Loss of Two Things
by woyo

Summary

Severus Snape got drunk the day Lily died and had sex with an anonymous woman.

Notes

This is not strictly translated. There are many slangs, poems and double endres in original Chinese version that I failed to translate. So I kind of rewrote and delete many of them. I find translating an existing one into English is much more harder than writing an English one in the first place, even though it is me who write the Chinese version. Anyway, I am not a native English speaker so there might be many grammar mistakes. Hope you guys enjoy.

Disclaimer: I own nothing but a dirty mind.
PS. Happy birthday, Severus!

See the end of the work for more notes

- A translation of 震惊！魔药课教授斯内普竟在酒后干出这种事…… by woyo

Drunk Tom crawled into the bar counter, grunting. He sat down against the cupboard, shattering dozens of wine glasses to pieces. Such noise didn't attract the attention of the jubilant crowds in the bar at all. Everyone's wine glasses were held high, shouting "Long live the Boy Who Lived", pouring bottles and bottles of Firewhiskey into their throats. The Diagonalley was full of happy wizards, embracing each other merrily. And today was destined to be written into the history of magic.
"He's dead! He- Shall-Not-Be-Named, dead!" People exchanged whispers of excitement. The whole magical world is cheering for the defeat of the Dark Lord.

Of course, not everyone.

Soon those notorious families like Lestrange and Malfoy would face court trials, and the Ministry of Magic had set off to track down the partisans at large. None of this mattered to Severus Snape anymore now.

Dumbledore patted him on the shoulder, assured him that the Ministry would never send him to Azkaban, and promised him that the Potter boy would be best taken care of by him.

“Harry Potter's name has been written on Hogwarts' list since his birth. Ten years later he will come to Hogwarts and receive the best magic education.”

That’s how Dumbledore’s promise went.

He was giving Snape hope. The old headmaster sharply noticed the suicidal tendency hidden behind those obsidian eyes. He felt guilty about this young man, but guilt helped nothing. Unrequited love is the pea under 100 mattresses: infatuated souls toss and turn at night with every cell feeling it.

And love in young age was always lost forevermore once unrequited.

When Snape left in despair, Dumbledore didn't ask him where he went. He should owl Hagrid to pick up Harry. If he hurried up, he could still attend several feasts before showing up on Dursley’s doorstep.

Sighing, Dumbledore puts on his robe and sets off.

At least Tom would not appear again in the short term. Maybe Snape would find another direction of his life in the years to come.

Snape wandered in the street without a direction. He just closed his eyes, letting the first place that popped into his mind take him with Apparation. He lingered in places where he had been, be they in Diagon Alley or Knockdown Alley. He drank with people who used to kneel for the Dark Lord. He toasted with people who used to work for the light. He cheered with people who used to stand in his opposite. Thanks to the mask they used to wear, the drunken crowd didn't recognize him as the infamous Death Eater.

Even the mark on his arm faded a lot as the person who engraved it died.

Snape had never drunk so much. Those ridiculous and painful memories had long sizzled inside him, but alcohol put the screaming fire of yearning and regret out. When his body could no longer withstand another random Apparation, he simply lied in the bar with his clothes on.

Perhaps this place was not a bar at all. All bookstores, clothing stores, restaurants, and pet shops became bars in such national carnival, full of drunk people lying everywhere, cup held tight in their hands.

Snape’s mind went dizzy. The carnival was still going on. Someone turned on party lights and played rock music, which set fire into wizards and witches. The hall was cleared out immediately, and the young spun into the middle, dancing wildly in rhythm.
Snape elbowed himself up, the effects of alcohol still lingering in him. He leaned slowly against the wall, looking around, trying to identify where his random Apparation has taken him to.

The lights were way too dim. Party lights hit the dancing crowd in the middle, leaving the corner he lied in sporadic light. Snape reached for the wand in his pocket, only to find that half of his coat was jammed under another snoring wino. He shoved the man's fat back – the wino paused, and snored louder. Merlin’s beard! Snape swore. With all his might, he pulled out the wrinkled coat and stumbled to his feet.

Maybe he could find somewhere peaceful upstairs? There were still several gallons survived from so many Apparations. Certainly enough to pay a night with a decent bedroom, Snape thought.

Alcohol made him light-headed. Snape leaned against the wall, making his way upstairs. It got darker and darker as he climbed - his blurred eyes couldn’t see things clearly, and he missed steps several times. In the end, Snape gave up climbing the fucking stairs and simply sat down.

“Ah ...” a woman moaned.

He touched something soft.

Had most of his sense not been taken away by Firewhiskey, Snape would have jumped off the floor. In fact, his immediate reaction was indeed the same. He had seen the dark and light, seen how innocent lives fell victim to the Dark Lord’s whim, seen what most his peers stood no chance to see. Yet in this regard, he was as blank as an unwritten parchment. In fact, Hogwarts had no class covering “How to respond decently when accidentally pressing on another woman and you are damn drunk”.

Snape stared at the white arm in the dark, his frozen tongue unable to utter a word.

“You-Know-Who is dead. Why are you dead too?” the woman muttered.

“I ...” Snape searched the memories in his head, trying to recall who the hell the woman was.

“You're back...finally...” She reached for Snape's arm, grabbed his shoulder tightly with the other hand, and buried her face in his chest.

Snape froze and pushed her away subconsciously.

Dance music ringing thunderously downstairs, party light suddenly shone everywhere. At this fleeting instant, Snape saw her face.

Messy hair, empty eyes, sallow face. The woman stared at him without blinking, her eyes unfocused.

“The Dark Lord is dead... They all cheer for his defeat,” the woman managed a sad smile. “But I don't want victory… I just want you back.”

Snape trembled, and this time he didn't push away.

Words eluded him completely.

Damn alcohol.
Snape’s urge to ask her name vanished as the woman undressed herself and dropped all her weight on him.

He had many childlike fantasies before. When he was a student, Snape used to lie alone in his bedroom, shooting flies with his wand to kill time. He would polish these precious daydreams over and over again and have them savored in his mind. They all started with lingering kisses, ended with milk-white stains, and finally turned into a long sigh, vaporizing in the lonely afternoon.

He and this woman had so much in common. They both lost their loved ones in the war and chose the same way to let go of themselves. Snape was the duckweed, floating on flowing water and got caught by a twig. They might stick to each other for a while. But after that, the duckweed called Severus Snape still needed to go for an unpredictable future.

Snape drank another bottle of Firewhiskey, the edge of consciousness and pleasure blurring as the hot liquid slid into his stomach. When his shaking hands reached into the woman's clothes, he noticed her ID card began with an M.

*Ministry of Magic.*

How ironic that just days ago he swore to his lord that they would fight to death to overthrow the Ministry. And how pitiful he was now to seek warmth from this woman.

Snape admitted frankly that he made no effort to reject her. When he awkwardly rubbed M's breast in eagerness, he was as hard as the finest oak wand in Ollivander's.

The pleasure of immorality was always storming. He thanked Merlin that it was her rather than himself who seized the initiative. As a virgin, he was not confident enough to make it in one go. M supported herself on his shoulders and sat up in the perfectly cowgirl position. He slid smoothly into her soft, juicy tunnel - M moaned out another man's name.

And he got damn harder.

When he was a Death Eater, Lord Voldemort had sent them to rape innocent Muggles. He didn't take any of them, thus his public image of abstinence was known among the Death Eaters. There were even scandals about his inability. Now he wanted to yell at Voldemort, at Dumbledore, at Trelawney who **Seed** that he would die a virgin and made him a laughingstock during that year’s divination classes - Look, I am fucking a drunk women in a mess of carnival AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER NAME!

Tonight or never.

He gave her several thrusts. Such cowgirl position drained M’s left strength and she leaned on Snape, breathing hard. As her sense gradually came back, her eyes grew clear. She licked Snape’s earlobe and whispered in a demanding tone.

“Don't you dare stop.”

Snape's nails almost pierced into her flesh.

“Go on, whoever you are,” M said. She took down her name tag and tore it up, shattering Snape’s last chance of knowing her name.

He nodded.
People downstairs were still dancing. Now and then, tired and drunk people stumbled to the corner and slumped down on the floor. If they had an ounce of sobriety and looked up, they would see Snape holding a woman. He had no kink of exposing himself in public to make a big shot and, gathering from the woman’s mystery identity, she didn’t either.

Snape reluctantly withdrew from her, juice from where they integrated soaking his robe. He lifted M up and strode upstairs, this time his steps much more stable.

It took a few seconds for the absurdity of such for-one-night station to sink into Snape’s muddled mind. He teetered on the edge of immorality, of begging to give anything out to save a woman just hours ago yet now fucking another one. However, at such historical night, there must be someone making love for celebration, why not him when the whole world turned him down?

“Alohomora.”

Snape could have used Lumos as well. But he was afraid to do this in the light, or the intricate balance between them now would be broken. Turning the doorknob, Snape noticed the card hanging on it said, “hote”.

Some hotel, he guessed.

Without further ado, he locked the door with a charm and threw himself on bed with M. When he entered M in another position, she moaned out louder. Snape never knew that the feeling of sex turned out to be so wonderful. He slid into her from behind and reached out to squeeze M's breast, forcing her to lean back against him. M giggled and bit him on shoulder.

She was absolutely experienced in sex. Snape thrust into her body with his virginal recklessness and bluntness, and she gently withstood all his rough moves. Her luscious body invited him to go deeper, deeper, and much deeper. Snape was full clothed except his fly open while M stark naked the moment she got into the room. The sharp contrast turned both of them on instantly.

This room was not soundproof enough to shut all the music downstairs. If their shagging was an act of temporary insanity, then Snape chose to embrace it by thrusting with the rhythm of dance music into her. M warbled with his movements, swing her butt uneasily to urge him go on at the fading of a dance and climbed over the precipice when the dance reached its climax.

Snape didn’t remember how many times he ejaculated. Maybe twice. Maybe 20,000 times. Driven by waves of pleasure, Snape’s mind shifted to his one and only love: Lily. He knew perfectly well that the woman did the same now - thinking about her dead counterpart. They just treat each other as a temporary substitute. Dumbledore’s words ringing in his mind, Snape couldn’t help wondering how long it would took for M to forget her man. One year or two? A decade? And how long for himself to finally step out from dead love? A lifetime?

He wished time stopped right now.

When he woke up the next day, M had already left. With memory of previous night rolling over him, Snape rubbed his forehead, the headache still lingering. He vaguely remembered of using contraceptive and cleansing spells. She left nothing.

Snape dropped a Gallon on the nightstand. It was early in the morning. All the people in the hotel were still struck in the aftermath of last night’s carnival. He walked downstairs quietly and no one woke up.
Severus Snape, the greatest Potion Master the 20th century had ever seen, lost his love and virginity at the same night.

In completely different ways.

He pushed the door open, his mind lost in thoughts, the street freshened by a cold breeze.

Dozens of miles away, Mrs. Dursley opened the door and screamed with milk bottles in her hands.

End Notes

In Chinese, first love and virginity all start with the character 初.
"Severus Snape, the greatest Potion Master the 20th century had ever seen, lost his love and virginity at the same night.
In completely different ways."
Such expression sounds more natural in Chinese, cuz that will be "lost his 初恋 and 初夜". And there is where the title - Loss of Two Things - comes from. Sorry, I did my best to translate this one. But I still need to babble about it.
Kudos and comments are welcomed!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!