

# Memories of Auburn Hair

by Alison

Severus has an addiction. Can he ever really be free of it?

## Complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Lily Evans lay naked on the hotel bed, her glorious hair splayed over the pillow, and smiled seductively at Severus.

“Don’t smirk like that,” he said sharply. “It makes you look gormless.”

The smile disappeared. Severus saw a flash of anger in her green eyes, quickly hidden.

“What would you like me to do?” she asked a little sullenly.

“You can shut your trap for a start,” he answered firmly, getting undressed. “I hate yapping during sex.”

Without preliminaries, he positioned himself and sank down inside her, beginning to thrust at once. *Ahh*, yes, that was it! The familiar scent of Lily, the wonder of her sweet body enfolding him, so perfect, *soright*.

“God, I’ve missed you,” he muttered to himself, burying his face in her hair, inhaling the well-known perfume. “Don’t go, Lily, don’t ever leave me again ...”

She was undulating against him now. “Mmm, I won’t.”

Severus stopped thrusting abruptly and pulled back, glaring into her face. “I meant it when I told you to shut the fuck up! Are you stupid?”

Again that flash of anger, that huffy silence in response. Severus glared at her for a second longer until he was sure his order was going to be followed, then resumed thrusting, losing himself once more in the blissful sensation of her.

So long, he thought dreamily, so many years since he and Lily first made love. How long? He’d lost count, but years, definitely.

He’d tried to resist, told himself that he was pathetic, a weak-willed fool. He’d swear to himself after each encounter that he’d stop, that each time would be definitely be the *last* time. But slowly the longing would grow, his need for her too overpowering to be denied. He’d have an erection for days, becoming more and more surly to his

colleagues at Hogwarts and the terror of the idiot children he was required to teach.

No amount of wanking in his bedroom at night could satisfy the need completely. Oh, achieving orgasm was easy enough, but the emotional yearning for his soul mate, the little witch he loved, was a constant torment. No, it was not lust that drew him back time and again. Or rather, it was *more* than just that.

Lily was like an addiction to him, frightening in intensity, one that could never fully be sated, no matter how many times he Apparated to this dirty hotel room and had his fill of her body.

And afterwards, once the physical rush subsided, he'd feel so empty inside, *sodirty*.

He groaned helplessly against her shoulder, feeling his pleasure begin to crest. He was aware of Lily moving underneath him, hurrying him along, eager to get it over and done with and be on her way, but it didn't matter, didn't matter ...oh *God yes!* He was *coming*. Lily, *oh, Lily ...*

Slowly, he swam back up through the warm afterglow, the shuddering aftershocks of orgasm. He was slumped, sweaty and disheveled, his now-limp penis still inside her. With eyes closed, he caught his breath and felt his frantic pulse begin to slow.

And, yes, inevitably, there was the feeling of drained emptiness once again engulfing him. He tried not to think, wanting just a *few* more moments with Lily, but already it was too late. Her scent was changing as the Polyjuice Potion wore off.

He opened his eyes to see the blue eyes of a cheap Knockturn Alley hooker regarding him coldly. Lily's wonderful auburn hair receded, turning into a nondescript mousy colour. And again, as it had so many times before, disgust at himself made Severus roll off her sharply, avoiding her eyes.

"Your money's on the dresser," he said gruffly. "Take it and get out."

The mattress squeaked as the prostitute rose from the bed. Severus could hear her dressing with quick efficiency. It was never the same one, always a woman with blonde or brunette or black hair, occasionally even red. Severus didn't know or care about her real name. For a brief time she was always his Lily, his fantasy.

He heard the clink of Galleons as she counted the money. The door squeaked open, but then he heard her voice. "That stuff you made me drink was vile," she said, and the anger she'd repressed before was obvious in her tone. "If you ever want me to turn tricks with you again, you can go screw yourself."

The door slammed shut behind her.

After a few moments, Severus stood and began to pull on his clothes. He reached for the glass sitting on the dresser. It still had a few drops of pale, lavender-coloured Polyjuice Potion sitting in the bottom. Next to it sat Lily's hairbrush. He picked it up and looked at it. He'd found it the night she was murdered at Godric's Hollow. He hadn't wanted it for this purpose, not at first. He'd just wanted something personal to remember her by.

But as the helpless longing for her grew, this hairbrush had become the supplier to his addiction.

There were not many hair strands left curled amongst the bristles. Years of Polyjuicing hookers had depleted them. After they were gone, he'd have only memories of Lily's auburn hair to sustain him.

Reverently, with utmost care to not dislodge a single precious hair, he stowed the brush back inside a robe pocket and left the room.

The End.

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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