

Forbidden

by septentrion

Severus's choice in reading material is somewhat questionable.

Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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Written in thanks for dickgloucester, who has written a drabble for me. The betainig is courtesy of Dacian Goddess. This drabble is an acrostic, hence the strange formatting.

"... Dubious character that is Severus Snape." Hermione briskly folded the newspaper she'd been reading.

"Is that what they write of me these days?" Severus asked, raising his head from his novel.

Cocking Up In Hades was cleverly disguised under the respectable cover of

Ketchup And Potions.

"Granted, you rather rudely refuse to answer Skeeter's questions, but that's no reason to insult you so, on the *Prophet* front page to boot!"

"Love, if you recall, I told her she was a four-eyed dung eater in front of the Minister."

"Of course you told her that, but *that's* the truth."

Unbidden laughter forced its way into Severus's mind and erupted in deep rumblings, flushed skin and tears on his face.

"*Chérie*," he told her when he calmed down, "you're the most marvellous thing that has happened in my life."

Extremely pleased with the reaction she got out of her husband, as she was the only one to her knowledge who could make him laugh so,

She jumped on his knees, dislodging his book and the charm that hid its cover.

"Tart Editions?" she screeched at the sight of the lurid book cover. "You read stuff from the Tart Editions?"

"Erm, yes, it appears so," Severus answered, trying not to sound sheepish. "They were on sale at WWW's," he added in a poor attempt at justification.

"Right," his wife drawled, a stormy expression on her face. "Bedroom, now! I'll show you tart!" He was hard before she'd left his lap.