

For As You Dream You Shall Become

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus hated staff meetings—they took too long and accomplished nothing. The mark on his arm grew darker with each passing day—Karkaroff had disappeared, and Dumbledore was wasting his time with yet another staff meeting to discuss the banalities of day to day schedules and classes. Severus looked around at his colleagues. They looked as bored as he did—all except Trelawney, she looked drunk. Watching them, he felt like he could see them aging as each second ticked off the clock. How much of their lives had they each given to Hogwarts, he wondered. None were married; none had families that he knew of. Was this life really any better than the one Voldemort had promised him? Voldemort had promised him Lily, and now Lily was dead and he was living a lie.

Severus sensed someone watching him—pulling him out of his reverie. He looked at Dumbledore to see if the old headmaster had asked him a question he hadn't heard, then scanned the room. It seemed no one was paying him any attention.

Aurora watched Severus—watched the muscles in his face tense as his thoughts left the staff meeting, leaving an even more hollow man seated in his chair. She wondered what a man like Severus contemplated. As his head snapped back up, she quickly averted her eyes before his penetrating gaze touched her.

When the staff meeting ended, Severus left Dumbledore's office exhausted. All he wanted was a hot shower and a stiff drink, hoping one of the two would ensure a good night's sleep. After two drinks and a headache potion, he finally drifted off to sleep in his favorite chair.

When he awoke, the fire in the grate cast a soft orange glow around the room. His surroundings felt familiar and different at the same time. Out of the flames, orange hair waved in a breeze that wasn't there, rising up until a body formed and stepped out of the hearth.

"Lily," Severus whispered.

She placed a finger to her lips as she walked toward him, her hips swaying seductively. Quicker than should have been possible, she was kneeling in front of him, her fingers smoothly unfastening his trousers. His body responded to her touch. Lily placed her lips to the tip of his cock—teasing him, making him wait for more contact. As her mouth slowly opened, letting him get a taste of her warmth, she looked up at him—her eyes red slits, glowing in the firelight.

A scream woke him—it was his own. The fire in the grate was nothing but embers, yet he was drenched in sweat. The recurring nightmare had become more frequent as signs of Voldemort's imminent return emerged.

Severus took a walk to the Astronomy Tower—he wasn't sure whether it was to cool off or to take out his frustration on out-of-bounds students. He opened the tower door with a bang, expecting to surprise a student or two—no one was there. Sighing, he made his way to the parapet for a better view of the night sky.

The door banged open, startling Severus; he turned abruptly, wand drawn, only to find Professor Sinistra standing in the shadowed doorway.

"Making rounds in *my* tower again, Professor Snape?"

"I was unaware you had sole authority over the Astronomy Tower, Professor Sinistra."

Se watched as his body tensed and his brow furrowed. For years, she had had the urge to smooth the hard lines away from his face; she hesitantly stepped closer.

Severus wasn't sure if it was the dream he had just awoken from or the way the moonlight reflected through the archway, but Aurora reminded him of Lily. Her hair—pulled back at the nape of her neck had an auburn hue, her height—just to his shoulder, her voice—soft and lilting. Mesmerized, he watched her as she approached him and placed a hand to each side of his face as her thumbs caressed his brow. He stood very still as her hands moved down to his shoulders, massaging at his tension. He closed his eyes, imagining that it was Lily touching him.

Aurora was astounded that Severus was letting her touch him. She wondered how far she could push her fantasy. Slowly, she leaned in and kissed his neck, making her way up to his jaw, and then his lips—waiting for his scathing rejection.

The night breeze cooled the warm dampness on his skin left by her kisses. Despite how his dreams ended, they still left him frustrated and thinking about Lily. When Aurora's lips met his, he found himself kissing her back, relishing the soft fullness of her lips. He kept his eyes closed trying to recapture the past. He let his mind wander and soon his hands followed, trailing up her back, pressing her body more fully into his. Her hands skimmed past all the buttons on the front of his shirt and came to rest at the top button of his trousers. Severus had a strange sense of déjà-vu as she unfastened his trousers and began kissing her way down. He felt her lips on the head of his cock, his body automatically arching—he opened his eyes as she took him into her mouth. The moon reappeared from behind the heavy clouds, casting a luminous light through the tower. Severus watched as Aurora slowly worked her way up and down his shaft—her hair had come loose, and he realized that it was more copper and gold than auburn, and as she looked up into his eyes, he saw that they were light blue and held a sweet smile.

Severus let go of his past and his nightmares on a sigh of ecstasy and began thinking about his future.

A/N: Written for the Potter Place Saturday night drabble challenge. My prompt to write a sexual encounter Severus has, set before Voldemort comes back to life in the cemetery. The catch is, he is still pining after Lily. The prompt was given by sunny33 who is trying to get me to write smut and not kill off my characters.

The title is loosely taken from the quote, "Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so you shall become. Your vision is the promise of what you shall one day be; your ideal is the prophecy of what you shall at last unveil."—James Lane Allen