

# More Than a Feeling

by Lady Whitehart

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**A/N:** The following is one of my entries for Romancing the Wizard's Challenge Thirteen: Marauder's Map. I've been itching for an excuse to do a Snape-looses-his-virginity story for ages, and the Mod there gave me said excuse.

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### More Than a Feeling

Severus glared down at the Muggle flares he was wearing. They had been given to him by a well-meaning aunt, and he hated them. It wasn't just the fact that they were so obviously Muggle or the ludicrous amount of fabric flapping about his ankles, but they were painfully tight in the crotch. However, after what had happened in fifth year, there was no way he would ever go around the school without something on under his robes. He shoved all thoughts about that day from his mind; he just wanted to enjoy his last trip to Hogsmeade.

In the common room, Aurora Sinistra was moping around the fireplace. He liked Aurora; she was one of the few Slytherins who actually respected his abilities and intelligence. She had never asked to borrow his notes without offering hers in exchange. Noting her dejected expression, he asked, "Aren't you going to Hogsmeade?"

"No, I broke up with that jerk from Ravenclaw yesterday." The girl flopped onto the leather sofa in a secluded corner. "My friends and their boyfriends will be at Madam Puddifoot's most of the time; it would be depressing."

Severus was ready to leave when she sniffled. He felt an unaccustomed flash of sympathy. For some inexplicable reason, he turned around and sat next to her.

He wasn't sure how it happened. One minute he was listening as she poured out her troubles; the next they were kissing and groping. He felt himself straining against the zippered confines of his trousers. He knew exactly where things were heading, and if anyone entered the common room....

"*Colloportus!*" Chances were they wouldn't be interrupted. Of course, the new dilemma was that all of his intimate encounters were matters that he had taken into his own hands—he didn't quite know what he was supposed to do. "Aurora?"

"I use a potion."

Damn, she had experience; she'd know if he was bad. They continued to fumble with each other's robes and clothing. He groaned with relief as she opened his zipper and lowered his flares down over his hips. He tangled his fingers in her hair and crushed his lips to hers.

"Ow! Severus, your nose is poking me in the eye!"

"Sorry." He turned his head.

"Here." She helped him lean against the back of the sofa as she straddled him. The contact caused a thrill to shoot through him with the sudden intensity of a road flare when it was lit. She moved at a steady pace that brought him to his climax before either of them was ready. He sat there, gasping for breath, barely feeling Aurora's soft curves against his chest.

"How about we go to your room?" Aurora asked, kissing his neck.

"Sure." He definitely wanted to do that again.

Later that evening, he walked confidently into the Great Hall, holding Aurora's hand. Reluctantly, she went to sit with her group of girlfriends. Severus took his place with his cronies, looking forward to a tryst in the Astronomy Tower.

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**A/N:** Since we aren't given an age for Aurora Sinistra, I've taken the liberty of putting her in same year as the Marauders. Since that would be seventh year for both of them, Severus would have turned eighteen in January, and Aurora would be at least seventeen.