

# Becoming One

by Lady Lanera

Severus gives his bride a night to remember.

## United

Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** J.K. Rowling owns everything related to *Harry Potter*.

**Author's Notes:** This story is actually an excerpt from a rather long story I've posted on FanFictionNet. However, I've decided to post this part over here. If you want to read the full story, it's entitled *Family* over on FanFictionNet. Enjoy.

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An hour later, the bride and groom arrived at their destination. Nearby, the waves crashed rhythmically against the pristine sandy beach they walked along. They held hands and smiled softly as they headed towards a small one-story stone building. The place they were at was utterly peaceful, and they'd surely both agree on that.

Out of the corner of her eye, Aurora Sinistra caught her husband glancing at her. She noticed the contemplative look on Severus's face before he suddenly released her hand and scooped her up into arms. She shrieked unfortunately, but quickly closed her mouth a second later, knowing that it was foolish to scream. She felt him chuckle softly against her as he carried her towards the building.

When the front door creaked open after he turned the knob, she bit her bottom lip, wondering and hoping that he was taking her straight to bed. He of course didn't disappoint whatsoever. They walked straight through the small sitting area and into the bedroom of the place. Her heart instantly pumped faster in anticipation, nearly bursting from her chest when she saw the silk-lined bed in front of them a moment later. He gently set her back down onto the floor, turning her to face him.

"I'm not ready," she said breathlessly, staring into his dark eyes.

"To make love?" he asked with a soft smirk.

"Well, a woman has to ready herself, Severus," she replied, hoping he didn't already know her little surprise for him that she had picked out earlier while shopping. Even Septima hadn't seen the surprise. When his eyes trailed down her body, she felt chills rush down her spine.

"You can ready yourself later," he said a moment later. "After all, the point of this little ritual I believe is to ensure a pregnancy, not to prevent one. Am I mistaken?"

"No," she whispered. On second thought, her surprise could wait. They had time.

Glancing down at her, he waited until she nodded before he gently pulled the calla lily out of her hair, setting it onto the nightstand beside them. He then slowly took out the numerous hairpins that had tamed her unruly dark curls one by one, placing them into the bowl on the nightstand. To say it was agonizing was a huge understatement. It was pure torture. Once finished with that task, he carefully removed her long dangling diamond earrings, setting them beside the lily. He then undid the tiny clasps on her two diamond bracelets, one for each wrist, placing them with the earrings.

"Are you going to remove my wedding ring also, Severus?" she teased. Exactly two seconds later, she whimpered softly as he pressed feather light kisses against her fingertips.

"No," he whispered, ticking her slightly. "You are to wear that ring at all times." His fingers then lightly trailed up and down her arm, making him chuckle when she closed her eyes and swallowed a moment later. "I am accurate in my assumption that you are not wearing a bra, correct?"

"You are," she answered, trembling slightly.

"And your dress fastens in the back by silver lace, yes?"

She didn't trust herself to speak this time. She knew her voice would likely squeak if she did. So she nodded numbly, staring at him with wide brown eyes. She then looked straight ahead at the wall as he glanced around her to inspect the lacy situation.

"Hmm," he said thoughtfully, pulling back with a frown.

"Is something wrong?"

"No," he replied, glancing into her eyes again. He then took a step closer so that they were chest to chest. His hand went behind her back then as his eyes remained staring into hers. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," she answered without a second of hesitation. She then heard a click from something behind her back, making her narrow her eyes on him in confusion. When she heard the sound of fabric ripping against a sharp knife, her knees went weak. He was cutting each row of lace one by one. After the fourth shredded lace broke, her corset top fell forward, exposing her breasts to him. Her mouth was open as she stared at him in shock.

"I'll buy you a new one," he said with a soft chuckle, continuing to shred the lace with his blade. A few moments later, he closed his switchblade before placing it on the edge of the nightstand. He then crouched down in front of her and grabbed the excess material before giving it a big tug downwards. With the tattered dress now pooled at her feet, he stood and gently helped steady her as she stepped out of it. His eyes then trailed down and rested momentarily on her only remaining garment.

With a green decorative naughty bow in the back, her white lacy thong was attached to her stockings by green garters. She hadn't thought it possible, but his eyes definitely darkened as he followed the lace, then down one of the garters, and finally drinking in her slender stocking legs.

"Are you, um, planning to cut that off me too?" she asked, ignoring the sound of her out of control heart beating so loud.

"No," he said barely above a whisper.

"Oh," she replied, not noticing the disappointment that had crept into her voice. "Then what will you do to me?" She swallowed when his eyes darted to her own before he rewet his lips again, breathing very slowly through his nose. "Severus?" she softly said, staring at him.

When he suddenly dropped to his knees onto the floor, she gasped, not expecting that. She stared down at him, wondering what he was going to do. Luckily, she received her answer when she felt something, well, wet against her leg where one of the claps to her garters was. Her eyes then narrowed, hearing a soft grunt a moment later followed by one of the clasps opening. He was undoing them with his teeth! That sent more shivers and excitement throughout her body. When he had finished unclasping each garter from her stocking, he glanced up at her with a devilish smirk.

They had two hours before midnight, and based on the smirk she saw on his face, he was going to use those two hours as pure sweet torture. She felt the horrible redness that flushed her cheeks as he knelt in front of her, looking up at her with that damn sly smirk of his. What that man could do likely would make a troll sing an aria beautifully.

Severus then ran his hands from the top of her stockings to her knee, where he forced her knee to bend and rest atop his strong shoulder. Running his hand down the rest of her leg to her ankle, he unsnapped the clasp holding up the four bands around it. One hand remained supporting the lower part of her leg, though, while the other cupped the back of her silver heel and tugged it off. Aurora was dimly aware of the sound her heel made as it clattered to the floor. She felt her knee tremble as he placed a soft kiss to her inner thigh before his hands slid back up her leg, this time maneuvering it into a standing position before he repeated the process with her right.

A moment later, she bit her lip to keep from moaning as he slowly rolled her stockings down one leg at a time. His hands were gentle as always, making her naked skin feel ablaze when his fingers touched it. The parts of her untouched by his fiery fingers, however, were left wanting and needing. It wasn't long before gooseflesh appeared as a shudder quickly overtook her. He then pressed once more a kiss against her inner thigh, blowing gently across the damp area. She couldn't hold back her moan this time as her body shook, nearly sending her to the floor. He chuckled in response, glancing up at her with that same damn smirk.

"Hmm, what should we do about these?" he asked, hooking a finger underneath the waistband near her hip.

"Well, u-unless y-you plan o-on, um," she said in a shaky voice. Her words then faltered as his finger moved just a bit to the left.

"Yes?" he drawled, cocking his eyebrow slightly upwards.

"S-shagging me, um, t-through the, um..." She released another moan, arching towards him as his finger moved just a bit more to the left.

"Please, Aurora, do continue."

"T-through y-your c-clothes," she said, shaking horribly.

"Hmm, you do bring up a valid point. I'm fully clothed, and you're, well, not," he replied, smirking. "I'll rectify this immediately." His finger that had been inside her waistband was instantly removed followed by him standing and banishing his clothes. He chuckled when her mouth dropped. "Was that not what you wanted?" A strangled sound came out of her throat as she stared at him. "Perhaps that wasn't necessarily fair on second thought." He then stepped even closer to her and leaned down, barely touching her lips with his own. "Then again, life isn't fair." His voice then lowered into dangerous territory. It was a tone he rarely used, if ever. "Aurora," he said, chuckling softly when she whimpered and moaned in response. "You enjoy it when I say your name, don't you?" When she replied with a whimper, he frowned for a moment. "Answer me," he commanded firmly.

"YES," she cried, covering her mouth a moment later with a widening of her eyes.

"Lie on the bed," he commanded, staring down at her with intense black eyes boring holes into her very soul. She did the first command without a question. "On your stomach, Aurora," he growled softly, watching her as she rolled over.

When she finally stopped squirming, he silently walked to the bed, slowly crawling in beside her. He brushed her curls to the side, bending over her and pressing feather light kisses against the back of her neck before trailing down her back. He smiled as he heard her soft moans of pleasure as he did this.

"You see, it's all about control, and right now you're giving me it, trusting me with your very life." He then felt her shudder underneath his lips. "And later, I shall be the one to trust you with my very life. You'll be the one in control then, and I'll be like you, soaking it in."

"Can't, um, now?"

He chuckled at her inability to speak, pressing a series of kisses against the middle of her back. His fingers then gently trailed up and down her, producing a series of mews from her. He only smiled, drinking her in one kiss at a time.

"Is that what you want?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," she cried, shuddering underneath him.

"Do you understand what I'm saying, though? That right now, you're in the same position that I'll be in when it takes over in a few hours. I'll be the one trusting you then."

"I-I do," she whimpered, nodding fervently. "Y-you trust m-me not t-to h-hurt you." When he gently touched her shoulder, she glanced up at him through the fog of lust, rolling onto her side.

He lovingly placed a hand behind her neck, urging her to sit up, which she did. His lips then brushed hers, causing her to deepen the kiss to seek out his unique taste. She felt his lips quiver when she lay back against the pillows, moaning into his mouth as his hands roamed all over her body only to fondle her breasts finally.

As his swollen, erect member took over, he instinctively positioned himself in between her slightly parted legs, forcing them wider as he moved closer. She then felt his finger slip underneath her waistband again, twisting it painfully tight this time. He stared straight into her eyes, seemingly drinking in her every reaction before he yanked on the waistband. She winced against his lips as the material broke, but sighed as she was freed from the last offending item that separated them.

Her legs then instinctively wrapped themselves around him, seeking him out. She moaned when he gave in and gently entered her. Her hips instantly arched up off the bed, drawing more of him inside. She didn't know how to describe it, but she wanted all of him, and she wanted it all right then. Her hands moved to his back a moment later, pushing against him, urging him to go deeper. He, however, refused, stilling inside her. His refusal only made her more frustrated, though. Didn't he understand?

She felt his sweet kisses against her neck, but it didn't distract her enough. She moved herself against him, attempting to hit his reflex. He only chuckled against her, whispering that she had to be patient. Well, she didn't want to be patient! She had waited twenty-four years already. She wasn't sure if she could wait another moment.

His kisses soon turned into him nipping lovingly. She cried out a few times, not because it hurt but because she hadn't expected that. He'd nip, then kiss, then suck and blow against it before he'd nip again, repeating the process. She was certain he was marking his territory.

"W-we have a-an hour now," she whined, still trembling.

"Hush," he said against her reddened skin.

"Severus, please," she begged, inhaling immediately when he plunged deeper inside of her before slowly pulling out of her. "No, don't stop, please, don't stop," she pleaded. He swiftly entered her again, only to pull out a moment later at an excruciating slow pace. "Please," she begged, whispering into his ear.

Her back arched up off the bed as he plunged inside her, slowly pulled back, and plunged in again. He repeated this for what seemed to be a lifetime to her, but really only five minutes. It was still at his controlled pace, quick, slow, and back to quick. She met him with every thrust, hoping he'd quicken the pace at some point.

"Please, Severus," she said once more, crying out a moment later when he plunged deep inside her, bringing her hips fully off the bed this time. He then withdrew only a bit before thrusting further into her. He quickened their pace, soon slamming against her with soft grunts. Her moans filled the room as he continued. Her arms wrapped around his neck, urging him on. She then felt him twitch slightly within her before his seed spurted out, coating her insides with his seed. She softly cried in sheer ecstasy with him as they climaxed together.

As they both came back down, she watched him open his mouth to speak, but his panting made that rather hard. She then felt him soften inside her, withdrawing a moment later and laying down beside her. His arm gently snaked underneath her neck as he motioned for her to lay her head on his chest.

Bells ringing nearby caused her to glance into his eyes. She waited, listening to the bells as they rang out the time. When the twelfth bell rang, she gasped, staring at him horrified. No, no, it should have been eleven, not twelve rings. She then buried her head deep into his bare chest in hopes that he'd protect her from what was coming. He held her, just as she knew he would, but sighed softly.

"Everything's going to be fine," he softly whispered, lazily drawing circles onto her bare back. His frown no doubt deepened when she didn't respond. "Let's just go to sleep in one another's arms then, Aurora. You can show me that lingerie of yours tomorrow," he said, likely to lighten the mood.

She forced a laugh, feeling herself tremble against him. She was thirty-five now. The bells had told her that. Any moment now she'd become a monster. She cried against him, wishing all of this nonsense about her mother was a lie. She didn't want to lose him, not now, not when she finally had him in her arms. She listened to his soft voice as he tried to soothe her into sleeping, doing her best to stay awake. Unfortunately, his attempt worked. She quickly fell asleep, listening to the sound of his heart beating against her ear.