a spell that I devised. It can be quite useful in delicate situations. If you feel the need to use it, please ask and I will enlighten you on the proper wand technique. Again, thanks to Susan for taking the time to beta my story. I'd also like to thank my fellow Snapeaholics for encouraging me.*

## The Gift

Chapter 4 of 5

Severus rewards Rosmerta with a gift. But, is she prepared for what else he has planned for her this evening?

Pairing: Snape/Rosmerta

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*A/N: This chapter is dedicated to Alison and Lisa. Without their encouragement, this story would have been put to rest after Chapter 3.*

**Chapter 4: The Gift**

She held her trophy up between her index finger and thumb and examined its beauty as if it were a rare, black pearl. The smile on her face was ever present, and a look of triumph shone in her eyes.

"I have you now," Rosmerta said as she stared at the button. Turning her gaze to Severus, she continued, "And I'll never let you go." She leaned down to kiss the man beneath her, biting and sucking his lower lip gently.

The sensation this small act produced caused Snape to moan and thrust his tongue deep into her mouth. He grabbed her hips tightly and started pressing his erection back and forth against Rosmerta's body. He could feel the warmth of her body through the fabric of his trousers. It teased and heightened the already painful arousal. The lovers' game was over; it was time to push forward. No more talk of detention, spankings or other forms of sexual foreplay. He had to have her now!

"I need you," he growled, still rubbing against his lover. "I... can't... wait."

Rosmerta pulled up slightly, running her left hand along the side of Severus' face and through his hair, all the while still clutching the button in her right. She noticed how black his eyes were now, his pupils dilated with passion. Black as the button she was gripping in her hand. His face pleaded with her to act quickly, and she knew they could no longer deny each other the pleasure they desperately had wanted all evening. Tucking her prize carefully in the pocket of her dress, she leaned back down and kissed Severus' nose.

"Soon, my love very soon." Rosmerta pushed the dark fabric away, revealing Snape's bare chest. She kissed her way down his neck, along the collar bone, and licked a path to his nipple. Reaching her destination, she circled the pink flesh with her tongue and nipped it gently.

The wizard jerked slightly and gasped. "Rosmerta... please." He reached for the front of his trousers and desperately tried to unbutton them.

Rosmerta quickly grabbed his hands and held them still. "Please, Severus, let me release you." Her voice was quiet yet determined. It cleverly hid the fact that her own body ached, as strongly as Severus', for the feel of their bodies melting together. Yet, she wanted to do this open the gift he had promised her by herself. "I promise to be quick."

She felt his hands relax, and she let them go. Smiling dreamily, she ran a finger slowly over the shiny, black buttons and selected the first one she would undo. Snape closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, trying to think of something to distract himself. He fervently fought the desire to come at the mere feeling of those fingers playing with fabric and button holes.

*Damn buttons, he thought miserably. Maybe it's time to change to zippers.*

Suddenly, Snape felt his cock spring forward and something warm and wet come down on him. He looked up and saw Rosmerta taking his overly excited member into her mouth.

"NO!" he shouted as he grabbed some of the fabric on the bed.

Rosmerta sat up and looked confused.

Snape tried to control his breathing for a moment and began speaking slowly. "I... can't... hold on... much longer." He swallowed and then continued, "I want to be in you... Rosmerta."

The smile returned to Rosmerta's face, and she quickly started to undress. The garments flew onto the floor in a frantic heap. Severus watched the movements of his lover's body as she twisted and turned to rid herself of all constraints. He loved how her breasts bounced with every shifting motion. As his enchanting witch positioned herself to remove her knickers, he reached up to touch the perfect orbs, delighting in their fullness. Soon, Rosmerta was straddling him, fully naked and fully aroused.

"Now, Severus, I want my gift... right now." It was a plea more than a command, and Rosmerta raised her hips and positioned herself over Severus' hardened cock. She closed her eyes and slowly lowered herself onto it, feeling him push through the opening of her vagina and into her wetness. Severus felt her warm tightness close around him, and he pushed up, trying to submerge himself fully. The couple moaned at the feeling of finally joining their bodies and souls together. *This won't take long*, they both thought. Rosmerta kept still, not wanting to rush the sensation of her lover's body filling hers. Severus was still fighting the urge to release and concentrated on holding it back. Finally, as if giving a signal to begin, Rosmerta clenched her inner muscles around her object of desire and began moving up and down. She moved slowly, at first, and then quickened the pace. Snape met her body, in ancient rhythm, driving into her with as much force as he could manage. As they predicted, the climax began taking hold of them quickly, and the familiar tightening urged them on. Rosmerta moved faster and more uncontrollably as she felt herself give in to her orgasm. Severus felt her muscles spasm and squeeze as she screamed out her ecstasy. The feel and the sound of her rapture sent an even stronger force through him, allowing himself to finally surrender to what had been threatening to burst through his body.

"Fuck me, hard!" Snape yelled out as all control vanished.

Rosmerta gripped onto his shoulders and slammed her hips into his, falling into a hard, fast rhythm. "Let it go, Severus! Let it go! I want to feel you come!"

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The lovers lay breathless in each other's arms. Their nakedness glistened with sweat, and the room hung heavy with the smell of arousal and lovemaking. Severus' eyes were closed as he idly stroked his lady's breast with his fingers. He was well spent and couldn't think of a better place to be than where he was right now. *Was there a more glorious feeling than sex and its aftereffects?* he wondered.

The couple lay nestled up to each other for some time, drifting in and out of a post-sex slumber. As Snape became more lucid, he reached over, gently stroked Rosmerta's hair, and inhaled the sweet and musky scent that surrounded their bodies. *Intoxicating, seductive and very arousing*, he thought to himself.

A lazy female's voice broke the silence. "Severus?"

"Hmm?" he responded slowly.

"I liked my gift." Rosmerta sighed and snuggled closer, melding her body against his.

Snape smiled, brought his arm around, and held her tighter. "It's only a button. I have plenty more of them," he said, knowing full well that wasn't what she meant.

"You are simply wicked. You know what I'm talking about," Rosmerta softly giggled.

"I am wicked very wicked, and you best remember that, my dear." Snape's voice started taking on that dark, silky tone that drove her crazy. "Speaking of wicked..."

"Yes?" Rosmerta giggled again. She wriggled herself against Severus' body in hopes of renewing life into a particular body part. This, however, drew a sharp slap on her bottom. "Ouch! What was that for?" she asked, a little shocked. Rolling over, she met his dark eyes glaring at her.

"You still owe me for your impertinent behaviour." The Potions professor's voice took on a disciplinary edge, and Rosmerta no longer felt so much like his lover as she did a student caught in a wrongdoing. "And I never renege on a threat to punish, Miss Rosmerta." A sadistic grin played across the professor's lips, and his eyebrow arched gracefully.

*Oh, for the love of Merlin's balls, he really is going to "punish" me.* This thought caused a fusion of apprehension and arousal within her. She also found herself questioning whether she truly wanted to continue this particular game or call it to a halt. Their previous lovemaking had been so perfect in her mind. The feeling Severus left her was of

complete fulfillment of her sexual desires. She was one who was happy with the simplest of basic needs and, yet, was sometimes willing to be more adventurous. At least she thought she was willing.

"Pain before pleasure... isn't that how it works?" A glint of amusement was evident in Snape's eyes as he detected the nervousness in his victim. Her uneasiness was like an aphrodisiac for him, and his body reacted positively. The power of having the upper hand and being in control was stimulating, and Severus felt the predatory drive flare up within. Pulling himself up to a sitting position, he placed the pillows against the headboard. He settled himself in for the next adventure in their night of sexual amusement and proceeded to lure his victim closer.

Rosmerta was fighting the urge to roll out of the bed as she tried to decide what to do next. *It's all about trust*, she told herself. *I can trust him. He loves me.* She continued to survey the situation, and finally the voice of reason spoke aloud. *You silly git! It's not like he's going to get out the whip and chains! It's a simple little spanking, and if that's what gets his wand up go for it!*

Crooking his finger, Severus silently motioned for Rosmerta to come closer. His body tensed as he prepared himself to pounce if the circumstances deemed it necessary. The witch, however, acquiesced and moved closer. Firmly gripping his lover's wrists, Snape directed Rosmerta into position.

"Time for your punishment, Miss Rosmerta." A slight smirk appeared on Severus' lips. He had been waiting for this moment. Unbeknownst to Rosmerta, this was a fantasy of his ever since he realized his feelings for the shapely pub owner. Now the time was here, and he, Severus Snape, was sitting on his bed with the lovely, naked Rosmerta across his thighs. He sat there a moment admiring her firm, smooth bum, contemplating how many strokes he should administer.

As Rosmerta lay across Severus' lap, she mentally prepared herself for the impending assault on her backside. Closing her eyes and biting her lip, she felt like a little girl again, waiting for her father's disciplinary action. She reminded herself, of course, that this was not her father. Circumstances were quite different at this moment. She was completely naked with a large erection prodding at her midsection. The mental picture of it all, the building emotions she was holding in, finally spilled out in a nervous laugh.

"I see you find this quite amusing, Miss Rosmerta."

SMACK!

Snape's hand had come soundly down upon the woman's smooth buttocks, causing her to flinch and laugh some more.

"Quiet," warned Snape.

"I just can't help myself." Rosmerta giggled.

SMACK!

This time Snape's hand came down harder, and it caused her to cry out. He watched, with amusement, as the offended skin reddened. Rosmerta was able to stifle her laughter this time, but Severus, not satisfied that he fully got his point across, spanked her several more times.

Rosmerta felt the painful sting and burning warmth radiate across her backside. Expecting another slap, she braced herself. Instead, she felt Severus' hand gently caress her bottom. She let out a breath and relaxed, discovering that the combination of tingling pain, smoothing comfort and her lover's erection pressing against her was very arousing. In attempt to tease it into action, she moved her body against the hardness beneath. This produced another swat on her already reddened buttocks.

"Be still," came another warning. Snape's voice still held the seductive edge that drove her mad with desire.

*That wizard could simply torture one with his speaking abilities alone*, she thought. As she felt Severus' hand caressing her again, Rosmerta fought the urge to react lest she receive another slap on the derriere. Her obedience was rewarded. Snape leisurely trailed his finger down between her thighs and searched out her labia, exploring the slick area briefly before inserting the long digit deeply into her wetness. He slowly began moving it in and out of her vagina. This caused his Ladylove to gasp, and he smiled devilishly as he got the expected response.

"I see you want something which only I can give you, Miss Rosmerta."

The fully stimulated witch said nothing. Her body was immersed in the sensations that her lover was creating.

With his left hand still stoking her backside, he continued his ministrations on Rosmerta's neglected front. Removing his right finger out of her tightness, Severus began concentrating on her already aroused clit, circling and massaging it with expertise. This sent a jolt of pleasure from her centre up into her belly, causing Rosmerta to arch her body, physically pleading with him to go further.

"Don't make me put a binding spell on you, my love," Snape whispered in her ear.

Rosmerta's excitement was quickly climbing to a peak, and she wanted Severus to finish his "punishment" and bring her relief.

"I'm getting the idea that you like this treatment. Perhaps I'm a bit soft on you?" He withdrew his fingers and lightly stroked the inside of her thighs, spreading her wetness along her smooth skin. The look of frustration was evident on her face. Severus was very pleased that he had that control over her body, delighted that he caused her to desire him physically, sexually and wantonly.

"No. Definitely not soft," she moaned. "Take my word; you are very hard on me." With this said, she ground her pubis into his lap, trying desperately to find a way to relieve the nearly unbearable throbbing in her lower regions.

Snape started to chuckle. "What am I going to do with you?" He gave Rosmerta a playful slap and rolled her off of him.

She lay on her back and started to laugh with him. Suddenly, Rosmerta made a grab for Severus' arm. "Come over here and show me how hard you can really be on me," she said. The desperation was still present in her voice.

"If you insist." He gave her body a long glance and then slowly crawled over her. Positioning himself between her thighs, he sat back on his knees for a moment, admiring the image before him. Rosmerta lay across his bed with her legs spread, willingly offering herself to him. Her smile was genuine. This wasn't someone that was here just for the sex. Severus truly believed, at that moment, that Rosmerta loved him, despite his past and his imperfections. He was not used to a lover harboring such devotion; he felt uneasy but elated at the same time. Leaning into her, he softly touched her breasts, her skin, and the dark nest of curls that covered the centre of her passion. Positioning himself at her entrance, his dark eyes looked deeply into hers. Rosmerta heard him barely whisper, "I love you," as she felt him enter.

## Pussy Whipped



Rosmerta has competition as another covets Severus Snape's button. A fight ensues over the little black treasure.  
Pairing: Snape/Rosmerta

## Chapter 5: Pussy Whipped

Despite the frustrating beginning of the evening, the rest of the night went better than planned. The sex was exhilarating, the dinner sumptuous, and the dessert... erotic. *I will have to remember to thank Dobby*, thought Snape as he licked the remaining whipped cream off of Rosmerta's breast.

"Would you consider extending your visit until morning?" purred Severus, while his attentions were still on the delicious nipple.

Having recently been brought to climax, Rosmerta felt another twinge of excitement. She groaned inwardly as she fought the inner battle of being responsible or irresponsible. She would desperately love to spend the whole night with Severus, wake up in the morning enveloped in sleepy warmth with their naked bodies snuggled together.

She reached up to cup Snape's face in her hands and then lightly ran her finger down his nose and over his lips. Staring at him, she continued her internal debate. Finally, Rosmerta decided to do the mature and sensible thing, but not without regret.

"I've got to get back to the pub. You know the old saying, 'No rest for the weary.'" She noticed the deliberate look of rejection on Severus' face, and it twisted at her heart. "Actually, nothing would make me happier, but I promised Aberforth that I would return before closing. He was such a dear to come and oversee things while I took off; however, he needs to leave before too long. He mentioned that he had to get back to the Hog's Head Inn to take care of something tonight.

Snape snorted, "I'm sure he has a hot date with a goat."

"Come on now! You know that is just a vicious rumour," she laughed. "I know he has a certain fondness for goats, but not in that sense. Besides, what would you do without your source for bezoars?"

"I suppose," Severus sighed. Then a thought came to his mind. "Well I certainly can't send you back in this condition all wet and sticky. Perhaps you could stay a little longer and join me in a nice hot shower? It's much more satisfying than a cleansing charm, and I promise to wash yours if you wash mine." He gave her a mischievous grin.

"Hmm! You drive a hard bargain, Professor. I suppose I do have time, but we have to make it rather quick."

"Quick?" Snape leaned down and gave Rosmerta a long, leisurely kiss. "Are you quite sure of yourself?" He leaned into her again, teasing her mouth with his tongue.

"Severus," she warned, "you are making it very difficult for me to..."

She never finished her sentence as he continued to kiss her lips, working his way to nibbling her earlobe. "You must realize, by now, that I am quite selfish when it comes to you." Strategically moving on to her neck, Severus continued to nip and suckle until he reached her collarbone. Rosmerta moaned as her body reacted to his attentions. He smiled wickedly, hoping to wear down her resolve. "What would be the harm of owling the old goat requesting that he close your little establishment down early tonight?" Lightly licking a path to his lover's breast, he sensed her weakening.

"Mmm!" The witch found herself being pulled away from reality by the wizard's charms. The thought of closing down was quite tempting and, of course, very possible... except... she had her own dealings to attend to at the end of this evening's shift. *Damn this war and its inconveniences!* "No!" The word came out a bit stronger than she meant.

Severus stopped ravishing the body below him and looked at Rosmerta with confusion. She blushed as she fought for the right words without revealing the true reason of her need to depart his company.

"Severus," she began pleading, "I really do want to take advantage of that hot shower offer, but if you keep this up, I'll barely have time for the cleansing spell." She gave Snape a small smile, in hopes that he would not be too hurt by her persistence to leave his bed.

"I really don't understand why you feel so compelled to get back to the pub," Snape grumbled in irritation. He sighed, gave Rosmerta one last look before he rolled off of her, out of the bed, and stalked off to the bathroom.

Rosmerta's heart dropped as she felt guilty about how close she was to ruining the end of a perfectly wonderful evening.

"Severus?" She wasn't sure whether she was supposed to follow him, wait for him or just get dressed and leave. "Shit!" Rosmerta ran her hand through her hair, cursing herself for being such an idiot. She closed her eyes and listened to the thoughts that ran through her head. *I am really handling this rather well, aren't I? Why does he have to be so temperamental? Why do I have such an attraction to the man? Buttons! Buttons! Damn those insufferable buttons! No... it was about the buttons, but now I think I love him. Shit! I promised I wouldn't fall for anyone until after this bloody war. This complicates and compromises everything. Shit! Shit! Shit!*

As Rosmerta opened her eyes again, she saw Severus standing above her. He reached out his hand, waiting for her to grab it.

"Well? Are you going to just lie there and waste more of my valuable time or are you going to join me in the shower?" The sternness of his voice was belied by the slight smile that played across his lips.

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The couple finished their shower and reluctantly donned their clothes. After being naked all evening it seemed strange to be dressed. It felt constricting.

Severus stood before Rosmerta, wearing his frock coat with the missing button. Usually one who paid attention to details, he wouldn't ordinarily dream of presenting himself in such disarray. Tonight, however, he looked upon the missing item as a badge of conquest or at least a reminder of their lovemaking.

Reaching up and slowly running her fingers across the remaining black buttons, Rosmerta sighed. "I had a wonderful evening Severus. I hate to see it come to an end." She leaned into him and placed her head on his shoulder. The musky smell of sex was replaced with the clean fragrance of sandalwood soap.

Snape held her against his body and ran his hands gently through her damp hair. "I take it that you would like a repeat performance?"

Rosmerta lifted up her head and smiled. "Oh, yes. I have every intention of repeating tonight's performance." Tugging gently at each of Snape's buttons, she continued, "Again and again until I manage to acquire every single button you own."

"Sounds like a worthy challenge."

"One I intend to win." The determination on the witch's face and in her voice gave the Potions master no doubt that she would, indeed, keep his wardrobe in constant repair.

Looking at the mantle clock, the couple noticed that their night together had come to an end. Rosmerta looked disappointed while Severus looked irritated. He briefly fantasized about tying her up to the bed and not allowing her to leave, but thought better of it. It was best not to risk any future encounters for his selfish desires.

"Well... would you care to escort me to the main gate? I would hate to be considered an intruder and be at the mercy of Argus Filch," Rosmerta joked.

"I can assure you, my dear, that he would enjoy every moment of it. I've heard rumours that he has quite the collection of manacles in his office." *Lucky bastard*, thought Snape.

"Hmm! Interesting! Perhaps you can borrow a pair for our next encounter," Rosmerta teased and then gave Severus a quick kiss.

"I could arrange that if it is what you wish. I'll see what it takes to acquire such implements." Snape gave her a fiendish smile before taking her arm and leading her out of his chambers.

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The two figures made their way through the winding halls of Hogwarts until they reached the main entrance. Snape took great care to appear discreet, formulating a story in case they were approached along the way. He knew full well that any fabrication he developed would be suspect, but he felt it was nobody's damn business what he did in his free time. Although a trademark glower would certainly dissuade any students or faculty members from asking questions. A quick "*Obliviate*" would also be sufficient in taking care of such a matter. The thought of running into and wiping out the memories of a certain trio from Gryffindor was especially appealing to him. Suddenly, his thoughts were cut short by an annoyed and slightly distressed Rosmerta.

"Oh bother! I've lost it!"

Severus stared at her as he tried to decipher the cause of this woman's state of mind.

"The button! I've lost it!" Rosmerta was searching the pockets of her dress until she found a small hole. She poked her finger through the tear. "I must have ripped it open when I was undressing." The witch stomped her foot in agitation.

"Lost to a worthy cause, I may add." Snape tried to keep a straight face, but the corners of his mouth started to curl up.

Rosmerta flashed her eyes up at him. She managed a slight smirk, but Severus could see the disappointment in her face.

In order to ease some of her dismay, he continued. "Perhaps if you look around the castle floor you may find a replacement. Seems I've been losing quite a few buttons as of late. I suspect that I'm a target of some juvenile prank, and some idiot child has been hexing my clothes."

This caused Rosmerta to smile a little more. "Perhaps I'm not the only one with a button fetish." As she said this, she reached up to grasp one of Snape's remaining buttons.

"Hmm, perhaps..." He quickly grabbed her hand. "However, an unfortunate event such as losing your trinket, does not permit you to help yourself to another. Again, Miss Rosmerta, you will have to earn it."

Rosmerta was undaunted by this course of events and was very confident that she would acquire her button... and many more.

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The button lay silently on the castle floor; its polished surface caught the light from the burning sconces hanging on the wall. The reflection caught the eye of Hogwarts' notorious watch cat Mrs. Norris. She was on her evening rounds of stalking mice, beasties and students. She cautiously crept up to the black object and sniffed it. Staring at it for a moment, she finally recognized its essence. A vision of a dark-robed man appeared in her mind. *It belongs to the dark one... the one they call Snape* She purred as she nosed the button for a moment and then lay down to rub against it.

Mrs. Norris didn't care for many of the castle's inhabitants. She took a standoffish manner with most that she met. Aside from Filch, the dark man was the only other human who she could say she adored. He wasn't overly friendly with her, but did allow the cat to follow him around the castle dungeons, rub up against his legs and sit beside him. Occasionally, the wizard would rub her head while talking to her master or feed her bits of kibble while working in his lab. He never made a big fuss over her, unlike the bearded one her owner called "Hagrid". He was too annoying for Norris' taste. His beard made her sneeze, and she often wished she could give him a good case of fleas.

Mrs. Norris got up and began pawing and batting at her newfound treasure, hitting it against the castle wall and chasing it as it bounced off and rolled away. So caught up in play, the cat didn't notice the bystander.

"Well, well, if it isn't the resident hairball of Hogwarts."

The sneering voice stopped Mrs. Norris in her tracks. The button rolled and came to a stop in between her and the intruder.

"Crookshanks!" Mrs. Norris hissed.

Her ears laid back and she positioned herself ready to pounce.

Of all the cats in the castle, Mrs. Norris found Crookshanks the most irritating. His superior attitude and habit of harassing her fuelled her emotions.

"What do you have there, Norris?" Crookshanks asked as he eyed the button.

Mrs. Norris' claws came out as she cautiously stalked closer to the button. It was her button, and she would be damned if that mangy cat would take it from her.

"Nothing of your concern!" she spat. Trying to redirect the larger cat, she asked, "What are you doing down here?"

Crookshanks directed his attention to Mrs. Norris and sneered, "I smelled a rat and came down to investigate."

"Why? Not enough vermin crawling around up in the Gryffindor Tower?"

Crookshanks hissed, "Is that supposed to be funny?"

"About as funny as that furball you call 'master.'"

"She's not my master I own her!" he spat out.

"Hmm! Right then, that's what all self-important kitties think." Mrs. Norris smiled and continued. "Go back home before your bushy headed Muggle comes looking for you."

"At least she's magical unlike your Squib! He couldn't hex the inside of a paper sack if he was standing in it."

This wiped the smile off Mrs. Norris' face. She hissed and took a swipe at the big yellow cat.

Crookshanks laughed. "Getting a little personal for you, Norris?"

Mrs. Norris couldn't contain her anger any longer and launched herself at the larger cat. A fight ensued with both cats hissing, spitting, clawing, biting, and snarling at each other. In the scuffle, the button was knocked down the hall, rolling out of sight.

The ruckus of the catfight caught the attention of Severus Snape, who was returning from his castle walk with Rosmerta.

"Wonderful!" he grumbled. "I'm reduced to not only breaking up fights between adolescent wizards, but now unruly cats."

Having experienced such fights between mongrels, he knew better than to jump into the middle of this mess. Raising his wand, he muttered, "*Stupefy*." The two cats suddenly stopped and all was quiet.

Severus carefully walked up to the jumble of fur and separated the two forms. He immediately identified one as Mrs. Norris and the other as Hermione Granger's. He picked up Mrs. Norris and cradled her in the crook of his arm.

"You," he uttered as he looked disdainfully at the large yellow cat, "can lie there until trolls become the superior race. Come, Mrs. Norris," he said sympathetically, "I'll take you back to Argus."

The professor started down the hallway but stopped, for a moment, and turned around to take another look at Crookshanks lying on the cold stone floor.

"Ten points from Gryffindor for neglecting to restrain pets after curfew."

With a satisfied look, Snape turned and continued on his way to Filch's. Keeping Mrs. Norris tucked close to his body, Severus knew he didn't want to break the spell on the cat, as of yet. He was certain that, when she awoke, she would have a few good swings in her before she realized her surroundings. He gently scratched the back of her ear as he took her to Filch's quarters.

Snape was not especially fond of pets. He could manage to live with owls or ravens for they didn't require extreme amounts of affection. They also tended to be independent and, more importantly, useful in delivering mail and packages. Mrs. Norris, on the other hand, had grown on him over the past number of years. She had a knack for searching out wayward students. On the Potions master's nightly rounds, he was always prepared to give her extra treats for finding wandering Gryffindors. Filch's cat served a purpose and was quite useful to Severus. He also felt she was a bit fond of him or at least tolerated him as much as he tolerated her.

Snape finally reached his destination and knocked on Argus' door.

"Home again, you scruffy little puss."

As Mrs. Norris was being returned to the safety of her owner, a knock was heard on the entrance door of the Three Broomsticks. Rosmerta stopped cleaning up the remains of the night, smoothed out her dress and straightened her hair. Taking a deep breath, she went to receive the guest on the other side. Wistfully thinking of the mantra which got her through unpleasantness *this too shall pass* the proprietor did her best to put up a good front for the person which whom she was about to entertain.