

# Bewitching Her Mind

by notsosaintly

Hermione has been losing sleep. Is it her dreams that are keeping her awake... or could it be something else? (REWRITTEN: Dec 2005)

## 1. Only in Her Dreams

Chapter 1 of 6

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Disclaimer: As always, the characters remain the property of JK Rowling. I make no profit whatsoever in allowing her creation to frolic in my fantasies.

A/N: *This was the first fanfiction story I ever wrote. Hence, you will notice there are a number of stereotypes throughout, not to mention a few clichés. I considered taking them out, and while this story has been rewritten since I first wrote it, I felt that leaving them in shows my journey as a fanfiction author.*

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### Chapter 1: Only in Her Dreams

Hermione sat in Potions class, lost in thought. Normally, her full attention would be on the potion she was brewing, but she had to wait while it simmered yet for fifteen minutes before adding the last ingredient. Propping an elbow on the table, she closed her eyes and massaged the bridge of her nose. She was exhausted. For the last two weeks, she had been having bizarre dreams and had lost much sleep as a result. Ironic, really, that they were brewing the Dreamless Sleep Potion today. Maybe she could fill an extra vial and slip it into her bag without Professor Snape noticing.

"Miss Granger." Professor Snape's smooth bass tones vibrated across her raw nerves. "It is unwise to take your attention away from a potion you are brewing. I believe your fifteen minutes are nearly up." He stood so close to her that she could feel his robes brush against her own as he spoke quietly from behind. She inhaled deeply, turned slightly in her chair, and thanked him with a wan smile. He straightened, expressionless, and continued down the row of desks, handing out compliments and criticisms as it suited him. Throwing in the last ingredient, she finished the potion. *Even better*, she thought soporifically, *maybe I could just drink a little right here and someone could carry her back up to her dormitory.*

"Staring at your cauldron will not make the potion bottle itself, Miss Granger," Professor Snape snapped at her from across the room before addressing the class in general. "Each cauldron should produce ten vials. I want them on my desk before you leave. Oh, and by the way," he added, "I'm counting."

*Great. Just bloody great* Hermione thought.

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The dream always started the same.

Hermione was walking down the hall to the dungeon for detention with Professor Snape. He had caught her stealing Boomslang skin from his private stores and given her a week's worth of detention.

*How strange. That happened years ago and NOW he gives me detention,* she thought miserably as she wrapped her robes tighter against the chill of the dungeon.

The door to the classroom was slightly ajar, so she pushed it open and walked in. The professor was nowhere to be seen, leaving her to hope momentarily that perhaps he had forgotten.

"Please close the door behind you, Miss Granger." Professor Snape's disembodied voice came from the direction of his office. Her hopes dashed, she did as she was told and peered around the office door. He sat behind the desk, chin resting upon his steepled fingers, and stared at her appraisingly. It reminded her of the way her mother scrutinized the prime cut of beef she bought every year for Boxing Day. She was beginning to wonder how she measured up when he spoke.

"Miss Granger," he said suddenly, standing up and startling her, "whatever should I do with you? You must think yourself such *a* little witch. Stealing from my personal supplies; thinking that perhaps I would be too *stupid* to notice?" He walked around the desk and stood in front of her, reaching one of his oh-so-long fingers out to tilt her chin upward. He looked her straight in the eyes. "You have been a *very* bad girl," he growled. "You need to be taught a lesson."

Her eyes nearly closed at the thrill of pleasure that rippled up and down her spine. Involuntarily, she shivered and wondered why, all of a sudden, the mere touch of a finger and the sound of his voice elicited such wonderful sensations inside of her. Her common sense told her that she should pull away, but her body seemed to ask for more.

"Look at me, Miss Granger," he demanded of her sharply. "Did you hear what I said? What do you need?"

"I need to be taught a lesson," she whispered.

"I didn't hear you." His breath teased the curve of her ear as he leaned closer.

"I need to be taught a lesson, *sir*," she answered obediently.

"That's better, Miss Granger. Now remove your robe," he demanded.

She hesitated for a moment. Slowly, the dawning realization that this was a dream stole over her. So then, what was the harm if she disrobed for him? Her hand unfastened her robes, and they crumbled to the floor in a heap. Looking down to the remainder of her clothing, she noticed her uniform skirt was much shorter than she usually wore it, and her too-tight blouse was unbuttoned halfway, exposing the tops of her breasts. She wondered whose dream this actually was; she would have perhaps chosen something slinkier and sexier, less slutty, to wear.

Hermione's head snapped as Snape entwined his fingers into her hair and used it to pull her against his body. She looked into the deep abyss his eyes had become, and her heart started to race. The odd thing was that she didn't remember ever thinking about Professor Snape in this way. Yet, here she was in his arms and she wasn't afraid. In fact, if truth be told, she wanted more and in a very wrong way. But it wasn't so wrong if it was a dream, was it? *Oh, sod it*, she scolded herself. *Stop analyzing for once and start enjoying!*

"Please," she crooned desperately. "Punish me, sir. I've been very, *very* bad."

His other hand snaked its way to the nape of her neck, trapping her hair among his nimble fingers. He pulled back hard and leaned down to graze roughly on her neck, nipping and tugging her skin. Little shocks of pain mixed with pleasure, making her yelp uncontrollably, which in turn elicited animal-like growls from the professor. Tendrils of want and need spread throughout her abdomen with increasing urgency. She wanted...no, needed...those hands, that mouth, those teeth all over her body, in places she never dreamed of wanting someone to touch her before. She closed her eyes tightly, concentrating hard, trying to force her dream to obey her wishes, instead discovering that she had no control at all. She stifled a scream as the combined sensations of frustration, pain, and pleasure overwhelmed her.

"Oh, yes," he snarled into her ear. "Little Miss Know-It-All has a *lot* to be punished for."

His tongue ran slowly along the edge of her earlobe until she shook in his arms. The pressure of his body against hers was driving her insane, making her head swim with a desire so intense, it was all she could do not to beg for more.

Then, his hands released her hair, and in one deft movement, he grabbed her hips and spun her around, pushing her roughly against the desk, splaying her hands across the scattering rolls of parchment. He pinned her there with his body, allowing her to feel his hardness in the small of her back, causing her to writhe and whimper. Gods, she wanted him. The moisture flowed from her as she thought of the inevitable, of having him inside of her, stretching her, filling her repeatedly.

His hand found its way back into her now-tangled hair, and he forced her to look back at him. Watching her expression, his eyes blazed as he ground himself roughly against her bottom, riding her short skirt even higher. A wicked sort of half-smile played about his lips, and his other hand traveled around her body to fondle her under the skirt. Fingers expertly found the center of her desire, plunging deep into her wetness. Making a show of his expertise, he slowly withdrew his fingers and brought them to his lips and tasted her essence, forcing her to watch. The coolness of the dungeon air met her warm skin as his fingers deserted her. In her semi-conscious state, she realized that her dream-self seemed to have forgotten to wear knickers.

*Oh, gods...oh, gods...oh, gods*, became a mantra, audible only in her mind. She was barely able to think straight anymore with the illicit attention he was paying to her body and the growing lust that she knew she shouldn't be feeling.

"I think, Miss Granger, there is only one way to teach you a lesson," he drawled slowly, lifting the hem of her skirt to reveal the smooth skin of her bottom. He stepped back to admire the view. "Yes, only one way." Then, he smacked her hard across the bum.

She screamed in surprise, not having expected this turn of events at all. She felt her skin glow white-hot. When his fingers trailed low to cup her between the legs, she tensed for another blow. Instead, one of his thin fingers dipped inside of her, igniting her passion over the pain. He massaged the moisture over her bum like a salve, soothing the sting, lulling her. Then, he spanked her again, fast and hard. This time, the shock sent vibrations into her core, and she couldn't prevent a groan of, "More," as he continued the pattern of pain and pleasure.

"Did I hear you correctly, Miss Granger?" he asked as he spanked her even harder. "Do you want more? Tell me what you want. Tell me!" he shouted.

That was it. She couldn't hold back anymore and let loose with a frantic stream of words. "More! I want more. Oh, gods, don't stop. Don't stop ... please!"

"Please *what?*"

She was so close ... so very close. Whatever he was doing to her felt so good that she could scarcely breathe. "Please *sir*, make me come. Gods, I want to feel you inside of me. I want you to *fuck* me. Please, Professor, fuck me now!"

His ministrations were making her delirious, causing the words to pour from her mouth unchecked. She never imagined she would be saying these words...or even that she *could* say them. Then again, she never thought something could hurt as good as this. She didn't want this feeling to end.

Professor Snape pushed her down on top of the desk and continued the punishment. With every blow, her breasts shifted across the rough, wooden surface, hardening her nipples, making them raw. Then, without any warning, he was hard against her entrance, and he pushed all the way in, filling her in one stroke.

She gasped. He stretched her to the limit; she could feel her body accommodate his thickness, and she felt as though she couldn't stretch any more. Gods, she never imagined it was possible to feel so full, to feel so satisfied. It was like adding the final ingredient to a potion. She was complete. When he started to move within her, it was as though she were losing her mind. He shifted her body higher, driving himself in even deeper, making her squeal with every stroke.

"Yes!" she cried out. "Fuck me harder ... harder! Don't stop, please ... faster!" She felt the pressure mounting deep within. She was so close to her climax. The mere thought of her professor, her *Potions master*, fucking the living breath out of her brought her teetering near the edge.

Out of her dream-state, a guilty memory emerged and wound its way into her belly. It was an excitement of a different sort that she felt so long ago, as his voice stirred emotions within her the very first day of class. The excitement she felt that day melted into the present and forged something new within her now, a mixture of old and new. Suddenly, she felt the urge to hear his voice bring the memory to life.

"Say it ... oh, gods," she pleaded with him. "Please, say it for me. Your first-year speech ... say it for me now."

She felt him falter for a moment as he nearly lost control at this unexpected request. He thrust into her sharper, harder, and he spanked her reddened bum yet again. A primal growl forced its way from his throat as he fought to regain his control, to last longer. She was going to get what she wanted, and she was going to come to the words he spoke to every first-year at the start of term.

A smile spread across her face as she thought of Professor Snape getting a hard-on the next time he gave that speech. She only wished that it were true, that he was actually the one fucking her, not her dream-professor. If only he would actually be thinking of her as those words passed from his lips the next time he was in front of a class.

She pleaded again, hoping to have this fantasy just a little bit longer. "Please ... Fuck me, Professor! Say it!"

He pushed into her forcefully and held still a moment. Through the haze, she felt his voice like velvet reach down to caress every last measure of bliss from her aching body. Spanking her again, he began...

"I can teach you..." He thrust forward...

"how to bewitch the mind..." ... and again.

"and ensnare the senses." *Gods, it feels so good!*

"I can..." *Faster, yes, faster!*

"tell you how to..." *Oh! Yes ... oh, gods ... oh, FUCK!*

"bottle fame..." *I'm so close. Make me come, Professor!*

"brew glory..." *More, more, more ... MORE!*

"and even..." *YES!*

"put a stopper..." *Now! Now! NOW!*

"in death!"

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He came so hard that his whole body seemed to throb. Never before had he felt anything so powerful from a mere dream.

"Hermione," he groaned into his pillow as he slowly came to his senses, waking up more completely, feeling totally sated.

He couldn't believe it. Little Miss Know-It-All had just given him the most intense orgasm of his life, and she didn't even know it.

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Hermione woke suddenly, grasping the bed covers and screaming as her orgasm whipped through her like a tidal wave. Her hand flew down and pressed beneath her knickers as she tried to prolong the waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

Under her breath she chanted, "Yes, yes, yes ... oh, gods, yes. Fuck me, Professor...fuck me, Professor...fuck me, Professor," until finally the waves subsided. Sighing, she reluctantly let go and relaxed.

It was then that she realized her bum was still stinging. She felt it gingerly and could feel the heat radiating off her raw skin.

"Oh my," she said aloud. "That was no dream."

~End Chapter One~

*A/N The first-year speech was taken from the movie, not the book, because it happened to flow better in the context I placed it in. Plus, my dear professor found it much easier to say while otherwise occupied. I have found it is wise to never argue with the Potions master.*

## 2. Hermione's Theory

*Chapter 2 of 6*

Hermione tests her theory with the utmost prudence. Well, what would you expect?

### Chapter 2: Hermione's Theory

The following morning held a brand new sort of torture for Hermione. Taking a glance backward in the mirror at her bum, she found she was sporting a clearly defined, bright-red handprint on each cheek. The not-so-subtle reminder of those long fingers and what they had done to her the night before, albeit in a dream, made something in her chest clench and shoot fingers of desire straight into her belly, making her damp with desire. Her breath hitched in her throat, and she closed her eyes as her body

throbbled involuntarily with the memory. She was on the edge this morning, feeling very singular-minded, and she wondered how she was going to make it through her classes today when all she wanted to do was be beneath the powerful hand of her Potions master once again.

She froze. It wasn't the thought of being shagged by her normally ill-tempered professor that shocked her...she had always fallen for bad boys, so that didn't bother her much...but the realization that her first class this morning happened to be Double Potions. Staring at her reflection, she smiled evilly. If that *wasn't* a dream last night, she knew exactly how to test her theory.

Rummaging around her wardrobe, she dragged her trunk out and dug through the contents at the bottom. Finally, she found a very wrinkled uniform from last year that she had outgrown. A couple of charms later, it was both clean and pressed. She hummed softly to herself as she put on the skirt, which hit precisely mid-thigh, and buttoned up the shirt. Her chest had grown a whole cup size since the previous year, so she had to lean forward, shifting her breasts slightly, in order to fasten the button that drew that fine line between decent and indecent.

Standing up, she turned to assess her new look. Oh, yes, that was perfect. She practiced a few poses to see how high the skirt traveled...she wasn't going to give *everyone* a show, after all...and she decided for sure that Awake-Hermione better damn well wear her knickers.

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Breakfast was another matter all together. Sitting between Ron and Harry was probably a mistake. Well, maybe it wasn't a mistake as far as ~~as~~ she was concerned, but it was definitely a mistake as far as mercilessly trying two teenage boys' hormones. Actually, she found the whole situation quite flattering, as by the end of breakfast, both boys, who had gotten more than an eyeful of her décolletage as they leaned across to talk to each other, were rearranging what looked like rather painful erections before they stood up to go to class.

Hermione smirked as she eyed their discomfort out of the corner of her eye, betting that they were quite glad to be wearing robes. As her eyes passed casually over the Head Table, she noticed Professor Snape whirl off the dais and exit through a side door. The sight of him triggered another spasm as she remembered her dream-professor thrusting into her, smacking her behind, and filling her so thoroughly that...but she had to stop herself. Double Potions was already going to be difficult enough to get through.

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Her hand absentmindedly massaged her sore behind as she entered the classroom and sat gingerly on the stool. She took mercy on the boys and sat on the end so their conversation would be unimpeded by her straining shirt buttons. She loosened the fastenings on her robes, making them hang open and drape over the back of the stool. Ron let out a whimper beside her.

"Oh, grow up, Ron," she muttered under her breath. "Haven't you ever seen breasts before?"

"Well, yeah, but not *yours*, Hermione," he whinged. "Bloody hell. I never even noticed that you *had* any."

Hermione had to slap away his hand, which was reaching out toward her subconsciously...it better damn well have been subconsciously...looking suspiciously like he was out to cop a feel. Harry and Hermione elbowed Ron simultaneously as Professor Snape strode into the classroom. Reaching the front of the room, the professor spun around and glared at the entire class, splaying his hands...she throbbled once again at the sight of those hands...on the desk in front of him.

"The recipe for the Quiesco Potion is on the board," he began in a dangerously low voice that bode ill for anyone who would dare to interrupt. "All of you should have finished reading Chapter Fifteen, so all of you should fully understand how this potion is similar to the Dreamless Sleep Potion. Since this potion can be brewed fairly quickly, you will be spending the second half of this double period writing an essay on the similarities and differences between the two, exam conditions." His eyes scanned the class. "Any questions?" he bit out, implying that there had better not be any.

Not even Hermione, impatient though she was for him to notice her, wanted to tempt Snape's temper that morning. The room remained silent. "Well?" he growled. "Get on with it!"

"Ouch," Harry whispered. "Snape's in a bit of a snit this morning."

"Ah, what's new, Mate? At least *he's* predictable." Ron tilted his head suggestively in Hermione's direction. Harry sniggered behind his hand, but his eyes seemed to have gravitated once more, along with Ron's, to the spectacle of the straining shirt.

"You boys certainly could never be accused of being subtle," Hermione said as she stood up to gather the ingredients from the storeroom. Happily, she noticed that she had to walk right past Professor Snape's desk twice, roundtrip.

It seemed that Harry and Ron were not alone in noticing her change in attire that morning. As she stood, Malfoy catcalled from across the room, causing the Slytherin half of the classroom to erupt in laughter. Snape glanced up from his grading to glare at Malfoy and then shifted his gaze to see what the Slytherins found so amusing. In doing so, his eyes fell directly on Hermione as she walked past his desk. He would have made eye contact if only his eyes had gone up that far. As his attention froze upon Hermione's cleavage, his forgotten quill bled red ink all over the parchment he was correcting.

Hermione continued past, pleased at his reaction, and noticed his eyes following her, though the rest of him seemed to be under a form of Petrificus Totalus. She smirked as she turned to the cabinet and let all subtlety go out the window as her hand massaged the sore spot beneath her skirt. She distinctly heard a hiss from Snape's direction as she stood on her tiptoes and reached up to get a jar off the top shelf. Quite satisfied with herself and her little experiment, she returned to her seat, her arms full of potion ingredients.

Harry and Ron gaped at her with twin expressions of glazed incredulity as she leaned forward to tip the collected jars onto the table. Half the classroom was still twittering at Malfoy's supposed brilliance while the other half glared back, unaware and unconcerned at the cause of the commotion.

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Professor Snape finally was able to tear his eyes from the sight of Hermione bursting out of her uniform and swallowed with difficulty. His undoing, however, was when he realized her hand wasn't smoothing her skirt, but massaging her bum as though soothing a burn. He hardened instantly as Dream-Hermione's reddened bum flashed before his eyes. The extra bonus of milky white thigh when her skirt rose as she reached for the top shelf only served to make his pants feel that much tighter. He nearly forgot where he was and just barely held back a groan. It took all his willpower to look away. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a voice was screaming, "Fuck me, Professor!" repeatedly.

Then, it dawned on him. She knew. She had to. It was the only explanation for this little display, obviously meant only for him.

He watched her surreptitiously as she chopped and grated the ingredients for her potion. He imagined her played over the desk with her skirt gathered around her waist. He imagined ripping open her blouse, buttons popping off and scattering across the dungeon floor. He imagined her small hands grabbing his thick erection and rubbing it in between those two wonderfully swollen breasts, snaking out her tongue to swirl the tip every time it reached her mouth. He imagined binding her hands above her head and hooking her knees over his shoulders while he buried himself deep inside of her, pushing harder and deeper each time as she cried out in pain and ecstasy. He imagined consuming her rosy nipples, marking them as his and no one else's while she screamed, "Fuck me, Professor," and he fucked her faster and shoved into her harder and, damn, she was so tight and hot and wet and just for him and it felt just too damn good and oh, my gods, how he wanted to fuck her until he exploded....

His eyes squeezed shut tight as he came, valiantly remaining silent as his relief pulsed inside of his trousers *Blast that girl, anyway*, he thought as he muttered a cleansing spell under his breath. Oh, sod it! He was definitely out of control.

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Professor Snape's glazed look, combined with the fact that he hadn't spoken a single word for the rest of the double period, was answer enough for Hermione. He even blushed at one point...the stoic Potions master actually blushed!...and if his hands hadn't been squarely on top of the desk, she would have sworn he had just climaxed. She fastened her robes as she left the classroom and went up to the dormitory to change before lunch. That shirt was so damn tight she could barely breathe, much less eat a meal.

She didn't need this costume any longer, anyhow; she had her answer. Now, it was time for a little fun and perhaps a little retribution. As she sat down to eat lunch, the two boys on either side of her pouted inconsolably. They looked so silly with their bottom lips hanging out like that. She looked back and forth between the two and couldn't help but take pity on them.

"Come to Mama Hermione." She giggled as she pulled the boys in for a hug, their heads both finding a convenient resting place that seemed to comfort them.

Kissing the tops of their heads, she said, "I am so sorry to have given you boys such a shock this morning. Really. I mean, who would have guessed that I would turn out to be a girl after seven years of hanging out with you two?"

She chuckled, released them, and started dishing up some lunch. Harry and Ron's faces grew red, and they stammered the usual excuses and denials.

"Besides," she added, "I like it better when you look me in the face."

Their blushes deepened to a color that would have made Godric Gryffindor proud. She really did feel bad for playing with their hormones, but all the Galleons in the world would not make her feel bad for playing with Snape's.

~End Chapter Two~

### 3. Feelings, Nothing More Than Feelings

Chapter 3 of 6

Hermione does a little research and decides she wants a little more.

*A/N: The picture found in this chapter was created by Perselus. I am extremely flattered that the words I put on this page inspired such a work of art. Thank you, Perselus!*

Chapter 3: Feelings... Nothing More Than Feelings

The classroom was finally empty, the last class having finished over an hour before. Professor Snape sat behind the desk at the front of the room, his heavy teaching robes draped over the back of the chair, frock coat tossed unceremoniously on top. He unbuttoned the top few buttons of his stiff white shirt, rolled the sleeves above his elbows, and let his head drop heavily into his hands. It was Friday. He had been living for this day all week. In fact, if it weren't for Friday afternoons, and let's not forget Saturdays and Sundays, he almost certainly would have put himself out of his misery a long time ago.

Misery. Gods, what an existence. Teaching year after bloody year of mindless children either who didn't want to learn or who were too stupid to learn *Not to mention, we send them out into the world to propagate and populate the wizarding community with little replica dunderheads. What a service we are doing for our community, he thought bitterly.*

He had almost given up hope...okay, he had already lost it...when seven years ago, after giving a fresh bunch of first-years his customary speech, a little know-it-all had stuck her hand up in the air, waving it frantically, practically bursting with the right answer. Seven years later, she had mellowed quite a bit...for which he was extremely thankful because, although her interest had been refreshing, it had become rather annoying after a while...but she still exuded an intense desire to soak up knowledge about anything and everything.

Could he help it if he found that intriguing ... even, dare he think it, sexy? And then...oh, good gods...the way she ~~shooked~~ when she got off the Hogwarts Express this year after summer break. She had miraculously transfigured into a woman with curves in all the right places. He groaned at his nearly obsessive desire for this girl. She was bright and beautiful and she had his attention...in more ways than one.

He pressed a hand down hard on the heavy bulge that had plagued him all day. Every time he thought of her, it was the same. He was worse than the hormone-crazed teenage boys that flooded his classroom every day. He had to do something about this obsession before he lost his mind.

"Oh, yes. I almost forgot, I *am* losing my mind," he muttered to himself.

After Hermione's little show that morning, he had realized what had been happening. He had noticed that she seemed a little tired and distant these last couple of weeks, and now he knew why. Her dreams were keeping her awake...just like his had been. Moreover, he knew exactly what those dreams had been because he had been having them too. He just hadn't realized they had been affecting her until Dream-Hermione had walked into his classroom today.

*She's probably afraid to go to sleep, disgusted at the thought of her Potions professor touching her* he thought morosely. But she didn't look too repulsed by the idea that morning, did she? His head rose, slightly encouraged, and he strode toward his office to freshen up for dinner.

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Hermione walked into the Great Hall for dinner that night and absentmindedly sat next to her two best friends. Dinner was half over already, so she grabbed what she could here and there and took a long draught of pumpkin juice. She paused when she felt two pairs of eyes attempting to burn holes into her head.

"All right there, Hermione?" Harry grinned at her. "Where've you been? We were searching for our gorgeous Gryffindor goddess all afternoon."

"Well, you can't have been searching too hard, then, because I was in the library doing some research," she answered around a mouthful.

"Aw, come on. Can't you give it a break?" whinged Ron. "You're making the rest of us look bad. It's Friday and it's a Hogsmeade weekend and..."

"That's what I needed to talk to you about," Hermione interrupted, swallowing her mouthful whole. "I'm not going to Hogsmeade tomorrow. I need to stay and get some ..."

studying done."

Harry and Ron descended on her like a couple of squabbling hawks. Quite used to it after seven years, she turned back to her dinner and continued eating, barely listening to the boys berating her for being "no fun" and "all work and no play makes a dull Hermione" and all that. They would never change. They probably weren't going to be too happy with her later when she went back to the library either, she supposed. She sighed and chewed her food, letting her eyes wander the hall while the boys bickered and bantered in the background.

Her eyes met Snape's almost instantly. Something pulled in her gut, and her heart flip-flopped like a fish out of water. His long fingers curled around a mug, and he was languidly sipping its contents as he watched her.

She told herself to look away, but she really didn't want to. She was tingling from head to toe with the electricity of desire, almost as though she were being physically drawn to him. Feeling bold, she sent him a small smile and was a little surprised when his eyebrows raised a fraction in response. She couldn't help but imagine what it would be like if she walked right up to him, straddled his lap, tangled her fingers in his silky black hair, and devoured him. Bugger the fact that they were in the Great Hall. Who cares what anyone else thought?

Her reverie was shattered when Snape suddenly sat straight up and almost dropped his cup. She fixed her gaze quickly on her plate. Her pulse throbbed painfully in her throat as she realized that he had actually seen the images that had been playing in her mind, images of her snogging him in front of the entire school. *Mmm...* she thought. *Time to get back to the library.*

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It was nearly midnight, but she figured she knew as much about Legilimency as she possibly could without having practical experience. She had deduced that Professor Snape was an extraordinarily strong Legilimens. The fact that he didn't need to use a wand to initiate entry into her mind at dinner had proven that. She also deduced from his reaction in class earlier that day that they seemed to be sharing dreams, and he had not been aware of it.

*He probably thought he was the only one having these dreams ... at least, until I dressed the partshe thought.*

According to *The Omnipotent Occlumens and The Labyrinth of Legilimency*, dreams could be initiated by a Legilimens. He would have control over everything, which was why she could not change the course of the dream. However, her responses would still be her own, so she could say and do anything she liked if she was lucid enough to do so. She was still confused, though, over the fact that he did not seem to know this had been happening.

*Oh well,* she thought. *There's only one thing left to do.* She sighed, rubbed her eyes, and went back to her dorm to sleep.

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*Why the bloody hell is he so obsessed with a few missing pieces of Boomslang skin, anyway?* She sulked as she walked the halls of her dream down to the dungeon yet again. *I mean, it was for a good cause. Sometimes you have to bend the rules a little for the greater good*

She was still half-muttering to herself as she pushed open the door to the Potions classroom. As soon as she closed the door and turned around, however, every last thought faded away like one of the castle ghosts and she was struck speechless.

He had been waiting for her. There he stood, leaning against the desk closest to the door, arms folded, and staring at the floor. Mostly, his informal attire took her attention; it differed drastically from all the dreams that came before.

Instead of the form-fitting trousers and frock coat, he wore black silk pyjama bottoms that tied at the waist and billowed down to his bare feet. His white shirt hung open, revealing a well-defined, broad chest. She tried to discern his expression, but his face was partially obscured by a lock of hair that cascaded down his jaw line, accentuating the paleness of his face. He had the demeanor of a fallen angel. *My angel,* she thought as she gazed longingly at sex personified.

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After what felt like ages, he lifted his head and stared back at her, his face impassive. Still, a mixture of desire and melancholy and a whole slew of unfamiliar emotions were warring in his eyes. It was such a far cry from his usual manner that it frightened her a little.

"This is not really a dream, is it, Professor?" she asked gently, slowly approaching him.

He shook his head but no words followed. She closed the space between them and placed her hand on his arm, looking up into his eyes.

"But I'm asleep, and I think you are as well. So how is this happening?" She kept her voice neutral even though inside she was quaking like a leaf. "Is there something wrong, something I can help with?"

He stood up abruptly with a deep sigh, removing himself from her touch.

"Help? I should have expected that you would have wanted to help," he spat. "I am not going to be your next charity case, Miss Granger."

He turned his back to her but did not walk away. He just stood there dejectedly. Her heart smoldered with uncertainty. She burned to heal whatever had made him throw up his defenses. However, she couldn't help but notice...to her great chagrin...that even a dejected Snape was a sexy Snape.

Suddenly, she felt like crying, not from the bite in his voice...that she was used to...but because she actually *felt* what he was feeling. She felt his longing and desire fueled by a desperation she had never before experienced. Simmering underneath, however, she felt his self-incrimination and self-loathing. To top it all off, she felt an overwhelming sense of loneliness and fear of being rejected. She couldn't stand it anymore.

"Don't think like this," she whispered as she wrapped her arms tightly around his middle, resting her head on his back. "I can feel what you're feeling. If I'm right, you can feel what I'm feeling, too."

She felt the low murmur of agreement as it vibrated through his body. Forcibly, she turned him around to face her. The glassy black of his eyes reflected like mirrors. She saw herself in him. All she wanted to do was give herself to him. She reached up and pulled him down for a tentative kiss...the first kiss they knowingly shared.

It was like fire spontaneously combusted through every vein in her body. His lips ignited her desire, and they devoured her urgently as though he needed to get as much as he could before she disappeared. He seized her bottom lip with his teeth, and then kissed the harshness away. His tongue darted between her lips, insinuated itself as her jaw relaxed amidst his kisses, and slowly twined with her own until their combined desire made it into something more. He was rough and unyielding, but caring and soothing at the same time. His kisses burned, and his tongue was the balm that soothed. Never, ever did she want this to end. She wanted only what a man could give her, what her Potions master could give her.

He held onto her face with both hands, leaning into her body, placing more kisses down her neck and nipping at the sensitive areas relentlessly. The sensuality of his full length against her, his hardness pressing into her stomach, his pulse throbbing through layers of clothing was almost too much to bear. How she ached to touch him, to take him into her mouth and make him feel everything she felt for him. A growl escaped from somewhere deep in his throat as he felt what she envisioned doing to him.

She hissed her encouragement, though words were completely unnecessary. "More. Oh, gods, more," she whimpered while he nibbled on her earlobe and then ran his tongue whisper-light around the edge, making her whole body shiver. She held him to her tightly, trapping him in her embrace. There was no way she was going to let go of this man. She had never wanted anything so desperately in her life...except maybe for a perfect score on her NEWTs.

"Hermione," his passion-drugged voice hummed in her ear. "Hermione, I need you. I want you. I have never felt anything like this. I know you couldn't possibly want..."

"Hush." She stopped him with a single finger over his lips.

She brushed the hair away from his face, tucking it lovingly behind his ear. "I want this, too. No, don't say another word," she counteracted as he tried to argue. "I've already had all the necessary arguments with myself. I have already thought this all the way through."

He chuckled at this admission. "I should have thought that you would. I would expect nothing less from you."

"But I don't want to do this here, in this dream world. If we are going to do this, I want it to be real." She laughed a little, massaging her backside. "Well, you know what I mean."

She felt his heart soar, felt the loneliness drain away with his newfound hope.

"Fine, my little know-it-all," he purred as he bent to taste her lips one more time. "Fifteen minutes. Use the common room fireplace to Floo to my private rooms. Say 'Professor Snape's private quarters.' I'll be waiting. Do not be late. Now, wake up."

She awoke with a jolt.

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Quickly, she changed into a silk, pearl-white, ankle-length nightdress that hugged the curves that had blossomed over the summer. It showed enough without giving too much away, which was why she had chosen it. She finished her outfit with the matching dressing gown and brocaded slippers. It was sexy while being perfectly practical to be seen in around the dormitory or common room if need be. Finally, she stood before the fireplace with five minutes to spare, trying to calm her breathing. Her heart thundered within her chest, more out of nerves than the speed with which she had dressed.

Being a girl of impeccable common sense, she had also bundled up a change of clothes and her toothbrush and shrunk them to fit in her pocket. She didn't want to look suspicious when she returned, whenever that would be. She took one last, long, deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to calm her nerves.

How long had she wanted this? Certainly, it had been a dream that had flirted around her mind all this year and perhaps even most of last, if she was going to be completely honest with herself. At first, she truly thought those explicit dreams had been of her own creation. Now, she was about to step foot in the private rooms of Severus Snape. She almost squealed in anticipation. This was really happening. She couldn't believe it.

With one last look around the common room, she took a handful of Floo powder from the mantle, tossed it into the flame, stepped inside and said, "Professor Snape's private quarters."

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As Hermione disappeared, two heads popped up from the back of the sofa in the far corner, one unruly dark one and one somewhat messy red one.

"Did you just hear what I heard?" Ginny asked, her mouth stuck open in awe.

"Mm-hmm. But I'm sure she can take care of herself. Now get back down here and take care of me," Harry replied as he pulled Ginny back down on top of him.

~End Chapter Three~

## 4. Pain and Pleasure

*Chapter 4 of 6*

Finally...in the arms of her Potions master.

Chapter 4: Pain and Pleasure

Professor Snape waited in his sitting room, holding two glasses and a bottle of wine as she ducked out of the fireplace. He stood as tall and dignified as ever, but his face belied a nervousness that he saw mirrored in hers. He was trying so hard to exude a persona that was different from the one she normally saw. Would she be able to see the true Severus Snape, the one beneath the usual stiff-lipped, buttoned-up professor?

He watched her in amazement as she brushed the leftover soot from her gown. Hermione Granger was actually standing before him in his private rooms, and this wasn't a dream. He was almost afraid to say anything, in case he broke the spell and she vanished in a puff of smoke. He didn't want to scare her off with an unintentional comment or offhand quip. He yearned to prove to her that he was so much more than the man he put on display for the rest of the world to see. He would not deny that man was a part of him, but it was a small, if overused, part.

"Would you like some wine?" he asked softly, inviting her to come closer, holding out a glass and charming the cork to pop from the bottle. She quirked an eyebrow, surprised that he hadn't used a wand.

He flashed a self-satisfied smirk at her. "I believe there are many things about me that would surprise you, Miss Granger. However, you already know how much I despise foolish wand waving."

She smiled. The wine smoothed over her tongue and down her throat, warming her stomach and radiating outward, overheating her slightly. Her face flushed.

*She is so beautiful,* he thought. *Why ever would she want someone like me?*

"Why?" The question tumbled from his lips before he could stop himself. So many questions swirled about in his head that it rendered him speechless. Instead, he stretched his arms out to either side in a wordless gesture.

"It really is amazing how a man who carries himself with such confidence and composure can doubt his desirability," she said.

Setting her wine glass down, she walked over to him, pried his fingers from the glass he held, and placed it next to hers. She took each of his strong hands in her own,

small fingers twining among his long and graceful ones, and gazed longingly into his eyes.

"Such a simple question; such a complex answer. Why don't you look for yourself?" she invited gently, offering her mind up to his.

His heart lurched in his chest. No woman had ever willingly yielded her mind to him before. This was the ultimate form of intimacy. The thought of being inside her physically was nothing compared to this. His throat tightened. Emotion welled up inside him, and he found that he didn't have the strength to push it back down. He took a shaky breath and slipped inside.

Her feelings for him assaulted his mind almost instantly. Images of him as an authority figure of many faces flashed before his eyes, accompanied by feelings of respect and exasperation, paired with twinges of righteousness and resentment. Images of him as a man being objectively studied, entwined with feelings of admiration and reverence. Intimate images of his hands skillfully chopping ingredients, his mouth delicately sipping his morning tea, his eyes flashing passionately, his robes whirling about his lithe body, his regal and somewhat arrogant gait, brought along feelings of lust and desire so strong they nearly threw him off balance.

Without breaking contact with her mind, he bent to kiss her lips. It was soft and tender, belying the harshness of the man underneath. The sensation was multiplied by the connection he maintained. He felt her response as she felt his, heightening their awareness of each other. The ground seemed to fall away from their feet, and sparks were exploding inside their bodies. Their lips caressed and heated, making them more desperate for each other.

He pulled her body to his, and the bodily contact was like sensory overload. Their bodies seemed to fuse into one. He felt her wet heat. She felt his sleek hardness. Their lips danced, and their bodies undulated against each other. Hands roamed freely over the other's body, and they groaned as one as their desire reached fever pitch.

He was making love to her mind and her body at the same time. He had no idea it could be like this. Lights danced behind his eyes as he ravished her hungrily. He muttered a single spell between kisses and finally found his skin touching hers.

The instant sensation of her professor's naked body against her own sent Hermione over the edge. She cried out as her body pulsed with uncontrollable release, which only served to increase their combined passion. Professor Snape let out a low growl as her sudden orgasm screamed through his brain, and he fought to maintain control. It was too much. He couldn't wait anymore. Her body called to his, and he could not deny it any longer.

He bent to lift her small frame to hover over his waiting erection, and with one swift movement, he impaled her to the hilt. They cried out in unison. He could still feel her muscles clenching as he collapsed backward onto the sofa. He worked with her, a joint effort of push and pull, thrusting upward to meet her as she sunk down upon him. Their pace grew wild, and they clutched at each other as if the contact they already had just wasn't quite enough.

His fingers twisted in her hair, and he pulled her in closer, feeling the tension build inside of him. She reciprocated, winding her fingers in his dark locks, the softness of his hair complementing the roughness of their actions.

His voice echoed in her mind desperately. *I want to hear you scream my name. Please... Gods, Hermione, now* He was nearly incoherent as the fire burned through his veins in a straight path to his lower regions, preparing for his imminent release.

Hermione could scarcely breathe as invisible fingers stroked every sensitive crevice of her body. The very real presence of him filled her so completely, stretching her to the limit. The friction he was causing was pushing her higher, making her visit places she had never been before. His fevered request broke her resolve and she felt the tide start to crest and break, shaking her from her head to her toes.

"Ooooh, yes," she crooned. "Oh, yes ... gods, yes... SEVERUS!" she screamed as she flooded him with her climax.

His balls tightened at the sound of his name, and he shattered, filling her at her deepest point, jerking hard into her wetness, their fluids mixing, their bodies melting together. Hermione's head dropped to his chest in exhaustion, the aftershocks of both their orgasms still quaking through their bodies. Neither wanted to move. Neither wanted to leave the other.

Severus let his mind slip gently from hers, too tired to keep the connection, and Hermione whimpered at the loss of intimacy. She grasped onto the physical sensation of him still inside of her to make up for it, though she was amazed that having him in her mind made her feel infinitely closer to him than simple bodily contact. She sighed in satisfaction as they relaxed into the afterglow. She loved the way the extremes of this man made her feel, the hardness and the softness.

Severus let his fingers comb through her long curls soothingly. He felt as if he had just lost his virginity all over again, except this had been infinitely better. He was high on this girl...no, woman, he reminded himself. She was definitely a woman. A fascinating, enticing, radiantly beautiful woman. He pulled back to look at her face. The smile on her face made him twitch involuntarily inside of her.

"Hermione." His resonant voice flowed over her body like cream.

"Severus." She whispered his name lovingly, still in awe that she had called her Potions master by his first name. His eyes sparkled as the syllables fell from her lips.

Reaching far over her while being extremely careful not to break the last vestiges of their connection, he grabbed her glass and then reached for his own. They both drank deeply, suddenly aware of how thirsty they were. Hermione chuckled as her obviously charmed glass refilled itself.

"Do you regularly intoxicate your women with wine, Severus?" she chided with a smile.

"I find Firewhiskey is more efficient," he answered dryly. "Actually, I do not usually find women who wish for me to intoxicate them," he continued a little more somberly.

"Oh, I find that hard to believe of a distinguished Potions master like yourself," she countered.

He looked at her earnestly. "I'm not a nice man, Hermione. My past and my reputation precede me. It's a bit off-putting, especially for women."

"Mmm." She studied him thoughtfully, taking another sip of wine. "Fortunately, Severus, I am not most women. You may not put on a nice persona to the world as a rule, but there is so much more to you. It took me a few years to realize that, I'll admit."

"And what prompted this realization?" he prodded her, truly curious.

"No one has just one side, Severus. My friends only see one side of me, and they are shocked when another side presents itself. Sometimes, I feel as though no one understands who I really am deep inside. It can be a little depressing. Last year I started watching you more and discovered that you rather consistently displayed only one side of your personality to the world in general. But every so often, I saw a chink in your armor, and I realized how complex you actually were. It intrigued me."

He had been watching her intently. He had never noticed before how eloquently she spoke and realized that he had never really given her a chance. Shifting a little beneath her, he sighed, "I'm sorry. Maybe we should move. I believe my leg has fallen asleep."

Her laugh took his breath away as he slid from her body. He smiled and uttered a charm that removed the evidence of their coupling. Hermione stood before him unabashedly; she was quite comfortable with her body and his, but the coolness of the room marred her skin with goose bumps. Another spell and she was wrapped in her dressing gown, he in his drawstring pants, and...*Incendio*...the fire blazed higher.

Hermione sank onto the rug before the fire, curling her legs underneath within her dressing gown. The fire-induced shadows toyed with her features seductively. Severus curled up next to her, feasting on the wine and the beauty of the woman beside him. She twisted slightly to look up into his eyes, the question already forming in her face.

"The dreams?" he asked before she had the chance. At her silent nod, he sighed. "I can only guess, mind you, but I think I know what has happened. There is an obscure note in an old text, referring to something like this happening once before. A Legilimens who had been imprisoned for many years had been plagued by increasing



loneliness. His desolation manifested itself in his dreams, and his wife reported having similar experiences. The Healers hypothesized that his intense desire created shared dreams, a subconscious reaction. Not so unlike this," he finished as he picked up her hand and pressed it against his growing bulge. "See what you do to me, Hermione?" he breathed into her ear.

Trembling, she began to massage him through the silk covering, a slick spot of wetness spreading through the fabric. She groaned at her body's automatic response to his arousal.

"Their dreams played to both of their desires," he managed to add while her fingers played him expertly.

Aware that she was a little more in control than he was at this point, she gave in to temptation, feeling rather frisky. She could not resist baiting him a little. "Then why is it, Professor, that you seem so *damned* obsessed with a few pieces of Boomslang skin?"

His reaction caught her off guard. He spun her around and pinned her to the floor so quickly that wine glasses tumbled across the rug and breath escaped her lungs in a rush. An evil smile played about her lips as her petulant Potions master made an appearance.

It was one thing to be held by her newfound almost-gentle Severus, but equally exciting...perhaps even more so...to be held in a much different way by Professor Snape, who had never held her in any way, shape, or form before. Well, except for a few dreams, which at the time they had no idea they shared. Hot need gushed between her legs, wanting ever so much to be touched by Professor Snape. He was so sexy, so seductive, when he snarled at her.

"Yes," she whispered desperately, urging him on.

The fact that she was so obviously turned on was not lost on him. It only served to arouse him further. He pried her knees apart roughly and ground his hard sex between her legs. Her wetness soaked the cloth that still covered him.

"You cheeky little girl." He gnashed his teeth at her, playing the part fully. "Little thief," he grunted as he shoved his cock against her, the overly sensitive tip hitching against her own overly sensitive nub. "Bloody know-it-all." Damn, he didn't want to come just yet. He had to stop.

Hermione cried out, "Nooo," as he pulled away. Her gown had fallen open, and she laid spread out wantonly on the floor. His eyes glinted wickedly in the firelight.

"Oh, yes, Miss Granger," he intoned in his silkiest, most sarcastic voice as he stood towering above her. "Let us do this properly, shall we?"

He pulled her up roughly by one arm, dragging her over to the sofa. He sat down and pulled her over his knees unceremoniously. He tore off the dressing gown, baring her glorious bum. He moaned as his erection jumped in remembrance of a similar sight not too long ago.

The first wallop stung a little, and she gasped a bit. Then, she felt his other hand part her legs and trace the outer edges of her swollen lips. Another sting followed by another, and then a long finger slipped deep inside and drew her juices out, swirling around her engorged clit.

"Fuck, yes," she groaned as he smacked her again, and she held on to his legs for support.

"You are going to apologize, Miss Granger," he snarled (*smack!*), "and you are going to beg for my forgiveness." (*smack!*)

Blast! This was too much. He remembered how good it felt to fuck her senseless in his dream. Her ass became redder as he smacked her again. She became wetter as he let his fingers fuck her. His cock grew harder, and electric sensations scrambled up and down his length. He spared a moment to free himself from the confines of his pants before continuing with her punishment.

He spanked her harder, and she cried out for more. His long fingers slammed into her folds with more insistence while his cock danced between their bodies.

"Gods, yes, Professor. Again! Oh, *please!* Spank me harder ... I've been a bad girl. Again ... oh yes, again!"

His cock ground against the side of her hip with the force of every blow. His balls squeezed between their bodies *Oh, shite, shite, shite*, he thought as he forced a growl. He was losing it.

"Apologize, Miss Granger. Now," he warned.

Her thought processes were utterly demolished, and she was reduced to one-word responses. "Sorry," she squealed as he hit her harder and pumped her faster.

"I didn't hear that, Miss Granger," he choked. He felt the familiar tightening starting to take hold.

"Oh, fuck! *Sir!* I'm sorry, sir!" she screamed as she came against his hand, embracing his fingers inside of her. The waves of her orgasm slammed into her violently. Then, she heard him shout as he exploded, the heat of his semen on her bum almost soothing the burning reminder of his punishment.

Only when she relaxed did his fingers slowly withdraw. He drew her up to sit properly on his lap and held her close for a long time until their breathing returned to normal.

Hermione clung to him needily, lost in thought, until she heard a quiet sniff from above. Looking up, she saw her professor's watery eyes before he had a chance to look away. She turned to him and kissed him long and hard and with such determination that he pulled back in wonder.

"However can you indulge the whims of a dirty old man?" he inquired, his heart aching for corrupting such a sweet girl...woman, he corrected himself.

Hermione laughed softly at his self-deprecation. "Oh, I was under the impression that *I* was corrupting *you*."

He let out a feral growl as he swooped her up into his strong arms and whisked her away into his bedroom. He was not finished with her yet.

~End Chapter Four~

## 5. Never Underestimate Hermione Granger

Chapter 5 of 6

Well, no one in their right mind does!

A/N: **And this is very important!!**This chapter includes a piece of artwork created for this chapter of Bewitching Her Mind by usagitsu. It is rated NC-17 and is quite ... well, you'll see when you get to it.

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## Chapter 5: Never Underestimate Hermione Granger

Severus stumbled into his bedroom with Hermione in his arms. She had her fingers laced around the back of his neck and was lazily kissing his neck and bare shoulders. He threw her naked body onto his bed, quickly tore off his pants and crawled up her body, planting small kisses up her thighs, over her stomach, and stopping to suckle her plump breasts. He lay comfortably between her legs, satiated and feeling deliciously lethargic.

Hermione played with the strands of black hair that lay haphazardly across her chest, framing his face as he leisurely played with his newfound toys. Who was she to complain? His tongue was quite talented, knowing precisely what her body needed. Although exhausted, she started to respond once again to his touch.

*Gods*, she thought, *now this is the difference between a boy and a man* She had never had much patience for the inexperienced fumbling of boys. She sighed contentedly and surrendered to the feelings that were coursing through her body.

Severus looked up at her with heavy-lidded eyes, spent but by no means ready yet to sleep. "Happy?" he asked as he kissed his way slowly around her navel.

"Quite, thanks," she replied and twisted a lock of his hair around her finger. She laughed softly as it resisted the curl and slipped silkily from her grasp. "Mmmm ...*dve* your hair."

"So, I would suppose that 'Greasy Git' is a rather inaccurate nomenclature," he commented saucily.

"Well, maybe the greasy part. The rest remains to be seen." Oh, how she loved to bait this man. He nipped vengefully at her overly sensitized skin, causing her to flinch.

"Ow! You horrible man," she squealed.

"Now, now, my sweet. I thought you enjoyed a little pain," he quipped, clearly tempting her.

A small, evil smile spread over her lips. Now he was in trouble. He began to get hard again in anticipation.

"So the bad little...okay, not so little...Potions master wants to play games, does he?" she drawled in a honey-sweet voice. His swelling cock jumped at the more-Slytherin-than-Gryffindor attitude she affected. Gods, yes, this woman was everything he expected and a lot more. Even the ex-Death Eater in him was getting aroused.

Hermione rolled him off and sat up, turning her back to him. She glanced around her new surroundings for ideas. It didn't take very long for an idea to present itself; she untied one of the velvet sashes that tied back the curtains on the grand four-poster bed and pulled it free. Suddenly, his nimble fingers insinuated themselves between her slightly parted thighs, delving up into her folds. She twisted around to smack the offending hand.

"Naughty boy. Didn't your mother teach you to keep your hands to yourself?" she teased. Slowly, she drew the sash lazily over his stomach, circling it over his thighs and finally over his swollen cock.

"Get up," she demanded. He didn't move, choosing instead to give her a very Snape-like sneer, as if to say, "Little chit, ordering *me* around?"

"I said get up!" she growled savagely, and she wound the sash once around her hand and whipped him with it. The sneer vanished instantly. She whipped him again. "Now, move up to the head of the bed!"

The sight of naked Professor Snape, surly Potions master and control freak, scrambling up the bed made her juices flow. He seemed eager for what was to come, which excited her even more. She slithered up to him seductively, straddling his thigh, showing him how ready she was for him. Then, she brought his hands above his head and swiftly tied them to the headboard.

"You do realize, Miss Granger, that I could release these binds with one word." He affected his best classroom voice.

"I am very much aware." She imitated his tone with eerie exactness. "But your punishment, if you were to release those bonds, would be quite severe." She leaned in close and whispered, "I trust that you have more intelligence than to defy me."

Sitting back, she admired her handiwork. Professor Snape lay splayed in front of her in all his glory with one marvelous erection standing at attention, seeming to strain toward her, begging for whatever was in store.

□

[Created by usagitsu](#)

"Whatever is the matter, Professor? Feeling a little turned on?"

The sound that escaped him could only be described as a whimper. Hermione was emboldened by his response and a little surprised that she had elicited such a reaction from him. However, she could not let something like a whimper from him pass unnoticed. In one swift move, she slapped his cock and watched it spring back. He squeezed his eyes shut and groaned.

"Open your eyes!" she yelled and slapped it again.

"Fuck, Hermione!" His voice shook as he grew even harder.

"Oh, you like that do you? What else do you like, Professor?" Her voice dripped with false sweetness. "Maybe you like this?" she said as she knelt before him, spread her knees wide, and fingered herself. He pulled on his bonds hard, wanting to join in, not having expected her to go this far.

"What's the matter, sir? Want some?" she asked, drawing her fingers from her nether lips up to her mouth. Snape yanked on the bonds even harder.

"Down, boy!" she said sharply and smacked his cock again.

Snape growled in frustration.

"What was that, sir? Do you have something to say?" Hermione fell back on her heels, spreading her lips for him to see, and slid two fingers slowly inside. "Oh, gods, this feels so good. Don't you wish you were the one fucking me instead?"

She pumped her fingers in and out a few times, letting her eyes shut halfway. Suddenly, she leaned into him and drew her wet fingers beneath his nose. "Do you smell that, sir? You could be having this."

Never in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined anything like this from her, of all people! He felt his testicles tighten, and he knew for a certainty that he would never look at her again in the same light. He would be teaching Potions to the Gryffindors with a perpetual hard-on.

"You want to play games, sir? Look at me!" Her left hand was twisting her nipples and kneading her breasts while her right hand thrust and rubbed and played below. She still had the presence of mind to abandon her breasts to give him one last slap. His hips bucked.

"Gods, Hermione," he gasped. "Let me come. It's too much."

Her fingers were too busy and her climax too close to care anymore. He could see it in her face. "Eximo," he whispered, and his bonds gave way. His hand found his erection as he watched her pleasure herself, desperate to find his release.

"Watch me, Hermione," he urged. "Watch me come for you."

Her eyes focused on his hand, which pumped fast and hard over his erection. It was an awesome sight, one that pushed her closer to the edge. Her fingers met his pace, imitating his thrust, desperate to bring herself to conclusion as he met his own.

"Yes, Hermione. I'm so close. Oh, fuck! Hermione, yes! Come for me!" he screamed, and he came, his semen expelling with such force that it fell across her thigh, on the bed, on his legs....

He stroked through his orgasm and watched as Hermione watched him. When her orgasm finally hit, she cried out and fell forward, screaming his name as they both nursed the last shudders from their bodies.

She used the last ounce of energy she had left to crawl on top of Severus, collapsing on his chest, utterly exhausted.

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It took a few minutes to recover. Severus' strength was completely sapped, his muscles liquefied. He thought of using a cleansing spell, but what had just transpired put him in the mood for a more traditional solution. Even though his muscles complained, he bent to scoop Hermione in his arms. Her petite form clung to him lovingly, and he walked to the bathroom and deposited her in the bathtub. A few select herbs were added to the bath water to relax them both, though they really needed no help relaxing.

The bathtub filled, slowly covering her exhausted body. He stood in awe, watching this woman recline in his tub. He felt drugged by her; he would do anything it took to keep her. She gazed up at him and held her arms open, inviting him in.

Severus gingerly slid into the water and fell into her, nuzzling her neck amid the bubbles. She pulled him up gently to meet her mouth. Their kisses were gentle and unhurried. His lips caressed hers lovingly, and her tongue wound out to entwine with his, a slow dance that brewed quietly to a simmer, enflaming a more subdued desire.

He twisted her around, sitting her on his lap and drawing her closer against him. She never would have guessed to find him ready for her again, but there he was. She wanted him so badly, all of him. Her heart seemed to blossom inside her chest, both in desire and fear ... fear that he wouldn't return the feelings she was about to share with him.

"Severus," she whispered in his ear. "I love your sharpness, and I love your softness. I love my gentle Severus, and I love my irritable Professor Snape. I need you. I want you to be mine."

Her words almost rendered him speechless, and his heart pulled painfully in his chest. This was more than he could have asked for, more than he deserved.

"Hermione, everything about you is amazing to me. You are more than I could have asked for, and I want you more than anything I have ever wanted in my entire life. I would sacrifice everything I have for you. I love you. You *will* be mine."

Oh, so very slowly, Hermione sank onto him, binding him inside of her. She looked into Severus' eyes and was shaken by the naked emotion he made no effort to hide. This man loved her. He loved her! Her heart burst and tears filled her eyes. He leaned forward, thrusting into her lovingly, feeling himself push against her cervix. She inhaled through a sob and found his lips waiting to take hers. Their mouths continued the slow, steady rhythm set by their bodies. They took their time, drawing out their passion, savoring each other as if to imprint this moment forever in their minds.

Rocking back and forth against him, drawing him in and out of her, she felt the familiar sensations building once more. His kisses grew in intensity as their pace quickened, tongues tangling frantically. As the pressure mounted, he bucked up into her, feeling her walls tighten against the impending release. Suddenly, she clenched around him, moaning into his mouth. His voice melted into hers as he ground deep into her one more time and gave in to his climax.

Nearly falling asleep in the tub, Severus came to his senses long enough to cast a drying spell and carry her one last time to bed, where they fell asleep in each other's arms.

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Hermione awoke as Severus quickly drew the quilt over her head. She had enough sense to remain still.

"Severus," she heard Dumbledore's voice echo in the fireplace. "I'm calling a faculty meeting this morning before the students go into Hogsmeade. See you in my office at ten, all right?"

"I will be there, Albus," Severus replied.

When the fireplace stopped sputtering, he withdrew the covers. "Good morning." He smiled, looking mildly ruffled. "Want some breakfast before I have to go to that blasted meeting?"

Hermione purred in acceptance, extricating herself from the bedclothes. They were both naked, and the sight of his body made her own feel even more awake. She felt his eyes on her body, staring hungrily.

"Unfortunately, the headmaster will not allow us to indulge in our fantasies this morning," he said, the disappointment evident in his tone.

"What about the headmaster, Severus? Won't he have your head if he finds out about us?" She had no plans to forfeit her newly acquired lover, but it was a legitimate worry. She would do anything to keep him close to her.

"Blast what that man thinks, anyway," he spoke sharply. "I am not sharing any of this with him, and if somehow he figures it out ... well, he can just sod off."

She laughed at this outburst, and he chuckled along as they dressed for breakfast.

~End Chapter Five~

# 6. Potions Under Duress

## Chapter 6 of 6

Hermione's new relationship with her Potions master in class.

### Chapter 6: Potions Under Duress

Harry shoved Ginny into an unused classroom somewhere between the Great Hall and the Gryffindor dormitory. He was at the boiling point and couldn't take it anymore. Ginny had sat across from him at breakfast, teasing him mercilessly the entire time and flashing sultry glances at him. Every time her mouth opened to accept a morsel of food, he could feel her mouth hungrily devouring his cock like she had done only hours before. He never realized how sexy it could be watching someone eat.

Ron had been blathering something in the background about Hermione not being at breakfast, that she was probably in the library again and making the lot of them look bad with all her studying. He had been grumbling all morning, and Harry grunted noncommittally every so often, his attention taken with the redheaded girl sitting across from him. When Ginny's foot found the growing bulge in Harry's lap under the table, he groaned involuntarily. Ron suddenly snapped out of his diatribe and looked at Harry suspiciously. Then, realization seemed to slap Ron in the face, and he gaped at his sister and then back at his best friend.

"Shut your mouth, Ron. You're catching flies," Ginny scolded.

"What the bloody hell is going on?" Ron bit when he found his voice. "Harry? Ginny?" His voice rose in pitch. "You better not be doing what I think you are," he growled at his little sister.

"I'm a big girl, Ron. I have *big* needs." Harry's eyes rolled upward, and he couldn't help but moan again as Ginny's foot ground upward over his erection. Ron's face reddened to a deep purple, and he stormed out of the Great Hall.

"Ginny, you better stop," Harry choked. "I want to be able to walk out of here with some of my dignity intact." She grinned at him mischievously and reluctantly stopped, only to lick some porridge enticingly off her spoon.

"Bugger this. You're gonna get it," Harry growled, and he chased a giggling Ginny out of the hall.

Thus, he found himself pushing her into an unused classroom, unable to make it any farther. He shoved Ginny against the wall and hiked up her skirt. Their breath gasped hot against the other's cheek, as Harry desperately tried to release the buttons on his jeans.

"Yes, Harry!" Ginny screamed as he penetrated and pushed into her hard.

Ginny slammed into the wall with every thrust, crying out, "Yes, Harry, fuck me... harder, Harry... gods, you're so big... faster... I need to—oh! Oh, Harry! Please don't stop!"

He filled her with long strokes, gasping as he tried to hold out a little longer, just a little more, until he felt Ginny's orgasm hit with sudden force. Her name echoed across the empty room as he climaxed, letting her walls milk the last of his fluid until he was thoroughly spent.

Giggling and nuzzling each other, they emerged from the classroom, only to find Hermione waiting patiently against the opposite wall and grinning at them.

Harry cleared his throat, "Erm... how long have you been there, Hermione?"

"Oh, somewhere around I believe it was, 'Gods, you're so big.'" She laughed at their expressions of embarrassment. "Oh, don't worry. I put a silencing charm on the door so I didn't hear anymore. You really should think about doing that yourselves, you know," she chided.

"Since we're on the subject of silencing charms, Hermione..." Ginny smoothly drew the attention away from herself. "How loud does Professor Snape make you scream?"

Hermione shot a stunned look at her two friends, realizing that she must have neglected to check the far corner of the common room the night before. Smiling wickedly, she responded, "Oh, he does a right good job of it."

She laughed at Harry's look of horror and Ginny's peaked interest. "I'll tell you more later, Ginny. Obviously, Harry is not too interested in Snape's sexual prowess."

"Too right, I'm not," he replied.

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The following Monday found Hermione waiting patiently for Potions class to begin. Professor Snape strode purposefully into the room, flipping his teaching robes intimidatingly around his tall form. Waving his hand at the board, he spun to greet the class. His eyes bore into hers for a fleeting second before taking in the students as a whole.

"Copy down the instructions I have posted on the board, and get to work. You all should have read the next chapter, so there should be no questions. I expect there will be no mistakes." *Especially on your part, Miss Granger.*

Hermione heard that last bit in her mind. *Oops!* Her eyes widened. *Better be more careful about making eye contact next time,* she giggled silently.

*Indeed,* the inner voice drawled.

Hermione began her potion, and everything continued without incident until about halfway through. Something tickled the inside of her knee, but when she reached down to brush it away, there was nothing there. Then, the strangest sensation slowly slid up her inner thigh. *Gods, it almost feels like a tongue.* She inhaled sharply.

"Everything all right, Hermione?" Harry whispered, looking at his very flushed best friend.

"Oh, it's *more* than all right," she groaned as she tossed in the next ingredient, trying desperately to concentrate on her potion and stay in control. Snape's silent warning echoed in her mind as the invisible tongue reached the source of her desire.

Harry fixed his gaze on Professor Snape who was sitting behind his desk with his eyes closed, fingers massaging his temples as if working at a headache. A slight quirk of his lips, however, gave him away. Harry was a little too aware of Snape's abilities in Legilimency to be oblivious to what was going on.

Hermione struggled at his side, her breathing coming slightly faster. Nevertheless, she stirred her potion with one hand and tossed in the next ingredient with the other, trying to be subtle about her discomfort.

Harry's hands shook a little. He tried to concentrate on his own potion but was failing miserably. Something about all of this would have seemed so wrong only a few days ago, but after a weekend of shagging Ginny senseless at every opportunity, his senses seemed to be heightened. Even though he knew Snape was causing Hermione's distress, there was something exciting about witnessing her silent struggle.

"Oh... my... gods," Hermione whispered as the invisible tongue slid in and out of her wet folds while something, which felt suspiciously like a nose, probed her sensitive clit. Her eyes widened in newfound appreciation of that wonderful appendage. The thought elicited an amused chuckle from the intruder at the back of her mind.

Last ingredient. Stir. Reduce to simmer. Then she sat back, shuddering as he brought her over the edge, knuckles whitening on the edge of the table.

"Wow, Hermione," whispered Harry in her ear. Watching his best friend finish her potion under duress was impressive. It truly was an accomplishment that rivaled catching the snitch.

"All of you should be finishing up about now," a voice boomed from across the room. "Please bottle the results, label them with your name, and bring them up to my desk."

Hermione straightened her clothing slightly and got to work bottling her potion. Next to her, Harry did the same, noticing his results did not match hers in the slightest.

Harry cleared his throat. "Hermione?" his voice cracked. "Would you mind taking up my vial? I, erm, don't think I can stand up right now."

"No problem, Harry." Hermione patted his hand as her eyes fell to the large bulge in his lap. "I guess Ginny wasn't lying." She giggled as Harry pulled his robes down to hide himself.

She walked to the front of the room, laying Harry's vial on the desk but handing her own to Professor Snape in triumph. *Got to do better than that, sir,* she thought as she met his gaze.

Something flickered in Professor Snape's eye for a second, and she heard him mutter so no one else could hear, "Fifteen points to Gryffindor, Miss Granger."

~fin