Tango

by Desert_Sea

Summary

It’s Hermione’s last night at Hogwarts. She and an unexpected dance partner generate enough heat to burn the floor.

Notes

I originally intended for this to be a oneshot but now I’m wondering if it should be a twoshot. Let me know what you think. DSx

I do not own Harry Potter or any other characters/things/places created by J.K. Rowling. I make no money from my fan-fiction.
Hermione Granger’s gaze slipped over the familiar features of the expansive room, its deep shadows broken only by occasional magical torches fluttering like heartbeats against the walls. Her mind slid simultaneously over a passing parade of memories from her time here—this would, after all, be her last night at Hogwarts, at least for the foreseeable future. The finale, she noted with a wry grin at the streamers sagging to the floor in tired bunches, had been unusual but not unexpected.

Unlike the Yule Ball four years earlier this, the Leavers’ Ball, had been more sedate, more mature, and more alcoholic as it turned out. The effects she now felt as a fuzzy nostalgia drifting through her mind and a pleasant warmth rolling through her body. There had been fewer tears this time, in fact none that she could recall, fewer dresses that made her look like a frosted cake topper, and fewer friends—unfortunately. Harry had made it. Ron was busy washing his hair or something. Unlike Hermione, neither of them had returned to take their N.E.W.T.s so there was really no particular reason for either to attend. And they’d already well and truly gotten over the shock of leaving this place, the most stable foundation in their lives. She hadn’t.

Ginny had made it which was a huge relief. Throughout the evening they had exchanged whispered and increasingly crass remarks in between saving one another from the wayward hands of over-enthusiastic dance partners. Ginny required less saving as Harry was keeping one protective eye on her at all times. And it wasn’t like Hermione couldn’t have saved herself but throwing surreptitious glances at Ginny, mouthing ‘help me’, had been just another part of the ridiculousness.

Hermione had absolutely no interest in any of the young wizards who had eagerly and drunkenly approached with their mostly arrhythmic gyrations. In some ways she considered that she’d outgrown them—or at least the types of relationships that they offered. For some reason an inelegant grope and a gagging tongue down the throat were no longer appealing to her. In fact, they never had been. That’s why Ron had to go. They would always be good friends but he fucked like he ate—gluttonous, sloppy, and with no attention to detail.

But, she reflected, crossing her legs and allowing one tapered heel to hang casually off her toe, she’d been quite surprised by the number of men, both staff and students, who had tried it on this evening. She’d worn a black dress this time—backless, low neckline, thin straps and sheer material that clung to the curves of her thighs as she walked. She knew it was sexy but the looks she’d received upon entering the hall had made the reactions at the Yule Ball seem positively subtle in comparison. Even Draco’s jaw dropped like he’d just received a bludger to the balls. In fact, the only man who didn’t seem to show her any particular interest then, or at any time throughout the evening, was the man whom she was more than surprised to see there in the first place—Professor Severus Snape.

She imagined that he found such events patently painful, but his inscrutable expression as he chatted quietly to other staff members on the outskirts of the room, or sipped from a goblet balanced in his fingers, made it impossible to tell. She wasn’t entirely sure why her eyes seemed to naturally seek him out. Perhaps it was the fact that she couldn’t read his every thought, unlike the vast majority of other men ogling her from around the room—the welcome reprieve of a little mystery.

Hermione wasn’t surprised, however, that Snape had all but ignored her—it was consistent with the way he’d engaged with her this entire year. She’d excelled in all of her classes, including his. Her Potions N.E.W.T. had been incredibly challenging but she’d been up to the task. He’d not even mentioned her top mark when she’d encountered him sweeping through the halls since. In fact, outside of the classroom, all of his interactions with her had simply constituted a subtle inclination of the head and a quietly murmured, ‘Miss Granger.’
He certainly wasn’t rude or disrespectful—not like he’d been before the war. But he seemed to be careful and somewhat guarded. She wasn’t sure if it was just with her or if others had experienced the same. The war had certainly taken its toll—on everyone.

Sighing, she tilted her head back, closing her eyes against the night sky illusion. Thinking about the complexities of Hogwarts relationships served no real purpose anyway. She would be leaving in the morning and unlikely to see anyone again—except for Minerva, whom she’d promised to visit before taking her leave. She inhaled deeply, glad for the silence. Someone had magically altered a muggle jukebox for the evening’s entertainment. Although it possessed the remarkable ability to play any song following a simple incantation, it also somehow managed to be even louder than the Yule band. It had eventually been silenced—probably when the last staff member had left. And following the departure of the music, everyone else had gradually drifted or staggered back to their rooms. Now she was seated alone in the middle of the hall. She’d wanted this time to herself. Time to reflect—to say goodbye.

“I would have thought this evening couldn’t end soon enough for you, Miss Granger.”

Hermione’s eyes flew open and she jerked her head around to see a figure standing in the shadowed recess of a doorway. She wondered how long he’d been there.

“And why would you have thought such a thing, Professor?” she asked, self-consciously uncrossing her legs and smoothing her dress back down.

He approached slowly, his face changing with each measured step as the torchlight curved around his features. His back and shoulders were rigid but his inimitable voice, still impossibly rich, was laced with an unfamiliar lightness, which in her slightly drunken haze she hoped, perhaps naively, might signify an effort at conciliation after all these years.

“I imagined a clever witch—one who had obviously outgrown her surroundings, would be more than ready for what the world has to offer.”

Clever? He’d never even suggested that he knew her to be so. ‘Insufferable know-it-all’ was as close as he had come in the past to acknowledging it. Now the word rolled easily from his tongue as though it were a simple truth. She wondered why he couldn’t have given her the pleasure of saying it before now. But perhaps that was the problem. It was something she so desperately desired, and he had known it. He was never one to give up such things easily.

Hermione tilted her head thoughtfully. “Perhaps I’m not as ready as I pretend,” she stated truthfully, wondering why she was sharing her most intimate thoughts with him. Perhaps it was the drink. It tended to make her more trusting than she should be.

“Unfinished business?” He advanced a few more paces, the slow rhythm of his steps making her insides suddenly stir. She had always been so wary of his presence in the classroom. Always careful to know where he was—sensing his proximity, his approach, waiting for the critical appraisal.

Except that this time it hadn’t come—‘unfinished business?’ It was such a curious thing to say. And it made Hermione think—something he’d always been able to do to her, even when she didn’t want to.

Was there really unfinished business? She wasn’t sure that she would describe it as such but she had been ultimately disappointed by the events of the evening. For some reason she’d imagined her final night at Hogwarts would be enchanting, magical and, hopefully, memorable. She’d wanted to go out with a bang in both celebration of, and defiance against, all that had happened in her time there. But she also considered it a rite of passage of sorts, an acknowledgement that she was now a woman.
Unfortunately, however, everything that had transpired had simply been an extension of the classroom banter and childish antics that had characterised her past eight years.

She’d basically expected more from her final evening at Hogwarts. How could she articulate that? A nebulous feeling of being left wanting?

“Perhaps.”

Did she consider that her enigmatic answer would satiate him? No. If she were honest, she really meant for it to entice him further. This was the longest normal conversation she’d ever had with him after all.

“Was there something that you . . . desired?”

The final word was lifted on the curve of one of his expressive eyebrows and happened to strike deeper than Hermione could explain. Desire? That was definitely not a topic she’d ever expected to be discussing with her dour and distant Potions Professor—the man whom she had never even shared a joke with, let alone a personal story. And certainly, she noted with a rapid intake of breath, not with his monumental presence standing over the prickling flesh of her bare legs, his black gaze sliding over her response to his encroachment.

Despite the unsettling waves that surged through her, she managed what she hoped passed for a wry grin. “I could have done with a half-decent dance partner.”

She’d meant it as a joke. Sort of. She didn’t really expect a response.

But he did respond. After a long moment of appraisal, he lifted his chin slightly before emitting a familiar drawl, “Really?”

She felt rather foolish. After all that Hogwarts had provided—to be apparently sulking over a night of crappy dancing seemed ridiculous. But the derisive sneer that she’d expected didn’t come. Instead his gaze intensified.

“Perhaps that can be . . . remedied.”

Hermione was taken aback. What? What was he suggesting? That he would dance with her? Was he claiming that he could even dance? He certainly had the posture for it—and the poise and grace for that matter. But still. It was him—Professor Severus Snape. Dancing seemed a frivolous pursuit for such a man.

Then the most inexplicable utterance tripped from his lips, “Can you tango?”

He may as well have asked ‘Can you sky dive?’ for all the relatability that the question held. Tango? She’d imagined he might step out a reasonable waltz, but a tango? That was an entirely different matter. The truth was that she’d always wanted to learn. It had enticed her with its fluid but rather combative combination of seductive posturing and sensuous cavorting. But she imagined that a poor exponent, like herself, might come across as the dancing equivalent of Ron executing his foreplay ‘technique’.

And, in reality, was this even something she could possibly bring herself to consider engaging in with the man standing before her? Scrutinising her? Turning her to mush? She looked up at him, uncertain of how to respond.

Then something even more unthinkable happened. He held out his hand.
His long fingers extended, palm up, toward her. He might have been casting a spell—a wandless bolt could have easily exploded from his fingertips, disintegrating her and her pathetically mute indecision. But he didn’t. His hand was obviously intended for her to touch. And that, she noted with a sudden twist of her stomach, was almost a scarier prospect.

But Hermione couldn’t deny that she was intrigued—even by the thought of touching him. *What did he feel like?* It seemed strange that she had never deliberately touched him before. She’d barely even brushed against him by accident. It was as though there had been some invisible screen between them this entire time. And now there wasn’t. She could stop wondering—after all, he was inviting her to place her skin over his, a deliberate act.

She was clearly overthinking it. She also knew that if she left it any longer he was likely to withdraw the offer. With a contemptuous glare he’d jerk his hand away, turn on the heel of his black boot and be gone. Perhaps forever.

She reacted before she’d even decided, accepting his hand, curling her fingers around its firm contours. His skin was warm and dry, contrasting starkly with the sticky fumbling fingers she’d encountered throughout the evening. And she noted something else—a curious vibration, faint but definitely there. It felt very much like magical energy—something she’d encountered in certain magical creatures before, but never in another human being—not even a wizard. Then again, she reflected as she held his intense gaze, he wasn’t just any wizard. And when he slowly drew her up from her chair, eyes never leaving hers, she sensed that it wasn’t the only surprise in store for her.

He took a few steps backwards, drawing her toward him. There was a certain grace to the dip of his wrist, an elegance to the way he supported her fingers in the valley of his palm—restrained, almost reverential. It made her feel special. Something she’d never felt in his presence before. But perhaps it was simply a requirement of the dance—not at all personal.

Suddenly he swept his free hand toward the jukebox and muttered an indecipherable incantation causing the reedy strains of a violin to drift from it, weaving around them. Then, sliding his fingers to her wrist, he gently adjusted the position of her hand in his before grasping her other hand and lifting it to his shoulder, his fingertips trailing under her palm as he released her. Clearly this was going to be a lesson by feel, rather than instruction. Although, she wouldn’t mind a few of his words. His voice had always managed to—

She dragged her eyes away from his, not wanting her shuttered gaze to betray her thoughts. He was standing closer than she’d ever expected him to be. And he was tall. She now found herself at eye height with his chest, despite her heels, and decided it would probably be best for her to focus on his buttons—the safest spot while her mind refused to behave itself.

Rather than remaining closed around hers, his fingers gradually unfurled until he was delicately cupping, rather than holding, her hand. Then his other arm extended elegantly from his side before curling around her bare back, higher than she’d expected, just beneath her shoulder blades. In response, she firmed her grasp on the stiff fabric of his frock coat, somewhat surprised to discover that it wasn’t all padding. She hadn’t really known how much of his form was coat and how much was actually him. She now found that his shoulders were naturally broader than she’d expected, and she could feel his taut muscles moving beneath her fingertips as he adjusted his position around her.

As further instruments joined the winding strains of the solo violin, weaving and melding, a rhythm emerged but he didn’t seem ready to move, holding her gently but firmly in place. Despite the narrow gap between their bodies, she felt positively encapsulated by him. His fresh masculine scent—sandalwood with a hint of peppermint—didn’t drift over her like cologne; it emanated from him, the natural scent of his skin. She imagined if she licked him, that’s exactly what he would taste like.
But then she had to quickly un-imagine it because her hands started to sweat and she absolutely couldn’t bear the thought of her hot sweaty hands betraying her. They would be the hands of a little girl, a terrified student. She wanted to have the hands of a woman. Grown now. Ready for the rest of her life.

What struck her then was the sense that while her relationships with her other professors had matured over the years, becoming more amiable, some even developing into friendships, her relationship with Professor Snape had not changed since the beginning. And it was the distance that he’d maintained with herself and just about every other student that made the current proximity to him feel unnatural, almost forbidden. But perhaps for him this was simply another lesson. The stirring rod was now her hand, the cauldron, the curve of her back. Unfortunately for her, however, it was like being swamped by a wave of masculine energy that she’d never encountered before. Obviously she’d been around a lot of young men, but they were light, playful, energies. His was formidable—mature and serious.

And when he leaned down and murmured into her ear, “Follow . . . my . . . lead,” each word making her heart stagger and her cleavage surge, she felt another sensation leap into bed with the others; it was magnetism—a sensation that she’d felt before but tried to deny. There were so many reasons why allowing herself to feel attracted to him had been the worst idea on the planet. Especially considering how much he appeared to hate them all, had killed their beloved Dumbledore, was a despised Death Eater and so on. But now those past feelings came creeping back like rejected souls returning for forgiveness—the prodigal urchins of her mind.

And when he moved she followed him, stepping backwards as his foot slid forward, then withdrawing her other foot it time with his. He almost seemed to carry her as they glided fluidly across the floor, creating the illusion that she could actually match him. She was, however, simply the marionette under his expert operation, her feet joined to his to complete the illusion.

Suddenly halting his liquid advance, he leaned her backwards, the skin of her back pressing into his palm, her neck straining up so that she caught sight of his face—actually mainly his nose. While it was definitely prominent, she noted that it didn’t seem out of place on a face full of prominent features—expressive brows, a chiselled jaw, those slightly shuttered eyelids around perfectly black orbs, and a mouth that was so beautifully sculpted it could have belonged to a Greek God. Instead it was here, hovering not so far from hers.

As he righted her and spun her around, moving backwards now and drawing her with him, she noticed that his lips tightened and loosened faintly with his movements. As he stepped, glided, swivelled and leaned, his lips were doing their own tango. Each movement may have been slight, almost imperceptible, but she was entranced by the way it was playing out on his face. Even his eyebrows occasionally softened and arched. She suddenly wanted to touch his face with her fingertips—to close her eyes and feel the tiny tics and twitches under them. She wondered if she could read him like this—the weaving and rolling of his muscles.

Hermione forced herself to look away from him. She had to be very careful about where she allowed her mind to go. Otherwise she was at risk of being overcome with feelings that would be most . . . unhelpful.

And then he drew her closer. As her abdomen pressed into his, she realised what he was doing. He had started by guiding her feet but had now moved on to her hips. His hand was lower, resting in the small of her back, and he had positioned her so that when he swivelled his hips, she would move with them. It was clearly a technique but it also felt like . . . almost like grinding. But the most elegant grinding she had ever engaged in. And it surprisingly worked. She found her hips naturally moving with his. When he spun her around or swivelled her from side to side, tilting her pelvis, it all
happened with ease. His body was the template and she was simply filling it with her own.

“Loosen your hips,” he muttered as she felt his breath roll down her neck.

It might have been a reasonably innocuous statement if this was a dance lesson but where her mind was at that moment, it was a statement that was a long way down the path to eroticism. And if she replayed it over and over in her head, as she unfortunately did now, it was an aphrodisiac that she definitely didn’t need. It was a stick of dynamite in her—

“That’s it . . . right . . . there.” His silky purr proceeded to ignite the dynamite.

She sighed. Yes, she knew she was right there; in that sweet spot with him. Their pelvises moved in union like a mating pair. And whilst she may have learned something significant about the tango, she was also working such a carnal rhythm with his groin that she was having trouble congratulating herself on simply mastering the dynamics of it. *How did people dance this thing without ending up fucking each other?* Or maybe that’s exactly . . . what . . . they . . . did. *Shit!*

And then he drew her closer again until he was delicately abrading her chest with his woollen clothing. Rather than being an unintended outcome, however, it felt quite deliberate—like her clingy charmeuse should be pitched against his rough weave, her soft skin against the timeless ridges of his calloused palms, her smooth acquiescence against his rough insistence at each vigorous directional change, and her suddenly erect nipples against Merlin-knows-what was sliding about under all . . . those . . . buttons.

His hand had slipped around and was now grasping her waist, assisting her to lean—to bend sideways, backwards and even to lean into him, pressing against the hard planes of his torso. And each time he took her a little deeper. She held him tightly, trying to follow, but was absolutely no match for his deft elegance. And the startling speed of his movements meant she was often taken off guard. This time when he arched her back over his arm, her groin pressed against his and neck exposed, he suddenly leaned forward, his face coming so close to hers she wondered if he was actually going to kiss her. But he didn’t. Instead his nose lingered against her neck. *Was he smelling her?*

Hermione flushed deeply. She suddenly wanted to pull free from his firm grasp and run away. But the reality was that she was even more desperate for him to smell her. Everywhere.

Then he was upright again—tall, proper, rigid—as though he’d never even been there. Like he’d never had his lips hovering only millimetres from her throbbing pulse. As if he’d never been close enough to run his tongue along the dimpled ridgeline of her collarbone, tangy with her frantic perspiration.

And just when Hermione didn’t think she could take any more of the mixed messages that this infernal dance seemed to evoke, he halted, pushing her away. *Was that it? The end of the lesson? Had he had enough of her pathetically clingy cavorting?*

Chest lightly rising and falling with his efforts, he raised his hand above her head.

“Accio,” he rumbled as the torchlight danced in the darkened chambers of his eyes.

Suddenly the silver pins that she had carefully threaded into her hair to tie it back into a loose chignon, shot up into his palm as if his skin were magnetic. Her hair cascaded over her shoulders as, without a word, he slipped the collection into his coat pocket. Hermione’s breathing accelerated. Clearly he was determined to loosen up more than just her hips.
Then, without warning, he grabbed her and spun her around, his large hand delving down to splay across her pelvis. Holding her tightly, her back pressed against his torso, he lifted one of her arms above her head, bending it swanlike over them before trailing his prickling fingertips down the exposed underside. The exquisite trickle down to the outer curve of her breast made her suddenly shiver. But it wasn’t only her skin that was affected; his tantalising digits generated an equivalent sensation in that very spot that only an object embedded deeply inside her could attend to. And then she felt the throbbing need as her entire insides tingled in anticipation. She sighed, wishing her insides would get real. Nothing was going in there. At least not that far. The little device in her bedside drawer would be lucky to make it half way which, she reflected, was usually enough. But not tonight. Tonight it wouldn’t even come close.

Then in one sudden movement he whipped her forward and then back. His hand was briefly pressed into the small of her back as he bent her at the waist, her hair flicking against the wooden floor as her straining cheeks nestled into his groin. For the briefest of moments he was bending her over something, anything, and doing her from behind. But then she was upright again, his cheek whispering against hers before his hand slid around, grasped her wrist and then rolled her body away, only just keeping her upright. One second he was practically fucking her, the next he was barely touching her. If this wasn’t the definition of clit teasing she didn’t know what was. Was this what the tango was all about? The wanting? The building of desire? The slow tease?

Although not so slow now.

The speed of the music had been building, and with it the tension in his shoulders and forcefulness of his movements. She noticed a glimmer of sweat on his temple. She couldn’t ever remember seeing him sweat before, although she herself was coated in a fine sheen and wearing only a fraction of the clothing that he was; and doing a fraction of the work for that matter.

After a few more powerful swivels of his hips, he leaned her backwards and managed to do something remarkable. With a muttered incantation, he released all of the buttons of his coat in a wave-like ripple, his angular body extruding gradually from its black encasement. Quickly slipping his arm free, he tossed her to his other arm before flinging his entire coat aside like a matador’s cape. And as she hung there, grasping his bicep to prevent herself from joining the coat in its slide across the hard wooden floor, he flicked the top button of his white shirt open, and then the next. She held her breath, secretly hoping he was going to keep going. But he didn’t. Instead she had to suffice with ogling the taut column of muscle that glistened with sweat as it delved into the open neck of his shirt. She suspected he was also exceedingly damp underneath. If he had chosen to remove his entire shirt, she wondered how much of her waning control would be eroded by being forced to cling to the sinewy muscles of his shoulder, slick with his efforts, as his gleaming chest threatened to daub her face at every turn.

Hermione could no longer deny it. She was more than a little aroused by what had become of the evening—being flung around and against the body of this man whom she’d only ever admired from afar. His heady presence was far more intoxicating than the liquor she’d downed, and she was beginning to wonder how much more she could withstand of his touch, his voice, and his warm breath, which now ghosted across her cleavage.

When he finally pulled her up to him, it was a slow roll of her body up his, pelvis first, until his face was so close to hers that the air from his lips vibrated against her forehead.

“I think you might be ready to go . . . further.”

“Oh Gods,” she whispered.

She suddenly felt his hand on the back of her thigh, grasping the soft flesh just below her buttock
through her dress. Digging more insistently, he slid her leg up and hooked it around his slim hip, her foot naturally entwining his leg like Devil’s Snare before he lunged toward the ground, both of their weights balanced on his one strong thigh. It was then that Hermione became aware of the wanton display that the tango seemed to naturally evoke. She was clutching at his slick neck like an animal clinging to the branch of a tree, panting through parted lips as he crushed against her abdomen, and gazing pleadingly into his eyes in the hope he wouldn’t allow her to crash to the floor beneath him. And he was necessarily the polar opposite—looming over her, dominant, powerful, eyes roving hungrily over her submissive display. He held her in that position for so long that her neck started to ache. But just when her head felt ready to collapse back with fatigue, his arm slid forward until his hand was resting beneath it. It may have been intended for support but when she felt his long fingers rake into her liberated hair, nails grazing against her scalp, she felt she might suddenly shatter into a pile of confetti.

As a convulsive shudder captured her, she was somewhat surprised to discover that all of her molecules remained intact. The shadow of a smirk slid across his face as he strained back up to a standing position, her leg slowly slipping down the back of his. She was gasping by this stage. The music swelled around them as he placed his fingertips under her chin, lifting it and forcing her to look him in the eyes; the emphatic firming of his jaw told her that he expected her to keep them there. She was hyperventilating, very aware that they were sharing the same air. She was breathing in that which had been already moistened by him—which had already churned around deep inside the vast chamber of his chest. And his eyes positively drilled into her. She felt herself falling apart in an attempt to allow him through, to remove all resistance; she just didn’t have the fortitude in that moment. And she suddenly felt extremely thirsty—for him. She felt an intense desire to draw from his mouth, his tongue, to suck on him. It might seem rather inappropriate, considering that the target of her desirous urges was a man she had shared nothing more with previously than the occasional terse exchange. But she was certain she wasn’t over-interpreting the situation. She was prone to doing that, admittedly, but this time she really considered that any objective observer would agree that the intimacy of their engagement wasn’t simply confined to her imagination.

Continuing to penetrate her with his gaze, he suddenly lifted her bodily with both hands and wrapped one of her legs around his waist, their pelvises grinding together as he trailed her free toe along the ground. She suddenly wondered if he was as aroused as she was. It seemed ridiculous but she couldn’t actually tell. His entire body was so hard that it felt like he was in the throes of a whole body erection. But perhaps it was simply projection on her part—she herself was so agonisingly aroused that she could feel her G-string mashing into her saturated slot as he ground against her. Could he make her come like this? Yes he could. A few more circuits of his rubbing and grinding and she would be moaning and clawing at his shoulders as her pussy convulsed against him. In fact, it would probably be her only perfect tango move of the evening. And as the breath seeped out between her pursed lips, she knew she was blatantly revealing that she was approaching the gasping edge of orgasm but there was absolutely nothing she could do to hide it.

Just as she felt the tension building to frightening proportions, her breathing turning ragged, he suddenly stopped his gyrations, gradually dragging her throbbing clitoris down the placket of his trousers as he slid her back to the floor. It felt absolutely deliberate, but like everything before, it came under the confusing domain of this infernal dance. There was no way for her to know his true intentions.

Her legs were trembling slightly as she felt his hands slide down to grasp her hips, his long fingers pointing downward, thumbs encircling the tops of her buttocks. Then he began swivelling her hips slowly in time with the music that she suspected he’d charmed to infinitely repeat. And as she took on the rhythm, he forced her down, gently but insistently, against him until she was slithering up and down his body. It might be yet another questionable tango move but all she could think about was
continuing the journey down to her knees until her face was level with his groin so she could check out the arousal situation for herself. She might even find something to suck on while she was there. But he held her in place, controlling her descent and watching her closely as her body flexed and swayed under his ministrations.

Hermione decided then and there that the tango, at least the one they’d been engaging in, was essentially sex in dance form. And she knew about sex—she’d done it plenty of times before. There was no real reason for her to be a passive recipient in this exchange—no matter how delectably sensuous he was. She couldn’t deny that his expert tutelage had been exhilarating, but she now suspected that she might have a few moves of her own to contribute—tango Granger-style.

She continued rocking her hips while she slid her palms from his broad shoulders, down his arms, until they sat directly on top of his hands, grasping them tightly. Then, in a move that seemed to take him completely by surprise, she stepped backwards and swung him around, pitching him directly into the chair that she had occupied when he’d entered the room what seemed like an eternity ago.

He grasped the base of the chair with both hands to steady himself, his long legs extended and slightly askew as she approached. She didn’t hold back on the seductive swagger, figuring she owed him quite a bit in return, and the hungry look in his eyes as she gratuitously slid her hands over the sheer material clinging to her body suggested he wasn’t totally averse to the sudden role reversal.

Standing over him, she allowed herself a small mischievous grin and he arched one dark brow in response, the corner of his mouth hitching in an expression that suggested both amusement and intrigue. Stepping forward, she straddled his thighs then leaned in, her face hovering close to his as she grasped his wrists, guiding his hands to her legs. Starting below the hemline of her dress behind her knee, she placed his palms against her bare skin, sliding them up gradually so that the material gathered ahead of his supple fingers as they slid up the backs of her thighs. They continued their slow ascent, vibrating faintly against her skin, before coming to rest under the bare curves of her buttocks. She noted the slight tick of his eyebrow as she clenched her cheeks under his fingertips; then steadily she began moving her hips, rocking and arching them in time to the music. It was certainly more carnal than what the classical strains would normally invoke, but it seemed to meet with his approval as he raised and then lowered his chin in a languorous nod.

Whilst her intention had been to repay even a small degree of the heated arousal he’d induced in her, his languid endorsement of her methods somehow managed to turn her on even more. He’d never demonstrably approved of anything she’d ever done and now, as she swayed rhythmically over him, allowing him to feel each twitch and roll of her muscles, he was blatantly encouraging her. He must know it was a dangerous thing to do—to provide someone who had so desperately sought his approval with a little taste of it. She was now desperate for more.

She leaned forward and grasped the high back of the chair, continuing to swivel her hips as she dipped down, dropping her exposed cleavage lower and lower until it swayed only millimetres from his parted lips. He drank in her display, eyes slightly shuttered as though he was also becoming increasingly intoxicated by their exchange. It fuelled her further. Swaying deeper until she was practically sitting in his lap, she brought her lips to his temple.

“Tell me you want me,” she murmured.

The fingers that continued to grasp her buttocks tightened, pulling her cheeks apart.

“I want you,” his voice, roughened by his recent efforts, slid into her, “to exchange places with me.”

She was so disappointed she could have bitten the shadowed skin of his cheek. It had taken a lot for her to finally work up the courage to cut through the pretence. Sighing, she stood and backed away
from his lap. He slid up from the chair but she was in two minds about whether to bother taking his place. This was clearly just another game for him. Petulantly, she finally sat. And crossed her arms. And legs.

With a half grin he knelt, extending one knee before grasping her foot and placing it on his thigh.

*What in Merlin’s name was he doing?*

With the utmost care, he proceeded to ease her high heel from her foot and place it on the floor before sliding his thumb with the most exquisitely placed pressure up the sole of her foot.

“Oh Gods!” she moaned, grasping the seat of the chair with both hands.

He brought his other hand in to join the first, squeezing and massaging her heel before rubbing along the arch and flexing her pinched toes.

She almost cried as hours of tension was gently eroded under his deft fingers. His thorough and sensuous disarticulation of her strained joints was pure bliss and when he grasped and lightly twisted each toe in turn she closed her eyes, sighing with ecstasy. He was totally forgiven. She couldn’t imagine anything better—well maybe a couple of things. But as she melted under his caress, she realised with utter contentment that she would gladly take this memory of her final evening with her; and she would cherish it. She really had so much to thank him for. Not only from this evening but from her entire time at Hogwarts. She just didn’t think she would ever get to do it—not in the way she wanted to.

After he’d returned both of her feet to soft pillowy flesh once again, he stood and held out his hand to her. When she took it, he pulled her to standing before drawing her to him and looking down into her face. It was the most open and unguarded she’d ever seen him and she realised then that he absolutely didn’t hate her. Far from it. Lifting his hand, he curled it around the back of her head and, with a swift twist, looped her hair into a loose knot before calling forth the pins from his coat and proceeding to carefully slide them into place. The sensation of each silver clip gently abrading her scalp as it slid home was yet another exquisite exchange within a night of many. And when he was done there was only one, less than adequate, phrase she could think to utter,

“Oh, thank you, Professor.”

He stepped back and gave a small, formal bow.

“Oh, thank you, Miss Granger.” He fixed her with a long, complex look. “It has been a genuine pleasure.”

Then he took her hand in his, bringing it to his lips and placing a chaste kiss upon the back before turning and walking away.

“The pleasure was all mine,” she whispered after him.
Chapter Notes

A/N: And here it is. Only because you asked/begged so nicely :) I still wonder if we are finished yet. What do you think?

For my friend Elle-Leigh – because she wanted it :)

Barely a moment had elapsed before his lithe form had melted away into the shadows, taking the music with it. Hermione stood, barefoot, listening to the silence. If her body hadn’t continued to extol the symphony of sensations he’d invoked, she might well have considered that she’d imagined the whole thing. But she was still wet. Sopping. The foot rub had had been exquisite but a vagina rub, she decided, was probably what she needed more.

Snape had asked her if she’d had ‘unfinished business’ at Hogwarts. The answer had been ‘no’—not until now. Now she felt it with excruciating certainty—the sense that she’d let a prime opportunity, an irretrievable moment, slip through her fingers. And she also knew that, when she eventually drifted back to her room, no amount of fantasizing was ever going to satisfy her needs; that cavernous well of desire was going to continue to bubble away deep inside.

The truth was that she wanted a taste of the real thing. Desperately. But did he want her? She’d given him the opportunity to say as much and he’d simply played with her words, returning them to her wrapped in more excruciating layers of enigma. If only he’d given her a little hint, a tiny inference—apart from almost grinding her to orgasm of course.

And then she saw it. His coat. Lying like a black calling card on the floor. Had he left it deliberately? She couldn’t imagine him forgetting such a thing—it was like a second skin after all. And while the hall had been magically warmed, the dungeons would be brass monkey cold. No, he wouldn’t have left it unless . . . She bit her lip, turning to gaze at the shadowed arch through which he’d disappeared. Had he left it for her? A not-so-subtle invitation to follow?

Crouching down, she picked it up and folded it neatly over her arm. She joggled it a little, testing its considerable weight before plucking a piece of confetti from the sleeve. Who was she kidding? She suddenly grabbed the thick wool in both hands and buried her face in it, inhaling deeply. The aroma was rich and fragrant, that delicious scent of his skin. She was instantly transported back to the intimacy of their exchange—she could feel him between her legs, rubbing sensuously against her. And she knew then that she would either be returning his coat to him or she would be taking it to her room and doing unmentionable things to it. She’d try for the former but she’d put up with the latter. Those shiny black buttons did look rather enticing after all—she was positive her clitoris would enjoy the opportunity to admire its reflection in each and every one of them.

Hermione wasn’t particularly shocked by where her mind had decided to go. She was far from the goody-two-shoes Gryffindor that most assumed her to be. What happened in the privacy of her own room and her own head would shock many of her friends. But if her own mind wasn’t hers to do with as she wished, then where else could she safely live out her many and varied fantasies? She might be the brightest witch of her age, but she suspected she was also one of the dirtiest witches of her age—at least in her mind. Although, admittedly, on this occasion her vivid imagination wasn’t going to be nearly sufficient; she would be looking to enact this particular fantasy in the flesh.
Wrapping the oversized garment around her shoulders, she grabbed her heels and purse and headed for the dungeons.

She was right. The dank dungeon corridors were bone-chillingly cold. She pulled the heavy coat around her shoulders as she tottered along the stone flags. This journey was definitely something she wouldn’t miss. In fact, it was only the promise of Snape’s class that had come to make the subterranean trip bearable. She’d actually enjoyed her final year of Potions with him and the opportunity to appreciate him as a scholar and not simply a cantankerous killjoy.

Now, as she headed for the Potions classroom, her stomach churned with a mixture of anticipation and dread. What if she’d totally misread the cues? What if he really had left his coat behind by accident? Or what if he’d planned to return for it? He could have simply headed off to complete his rounds and expected to retrieve it upon his return. He might be quite miffed to find it currently occupied.

Withdrawing her wand from her purse, she tentatively approached the classroom door. Another wave of doubt captured her but she managed to swallow it down before reaching for the handle, worn smooth by years of terrified hands. Turning the knob, she was surprised to find that it was already unlocked. Most unusual. Again, she couldn’t shake the feeling that she was expected. As she leaned her full weight against the door, it suddenly fell open, almost sending her sprawling into the pitch darkness that lay beyond. She tried to peer into the gloom but it was devoid of even the faintest hint of light. The door to his chambers, she knew, was somewhere in the rear wall but there didn’t seem to be any illumination from that direction either.

‘Lumos,’ she whispered, immediately casting a ghostly blue glow over the nearby desks, their shadows shimmering against the grey walls as she swept her wand in a slow arc.

Her teeth were suddenly chattering. And it wasn’t just the breath-stealing cold. This place was positively creepy. She was also struck by a sobering reality. Now that she’d danced off most of the alcohol, her brazen mission to find and seduce Snape seemed ambitious to say the least. Perhaps she should just turn around and—

Strong arms suddenly grabbed her from behind, sending her purse and wand tumbling to the ground.

His honeyed baritone purred against her ear.

“You appear to have something of mine... Miss... Granger.”

She nodded hurriedly, not daring to turn. “Your... your coat.”

“Yessss.” The serpentine sibilance of the word shivered down her neck. Then his lower hand proceeded to glide down the front of her silky dress before slowing to an agonising stutter over her pelvic bone.

“And thisss,” he whispered, his long fingers curling over her mons.

_Merlin’s bollocks!_ That was a hint that even she couldn’t miss.

What could she say? Snape capturing her in the darkness of his lair was so at odds with his gentlemanly foot rubbing and hand pecking, it was almost impossible to reconcile. She suspected now that he’d been holding back, trying not to force himself upon her—giving her the choice. And they’d been in the public space of the Great Hall after all. If she’d returned directly to her room, he would have left her feeling genuinely respected, even nurtured.

But she hadn’t. She’d come looking for him. It seemed that his coat had indeed been left in case
she’d wanted more. And once she’d accepted his invitation, she had the feeling that a whole different set of rules applied.

“Have you brought this for me?” he murmured, tapping his fingertips against the flesh of her labia.

Something slid down the back of her ear. It felt like the tip of his nose.

“Yes,” she replied huskily, trying to swallow down the constriction in her throat.

“Mmmmm.”

He began tracing lazy circles, tickling his fingers over the material covering her mound, drawing out a quiet gasp, while his other hand slithered beneath the neckline of her dress, skimming inside her bra to clamp onto one puckered bud.

“There’s a great deal I could do . . . with . . . these.” His voice dropped even lower as he increased the pressure of the digits sliding over her lips and rolling her aching nipples.

She sighed in response. This was like all of her fantasies rolled into one. She suspected that, like her, he could do a pretty convincing job of covering up his carnal intentions. But when the charade was dispensed of, as it was now, he could be capable of . . . extraordinary things. At least she dearly hoped so.

“What do you need?” His breath ghosted against the back of her neck, tickling under her hairline as he delicately milked one nipple between his fingertips.

It didn’t take a genius to work that out. Just dancing with him had nearly made her come.

“You know why I’m here,” she rasped, inhaling quickly as he pinched her nipple. *Was that the wrong answer?*

“What . . . do you want me to do . . . to you?” He drew out each word, the final one had his parted lips trailing sensuously down the ridgeline of her clenched jaw.

She was considering the truth, ‘whatever you want,’ but couldn’t risk losing her nipple altogether. If he wanted straight talking, he would get it.

“I want your cock.” The word clicked inside her throat. It felt impossibly surreal but also deeply erotic to be practically growling her desire to her Potions Professor, feeling her cheek brushing against his silken lips with every word. “I want to suck it. I want to use my mouth to convince you of how grateful I am. For everything.”

His breath came out in a warm sigh.

“Your presence here is enough. I do not need your gratitude.”

Perhaps she needed to elucidate.

“I also want the satisfaction of you coming in my mouth. I’d like to leave here with the knowledge that this mouth that has brought you so much grief, can also bring you the greatest of pleasure.”

The rapid burst of breath and slow rolling rumble from his chest told her he was laughing.

“Your mouth is all that has kept me sane this past year,” he muttered. “Demonstrating, amongst other things, that I’m not completely wasting my time.” His gravelly tone held a forthright honesty. “I find your knowledge and aptitude most . . . beguiling. In fact, you’ve made me hard on more than one
occasion. Hearing my words trip from your lips, enhanced and enriched by your own, has been deeply arousing. But imagining my cock sliding into your brilliant mouth at the same time has made it even more so.”

Hermione’s next breath was a moan. She couldn’t help it. She found intelligence a huge turn-on herself. That’s why she’d enjoyed his lessons so much despite consistently having to deny her feelings. But the thought that he’d fantasised about her in class was almost too much.

“I want you to fuck me too.” She emphasised the ‘fuck’ as she turned her face into his cheek. “This is my last night here. Fuck me hard. Give me something to remember.”

The next sound from him was a throaty growl. Deep and animalistic. He flatted both palms, grasping her entire breast in one and pressing the other against her labia, pulling her possessively into him.

“Nothing would give me greater pleasure,” he murmured huskily, flicking his tongue into her ear.

She shuddered, leaning into him, burying him deeper in her.

“Please,” she whimpered, eyes falling closed. “I really fucking want you.”

With a rough yank, he dragged the coat from her shoulders before his mouth was on her again, searingly hot against the chill of the dungeons. Her breath hitched at the startling juxtaposition of sensations that assailed the gentle rise of her neck. Soft, pliable lips, a probing, wet tongue and then the shivery graze of his teeth. She groaned as his fingers delved into her hair, tugging her head aside, exposing her further to him.

He alternated between sensuously laving her flesh and capturing it in ravenous mouthfuls, hands continuing to slide and grind against her, working her body into a frenzy of desire. His natural aroma and the heat of his breath combined to create a humid chamber of heady scent that flooded her sinuses as his mouth assaulted her, hard and hungry. Then, without warning, he sank his teeth into the back of her neck. Her entire body surged against him, a bolt of electricity shooting through her spine and fizzing into her scalp. He twisted her nipple at the same time and she cried out, her core burning with indescribable need.

Dragging his hands down her abdomen, leaving her muscles quivering in their wake, he leaned against her to grasp the fronts of her thighs, rubbing the sheer dress against them before slithering the material slowly up her skin. In agonising increments, he revealed her pale flesh, luminous in the light from her abandoned wand. Drawing his hands together, he pooled the material at her pelvis before twisting it around one fist to fully expose her tiny G-string. It had made her feel sexy to wear it. Now seeing the thin Y of cloth emblazoned against her glowing skin, the fingers of his free hand curling around to grasp the front, it looked fucking sexy too.

Suddenly, he yanked up the material so that it sliced between her buttocks and levered apart her labia, roughly abrading her clit.

She moaned and twisted her head, biting at his chin.

He dropped her dress and grasped her jaw with strong fingers.

“So you want something in your mouth do you?” he growled, lips twisted into a sexy snarl, before wrenching the G-string forcefully into her slit, and plunging his tongue into her open mouth when she cried out.

If he’d thought she would be intimidated by such a move, he was wrong. She twisted her body around, ignoring the painful bite of the G-string into her nether regions. Digging her fingernails into
the back of his neck, she dragged him down into her, hungrily sucking at his tongue, drinking deeply as she’d wanted to do almost from the start. He tasted fresh and a little spicy but rather than quenching her thirst, sucking on him just seemed to heighten it. Her carnal desire was playing out explicitly through her mouth but she was beyond trying to play hard to get. And as she began returning his thrusts, matching the serpentine undulations of his tongue with her own, she heard a deliciously low groan of desire rumble deep in his throat.

Sucking and lapping at his engorged lips, she felt his hands slither around to the bare globes of her buttocks, palming them with increasing intensity before suddenly grasping them to lift her against his body.

It was the tango all over again but this time there was no mistake, his rock-hard erection was more than evident, bowing like the trunk of a sapling under her weight, and grinding emphatically enough to make her G-string floss like a fan-belt against her throbbing clitoris.

And just like the tango, she was suddenly only a few short thrusts from orgasm. But she didn’t want to. Not like this.

Tearing her mouth away from his, panting heavily, she fixed him with her fiercest expression.

“There’s something else I want in my mouth. Right. . .now.”

He slowed his movements but continued to grind excruciatingly against her, knowing full well she was close. She tried to keep her eyes focused on him but she could feel them wanting to roll back, to slide away into ecstasy.

There was only one thing she could think to do.

“It’s my last night here,” she gasped, trying to hold on. “You might never see me again. Let me have it.”

His eyes shuttered slightly at her wheedling voice. She could tell he liked it.

“Please let me have it,” she crooned, kissing him gently on the corner of his mouth. “Let me taste it. Feel how hot. . .and wet. . .I am.” She suddenly engulfed his lips in hers and his breath hissed into her mouth before he dropped her to the ground.

She sighed with a mixture of relief and frustration. That was the second time she’d been on the cusp of orgasm that night. When it finally happened, she would be absolutely making the most of it. Until then, she was going to enjoy a little oral indulgence.

Stepping away from him she retrieved her wand from the ground and began by casting a warming charm on both of them. Even though her pussy was on fire, her feet, hands and nipples were freezing. And he was still without his coat—no doubt he would appreciate a little reprieve. Then she shot magical flames into the torches around the room before transfiguring her purse into a large flat pad. Her knees were going to need it.

“Professor, can I have you over here please?” She indicated his desk at the front of the room with a formal wave of her hand.

Frowning, he eyed her warily before acquiescing. She noted the prominent tenting of his trousers as he sauntered over and her mouth began to water in anticipation.

“If you would just rest your backside against the front of the desk. That’s it. Now cross your arms and keep frowning.”
His lip twitched momentarily before his practised frown returned.

“Now spread your legs apart, if you would be so kind.”

She revelled in the stark contrast between her politeness and her intentions. It clearly wasn’t lost on him either as one ironic eyebrow slid up. He did, however, do as requested, leaning against the desk with his legs spread wide enough for her to nestle in close.

“Perfect,” she breathed.

Then she approached and dropped her purse on the ground between his large boots, kicking off her own heels before kneeling before him. She placed her hands on his thighs, sliding them upwards as she tilted her head back to appraise him. It couldn’t be better—his classroom face scrutinising her, broad shoulders defiantly retracted, arms crossed expectantly. But all of this betrayed by small hints of impropriety, his tousled hair casting a shadow over one cheek, white shirt casually open at the neck, lips swollen and rouged from their exchange. And of course, veiled cock jutting into her face. Delicious.

Very slowly she edged her fingertips up to his groin, watching him closely. His nostrils flared as she brushed the contours of his prominent bulge but otherwise he maintained his impressive composure. At his fly, she found more buttons of course, but was happy to take her time. Starting at the top, she undid one, and then a second, revelling in the slow reveal of her Potions Professor’s most highly tuned instrument. Another button, then another. Her fingertips trickled from one to the next until they were all undone.

She could have yanked his trousers down right then but she didn’t want to ruin the illusion. She wanted him to look as proper as possible. At least at the beginning.

Instead, she pulled his fly apart for a look, only to discover still more material. Black silk boxers. What else? Reaching in, she found the slit at the front of them, slithered her small hand through the dark opening like some sort of intrepid snake wrangler and closed in on the prize. She could tell by just the feel—warm and velvety but with a throbbing core, fully engorged—it was going to be a succulent indulgence.

With a small amount of rummaging, she managed to line up his cock with the opening and finally liberate it from its confines. His dick was even more impressive in person, a thick fleshy bar, cast in gold by the torchlight. She heard him snort faintly above her. No doubt it was the expression on her face. She was ogling and fondling his silken shaft even more gratuitously than she’d been ogled and fondled throughout the evening. She felt a bit hypocritical but clearly he didn’t mind.

Hermione had to tilt her head a little to get the right angle but she was determined to watch his face as she took him. She would be able to tell a lot in that moment. Grasping the base, she tested her action, stroking him gently. That same humming vibration was there, singing faintly against her palm. She wondered what it would feel like against her tongue and maybe even rubbing in other places. Her insides surged again at the thought, but she needed to deal with the first thing first.

She was far from an expert at sucking cocks but was confident she would make up for any shortfall with enthusiasm. After all, there was absolutely nothing and no one she could imagine wanting more in that moment. Years of history had been compressed into this singular exchange and there was unlikely to be another opportunity for her to express the complex mixture of emotions that now consumed her.

With that in mind, she fixed her eyes on his as her lips fell apart and she placed a wet kiss against the underside of his member. Its immediate twitch in her hand mimicked the tiny spasm that ticked
through his cheek. Her next kiss included a lot more tongue and trailed up his warm contours before ending with her lips loosely nipping him. His chest expanded far beyond resting and his lips moved slightly in time with hers, as one sometimes does when feeding another. It was so endearing she found her mouth curling into a smile as her tongue flicked out to taste his smooth head. The warm muskiness against her tongue was both intimate and raw and she heard her own satisfied sigh as she laved forward to sample the golden pearl crowning his tip.

She witnessed his faltering frown as she withdrew her tongue and closed her eyes to focus on remembering his special taste. When she opened them again, his frown had been replaced by an expression of such naked desire that she decided she’d better start sucking before he determined that he needed to ravage her again.

Tipping his cock toward her, she lowered her mouth over his head, watching his eyes shutter and jaw go slack. He was in ecstasy and she found herself loving it. She loved that she was responsible for doing it to him. Her writhing tongue explored every firm bulge and taut ridge as she suctioned around him, sliding her hand in rhythmic strokes up and down his velvety length. His shoulders sagged forward and his arms were no longer rigidly folded. It was as though he was melting under the heat of her hungry mouth.

Leaning over him, she lowered her jaw and took him more deeply into her. After a few languorous nods of her head, her tight lips sliding over his slippery skin, she opened her throat to accommodate a little more, her tongue pulsing him against her soft palate. And then he fell apart altogether. His hands were on her, surging into her hair, grasping at her—the hands of a man consumed with desire. And he was vocalising with abandon, each of her movements drawing a fresh grunt or moan. They were sounds she’d never heard him make in eight years—sounds that very few would have heard and yet she was fortunate enough to hear them now. They drove her to bob faster, to force him deeper.

“Fuck!” The tight expletive tore from somewhere throaty and raw and she knew he was close. Just a few more—

“Hermione,” he rasped, grabbing the sides of her jaw with both hands to pull her back.

She looked up at him in confusion. He was breathing heavily.

“If I come in your mouth,” he swallowed, shaking his head apologetically, “I’m not going to be much good for anything else.”

She didn’t particularly care at that point. She had wanted to take him—to have a forever moment that she could look upon and remember.

Suddenly his mouth curled up in a surprisingly boyish grin and he chuckled down at her. “Don’t look so disappointed.”

He grabbed her hands that were still on his cock and pulled her up to standing. Drawing her close, he threaded his fingers into her hair.

“Since this is your last evening, there are a few things I would like to leave you with.”

He’d regained control of his delicious voice and it would, of course, be enough to convince her of anything.

“Although I must admit,” he continued to caress her, “that these thoughts weren’t devised this
evening. Or even recently. You must know that . . .”

Hermione was stunned. Did she know that? Maybe she did. Again, denial was a powerful thing. She’d surprisingly easily fallen into wanting and chasing him this evening. Perhaps it had been building to this all along. She searched his face, struggling to reconcile the thought of him desiring her with his behaviour throughout the past year. He hadn’t just been holding back this evening, he’d clearly been restraining himself so comprehensively for so long that he’d been positively distant.

She sighed, wondering if things might have been different between them. But, in reality, there was no point lamenting what could have been. He was here now, in the flesh, and it was time to give herself to him—to what had been simmering within him, within both of them, for longer than either of them was possibly aware. And she was more than ready. Sucking him had driven her back to the edge again. It wouldn’t take much.

“I’m all yours,” she murmured, gazing up at him with an expression that she hoped communicated her honest, unfettered desire for him.

The hot embers that suddenly flared in his black orbs and the intensity that captured his jaw told her that it did, and that he was absolutely planning to give her something to remember. He started by placing one large hand on each of her shoulders and hooking his thumbs under the thin straps of her dress, gradually sliding them over her smooth curves before dragging the sheer material down her body, allowing it to drop in a satiny pool at her feet. Then in one smooth movement, he reached behind her and flicked the clasp on her strapless bra, letting it fall away to reveal her pert breasts, warmed by the incantation but still straining towards him. She was now completely naked except for her very brief G-string. He was the opposite, fully dressed except for his deliciously tumescent cock that stood in stark relief against his black trousers. As it bobbed toward her, she had to consciously stay herself; it was his turn, she would have to wait.

Dark eyes roving hungrily over her skin, he suddenly raised his hand.

“Accio!”

His coat, which had been discarded just inside the classroom door, flew into his fist and he proceeded to lay it on the desk behind him before lifting her easily and placing her on top of it. It seemed she was going to get a chance to become intimate with that particular garment after all.

From her slightly surreal position reclining on his desk, she watched his face closely as he leaned over her before placing both hands on her warm skin, skimming them over her naked body as though he couldn’t quite believe he had her there, taking stock of every inch of what she was offering him. When he reached her face, he cupped her so tenderly that she was quite overcome. He did nothing but look into her eyes for so long that she wondered, despite his desirous expression, if he might be having second thoughts. Then he unleashed himself on her.

Like a serpent striking, he captured her lips, driving his tongue passionately into her mouth and twining his fingers into her thick locks. Simultaneously, she slid her hands around his neck, pulling him into her. She was equally desperate, determined to savour his taste as she planned to rely heavily upon her wicked imagination in the months to come.

His mouth seized her bottom lip, sucking it into a swollen bud, before sliding off and ravenously plundering her neck as his hands grasped both breasts. She arched back with a needy moan as his teeth grazed against her throat, deft fingers rolling and plucking at her aching nipples which hummed with magical energy. Only seconds later, one sensitised nipple was completely engulfed by his warm, wet mouth and it spoke directly to her pussy as he sucked and flicked it forcefully with his powerful tongue.
Hermione threaded her fingers into his raven hair, encouraging him with needy pressure. She didn’t ever want him to let up—this was utterly divine.

He seemed to be gaining just as much pleasure from the experience as his sighs and moans matched hers in both frequency and intensity. Then his lips dragged from her breasts down her clenching abdomen, licking, sucking and nipping at her as his fingers trailed ahead, sliding under the thin elastic of her G-string, teasing it down over her hips but leaving a small window of fabric over her lips.

When he suddenly stood, Hermione released a small cry of disappointment which had him smirking again—a sexy little curl of his upper lip, before he placed two fingers on her abdomen, sliding them down toward her pussy as he worked his way from the side of the desk, around to the end where he could now position himself between her bent knees. He flashed her a dangerous look before lowering his face and tickling a trail of soft, warm kisses up her inner thigh. Hermione balled her fists over her eyes, unable to withstand his sensuous teasing.

“Severus?” The word came to her surprisingly easily, as did the whimpering need in her voice. “Please don’t make me wait any more . . . it’s been too long.”

The low vibration in his throat as he licked out into the crevice between her inner thigh and her labia told her that he more than agreed.

Then he was tonguing her lips through the fabric, sucking the pulsing flesh into his mouth. She could feel the damp and heat but not the sensation of skin on skin and it nearly drove her insane. Her hands dove into his hair again, nails grazing his scalp in proportion to the desire she felt for his tongue to be inside her.

Suddenly his teeth grazed against the skin over her pubic bone before clamping onto the elastic of the G-string and tearing the entire thing off her. The raw carnality of it was like a red hot rod driven up her core. And it was lucky that his tongue suddenly returned to delve between her lips, otherwise she would be impaling herself upon any part of him that she could find.

“Unnhhhh,” she moaned, spreading her legs apart and tilting her hips to allow him better access to her aching channel. But he didn’t go there immediately, instead flicking his tongue over and around the throbbing nub of her clitoris. She arched into him, trying to create a little more friction and he chuckled again, warm gushes of breath flooding over her clit before his tongue finally slid down, licking around her dripping opening before finally plunging inside.

“Yessss,” she hissed, inhaling deeply as though she could suck him even further into her.

His tongue was exquisite; she’d never known anything like it. Each powerful stroke was both an emphatic expression of his deep desire, as well as an intimate caress of her womanhood. She rocked her hips against him, her mouth falling open as his penetrating thrusts became more forceful. The tension in her core was back—building quickly around his deliciously adept muscle. His thumb was on her clitoris, rubbing it gently as his tongue continued to lave against her tightening walls.

He was going to taste her as she came. She knew it was a deliberate choice—she didn’t need to warn him. And so she just let it happen. The swelling balloon of tension rapidly built in her core, tipping her past the point of no return. And she was gone.

“Gods!” A bucking frenzy captured her hips and she lost all sense of where he was as she slammed her pussy into his face. Her muscles had been edged so many times already that evening that they clamped and seized in a frenzy of waves more violent than she could ever remember. As the guttural cry died in her throat, she was dimly aware of a stream of juice squirting from her and running down
her backside onto his coat beneath her. Drawing in heaving breaths, she eventually blinked herself back to awareness, feeling the final contractions rolling through her pelvis and realising with some surprise that he was still with her, drawing out the final waves of her orgasm with his tongue and fingers.

She watched him as he finished between her thighs then, before rising, place a single gentle kiss at the apex of her labia. It was an incredibly intimate gesture and certainly not for her viewing benefit. More like a private farewell than anything else.

Well if he thought that was the case, he had another thing coming. She might be in the throes of some serious aftershocks from her last orgasm but there was no way she was leaving without having his cock inside her. She pushed herself up on the desk and, with a surprising amount of strength, driven no doubt by a desperate desire not to miss out on another opportunity, grabbed him by the shirt front and dragged him up onto the desk with her.

“Miss Granger.” He smirked, propping himself on his arms over her as he watched her fingers frantically pulling open his shirt buttons. “Am I to assume that you weren’t satisfied by my . . . approach?”

“You are to assume,” she murmured breathily, tearing the final buttons open before straining up to push his trousers down over his hips, “that for some things and . . . certain people . . . my appetite is rather . . . insatiable.”

“Really?” He inhaled deeply as her hand closed around his liberated cock.

“Yes, really,” she grunted as she hooked her foot into his trousers and pushed them down the rest of the way, forcing them under his knees before kicking them onto the ground.

“Come here, you,” she muttered, hooking one hand around his neck and pulling his mouth down onto hers at the same time as she clutched his buttocks and forced his hips forward, driving his cock into her sopping channel.

“Oh God, that’s good,” she breathed into his mouth.

“Exquisite,” he sighed against her lips as he settled himself around her and began thrusting deeply.

Hermione closed her eyes to absorb every delicious sensation of him filling her. His cock alone was impressive enough but those hips that had expertly ground and swivelled against her earlier in the evening were beyond incredible. Every thrust was perfection, hitting her in the sweet spot, rekindling her arousal with a few short minutes. Soon her thighs were wrapped around his pumping hips and her arms around his shoulders as through she were determined to consume him whole. And in some ways she was. She wanted to capture the entirety of him and how he felt against her, inside her, around her. For later on when . . . well, just for later.

Unfortunately she had to stop kissing him as she was finding it hard to breathe as he brought her closer to orgasm.

“Severus,” she ground out. “Why didn’t you tell me before now?”

He lifted his head to look her in the eyes, continuing to drive himself deeply into her.

“I was unsure of how I would be . . . received.” His voice held a tight honesty.

A wave of sadness and a strange possessiveness suddenly swamped her.
“This is how you would have been received,” she rasped, tilting her pelvis and squeezing his cock inside her as hard as she could.

His jaw dropped open and his eyelashes fluttered closed as a needy groan escaped his chest. After a few long moments his eyes reopened and found hers.

“Then this is how I would have responded,” he murmured thickly as he propped himself up, grabbing her under one knee and pushing her leg back against her chest until her pelvis was tilted at an acute angle, enabling him to use the impeccable swing of his hips to ream and penetrate her so completely that it made her head spin.

No longer capable of speaking, she simply moaned with each thrust, clinging to his broad shoulders as he drove her over the edge into oblivion.

“Severus!” she cried out, exalting in the sensation of her muscles finally coming around a firm, deeply-embedded cock and especially the knowledge of whose cock it was. And as she bucked against him, she was captured with an even greater euphoria as she felt him driving into her harder and harder until he suddenly choked out a final word, “Hermione!” before his cock began jerking and pulsing inside her. He ground his pelvis against her as he drove his come home and her muscles sucked at it gratefully before she finally collapsed back onto the desk, a smile of deep satisfaction on her face.

He smiled down at her in return, his chest rising and falling against hers.

“It would seem that satiation has finally been achieved,” he purred before gently kissing her smiling lips.

“Perhaps,” she whispered against him. “Although I am wondering if you have any other . . . unfinished . . . business?”
Chapter Notes

A/N: So the general consensus seemed to be to go for another chapter.

Thanks to LyricalFury for the suggestion of progressing to Sev’s POV.

On the off chance that we think another chapter could be squeezed out of this. Do you think it should be from Hermione’s POV, Sev’s POV or both?

Unfinished business? Severus’ cock was still embedded to the hilt in her slick warmth. He could still feel her walls hitching and grabbing around him. There wasn’t another type of business, unfinished or otherwise, that he could possibly entertain whilst his cock remained in repose, superbly snug, basking blissfully in her tropical heat. And she had him smiling too, another unfamiliar but surprisingly pleasant undertaking. All he wanted was for it to continue. All of it.

And it had been such an unlikely scenario only hours before. Casually sauntering into the hall, all supple andfetchingly feline in clingy black—she had been the most coveted creature in the room, wizards tripping over their dicks to get to her. And he’d been left prowling the perimeter like some superfluous and highly ineffective bodyguard—scrutinising every wayward hand that strayed onto her tight curves, every gratuitous grope that lingered, his fingers prickling with unspent hexes. He’d purposefully tortured himself with it—reaffirmed her inaccessibility to him. It was pure self-flagellation, a pathetic finale to an entire year of torture. And more.

And then this.

What was this? What was she actually doing here? Her nubile nakedness lay spreadeagled on his desk, succulently sandwiched between his less than adequate body and his frock coat—that buttoned piece of bait that had finally lured her in.

But really. What was she doing here? Rich brown eyes gazing up at him, drawing him into their depths, sucking with their savage intelligence, but also twinkling, dancing, even tangoing, with something more . . . something tantalising and . . . decidedly . . . wickedly . . . wicked . . .

He kissed her then to avoid falling in further—to keep from losing himself. But she was so impossibly soft against his lips, warm dewy petals opening to him; now turning earnest, tenacious and desperately unyielding. She had an edge. Always. And now he knew why. She liked to fuck.

And, he suspected, a lot more besides.

He’d known she wanted him. She’d told him. But he’d needed to make sure. He hadn’t wanted to take advantage of her and her penchant for drunken sentimentality (he’d seen it before). Nor did he want it to be a simple slip of the dick in the heat of the moment. He’d wanted her to make the deliberate choice. And she’d made it.

But it was still almost unfathomable after all this time—that she should choose to spend her final evening here, pulsing gently beneath him.

“Am I to assume, then, that you have no further business . . . with . . . me?”
Her indulged lips pouted a little. He’d found she wasn’t averse to going there—to wheedling and cajoling to get her own way. The contrast with her usual brand of fiery feminism he found fascinating. And as she pinched her bottom lip between perfect teeth, the coquettish query quirling up the corner of her mouth, he found that it tugged directly at his cock—a fresh shot of blood surging south. Did she feel him awakening inside her? Did she know the effect that she had on him?

The tip of her index finger trailed across his bottom lip, riding the curve of his chin before trickling down to his Adam’s apple where it lingered.

“Cat . . . got your tongue?”

She clearly wanted him to respond. But the fingertip that skimmed over his throat told him that it wasn’t just the words that she was after. He was more than aware of the potent virility of that particular part of his anatomy. And he knew how to wield it for maximum impact—to impale deeply.

“I am yet . . . to finish . . . with you,” he intoned darkly, his gravelly purr intending to strip away a few layers of her feigned innocence.

He felt her breath catch against him and that wicked spark flared in her eyes. He smirked. His words had so easily tapped into the wellspring of her libidinous intent. He’d always suspected that she was far dirtier than she appeared, but she’d done an exceptionally good job of concealing it from him—as he had from her. She’d seemed genuinely shocked by the way he’d tangoed her to the brink of orgasm. But the way her eyelids had sunk like half-moons as he’d ground into her, slipping over the swell of her deliciously dilating pupils, he’d known that she was imagining all manner of sordidity.

And he saw the same now. Her eyes were fixed on his but her mind was trawling elsewhere. And it was then that he decided that his unfinished business was to discover where she’d gone—to uncover what was slithering around in the salacious sewers of her mind. And to perhaps capture one of those lascivious fantasies for himself. To prime her with her own perverse desires and watch the result. There were but a few hours left after all. But would she let him?

Fuck. She was rocking again—rhythmically squeezing his cock inside her silken sheath. It turned out that absorbing every moment of her flagrant flirtation and then imagining slipping in to uncover her most deviant desires, was enough to turn his cock back to granite. And she clearly wasn’t one to waste even the hint of a hard-on. Before he could stop them, his hips had taken off too, driving forcefully into her. How old was he? Eighteen? His dick hadn’t had a turnaround time like this in decades. Still, it hadn’t often had such a reason to perform. Now it was on a tight deadline. So incredibly tight.

He grunted as he worked against her pulsing constriction. Despite being practically strangled in her vice-like grip, his cock continued to pump steadfastly into her, clearly intent upon injecting as much of his seed into her as possible. Why? There was really no suitable explanation beyond the instinctive, the primal—the need to mark her. And he wasn’t above that motivation as it turned out. It was her final evening. But no matter where she went after this she would be marked by him, inside and out—if only for a short time. Still, he reflected, a pervasive heaviness capturing his chest despite the joy of hammering into her—a vision that had graced his most fervid fantasies for longer than he cared to remember—regardless of how much he managed to cover her in his essence, it would be unlikely to last much longer than any lingering thoughts she may have of him. After this she would be gone—spreading her wings and soaring headlong into a world full of far more than he could ever offer her.

But as her eyes shuttered and a sigh escaped her delectably parted lips, he managed to focus on the enticing column of her throat, finally losing himself in the intensity of his rapacious plundering. Latching onto her again, he sank his teeth in and sucked deeply before working over the marks he’d
made in his previous round of feasting. She cried out in return but it was all lust. And it drove him to plunge harder.

She was fortunate in many ways to have gotten away with only a few burgeoning bruises, and a relatively restrained trail of nips and grazes. In reality, he was barely managing to hold back. It felt—as his feelings surged and mounted, bubbling hot and viscid like lava—as though eating her may be the only way he could possibly satisfy the depth of his need for her—to take her fully within him. It was such a ridiculous notion considering the circumstances; but his desire didn’t always obey logic. If it did, he might have managed to talk himself out of his crazed lust for her before it had reached such unrealistic proportions.

His entire rounds this past year had been spent trying to catch glimpses of her—walking by the lake, sitting cross-legged reading on a patch of sunny grass, or laughing and sharing a conspiratorial word, usually with the Weasley girl. Mealtimes were only bearable because he could pretend to listen to some inane drivel whilst stealing glances at her over his clasped hands. He’d noticed that she’d become less animated over the years, usually listening and smiling at conversations around her or sometimes even reading a book whilst stirring absently at a bowl of soup. She was increasingly lost in her thoughts. He found himself wanting to know where she’d gone. One of his favourite past-times had been to borrow and return books to the library, usually unread since his private collection was generally far superior, only for the opportunity to spy on her as she studiously pored over a teetering pile of her own. He would watch as, deep in thought, she trailed the tip of her quill along the succulent pad of her bottom lip. And he would imagine that it was him, any part of him, sliding sensuously against her.

And now all of that had inexplicably been replaced by this—this woman, wrapping her damp thighs around him and squeezing at his cock so forcefully, that his balls were quivering in frantic anticipation of his imminent release. He no longer pined over those lips because they were here, trailing against his jaw, releasing bursts of steamy breath against his skin. And just to reinforce the point he turned his head and licked between them. Her keening moan lifted him, imbuing him with a fresh wave of lust that had him pounding into her cervix so forcefully that she howled and clawed at him, scoring her fingernails down his shoulders.

“Severus!!” she cried, dragging him over the edge with her. As his cock surged with wave after wave of come, he could feel her deepest muscles sucking at him, drawing the streams of release from his twitching balls until he was grunting and shuddering in his new favourite place to be—buried as deeply inside her pulsing channel as was physically possible.

He knew that withdrawing from her was going to leave him feeling bereft. He’d spoiled himself by remaining inside her, filling her pussy with two hot, long-awaited loads—as though she were finally his.

She wasn’t smiling at him. This time she was gazing intently into his eyes, then snaking her hand around his neck and pulling him down to brush her lips sensuously against his. Unfortunately both his mind and his cock instantly misread the cues—for them this was the tender caress of a lover.

Fuck!

“Severus,” she murmured, her lips curling into an apologetic smile as she rested her forehead against his. “I’m afraid that my back really hurts.”

Of course it did. He’d tried to fuck her through the desk. Twice.

“I wondered if you might be able to work a bit of magic on it? After all, your earlier foot massage was quite . . . sumptuous.”
In one fluid motion he suddenly lifted and rolled her off the desk until they were both standing. He’d gladly deliver more sumptuousness for the opportunity to hear that word slipping through her deliciously ripe lips again. But, in reality, he was more grateful for the opportunity to defuse the intensity somewhat. The hammering in his chest told him that his feelings for her had gone way past simple infatuation and were now at a level that was threatening to overwhelm all sense of rationality.

He managed to loosen the constriction in his throat sufficiently to accomplish his trademark drawl, “If you’d kindly bend over my desk.” He gazed at her nakedness, homing in on her pure physicality once again in an attempt to force aside any remaining shreds of his ridiculously whimsical longing. He was also aware that his words were emulating her previous polite lasciviousness. Perhaps it would lighten the mood?

She gave him a final heated look, confirming that the mood hadn’t lightened whatsoever—remaining exceedingly hot and heavy—and that she was, indeed, insatiable. Then she turned and bent gratuitously in front of him so that her perfect globes brushed the tip of his wilting cock. He shuddered—and this time he knew it wasn’t the bleak cold of the dungeons that had him firmly in its grasp.

Taking a deep breath, he reached into one of the desk drawers, retrieving the bottle of oil that he used as the base for certain potions, to season the chopping boards and, as it turned out, to rub into the rump of certain students that happened to drop by and were keen for an all-night fuck-a-thon.

Murmuring a warming incantation, he dispensed a generous amount into his palm before rubbing his hands together and placing them on her lower back.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned, straining her head up a little from where it had been resting against his coat.

That was hardly a promising start. It wasn’t that he didn’t relish the thought of her succulent body oiled up and writhing around like some slippery succubus between his palms. It was just that he could feel his meagre reserves of control waning further. This was unchartered territory for him. To desire and actually receive was so utterly foreign that he felt his body and mind quite split on how to proceed. His head considered that he should be avoiding any further temptation if he wasn’t confident of his self-control, but his body, and particularly his cock—currently doing its best to nestle into the warm crevice of her buttocks—clearly had other plans.

Placing his thumbs together over her tailbone, he increased the pressure before gliding upward, rolling over her supple musculature, cresting against her vertebrae and surging into her pressure points, drawing another breathy moan from her depths. He worked the heels of his hands up both sides of her spine, leaving a sheen of warm oil in their wake as his thumbs kneaded each sensitive knot. He slithered his way up to her shoulders, sliding over her curves until the tightness gradually subsided and she had stopped convulsing in response to his ministrations. He found himself revelling in the hypnotic hills and valleys of her flesh, causing him to lose all sense of time before she finally lay placidly prone and sighing beneath him.

When he finally lifted his hands, he considered that she may, in fact, be sleeping. But the withdrawal of his touch seemed to instantly arouse her and she reached back with surprising speed to grasp his wrist.

“I wondered if you might be able to go a little . . . lower,” she murmured, her face still buried in his coat.

His jaw firmed. She was a succubus—a beautiful, glowing golden demoness, determined to drive him into inexorable insanity.
Without responding, he retrieved another handful of warmed oil, liberally lacquered his palms, then slid them down her buttocks. She thrust back into him and he instantly suspected that this particular massage request didn’t have relaxation as its goal. As he ran his thumbs down each side of her crevice, she writhed against him, causing him to slip between her cheeks. His coat was suddenly seized in a death grip between her fists.

_It was like that was it?_ Maybe he didn’t need to see inside her mind after all. It seemed she would tell, or at least show, him what she wanted whether she was aware of it or not. Driving his fingers into the muscles of her cheeks, he heard her exhale with a soft whine as she arched under him. He worked at a leisurely pace down the side of each shapely curve before drawing his finger slowly up the centre. Gasping, she slid her legs apart further before surging against him as he ghosted over her puckered entrance. She was so utterly wanton, he felt himself inexplicably starting to swell again. His cock seemed to be fighting through its depletion, refusing to allow the blatantly arousing vision of her trying to service herself on his slippery digits to go unacknowledged.

He repeated the process, but this time when he arrived at the scalloped edge of her opening, he was suddenly halted by her fingers as they reached back to grasp him, holding him in place. Then, without looking at him—probably refusing to since this was no doubt challenging her on many levels—she extended his oiled index finger and gradually pressed it into her constriction as she eased herself back against him. As the tip slipped inside her tight ring, she inhaled deeply and her head arched back before dropping in a sensuous roll that he could only interpret as ecstasy. It was so delicious to watch her impaling herself on him, he didn’t feel he could interfere and so he remained stock still, letting her encroach further and further until he was buried as deeply inside her as possible.

Feeling her muscles twitching and constricting around him made his cock leap up in jealous indignation. And as her head sank back to his coat, he gradually slipped his finger out before gliding it back into her.

“**Ohhhh,**” she breathed, gripping the edge of the desk with both hands.

He’d never seen anyone who seemed to enjoy the raw sensation quite as much as she clearly did. It turned him on so much to see her letting him in on one of her most intimate secrets—and letting herself love it. He finger fucked her with one digit until he felt her muscles release a little and then tried sliding two in. It turned out to be the right move.

“**Severusss,**” she hissed, curling her head forward before lifting it back with his frock coat clamped between her teeth. It would have been amusing if it wasn’t so fucking sexy. And if she hadn’t suddenly dropped it and addressed him with a needy whine.

“**Will you fuck me in there?**” Her expression was earnest. “**Will you fuck me with your cock? Please?**”

_Why was she pleading?_ His dick was already dancing a jig of joy.

But he couldn’t get ahead of himself.

He halted his fingers inside her. “Are you sure that’s what you want?”

She fixed him with a look that was both fierce and trusting. “**Make me sure.**”

_Merlin’s Balls! Why would she trust him to be the first to fuck her in the arse?_ He certainly hadn’t been gentle with her so far. Or perhaps it wasn’t gentle that she wanted. Maybe she’d sensed that he could be trusted not to balk at such a request. And in that she was correct. It wouldn’t be the first
time he’d done it. But it would be the first time with someone he desired as much as he wanted her. He already knew he was testing the limits of his control. Could he trust himself?

He took in her furrowed brow, the tightness in her fine features, but also the dark desire roasting in her eyes. He’d managed to leave her after the tango. He would leave her again if he had to—if she needed it. But right now she seemed to want him. And he wanted her. Too much. She’d asked him to make her sure. And he would. He’d make her love it. Even if she didn’t love him.

His mouth ticked up as he gave a brief nod. She seemed to relax then. As if asking the question had been worse than the prospect of what he was about to do to her. Grabbing the bottle of oil, he proceeded to coat his dick with one practised fist before returning to slip his slick digits into her hole. The sudden inspiration through her nose but relatively unimpeded entry told him she was sensitised to him but primed and ready.

Grasping his shaft with a steady hand that belied his thumping heart, he guided the tapered head to her entrance. When they met, it seemed an impossibility—that tiny hole accommodating a cock the size of his. Still, he knew it would happen, it would just have to be a gradual undertaking.

Sliding one hand down the back of her leg, he lifted her behind the knee, drawing her leg up until it was bent, pulled in tight and resting on the desk beside her naked torso. Her other toe was barely touching the ground but she wouldn’t need it, his cock would be her anchor. And he needed to be able to swivel her smoothly around that point. After all, it was not unlike dancing when done properly.

When he placed a hand on her shoulder, she was trembling slightly. He might have been concerned if he hadn’t just observed the scorching heat in her gaze—it was anticipation rather than fear. He held her in his sure grasp until he felt her noticeably relax before sliding down her bare arm to grasp her wrist, bringing it back until her hand was resting on her flexed knee, curling his fingers around hers to indicate she should hold it there. The position would enable her to stay as open to him as possible whilst allowing the most natural angle for his cock to penetrate her. He also had another plan, but she’d have to wait to discover that part.

Releasing her fingers, he splayed his hand across her other cheek, stretching it wide before repositioning his bulbous head at her entrance.

“I trust you, Severus,” she whispered as he butted against her seething opening.

She shouldn’t. Clenching his jaw, he pushed forward with a single thrust of his powerful hips. A sharp exhalation blasted through his lips. She was so fucking tight. If he hadn’t been well lubricated, he wouldn’t have stood a chance. As she panted, head propped against her forearm, he forced himself in further, pushing against her clenching muscles until he finally felt the firm ridge of his head clamp inside her. Her neck arched up and she started moaning breathily. Holding himself steady despite the mounting desire to shove into her, he rubbed his thumbs along the cramping muscles of her buttocks, encouraging them to relax—to accommodate his solid intrusion.

Rocking his hips in infinitesimal increments, he gradually worked himself into her tract, pulling out before pushing in to allow her seizing muscles to adapt. If he’d thought her pussy had had him in a stranglehold, it was nothing compared to the current cock constriction that had his throbbing appendage engorging until his balls ached again for release. He could hardly believe he was on the boil again, cooking up another load. But how couldn’t he be? His cock was now buried over halfway inside her delicious virgin opening, squeezed inside it like a finger inside a tight fist. He’d wanted her for so long and now he was watching her wanting him. It was purely physical, but it was raw and brave and exquisite. He grasped both of her hips and surged into her.
“Uuuhhhh!” she groaned, her head pitching backwards.

It took a few grunting breaths before she found her voice again. Meanwhile he was working some longer strokes, encroaching further into her passage.

“Severus, I . . . I’ve always wanted to do . . . thissss,” she hissed as he forged ahead, reaming his head into her. She caught her breath before continuing, “But I’ve never . . . found the right person.”

*He wasn’t the right person. Not for her.* He might want her desperately but he didn’t believe that she would ever choose him. Not for anything beyond a bit of mutual pleasuring. And even that had seemed a near impossibility until this evening.

“But your cock is so . . . beautiful.”

His eyes fell closed as his heart staggered. *What was she trying to do to him?*

And for someone who had never indulged in anal sex previously, she was doing a pretty good job of meeting his thrusts now, clenching and releasing despite her lack of purchase on the ground. It was the most delectable cock milking he’d ever experienced and he found himself reflecting gratefully upon his two previous orgasms—otherwise he would have been gone long ago. As it was, he considered that he only just had sufficient time to finish her off—to make her scream—before he did.

Rolling her onto her extended hip, the next thrust had the broad face of his cock screwing against her rectum. A long rising moan escaped her as he pushed her flexed leg up a little higher before sliding two fingers inside her exposed pussy. He was now in a perfect position to press against her inner wall from both sides, his cock sliding in emphatically from his new angle and now his long digits gliding along the back wall of her vagina. The feel of his own fingers stroking his cock through that thin barrier of flesh might have been erotic for him but for her it seemed to be utterly mind-blowing. He split his fingers and reamed his cock between them, and her face, which was now tilted slightly towards him seemed to lose all tone, her eyelids fluttering closed as her mouth fell open. She made little noise as she fisted his frock coat in her small hands and he wondered if he was hurting her before she finally spoke, her voice breathy and distant,

“I don’t know what you’re doing to me. But don’t . . . ever . . . stop.”

A smirk flickered across his lips ahead of the slick tip of his tongue as he grasped her hip firmly with one hand and twisted the other inside her, curling his fingers into the bumpy ridge on her front wall. She was so petite that the thumb of the same hand easily reached her swollen clitoris, encouraging it with deft, insistent nudges as his fingers rhythmically kneaded her inner wall, driving her toward the inevitable.

She was making noises like she wanted to come—raw and primal. He loved that he had taken her there, stripped away everything to leave her with no means of expression beyond her base instincts. The two of them had come so far in only one evening. Imagine how far they could have gone if . . . He tilted his head in a half ‘no’, frowning with the effort of trying to focus on the task at hand. There was no value in wishing. He just needed to finish this off—this, the most extraordinary night of his life.

Her primitive grunting and gasping, and her clamping sphincter around his pumping cock, had him rapidly careening toward the edge. Increasing the speed of his agitating fingers, he felt everything of hers draw together around him, gathering like a perfect storm. He was plunging so emphatically, everything focused on their heaving groins—including his blood supply—that he was starting to see stars. He had never come so many times in quick succession and it felt like this one was being drawn
from somewhere deeper than ever before.

“Gods!” she moaned before suddenly exploding. “Severus!” Her scream echoed off the stone walls as she convulsed under him, her legs stiffening and her back arching as the contractions seized her. The sensation of her warm juices spraying his palm was his final undoing.

“Hermione,” he gasped. “I love—” a searing bolt shot through him, “—this!” His balls erupted, ejecting his biggest load yet from Merlin-knows-where, liberally coating the walls of her pulsing tract. His eyes rolled back as wave after wave captured him until he felt his legs quaking, about to collapse.

It was only when he became aware that his fingers were practically embedded in her twitching hip that he managed to finally surmount the paralysis that had captured him, withdrawing his dripping fingers and exhausted cock from her warmth of her slick channels.

She still lay heaving on the desk, face buried in his coat. Gently, he rolled her over and lifted her in his arms. Her glassy eyes were barely open but there was a beatific smile on her lips. She must be exhausted.

“You need to go to bed,” he murmured, unable to hold himself back, dipping down to brush his lips against her chin.

“Yes,” she responded quietly.

A small sigh escaped him. Even though he’d know that this time was coming, it didn’t make it any easier to accept.

“I need to go to a bed.”

His lips curled against her cheek. *That’s my girl.*

Reaching out, he flicked his coat up and wrapped it around her before lifting and carrying her toward his chambers.

As he walked, bare feet padding across the cold flags, he felt her hand snake up around his neck before dragging his mouth down with yet another surprising show of strength. Her lips held his in an exquisitely sensual kiss that made him melt just a little more, and his exhausted cock flare with the tiniest spark of life. Perhaps this night wasn’t over after all.
His frock coat enveloped her, swaddling her in its dark warmth, scuffing gently against the underside of her chin as she drifted on the rhythm of his long, easy strides. She felt slight, almost child-like as she curled into the downy warmth of his chest, enjoying the rumble that vibrated, deep and sonorous, against her cheek as he dealt quiet incantations into the semi-darkness, unlocking and opening the door to his chambers before stepping through and tossing flames into the grate.

Her fingers, that had been prowling the nape of his neck, now slithered upward, combing into his hair. Despite the intimacy of their recent exchanges, she still felt that she hadn’t had enough of him. It was as though the opportunity to touch him had sparked an instant infatuation—an urgent compulsion to explore. And when she should have been revelling in the rare opportunity to survey his private chambers, she found herself more intrigued by the way his fine black locks trickled between her splayed fingers. She gazed dreamily at them. He was so utterly captivating—every part of him. Over the past few hours, she’d been completely overwhelmed by what she’d discovered of him—a man that she had clearly known only in the most superficial terms; and not even that. She hadn’t known him any deeper than she would a performer, or an actor, one whom controls everything that is known of him, manufactures every perception.

She sighed. This powerful wizard trickling deliciously between her fingers definitely had her confounded. He was so deliriously carnal, shocking her repeatedly with his extraordinarily rough and raw brand of sex. But contrasting starkly were the equally passionate acts that were so restrained and exquisitely tender that they made her heart tremble. He was by far the most exhilarating fuck she’d ever had. In fact, he was so much more than a fuck that she wasn’t entirely sure where to catalogue him in her, normally exceedingly organised, mind.

He was her Professor—at least for another few hours. It was a role in which she admired and respected him. But he was also now her lover, if only for an evening, and the fact that he knew more about certain intimate parts of her than just about anyone else, meant that she now inexplicably felt as close to him emotionally as she was physically, lifting her eyes to his, sinking into his dark pools and wondering what he was thinking. Did he actually want her here? Would he fuck her again? He’d said that he loved it, after all. Hadn’t he? Please . . . Please let him fuck her again . . .

Where was she? He watched as the honeyed highlights suddenly reappeared in her eyes, signifying that she’d finally returned. Smirking inwardly, he observed her clear and present gaze now needling at him like a probing finger, cajoling him into servicing her needs once again. Little minx. Delicious little minx. He was still desperate to slip inside her, to discover what drew her so deeply into herself. She’d already revealed much—aspects of herself that were exceedingly personal. But he wanted more. In fact, he sensed that he could spend a lifetime learning about her and still feel that thread of intrigue winding through him, drawing him into her.
“Would you like a drink?” he asked.

She finally glanced about, taking in the stylish interior of his chambers. It was masculine and surprisingly lavish, not unlike the man whose arms she was getting increasingly used to reclining within.

She did feel like a drink actually. A drink of him—the drink that he’d denied her earlier. But she suspected that he wasn’t on the menu right now. Not after he’d already delivered himself deep inside her three times that evening. In fact, the truth was that she was currently dripping with him and should probably clean herself up first.

“Yes. Anything’s fine. Can I use your bathroom?”

She was still tugging gently at his hair as she spoke and he enjoyed the pleasant familiarity of it. He had always seen her as a sensuous person—her tactile nature was therefore not surprising. But he still couldn’t help revelling in the thought that she was drawn to him. As he was to her.

“Through the door. Room off the bedroom.” He inclined his head as he finally allowed her to slip through his arms.

She pulled his coat around her shoulders, deciding that she could get used to the cosy refuge of it. She understood now why it was a virtually permanent accoutrement—the weight, warmth and copious buttons akin to body armour. She also suspected that, like her, he was not nearly as self-assured as he appeared. It was his security blanket. She understood that.

However, casting a look back as she headed for the door, she decided that for someone with confidence issues, he sure wore stark nakedness, and a not-too-casually draped cock, better than anyone she’d ever seen. He stood with an easy grace as his hands slid behind the polished doors of a handsome walnut cabinet, retrieving crystal glasses. She quickly averted her gaze. She’d been caught—ogling. Sighing, she paused with her hand on the door handle, somehow reluctant to leave. Now that she’d discovered him, she was excruciatingly aware of how little time they had left together. She didn’t want to waste a moment.

When she finally opened the door, she discovered that it led into an equally sumptuous bedroom decorated in rich greens, with fittings of silver and soft furnishings of café au lait. Mmmmm, Creamy Slytherin . . . how appropriate. And topping it all off was an elegant and expansive piece positioned in the centre of the far wall—a four poster bed. He clearly had a penchant for fine furniture and plush furnishings. Again, she thought that perhaps if she’d seen all this earlier, his shrine to sensualism, she may have realised that he was a quite different man to the irascible curmudgeon that she, and most others, had pegged him to be.

The colour theme was carried through to a tasteful bathroom with large tiles and expensive fittings. *Did Hogwarts pay for all this?* She doubted it. It had likely come from his own pocket. And obviously it wasn’t all for show. She doubted that very much entertaining occurred in this space, if any. No, it seemed that this was for him. *Another sanctuary perhaps? A soft landing for a sensitive heart?*

Hermione released a long breath as she placed his coat over a wooden cabinet and finally sat to relieve herself of several hours of alcohol and multiple plunderings by his hefty cock. She was certainly going to remember this evening for more reasons than the obvious. Blossoming trails of welts and bruises adorned her body and both openings had been well and truly tenderised. It felt good.

Gazing around the room, her eyes were drawn to an enticingly clean shower. She could really do
with one right now but it did feel a little presumptuous. She settled for casting a few simple wandless cleansing spells to remove the strong odours of sex that permeated her skin and nether regions. She didn’t mind it at all but if there was to be any more contact between them she didn’t want to be worrying about it. Although, she did suspect from what they’d shared so far, that he would be equally unconcerned. In fact, he probably liked it.

In the mirror, she noted how particularly well-fucked her hair looked. Bits were sticking out like the wires of a broken appliance. Removing the remaining pins which were doing nothing, she dropped them into the pocket of his frock coat before wrapping it around herself, warding off the creeping chill of the bathroom. A few quick hair straightening spells later and she was ready to return—to him. The unfamiliar surge that captured her chest should have been encouraging—a welcome antidote to the drudgery of her past weeks of exams and packing. But it was more worrying than that; it was almost like she missed him. Fuck! It was probably a good thing she was leaving in the morning—she clearly needed space to get her head right.

Studying her face in the mirror, she noted the healthy flush tinting her cheekbones; the shine in her eyes. It clearly wasn’t all bad. Not bad at all. A wicked grin slid across her lips as she finally turned away.

She’d changed. At least her hair had. She smelled different too. He could tell even as she approached that the musky scent of sex had diminished. It was probably just as well. He found the multi-sensory assault of her silken curves and heady aroma of sex more than a little distracting. Although he doubted she would balk at another round. Even the way she walked, managing to pull off a bare-foot swagger despite the encumbrance of his frock coat, suggested that she already had something else on her mind.

“Young rooms are very attractive,” she commented, but the smoulder in her eyes told him she was suggesting something more.

He inclined his head. “When one’s dwelling is a dungeon, one must take make some attempt to assuage the damp and cold.” He handed her a glass.

She offered him a smile before raising the effervescent liquid to her lips, noting the motes of citrus that danced from its surface. The first sip was slightly dry—definitely alcoholic. *Was he trying to get her pissed again?* She certainly hoped so.

She took another sip. And another, her eyes wandering over him, drawn to the way his long fingers cradled the glass before lifting it to his lips, kissably pursed, throwing back a long swallow. As she watched, his tongue swiped over the moisture on his upper lip and she found herself suddenly closing the gap between them. In one swift motion, she reached up and grasped his neck as she had a number of times already that evening, guiding him down to her. But before they met, she flicked her tongue out and licked up the shadowed furl under his bottom lip before depositing her mouthful of drink between his parted lips.

*What the fuck?* He swallowed down the warm intrusion before plunging his tongue into her mouth. She was so blatantly evocative, almost aggressive, inciting him to do things to her.

Hermione was enraptured. She wasn’t sure what had possessed her but her tongue had suddenly wanted to feel the prickle of the tiny bubbles against the rough swathe of dark hairs pressing insistently through his pale skin. It had been delicious—tiny titillating spurs matching the tingling bursts against her sensitive tip. And thank Merlin it turned out he was still hungry for her too. Ravenous in fact.

“ Severus, your bed . . . looks so . . . comfortable,” she panted against his marauding lips.
Without looking, he took her glass from her hand, continuing to passionately devour her, before placing both of their drinks on a nearby cabinet, shoving his coat from her shoulders and scooping her up, naked. In swift strides, he had her into the next room and was unfurling her in one decadent wave onto the quilt.

An appreciative moan slipped from her depths.

“Please fuck me again, Severus,” she whispered into his mouth.

He sucked at her lips one last time before propping himself on his outstretched arms, fixing her with his dark gaze.

“No.”

He nearly chuckled. She looked devastated. She clearly wanted him—wanted him to help her cram as much into her final day, and her delectable orifices, as possible. And he would oblige. Of course he would. But he had certain . . . conditions.

“Only if you let me inside you.” His voice was edged with a deep, raw conviction. “I want to trawl your fantasies . . . find one that appeals to my . . . urges . . . And do it to you.”

She gazed at him; his eyes flashed. He was so dangerously sexy. Would she survive the combination of his uncompromising carnality and the extreme fantasies that he would discover romping around, jiggling with unrestrained orgiastic fervour, inside her mind?

In that moment she found that she didn’t care. What she did care about, however, was the lifetime of regret she’d have to live with if she didn’t take this opportunity—if she didn’t let him have his way with her. They were her fantasies after all—everything she wanted done to her. But they were also her most intimate secrets. She couldn’t be more vulnerable but she knew it was already a done deal. She wanted him inside her. In every way.

“I accept.”

She met his penetrating gaze with a sultry determination that made him want to ravage her again. But he needed to bide his time. To save himself. He suspected he would be requiring his energy—every ounce of it.

“Accio!”

His wand flew from somewhere across the room, snapping smartly against his palm before he drew it down to rest against her temple.

Hermione shivered. He was a hugely powerful Legilimens. He didn’t need a wand. The fact that he was using it meant he would be probing her thoughts and emotions as deeply and thoroughly as possible. There would be nowhere to hide.

His other hand suddenly tunnelled into her hair, holding her head in place. With a focused frown, he stared into her and then she felt him enter, rippling through her mind, boring into its depths, sifting through the thousands upon thousands of images that played out inside her. Then she sensed something unexpected, she felt him very strongly, his own mind, his emotions as he explored her.
She felt him wanting to be close to her. It was deeply warming despite the intrusion.

And then his face changed. His eyebrows fluttered upward in a mixture of surprise and shock. *Fuck. He was there.* His mouth ticked up once, twice, before fixing in what could only be described as a wicked grin. A flare of heat surged through her core. She had no idea what he was looking at but the way his lips fell apart so he could draw in a ragged breath suggested it was something that well and truly tapped into his . . . urges.

“I believe I have found just the thing.” The words dripped slowly from his lips, the smooth pads lingering loosely over hers, and she only just managed to stop herself form lunging into them.

“I must make some preparations . . . Make yourself . . . comfortable.”

Then he was gone. In a flash he was up and striding away. And she was left wondering how she could be any more comfortable—lounging on the silkiest linen she’d ever known, on the grandest bed she’d ever enjoyed. He’d ignited the grate and the warmth was instant. If she got any more comfortable she’d be asleep.

Propping herself on one elbow to ensure that sleep didn’t ruin her plans for more sex, she watched with curiosity as he came and left the room. She heard the distinct sound of rattling glass from the lounge area and when he returned, he held three bottles in his hands. Summoning a small table, he placed the bottles on them before standing at the foot of the bed, arms crossed, wand resting against the crook of his elbow. His eyes were darting about between her body and the bed. *What was he planning?*

The slow rise of his chin suggested that he’d made up his mind about something. That sexy hitch had also returned to the corner of his lips—he was clearly more than satisfied with what he was about to do. She inhaled deeply, her entire body tightening with anticipation.

“I want you in the middle of the bed. Arms up. Legs open,” he ordered.

It was so instructional, so classroom Snape, that it made her quiver. She was waiting for him to ask her to turn to page three hundred and ninety—

“But,” he growled.

She scuttled backwards before flopping her arms above her head and sliding her legs apart. Her heart was hammering a hole in her chest. This was one of her favourites. She just couldn’t quite believe that the main protagonist had never been him—not until now. And he couldn’t be more perfect for the role. His cock also seemed to be making preparations, no longer lounging in insouciant indifference but jutting forward, eager and attentive.

It was as her eyes and thoughts lingered on his cock that she felt the flicker. She didn’t react at first—he had his wand out and was weaving it in such a mesmeric pattern that she felt herself drifting. But then it came again, a distinct flutter against her palm. Both palms. And then her feet. She screamed. But it was too late. Quick as a flash, her hands and feet were instantly bound by coil upon coil of writhing bodies. Thrashing around, she took in all four limbs. Each was wrapped tightly in the cool leathery embrace of a black snake. She yanked on her bound limbs before fixing him with a glare.

“I don’t remember any fucking snakes,” she ground out darkly.

His jaw firmed as he flexed the bicep holding his wand, instantly pulling tight the serpentine bodies that stretched between the bed posts and her wrists and ankles.

“No. That was my little touch.”
He didn’t smile. His cock jolted. He was clearly enjoying the sight of her helpless squirming.

“Will they bite?” She grimaced as she strained to look at them.

“Only if I tell them to.”

The threat. The fear. They were present in her fantasies too. He might have used a little artistic licence but she couldn’t deny that he’d read her pretty fucking well. It was creepy as hell but their muscular gyrations, cool and waxen against her flushed skin were suddenly feeding into some extremely primal desires.

Her eyes were glittering, glazed with a sheen of lust. She was fucking loving it. He knew she would. And the sight of the snakes, their ebony coils sinking into her ivory flesh, was making him even harder. He hardly needed the potion but he would take it because he had even grander plans. Something that, with any luck, would blow her mind.

Flicking the stopper off one of the bottles, he threw it back with one gulp before vanishing it like a magician with a deft ripple of his fingers. Hermione had no idea what was in the bottle but it instantly caused his cock to swell, rising to rigid attention like he was preparing for a shoot-out—pistols at dawn—although sunrise was a few hours away. Still, with her limbs comprehensively bound and his weapon drawn, Hermione suspected that she was in for something extraordinary.

And it began with him extending his wand toward her, wrist turned upward as he teased her limbs with a few springy tugs on her live binds. Then he began that hypnotic weaving again, and the snake heads that had been flickering their tongues disconcertingly against her skin, twisted back upon themselves, exchanging places with their tails until they were coiled around the bed posts, continuing to hold her securely.

He murmured quietly as he directed the two snakes at her ankles to wind their way up the posts of the bed. As they climbed, her legs lifted and spread further, tilting her backside up until she felt the blood rushing to her head. The serpents climbed to the top corners of the posts before he directed them to weave along the horizontal rails, taking her ankles with them until her hips were raised over her head, and she was bent at right angles. Her legs were split as far as they would go and her pussy as exposed as it could possibly be.

She gasped, trying to draw in breath against the compression of her own weight but also the exhilaration of how open she was. She could just see his face as he stood over her, his eyes were slightly shuttered; he appeared to be revelling in the view. And just when she was wondering if he planned to leave her like that, he pounced.

There was no casual prowl, no easing into her general vicinity. He was suddenly between her legs, his mouth plundering her pussy.

“Fuck!” she cried, bucking up into him and causing the snakes to tighten their grip.

Using his fingers, he spread her lips apart to expose her clitoris which was raw and sensitive after the previous events of the evening. His scorching mouth now descended over it, his tongue working over the nub until she felt sharp shocks of desire shooting into her channel. It was a delicious view as he leaned over her. She could see what he was doing so closely, his tongue lapping, moist and glistening, between her lips, his hair spilling down her thighs.

But then he slid back a little, licking and probing the opening to her urethra with his writhing tip, building the ache, before finally plunging into her gaping opening. Her pussy seized onto him, clutching at the slick muscle that filled her more than she could have thought possible.
“Severus!” she whimpered, trying to communicate the feelings that he was inciting with each rhythmic curl along her walls.

She would have thought it the most exquisitely intimate indulgence she had ever experienced if he hadn’t suddenly pulled out and continued backwards, licking along the smooth seam of her perineum before wriggling, firm and insistent into her equally exposed back passage.

Her eyes rolled back.

“Ohhhh.” The air escaped her lungs in a long breathy moan as he tickled his way inside her. She felt her ring clenching reflexively, but he maintained the pressure, driving in deeper before pushing against the resistance in her channel.

His fingers, three of them, slipped into her pussy and started rubbing at her back wall as he licked forward.

Both openings were being pressed together until they felt like one single cavernous gap between her legs. It was both disconcerting and utterly divine. Her head was so full of blood and her openings so full of him, she felt herself wanting to drift away but the building pressure inside her was enough to keep her present. She was so close to coming again.

But just when she was approaching the crest, riding toward the point of no return, he pulled out, leaving both openings cool and empty.

That couldn’t be all, could it? His wand was back and he was now directing the snakes around her arms to follow the lead of the others. They slithered in sinuous waves up the bed posts before turning onto the horizontals and pulling her wrists up with them until she was hanging off the bed, her legs and arms spread, her head lolling back.

“You might remember this?” His voice was a wicked purr as he lined the engorged head of his cock up with her pussy.

Of course she fucking did. It was repeated many times and in just as many variations. It was definitely one of hers. She braced herself as he grasped both of her hips. Then he slammed into her.

“Oh Merlin, fuck!” she screamed, her head recoiling with the impact on her entire body.

But he didn’t let up. Pulling out all the way, he rammed into her again. She cried out and convulsed as her cervix shuddered. Swinging her away on her snake binds, he hauled her back to meet his full-cock thrusts over and over again. She moaned with each one as it drove the air from her lungs in violent bursts. But her pussy was delirious, punch drunk by the combination of his pelvis pummelling into her lips and his driving cock spearing into her depths. It was as though he was progressively slamming her toward a full-body orgasm. And as he drove into her, whipping her head back with each forceful impact, she had the vague sense that if her brain actually did get fucked out, at least she would die happy.

And as he swung her away for the last time she knew that, either way, it was going to be an epic release. Ramming himself home to the hilt, his most violent intrusion yet sent shockwaves through her entire abdomen, triggering a series of contractions that exploded through her strained openings. Inhuman shrieks burst from her, leaving her throat raw as she jerked and seized against her binds. Then she could only moan her core collapsed around him in wave after wave, the streams of juice squeezing from her until her pussy was left shuddering, spent and dripping.

Her head hung back in the aftermath, her hair scuffing the bed as she swayed gently on the snakes’
continuous undulations. And finally she felt herself being lowered back down onto the soft quilt, the bodies around her wrists and ankles loosening a little. Blinking, she tried to focus on his form which swam in and out like a pale mirage before she finally fixed upon him; he was breathing lightly, cock still erect and lacquered with her release. Clearly he hadn’t come. He seemed to be waiting for something.

“Have you had enough?” he asked, arms crossed as though he’d been dishing out punishment.

She should have said, ‘Yes’. Any sane person would have. But she was no longer sane. He’d pushed her beyond that. And she hadn’t been exaggerating about her insatiable desires. She’d spent many long nights exploring herself and found that she possessed a surprising level of stamina. And so she said it—the final intelligible thing that she would utter for a considerable length of time.

“No.”

He’d suspected as much. She was courageous but she was also fucking relentless. He hadn’t known anyone like her. But he had a feeling that the final part of his plan would leave her more than satisfied—in fact, he was confident that she would be satiated to the core.

Drawing his wand, he watched her closely as, like a conductor of perversity, he orchestrated his next move. The snakes around her ankles released and rapidly retracted, dissolving into the dark wood of the bed posts. But those binding her wrists slithered upward once again, drawing her arms above her head. This time when they reached the horizontals, they contracted, drawing her higher still until she was kneeling on the bed, her arms held in a Y.

Slowly and deliberately he returned his wand to the small table before grasping the second potion bottle. One eyebrow lifted slightly as he brought it to his lips, teasing her. She hadn't a clue what he was up to. He threw it back before vanishing the bottle.

Hermione stared at him, looking for the slightest hint of change but there was only one, a satisfied hitch of his mouth as he seemed to stare at her—through her.

What was he doing? Was he expecting her to—

Oh Gods! Oh fuck!

Something slithered around her side before coming to rest against her shivering belly. She looked down. It was a hand. His hand. Whipping her head around, she craned over her shoulder. It was him. He was there—an exact replica, dark eyes burning into her as he lowered his head to graze his lips along her shoulder blade. By the time she looked back, the original Severus had positioned himself on the bed in front of her. He was watching the other, himself, positioned behind her, hand sliding up to grasp one of her breasts.

Hermione’s eyes fluttered closed. She would have collapsed if it weren’t for her serpent manacles. She’d read about it before—extremely advanced magic—the Doppelganger potion. And now she had two of him. Two highly erotic, hyper-sexual Severus Snapes. Both of them groping her gratuitously. And when she cracked her eyes open she saw something so inconceivable that it jolted her to the core. He was feeding her to himself. Severus Two was holding her breast from behind, nipple protracted between his fingers for Severus one to sample, licking and nipping before sucking it into his mouth. They were working together, collaborating, helping themselves to her. Her head fell back and Severus two was instantly upon her, his hot mouth finding her exposed neck—the second mouth, the second set of hungry lips devouring her. Her mind was slowly melting. Then they moved in closer, cocooning her between their warm bodies. And then she felt it—two cocks, two soft satiny batons brushing against her belly and buttocks. It had been one of her most frequent
fantasies. But never like this. Never with the best fuck of her life twice over.

Their hands slithered, grasped, pinched and plied her until she was a whimpering mess before she heard Severus One mutter, ‘Accio.’

She managed to pry her eyes open just in time to see him open the third bottle and dig out a significant daub of clear gel. She felt Severus Two move around to her side and when she looked down, Severus One proceeded to grasp the equally magnificent cock of his double, slicking it expertly with the lubricant, dragging his fist up and down his length as Severus two grunted appreciatively. Gods! Hermione felt another piece of her sanity crack and fall away.

Then the third bottle was disappeared and Severus One leaned into her, his mouth tickling her temple as he spoke,

“You should know that I’ve dreamed about fucking you in just about every position conceivable. But the inspiration for this came from you—your deliciously depraved mind. I thank you for showing it to me.”

His warm breath trailed across her cheek as he withdrew. Then she felt his hands, both sets, encircle her thighs and lift her from the bed. As they held her, spread wide, she felt one cock probe at her pussy before pushing inside. She’d lost count of how many orgasms she’d had but her channel felt so engorged she was surprised his entry required only a few firm thrusts. With their encouragement, she wrapped her legs around the hips of Severus One, so that she was now hanging from her arms. Then hands were on her buttocks, pulling them apart, and she sensed the smooth helmet of a second cock sliding down her crevice before butting against her tight constriction. She allowed her head to tip forward, resting on Severus One’s shoulder as she felt a more insistent pressure and was forced to stretch around the second solid intrusion into her orifices. She moaned, her face a rictus of effort as she felt herself being filled. In gradual increments, Severus Two, slid into her. The quality lubricant might have had something to do with it, plus that fact that she’d already been well and truly buggered earlier in the evening, but this time it didn’t seem to take as long to feel him embedded fully inside her. But what struck her was the feeling of completeness as her body adjusted around the double penetration. It was overwhelming but also filled her with a sense of being wanted—he was forcing as much of himself inside her as possible, twice over.

But the feeling of fullness paled in comparison to the sensation that claimed her as the two Severus’ began to thrust. Alternating, in perfect attunement, they slipped in and out of her openings. The way their heads reamed along her walls like well-oiled pistons, and the jolt inside her every time they slipped past the same point was beyond exquisite. Meanwhile, they continued to fondle her, squeezing and tweaking her nipples as their mouths grazed and sucked at her in time with their gathering momentum. She closed her eyes again, her head listing as she felt herself being drawn into a maelstrom of carnal bliss from which she may never return. And, to be honest, she wasn’t sure that she wanted to.

Incomprehensible sounds warbled from her lips as the speed and impact of their plunges continued to build. She was sandwiched so securely between their panting breaths and steamy bodies that she felt like she was about to combust. Primal grunts grated against the walls of her throat as she careened toward what may be the last orgasm of her life. They were slamming into her so fast that there was no reprieve from the fullness, it was a constant barrel of sensation that swelled to breaking point, peaked and then shattered.

She cried as she came, hot tears of relief, a catharsis that mirrored the monumental release rolling through her pelvis.
He watched as her tears fell. He wasn’t concerned. He understood how she felt. He wasn’t far off the same. His cock was a throbbing column of ecstasy and the fact that he could feel threads of sensation from his double meant that there was nothing left now than to release himself into her, to simultaneously coat her insides with his seed—his final mark.

“Hermione,” he ground out against her wet cheek as he rammed himself home for the final time, his balls driving exuberant streams of come deep into her pussy. And his double arrived soon after, hissing and grunting as he plunged a second stream into her convulsing passages.

Moments later they collapsed, all three, onto the bed. Severus kissed the rivulets of tears that trailed down her cheeks and watched as a beatific smile flickered across her lips.

As sleep rapidly dragged her into unconsciousness, ensconced between the bodies of two Severuses, Hermione’s final fleeting feelings were ones of gratitude. Severus Snape was utterly magnificent. Both of him.

Chapter End Notes

Epilogue??
Chapter Notes

A/N: Okay, I promise this is the last chapter. I hope it’s a satisfying conclusion. Thanks so much again to everyone who posted comments and suggestions and encouraged me to continue with this. I think it has worked beyond the original oneshot. Any final thoughts appreciated, DSx

I’d like to thank Macaiah for letting me appropriate elements of her delicious ideas, Marriage1988 for the brilliant word, ‘Severi’ and Manxcat Mummy, there’s something for you toward the end - I think you’ll see it ;)

Hermione clung tightly to the sleek black fur of the panther. Despite the fact that they were running away, escaping a hoard of unknown, shadowy pursuers, her thoughts went to how impossibly soft and silky he felt between her fingers, not at all the way she’d imagined. She wasn’t sure where they were going but she trusted him completely. She might even trust him with her life. And as she rode his lustrous form through the forest, she realised something else—he felt so incredibly good between her thighs. In fact, the sensation of his strong, supple muscles moving under her, his easy, loping gait and the rhythmic lunges against her pussy meant that, despite their predicament, she was actually on the verge of coming. And she had the strange sense that he knew it—that he was aware of his effect upon her; how he was making her feel.

“Severus,” she whispered as the sensation in her pelvis mounted with each languorous bound.

Why did she call him that? Was that his name?

She was panting. Her vision blurred as she felt herself giving in to the swelling tension. She moaned, clinging to him tighter. It felt so good. She should be worried about where they were going but all she could think about was how much she enjoyed the feel of him between her thighs, how warm he was, how much she loved tunnelling her fingers through his softness. But it made no sense. She didn’t even know him. He’d appeared out of nowhere. And yet it was as though they had known each other . . . almost forever. Long enough, at least, for her to feel that he wouldn’t mind if she—

“Severus!” she cried out as her pussy erupted, convulsing as he continued to rub against her. She tried desperately to cling onto him, losing form as her body spasmed, riding out its own rhythm against his. But all she cared about in that moment was the glorious sensation. And it was all because of him. He had done this to her.

As she came down from her orgasmic bliss, shuddering and gasping, she leaned forward, pressing her heart against him.

“How? Why me?” she breathed into his deliciously decadent neck.

“Why not?”

Her eyes flew open. Her breath caught in her throat. The voice in her ear had been a growly purr. But even she knew that it didn’t belong to the panther. At least not the one in her dream. He was there, between her legs, his fingers were still rubbing her pussy—just rubbing, not even inside her.
Air slowly seeped from her lungs with the relief that rolled through her body. There were so many reasons why this was the best way in the world she could imagine waking up—being brought to orgasm in her dreams by the most exquisite hands she’d ever known. As his ministrations slowed to a gentle caress, his vivid black gaze penetrated her. His beautiful eyes were devoid of even a spark of smugness; all she saw was a thoughtful intrigue, as though he was as captivated by her as she was by him. He’d told her that he’d dreamed about her—about fucking her. He’d said that he’d wanted her long before that evening. Did he . . . love her? No, it was impossible. But the intensity of his blistering gaze was certainly enough to make her heart rattle in her chest.

She was so excited by his intensity, the seriousness with which he pleasured her. But it made her wonder if she could ever interact with him on a normal level. Could they even have an ordinary conversation? Maybe it could only ever be physical between them. It was ridiculous, but she was seriously considering that it would nearly be worthwhile, even for that. Their one night together had been extraordinary after all.

“You asked why I chose you?” he murmured, gradually trailing his fingers from her pussy, up her abdomen, over her firming nipples and along her ridge of her collar bone before bringing them to his lips. “Because I find you intoxicating.” He inhaled her scent deeply. “And for certain things . . . I too am insatiable.”

Then he proceeded to suck her release from his fingers, one at a time, so gratuitously, his eyes not leaving hers, that she could feel her own eyes wanting to roll back in ecstasy.

This delicious man was telling her he wanted her. And yet she was leaving. But what did that really mean?

It meant she would have to change her plans. She would need to come up with a way to see him again—no matter what. And she would also need to tell him the truth. He should know that she’d fallen for him too—in no time at all, or perhaps over the course of many years, she had fallen hard.

“And here I was thinking that you were always so in control of your emotions.”

She didn’t know the half of it. He drank her in with all his senses, savouring her tangy sweetness on his tongue. Had he revealed too much? He’d certainly shown his hand pretty early. But then again so had she.

“Not on this occasion,” he admitted.

A mischievous grin bowed her lips and her eyes ignited with a lascivious spark. She slid her hand up his bare chest, before reaching up to skim her fingertips in a feathery caress across his bottom lip. It was rapidly becoming one of her favourite parts of him after all.

“Are you telling me that I make you lose control?”

He took in a deep breath then, levelling his gaze at her.

“Yes.”

She loved how forthright he was being—how disarmingly honest. It made her desperate to see him lose control again.

She leaned in close to his face, brushing her lips across his before curling her tongue out and snaking it under the lower curve of his bottom lip, scooping it between her teeth and tugging gently. He didn’t try to stop her, his lips loose and accommodating. She had a feeling she could do whatever she liked to him and he would willingly comply.
She released the delicious morsel with a soft ‘pop.’

“Show me how you lose control,” she whispered against his soft pads before slithering down the length of his body. Despite having a clear destination in mind, she took the opportunity to taste parts of him along the way. The soft disc of his nipple tightened inside her mouth. She continued to flick at it with the tip of her tongue, before exposing her teeth and grazing along the pliable nub.

There was a rapid inhalation beneath her and his hands suddenly reached down and clenched her buttocks, pulling her tightly into his erection which sat like an extra bone between them. She smiled as she continued to tease him. He clearly liked that.

But as she worked her way down further, feeling the smear of pre-cum from his cock coating her belly, her own actions became more forceful, more fiercely desirous. Her kisses were no longer soft, they had turned firm, and her wet mouthfuls of him, gluttonous. It was something she’d despised in certain others and yet something she was compelled to do with so much of that delectable tingling skin now hers to indulge in.

By the time she reached her prize, her lips were as tumescent as his impressive cock, she was enveloped exquisitely between his parted thighs and his hands were doing delicious things to her scalp. She was more than ready to take him, but rather than grasping his firm member and devouring him like an ice-cream, she slid both hands under his lower back and simply allowed her tongue to take the lead.

Sliding her wet muscle under his shaft, she flicked it, making his weight bounce gratifyingly against her. She closed her lips and sucked along the side of his meat. He tasted divine. Clearly he’d cast a cleansing spell at some stage since their previous entanglement. Licking her way up further, she allowed him to bob and sway, enjoying having to chase his cock as it slid over his pelvis.

When she reached the weeping head she blew on it gently and his thighs contracted, his fingers curling in her hair.

“Why did you take up the tango?” she murmured, sliding her tongue out to capture the sticky drop that adorned his head.

He inhaled sharply through his nose.

“Because it’s as close to fucking as one can get without actually fucking.”

Her breath came out in a soft burst against him. She was laughing. He liked that he could make her laugh. Even if it was all over his cock—and at his expense. But clearly it didn’t lessen the mood because she suddenly engulfed him, a ball of heat capturing the head of his cock and making him want to cram his entire being inside that sultry warmth. It felt safe in there—something that he hadn’t felt a lot in his life. And as she slid down, taking him further inside her, he finally let himself believe that she desired him as he did her. If she’d only been using him to deliver the finale of fucking, a brief but intense thrill to end to her time here at Hogwarts, she’d already done that. She certainly wasn’t under any obligation to stay on and suck him off. And especially not like this.

“Gods, Hermione,” he groaned, his voice almost pleading with her as he writhed bodily with the rhythmic waves of her tongue and throat.

That sound, that thread of need in his otherwise perfect baritone made her even more determined to suck his mind out through his cock. She worked at him with deft strokes, drawing up his length with her probing tongue before pulling back and swirling around his head, teasing into his salty slit. She wanted to hear him lose control—to hear the strain in that deliquescent voice, to finally drink down
his viscid release as a delicious proxy for the honeyed product of his larynx, the essence of what she most deeply associated with him, taking it into her and having it for herself.

Her hands joined her mouth, seeking to stimulate and gratify every part of him that had already brought her so much pleasure. She massaged the pliable skin around his weighty bollocks, feeling the tension drawing them up, tightening in preparation. Her other hand was loose and quick around his shaft, contrasting with her mouth which continued to labour down his head, dragging his skin back from his glans as it hit the back of her throat.

He moaned, a gravelly surge extruding from his depths as he rocked his hips into her. It wasn’t as though she needed any help, but his primal urge to thrust had become just too great. His need to come in her mouth had also won over and was driving him to plunge deeper—it had been the grunting climax of so many of his lonely fantasies after all. The contrast was what had appealed to him so much. Her cherubic mouth, normally delivering words so properly turned, thoughts so properly considered—the vision of it sucking his cock as improperly as orally possible had been enough to make him come, sometimes without any stimulation whatsoever.

But now she was here, her lips gliding with exquisite precision up and down his slick shaft, so properly matched with her pumping fist that it was beyond perfection. It also made him wonder where she could have learned such a thing. Books no doubt. Those and her deliciously dirty mind.

He wanted to watch, to capture this moment, unsurpassed even by his fantasies, but he found himself having to strain to keep his eyes open, to stop ecstasy from stealing his vision away. It was almost too much, the incredulous sight of this entrancing beauty, sucking and pumping his cock for all her worth just to make him come, to milk his essence into her meltingly hot mouth. But what simultaneously squeezed his heart was the knowledge that she not only wanted to pleasure him but she wanted to break him down, make him lose control. She wanted him as vulnerable to her as she’d been to him. And he found himself willing to go there. He trusted her, after only one evening, not to hurt him. There had been very few people he could say that about during his lifetime. Equally moving was the fact that she had trusted him in everything he had done to her. In many ways trust was the greatest gift she could give a man who had been so mistrusted throughout his life.

And it was in this euphoric state, with his heart and cock filled to bursting, that he finally let go.

“Hermione.” The word was a tight groan, squeezed from his chest as he began to convulse. “I . . . love you.”

Hermione only just registered his words as the first shot of come hit the back of her throat. She’d been right. She’d read it in his eyes. But she’d never quite expected this intensely proud and private man—a man who had been so rigidly distant for risk of disclosing his feelings, to reveal such a thing. And she was equally surprised by the word that instantly sprang to her mind. ‘Finally.’

Finally? Had she known it before now? Maybe she’d known it all along. She’d just needed to hear it. The final confirmation.

His words tempered her actions; she slowed her head movements to a bobbing caress, her mouth a soft receptacle for the streams of come that continued to emanate from him. She found herself loving him in return—loving his honesty and vulnerability even if she wasn’t in love with him. Not yet.

And when he’d finished, the last of his seed milked from his tip by deft upward strokes from her hand, she looked up into his adoring eyes and swallowed. His chest swelled. It felt like the final acceptance he’d been hoping for. Then his hands were on her, pulling her up to him, holding her so tightly she could hardly breathe. And she had a good deal of breathing to do too. She’d forgone a lot to allow him as deeply into her as she had.
“Severus, you know I’m coming back don’t you?” she panted, worried that he might squeeze the life from her in his efforts to keep her there.

There was a long pause.

“For what reason?”

“Well. It seems that I have suddenly developed an intense desire to take up the tango. I happen to know of a tango master here in these very walls. I’m going to ask him for private lessons. I’ll be happy to pay of course.”

She felt a deep chuckle roll through his chest. It was the first time she’d ever heard it and it made her smile. It seemed that they might get along just fine after all.

“His price is rather high, I understand,” he murmured into her hair.

“I’m willing to do anything,” she gushed in her most breathily seductive tone.

He chuckled again and she found herself melting with the warmth of it.

“You do realise that he wouldn’t be able to dance with you,” he rumbled.

Hermione lifted her head from his chest and stared at him, pouting. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that you would need to take another dance partner. The instructor would instruct.”

That intensely disappointed look captured her features again and he couldn’t stop another chortle escaping.

“This particular dance partner would be very much like the instructor,” he continued. “In fact, they would be practically identical.”

Hermione’s mouth curved into a mischievous grin.

“I believe I could cope with that,” she responded as she wriggled her way up his body until her face was only inches from his. “In fact . . . I’d be quite excited by the prospect.”

She kissed him deeply before pulling back.

“Does this dance partner have a name? I might know him already.”

“He does.” Severus gazed at her intently. “His name is Doppelus.”

Exactly one year later . . .

“Severus, can you help me here, please?”

Hermione stood in front of the bedroom mirror, holding the black opal to her throat.

Severus arrived from across the room, standing close behind her to place the clasp. When he released it, he remained there, his fingers resting lightly on her shoulders as he gazed at her in the mirror.

“We actually have to go to this one,” she returned his gaze, a playful smile on her lips as she placed
her fingers on his.

He snorted gently before firming his grip.

She knew that look—his eyelids sinking with increasingly carnal thoughts. She’d lost count of the number of times they’d dressed ready for a function, a dance or even to go out to dinner and had ended up undressing immediately, spending the evening fucking instead. Black was often the trigger. She was wearing a black dress right now, similar to the one she’d worn to her Leaver’s ball but not quite as low cut. He’d bought it for her on their two week anniversary—a gift to wear on their first evening out tangoing together. Of course they’d not even managed to leave his bedroom, ending up fucking the night away instead.

She was often the one to instigate their last minute change of plans, finding it difficult to resist the sight of him in his black finery—white silk shirt brushing his throat, silver S-shaped snake cufflinks that she’d bought flashing on his wrists, and finally that enticing row of buttons marching down the frock coat that they’d fucked on so many times, she was surprised it still looked so immaculate.

His hand slowly caressed her shoulder.

“We said we’d go.” She emphasised the word ‘go’.

“We said I’d go,” he murmured, inclining his head to brush his lips against her neck.

She shivered, quite unable to believe the immediate effect his touch still had upon her.

“Then you must go.” She unconsciously leaned her head away, allowing him greater access to her.

“I’ve sent a representative,” he mumbled against her skin before sliding the tip of his tongue down the smooth curve between her neck and her shoulder.

“Severus,” she breathed, trying to sound exasperated but only managing to sound needy—which she always was.

He snuffled against her, amused at her unsuccessful attempts to admonish him. He enjoyed her bossiness. It made him want to fuck her. In fact, just about everything she did made him want to fuck her.

“So who is this ‘representative’? Not Doppelus again?” She frowned.

“He’ll enjoy it. An opportunity to show off to the latest batch of Leavers. He might even get his leg over.”

“No he bloody well won’t!” Hermione turned in his arms. “I won’t have Doppelus fucking anyone else. Do you understand me?”

He delighted at the ferocity of her conviction.

“You might need to make sure he has another . . . option.”

She grabbed him by the front of his coat, jerking him down toward her. “Tell him to come and see me when he gets back,” she muttered against his cheek.

He inhaled rapidly. Fuck, he wanted to ravage her. But there was something else he needed to do first.

“I believe that you will actually be otherwise indisposed.” He uttered the words as he turned to nip at
her chin. “I have . . . plans for you.”

Her heart skipped a beat. His plans were always exotic—always thrilling.

“And what do you want with me?” She nuzzled against him before drawing his bottom lip into her mouth and sucking on it.

He waited till she’d released him before dipping into his pocket and pulling out a glass bottle.

“A surprise.”

She took the cool receptacle from his fingers and held it to the light.

“It would appear to be another Doppelgänger potion,” she stated, searching his face for affirmation.

“No.”

She frowned. It was rare that she was wrong with such things, especially after spending a year looking over his shoulder learning advanced brewing techniques.

“A more accurate description would be a Doppelgäng-banger potion.”

Her eyes suddenly blazed.

“Does that mean . . . multiple Severuses? As many as I like?”

“I believe the correct term is, ‘Severi’. But, yes.”

A matching glint danced in his black eyes.

“You are fucking brilliant!” she gushed before crushing her lips against his.

He held up a hand to indicate that he hadn’t finished.

Reluctantly she released him from her lip-lock.

“There is one final item.”

Dipping into his pocket, he pulled out a small black box. He wished he’d done it earlier—before his cock had turned to granite and started distorting his trousers in such an uncomfortable manner that he was going to have difficulty kneeling. Still, he was rarely without some degree of swelling in her vicinity. He found her as delectable as the day he had mercifully summoned the courage to ask her to dance. Now she was an exceptional dance partner. And an even more exceptional partner in love.

He was taking another risk. But she hadn’t hurt him yet. Every single one had paid off and he dearly hoped this one would too.

Wincing as he finally knelt, levering his cock to a slightly more acceptable position with his free hand, he flipped opened the box to reveal a black opal ring.

“Hermione.” He looked up to see unshed tears glinting in his eyes; her fingers were laced across her mouth as if she didn’t trust herself to speak.

Reaching up, he grasped her hand and brought it down, holding it firmly to quell the tremble.

“Hermione. I love you with all my heart. I adore you. Will you allow me to give myself to you with this ring? And in return will you give yourself to me? Will you stay with me forever?”
She sniffed loudly as the tears began to fall. “You . . . you want to marry me?”

“I want you to be with me. You may choose the manner of our commitment.”

His face was so earnest, she could hardly believe that he would question her response.

“Of course I will,” she squeezed his hand. “There is no other person I would rather spend my life with. You are the most kind, loving, honest, intelligent, romantic, fuckable man I have ever met. I want you to be mine. And I want to be yours. That’s all the commitment I need.”

His fingers were no longer steady, trembling as badly as hers with adrenaline and relief. With some difficulty, he slid the ring onto her finger. It went perfectly with the necklace he’d bought for their six month anniversary, and perfectly with her elegant fingers which now slipped into his hair and pulled him lovingly against her belly.

“I need to fuck you now,” she murmured in a small voice.

There came a sudden knock at the door.

She groaned in exasperation. “For Merlin’s sake, who’s that?”

Severus rose to his feet. “I believe someone is keen on joining us.”

“Tell him he’s going to have to wait,” she said. “I’m having you first.”

“And what about the rest of them?”

Her eyebrows shot up as realisation dawned upon her.

“Tell them to get ready for a long night,” she growled. “My appetite for Severi is, and always will be, insatiable.”

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