

Aurora Borealis

by astopperindeath

Snape shares a glass of wine with Sinistra on the Astronomy tower.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Snape climbed the stairs to the Astronomy Tower, hoping that the students were not fornicating that night. With everything coming in the next months, his head was swimming. The blacker Dumbledore's arm became, the darker Snape's thoughts turned.

He reached the top of the tower to find Sinistra sitting on a ledge, drinking a glass of red wine. The wind caught her hair, and she looked up at him smiling.

"Oh, Professor Snape! How kind of you to join me on this, the anniversary of my employment. Five years at Hogwarts, can you believe it? And did anyone notice? Did anyone care? No, and you know why? Because I sleep all day, and you all sleep at night. No one cares about Professor Sinistra—is she lonely? Does she need a friend?"

She swayed a bit on the ledge, and Snape rushed forward. She was fairly drunk, if the stream-of-conscious rant and the drained wine bottle were any indication. He caught her just as she fell forward, her body falling over his shoulder as she descended.

She giggled. "Severus... are you trying to sweep me off my feet?" She playfully smacked his ass, and he nearly dropped her.

"No! I'm merely trying to keep you from harming yourself." He promptly dropped her to her feet. She stumbled and fell to the stone floor, laughing again.

"Want a drink? From somewhere in her cloak, she brought out another bottle of wine, quickly spelled the cork out, and handed him the bottle.

Snape sighed—whatever was bothering with Sinistra, he wasn't going to get anything out of her without playing her game. He conjured a stemless glass and filled it halfway. He sat next to her on the floor of the tower, staring up at the stars.

"So, Professor, why are you up here tonight other than your celebration? Any particularly lovely celestial activity tonight?"

"Just the one in front of you, Sheverus. Have you forgotten my name is Aurora?" She began to giggle flirtatiously.

Oh, Christ, I think she's coming on to me.

"No, madam, I am fully aware of your name." He took a long sip of his wine, hoping to dull the impending headache.

"Do you think I'm lovely, Severus? Would you like to see my Northern Lights?" She batted her eyes at him rapidly before draining her glass and refilling it.

"You are a very lovely woman, Professor Sinistra."

She simpered. "And what about my eyes, Snape. What do you think of my eyes?"

"Professor Sinistra... I don't believe this is an appropriate conversation for two faculty members—"

"Aww, is ickle Sevvykins playing hard to get?"

"Of course I'm playing hard to get, woman! You're drunk!"

"Oh, come on, Severusss. Everyone says you're bad, so be bad! How can you have your wicked way with me if you're being so damned good? Or is it *because* you're so good? Are you *good*, Severus? In bed? Haha, I sound like a Muggle fortune cookie." She stood and bent over the edge of the tower, giggling maniacally and trying not to vomit.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to lessen the pain radiating from his head. All he had wanted was some fresh air and a quiet moment to himself. He stood, attempting to leave as quickly as possible.

Sinistra's trying failed—she vomited spectacularly over the edge of the tower. He hoped an unsuspecting student happened to be walking outside after hours.

Snape sighed—everyone may think he was an asshole, but tonight he really did not feel like putting on the persona. He approached her and held her hair back from her face. He conjured a cool flannel and held it to her forehead, trying to calm her spasms. Eventually, her stomach finished emptying itself and she stood up, gazing adoringly into his eyes.

"Are you feeling any better, Professor Sinistra?"

"Please, Sheverus. Call me Aurora. Tell me it's a beautiful name. Like the night sky. Do you love the sky, Shevvie? I do. I'm an Astronomy professor. Did you know?"

"Yes, Aurora, I know."

She began to sway again. *Oh shite, she's losing consciousness* As if she'd heard his thoughts, she took her cue and began to fall. He swept her up in his arms, his arm under her knees and her head cradled to his chest. This seemed to rouse her a bit.

She began singing a nonsensical song, something that sounded like a song from one of the Disney movies his mother sometimes treated him with as a child. If nothing else, she had distracted him from his own troubles for a time. He hoisted her up slightly higher on his chest, and she nuzzled his chin with her nose.

"I'm glad you lost the goatee," she mumbled. I love the dimple in your chin. She poked his chin feebly with her finger.

He smirked.

Snape began the descent down the tower to her rooms. He had been their just once, years before when she had first arrived and they had had a small faculty get-together.

"The password, Aurora. I need your password."

"Potions master."

The portrait that guarded the entrance to her rooms swung open. Snape sighed again—apparently this wasn't just a drunken flirtation. He didn't need yet another emotionally charged problem to deal with.

He crossed through her living room and made his way to her bedroom. Laying her on her bed, he bent to remove her shoes. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Severush? Are you glad I work here? It's my five year annivershary today."

"Yes, Aurora. I am." And he was. She was the first person that had seemed happy to see him in weeks, and that raised her higher in his regard than most of the residents of the castle.

"May I bring you a Hangover potion tomorrow, Aurora?"

"Yes, my dearest..." She trailed off, rolling over to snuggle a pillow. He pulled her comforter over her before making his way out of her chambers.

This story was inspired by Rosewood's prompt: "Sinistra gets drunk one evening and decides to seduce Snape who plays hard to get." Thank you so much to karelia for her help and guidance on these Saturday nights!