

The Sanctuary

by SisterG

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A man with short dark hair and beard sits by the fireplace in a deep armchair. He has an exhausted look on his haughtily handsome features, and wearily he rubs the side of his face with his hand. On a sofa next to him, a young man approximately seventeen is sleeping his dishevelled black locks falling on his brow. However, a scar on his forehead is clearly visible in the faint light of the fireplace.

The room is dim and shadowed, and the air is dusty here at the bowels of Hogwarts. The only sound is the fatigued, heavy breathing of the young man, and the faint crackle of the logs burning in the fireplace. This calmness is disrupted when the door on the other end of the room suddenly bursts open. The boy sleeps on, but the man turns sharply toward the sound interrupting his peace.

A figure dressed entirely in black slips quickly inside the room and slams the door shut. His chest heaving he leans his back against the door momentarily before turning again and bolting the door firmly shut. The face of Professor Severus Snape is even paler than usual, a notable achievement. This is not the man the people around him are used to seeing. His cool composure is gone when he leans his head against the rough surface of the wooden door.

"Severus," says the man by the fire making the other man jump. "What on earth has happened to you? You look dreadful."

Slowly Snape walks towards the fireplace. His clothes are dishevelled and his oily hair even messier than usual. He doesn't look like the feared Potions master that hunts in the nightmares of a generation of Hogwarts' students. His eyes wild, he tries to gather his composure.

"Black. I didn't expect to find you here." There is some of the usual crispness in his voice, but a nervous undertone remains.

"I managed to escape for a moment. What has got you so jumpy? You look like you had a pack of hellhounds on your heels."

"Worse. Much worse. The foulest of the creatures." He is unable to refrain himself from shivering. An appalled look has appeared on the face of Sirius Black.

"You are not saying..." He isn't quite able to utter the name of the feared monster aloud.

"Yes. A Mary Sue. I had to fight myself out of her filthy clutches." He shivers again and wraps his cloak around his lean body more firmly. "I barely managed to escape. Lucius wasn't so lucky. I had to leave him behind."

"In no means I like that man, but it seems like a punishment too harsh." Sirius Black shakes his head.

Snape falls gratefully into the depths of another armchair and stretches his legs. Black looks curiously at Snape who seems to be getting some colour on his pallid face and his breathing sounds more normal.

"So. That bad, huh?" Sirius asks Severus with a conversational tone, another strange sign in these characters. But in this they are together and can feel empathy for the miseries of the other.

"You can't imagine... Well, actually I think you can. But it must be getting better for you since you... well, you know."

"Died?" asks Sirius amiably. "Yeah, you would think so, but it is getting worse. Remus, Harry, Hermione, even little Ginny, not to mention you and an endless string of OFC's. I am just one man!" The last sentence is brought out in exasperation.

"I know how you feel. You would think that after the events of last summer some of them had lost interest, but no. I don't mind the attention of the ladies, or even some of the gentlemen, you know that, Sirius... But there is just so much I can do, even with my potions."

"So what was it like this time? Which Mary Sue was it?" Black sounds curious. He has the expression of someone who is looking at the remains of somebody tramped by a herd of rampaging hippogriffs. The sight is appalling, but you just can't look away.

"What do you think when Lucius got sucked into it with me?" Snape winces. "Can we talk about something else? What's with Potter?" Snape nods towards the sleeping boy who hasn't even stirred during the conversation of the two men.

"Too much PWP. The poor boy is exhausted." Sirius looks concerned. "I fear this is more he can take now that he has come of age."

"He will build his stamina." Snape smirks. "He has to, else how can he think he can defeat the Dark Lord when a bit of a roll in the hay sucks out his energy?"

"You know how tiring PWP is." Black's tone is defensive.

"I myself have always kind of enjoyed that. For some reason, in stories like that I am best in character. I wonder what's with that?"

"Maybe because thinking of you whispering sweet nothings into the ear of anyone is just impossible."

"Oh, now, come on." Snape gets in defence of his authors. "There have been some rather enjoyable romances and ships for me. And I bet for you too." He looks knowingly at Black, his eyes hooded.

"Easy for you to say." Another voice joins the conversation. Snape turns sharply towards the shadows. A young man with pale blonde hair and sharp, pointed features steps into the pool of light.

"Draco," says Snape. "I didn't know you were here."

"I am... I was trying to rest. At least for you most of the authors are adults, but I have to suffer the attention of fourteen-year-olds who just have found fanfiction." The boy looks extremely dismayed. "I don't get one moment of peace. And the ships! How can they think I could fall for the Mudblood Granger or even worse..." He lets the end of the sentence trail off.

"I don't know how long I will be able to take this." Now there is a pleading sound in his voice. "I just wish..."

They never find out exactly what Draco Malfoy was wishing for when a panicky look spreads on his face. With a muttered, "Shit, not again!" he disappears and so does Harry who has slept through the whole episode.

"Oh, dear me," says Snape, sneering. "Poor boys."

"I know I'm Harry's godfather and all that, but I must say better him than me."

"Oh, yes." Now a silky tone has appeared on Snape's voice, caressing the ears of the other man.

"It's just the two of us. Lucius is busy, Lupin hasn't been able to get rid of Nymphadora for months, and the youngest Mr Weasley has the insufferable know-it-all, Miss Granger, to keep him occupied," he says while getting up from his chair.

He walks behind Sirius' chair and with his hand strokes the skin on the other man's neck slowly.

"I don't think we would be... disturbed."

A/N: This is homage for all the bad fanfiction floating around. Just something silly I came up with and not meant to offend anyone. I stand behind my opinion that a good writer can make almost any ship or storyline work convincingly!