

A Rush of Blood to the Head

by *PlaidPooka*

When the whole of Hogwarts finds out that Severus is a virgin, will he be the laughingstock of the school? Or will this be the start of a mighty big adventure?

Like a Virgin

Chapter 1 of 3

When the whole of Hogwarts finds out that Severus is a virgin, will he be the laughingstock of the school? Or will this be the start of a mighty big adventure?

A/N: This little smut fest was born from Doomspark's 'Unicorn Bait' challenge. The challenge rules are as follows:

Premise: There is a dire need in the wizarding world for unicorn blood. The blood will be tainted and unusable if taken forcibly, so it must be given freely. Only a virgin can convince a unicorn to donate blood. The Forbidden Forest is too dangerous for students, so it falls to the adults of Hogwarts to fill the need.

Rules:

- 1) Snape is the ONLY non-student at Hogwarts who is still a virgin. His eligibility for this task becomes public knowledge.
- 2) Snape make choose to make himself ineligible, but he may NOT be paired with Hermione Granger.
- 3) If Snape makes himself ineligible, he must come up with some other means of resolving the problem which led to the need for unicorn blood in the first place.

This is the first of 3 chapters. I'm afraid I've succumbed to the trend of naming things after song titles, but I just couldn't resist. Warning, there will be sex, lots-o-sex. There will be het sex, there will be slash. There will be blow jobs galore, so if this isn't your cup-o-tea, read elsewhere!

My fantabulous beta, Goblynn, is busy with my Ashwinder story; Overcome With Feeling, so she hasn't had a chance to use her magic on this. My fiancé did do a basic proof read for me. (but I think the slash may have squicked him a bit, *giggle*) In any event, any mistakes are my fault alone.

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Puzzling over exactly why Headmaster Dumbledore had called an emergency staff meeting on a Saturday afternoon, Severus stalked into the Headmaster's office and took his customary seat near the door. He had been in the midst of a delicate healing potion when he was suddenly summoned, a potion that would now have to be started over from scratch. Severus Snape was extremely irritated. Sitting in morose silence, he spent the time until the meeting began scowling at anyone who was unwise enough to address him. His day was already ruined; he had no idea it was about to get far worse.

"Thank you all for gathering so quickly," Albus began. "If it wasn't a matter of the utmost importance I would have waited for our weekly meeting on Monday. I have received an owl from the Ministry which requires our immediate attention. However, before I get to that, let me insure that you have all the background information that you need." Albus took a moment to sip from his tea cup, then continued, "Many of you are aware that since the fall of Voldemort great progress has been made in healing those whom he drove insane with the Cruciatus Curse. Our own Potions Professor, Severus," Albus paused to smile at the man in question and received a glare for his pains, "was the

driving force in creating the potion that reverses those effects. Thanks to him, people like the Longbottoms are able to again lead normal lives. The part of this that some of you may not be aware of, is that it takes unicorn blood to brew this potion."

There was an immediate hubbub throughout the room. "Albus," Minerva said, "unicorn blood is quite powerful, I know, but ingesting unicorn blood will only get you cursed!"

"Severus, if you would be so kind as to explain?" Albus asked calmly.

After glaring at the old wizard for a moment, Severus gave a resigned sigh before beginning his explanation. "The curse associated with drinking unicorn blood only occurs when the blood is taken from the creature by force," he said in an irritated and patronizing tone. "If the unicorn volunteers the blood of its own free will then there are no curse effects."

"How in the world does one get a unicorn to donate blood?" Flitwick asked, puzzled.

"That brings us to the Ministry's letter." Albus said. "There is a major shortage of useable unicorn blood at the moment and still many wizards at St. Mungo's who are in need of its help. The difficulty in collecting unicorn blood is that they will only gift it to a virgin. The Ministry has requested every witch and wizard in Britain who is eligible to find the nearest unicorn and ask it for a donation."

"Well, sir, that should be easy enough for us." said Hagrid. "We've a fine herd o' unicorns in the Forbidden Forest, I'm sure some o' the students..."

"I'm afraid we can't ask the students, Hagrid," Albus interrupted. "The Forest is simply too dangerous for us to let the students handle this. That is why I have asked you to this meeting. Hogwarts must do what it can to help alleviate this crisis. So I fear I must ask you...and please do not be embarrassed to answer, we are all adults here after all...do any of you happen to be virgins?"

Much muttering and head shaking answered Albus' question. One black robed wizard sat frozen, staring with rising horror at his Headmaster. Surely he wouldn't...

Albus turned to his unmoving and silent Potions master with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "Well, my boy, I was hoping to get you some help...but it appears that Hogwarts' contribution shall be up to you."

Every head turned to regard the now wide-eyed man seated near the door. Not one laughed, they simply gaped at the man in complete shock. Severus Snape was an ex-Death Eater and ex-spy. He was a man who had survived torture, been forced to observe Dark Revels, and stood fearless and vengeful next to Harry Potter when they finally took the Dark Lord down. This man--this strong, unflappable Head of Slytherin House--blushed. Severus Snape blushed brightly to the very roots of his black hair before rising to flee the room.

Retreating to his dungeon, Severus locked and warded the door before striding across the room to grab a bottle of Firewhisky and a glass. He threw himself onto his sofa before the fire. Gazing into the flames, Severus downed two glasses before he was calm enough to contemplate what had happened. Damn Albus anyway! There was no earthly need to announce the embarrassing state of his virginity before the entire bloody staff! What had the man been thinking? Damn his meddling. Damn his insufferable cheeriness. Damn his twinkling fucking eyes! How in Hades was he ever going to face the rest of the staff after this fiasco? And it would not stop there, oh no. By Monday, at the latest, he was certain every student in the blasted school would know the state of his sex life. Fucking hell! It was mortifying enough to be a 40 year old bloody virgin in the first place. Now that everyone at Hogwarts was bound to know about it, he would be the laughingstock of the entire school. Finishing his third drink, Severus put the glass down and rested his head in his hands.

To be honest, he'd been rather amazed that the news had shocked his fellow teachers. After all, who the hell would voluntarily have sex with the bat of the dungeons? He knew he wasn't pretty. No witch or wizard with any taste at all would look twice at the likes of him. Though strong, he was tall and gangly. His life in the dungeons left him perpetually pale. In an earlier century this would have been considered attractive, but he hated his pale, translucent skin and the way the veins showed blue through the skin of his inner arms. All this was bad enough, and he hadn't even gotten to his face yet. Fine hair that was kept in a state of permanent limp lankiness by constant exposure to cauldron fumes. Crooked teeth. Huge hooked nose in the midst of a plain featured face. Couple all that with his standoffish attitude and was it any wonder that no one had ever wanted to take him to bed? It had never bothered him much before. He had been too busy fighting a war to worry about anything as trivial as a sex life. Years of fighting and years of spying for Albus had left him void of what few social skills he had possessed as a young man. Now he was 40 years old, ugly, unsocial, and--despite the Order of Merlin he had received for his work during the war--he was still mistrusted and feared. No one in their right mind would ever want to have sex with him.

The saddest part of the whole ridiculous fiasco was that he rather wished someone would.

Severus spent the rest of the weekend holed up in his dungeon haven except for a brief foray into the Forbidden Forest to get a donation of unicorn blood on Sunday afternoon. He avoided breakfast in the Great Hall Monday morning, but he could not avoid his first class. With a heavy heart, he left his chambers to head down the hall to the Potions classroom. He was half way there when a hand reached out of a niche in the hallway, grabbed his arm, and dragged him inside. His hand was halfway to his wand when he realized it was Sybil Trelawney.

"Sybil? What is the meaning of th..." was all he got out before the scarf draped seer pushed him forcibly against the wall in a full body press. Twining her hands into the hair at his temples, she dragged his head down to press her lips against his in a heated kiss. When he managed to get over his initial shock, he put his hands to Sybil's shoulders and forcibly pushed her from him. "Sybil," he hissed, "is this some sort of cruel joke, because I assure you..."

"No Severus, this is not a joke." she replied, breathlessly.

Patience at an end, Severus resorted to his skills as a Legilimens; his mouth opened in shock at what he discovered. Apparently, Sybil had a thing for virgins. Severus abruptly released his hold on her shoulders. Sybil wasted no time in pressing back against him and proceeding to snog Severus senseless. Severus had never been kissed, to suddenly find himself in a heated, passionate embrace was as unbelievable as it was absolutely wonderful. Unsure of what to do, he let Sybil take the lead and completely lost himself in the unprecedented sensations. He came crashing back to reality when he felt her hand wrap around his hard cock. She had undone his trousers! Damn and blast! Finally someone wanted to have sex with him and he had to stop them!

"Sybil," he snapped, "damn it woman I can't...the Ministry...the unicorn blood..."

"Hush, sweeting," she sighed. "I researched it last night. To be a virgin to the unicorns you can neither penetrate nor be penetrated, that's true. Oh, but Severus...there are so many other lovely things we can do. Let me do this...let me give you this..." With that, the seer dropped to her knees before the shocked Potions master and sucked his entire length into her throat.

"Gah!" was the only reply Severus found himself capable of making. Sweet heavens! Oh...oh my gods...her mouth was so hot, so wet...he'd never imagined...oh...oh!

Sybil had begun to move; with each stroke of her practiced mouth she swept her tongue over the underside of his cock. Her hands gently caressed and teased his balls as she increased her pace. When Severus looked down to see his cock disappearing over and over into that bobbing mouth it proved more than his inexperienced body could handle. Wrapping his hands tightly in her wild hair, he came, hard, biting his lower lip until it almost bled to keep from screaming.

Sybil licked him clean, tucked him gently back into his trousers, and buttoned up his fly. Rising off her knees, she gently put a hand to his face and reverently kissed his bitten lip.

"Unfortunately I must get to class, but I do hope we can continue this later," Sybil said softly before she turned and left Severus alone in the niche.

Severus did not reply. He stood there, thoroughly gobsmacked, for another five minutes before he gathered enough of his wits together to head for his classroom. His hair was disheveled, his lips rosy and swollen from Sybil's enthusiastic kissing. As he swept through the classroom door, the corners of his mouth twitched up into a slight smile.

The classroom broke into titters when their slightly bemused Potions Professor swept into the room looking for all the world like...well...like he'd just been snogged in a niche. A deadly glare and ten minutes of wanton point taking from all and sundry found Severus sitting calmly behind his desk as his now silent class began brewing this lesson's potion. Attempting to look over some of his current research while his students worked, Severus found his thoughts returning again and again to a detailed vision of Sybil's bobbing head. He spent most of the class thinking about Sybil's mouth while he stared unseeing at his research with a slight smirk playing about his lips. Paying very little attention to his students, Severus merely glanced up at them from time to time and never once left his desk to walk amid the simmering cauldrons. The tightness of the front of his trousers made this a wise choice. Throughout the class period, Severus thought and smirked and never took note of the blue eyes that regarded him with hungry interest.

Just look at the man! (Thought the owner of the blue eyes) He looks absolutely sinful! That smirk is positively wicked, and those swollen lips! He's been kissed, and kissed hard. What else was he up to before class? Who would ever have guessed the old bat could look so delicious? The blue eyes got a calculating gleam. Obviously the rumors running rampant this morning were true. Severus Snape was a virgin! But was he still? Snape was certainly looking like the cat that ate the canary...or something. Perhaps I should do a little...research into the matter...a little hands on research.

The rest of Severus' morning classes proceeded along the same lines. After one more time of drastic point taking at the start of class, word had obviously gotten around to the rest of the students that the irritated Professor was not to be sniggered at. His later classes were unusually silent. Severus was glad of it. He was too distracted to do any work and the less he had to deal with the dunderheaded students the happier he would be. By lunch time, Severus was glad to head to his chambers. He intended to grab a quiet bite to eat and spend some quality time reflecting on Sybil's bobbing head. His plans were completely spoiled when he entered his quarters only to find one of his seventh year students greeting him with what could only be defined as a predatory smile.

"Mr. Malfoy, what an unpleasant surprise. May I ask what the hell you think you are doing breaking into my private rooms?" Severus intended his tone to be biting, but the hungry look in the blue eyes intently regarding his own left him a little breathless.

"Why, Professor Snape, I'm afraid I must disagree with you. From your dilated pupils and breathless tones, I don't believe you find this an unpleasant surprise at all," Draco said with an obvious leer. He had approached the startled Professor while he was talking, and slowly began backing him towards the sofa. Completely confounded, Severus did not even realize how easily the young Slytherin was manipulating him. "So, Professor," Draco continued as he stalked the flustered older man, "what exactly were you up to before class this morning, hmmm? I must say, I've never seen you looking quite so...delectable."

As Draco reached the word 'delectable', Severus barely had the time to realize his calves had fetched up against the edge of the sofa before Draco put up a single hand and, with a gentle push, sat Severus down on it. Severus suddenly found his thighs straddled by an energetic, wiggling young man. When Severus opened his mouth to protest, Draco took that as an open invitation to snog the living daylight out of him. Every protest, indeed every conscious thought immediately fled Severus' head. Damn but the boy could kiss! Sybil was an incompetent hag compared to this boy. Wait a minute, something about that disturbed him slightly...oh, yes...BOY. I'm kissing a man...damn it...and I seem to like it. Am I gay? No...I don't think so...perhaps I'm what the kids call 'Bi'. Hell, Draco was still a student; he should not be doing this with a bloody student. Merlin's teeth...but it feels so amazing...

Severus did attempt to be upset that he was kissing a man and that the man was a student. Despite his best efforts--and greatly influenced both by the hot mouth on his own and his now throbbing erection--he at last decided he couldn't be arsed. This was all Albus' fault, after all, Severus could hardly be held accountable. To be honest, Severus didn't care if he got fired over it. He had a lot of lost time to make up for and he wasn't about to turn down any opportunity to do so. The present opportunity had reached a hand down to the front of Severus' trousers and was pressing and caressing his hard cock through the black cloth. With a growl, Severus wrapped his arms around the enthusiastic young man and clasped him in a tight embrace. Draco responded by groaning into Severus' mouth and grinding his hips against the older wizard's hard length. Severus put his feet flat on the floor and used that leverage to meet Draco's every thrust with one of his own.

When Draco suddenly broke the kiss, Severus opened his eyes to find the young man with wand in hand. His momentary fear quickly fled when Draco whispered a quiet charm that left both of them naked. Finding himself gaping openly at Draco's erection, Severus blushed and brought his eyes up to find that Draco was eyeing Severus' own erection with naked hunger.

"If I had known you were hiding that under your robes all these years," said Draco, licking his lips, "I would have broken into your rooms ages ago." Draco reluctantly dragged his eyes up to Severus' face. "I want you to fuck me Professor. I want you to fuck me with that monstrous cock until I come screaming your name."

Hardly put off by the young man's blunt speech, Severus felt as if heaven was only an arm's length away. The rough talk only intensified his excitement. Damn and blast! He hadn't given his virginity to Sybil and he couldn't give it to Draco either, no matter how tempting the offer. There were people in St. Mungo's who were depending on him and he could not abandon them to their fate. Severus sighed. "I can't, Draco. I'm sorry."

"What do you mean you can't?" Draco demanded. "You cannot hide the fact that you want this as much as I," he continued while wrapping a hand around Severus' obvious arousal.

Severus grasped both of his hands in Draco's blonde hair and kissed him fiercely. Pulling back suddenly, he looked into Draco's eyes and hissed, "Of course I want you, you silly boy. But I cannot! Until this damned business with the unicorn blood is no longer necessary, I can neither penetrate anyone nor allow myself to be penetrated."

Draco sulked prettily for a moment before the calculating gleam again appeared in his hungry blue eyes. "Just penetration then? Is anything else fair game?"

"That is correct," Severus purred. "What did you have in mind?"

In answer, Draco suddenly thrust his hips forward to grind his erection against Severus'. "Actually, this can be quite nice," Draco whispered breathlessly.

When their cocks met and stroked each other, Severus closed his eyes and moaned. That felt nearly as good as Sybil's insatiable mouth. When Draco leaned forward to continue his mind blowing kissing, Severus whimpered and automatically began lifting his hips to again meet Draco's every thrust. Soon the men were writhing in abandon on the sofa; it didn't take long before Severus felt the young wizard in his arms stiffen. With a sharp cry, Draco came, spilling hot liquid which coated Severus' cock and his tightening balls; driving him over the edge to his own release.

Severus leaned his head against the sofa back and closed his eyes with a sigh. When he had reluctantly left his quarters that morning, he had expected to be made fun of at every turn. He had certainly never expected to have such unprecedented adventures. Severus barely moved as Draco spoke the charms that cleaned and dressed them. His eyes opened to mere slits when Draco kissed him goodbye and said, "Hope I see you around, Professor."

Severus sat languidly for several minutes after Draco had left. At last rousing himself, he rose from the sofa to prepare for his next class. He left his quarters feeling better than he had since Albus' horrid announcement. So far, with the exception of some tittering students, he had not been treated like the school's laughingstock. In fact, his life had gotten quite...interesting.

Simply Irresistable

When the whole of Hogwarts finds out that Severus is a virgin, will he be the laughingstock of the school? Or will this be the start of a mighty big adventure?

A/N: On to chapter two, in which our virgin fellow, Severus Snape, has many new adventures. *Smirk* I do just love getting that man into trouble!

Same warning as before: there will be sex, this fic is a cheap excuse for a Sex-0-Rama. There will be het sex, there will be slash. There will be blow jobs galore, so if this isn't your cup-o-tea, read elsewhere!

My fabulous beta, Goblynn, is busy with my Ashwinder story; Overcome With Feeling, so she hasn't had a chance to use her magic on this. My fiancé did do a basic proof read for me. (He's pretending the slash didn't squick him, but I think he lies.) In any event, any mistakes are my fault alone.

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Severus' afternoon classes went smoothly. There were no more titters amongst the students and they seemed to be paying attention to their work. Severus did catch some of the sixth and seventh year students giving him odd glances. He wasn't sure if they were flirting with him or disgusted by him. Honestly, other than his two recent adventures he knew nothing about the whole business. Severus wished there was someone he could discuss it with...Madam Hooch, perhaps? No. It was just too embarrassing. He and Xiamora had been friends almost since the day he came back to Hogwarts to teach. He felt more at ease around her than anyone he knew, but a forty year old man asking how one tells if someone is flirting with one was just too ridiculous to contemplate. Xiamora would probably explain it if he asked--she was as straightforward with him as she was kind--but he could never work up the nerve to actually ask her. It was strange how easy it was to be brave when facing war and hardship and how impossible it was for him to be brave in the face of matters of the heart. Or--let's be honest here--matters of lust.

Other than the puzzling glances from students, Severus' afternoon was uneventful. Following his final class, he went back to his quarters, poured a drink, and sat on the sofa to contemplate the day. At times his face got a rather faraway bemused expression; at times he simply looked puzzled. Looking at the clock, he noted that it was only a half hour until dinner began in the Great Hall.

I think I'll skip dinner and just eat here tonight. I may not be a complete laughingstock, but it's still just too embarrassing to sit there at the Head Table knowing that everyone in the whole school knows the state of my virginity. Pomfrey and Spout are bound to titter about it all night. What will Xiamora say? She's bound to wonder why I've never mentioned it in all these years; we've discussed pretty much everything else under the sun. Strange how I can confide in her about the hell I went through as a spy but I never once said 'Oh, by the way, I've never even been snogged.' I wonder what she thinks about the whole thing.

Just as he was considering flooding the kitchens for a solitary meal, there came a knock on his door.

"Go away," he snapped.

The wards on his door dropped, and Albus strode into the room. "Why there you are, Severus, my boy. I've been missing your company at meals. You know it isn't healthy for you to be always holed up in this blasted dungeon."

"You did not give me much choice, Albus," Severus growled. "That little stunt you pulled at the meeting was guaranteed to make my life a living hell."

"Oh, Severus, don't fuss. I can't see that it's done you any harm. In fact, I must say you are looking more relaxed than I've ever seen you. Did you have a pleasant day?" Albus said, grinning.

Damn the man! He knows! How the hell does he know everything? Merlin's balls, he probably wants to know if I can still get the blood. No wonder he's down here meddling. "I am still...qualified...to gather the blood, if that is what you want to know."

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear boy, I know very well I can trust you to get the job done until another solution can be found. Speaking of which, how is your research into a unicorn blood alternative going?"

"I am waiting for a delivery from Norway. I think it will work, but I won't know for certain until it arrives and I can do some tests."

"Good...good. Now then, Severus, I trust I will see you at dinner?"

Severus gave a long suffering sigh, "I'd really rather not be gawked at by the entire school, Albus."

"Nonsense, my boy, utter nonsense. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. I'll expect you there," Albus said while heading for the door. Opening it, Albus turned back for one last comment. "As for why you look so...relaxed...today, you do deserve to have some fun, you know." With a chuckle, Albus left, closing the door on a very shocked Potions Professor.

Ten minutes time found Severus reluctantly preparing to open the staff entrance to the Great Hall, when he was stopped by someone calling his name. Looking around, he saw Remus Lupin standing in the doorway of an empty classroom. Lupin looked furious.

"Might I have a word, Snape?" Remus growled, beckoning for Severus to enter the classroom.

What the hell was Lupin so angry about? He hadn't done anything particularly hateful to the werewolf lately. At least he didn't think so. At any rate, here was a social situation he knew quite well how to deal with. It felt good to have something relatively normal to face.

"Can't it wait, Lupin?" he snapped. "I was about to head in to dinner; I wouldn't want to spoil my appetite with...unpleasant company."

"I assure you that it is most important. I will attempt not to waste too much of your time," Lupin hissed. With a long suffering sigh, Severus followed the wolf through the classroom door. "Close the door, Snape. This is a private matter."

As soon as Severus closed the door and turned, he found himself pressed hard against the smooth wood with Remus' forearm held tight against his throat. Severus had been expecting harsh words; he was completely surprised by the normally gentle man's physical attack. His hand flew towards his wand, but Remus easily captured it in his free hand and, raising it above Severus' head, pinned it painfully against the door. Remus' eyes, staring into his own were intense and feral. Damn, but the man was strong. What the hell had come over the werewolf and how was he going to get out of this without yelling for help like a blasted first year?

"Snape, damn it, you've been torturing me all day," Lupin growled. "I can't take it any more, do you hear?" Lupin removed the forearm from Snape's throat only to capture Severus' free hand and pin it next to the first.

"Lupin, I have no idea what you are talking about. Obviously you are furious with me for some reason, but I will not stand for this attack upon my person. You'd best release me immediately or else kill me outright, because the instant I am free I am going to do my best to make you wish you had never been born," Severus snarled in low and dangerous tones, his eyes cold, and a habitual glower gracing his features. The bemused virgin was gone, replaced by the Death Eater spy.

The Death Eater spy abruptly fled--completely flummoxed--when Remus leaned into Severus to snuffle at the hair behind his ear. Remus breathed deeply, growling low in his throat. "You didn't have to speak to me you damned tease," Remus rumbled. "Just passing you in the corridor was hell enough." Remus sniffed deeply at Severus' neck. "Good gods, man, you smell like walking sex."

The bemused virgin was back in attendance. Wide eyed and thrown emotionally off balance, Severus found himself asking in a voice not much louder than a whisper, "You think I smell...sexy?"

"Yes, you do; it's been driving me mad." Remus suddenly ground his hips into Severus'. Severus could easily feel the hard bulge that rubbed against his crotch. Severus felt his cock twitch and begin to harden in response. Lupin obviously felt it too because his eyes snapped to Severus'. When he saw Severus' dilated pupils and parted lips, he growled again and released Severus' hands. Severus didn't hesitate; he wrapped both hands in the DADA teacher's short hair and pulled him into a heated kiss. They kissed for long moments. Severus was blown away by the pure fire and feral hunger of the werewolf's kiss. Sybil's kisses had been coaxing, Draco's had a sort of calculated charm, but Remus kissed like a starving animal. Severus groaned into Lupin's mouth and thrust his hips with growing desperation against the werewolf.

Moaning himself, Remus reached down to grab the back of Severus' thighs and lifted them so that Severus could wrap his legs tightly around Remus' waist. Still fully clothed, Remus pounded against Snape's trouser covered arousal while he continued his devastating assault on Severus' mouth. Severus writhed against the werewolf as Remus attacked his mouth with lips and teeth and tongue. All too soon, Severus felt his release approaching. He shouted hoarsely into Lupin's mouth as he came, thoroughly wetting the front of his trousers. Remus growled again as he broke off the kiss to speak breathlessly into Severus' ear.

"So good, gods man, you smell so damn good. So sharp and strong. I can smell your come...sweet Merlin...I can feel it seeping through my trousers." This was more than the overexcited werewolf could stand. Biting Snape's neck fiercely, he groaned and thrust one last time as he found his own release.

Afterwards, the gentle DADA Professor that Severus was familiar with resurfaced. Remus gently lowered Severus back to his feet and, with a softly spoken charm, returned both pairs of trousers to a respectable state.

"Sorry about that, Snape. I had been planning to simply ask you to keep your distance from me for a while. I did not intend to...er...pounce on you the moment the door closed." Remus said sheepishly.

Still trying to catch his breath and calm his pounding heart, Severus managed a small smirk as he replied, "In case you hadn't noticed, Lupin, I...wasn't exactly...complaining."

"In that case, Professor Snape," Remus said with a slight grin of his own, "I'll ask you to keep your distance from me unless you choose to get pounced."

"I shall consider that most carefully, Professor Lupin."

At last entering the dining hall, Severus was still reflecting on said pouncing as he wandered over to his customary seat in between Xiamora Hooch and Albus. Unused to such pursuits--and little used to paying any attention to how he looked--Severus had no idea the picture he presented. His expression was distracted; his hair wildly tousled both from rubbing against the wood of the door and from where Remus had clenched his hands in it. Severus lips were pink and kiss swollen and he had obvious teeth marks on his neck just above the white collar of his shirt. The juxtaposition of primly buttoned up black robes and his 'just been shagged' state of disarray was altogether enchanting. He was too distracted to take much notice of the wave of titters that swept the Hall as he made his entrance; nor did he note the wave of covetous sighs which accompanied it.

"Where have you been, Severus?" Xiamora asked as he sat down. It was all she could do to bite back a chuckle at his unusually disheveled appearance.

"Sorry, Xia, I've been a bit busy with research lately," Severus evaded.

"Interesting research, from the looks of it." Xiamora said with a delicate snort.

"Whatever do you mean?" Severus asked, looking at his friend in confusion.

"Oh Severus, look here a moment, for pity's sake." Madame Hooch withdrew her wand. Severus flinched a bit when she pointed it at his head, but if he could not trust her, he couldn't trust anyone. With a deft flick and swish, Hooch straightened his hair for him and also spoke a soft charm to heal his bitten lips. "That's better," she said, eyeing her handiwork. "Now then, shall I heal that great bite mark on your neck or did you want to wear it as a souvenir of war, so to speak? Sort of a badge of honor?"

Bite mark? Bloody hell! He suddenly remembered Lupin's enthusiastic bite at the end of their little adventure against the door. He'd never even considered neatening his appearance other than a habitual straightening of his robes. He must have looked a fright! And here was his friend, looking at him with amused eyes as she calmly helped straighten him out. Once again, Severus blushed to the roots of his hair. "Xiamora, I find I'd rather not be...branded, if you would be so kind?"

"No trouble at all, Severus." Hooch healed the bite mark easily. Then she took pity on her friend's obvious discomfort and abruptly turned the conversation to Quidditch as they began their meal.

Tuesday and Wednesday proceeded much as Monday had. Severus began both mornings being gobbled by an enthusiastic Sybil Trelawney in the niche he passed on the way to his classroom. Tuesday lunch was a repeat performance of Monday's, and he got to note the difference in style between Sybil's earlier gobbling and Draco's talented mouth. On Wednesday's lunch break, he stepped into his rooms to find a half naked Pansy Parkinson. He had no time to even think about protesting before the girl was on her knees before him and had his already throbbing cock between her lips. Severus wondered briefly if she'd had to hex Malfoy to keep him away, before crying out as Pansy eagerly swallowed the hot liquid pouring into her mouth. Spending the next class period pretending to read as his students brewed, he instead contemplated the three differing styles of blow jobs and eventually decided each had its own merits. Severus had the rest of Wednesday afternoon free from class work. His recent ponderings had left him rigid in arousal, and he thanked Merlin for his concealing robes as he headed for the staffroom. If he remembered correctly, he knew of a certain werewolf who also had Wednesdays free at this time. Entering the staffroom, he noted it was only lightly occupied. Severus' swift glance assured him that Lupin was indeed present, as were Sprout and Flitwick. Severus was in the room only a moment when he heard Lupin sniff loudly. Remus raised his eyes from the book he had been reading--nostrils flaring--as his eyes flew to catch Severus' in an intense gaze.

"Professor Lupin," Severus said, calm tones belying his suddenly pounding heart, "I had a question to ask you about your Wolfsbane potion, if you could spare a moment?"

"Certainly, Professor Snape, would you care to adjourn to my office?" Remus responded in equally calm tones.

"That would be adequate." Severus continued with a polite nod of his head.

As the two men left the staff room, Sprout gave a soft snort as she said to Flitwick "Do those two seriously think they are fooling anyone with that polite act?"

Flitwick chuckled as he replied, "I'm sure they think they're being quite discrete. You could have cut the tension in here with a butter knife! I wasn't aware Severus swung that way...well, obviously until recently he didn't swing any way at all...but I could have sworn I saw him staring at Sybil's mouth at dinner last night."

Now it was Sprout's turn to chuckle. "Word on the grapevine is that he's happy with either gender. In fact, I don't think he's turned down a pass yet. Of course, Sybil's made it clear to everyone not to let things go too far. I do believe she is determined to get his cherry when this whole unicorn blood situation is cleared up."

Flitwick giggled like a schoolgirl. "I rather think you are right about that. Sybil always did have a thing for virgins. In the meantime, it's about time that lad had a spot of fun for a change."

"Indeed," Professor Sprout replied, a plan of her own forming in her head.

The Potions master and the werewolf retained their outward calm on the short walk to Lupin's office. The act dropped abruptly as soon as the Remus closed the door and hit it with locking and silencing charms. Severus found himself swept into a tight embrace as Remus began feasting on his mouth. Getting more comfortable with such situations--and braver--as Remus continued his feral kissing, Severus ran his hands down the werewolf's back to cup his arse and pull Remus tight against his hips. Leaving his hands where they were, Severus gave the muscular cheeks a tentative squeeze. Pleased by the throaty growl Remus poured into his mouth, Severus squeezed more roughly. Lupin's growl deepened and grew louder.

Severus wanted more. He wanted to explore a bit. He'd gotten used to people doing things to him, now he wanted to try to do more himself. Though he was much more comfortable with the act itself, he was still hesitant in trying to talk about it. Running a hand around Remus' hip to rub lightly against the front of Lupin's trousers, he broke the kiss to ask hesitatingly, "Lupin...may I...may I touch this?"

"Yes!" Remus growled. "Gods yes...Please touch me...please." Remus whimpered and ground his hard, cloth covered arousal into Severus' questing hand.

Severus used both hands to unbutton Lupin's fly as Remus went back to snogging his breath away. Finally freeing the hard length, Severus automatically began to stroke it firmly in the same motions he used when pleasuring himself. Now here was something he definitely knew how to do, he thought with a mental smirk. As he stroked, he added a twisting motion with his hand. Lupin's loud moaning told Severus that his efforts were being appreciated. Breaking the kiss again, Severus asked breathlessly, "May I taste you?"

An answering groan was as articulate a response as the excited werewolf was capable of making. He pushed down on Severus' shoulders as he whimpered a wordless plea. Severus was enjoying the effect his actions were having on the normally calm and collected DADA Professor. Severus allowed the usually shy man to push him to his knees and wasted no time in getting down to business. Far from being put off by seeing another man's cock in front of his face, Severus' own length grew harder still as he contemplated putting his recent cock sucking experiences to use on another. Placing one hand over and behind Remus' sack, he used his long fingers to knead at the muscle behind it. Severus then took his other hand and used a twisting motion with it at the base of Lupin's shaft as he took the rest into his mouth. Stroking rhythmically up and down, Severus alternately employed Sybil's tongue sweep with Pansy's suction. The werewolf barely knew what hit him. His mouth uttered an unending stream of inarticulate encouragement. He never would have guessed that Severus had never done such a thing before, but Severus was...among other things...a very quick study.

The amazing array of noises Remus' was making had great effect on Severus. Dropping the hand that had been pressing and caressing Lupin's balls, Severus continued his other enthusiastic actions as he brought his free hand to the front of his own trousers. In a moment he had his own cock free and was pumping it roughly as he continued to pleasure the werewolf. It did not take Severus long to come. His groan vibrated around Lupin's shaft which tipped Remus right over the edge into his own bliss; he fairly screamed his release as he came down the Potion master's throat.

Severus decided it was an interesting experiment indeed. He wondered what he should experiment with next. He didn't have long to wait before an opportunity presented itself. As Severus was leaving the Great Hall after dinner, Professor Sprout approached him.

"Professor Snape," Pomona began, "I'm pleased to tell you the new crop of Aconite is ready to harvest. I know that you'll need it for Professor Lupin's potion soon. If you have a moment, would you like to come down to greenhouse five with me now?"

"Certainly, Professor Sprout, if it's no trouble?"

"Of course it isn't, Severus," The Herbology teacher said as she led the way. Severus did not notice anything odd in her behavior...Sprout often grew ingredients for his potion making...nor did he see the wicked smile that flickered across the older woman's lips as she led him out of the castle. Reaching the greenhouse, Sprout held the door for him and cast a quiet locking charm on the door as she shut it. She turned to find Professor Snape examining the Aconite with interest.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken, Pomona," he said simply. "These plants look like they need a few more days' growth before harvesting."

"I see that you are right, Severus," she said quietly. "I'm sorry to have wasted your time; perhaps I can find some other way to insure this wasn't a wasted trip?"

Puzzled, Severus turned to Sprout to find her naked from the waist up. His eyes latched on to her bare breasts. Severus had not seen many bare breasts before in his life; he had certainly never seen any to compare to the mountainous proportions of Pomona's. As he gaped at them, Pomona pulled a small phial out of the pocket of her skirt. Uncapping it, she poured the contents all over her well endowed bosom. It appeared to be some sort of oil, and the sharp yet sweet scent of peppermint reached his flaring nostrils as Pomona began to rub the oil over and between her tits with both hands. Standing in immobile attention, Severus watched the movement of her hands as if hypnotized. His tongue snuck out of his mouth to lick unconsciously at his lips.

"I believe my Potion master friend sees something he likes," Pomona murmured in husky tones as she lay down on her back amid the potted plants of the greenhouse. "Perhaps you don't know what a large breasted woman is capable of, Severus." Sprout pressed her over-generous breasts together and held them that way with one hand. "There is no harm in you placing that bulge I see in your pants between these, is there?"

"Er..." was the only verbal response Severus was capable of making. Staring at the passage the Herbology teacher's oil slicked breasts created; he lost no time in spelling away his trousers and straddling the reclining witch. With a groan he thrust his cock between her slippery tits.

Sweet Nimue! It felt fantastic! Tight...warm...pliant. This had to be the closest thing to actual sex he had experienced so far. When Pomona tipped her head up sharply, so that she could suck on the head of his cock each time he thrust it between the cleft created by her breasts, Severus thought he had at last found nirvana. He tried to hold himself back, wanting to enjoy the unprecedented sensation, but when he saw that Pomona had snuck her free hand up under her skirts and was rubbing herself furiously, he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Sprout noticed he was getting close to his release. She broke off her eager lapping of the head of his cock to growl up at him, "Severus, I want you to come on my tits...I want to see it...I want to feel you come all over my tits." Letting go her hold on her breasts, as they sprang apart she hissed, "Now Severus, do it now!"

Severus took himself in hand and, aiming at her glistening breasts he pumped once...twice and, moaning in release, watched the shimmering strands of white fluid splash over Pomona's breasts. Sprout eagerly rubbed the fluid into the skin of her milky breasts as she continued rubbing frantically between her legs with the other hand. Severus could feel her whole body tremble through his thighs--which still straddled her--as she came, screeching his name. It was the hottest thing he had ever seen. He was amazed to find his cock already hard again just from watching her.

Pomona noticed the quick return of his arousal as well. Licking her lips, she looked up into his flashing eyes and simply said, "Again?"

Severus agreed with a nod and a growl.

That night, alone in his chambers, Severus slept the deep sleep of the thoroughly shagged out.

Sex and Candy

Chapter 3 of 3

When the whole of Hogwarts finds out that Severus is a virgin, will he be the laughingstock of the school? Or will this be the start of a mighty big adventure?

AN: This is it. The final chapter in this little smut biscuit. I do hope it does not disappoint. I expect most of you know the songs I've titled things with, but I thought I'd give them a nod.

A Rush of Blood to the Head- Coldplay

Like a Virgin- Madonna

Simply Irresistible- Robert Palmer

And last but not least:

Marcy Playground- Sex and Candy

I smell sex and candy here

Who's that lounging in my chair

Who's that casting devious stares

In my direction

Mama this surely is a dream

Luckily for our man Severus, This ain't no dream! Hope you enjoy it. :)

My fantabulous beta, Goblynn, is busy with my Ashwinder story; Overcome With Feeling, so she hasn't had a chance to use her magic on this. My fiancé did do a basic proof read for me. (He's pretending the slash didn't squick him, but I think he lies.) In any event, any mistakes are my fault alone.

Disclaimer: They are not mine; I just get them out to play. Sometimes they play with Severus. :)

Thursday began as the previous days had with Severus' cock being enthusiastically gobbled by the bobbing lips of Sybil Trelawney. The Potions master had decided that this was definitely a better way to wake up than his customary two cups of strong coffee. He remembered to straighten his hair as well as his robes before heading into his first class of the day, but it was a near thing. He could do nothing to put a stop to the smirk that kept making brief appearances across his features throughout the day.

Lunch proved to be interesting indeed. Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson had obviously put aside their differences. Opening the door to his rooms, Severus discovered both students waiting for him in an enticing state of undress. The games began by Pansy giving him one of her suction filled blowjobs while Draco delved his tongue and fingers into the Professor's arse. This led to the most mind blowing orgasm Severus had experienced so far. As he recovered, the two students began attending to each other. It seems they had decided that while their virgin Professor could not yet have actual sex, he could at least watch it, so they set about giving him a thorough lesson in the matter. Severus was driven into a frenzy by watching the animated pair and hearing their wanton cries. Fisting his own hard length aggressively as he gazed at them, wide eyed; when the writhing young couple reached their peak so did the black eyed man watching them. The two students lazily dressed as their Professor sat on the floor in a daze, propped up against the sofa. Draco and Pansy knelt to either side of him and kissed his cheeks before leaving to attend their next class.

Severus' afternoon proceeded uneventfully, leaving the bemused Potions Professor wondering if this would be the end of his adventures, now that the state of his virginity was old news. Finding the thought rather depressing, he spent most of dinner musing on it. True, he hadn't been allowed to have 'real' sex yet, but he'd never had such fun in his entire life. While things did seem to be cooling off, his package from Norway should arrive any day. For the first time in his life, Severus realized that when it was at last allowable for him to have sex he might actually be able to find a willing partner. This realization left him feeling a bit wistful and he was not able to bite back the quiet sigh that breached his lips. He was too lost in his own thoughts to note the contemplative appraisal with which the witch sitting quietly to his right regarded him.

After dinner, Severus made a detour to the library before heading to his chambers. He needed to double check some facts in a book on magical sea creatures. Still paging through the book as he entered his rooms, Severus did not at first notice the witch lounging in his overstuffed chair near the fire. Looking up, he was rather shocked to find Xiamora sitting there regarding him curiously. Severus was even more surprised to see that his friend was in her dressing gown. Xiamora was sitting with knees crossed. The fabric of her dressing gown parted at her crossed knees, revealing bare shapely legs. In fact, the Flying instructor had the most delicious legs Severus had ever seen. Dragging his eyes away from her bare calves, Severus blushed in embarrassment.

"Forgive me, Xia," he said softly. "I didn't intend to stare at you. You are aware that I've not got the best social skills. May I offer you some tea?"

"No, thank you, Sev. Do stop looking so nervous; I'm not going to bite you. I would like to talk to you, if you don't mind. It's rather important to me."

"Of course, Xia." he replied, sitting down on the end of the sofa nearest her chair. He still looked nervous and had a frightful time keeping his eyes off her lovely legs.

"Sev, I didn't want to...pressure you at a time when you have obviously had quite a few people doing just that; but I do want to tell you something and I'm not so altruistic that I can put it off much longer," Xia began.

Severus had no idea what his friend was talking about. His face fell into a slight scowl that most people found unpleasant. Xiamora knew it simply meant he was puzzled. "Xia, I don't understand."

"Not to worry, Sev. I rather assumed I would have to explain things rather bluntly. I want to start by saying it is not my intention to push you into anything; I only want to tell you where I stand."

Severus' puzzled scowl deepened, which drew a soft chuckle from Xiamora.

"It's not as bad as all that, Sev. Let me start by asking you a question. Have you any idea that I've fancied you ever since you came back to teach at Hogwarts?"

Severus' eyebrows leaped up in shock. He tried to keep his features calm, but he could not stop the soft gasp of surprise that breached his lips nor could he halt the widening of his eyes. "Xia...are you...teasing me?"

"No, Sev, I am not. I was quite taken with you when you came back to Hogwarts--I still am...but when I made some subtle passes only to have them completely ignored, I thought you simply weren't interested in me that way."

"Xia...I..."

"Let me finish, Sev, it will be easier. Since I found out you are still a virgin and I've noticed that you...forgive my frankness...don't seem to know much about handling these situations, it's occurred to me that perhaps you simply didn't recognize my passes for what they were?"

"I thought you were just being friendly," Severus confessed, looking a bit sulky.

"I assumed as much when you walked in here tonight. Honestly Severus! Here I am, sitting here wearing nothing but a dressing gown. I make sure that you have a good view of my legs when you walk in, and you apologize for looking at them! It strikes me that you wouldn't know a pass if it bit you on the arse!" Severus lost himself in thought for a moment. Xiamora knew she'd overset him a bit, so she patiently gave him some time to reflect. After all, she'd had a couple of decades to think on the matter. Apparently this was the first time Severus Snape had done so.

Madame Hooch couldn't have been more wrong. Severus had reflected on the matter many times since he had come to Hogwarts to teach. He'd always found Xiamora very attractive and he valued her friendship above all others. It had simply never occurred to him that she might want more than only friendship with 'the bat of the dungeons'. Now that she had made it bluntly obvious, he found that he didn't need any more time to consider the matter. If the fates were going to be kind enough to set exactly what he wanted right down in his lap, he was not such a fool as to ignore it.

"Xia," he purred, "did you say that you were wearing nothing but that dressing gown?" Severus let his eyes sweep over her bare legs before raising them to her gown covered bosom.

Apparently the straight forward approach was the best way to handle Severus, Xiamora thought. Her nipples hardened under his appraising gaze. Rising to stand before him, Xia decided to keep being forthright. Undoing the belt to her robe, she let it slide from her body to stand unashamedly nude before him. Severus' eyes drank her in. Sweet Merlin, she was beautiful. The athletic woman had a figure most teenage girls would kill for. Firm, high breasts crowned by large rosy nipples. Slender waist that curved out sharply to lush hips; legs well toned from years spent on broomstick. Gods, he could not wait to have those legs wrapped around him. Severus stretched an arm out to wrap around her waist and he tugged her unceremoniously down onto his lap. Cradling her against his chest, Severus looked deeply into her golden eyes for a moment before lowering his mouth to hers.

Severus realized at once that this kiss was vastly different than the others he had experienced. It started out gently as their lips caressed and explored each other. Soon it escalated as passion sparked between them. Severus felt more aroused simply kissing Xia than he had during any of the games he had played with his other partners. This must be the difference when you are with someone who honestly cares about you and not only about physical pleasure. Growling into her open lips, he deepened the kiss, thrusting his tongue into her hot mouth to playfully battle with hers. Xiamora trembled in his arms, a soft moan answering his enthusiastic growl. As he began to explore her naked flesh with eager, gentle hands, she fisted her hands in his long hair as she arched into his kiss.

When he broke from her mouth to attack the smooth column of her throat with lips and teeth and tongue, Xia murmured breathlessly into his ear, "Oh, Severus...I've wanted this for such a very long time...I've wanted you for so long."

Nibbling his way up to her earlobe, he replied in tones equally breathless, "I've wanted you as well, Xia. I want to please you, woman, but I don't know what to do. Show me how to please you..."

"Silly boy," she said, chuckling, "you already please me. I know we can only go so far, but there is more we can do..." Xiamora spread her knees farther open, then taking his hand in hers; she brought it down to her dripping sex. Using her own hand to guide him, she showed him how to stroke her. "Ooooh," she breathed, "that's it. Gods Sev that feels so damned good." Her hips began to buck against his questing hand as he stroked her. Returning to her mouth, he drank in her sweet cries as his tongue mimicked the fingers busily pumping into her passage while his thumb circled her button. Her tight channel began to spasm around his fingers. Severus lifted his head to watch her as she came apart in his arms, shouting his name. It was the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld.

Recovering from her release, Xiamora raised a trembling hand to brush Severus' hair from his face. Eyes as bright as the sun gazed with open affection into his midnight orbs as she caressed his cheek. Severus turned his head to plant a kiss in her palm as he stared warmly into her eyes, a smile teasing up the corners of his mouth.

Easing herself off the black robed man's lap, Xiamora stood again before him, raising a hand to him in invitation. Her skin glowed, her eyes danced. As Severus placed his hand in hers and allowed her to gently tug him to his feet, he thought no other woman on earth could possibly be so beautiful. His eyes blazed with hunger as she led him into his bedroom.

Stopping beside the bed, Xia spoke only with her eyes, her hands, and her lips as she began to slowly undress him. Standing pressed close to his chest, she grasped a hand in the hair at the nape of his neck as she dragged his head down to kiss him tenderly. Continuing the soft, teasing kisses as her hands busily unbuttoned both his robes and his waistcoat, she slipped her hands under the fabric and slid both garments off his shoulders at once. They fell from his lean frame to puddle on the floor around their feet. As Xia began unbuttoning his shirt, her mouth left Severus' to kiss a trail down his chest as each opened button revealed more of his pale skin. When the shirt at last lay open, Xiamora spent long moments running her hands over the silky triangle of black hair she discovered on his chest. She caressed his small flat nipples with one hand as she gently tugged the shirt from the waistband of his trousers with the other. Soon the shirt joined the black cloth already puddled on the floor. Moving to stand close behind him, Xia ran her hands up over his arms, pausing to knead at his biceps before again running them over his chest and stomach. Reaching the front of his trousers, she ran her hands over his cloth covered arousal, cupping him gently. Severus moaned huskily and allowed his eyes to slip shut as he lost himself in her tender explorations. At last, Xia slowly began to undo the buttons of his trousers, pausing to slip her hands inside his opened fly and stroke him through the thin material of his boxers. Severus could not control the reflexive thrust of his hips as he pressed himself into her gentle hands. Sweet Arcadia! He had never been so hard in his entire life.

Xiamora slid back around his body to stand in front of him. Running her hands around his waist, inside the waistband of his trousers, she slid them into the back of his pants to knead the muscular cheeks of his arse before sliding his black wool pants down his long legs with excruciating slowness. Bringing her hands back up to his waist, Xia carefully released Severus' jutting shaft from his boxers before repeating the actions which had removed his trousers.

Severus could barely hold himself in check. Never had he felt so cared for, so cherished as he did under his sweet friend's firm yet gentle caresses. At last he was naked, and instead of the disgust he had feared to find on her face, she was sweeping him from head to toe with eyes that were both hungry and pleased. With a sharp cry he pulled her roughly into his arms and attacked her mouth with all the pent up passion of his solitary life. Cupping the firm globes of her arse with both hands, he squeezed them roughly as he tugged her hips fiercely against his own, grinding his hard cock against her softness. Sweet Nimue, but he wished he could thrust into her moist heat.

Breaking the kiss, he growled into her ear, "Xia, I wish...I need...oh, Xia!"

"Hush, Sev...it's all right. I know. Lie back...let me help you...let me love you."

Xiamora lay herself down beside him on the bed, caressing his trembling frame as she continued to murmur soft assurances. She kissed him tenderly before her mouth left his to blaze a trail down his torso. When she at last took his aching cock between her sweet lips he moaned her name as he thrust gently into her mouth. His previous experiences were nothing compared to this. Severus' whole body felt on fire. Her soft cries and gentle passionate embraces undid his very soul. Shouting her name as he at last came, the sensations overwhelmed him. For the first time in his life, Severus Snape passed out.

When he came to, he found himself snugly tucked under the covers. Xia's arms were wrapped around him and his head was pillowed on her shoulder. Xia was fast asleep, a contented smile gracing her lips. Smiling himself, Severus snuggled into her warmth and let himself slide into sleep. He had never felt so at peace in his life.

The next morning, Severus woke to a grinning and...unfortunately--already dressed Xiamora shaking his shoulder. Leaning down to give him a brief but hearty kiss, Xia said, "I hated to wake you, you looked so sweet, but if you don't get going immediately you'll be late for class. We slept right through breakfast." She floo'd the kitchens to get him a cup of tea and some toast as he dressed. Heading for the door to rush outside for her first flying lesson of the day, she turned back to ask, "It's Friday, no classes this afternoon; will I see you later?"

"I'd like that. Meet me here after your last class?"

"I look forward to it," she said with blazing eyes. Blowing him a kiss, she headed out the door.

Severus was running so late that Sybil had already headed back to her tower for her first class. It was just as well, Severus thought. After a night in Xiamora's arms he was no longer interested in playing around with Sybil.

His classes progressed uneventfully. Right before lunch, a strange owl delivered a package to him in his classroom. It was the ingredient he had been waiting for. Severus could hardly contain his excitement. He had more reason than ever to solve the unicorn blood problem as soon as possible. He didn't have time to see Xiamora today, as much as he wished to. Rushing to his office after class, he penned a short note to Xia, apologizing for his inability to keep their date and asking her to join him for dinner in his quarters on Saturday night. He smiled to himself as the owl bore the note away. With any luck, he would be able to share more than a meal with the tantalizing Flying instructor come Saturday.

Barricading himself in his private lab, Severus began his testing. The ingredient he had ordered from Norway was narwhale blood. Muggles had confused the tusks of narwhales with unicorn horns for centuries, but the truth was that the two creatures had much in common, magically speaking. A narwhale tusk could be substituted for a unicorn's in many potions and the blood of the narwhale had no curses associated with it whatsoever. Severus worked and tested all afternoon and far into the night. When he was at last satisfied, he packaged up the new potion he had created, along with notes on its brewing and dosage, and sent the lot to St. Mungo's before collapsing wearily into bed.

Sleeping until noon the next day, Severus awoke to an owl hooting softly from his bedside table. He opened the letter excitedly. As he read it, a wide smile spread over his face.

Albus called another sudden meeting late Saturday afternoon. Severus sat in his customary seat near the door with a slight smile in place of his usual sneer. He knew precisely what this meeting was about and he couldn't wait to see the expression on Xia's face when Albus announced the news.

"Thank you all for joining me on such short notice," Albus began. "I'll keep this short, as I have no doubt that some of you have...plans for this evening," he continued, glancing at his Potions master with twinkling eyes. "The unicorn blood crisis is over. It seems our brilliant Potions Professor has done it again. He has found a substitute ingredient which is much easier to collect. The remaining patients at St. Mungo's should recover quickly. Bravo, Severus. Well done, my boy!" Albus led the Professors in a polite round of applause. Severus had eyes only for Xiamora. She grinned at him as she applauded wildly.

As everyone rose to leave, Severus found himself accosted by Sybil Trelawney. Sybil grasped his arm firmly and tried to drag him from the room. "Severus," she said in a cloying voice, "You're just the man to help me with some changes I'm considering making to my quarters..."

Glancing at Xia, Severus saw that she was obviously paying attention to what was going on, though she refused to look at him. Severus firmly removed his arm from the clinging seer's grip. Though he spoke to Sybil, his eyes never left Xiamora. "I'm terribly sorry, Sybil, but I'm afraid I've made other plans for this evening." Eyes as bright as the sun snapped up to meet his own.

"Surely you could break your plans, Severus," Sybil sputtered.

"Why in the world would I want to do that?" Severus asked, looking at the Divination Professor coldly before striding to Xiamora and gallantly offering her his arm. "Shall we go, my dear?" he asked her softly.

"By all means, Sev," she answered with a wide smile and blazing eyes.

There was no slow seductive peeling away of clothes when they reached Severus' chambers. The excited couple fell upon each other like animals the moment Severus shut the door. They kissed ravenously as they tore at each others clothes. Buttons flew as clothes were ripped open by impatient hands. When they were at last naked, Severus scooped Xiamora up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom, his mouth never breaking from its frantic assault on her lips, her neck, and the soft indentation at the base of her throat. When he laid her gently on the bed, she reached up to pull him down on top of her trembling body. Finding himself suddenly cradled between her thighs, Severus hesitated even as she wrapped her gorgeous legs around his waist.

"Xia..." he murmured, "I should wait...I want to please you..."

"You silly boy," she said huskily, reaching up to kiss him on the tip of his nose. "You already do please me. Besides, Sev, I think you have waited quite long enough. We have all night to please each other...let me give you this now...I have waited so very long to feel you inside me." With that, Xia reached a hand down, to guide him to her entrance.

Severus' hesitation was swept away. Gazing into her golden eyes, he pressed slowly into her tight channel. It was more wondrous than anything he could have imagined. Sliding into his beautiful friend felt like coming home. "Xia..." he whispered breathlessly. Severus raised his mouth to kiss her reverently on the forehead before he returned his lips to her own. Severus began to move.

Beginning slowly, Xia raising her hips to meet his every gentle thrust, they paused often in their kissing to gaze into each other's eyes in wonder and pure delight. Eventually, Xia's whimpering, pleading cries hurried his pace and they returned to devouring each other's mouths as they gave their passion free rein. Xia found her release, her passage clenching around his shaft as she moaned his name; Severus followed soon after, growling into her ear that he loved her.

When Xiamora recovered, she opened her eyes to find Severus staring down at her, a slightly frightened expression on his dear face. Smiling at him, Xia stroked his cheek tenderly and said, "Sev, I love you too."

The frightened look faded away; Severus' face broke into a wide grin. "So this is joy," he murmured, "I had wondered what it felt like." Xiamora reached up and dragged her love back down against her.

They never did get around to the dinner he had planned for her.