

# Something in the air

Von greensilverserpent

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"It is a beautiful day today, Severus. Is it not?"

"If you are referring to this particular day, Albus... It is Valentine's day as you very well know. And as you know this, you also know I don't care for it at all."

The Headmaster's eyes twinkled.

"Maybe this year you will have something to look forward to?"

"And what would that be, Albus? I have two shifts of Gryffindor and Slytherin double potions. I can't say this thrills me. I can't even imagine why you torture me like this every bloody year."

Dumbledore laughed.

"Everything has meaning, Severus. You may find the answer to the first subject we discussed in the teachers lounge."

With these words he entered the library alone, leaving the Potions Master behind in the corridor.

Severus grumbled, but still led his steps to the lounge like the old wizard had indicated. What he saw upon entering was rather interesting. He had to admit that much.

The former bane of his existence Harry Potter now Professor Potter teaching the Dark Arts; say something about the way of life. But Potter was obviously not here to discuss school business. He sat on the small sofa, thighs spread, shirt undone, caressing himself. Snape swallowed hard as the other man slowly turned his head, a sheepish smile on his lips.

"I thought you'd never join me. Come in and close the door. You need to unpack your

Valentine."

The suggestive tone did nothing to hide the obvious arousal he felt. Severus nodded, closing and warding the door within seconds before making his steps over. Sitting down next to the young man, hands already going to the waistband of his trousers, Severus muttered: "Happy Valentine to me."