

The Kiss

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Severus Snape tells his best friend about his first kiss.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Nothing you recognize belongs to me. Just borrowed. Will be returned. Snape is welcome to stay, though.

This was written in response to the Valentine's day challenge on the Livejournal community 'Romancing the Wizard'. A big Thank You goes to my new beta, Snarkyroxy, who patiently puts up with my stubborn ways.

"Severus, did you do it?"

The red-haired girl burst through the door into the Room of Requirement and closed it quickly behind her. She was slightly breathless, a book bag clutched in front of her, her bright green eyes sparkling mischievously.

Severus Snape, a gangly, thin teenage boy with a large, hooked nose and lanky black hair, looked up from his parchment and raised an eyebrow. "Honestly, Evans, did you run all the way up here just to find out?" he asked mockingly.

"Of course I did, you prat." Lily Evans giggled. "It's not every day your best friend has their first kiss. So, did you?"

Severus looked smug. "It wasn't the first, as you well know. But yes, I did."

Lily took a chair opposite Severus and spread out her homework over the large table. She grinned. "Ours didn't count. You can't really call that a kiss; it was like kissing my own arm."

Severus snorted. "Do that often, do you, kiss your own arm, I mean? But no, our kiss wasn't what I expected either."

Lily threw a crumpled piece of parchment at him. "You know what I meant. I guess we're just not destined to be the passionate pair of the decade. The Romeo and Juliet of Hogwarts. As much as I would have liked the idea... alas, it was not to be." She rolled her eyes theatrically. "So tell me already. How was it?"

The boy looked at her, his eyes glittering. "Different. Say, did you write the essay for Slughorn yet?"

"Oh, Severus," Lily growled, "don't be such a twit. There's no need to play games with me. This is Lily speaking -- your best friend -- the one to share your darkest secrets with."

Severus frowned. "But not the one who shares her darkest secrets with me, apparently. I've seen you hanging out with the Potter gang again. What's going on there?"

"Nothing's going on there. They're my housemates. Why shouldn't I hang out with them from time to time?" She meticulously sharpened the tip of her quill, not looking up at

him.

"Right," he mumbled, "and the looks you give bloody James Potter when he isn't aware of it are just the normal looks you give every other housemate?"

"I don't know what you mean," Lily said, her cheeks flushing angrily. "You know how I dislike the conceited git. And don't think you can distract me that easily. It's not me we're talking about here. It's you. Spill the beans. Speak up. How was it?"

Severus shrugged. "I don't really know how to tell you... it's kind of private." He smirked, but before Lily could protest, he continued calmly, "You really need to do it with someone you like. I mean really 'like'...." He sighed. "When I arrived at our meeting place, she was already there. She looked... stunning." He glanced sideways at Lily, who smiled encouragingly. "We walked to the greenhouses and I took her hand. She didn't pull away. Her hand was cold and trembling slightly. I asked her if she was cold and she said 'no,' but her voice caught in her throat. I guessed she was just as nervous as I was."

Severus stood up and walked to the fireplace. He stared into the flames.

"So I turned to face her, still holding her hand, and told her how much I liked her. She still didn't push me away, but took my other hand in hers, closed her eyes and smiled. So I kissed her."

He turned his head to look at Lily, who stared at him with wide eyes. "And?" she breathed.

Severus sighed again and smiled sheepishly. "And it felt wonderful. Her lips were soft like velvet. Warm. Responsive. She smelled like roses and lilac. After a while, she started humming, I've never heard her voice like that... throaty, warm, delighted. And her lips tasted... sweet. A bit like Stringmints."

He leaned his forehead against the mantle of the fireplace and closed his eyes. "We pulled apart and looked at each other. Her eyes were huge, dark, almost black, shining. Her hair was tousled like a waterfall of silk over her shoulders. It felt like silk, too, so soft.... I put my arms around her and pulled her into another kiss. She pulled my head down and kissed me back enthusiastically. I probed her lips with my tongue, and she opened her mouth. And then our tongues were all over each other's. Her saliva didn't bother me a bit. And my heart beat like it would burst at any moment."

"I didn't think you'd analyze it like a potion," Lily said, enthralled. "Go on, what did you do next?"

"I didn't analyze it when we kissed, really. Only now, as I try to describe how it felt. How I felt... it felt so... complete... to hold her in my arms like that. We spoke a bit, held each other, laughed and kissed again and again. It was wonderful." He let out a deep breath.

"Bloody hell," Lily said. "Florence is one lucky girl. So, when will you meet her again?"

"I don't know. That wasn't the end of the story." He scowled. "You know that nosy sixth-year from my house? Bertha Jorkins? She must have followed us. Florence and I walked to class together today, and she came up and mocked me, told us that she'd seen us kissing Thursday night and threatened to tell the Headmaster if I didn't do her a favour. So I hexed her. I didn't really think, I just reacted. I used *Levicorpus*."

"Oh, no," Lily flinched. "And then?"

"She was dangling upside down and screaming like mad. People came running and just stared. Florence was shouting at me to let her down. She shouted something about never having been so embarrassed in her whole life, and then she turned around and ran away. I tried to follow her, but Bertha was still screaming. I ended the spell and she fell to the ground, but by then, Filch had found us. He dragged us to the Headmaster, and now I have detention with Filch for three nights in a row. For the hexing, not for the kissing, Dumbledore said."

Lily shook her head in sympathy. "What beastly luck. I hope Bertha got detention, too?"

"I don't know and I don't care. But if I ever come across Bertha Jorkins alone, she'll regret it, I swear."

"Don't do anything rash," Lily admonished. "You should go and ask Florence for another date. Although..."

"What?" Severus asked.

"I'm not so certain that she deserves you, running away and shouting at you and all," she grumbled.

"Yes, well, maybe she didn't want to be seen with ugly old Snivelly in public," he spat, bitterness suddenly becoming clear in his voice. "If only I didn't like her so much."

"Don't call yourself that," Lily said angrily. "Not everyone sees you like that. I had hoped that Florence was smarter. She should have stood by your side, proudly."

"You would do that, wouldn't you?" Severus said affectionately. "But I can deal with the likes of a Bertha Jorkins on my own, thank you very much."

"All right," Lily said, "but it would have been the right thing to do, and a little embarrassment hasn't killed anyone yet."

"So, are you implying that she doesn't really like me all that much?" Severus said, his voice shaking slightly.

"No!" Lily cried. "I implied no such thing. She would have been very embarrassed to be caught out, I'll give her that. In a day or two, she should come and apologize. Just don't push her away, will you?"

"We'll see," Severus said. "I really would love to repeat the... err... experience. Just not the last part." He scowled. "You are aware that *Levicorpus* isn't our secret any longer, aren't you? I had to tell Dumbledore exactly what I did, and with my luck, Bertha heard me mutter the spell."

"Damn!" Lily scowled. "We really need to get the hang of this nonverbal spell thing. Before you know it, everybody and their dog will be floating upside down."

"Nonverbal spells are only taught in sixth year, and I just can't seem to get it right. We need to work on that, indeed. But now we better go. We've been here for over two hours. Do you want to leave first?"

"Yes, just wait ten minutes before you follow. I'll head for my common room. I need to get some work done. We weren't very productive today." She grinned. "So, back to hating each other. Same place, same time tomorrow?"

"Deal," Severus said. "Cheerio, Mudblood."

"Pip pip, Snivellus." And with a giggle, Lily closed the door behind her.