

'Tis Rigour and Not Law

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A romance in Severus's seventh year influences his future actions.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

A romance in Severus's seventh year influences his future actions.

His footsteps were soundless in the winter-deep snow. Approaching the greenhouses silently, he startled her, even though she was waiting for him. Greenhouse Three was just a rendezvous point, each sneaking out of their own dorm. Severus had been young and foolish two years previous and had been caught kissing behind the same building. Learning from his few mistakes was one thing that set him apart from his peers.

Dorcas looped her arm through his, giving him a light kiss on the cheek as they set off in the darkness, shadowed by the looming castle behind them. Picking up a familiar walking stick behind the gamekeeper hut, Severus led Dorcas to the Whomping Willow. He pressed a specific knot on the tree and hurried her into the secret passageway. The only advantage Severus saw to Sirius' prank in his sixth year was access to the Shrieking Shack, albeit not during the full moon. Severus took one quick glance over his shoulder to confirm the quarter moon and dropped in behind Dorcas.

Lumos!

The slender, musty-smelling passage left little room for any amorous activity, but once they emerged on the opposite end, they were in each other's arms. Oolen robes hastily removed to make a pallet on the dusty, oak-stained floor. Dorcas knelt down on her hands and knees to straighten the black cloth, her hip-hugger jeans sliding even lower, showing the curve of her arse and revealing the top of the dark vale that led between her legs. Severus knelt down behind her and began trailing his tongue across her exposed skin, tugging the heavy denim down to her knees. Lightly biting and sucking, he made his way down the back of her thighs. Kissing his way back up, he kneaded her arse, spreading her legs just enough to find her center with his mouth, teasing her with his tongue. Her legs straining against the confines of her jeans. Dorcas could be as vocal as she wanted here, and her moans had Severus desperate for more. Unbuttoning his trousers, he rose up and pushed into her from behind, making her moan louder. Pumping into her harder, he reached forward and found her left breast swaying in tandem with his movements. Pulling the thin fabric of her halter top aside, he pinched her nipple, increasing the pressure with every thrust until she was screaming his name, her inner muscles tightening around him. As he came, Severus could only hear the drumming in his ears.

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Two years later, Severus would recall this memory, as again the world shrank and he only heard the drumming in his ears, drowning out Dumbledore's voice telling him of Dorcas' death.

Their last year at Hogwarts had them spending every moment they could together, only to go their separate ways afterwards. Severus had joined the Death Eaters, breaking Dorcas' heart and, ironically, his own. Now, as he sat across from his former Headmaster, he was hearing coming back. He could hear a plan forming to avenge his love.