

# Upon Awakening

*by Lady Lanera*

Aurora Sinistra wakes up tied to a bed without clothes. Who would have thought waking up that way would be so good when she ended up finding it was her husband who did it?

## Is a dream or isn't it?

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** J.K. owns Harry Potter. I just let Severus shag Aurora.

**A/N:** Aurora and Severus are married in this story with adoptive children that we won't see. DA wanted some smut, and this happened. I hope you enjoy. :D

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Upon awakening, the first thing Aurora noticed was that her head bloody hurt as if something had struck her from behind. The second thing she noticed was that she was tied to a bed. Her chest rose and fell as she glanced around the unfamiliar place. It appeared to be the dungeons. At least, it had the major creepy factor the dungeons always held.

She shook her head once, trying and failing to clear it. She gently tugged at the ropes that held her then, realizing that they were fastened to her magically. Taking mental stock of herself then, she clenched her teeth when she realized her clothes were gone from her. Her dark eyes trailed down her body, though, frowning even more at the bruises to her body. She could tell by them that someone had held her down as she had struggled to free herself.

"I was beginning to think you'd never wake up," a voice slowly drawled from the shadows.

"Getting your jollies off by doing this, are we?" she snapped back, anger radiating from her. The voice didn't respond, which made her snort. "What? Want me to be quiet while you finish?" Her stomach clenched when she heard the low chuckle.

"What makes you believe I'm finishing anything, Aurora?" asked the voice, a smile clearly on its owner's lips.

"Let's see. You've got me bound to the damn bed, legs spread apart, and not a stitch of clothing on me. I wonder why I'd think that."

"Perhaps you did that all yourself?" the voice suggested.

"In your dreams," she growled, glaring at the shadowy figure.

"Oh, I'm frequently in your dreams, Aurora." A low chuckle echoed around the room.

"Is that right?" She then laughed derisively. "Unless you're a tall, pale man with shoulder-length dark hair and a big nose, I doubt it."

"As a matter of fact," the voice drawled, "I am." There standing in the light now in front of her was Severus Snape, who appeared to be very amused as he stared at her.

"What in Circe's fucking great name? Severus?"

"Yes?" he slowly drawled, crossing his arms over his lean bare chest.

"You tied me up?" she yelled, her mouth hanging open slightly. In a way, it was rather erotic. Then again, that feeling was likely because from where she was laying she could see his 'wand' pointed at her, causing her to lick her lips several times in anticipation.

"As I said before, perhaps you did it to yourself."

"Bullshit, Severus, no woman can tie herself to the bed, magically or otherwise. Now, as much as I appreciate this, please undo it."

"No."

"Excuse me?"

"I believe you heard me."

"Severus, I can hurt you," she softly reminded.

"Now, now, Aurora, there's no need for you to be like this. I haven't hurt you yet."

"I believe the back of my head would argue with you."

"Yes, but your womanhood would argue right back," he replied with a smirk.

"We had sex?" When he didn't respond, she growled. "Answer me, Severus."

"You're so beautiful when you're angry." He then chuckled. "And, well, let's be honest, dear. The sex is loads better."

"Are you saying that I'm...?"

"Merlin, no, woman, you're amazing. I'm merely stating that you're even better when you're angry." He then slowly inhaled, his eyes glistening in the candlelight as his eyes trailed down her body.

"Severus, please."

"Please what?" he replied, glancing up at her.

"Please untie me." She watched him shake his head, though. "This isn't funny."

"I don't believe I'm laughing, Aurora."

"Fine then," she said, huffing. "Let's get this over with."

"Get what over with?" he repeated, taking a step closer to her.

"This, us having sex," she answered grumpily. "That's what you want, isn't it?"

"What makes you say that?"

"We're both naked, and one of us is tied to the bed. Now, let's get this over with."

"No," he responded, taking a step back from her.

"No? What the hell, Severus? Either you want me or you don't."

"Why must those be my only choices?" he asked quietly.

"Because sex has only so many options, and we both know that I won't turn down the chance to be with you. So, let's do this then. I'm getting rather tired of being tied here."

"Yes, we both do know that, don't we?" He then chuckled softly. "I believe your first response when you saw me was to lick your lips."

"Do you want me to admit that I'm attracted to you, Severus? Do you want me to scream at the top of my lungs that I love it when you're shagging me? Tell me, Severus. What is it that you want?"

"As I said before..."

"No. Don't give me that crap. Answer me straight out." She then inhaled slowly before attempting to sit up a bit to stare into his eyes. "Do you want to pound me into oblivion? Is that what this is? To make it more enjoyable for us?" she inquired, frowning. "I'll be honest with you, Severus. I'm not enjoying this, not one bit." She caught a brief flicker of something in his black eyes before he inclined his head slowly. "Please release me."

"I thought you'd never ask."

Within a millisecond, he was on top of her, which caused her to gasp. She then winced, feeling his erection painfully dig into her as he held his position above her. However, she remained staring into his eyes, hoping that this was all a dream. Quite frankly, the look he was giving her scared her more than anything else in the world.

"Severus," she whispered.

"Yes?" he slowly drawled, the familiar smirk taking over again.

"Why are you doing this?" She then inhaled sharply when she felt his fingers gradually move upwards from her navel towards her chest. It was so easy to close her eyes and just enjoy herself with him. After all, she was married to the man for Circe's sake. It wasn't as if this would be their first time being together. And, well, a part of her was very, very aroused by the elaborate setup. However, a bigger part, for some reason or another, was more terrified than stimulated by his actions. Perhaps that was because she had woken in a room that she had no recollection of being in before with pale bruises on her body and a killer headache.

"Not to argue, Aurora, but we're not quite doing anything yet," he replied quietly. His eyes darkened slightly before he lowered his head towards her bare skin. His tongue then jutted out, darting into her navel a moment later. He chuckled against her when her stomach instantly concaved in surprise.

"Sev-er-us," she said, instantly berating herself when she heard the squeak in her voice.

"Yes?" he drawled again, his lips curving even more upwards in sheer amusement.

"Release me," she repeated. A second later, a low moan escaped her lips when he swiftly entered her. "Sev . . ." Oh, Circe, it was hard to concentrate with him inside her now. She inhaled, thinking that might help, only to moan again as she felt him bury himself deeper.

Closing her eyes, she pressed her lips firmly together. Sometimes she hated breathing. It was, after all, her own breathing that pulled him in even more, not him pushing himself deeper inside her. When she felt his lips press against her neck, she inhaled again, cursing herself instantly as another jolt of pleasure flooded her. This was sheer torture, which she guessed was the point.

Her eyes then reopened, glaring at him. Oh, how she wanted to smack that self-satisfied smirk off his face. She growled when he chuckled, his taut abdominal muscles clenching against her. She was so glad he found this enjoyable.

"You do realize that the angrier you get, the more your breathing increases, yes?" he asked.

"Shut it, Severus," she growled. "Just get it over with already. You win." When he instantly withdrew from her, jumping back to the foot of the bed, her mouth opened. What the hell? "What is your problem, Severus? One second you're on top of me, and the next you're back over there."

"I don't have a problem," he replied quietly, crossing his arms.

She lay back, staring at the ceiling. If he wanted to play games, then he was playing them by himself. Her head was killing her, and he didn't seem to care one bit about that. He'd tire of this game soon enough.

The silence settled in around them for what seemed hours. It was annoying her to no end. Why wasn't he talking? She glared at him, noticing him just staring at her.

"If you don't have a problem, then what the hell was that?" she snapped.

"You seem to be under the impression that sex with me is a chore, so I am releasing you from it. It is what you want, isn't it?"

"No, Severus, I just want to be untied. Hell, in fact, if you untie me, I'll shag you at the top of the Astronomy Tower in broad daylight."

"Unfortunately, I can't untie you."

"Why?"

"As I was saying earlier, I..."

"Severus, untie me now!"

"As I've been telling you, Aurora, I can't."

"What the hell are you talking about? You have a goddamn knife in your robes at all times. Use that if you have to."

"Aurora, I'm not wearing my robes, though."

"So get them." She growled under her breath, glaring at the ceiling. He was deliberately pissing her off now.

"We're locked in this room until you are released from your binds, regrettably."

"And I can only be released from them after I have sex with you, lovely." She watched him take a step back from her. "No, I don't mean lovely in that sense. I love it when we're having sex. I just don't like being tied up. Come back. Please," she begged. She smiled softly at him when he stepped closer to the foot of the bed.

"You trust me, don't you?" he asked, staring at her.

"Of course I trust you, Severus."

"Then this really isn't that hard to end."

She stared at him, laughing softly. Hmm, sex with Severus, now there was such a hardship. Well, it was rather erotic in a twisted way.

"Release me, my dark Prince," she purred, laughing when his eyes darkened slightly. As he slowly crawled towards her from the end of the bed, she felt tingles throughout her body. She licked her lips, her own eyes sparkling with desire now. She could feel his hot breath against her face, among other things in other places. However, once he was above her, he held himself there. He was so close and yet so damn far away. "Severus, what are you waiting for?" she whined, wanting him desperately.

"Shh," he whispered, kissing her lips.

"Severus," she said against him. "I don't want to wait." Her brows then furrowed when he pulled back suddenly before he moved to her neck.

"We don't always get what we want, Aurora," he whispered with a sexy growl into her ear.

She shivered instantly, feeling her toes curl in response. If she didn't have the damn restraints, she would have forced him inside her. As it was, though, she just pressed herself as much as she could against him. The very tip of him was inside her, and it was just barely.

"This isn't fair, Severus."

"Life, my dear Aura, is not fair," he replied, the tip of his tongue running down the outer edge of her ear. He chuckled quietly when she swallowed harshly.

"You're enjoying this."

"And it would seem that I'm not the only one."

Her body arched up immediately as far as the restraints allowed as he moved just an inch further inside of her. She wanted more. Hell, she needed more! This time, she breathed as heavily as she could. Her breathing quickly turned into pants, attempting to draw him further.

"Now, now, Aurora, we can't rush a good thing," he chided, moving himself back out of her again. His grin widened when she whined.

"Severus, this is torture! You're killing me here."

"Not yet, Aurora, but soon," he replied, leaning over her again and kissing her lips. This time, he started to suck on her bottom lip, drawing it to its pure fullest. He chuckled when he heard her low moan. His lips then moved down, kissing her neck and gently nipping it every now and then. More chuckles reverberated around the room as he heard her sounds of pleasure.

"More! More! Dammit, Severus, MORE," she begged, arching more to give him better access. When he instantly stopped, her eyes darted to him. "Why'd you stop?" Her voice held sheer disappointment. "I was enjoying that."

"I'm aware," he replied coolly.

"Okay . . . and you stopped why then?" She then scoffed when he didn't respond. "We've done this before, Severus. In fact, quite frequently, you seem to enjoy it when I'm responding vocally to you."

"That's not what I'm going for here," he stated.

"What you're going for?" she repeated, staring at him in complete shock. "Severus, what is going on?" A thought then crossed her mind. "This is for you? You tied me up because you..."

"I did not tie you up," he quietly interjected.

"Right," she said, scoffing. "I know. I did . . . around the same time that I hit my head and got these lovely bruises, right?"

"I did not hurt you," he fiercely stated.

"Then how did I get the bruises, Severus?" She noticed his grimace. "See, even you know that you did." She said nothing when he cleared his throat.

"I was perhaps a bit . . . rough with you earlier."

"And my head?" she asked.

"I'd rather not say."

"Severus, answer me. What? Did I hit it against a table or something?" His eyes darted to the headboard before he cleared his throat again. "Seriously?" she asked before her mouth dropped. "Then you did tie me up."

"No, no, the room did that." He instantly winced, clenching his teeth.

"The room tied me up? Severus, why would the room tie me up?"

"Clearly one of us was thinking it."

"Then clearly one of us needs to stop thinking it," she growled.

"Trust me. I did. It's not working."

"Then think of something else."

"I've tried thinking of everything I could think of." He then inhaled slowly. "Perhaps we're going about this the wrong way."

"Meaning?" she asked. "Because you know I'm not the one who keeps stopping this." She watched him wince again. Good, because it was his naughty thought that made her end up in this situation. She then noticed him draw in another breath, likely to steel himself from her outburst. "What?"

"If the room is still controlling this and it's not me, perhaps we should act out my fantasy."

"Severus, I'm not the one that keeps stopping."

"Yes, well," he started to say, clearing his throat again with another wince. "I'm stopping myself because of the fantasy."

"You want to ravish me, is that it?"

"Not exactly," he replied.

"You want to shag me until I pass out?" she suggested, wondering what could be so bad. Other than the fact she was tied up, it was still enjoyable.

"No," he answered, shaking his head.

"Then what is it? Just say it."

"I want to be in complete control of you: your pleasure, your body, everything, Aurora."

Aurora stared at him, wondering where she could sign up. She then shook her head. *Seriously, get a hold of yourself*, she chastised. Swallowing slowly, she inhaled.

"Meaning what exactly?"

"You do whatever I instruct you to do. If I say to kiss me, you do it."

"And if I don't?" Chills ran down her spine as his eyes darted to her. However, it wasn't out of fear. She didn't fear him currently. No, no, it was out of sheer pleasure.

"You'll be punished."

"Am I to call you Master?"

"NO!" he shouted, giving her an apologetic look a moment later. Clearly his time serving the Dark Lord so long ago still affected him. "No," he repeated softer. He then moved off her, walking to the shadows. He returned a few moments afterwards with his wand in his hand.

"You have your wand?"

"And our clothes," he replied quietly. "However, your clothes are a bit . . . torn." He then ran his wand against the side of her face, frowning as he healed her. "I apologize for earlier."

"You're killing the mood, Severus," she responded. She smiled when he glanced at her. "So, I have to do everything you order me to do or face punishment. Fair enough," she said. "If it gets me out of these damned restraints, then by all means order away." She could see the hesitation. "Severus, I never would have married you, if I didn't love you. So, have your wicked way with me. I'll likely enjoy it and might even ask for an encore sometime." She caught his smile as he glanced down at the floor. In some ways, her husband was like a shy schoolboy. "So, what first?" she asked, trying and failing to keep the glee from entering her voice. However, she'd admit that she was focusing more on him and watching his Slytherin mind work out a plan.

"You will not make a sound until I tell you. No matter what I do to you, you will not make a sound. Do you understand?"

He exhaled when she nodded slowly. He then waved his wand once more over her head, likely to see if he had healed her properly before he tossed his wand behind him. He said nothing when it clattered onto the floor. He then knelt at the edge of the bed, hesitantly at first placing a finger against her ankle. She twitched against him slightly, but remained quiet. He then allowed his finger to trail upwards ever so slowly. She inhaled sharply, jerking her leg away from him when he reached her inner thigh. He could see that she was biting her lip to keep from moaning.

"You like this, do you?" He chuckled softly when she glared at him. His finger then brushed her hip, still trailing upwards. He paused momentarily when he reached her flat abdomen. His eyes held hers before he lowered his head, pressing a kiss against her. "I'm surprised that you've stayed this quiet." She merely raised an eyebrow at him in response. He then suddenly moved towards her, his mouth capturing her left nipple. She instantly squirmed against him, but he wasn't quite certain if that was due to his mouth or the fact that his erect member was pressing against her. "Now, now, Aurora, you're not to make a sound, remember?" He chuckled when she glared at him. He then pressed himself a bit more into her, hearing her sharply inhale in response before he pulled back slightly.

"I'd rather take the damn punishment, Severus," she suddenly growled, breaking her silence. She then huffed in frustration when he moved off her, standing again. "Lovely, you get off me. That's my punishment? My choices are wonderful here, Severus. Either I die from you torturing me with the frequent entering and withdrawing or I die from frustration from you leaving the bed. Either way, this is a no-win for me." Her mouth then dropped when she caught him wrapping his hand around his slightly engorged member. "Severus? What are you doing?" She then swallowed when he slowly stroked himself. Now she had three no-wins. She turned away.

"Look at me," he ordered.

"I'd rather not." She then shrieked when she felt a slight sting against her leg. She glanced at him, just as he pulled his hand back. "You hit me!"

"I hit your leg. You're fine. Now, unless you wish me to hit you again, likely in a more painful area, I suggest you watch."

"And I suggest you suck your own-OW!" She glared at her husband. In a way, the punishment was a bit better. Oh, Circe, there was something seriously wrong with her for that. Then again, she was getting to see him pleasure himself, her very own peep show. She shook her head. This was not helping him act out his fantasy. She wasn't supposed to be enjoying it. Was she? She closed her eyes when she saw a drop on the very tip of him. *Please, oh, please, ask me to lick that off, Severus,* she begged in her head. *Dammit, Aurora, quiet.* She inhaled slowly and stared at him, pressing her lips together. She was a bit thirsty *DAMMIT, don't think that way!* She cleared her throat, forcing a smile to her face. She watched him stroke himself to near completion before he suddenly stopped. She opened her mouth but promptly closed it. Though, she wasn't sure she knew why she had.

"Speak," he softly said, pressing his now sticky hand against her inner thigh.

"You're evil."

"And your thoughts are particularly vulgar," he retorted.

"Yes, but you liked it, and you know it," she shot back. She didn't receive a response back from him. "And just so you know, I like watching you pleasure yourself so how was that punishMENT!" She screamed her letters when two fingers swiftly entered her fully. "A little warning would have been nice," she said, panting. She then growled when the fingers left her. "You are such a goddamn tease." She gulped when she saw his tongue swirl around his forefingers.

"And you're rather delicious," he drawled, smirking.

"I hate you."

"I believe I have proof on my fingers that you don't." He then inhaled slowly. "You are not to move now. If you do, the punishment will be severe."

"Are you going to hit me again?" She winced when he lightly tapped her inner thigh. "Fine," she sighed. "May I talk this time, though?"

"No." He chuckled when she glanced upward in clear annoyance. "But if you're good, I might perhaps allow you your earlier wish."

"And if I'm not good?"

"You'll have to see, won't you?" His finger then brushed his glistening tip before he leaned towards her and smeared a drop over her lips. "I have a feeling that you'll be good, though."

*Oh, I am going to try my damndest. I assure you, Severus,* she thought. She then inhaled slowly, glancing up at the ceiling. Silent and unable to move, this was going to be a bitch. The minute she felt something brush against her breast, she glanced down. *A feather . . . ? You have to be fucking kidding me* She clenched her jaw in response. She swore she'd get revenge. Two could play this game after all. Now, if only she knew Occlumency, then this would have been so much easier. He appeared to be allowing her movement in terms of breathing.

When the feather trailed down her breasts towards her navel, she made sure that she looked positively bored. He skipped entirely her thigh, moving straight to her feet instead. *That bastard is cheating!* Her jaw clenched tighter when he started to tickle the bottom of her feet. She so badly wanted to jerk her foot away from him. However, her oversexed mind was luckily winning. She was a Slytherin, dammit. She had ambition, determination, and drive. She could survive his torture. She glanced up at the ceiling, wondering if it was possible for her to stun herself. The feather then was tossed aside since it clearly wasn't working. Good, that was positively murderous.

When his rough calloused fingers started to massage her feet gently, she glanced at him. A foot massage, yes please. Oh, he was so skilled at it, knowing exactly how much pressure to apply and just when. She was in heaven now. Though, the way he kept glancing above her was a bit unsettling. It was almost as if...

"SNAKE!" she screamed.

"Tut, tut, you like to be punished, don't you, Aurora?" He then waved away the conjured snake, chuckling as he stared at her.

"You cheated!"

"You didn't follow my orders," he responded.

"Because you cheated!" she exclaimed, glaring at him.

"Hush. There's still hope for you yet." He then moved closer to her, lowering his mouth onto her nipple again.

She yelped almost immediately when he lightly nipped her breast. The man was going to be hexed to hell and back if he kept this up. She then sighed, feeling slightly relieved when he kissed the reddened mark on her as if to say he accepted her apology. Oh, Circe, it was as if they were...well, actually they were partaking in a little bondage and discipline. He was going to have her eating out of his fucking hand at any moment if he kept this up.

"What next?" she quietly asked. She felt him brush one of her curls back, staring at her.

"We should stop."

"What? Why?" She then frowned, noticing him glance away. "Severus, you're not hurting me."

"I'm attempting to change your behavior, though, punishing you when you do wrong and rewarding you when you do right."

"This is why I love you." She slowly inhaled, cursing the restraints when her hands didn't move towards him. "You won't break me. I'm stubborn. And, well, who knows? I might learn a little self-control out of this fantasy of yours."

"I don't want to change you."

"Then punish me a different way. If it's the physical punishment that you're worried about, then ask me embarrassing questions or something." She watched his frown deepen. "Severus, you're not hurting me."

"I want to, though," he whispered, glancing at the bed. "And the room knows that."

"No you don't, Severus. You don't want to hurt me. At least you don't want to that way." She inhaled slowly. "What you want is completely different from you hurting me." She watched him glance at her. "There's nothing wrong with playing these sorts of games, especially when you know enough to stop." She caught his eyes flicker with some emotions but he remained silent. "Answer me truthfully. Do you want to hurt me physically?"

"No."

"Do you want to hurt me sexually?" She caught his slight hesitation before he shook his head.

"Not sexually," he quietly said. "I want you to enjoy us too. But . . ."

"But," she softly replied.

"I-I'm afraid of breaking you."

"Severus," she started to say, closing her mouth when he pressed a finger to her lips.

"Not mentally, but physically," he admitted. "I'm stronger than I look, and sometimes I forget that when we're together. The marks to your body, that's the damning proof." He then closed his eyes. "It's why I thought of this fantasy. Not that I'd be in control of you, it was so that I'd be in control of myself. I don't want to hurt you."

"You've never hurt me, though, Severus, and we've been together loads of times."

"I've held myself back every one of those times, so I wouldn't hurt you," he admitted.

"My screams," she softly said, watching him nod a moment later in silent acceptance. "There's nothing wrong with you being a little bit rough with me, Severus. I can take it."

"I've already harmed you once today."

"Which were accidents," she pointed out.

"That's what my mother used to say, too."

"There's a very large difference between your parents' relationship and ours. For one, you feel bad when you accidentally hurt me. That shows that you are not him. And for two, if you ever struck me out of anger and didn't feel bad afterward, I'd take our children and leave immediately. I'd likely even ask Pomfrey and Albus to find out what was wrong with you. And I'd return once you were back to your usual self."

"You'd leave me?" he asked quietly.

"I wouldn't want to, mind you, but I would." She watched him nod slowly.

"Good," he responded a moment later. He then gently grabbed her face, holding her in the palm of his hands. "Promise me on your Witch's Oath that you'll do so. Promise me, Aurora."

"I, Aurora Celestine Sinistra, do solemnly swear on my Witch's Oath that I will leave you if you ever become violent with me and show no remorse afterward." She closed her eyes when he kissed her a moment later. She wished she could dissolve his ridiculous notions that he was just like his father.

"I'll hold you to that."

"Severus, I want you to do something for me now." She watched his eyes dart back to hers. "Make love to me." She caught his momentary confusion before he inclined his head. "And when you start to feel yourself slip, allow yourself to."

"No," he instantly said, shaking his head. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"I've trusted you all my life, Severus. Now, it's your turn to trust me." She watched him open his mouth, only to close it a moment later. "I gave you my Oath, Severus." She saw him close his eyes before he inclined his head slightly.

She gave him an encouraging smile when he glanced at her. She then inhaled sharply when she felt him press hot kisses against her flesh. He needed this. As he continued pressing kisses all over her body, she felt herself react. He was an amazing lover, she'd say. Her smile widened as his tongue darted out, swirling inside her navel before moving lower. When she felt him blow gentle air against her sex, she moaned softly. She yanked at the restraints, wishing they weren't holding her down. She mewled the moment she felt his tongue dart inside her, her hips arching upwards off the bed.

He rarely partook in stimulating her orally, so her nerves were ablaze. As he had done with her navel, he quickly swirled his tongue inside her, making her jerk slightly when he brushed her sensitive bud accidentally. He buried his face even more into her pelvis then. Like a snake, his tongue would dart into her, pulling back a moment later. He continued this for several moments before running his tongue over her clitoris. She jerked up again, crying out against him. He deeply inhaled her scent, growling softly and causing her to shudder as a result. His tongue then rapidly swirled around her inflamed sex, making her scream out indiscernible words as she bucked against him even though his hand held her down against the mattress. His lips then covered her, sucking once, then twice, and one last time before she exploded. He drank her in, ensuring that he had every last drop of her before he removed himself. He glanced up at her, noticing the flush against her ashen skin.

"You've definitely been holding out on me," she teased through her heavy pants. Her hips then arched up off the bed slightly as he thrust his engorged member deep within her, filling her completely. She mewled, closing her eyes as she adjusted to his large size once again.

However, he was not going to have that it seemed as he withdrew himself slowly, almost agonizingly. He then sheathed himself inside her again, grunting as he did. Almost immediately, he withdrew himself, slamming hard into her a moment later and causing her to tug against the ankle restraints as her butt lifted off the mattress from the force behind each thrust.

She moaned loudly, as he entered her again and withdrew. He had been so slow on the withdrawing, but so fast on the entering for a few moments that she quickly matched his pace. However, the second she had, he increased it, fast on both now. She said nothing when she felt his fingers then dig into her sides as he forced her to take every pounding. Their time for making love was over it seemed. Now, he was shagging her for everything they had.

Several cries escaped her lips from the pain, but there was just enough pleasure to mask the pain. However, she was very aware that he was likely leaving bruises inside her. He wasn't joking earlier when he had said he had been holding back. As the bed shook, actually scraping the stone floor as it moved a few centimeters, she felt her restraints dig into skin, drawing blood. She, however, remained silent, not wanting him to stop. He slammed into her again, the hardest than ever before. Her entire body jerked up off the bed, a cracking resulting that she ignored. After all, she didn't feel any pain, but that could have been because her body was too overly stimulated by the pleasure Severus was giving.

They were way past shagging now. He was fucking her and showing no signs of stopping anytime soon. The sweat was running down their completely colored bodies onto the now soiled mattress. Their cries were hardly recognizable.

She wouldn't have thought it possible, but she swore she could feel him reaching the very bottom of her heart in terms of how deep he was inside her. She cried out again, feeling a hand move from her waist. When she felt his hand then snake behind her back, she attempted to focus, wondering what he was doing. She then felt him use his new leverage to go deeper inside her. But for some reason it wasn't enough for her. It had never been enough, though.

"De-eeper," she moaned into his ear. She cried out instantly when he appeared to do just that somehow. She then felt something, something she couldn't quite put her finger on. However, she felt as if she was having a heart attack, so one couldn't blame her for not recognizing whatever it was.

A spell, a spell, yes, that was what it was. Her mind slowly started to jumble less as she focused on the feeling. Screaming, someone was screaming. She tried to focus her vision, noticing for only a split second that Severus's mouth was open. His scream mixed with hers. Were they finally climaxing? No, no, that couldn't be it because she could still feel him fucking her, and Circe did he feel good. So, what was it? Her vision blurred again, and her mind went fuzzy.

Someone, Severus, yes, Severus was saying something to her. Oh, why couldn't she focus? No, no, it was a woman's voice, hers it seemed. A jolt was sent to her groin in response to the words, causing her to become even wetter.

"Lo-ok," Severus groaned, adding "me" a moment later.

She focused as much as she could, but as she did she noticed that it hurt to breathe. It hurt to move. It just plain hurt everywhere but where they were joined. She stared at him, blinking several times to look into those rich black eyes that she loved so much. A calm feeling instantly swept over her, something brushing her mind, Severus, yes. It was Severus. She smiled. At least she hoped she was smiling. She couldn't really tell much of anything right then.

*Aurora*, a familiar voice whispered in her mind. She let go instantly, wanting to join him, to be fully completed by him through a physical and now mental union. He didn't disappoint. *Open your eyes*. She did, feeling warmth against her face. Her husband was directly in front of her, a serene feeling on his face as he stared at her. It was his true form, she knew, remembering his speech long ago when he had attempted to teach her Occlumency. His form that was not marred by Dark Magic, by pain, by hurt, by death, by cruelty, by anything evil. His true form that showed how truly handsome he really was and the man she always knew him to be.

She knew how very rare it was for witches and wizards to see their true love's form. In fact, she remembered him once stating that only happening with...what Severus had called at the time...perfect souls. She then felt a tingle of something, causing her eyes to narrow on him. Magic, she was feeling magic. Mental, physical, and now magical connection, it was too much for her.

*I love you*, Severus whispered, his baritone voice enveloping around her.

She wanted to respond back that she loved him. But when she opened her mouth, she found herself being yanked back from his mind. However, she instantly knew why. The scream that tore out of her came from deep within, likely shattering any windows if there had been any. Her screams quickly turned into moans then as she came back down, milking him for every last drop. She had to struggle to stay awake, shaking her head several times.

"Now," she started to say, her mouth horribly dry. "Now, that's a...oh, Circe...we need to do that again sometime." She laughed softly, staring down at him while brushing back her badly frazzled hair. Down on him? Why was he below her? He should have been...what the hell? When had she broken her restraints?

"Are you all right?" he asked quietly, still panting but clearly attempting to calm himself again.

"You should be on top of me." She heard him chuckle softly. "No, Severus, you were on top of me before. When did the room release me?"

"It didn't, Aurora." He then grabbed one of the restraints, smiling. "You seem to be stronger than you look also."

"Well, Room, tie him up please!"

"Aurora," he warned. The restraints didn't move, which made him sigh rather relieved.

"Should have known that the room was male," she grumbled. She then lay on top of him, her cheek resting against his shoulder. "We are so going to feel this in the morning."

"In the morning?" he asked, grimacing slightly as he moved. "I'm already feeling it."

"You know, if you weren't..."

"Excuse me?" he interrupted, staring at her before scoffing. "You were the one who was saying to go harder, not me. You also ordered me to go deeper, faster, and a string of other directions."

She rolled her eyes, playfully hitting his chest. She instantly groaned, though, and grabbed her raw wrists. Someone was going to think she was mauled by a tiger or something.

"Would you like to see Pomfrey?" he asked softly, frowning as he stared at her angry red marks.

"And say what exactly, Severus? 'Poppy, my husband fucked me so hard that I have bruises all the way to my heart.'" She then laughed. "Or perhaps 'Poppy, my husband was so good that I somehow broke the restraints holding me to the damn bed.' You know how she is, Severus."

"Yes, but you always could say it was my idea, since it was my idea actually."

"Lovely," she replied, rolling her eyes. "The scandalous look on her face just really isn't something I want to see today. And I really don't want to listen to her thirty minute lecture that fucking a person like that is a sign of depravity or some such junk. Now, do you want to hear that?"

"No," he answered, shaking his head slowly.

"Well, then on that note, I'm exhausted. And I don't want to walk down to the dungeons, so . . . shall we?" She smiled at him when his arms wrapped around her a bit more. "I love you, Severus." He only kissed her head, clearly settling in for the night. She closed her eyes, focusing on his breathing. "And just think. You have to use all that bruise paste on me now. Hmm, seems that I'm going to get a very nice massage out of this idea." She laughed when he chuckled quietly, only to groan a moment later.

~UA~

When she awoke a little later, she opened her eyes to find her husband staring at her very strangely. She snorted, wondering what he was wanting to do to her now. She then felt his fingers trail up and down her back.

"Hmm, so . . . ? Encore then?" she asked, smirking softly.

"Encore of what exactly?"

"You tying me to the bed and having your wicked way with me." Her eyes narrowed when he didn't visibly react to her. "Or we can start on the weeks worth of massages you owe me."

"Just why do I owe you weeks worth of massages, Aurora?"

"Oh, I don't know," she drawled. "Perhaps the Room of Requirement might jog your memory?"

"Room of Requirement?" he repeated quietly.

"Severus, this isn't funny. You pounded me into the mattress, remember?"

"I've done that on many mattresses, Aurora," he replied, staring at her oddly.

"What about this, Severus?" she asked, raising her arms. However, her eyes narrowed on her ashen wrists. "What the hell? No, no, I should have marks there."

"Uh-huh," he quietly said, kissing the top of her head. "I think you hit your head last night."

"No, no, this...what did you do? Severus, what did you do?" She growled when he gently rolled out of bed and walked into their bathroom. "Dammit, Severus! You fucked me! I know you did!" She noticed his shoulders rise and fall with jerky movements with soft sounds coming from him. The door, however, closed.

She was back in their rooms. She was in their bed. What the hell happened last night? She then grabbed the pale blue nightgown she was wearing, ready to throw it at the bastard when he walked out. He did something to her. She knew he did. So, kneeling on the edge of the bed with her nightgown firmly in hand, she waited, wincing a moment later at the quick movement. Her left breast hurt for some reason, causing her to glance at it and rub the pain away. She stopped when she saw the bite mark . . . in the exact area where . . .

The moment that door opened, Severus found something slamming against him, knocking him backwards into the bathroom. He chuckled softly when she hit him in the chest.

"A sign of depravity," he said, imitating her earlier words. "You shouldn't move that much."

"Oh, and why is that?" she growled, knowing full well, well, assuming full well why.

"Because I...hmm, ah, yes...fucked you." He chuckled again. "Now, since this is likely going to be my only good week, I should get started on your weeks worth of massages, right?"

"I hate you."

"But I love you," he replied, kissing her lips.

**A/N:** Thanks for reading. I hope you enjoyed.