

# Coming of Age

*by Agnus Castus*

Snape's seventeenth birthday present. Written for the Muffliato! FB group's "Snape's 50th birthday" challenge.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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She really was very pretty...

Sitting elegantly on Malfoy's sofa, wearing a demure, black silk dress. She cast him an occasional smile and playfully caressed the circumference of her wine glass, as if she were waiting... Waiting for him...

Turning seventeen would only happen once, so when Lucius offered to throw Severus a birthday party, Severus couldn't decline. It wasn't as if he had other friends to celebrate with. All of his acquaintances were linked with Malfoy, one way or another.

She went to powder her nose, and the room seemed empty, even though Severus was surrounded by Death Eaters and their consorts. They had been the only singles at the gathering, and Severus wondered if Lucius' present for his coming of age was actually flesh and blood. It would certainly be his style.

But Severus didn't want to lose his virginity to a complete stranger. He wanted his first time to be with Lily.

Lily, the one who'd ignored him for months on end. Lily, the one who'd taken his heart with her when she'd left. Lily... *the only* one. And still she didn't know how he loved her.

"She's waiting for you upstairs, Severus," Lucius' voice whispered in his ear, breaking his reverie.

"Who?"

"Mirabelle, of course." Lucius smiled as he extracted Severus's glass of champagne from his grasp and guided him towards the sweeping staircase. "Happy birthday, Severus."

A pat on his shoulder sent him on his way. He still didn't know how to refuse Malfoy.

She was waiting for him at the top of the stairs. Her long raven locks were curled artificially, framing her pale face. Severus noticed the twinkle of her emerald choker underneath the light of the crystal chandelier. She was expensive, of that there was no doubt.

He followed her into a bedroom. The four-poster bed dominated the room, and Severus tore his eyes away, desperately trying to work out an escape route. Could he pay her to leave him alone?

"Severus," she said. "Such an interesting name. May I call you Sevvie?"

He wanted to say no. There was one person alone who could shorten his given name.

Mirabelle must have read his reaction. "Or, perhaps, Sev?" she asked.

He couldn't prevent his wince. Did she have to keep reminding him of Lily?

He mumbled an affirmative and stared at the floor.

"You're feeling nervous?" the woman asked him.

He nodded. "I wanted to wait for..." He couldn't finish.

"Someone special?"

"Yes," Severus replied. "And when I take my Dark Mark tomorrow, maybe she'll notice me again."

"Maybe she will," Mirabelle said kindly. "And maybe, if you spend some time with me tonight, Severus, I can teach you a few things which would make your first time with her even more... special."

His eyes met hers for the first time.

"Women are always impressed by men who are confident and know what they are doing," she inveigled him.

She might have a point, he thought.

And she really was very pretty.

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This was written for the "Severus Snape's 50th birthday smut drabble writing challenge" on Facebook. The rules being:

- \* The drabble must be no longer than 500 words.
- \* The drabble must be SS-centric (obviously!) but you can use whatever secondary characters you like.
- \* The drabble must include the following words: Nose, Silk, Twinkle.