

# Black Night

*by KingPig*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A clock softly chimed the hour in the distance as a young man stared into the flames, his long black hair hanging limply in his face, dusting his shoulders. He was alone in his common room, all of his housemates having already retreated to the dorms for the evening. At some point, a few male voices had called his name, pleaded for him to join them for a game of Exploding Snap before bed, but he hadn't heard them. He concentrated intensely on the fireplace; hate warred with pride in his heart as he replayed the scene from earlier that day in his mind.

In his sixth year at Hogwarts, Sirius Black was hardly ever seen without the company of his best friends, the Marauders, but after Transfiguration class that afternoon, he waved on his mates as he stayed behind to clean up his desk. He purposefully moved slowly, never taking his eyes off the girl in front of him, the talented and beautiful Lily Evans. He knew James Potter had desperately wanted to make a claim to her, and Sirius had involuntarily stood in his way. Today, he decided, he would talk to her, charm her as only he could, and somehow bridge the gap between her and James that was his doing. Resolved to this, he watched his prey and waited, then followed as she exited the room in a hurry.

After a brief wave to Professor McGonagall on his way out of the classroom, he broke into a brisk jog to catch up with his game as she rounded a corner and escaped from his sight. Hearing her muffled speech, he slowed to a creep and peered around the bend to see her engaged in conversation with someone in the hall. At first he couldn't make out the stranger, but could see from the silhouette a gangly, lean build, as it leaned against the stone wall. Male pheromones tainted the air as Sirius relied on his canine instincts to gather information on this newcomer. Neither Sirius nor the shadow moved, or spoke, and the only thing that broke the silence was an embarrassed giggle from Lily. Crouching down, Sirius watched the scene unfold before him.

Lily subconsciously twirled a lock of auburn hair through her fingers as she stared at the boy before her, and then quickly lowered her gaze in uncommon bashfulness.

"Aren't you going to say something?" she spoke, her voice barely above a whisper as she stared at his shoes. A smirk was her only reply.

"Look, I didn't mean... well... I guess I did..." She was flustered and babbling.

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"No, Severus. I told Professor Slughorn that it wasn't mine, that it was yours, but he wouldn't listen!" She ended this sentence with a high-pitched plead. She crossed her arms and lifted her eyes to the boy's. His black eyes flashed with anger, but then settled back to the inexplicable... twinkle? He pushed himself away from the wall in a fluid motion, arms still crossed tightly across his chest, and he circled her like a predator, never disguising his looks of interest as his eyes feasted upon her body.

Telling herself she should be angry at this display of disrespect, she instead found herself blushing as her heart began to beat wildly in her chest.

"Like what you see?" she attempted her best sneer, and he rewarded her with a small snicker.

Before she could react, he pushed her against the wall, her soft face pressed against the cold stone. His body stretched against her backside, his hands held her wrists to the wall. She felt him stiffen and mumble something to the hall behind them before returning his attention to her. She gasped as he used his knee to spread her legs apart before leaning into her and whispering in her ear, "Tell me what you want, Evans."

A chill ran through her, and she flushed at the excitement she felt at this danger. Her breathing became labored as she mulled over her answer. This seemed to anger the boy, as he roughly pressed something hard against her back. Her eyes grew wide with need as her intellectual mind quickly realized what it was. Yes, James Potter was sweet, her knight on which she could depend, a friendship that Lily knew would come to something much more, but how would she ever give up this boy? He thrilled her like no one else could; his mercurial temper fascinated her; his disdain for everything around him only fueled her infatuation; the very air around him crackled with emotion and passion. She moaned into the wall, "You. You know I want you."

He leaned in close to her ear, his hot breath tickling her neck. "We're being watched, my pet."

Before she could react, he swooped down to the base of her neck and caught her flesh between his teeth. Waiting for her body to react to the anticipation, Severus finally pierced her skin with his teeth and licked at the droplets of blood as she shuddered underneath him. Then, as sudden and silent as ever, he was gone.

Gasping and clutching his chest, Sirius Black fell at the feet of Lily Evans. Unsure of how he was caught, he realized too late that Snape had thrown a Full-Body Bind hex at him silently, without a sign that he was aware of Sirius' presence. Forced to watch everything that then transpired and unable to rescue Lily from the greasy git, his body shook with unconcealed anger.

Lily gazed down at him slowly, as if in a trance. A few moments dragged by, during which Sirius desperately tried to steady himself, before she spoke softly, "You saw." It was not a question.

Sirius nodded and narrowed his eyes. "What the hell..."

Lily cut him off. "Why were you spying?" Her voice was a controlled growl.

Taken aback, Sirius stared at her, dumbfounded. She repeated her question and stepped towards him, her own eyes narrowing, her hand snaking her way into her robes and, Sirius suspected, around the handle of her wand. Her face was flushed, her hair mussed, her neck bruised. He took a hesitant step back.

"I..." Black was rarely at a loss for words, but at the moment his mind failed him. "I wanted to apologize... for... being a right prat when you and Pr... err, James are together. But I see... I see that I was interrupting something, and that my apology was... erm, not warranted." His false bravado faltered as he drew his speech out.

To his surprise, she smiled warmly and linked her arm with his. "James and I are not exclusive in the least, Sirius. Why, I didn't even know of his intentions."

Sirius couldn't hide his scoff. She, however, pointedly ignored it and continued, "Come on, let's go to lunch. We have double Potions this afternoon, and I can't possibly concentrate on an empty stomach!" She smiled as though nothing had transpired and led an indignant Sirius down the hall.

The clock chimed another hour, waking Sirius from his reverie. Stealing a glance at the time, he quickly stood and grabbed his robe and James' invisibility cloak and decided on a walk around the corridors to clear his mind. He had said nothing of the incident to his fellow Marauders, for fear of disrupting the delicate balance Lily and James now shared and devastating his best friend. Remus, however, had noticed that Sirius had something on his mind, but finally gave up on questioning him sometime after dinner. Snapping at him probably helped along this decision, Sirius mused.

Turning the corners at a rapid pace, he realized all too quickly that his feet were taking him to the scene of the crime. He ducked into an open classroom, unwilling to find himself in that spot for the second time today. Sighing, he sat at a dusty desk, the invisibility cloak wrapped tightly around him, lost in his thoughts.

Several minutes passed before Sirius recognized the soft, sharp clicking noises to be footsteps. Standing, he cursed himself for leaving the map in the common room, unsure whether a teacher paced in a hallway nearby or if it was something else entirely.

Telling himself he was sorted into Gryffindor for a reason, he boldly exited the room to search for the source of the sound, winding his way down countless hallways, finding himself always two steps too far behind. Sirius inhaled deeply and broke into a run, turning corners and pausing only to hear the soft click before starting off again in its direction. He was vaguely aware that the footsteps increased their speed as he increased his.

Finding himself in a deserted hallway, he abruptly stopped as the noise ceased entirely. Glancing left and right but only seeing darkness, he silently belittled himself for getting worked up over what was more than likely a prank played by Peeves. An eternity passed as he patiently willed the footsteps to begin again so that he could give chase.

Silently sighing, he turned to head back down the corridor the way he came when a sudden movement from a nearby dark alcove grabbed his attention from the corner of his eye. It was too late to react. A knife rested against Sirius' throat, so sharp that it was cutting through the fabric of the cloak as he breathed. A rustling of fabric and the cloak pooled around his feet, his body completely visible now, though it didn't seem to matter to the owner of the knife. *How was I seen?* He panicked.

A thin, soft hand guided him to turn around and face the boy he was dreading to see. Severus Snape. The boy, slightly taller than Sirius and far thinner, stood with a small wicked smile playing upon his lips. Severus had been dressed for bed, with Slytherin green pajama pants with a silver drawstring, bare feet and bare chest. Sirius, on the contrary, had never changed from his school robes. Feeling he had an advantage, Sirius smirked as he slowly ran his eyes down the body of his sworn enemy, disgust etched in his face and inwardly gleeful at the sight of the numerous scars adorning Snape's chest.

Severus allowed this inspection with the same wicked twist of his lips and a strange glint in his eye. "Like what you see?" he smirked, echoing Lily's same inflection.

Sirius blinked and stepped back at this, anger flashing across his face as he was forced to relive the day's event in his mind. "No one could possibly like to look at you," he spat.

"Hmm," Severus merely purred and advanced on Black, who matched Severus' advancement by his own retreat. "Evans had no... objections." He waved the knife about distractedly. Sirius swallowed hard. His back brushed against the wall.

Severus relentlessly pressed forward. "Tell me, Black, did you enjoy the show? How did Potter take it?"

Sirius sucked in a great gulp of air as he stretched himself against the wall, Snape's face now only inches from his own. He felt some of his Gryffindor bravado fail him and slip away, and Snape's voice softened to barely a whisper. "You didn't tell him? I wonder, was it to protect poor Potter, or, as I truly suspect... you wanted an encore?"

Snape's baritone voice was thick and wrapped itself around Sirius, and to his utter terror, he heard his mind betray. *Yes, yes, an encore.* He tore his eyes away from Snape's and tried to catch his breath, his heart beating so hard he wondered if Severus could hear it echoing through the corridor. What was wrong with him, he wondered. This was Snivellus! But he still could not force himself to meet Snape's gaze, lest he read into Sirius' eyes and discover his deepest secret.

Snape stepped closer, his pale torso reflecting in the moonlight from the nearby window. Sirius stared at the scars, all too large and deep to have escaped the attention of St. Mungo's and Madame Pomfrey. These scars even outnumbered Remus' in both number and size, and yet they did not seem grotesque. Severus was certainly not ashamed of them. Sirius noticed that Snape's chest was hairless, much like his arms and face, but there was a small, neat line of dark fur that descended from his belly button down past the waistband of his pajama bottoms.

"I repeat," Snape drawled, "like what you see?"

Involuntarily, Sirius found himself nodding. Snape's smile grew larger and more sinister as he took another small step closer. Sirius stared at Snape's happy trail, still refusing to meet his gaze. Snape's long fingers reached down and gently cupped Black's chin, slowly compelling Sirius to look at him.

This was not the Snivellus that Black had tortured. This was not the boy who followed blindly behind his cousin, Bellatrix, in his first year. This boy was... words failed Sirius now as his eyes stared into the pit of Snape's, and he knew his secret was known. He'd felt the moment the hungry boy in front of him recognized it for what it what it was. Sirius knew at this moment that he was doomed. Only the smile that grew upon his adversary's face gave any indication that Snape knew.

"You like me." It wasn't a question.

Sirius nodded, shame flushing his cheeks. His trousers felt tight. He sighed dejectedly.

With the clatter of metal on stone, Snape grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the wall behind Black's head in a motion so fast it guaranteed no resistance. Black was ashamed to hear himself whimper. Snape's scent invaded his canine senses, and Sirius struggled to regain his breath as he shamelessly pressed his pelvis forward, yearning for any contact between Snape's body and his painful erection. Snape delicately inched back, out of Black's reach, which earned him another whimper.

"I don't... I don't like... boys..." Sirius murmured, more to convince himself than the enigma before him. Snape's masculinity was intoxicating, it was tangible, and coupled with a body that seemed so delicate and feminine that it belied the undeniable strength beneath, Sirius knew he was undone.

"Oh?" Severus purred, nudging Sirius' crotch with his knee. Another whimper. "Should I leave then?"

Sirius shook his head vigorously, trying desperately to regain control of the situation. Looking for a distraction, he once again noticed the scars. Some looked fresher than others. Clearing his throat, he asked, "What happened? Who gave you those scars?"

It happened so fast that Sirius would never be able to pinpoint the exact moment that coldness descended upon them, no matter how many times he would reenact this moment in his mind. He noticed with a pang of disappointment that Snape was no longer trapping his wrists. Snape was actually walking away. Silently. Backtracking, Sirius quickly reached out for him and cried, "I'm sorry, Severus, I was... just curious, I'm sorry."

Snape turned on his heel and pinned Sirius with a look that made his blood run cold. "WHO gave these scars to me? YOU did, Black. You and your pet WOLF." And he vanished, leaving only the sounds of Sirius' pounding heart and hitched breath in his wake.

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