

The Hog's Head, Firewhisky, and Thee

by broomclosetravenclaw

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One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Snape stalked through the cramped alleyways of Hogsmeade, dreading the impending meeting. Engrossed in his thoughts about the past year, he almost missed the small side street that held the Hog's Head. He pulled up his hood and entered.

There were few patrons in the pub, all of them cloaked to hide their identities from their nefarious activities. Even so, Rita Skeeter was very easy to spot. Her cloak was a shocking magenta, and long crimson nails were tapping impatiently on the dusty table. He paused, thinking that it wasn't too late—he could walk up to the bar, order a drink, down it, and be out of there within two minutes.

He was not even sure why he had agreed to the interview. Snape was to be reinstated at Hogwarts, but Headmistress McGonagall had insisted that he give this interview to tell *his* side of the story and had arranged this meeting. McGonagall had insisted that it had worked in Potter's favor when Voldemort had returned.

Bloody Potter! That pompous tartan witch had actually compared him to Potter.

He had turned toward the bar instinctively when he saw the hand attached to those atrocious fingernails waving at him. Lest she start calling him by his given name, he walked to the table and sat down.

"Lovely," Rita said, "should we order a drink first?"

"Fine, let's just get this over with," Snape mumbled.

Rita seemed not to notice his tone as she ordered a bottle of firewhisky and pulled two glasses from her crocodile-skin bag. Snape quickly downed his drink. Rita sipped hers, watching him over the rim of her glass.

She seemed to pull her Quick-Quotes Quill from out of nowhere. The acid green plume was stuck between her pursed lips as she unrolled a piece of parchment. Before Snape could protest, the quill was already scribbling:

Tall, dark, and lanky Potions master returns to Hogwarts to resume his post despite speculations. His brooding demeanor and fathomless eyes are enough to make you take a second look and question his intentions...

Snape looked down at the parchment, his ever present ire reaching a new level.

"Do you think we could be a little less obvious about what we are doing here?" he asked between gritted teeth.

"Lovely, I thought you would never ask," she said as she slipped from the table and headed upstairs.

She opened the door to the room and lit the hearth with a wave of her wand.

"Nice and cozy," she said, winking.

As Snape stepped into the doorway, a firm grip caught his arm and pulled him the rest of the way into the room; red nails caught his chin as equally red lips pressed to his.

Snape stepped back. "What are you doing?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Rita purred.

"This isn't a date," he sneered. "Is that what you thought?"

"You did agree to come upstairs."

Evanesco.

Satisfied, Snape sat down in front of the hearth and poured himself another glass of firewhisky.

A/N: A big thank you to GinnyW for betaing.

This was written in response to the 500-word *An Evening With Severus Snape* challenge on the LJ community Romancing the Wizard, using the prompt: *This isn't a date. Is that what you thought?*