

Snape – Yes, Snape – Has a Mighty Fine Wand

by ubiquirk

Severus is harassed by Ollivander, but this may prove beneficial after all when Harry overhears. Written as a Closing Game Drabble for the 2007 Snarry Games to the prompt: Ollivander's, post war, humor. Warning: Crack!Ollivander.

(one shot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Bloody hell, man," Snape shouted at a gleeful Ollivander. "Stop telling incessant jokes about wizards polishing their wands every time I enter your shop!"

At the older man's unrepentant chuckle, Snape narrowed his eyes before continuing. "I find them execrable! While I may be gay and desperate for a shag, as common vernacular would put it, *I will never top you!*"

As reverberations of his final bellowed phrase faded from the shop's air, Snape heard the scrape of a footstep behind and to his right.

Spinning abruptly, wand in hand, he met the startled green gaze of one Harry Potter.

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Potter's shocked expression morphed quickly into one of amusement. And if there was one thing Severus Snape could not stand, it was being considered ... *amusing*.

Unfortunately, Ollivander chose that moment to begin yet another of his so-called witticisms. "Ah, Snape. I always knew you would be a quick one with your wand. So firm of hand, so steady —"

"Enough." Whirling again, to an accompanying dramatic swish of robes, Snape faced the old wizard, practically poking his eye out with said 'rampant' wand.

Ollivander's leer changed to horror as he emitted a faint eep while shuffling two steps backwards.

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That will teach him to praise my wand technique, Snape thought, smirking.

But it was nonetheless too late, for the sound of poorly muffled snorting emerged from behind him.

Potter!

Wheeling furiously, Snape kept his wand pointed rigidly ahead, bringing it to bear on the laughing young man.

Yet instead of being properly cowed, the infuriating git had the audacity to laugh even harder, doubling over.

Eventually waving a hand in helpless mirth and straightening somewhat, he explained, "Your wand, Snape, it's ..." Potter paused to give a choked strangle, quickly followed by a throat clear, "it's just so *manly*."

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*I'll kill him.*

Unfortunately, Snape wasn't quite sure which 'him' he referred to: the lecherous old man whose advances had begun this debacle or the attractive young man snickering at his expense.

*Just a bloody minute – attractive!?!?*

Squinting – as if it could make his eyesight better, when in fact all it did was to make his vision blurry around the edges – he looked at Potter.

A Potter whose cheeks were flushed, eyes bright with merriment – a Potter who appeared to vibrate with life, energy crackling through the muscles running just beneath his skin.

*Bloody, bugging hell!* Snape groaned to himself.

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Snape took a step towards the offending youth – a menacing step, or so he hoped.

"Potter, you will cease this ridicule of my sexual proclivities this instant!" Drawing in a large breath, Snape snarled, "If I hear anyone refer to me as poof, ponce, or ..." he paused briefly to crank his sneer up a notch, "nancy-boy, I will hold you personally responsible and hex your arse off!"

The young man's expression grew quickly serious, and his words were not the expected taunting diatribe about the impunity of He-Who-Lived-Yet-Again's actions. "I'd never make fun of that, Snape. ... I'm gay."

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"Gay, you say?" Wand wavering slightly as he processed the information, Snape snapped quickly to defensiveness again. "That does not mean you will abstain from ridiculing my lack of sexual partners!" He poked Potter in the chest with his wand for good measure.

"Right." This snort carried a derisive note. "Why would I make fun of you for having no one to bloody well shag when I can't get shagged myself?"

"I find it impossible to believe your notoriety does not offer a bevy of potential partners."

"Oh, I'm famous enough." He threw up his hands exasperatedly. "That's the problem."

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Pacing only fueled Potter's rant. "I'm so famous that everyone wants the Boy-Who-Lived to 'make them come alive.' What if I'm tired of doing all of the work? What if I want to lay back and get shagged for a change? What if ..." his eyes flickered to the length of wood in Snape's hand as he came to a halt before him, "what if I want someone else to wield the wand?"

"And Snape – yes, Snape – has a mighty fine wand!" a cackling Ollivander sang out. "It's –"

"Shut it!" Potter and Snape yelled in unison while remaining facing.

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Potter took a step forward until Snape's wand once again touched his chest. Licking his lips somewhat nervously, he looked up at the taller man. "Do you ... ah ..."

Shaking himself from picturing said lips wrapped around his cock, which was quickly becoming interested in the conversation, Snape asked, "Do I what?"

The young man pushed closer, and Snape relaxed the tension in his arm to allow him to do so.

"Do you want to wield your wand?" The green eyes held a spark of challenge.

Reaching around, Snape's left hand ran over Potter's right buttock before squeezing firmly.

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At Potter's grunt of surprise, Snape gave his bottom another lingering stroke.

Merlin, it's taut.

"A bit of advice, Potter." Snape smirked. "Even in a reputable shop, one must always inspect the merchandise before completing a purchase."

Breath hitched, cheeks flushed, Potter grinned. "And does it meet your standards?"

"It ... exceeds expectations."

Turning away, Snape flourished his wand, calling, "*Accio Wand Polish!*" Neatly catching the small jar with his left hand, he looked to Potter, raising an eyebrow. "Shall we see if this concoction indeed contains the lubricating properties constantly alluded to by the old man behind the counter?"

AN: Hope you enjoyed!