

Time After Time

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A set of three drabbles and one double-drabble detailing some of Severus Snape's sleeping habits.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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The First Time

The first time Severus Snape sleeps with Minerva McGonagall, they are hiding from Death Eaters in the broken remains of a Muggle home. Outnumbered, they keep the enemy unaware of their presence by using no magic at all.

They merely huddle, silent and still, in the ruined cellar, with darkness as their only Disillusionment. The night is cold. Severus edges his cloak around them both; they must share their warmth.

They sit awkwardly together at first, but gradually they relax, and the next thing Severus knows, they are alone in a misty dawn, and Minerva is asleep in his arms.

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The Second Time

The second time Severus sleeps with Minerva, Death Eaters are again responsible. He is forced to be part of a raid, and Minerva is there to meet him when he returns, shaking and furious, to his dungeon.

Normally, he would push away the comforting hand she rests on his shoulder, but tonight, his rage shifts into desire; he finds himself turning into her embrace. Then somehow, they are kissing, then fucking, joining together to spit in the face of death.

It is fierce and rough and yearning, and he feels every thrust and moan as their triumph against the dark.

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The Next Time

The next time Severus sleeps with Minerva, they are in her bed. It's welcoming and soft, though he is not. He is many types of hard, and in her own reassuring way, so is Minerva, for all that she lies warm and pliant beneath him.

These few stolen hours with her mark Severus's only respite from darkness and duplicity and death. Still, he knows they're being unwise, endangering themselves and the cause. He tells himself he will stop, tells himself he will break things off.

Tells himself this time, and the next time, and the next, and all the times.

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The Last Time

The last time Severus sleeps with Minerva, it is his birthday. In the dark early morning, he uses his headmaster's powers to break her wards and slip soundlessly into her bedroom. Of course it is stupid to yield to this temptation, but he does not stop himself.

Minerva is asleep, the dim light of the banked fire outlining her profile and the black tumble of her hair. The sight of her is achingly familiar and yet also foreign: they have barely spoken in months, and on those rare occasions when she actually looks at him, her face is shuttered.

He would like to believe that his Death Eater façade does not fool her, but he cannot be certain. Nor dare he risk Legilimency to find out, lest he learn that she genuinely hates him.

So he settles for this: for a visit to her rooms that he hopes might remind him, however briefly, that he once lived in different days.

He knows he should leave, but instead, he casts a sleep-strengthening charm on Minerva and sits down; he will give himself the luxury of a short kip by her fire.

Then he will rise and face the darkness once more.