

# Steam

by sevs\_starsisters

The continuation of The Sauna by star\_girl, starring Severus Snape and Aurora Sinistra.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: This story is the continuation of 'The Sauna' by star\_girl, so it may put it into context if you read that first. But if not, enjoy the smut anyway!*

Aurora hung back in the changing rooms, drying herself painfully slowly as the other witches chattered and eventually bustled out. She needed some time on her own. The furtive glances between herself and Severus had aroused her passions, and she needed release from the feelings that had stirred within her.

Thinking that she was finally alone, Aurora slipped from the changing room, warded the door and padded back into the sauna once more.

She stretched delicately with a little sigh before spreading herself out on one of the long, wooden benches. The sauna was a new experience for her, and she was surprised how relaxing it was to be surrounded by such intense, muggy heat.

She let her eyelids flutter shut as she laid back, her hands idly moving in circles across her stomach, imagining they were Severus' hands. It was not the first time that she imagined this. The stern Potions master had come to her in her dreams so many nights before.

Her hands moved upwards, cupping her large, full breasts. Her body responded to her own touch, and soon the buds of her dusky pink nipples stood out proudly from the pale orbs of her breasts.

With another contented sigh, her fingers skimmed back down her belly and began to trace her hips. She was so lost in the sensations, so positive of her solitude that she failed to notice that she was not actually alone.

She had not been the only one who had decided to hang back behind their colleagues. And in the door that led to the men's changing room stood Severus Snape, the object of her desire, tall and pale, his beetle black eyes hungrily devouring her naked body.

But he would not move, would not make a single sound. As much as he desired the witch that was stretched out on the wooden bench before him, he did not want to rush in and startle her. She would surely retreat into her shell or fly away from him in extreme embarrassment if he revealed his presence too soon. So, for now, he decided to keep his distance and watch.

Aurora's hands now began to trace her thighs. Unconsciously she let her legs fall open, and the split fig of her delicate pink sex came on clear display.

It took all of Severus' control not to groan at the sight. Even in his wildest dreams, he could not wish for a better view. Licking his dry lips, he let his hand wander to his groin. The Slytherin snake had awoken already, during the staff meeting, and had forced him to sit in a ridiculous, crouched position for half an hour, so none of his colleagues would notice his arousal. But now, the thick snake stood erect, twitching slightly as he took in the delicious sight before him.

Aurora's fingers delicately teased her slit as a lover would, brushing her outer lips gently, taking her time, all the time imagining the caresses were coming from the dark wizard who was, unbeknown to her, gently caressing his own arousal, imagining her touch just as she was imagining his.

Severus did not know Aurora too well. Her nocturnal lessons meant that she was rarely seen at breakfast in the Great Hall, preferring to catch up on her sleep and taking a light breakfast later on in the morning. She was also quietly spoken, only speaking if she had something relevant to say.

Severus remembered that when she had first joined the faculty, some of the other witches had thought her standoffish and snobby. But he had recognised her demeanour as nothing more than shyness, and he liked the fact that, compared to some of the other female professors in the faculty, when Aurora spoke it was always something worth hearing.

Another thing Severus liked was the actual sound of Aurora's voice. It was like the whisper in the trees, hushed and at the same time impossible to miss. And the thought of hearing that voice whisper words of love into his ear and call out his name in ecstasy, made Severus tighten his grip around his arousal.

He was gazing at her now, eyes heavy with lust, as her fingers began to softly circle the area around her clit. She whimpered, all the while her eyes still closed, her long, thick, straight black hair cascading over her shoulders and fanning out on the bench behind her.

Soundlessly, Severus moved closer. He wanted to hear her moans and whimpers, wanted to see the goose bumps erupt on her pale skin, wanted to be close enough to smell the sharp tang of her arousal.

Aurora did not hear him, so absorbed was she in her own lust. And so he sat down behind her, his eyes hanging on her slightly parted lips.

His nostrils flared as he took in her scent, and it made his balls ache, such was his desire. But if ever a man had known about control, it was Severus Snape. He was not going to rush, not when the beautiful witch in front of him was putting on such a display. He wanted to enjoy every second, savour every single one of her delicious moans.

Aurora slipped a finger down from her clit to her entrance, dipping slowly and carefully inside. She mewled and her back arched up from the bench, a light sheen of perspiration between her breasts.

She was, however, not the only one getting hot and bothered. Severus had to bite his lip so he would not moan. The mere sight of the witch in front of him could have driven him over the edge and her moans, her scent, made it even harder to hold back.

He had to touch her, had to dare.

He moved down a bench and came to sit beside her. His hand hovered over her thigh, his lips were mere inches from hers, and still Aurora did not notice him. She was so aroused, so close to release that the walls around her could have come crashing down and she would not have noticed, or cared for that matter.

He saw her skin flush, heard her breath become more and more irregular as she urged herself closer to climax.

*Yes, my beautiful witch,* he thought, stroking himself with a firm hand. *Come for me. Come.*

It was just moments before Aurora cried out as orgasm hit her, her sex spasming violently around her fingers.

The sound of her cries seemed to be linked to Severus' very DNA, the very core of his masculinity. And once again it took all his control not to let go with the sheer surge of lust that it sent through him.

That was when he dared touch her. In her most vulnerable and most blissful of moments, Severus lowered his hand onto Aurora's, feeling the waves of her climax washing over her.

When her eyes flew open, they met his. He was looking at her with a calmness that made it impossible for Aurora to move or even scream.

They gazed at each other for some time, onyx black eyes into sapphire blue, as Aurora came down from her climax, her heart racing from the shock as much from the exertion.

How long had he been there?

Aurora could have easily been embarrassed by her display, but the gentleness of Severus' hand at her sex and the calmness of his gaze told her there was no need to be afraid, no need to be embarrassed. Then she felt something brush her mind. It was akin to having her face cupped gently, and she opened her eyes wide and smiled at the comfort of the gesture.

She had understood. She had understood that she had nothing to fear from him, that he would not touch her unless she allowed him to.

Wordlessly, Severus bent over her and let the tip of his nose follow the trail the little pearls of sweat had taken as they had trickled down from her breast over her belly. He exhaled softly all the way down, caused the goose bumps he had wished to see so desperately.

Aurora threaded a hand into his raven hair and was surprised at the feather-like softness as he worked his way down. He let his tongue flick out as he arrived at her belly button, drew three tiny circles around it before dipping into it, his tongue moving quickly, like the tongue of a snake.

She tasted delicious, and he wanted more.

He moved upwards, following the same trail he had taken earlier, but this time he covered her flushed skin with light kisses, pausing every now and then to let his tongue taste her flesh.

Aurora gasped as she watched him, not daring to breathe. This man, the man she had dreamt about for so long, was here, with her. For a second she was afraid that all this was a dream and that she would soon awake to find herself once more alone in her cold, enormous bed at the top of the Astronomy Tower.

But Severus did not disappear, did not vanish into thin air. Instead he continued his way upwards, planting row after row of kisses on her body.

As he arrived at her chest, he paused, and Aurora felt his breath between her breasts. He was breathing slowly, caressing the soft flesh with both his breath and the gentle touch of his lips.

Then slowly, so agonisingly slowly, he turned his head to the side, and his lips started to caress her breast. He was barely touching her, and Aurora did not know if it were his lips that she felt or just his breath.

She felt something inside her stir at the tenderness of the man. He could be so fierce, so stern ... He had been a Death Eater, for Merlin's sake! And yet here he was, gentle and tender and unhurried.

She smiled down at the dark wizard, stroking his hair, and he looked up at her. There was a glitter in his dark eyes that she had never seen before. The look in his eyes was just as tender as his caresses, and it drove tears into Aurora's eyes. She sighed with pleasure as she realised that Severus had lowered all his barriers to her. The look in his eyes was as if he were showing her his very soul. She had never seen him drop his guard for a single second, never seen that mask of dourness slip. And yet right here, in these few moments of passion, Aurora felt as if she knew him better than anyone else in the whole world.

He lowered his face again, his lips closed around her nipple, and he started suckling the tender bud while his hand softly cupped her other breast. His touch was gentle

and eventually, his hand replaced his lips. Although Aurora already missed the tender kisses, she did not object as he once more made his way downwards, caressing her skin alternately with his lips, his tongue or his very breath.

Why he had moved up from the bench, Aurora did not know, but suddenly, Severus was kneeling between her still spread thighs, his hands on her hips and his eyes on hers. He did not utter a single word, but as he slowly leaned forward, still looking into her eyes, Aurora understood that he was waiting for her to give him permission to touch her. And she reached out a hand to stroke his cheek, and the soft smile on her lips and her gentle blue eyes gave him all the permission he needed.

He crouched over, crept backwards on the bench, his hands gliding over her hips, down over her thighs and to her knees, up again on the inside of her thighs before they came to rest mere inches from her core. Then he started kissing her, covered the soft skin of her thighs with soft, tender kisses.

He had meant to wait, had meant to tease her until she begged him to touch her, but the scent of her arousal was like a Siren call, and Severus could not resist any longer. And without any warning, he spread her lips with his thumbs and let his tongue lick all the way from her entrance to her awaiting clit. He was rewarded with a mew of pleasure.

Twice more he repeated his movement, licking her slowly all the way, savouring her sweet taste. Then he started suckling her. Her hips bucked in response, and he held her down gently but firmly with one hand across her belly, in order to keep his access to her.

"Severus," she gasped, threading her fingers through his free hand and squeezing gently, wanting as much physical contact with the wizard who was now playing her body like an instrument. She never saw the smile on his lips as he heard her call his name.

He continued his suckling, alternating the intensity, making it impossible for her to anticipate his next move. Slowly, he let his hand glide down from her belly over her hip and between her legs. She could feel the tips of his fingers at her entrance, but once more, he waited. He just gingerly probed her entrance, only entered her with the tip of his finger and looked up at her. A nod, a tiny nod was all he wanted, all he needed to go on.

Aurora looked down at him, lips parted, eyes heavy with need. "Oh yes, Severus," she whispered, and once more the look in her deep blue eyes told him that every fibre of her being was calling out to him.

He entered her swiftly, thrusting one long finger into her, while his tongue idly flicked against her swollen clit. Immediately, he found the rough spot inside her, but to Aurora's disappointment he abandoned it, pulled out his finger, ever so slowly, so painfully slowly.

He felt her muscles tighten around his retreating finger, and his cock twitched at the thought that he would feel her around his length soon. Gods, she was beautiful. He wanted to feel her climax around his cock. But not yet. Not quite yet.

This time, he entered her with two fingers, stretching her, probing that special spot he had found before. Aurora whimpered and gripped on to the bench as he began to make beckoning movements with his long, skilful fingers while his tongue relentlessly flicked against her clit. It was madness, sheer madness what this man was doing to her. She started to squirm, pressed her hips up against him. She needed release, and she needed it now.

He moved quicker than a panther. In a blink of an eye, he had withdrawn his hand and face from her core and had positioned himself between her thighs. And as he thrust into her, burying himself up to the hilt in her hot flesh, Aurora felt a wave of lust rush through her body like she had never experienced it before. Her hands clung to his lithe back and she wrapped her long legs around his narrow hips, urging him deeper.

Once again, their eyes locked and once again, she felt her mind being brushed by his. "Kiss me," she breathed as he rocked slowly against her.

His kiss came with his next thrust. It was more forceful than she had expected, but it spoke of lust, of passion, and she responded to it the same way her hips responded to his pumping between her thighs. She was so close now, and his kiss was accelerating her pleasure even further. She could taste herself on his lips, and she knew it would only take a few more thrusts before she came undone.

"Come for me, Aurora," he growled into her mouth as his thrusts quickened. "Come for me."

"Severus," she cried over and over as her second orgasm struck, even more ferociously than the first. She clung on to him as if she were drowning, her muscles gripping his thick cock inside her rhythmically as he thrust onwards towards his own climax.

But then Severus froze. His head was spinning, and not from the orgasm that was approaching quickly. It was the heat. He had been moving too quickly, and his body was protesting.

"Aurora," he gasped. "I can't... The heat... it is too much."

How he hated himself for this. How he hated his treacherous body for letting him down. But there was no way he could continue. With an angry growl, he freed himself from Aurora's embrace and slumped back onto the bench. And despite the heat, he felt himself shake, felt shivers go down his spine.

"Forgive me," he whispered. "I just need a moment."

Aurora sat up too, next to the exhausted, sweating man in front of her. She looked up shyly at him and very cautiously leaned her head forwards, tracing her tongue over the Dark Mark on his arm. She had been curious about the Mark ever since she had first seen it earlier, and she wanted to show him she didn't fear either it or him.

His skin tasted salty-sweet on her pink tongue. And Severus watched her closely, his eyes glittering, panting lightly. If any other witch would have touched his Mark, he would have withdrawn, would have shrunk away. But right now, right there with Aurora, he did not care. He understood that by acknowledging his mark, she was showing him that she both trusted and accepted him.

He watched her position herself between his legs, kneeling between them. One hand was lightly wrapped around his still-erect member, the tip maddeningly close to her parted lips.

"Lick it," he commanded, his voice low, like the deep purr of a panther.

Aurora shuddered at the authority in his voice and obediently began to lap carefully at his swollen cock. She started with tiny kitten licks around the head, and then licked all the way up from root to tip using the flat of her tongue, never once breaking eye contact.

Severus exhaled sharply. It had been a while since a woman had caressed him that way. And the fact that this woman was Aurora - beautiful, shy Aurora - made it even more arousing.

Aurora could taste the juices of her own arousal on Severus' delicious cock. And she so much wanted to taste the fruit of his desire, too. Carefully, she suckled at the wide head before swooping her mouth down over the length of his shaft and taking as much of him in as she possibly could.

Severus could not suppress his groan at the feel of her tantalising mouth and hot, wet tongue on his cock. Knowing she could taste herself on his flesh was driving him half-mad with desire. How easy it would be, to release his hot seed into her throat with a roar.

Suddenly, he grabbed her shoulders and pulled her up and onto his lap.

"I want to come inside you," he growled, voice thick with lust as Aurora carefully straddled him.

Their eyes locked as his cock brushed against her sex as they shifted into position. Then he thrust upwards, holding firmly onto her hips as he slammed into her, letting his

head fall back with a deep groan. The witch was tight and her flesh hot and welcoming.

Aurora moaned, and she, too, let her head fall back, and her black hair cascaded down her back. With her hands on his shoulders, she began to ride him in time with his thrusts. He filled her so completely. Severus nipped at her throat, eliciting more moans from her as she slipped up and down his thick length.

"Yes, witch," he growled as he made his way from her throat to her full breasts. "Let me hear that you like it."

She called his name as she rode him harder, and his thrusts became faster. His hands had a vice-like grip on her hips, and he pounded into her, harder, faster. He couldn't stop now even if he wanted to.

"Yes, oh fuck, yes," he hissed. The feeling of her muscles tightening around him in the rhythm of his thrust was driving him insane. He was lost.

"Aurora! Yes, Aurora, yes!"

He came undone with a roar and a shudder that shook his whole body, and he held onto her, still thrusting into her welcoming flesh, his face buried between her breasts.

Aurora held him close as she felt his body spasm as his orgasm washed over him, his wet heat flooding inside her as she stroked his hair, still rock-hard inside her. And she wished they could stay like this forever, their bodies as one.

When his breathing had normalised, Severus lifted up his head and looked into her beautiful eyes.

There was a smirk playing around her lips, and as she gingerly brushed a strand of hair from his face, she murmured: "Somehow, my dear Severus, I have a feeling that this was not what Dumbledore intended when he decided to move the staff meeting to the sauna."

Severus merely smiled back and placed a gentle kiss between her breasts. "I wouldn't be so sure," he whispered, stroking the small of her back.

And as he saw the tenderness in sweet Aurora's gentle gaze, he had to admit that the old fool had done something wholly good for a change.

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A/N: This is what happens if you give two bat-shit crazy Severus-lovers access to MSN. Please let us know what you think.