

Two Dinners for Two

by veradee

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Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Two Dinners for Two

A Potent Potion

Minerva McGonagall was sitting at the table in Severus Snape's living room. It was set with elegant tableware, and in the middle there was a vase with a single poinsettia.

She still mulled over his invitation. It had been a Christmas present. In the past years he had always given her some chocolate, which had been nice, but obviously the kind of present you give someone out of good manners.

Now he approached the table, carrying a steaming casserole. "I prepared some Yorkshire Fish Pie. I hope you like fish."

"You prepared it?"

He scowled. "I thought it would be rather tasteless to invite you for dinner and then have it cooked by the house-elves."

"I'm sorry, Severus." Minerva felt heat suffuse her face and hastily added, "Yes, I like fish, very much actually."

"Good," Snape said and gave her, then himself, some pie. "Some white wine?"

"Yes, please."

He filled her glass before he sat down opposite her.

She took a small vial from her pocket and was about to pour its content into her glass when a hand gripped her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Snape asked.

"Nothing. This is just a potion Horace gave me because of my recurring backache. Poppy told me to ask him to brew it for me."

Snape took the vial out of her hand, held it against the light and shook it, closely studying it. He knit his eyebrows. Then he removed the cap and gave the potion a tentative sniff. His dark eyes grew wide. "That potion is not intended for witches!" he finally almost shouted.

"Sorry?" Minerva had watched his actions with growing amusement.

"It's for wizards only." Snape began to squirm, which was an odd sight.

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"It's a potion meant to improve a man's stamina." He spoke low and was clearly embarrassed now, but then his voice turned into a dangerous whisper. "This is absolutely irresponsible of Horace. What an outrageous thing to do."

Minerva felt that she missed a crucial detail. "Why? What happens to a woman when she ingests it?"

Snape seemed to be angry and uncomfortable at the same time. "After a while she becomes attracted to the man who gave it to her."

Minerva was stunned. "You mean that Horace intended to seduce me with this potion?"

He nodded, scowling again, while Minerva started to wonder about Snape's obviously hostile feelings towards his successor.

"Well, nothing has happened so far. I'll talk to Horace about it tomorrow. At least I'm not in love with him yet." She laughed in an attempt to lighten the mood.

But Snape still looked as if he wanted to strangle Slughorn. "That's not the proper way to tell a lady that you are attracted to her." His forceful tone also betrayed his indignation. "If you're interested in a lady, you invite her for dinner, you cook for her..." He suddenly trailed off, a blush spreading across his cheeks.

A single sound escaped Minerva's lips. "Oh!"

Birthday Wishes

Severus Snape was standing in front of Minerva McGonagall's door.

After he had invited her for Christmas, they had seen each other in private some more times – either in his rooms or at a restaurant in Hogsmeade. Now she had invited him for dinner to her quarters. It was his birthday, and she had said that she would cook for him this time.

Snape lifted his hand to knock, but let it drop again.

What did it mean that she had asked him to come to her private rooms now for the first time? Did it mean sex?

"Fool! I am a fool!" he silently reproached himself for even thinking that tonight he might get laid. Most certainly Minerva would be appalled if she knew what he was fantasizing about. How could he debase her kind invitation by thinking about his impure urges? He was disgusted at himself.

Still, for the past few days there hadn't been much else he had been able to think about whenever he had seen her.

Snape was unwilling to admit it even to himself, but he felt a bit out of his depth. It was only two weeks ago that he had invited her. Was it too soon for having sex? His body told him that it wasn't, but his mind kept interfering.

So far they had shared kisses. First, chaste kisses, then passionate kisses, but only kisses. He was quite sure that she had enjoyed them as much as he had, but he didn't have any idea how to ascertain that she would welcome any further advances.

Taking a deep breath, he finally knocked on her door.

It opened within seconds, and Minerva stood before him. She wore a dark red robe, which accentuated her figure. She had forgone her usual bun, and her black hair flowed round her slender shoulders.

Snape took in her appearance and felt a rush of heat shoot through his body, as if he were still the teenage boy who had been excited when he had come across his father's nude magazines for the first time. He closed his eyes for a moment to calm himself somewhat.

Minerva smiled at him and asked him to come in. When she had closed the door, she turned towards him, kissed him on the lips and pulled him against her body, causing him to become even more flustered.

After having disengaged herself from him again, she took a wrapped parcel from the table and gave it to him, saying, "Happy birthday, Severus."

He unwrapped it and held a book on shape shifters in his hands. A wonderful present.

He thanked her by returning her earlier kiss. He cradled her in his arms, relishing in the feel of her warm body.

When he finally let go of her, he struggled for words, but she beat him to it.

"Your other present is in there," she said in a slightly husky voice, took him by his hand and pulled him towards her bedroom.