

# Christmas Past and Present, but no Future

*by Good\_Witch*

Christmas eve during seventh year with Snape and Lily. They've been close, but have grown apart. Can they become closer, or would that be a Christmas miracle?

## oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Standard Disclaimer goes here. Just having fun. Move along, move along...

This fic was written as part of a Secret Santa gift for someone in my Las Vegas Harry Potter Fandom group. She liked it, and has given the go-ahead to post it. Merry Christmas, Ciara! :) And thanks to Ladyofthemasque for a lightning-quick beta; she's got mad skillz, yo. ;)

Christmas Past and Present, but no Future

It was very late on Christmas Eve, and Lily Evans was awakened by a long-familiar sound of pebbles being thrown at her window. Slowly rising from her warm bed, she idly mused that perhaps the noise was that of Father Christmas alighting on the roof in his travels to deliver presents. Of course, when she looked out her frost-edged window, she did not see a fat, white-bearded, jolly old man. Actually, what she saw was virtually the polar opposite.

Rail thin, with long, lank, black hair, a grim teenage boy stood shivering in the snow. Severus Snape stood in the back garden of the Evans' home, sending up plumes of vapour with each breath, peering up at Lily's window. The wintry moonlight gilded the boy's pale face, throwing his large nose into shadowed relief, and lending a softness to his otherwise cold black eyes.

Lily sighed, rubbing sleep from her eyes, old feelings of tradition and friendship warring with more recent ones of estrangement from the one who had long been her best friend. Gazing down at his hopeful face, Lily realized that Severus would not leave until she had come down to see him. Leaving the window to wrap herself in a fluffy dressing gown, she shuffled into slippers as she tiptoed out of her room, pausing in the hall to listen at her sister Petunia's door, making sure she hadn't been awakened too. Creeping down the stairs, Lily flitted through the kitchen to the back door, going through motions long since rote from repetition. Unlocking the door, she opened it enough to allow the lean boy to slip through, letting a blast of icy air envelop them before she shut it out with a firm push.

Severus gazed down into her face, his expression solemn. "I wasn't sure if you'd let me in. After... I mean..."

Lily stared back up at him, noting how much taller he had grown over the last year and a half, accentuating his lanky frame. In the silence following his words, she saw the disconcerting light kindle in his black eyes, a light that burned only for her. A flush rose up her neck to suffuse her cheeks, and she averted her eyes, taken aback by the mutinous sensations that persisted in welling within her whenever she was alone with Severus.

That was part of the reason she had distanced herself from him after fifth year. Not only had he hurt her feelings, calling her a vulgar name in front of so many other

students, she had come to realize that a secret place in her heart longed to have him back, for the comforting feeling of a dear friend as well as the sparking attraction she felt in response to his clear adoration of her.

She was a Gryffindor, and he was a Slytherin. She was Head Girl, and he was a social outcast. She was one half of the perfect couple, made up of her and James Potter, Head Boy and Quidditch star, and he, Severus, was one of a group of Dark Arts followers, playing disciple to a megalomaniac. They, who had once been so close, had become opposites, like fire and ice. And, like polar magnets, opposites attract.

Ever since she and Severus had become friends, bonding through their shared gift of magic, Severus had sneaked over to her house on Christmas Eve, leaving his quarrelling parents behind to celebrate the season of goodwill with the one person he revered above all others. They would creep down into the chill basement, content to wrap themselves in old quilts and huddle together by an oil lantern, talking and laughing, free from the stifling expectations of Hogwarts House rivalries.

Last year, they had gone through the motions, but Lily had stopped short of cuddling against Severus for warmth, keenly aware of the budding tension between them, and Severus had retreated quite early, awkwardness hanging like a barrier between them. Ever since then, they had drifted further and further apart, even though Lily would often find Severus watching her from afar, his penetrating gaze stirring tumultuous sensations in her.

The silence stretched on, until finally Severus whispered, "One last time, for old time's sake?"

Lily glanced up, caught the wistfulness in his eyes, and nodded. As one, they strode to the basement door, carefully opening it, to keep it from creaking. Lily grabbed the torch from the shelf just inside the door and flicked it on, lighting their path down the steps. Severus just as carefully closed the door behind him and followed her down.

Her hands unaccountably trembling, Lily found the oil lantern and lit it, then pulled the old quilts and pillows out from against the wall where they were stored. With a familiarity born of practice, they arranged the pillows and quilts on the floor against the bare expanse of wall, set the lantern in front, and dropped onto the cushions beside each other, their shoulders touching.

A heavy silence fell, and each wondered if their heartbeat could be heard by the other. Lily was highly conscious of the warmth and pressure of Severus' arm against hers, and she tried to ignore the fluttering sensations in her centre. Severus let his head drop forward, his hair parting like dark curtains to cloak his face.

His voice was low as he said, "Thank you. Happy Christmas, Lily."

Lily glanced over at him, but couldn't see his face through his hair. She could hear the melancholy note in his voice though, and her heart gave a queer thump.

"You're welcome, Sev."

At that, Severus whipped his head up to pin her with an intense gaze. "Am I? Really?"

Taken aback by the vehemence in his query, she retorted, "Are you what?"

Severus' eyes narrowed a bit as he said, "Welcome."

Lily's breath caught. Severus had leant closer as he spoke, and she could see his eyes flicking between her eyes and her mouth. Unconsciously, she licked her lips, and Severus swallowed hard, clenching his teeth at the sight.

Her throat was suddenly dry, and she struggled to rasp, "Yes."

She was unprepared for the lightning-fast strike. Severus twisted, his far arm coming around to slide into her hair behind her ear as he darted forward, closing the distance between them with a consuming kiss. She was also unprepared for the instant blossoming of warmth within her core, sending sizzling trails of fire through her body, ending in her lips pressed so intimately against his.

Her mind was spinning with clashing thoughts of James, her fellow Gryffindor friends, how wrong they would think she was, and the heady, delicious sensations igniting her desire for the boy...no, man...who had managed to rouse her nostalgic affection and growing attraction. A faint, cooing sigh escaped her lips, muffled by Severus', and he took advantage of the parting of her lips to slip his tongue along them, coaxing hers into a sensual, twining dance.

Suddenly, it no longer felt cold in the basement. Heat raced over them, and Severus squirmed around for a better angle to snog her thoroughly. At her side, he levered up onto his knees, then sank onto his heels, both hands cradling her head as he kissed her, their breathing quickly becoming erratic and shaky. Breaking away for air, Severus rested his forehead against hers, his voice soothing out like a ragged groan of worship as he said, "Lily."

Lily didn't respond, as she had no voice. But, when he moved to trail kisses over her cheekbone to her ear, then down her jaw line to nuzzle her throat and neck, a whimper escaped her, and she sucked in a hiss at the explosion of goose bumps that covered her body in reaction. Instinctively, her hands scrambled up to grip his hair, holding him in place to continue his ministrations.

Severus reached down to guide her to her knees like him, and he edged forward, wrapping her in his embrace, pressing his body to hers. Lily gasped at the jolt that sang through her when her stiff nipples brushed against his chest. Severus' hand swept down her back to cup her arse, and she voiced a shuddery moan when she felt herself pulled tight against the hot lump of his erection. His deep groan of lust sent a surge of liquid warmth straight to her knickers.

While she and James had already consummated their relationship, and they had quite enjoyed each other in carnal delights, the thrill of the forbidden that blazed through her at the reverent, possessive way Severus caressed her and kissed her tantalized her enough to throw caution to the wind.

Thus it was that she didn't protest when his questing fingers found the sash of her dressing gown and tugged it open, shoving the folds of fabric off her shoulders to pool on the floor around her. In fact, caught up in the rush of lust, she returned the favour by yanking Severus' cloak off, then making quick work of the buttons on his thick shirt, parting the panels and smoothing her hands over his warm chest.

Severus copied her actions, unbuttoning her night dress, then pulling her close so he could guide her to lie back on the cushions. Lily closed her eyes, unwilling to make her betrayal more real by looking at the man who was gently cupping her breast, circling her nipple with tender fingers.

Severus furtively undid his belt while he trailed kisses down her throat and between her breasts. When he ducked to one side and sucked one nipple between his lips, Lily's hands flew up to grip his shirt, shoving his past his shoulders. He wrenched his arms from the confines of the shirt and tossed it to one side. He paused then, gazing down at the vision before him.

Lily's smooth skin was warmed by the glow of the oil lantern, and her breasts were trembling with each rapid breath. Severus' knees were between hers, and he was holding himself up with his hands on either side of her head, his hair hanging against his cheeks.

Lily, brought out of her sensual reverie by the cessation of his loving touches, opened her eyes. Severus was hovering over her, gazing at her with almost painful adoration. He lifted his left hand to caress her face, and her gaze was drawn to the mark on his inner forearm.

A gasp of horror and denial echoed in the basement. Lily locked accusing eyes with Severus, who had the grace to look ashamed, even as his jaw pushed forward in mulish defiance.

Her voice broke as she said, "Severus, how could you?"

Severus' sinewy muscles contracted as he ground out an anguished, "I need *someone*... I couldn't have *you*..."

Tears blurred Lily's vision as she lifted a hand to his face, cupping his jaw. He pressed his cheek into her hand, then turned to kiss her palm, his demeanour asking for absolution.

Lily knew then that there was no saving him. In her sorrow, her wounded heart prompted her to offer the only thing that might sway him from his path.

Her voice was whispery and choked as she said, "Severus, please, it's not too late to change your mind..." Then, she pulled him down, her kiss a desperate bid for his soul.

Severus responded vehemently, his caresses becoming more demanding and impassioned, and when he lowered himself to rest his body against hers, his hard cock was trapped against her cleft.

Gasping at the tingle of desire that shot through her body and ended in her throbbing clit, Lily rocked her hips, grinding his erection against her damp knickers.

Severus groaned again, then reached down to impatiently shove his trousers out of the way, freeing his cock to bob between them. Lily wriggled her hips, reaching down with one hand to push her knickers down, while the other hand held onto Severus' shoulder for dear life.

Panting shallowly, Severus snatched at her knickers, moving out of the way enough to pull them down her legs and toss them aside, only to quickly slot himself between her thighs again, his burning erection grazing over her sodden curls.

Lily wrapped both hands around his shoulders, her nails digging into his spare frame as she whispered, "Please, Severus, come back to me. Leave them. You don't really want them. You want me. I know you do."

Severus shook his head in frustration, then pressed his forehead against hers as he manoeuvred his cock to slip between her slippery curls and delve deep, filling her in one stroke.

Their matched keens of pleasure rang against the cement floor of the basement, giving way to rhythmic grunts and moans as Severus began thrusting, holding himself up on his elbows as Lily's legs wrapped around his narrow hips.

His groans became a litany of "Lily... Lily... Lily..." as Lily gasped encouragement, murmuring, "Yes... Severus... Come back to me... You can... I know it... Come back to me... Come to me... Yes, Severus... Come to me... Yes... Come..."

His grinding thrusts gained speed as she chanted, then he almost went still as he sank in as deep as he could, sealing her mouth with a plundering kiss that muffled his roar of satisfaction. Then, after a moment of every muscle straining and trembling, they all went weak at once, and he collapsed on top of her, breaking the kiss to rest his face in her neck, panting.

Lily smoothed her hands over his back, making soothing coos and hums. When his thundering heartbeat had regained some semblance of normalcy, he pulled up, looking at her apprehensively. She gazed at him, her expression bittersweet, and said, "Can't you get rid of that horrible mark now?"

Severus frowned at her. "What do you mean?"

She grimaced. "Surely you're not going to keep it. I mean, not now. Not after we just..."

Severus' expression went almost blank, but his lips settled in a grim line as he said, "Are you still going to go back to Potter?"

Lily's eyes flew open, and she blinked, flustered and ashamed. "Well... I... He's... I mean... Of course..."

Severus' lip curled in disdain and anger, and he said, "Then nothing's changed. For either of us." Lily gaped at him, and he backed away, disengaging from her warm body even as his eyes clouded.

Lily grabbed at her night dress, yanking it closed and scrabbling backwards. She could feel the liquid evidence of her folly trickling between her legs. Severus hastily dressed, refusing to meet her stricken eyes.

Finally, fully clothed, Severus looked at her, his eyes looking almost dead. Lily's vision blurred with tears again, and her throat constricted.

Severus' gaze faltered, and he stared at the quilt as he said, "Lily, I... I know things aren't going to change. You'll stay with Potter. I'll go my own way. You'll be happier without me. And I..." He looked at her again. In a matter-of-fact tone, he continued, "I'll always love you." He heaved to his feet, shoulders hunched forward as if curling in on himself. "I appreciate the attempt, but... Goodbye. I'll always remember Christmas with you." He nodded slowly and turned to shuffle away, climbing the stairs as if the weight of the world were on his shoulders.

Lily covered her trembling lips with her hand and choked back a sob. Tears spilled down her cheeks as she watched Severus go. Her heart pounded in an agony of battling desires, but she made no move to stop him.

He was right. Nothing would change. She would go back to her picture perfect boyfriend. He would rejoin his band of misfits. They would only share a past, but not a future. He would love her. And she would lock away the part of her being that responded only to him and his touch, forever to starve in the wake of their revelations. This would be their last Christmas together.

Lily realized then that Christmas wishes don't necessarily come true, especially when they involved flouting expectations. Being true to oneself wasn't always a viable option.

Severus was gone, and Lily sat huddled in the quilt in the basement watching the dancing flame of the lantern. Eventually, she dragged herself to her room again, knowing her sister would be waking them soon to open presents. As she crossed to her bed, she paused to peer out her window again.

All she could see in the garden were Severus' footprints, leading away from the back door. But they were already being filled in by the fluffy white flakes falling thick and fast, wiping away any proof that he had ever been there.

Which was exactly what she had to do with him in her heart.