

Be My Valentine, Professor Snape

by Ms_Figg

An inebriated twenty-seven year old Hermione gets it into her head after a little too much spiked punch left over from a Valentine's Day Ball she helped chaperone at Hogwarts, that Professor Snape is in dire need of a valentine of his own. Does he now? A short holiday pwp.

A Holiday Visitation . . . of Sorts

Chapter 1 of 4

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Chapter 1 ~ A Holiday Visitation . . . of Sorts

The year was two thousand and seven. Harry Potter and his irritating friends had long since graduated, and Voldemort was killed in the final battle years ago by Harry, with the help of Hermione Granger and Professor Severus Snape.

Harry served as an Auror for the Ministry, and Hermione Granger was a researcher for the Department of Spells, also employed by the Ministry. Ronald Weasley had married Susan Bones and already had four children. He worked with his father Arthur, also at the Ministry. Neither Harry nor Hermione had tied the knot yet or had any prospects.

Tonight had been the annual St. Valentine's Dance. Harry and Hermione attended, serving as additional chaperones. Harry really wasn't too vigilant, and was looking forward to the inevitable spiked punch. On several occasions Hermione had to elbow him in the ribs to make him break apart heavily snogging students.

"Gods, Hermione . . . it's Valentine's Day. Have a heart," he said to her before half-heartedly doing his duty.

Professor Severus Snape strode toward his office in a terrible mood. This in itself was no great surprise, however, considering he had spent his evening waving away cherubs, trying to keep the punch from being spiked (he failed), and pulling groping students out of dark corners.

It was always this way at the St. Valentine's Dance he was forced to attend every year, as well as being forced to brew at least a gallon of "Morning After" potion for Poppy to administer to a number of witches who got "caught up in the passion of the moment" the night before. The wizards at Hogwarts always looked forward to Valentine's Day, which they secretly dubbed "Shagging Day." A box of chocolates, a few flowers, a bit of dancing and a couple of cups of spiked punch . . . and a successful shag was virtually assured.

It was better than Christmas.

"They should call it 'St. Fucking Day,'" Snape snorted to himself, stopping in front of his office and removing the ward.

It didn't matter what the day was called to the professor . . . he didn't have a valentine or anyone to fuck in either case. He suffered through every Valentine's Day this way. Yes, he could go to the brothel and get a quick lay, but that was far from adequate. Prostitutes were only for coming and going. The moment the Potions master finished, he'd leap off of the witch as if she had turned into flame and Scourgify himself thoroughly. Not the best close for sex.

But what was a snarky bastard to do?

In the staff room, Hogwarts' teachers were finishing off the spiked punch and getting pretty tipsy. Madame Pomfrey would be doling out sober-up potion to more than students tomorrow morning.

Flitwick and Minerva were in the corner arguing about something inconsequential while refilling their glasses. Sybil was reading Sinistra's palm, her skinny, bangled arms waving about dramatically, multi-colored scarves trailing spookily. Hagrid and Firenze were in another corner, Hagrid with his arm draped around the centaur's neck and talking animatedly as Firenze listened good-naturedly, nodding.

Madam Pomfrey had retired early. She needed to be well rested in order to treat all the hangovers that would be flying at her tomorrow. Hopefully she had enough sober-up potion in her stores.

Hermione was good and lit. The witch had a weakness for alcohol, but normally didn't indulge in it unless around people she knew and trusted. She could act a total fool under the influence. The witch was ripped now, her face red, and giggling over what Harry was saying about Valentine's Day as a whole.

"I tell you, Hermione . . . they should call it Shagging Day. When I was in Hogwarts, we waited all year for Valentine's Day . . . it was the only time of the year where witches let their guards down and their robes up," he said with a wicked grin, pouring himself and Hermione a big cup of spiked punch.

"Well, what happened this year?" Hermione asked him, smiling.

"I didn't plan ahead, so didn't have anyone on the roster when the day came around," Harry said. "I missed my opportunity. It's not like I'm around as many witches now like when I was in Hogwarts."

"At least you have opportunities, Harry. I imagine Severus is down in the dungeons alone as he is every year. No one gives him Valentines," Albus said a bit sadly as he swayed his way over to a chair. He sat down heavily, his chin dropping to his chest. The Headmaster was blasted. That punch was really something.

"No Valentine. How sad," Hermione said, her face falling. Harry looked at her incredulously.

"Sad? He'd probably hex anyone who tried to give him a lacy heart . . . not to mention asked him to be a Valentine. Asking him to be a pallbearer? I can see that . . . but a Valentine? Not if they wanted to walk away with both legs," Harry said.

"I . . . I bet people are just scared to ask him," Hermione said, more to herself than Harry. That alcohol was doing a damn good job on her.

"Smart people," Harry said, dropping into a chair and looking rather sleepy.

Harry began to drift off. Albus sleepily roused himself, transfigured a chair into a bed, then flopped down in it, snoring instantly.

Hermione poured herself another glass of punch, thinking about poor Snape, down in the dungeons, who didn't receive a Valentine from anyone. Hermione's drunken sympathies were conveniently slipping around the fact that the snarky wizard most likely hated Valentine's Day and didn't want to be anyone's blasted Valentine.

"It's so sad," Hermione said to herself, "no one cares . . . so . . . so sad."

Too bad Harry had conked out. If he hadn't . . . he might have been able to stop what happened next. Swaying, Hermione pulled out her wand and changed a napkin into a very frilly Valentine's Day card. Using the tip of her wand she scrawled, "Be My Valentine, Professor Snape." The handwriting was atrocious.

Hermione picked up the card and looked at her handiwork.

"Perrrrfect," she said, weaving her way to the staff room door and out of it. No one even noticed she left as most were nodding off or engaged in drinking more punch. There was quite a bit of it.

Snape was in his study. He had just peeled off his robe and undergarments. He put on his black housecoat and slippers, then sat down to enjoy a nightcap before bed. He was just bringing the glass to his mouth when an amplified knock sounded on his office door. He had it magicked that way so he could hear visitors when in his private rooms.

He sat there a moment. Who would be knocking on his door at this time of night? They had to know there'd be hell to pay. Snape walked into his bedroom, retrieved his wand, then opened the bookcase and walked into the office. The knocking continued. Snape ripped open the door and Hermione stumbled in, crashing into him and driving both herself and the wizard back into his desk.

"Miss Granger!" Severus bellowed as the witch's hands clutched all over him for a handhold. She accidentally groped his 'assets' in the process before he pushed the witch off him.

"What are you doing here . . . and drunk?" Severus demanded as Hermione made a valiant effort to straighten herself, standing up very straight and tossing her hair back with a flourish.

"I'm here . . . I'm here, Professor . . . to right a very great wrong concerning you," she said, her voice a bit slurred.

"A what?" Snape asked, frowning at the inebriated witch. The first four buttons of her robe appeared to have fallen off and he could see her creamy white throat clearly.

"A very great wrong!" Hermione reiterated, reaching into her robe pocket, failing the first couple of tries, then drawing out something very pink.

"This is for you, Professor," she said, holding out the card.

Against his better judgment, Snape took the card, frowned at the laciness, opened it and read the drunken scrawl. He looked up at her.

"Is this some kind of joke?" he asked the witch, his face twisted.

Hermione shook her head exaggeratedly.

"Nope. I mean it from the bottom of my heart. Be my Valentine, Professor Snape," she said.

Then she walked forward, wrapped her arms around his neck, pulled him down and kissed him. Not a nice, chaste kiss either . . . but shoved her tongue deep into the shocked wizard's mouth and scoured it, pressing her body against his.

Snape was so shocked, he didn't react . . . at least not violently. Despite being drunk, Hermione was quite a kisser, especially concerning intimate kisses. The Potions master found himself responding and quite quickly. He made no attempt to break the kiss but let the witch invade his mouth and rub her body against him. He was getting an erection. He wore nothing under his housecoat but skin.

Hermione pulled away from his mouth.

"Now, wasn't that nice?" she said to the wizard, who stared down at her, his black eyes glinting. "A hot Valentine's Day kiss. Everyone should have one of those. Even snarky Potions masters."

"It's no longer Valentine's Day, Miss Granger. It was over two hours ago," Snape said to the witch, his eyes now drifting over her consideringly.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. It's Valentine's Day until morning," she responded, smiling. "Wow. I wish I had some more punch."

Both of Severus' eyebrows rose. Miss Granger was extremely inebriated already. He really shouldn't encourage her . . .

"I don't have punch, but I do have a rather sweet wine in my study," the wizard said to her.

No one ever came to the Potions master's private rooms.

"Ooh, I like wine," Hermione said, just walking through the open wall without any hesitation.

Snape stuck his head out the open door, looked up and down the dungeon corridor, then closed the door, warded it securely, then followed Hermione into his study, closing the wall behind him. Hermione was fanning herself.

"My . . . is it always this hot in here?" Hermione asked him.

"The dungeons are extremely cold this time of year. I keep a good fire," the wizard said.

"I feel as if I'm roasting," Hermione said. "Do you mind if I take off my robe?"

"Not at all," Snape replied, walking over to his liquor cabinet, selecting the largest glass he had and filling it to the brim with wine as Hermione removed her robe, revealing a white dress with thin straps that clung to her curves quite alluringly.

"That is quite the dress to hide under your robe, Miss Granger," Snape said, eyeing the dress appreciatively as he handed her the huge glass of wine.

"Well, you never know. I might have had to take my robe off for someone. I wanted to make a good impression if that happened. It fits really well," she said turning for him.

"Indeed," the Potions master said, arching an eyebrow at the witch before walking to one of the two armchairs in front of the fireplace and sitting down. Hermione joined him, taking a big sip of wine.

"My, that is sweet!" she said.

"Sangria," the wizard responded, looking at the witch as she kicked off her low-heeled white shoes and curled her legs up in his armchair, leaning back and looking at the fire.

Hermione had grown up to be quite a pretty witch, though not devastatingly beautiful.

"How old are you now, Miss Granger?" Snape asked her, sipping his drink.

"I'm twenty-seven," she said. "Getting old."

Snape snorted.

"Hardly," he said shortly, his eyes washing over her curves.

Hermione fell silent for a few seconds, then said, "Professor, do you have any music? I feel like listening to some music."

Snape looked at her. She comes down to his rooms inebriated at an indecent hour and now wants to listen to music. He should throw the drunk little tart out on her ass. But instead he fetched his Wizarding Wireless and watched her fiddle the dial until she came to a station that seemed to be playing . . . very primal music. Heavy, thumping bass and drum line, slow and rather sexy. Hermione listened for a few seconds then clapped her hands together.

"Oh it's Muggle Oldie Night!" she exclaimed.

Snape looked at her. Muggle Oldies? Oh, good gods. He was a classical music man himself. But he didn't say a word as Hermione placed her glass of wine on the small table between the chairs, jumped up and stood in front of the fireplace, swaying slightly to the music.

Snape watched her. The fire shined through her dress, and he could see the curvaceous outline of her body clearly. It was like a peepshow.

The wizard didn't bother questioning his ethics. He had none right now. Hermione was twenty-seven years old. She'd come to his room in the middle of the night, asked him to be her Valentine, kissed him, accepted more to drink, wanted music and now was dancing rather sensuously in front of him.

Ethics couldn't hold a wand to this. Nothing could actually. Nothing had ever happened to him like this in his entire life. It was like a story out of Playwizard. Severus Snape was a snarky, grouchy bastard of a wizard . . . but he knew an opportunity when he saw it. He would just wait to see what would happen. It could be that the witch would drink herself into a stupor and nothing would happen at all. He didn't plan to touch her if she didn't want to be touched. He was an opportunist, but not to that extent.

Suddenly a very sexy, odd song came on. It was American, a chorus of soulful male voices singing in harmony, with soft, rather nasal sensual vocals.

[Click here to hear this song.](#)

You want my love and you can't deny.

Hermione let out a little squeal.

You know it's true, but you try to hide.

You turn down love like it's really bad.

You can't give what you never had.

"Oh I LOVE this song! It's 'Can't Hide Love,' by Earth, Wind and Fire! Oh my gods!" she said happily, beginning to dance in earnest, slowly and sexily, Snape staring at her

as he listened to the music's lyrics.

Hermione's eyes closed as she wound her hips in front of the fire, looking like some kind of fallen angel in her white dress, barefoot, her hair wild around her head and eyes half-lidded, the silhouette of her body surrounded by flame.

Snape drew in a breath as his half-mast erection went full mast, popping through the gap in his housecoat. He quickly covered it as best he could, pulling the fabric to the side. Hermione didn't see his unintentional flash, but the tent was apparent. He wasn't about to tuck his organ down between his legs . . . it would be too uncomfortable. His cock was too big for that kind of treatment.

Hermione chose to open her eyes at that moment. She saw the wizard pulling the fabric of his housecoat over his lap and the huge tent beneath it. Snape looked up and met her eyes with his dark orbs. He frowned slightly at her as if expecting the witch to say something ultimately rejecting. He was used to that after all.

Hermione stopped dancing.

"I'm a terrible Valentine, aren't I, Professor?" she said, her voice not sounding as slurred as before. Maybe getting a look at the size of that tent sobered the witch a little.

Snape didn't answer her. Let her answer her own question.

"I come into your rooms drunk, get drunker, start dancing all around . . . not thinking how it must make you feel. I bet you're lonely, Professor . . . and I come here and make you feel lonelier. I'm sorry," Hermione said softly. "I'm surprised you haven't thrown me out yet."

"I don't want to throw you out, Miss Granger," the wizard replied, holding his housecoat over his swollen cock. His normally silken voice sounded a bit hoarse. "You can stay all night if that is what you want. It's true. I don't ever have company, and you are pleasant on the eyes. There are worse ways to spend my nights. Continue dancing, Miss Granger. It is no imposition, believe me."

Hermione looked at him consideringly and the way he was holding his housecoat. No, she clearly wasn't an imposition. Snape was enjoying watching her dance. She turned him on. That was quite a heady thing to realize. She believed Professor Snape to be the coldest wizard she'd ever known. But that tent proved he was human after all, and didn't want her to leave. He didn't say that, but he implied it. He was too proud to ask her to stay.

Professor Snape was a hero, a hero who never received any of the attention Harry did . . . not that he wanted it, but had anyone ever shown him appreciation? Oh, they gave lip service about it, but had anyone rewarded him with something he really enjoyed? She wanted to ask him, but it was too personal. Hermione was sobering. And despite that fact, she found she wanted to stay here for a bit longer and dance for the wizard. It was harmless enough, and she had a little exhibitionist in her.

"All right, Professor," she said softly.

The wizard seemed to visibly relax as she began to move again, this time conscious of her motions and purposely dancing erotically. All she needed was a pole and a purse to put some Galleons in.

Snape became so caught up in watching her, his hand slipped from his housecoat, the tented fabric falling away and his erection standing straight up, thick and pale in his lap. Hermione, who had been dancing turned toward the fireplace, turned around to face the wizard, her eyes going wide as she saw his huge cock sticking up at full mast, the wizard apparently unaware it was showing. Hermione quickly turned back around.

"Damn," she thought, "he's huge. Oh my gods . . . what if he wants to . . . wants to . . ."

Snape noticed a change in the way Hermione was dancing, then saw that he was exposed. She must have seen his cock. She was going to leave now.

Ah well, it had been entertaining while it lasted. Certainly the best Valentine's Day present he'd ever received from anyone, even if it was the result of a drunken bout of pity on the witch's part.

Severus covered himself again, then said, "I'm very sorry, Miss Granger. I should have been paying better attention to my . . . er . . . presence, but you are quite distracting. I suppose you are ready to leave now."

Hermione turned around and looked at the wizard. He kept his face carefully neutral as he looked back at the witch. He wasn't going to try and impede her in any way.

"Are you asking me to leave, Professor?" Hermione asked him.

"No, but considering what just happened, I would think you would be distinctly uncomfortable to remain in my presence," the wizard replied.

Hermione gave him a rather measuring look.

"You would think so, wouldn't you?" Hermione replied. "But for some reason, Professor, I'm not exactly uncomfortable. It's more like I'm a bit . . . well . . . a bit divided."

Snape arched an eyebrow at her.

"Divided, Miss Granger? What do you mean by that?" he asked her.

"A part of me is telling me I should leave," she said softly, "but another part of me is suggesting I stay and take a closer look at what you're trying so hard to hide."

A Lot of Talk . . . But Action?

Chapter 2 of 4

Hermione takes a closer look. ;)

Chapter 2 ~ A Lot of Talk . . . But Action?

Snape looked at the young witch standing in front of him. Was she serious? Snape had never been too much on conscience, and Hermione had grown up to be quite a pretty young woman, but he felt a twinge of something. He, too, was divided.

"Perhaps some sober-up potion would put you firmly on the proper side of the fence, Miss Granger," he said softly. "There is always the 'morning after' to think about."

The Potions master was mentally fighting with himself. Why the fuck was he doing this? He should just whip out his cock and let her see it. Maybe she'd agree to fuck him.

Hermione nodded and the wizard rose, carefully keeping his housecoat closed.

"I will be back with it in a moment," he said, striding into his bedroom and then into his bathroom, opening his medicinal stores. He always kept a bottle of sober-up potion handy. He took the bottle out and hesitated, part of him insisting he tell the witch there was none.

No. He'd probably want to kick himself later . . . but no.

He walked back into the study and up to the witch. He could smell a hint of jasmine as he uncorked the bottle and passed it to her.

Hermione looked up at him, then took a tiny sip of the potion . . . just a little bit, and handed it back to him.

Snape frowned at her.

"That's not enough potion to sober you up, Miss Granger," he said to the witch.

Hermione's eyes were clearer now, and so was her thinking, but she still had a bit of a buzz.

"I know," she said, "but I just want to keep a little of the liquid courage, Professor. I know that I'm rather repressed cold sober, and I just don't feel like being repressed tonight. I'd like to be able to say what's on my mind. I probably wouldn't if I didn't have a little buzz on. There's nothing wrong with that, is there?"

Snape studied her.

"Your judgment could be impaired," he said quietly.

"Fuck my judgment," she responded. "Sometimes it just gets in the way."

Snape blinked at her. Hermione met his gaze evenly.

"Fine," he said, corking the bottle and walking back into his bedroom, then into the bathroom, putting the potion away. He didn't know what to think about this development.

Hermione didn't either, but that didn't stop the witch from walking into the Potions master's bedroom. When Snape walked out, he found her standing just inside the door, looking at his four-poster bed. Then she looked at him.

The Potions master in his housecoat and slippers. Her ex-professor. The most unapproachable man in the entire wizarding world. She couldn't believe she was in this intimate situation with him. True, he hadn't done anything to encourage her, other than show her she aroused him, but that wasn't intentional. In fact, he tried to discourage her . . . or at least make her think about what she was considering.

The situation was quite simple really. Hermione was randy. She wasn't seeing anyone and hadn't had a satisfying sexual experience in months. It took her weeks to get from point A to point B with a wizard. She was normally very slow about getting down to fucking, almost as if she believed there was a set, proper time to do it . . . and it took at least eight weeks of courtship. Waiting proved she wasn't controlled by her body's needs, or so she liked to think. Of course, the whole waiting game was rendered null and void if she wanted to fuck the wizard within days of meeting him. It didn't matter if she didn't. The urge was there . . . just repressed, held back until she deemed it 'proper.'

Hermione was a master of deluding herself.

Well, she didn't feel like being proper tonight. Snape wasn't the most handsome man in the world, but his bearing was what made him . . . dare she think it . . . sexy. Several of her friends would have passed out completely at this assessment if she dared to share it. By rights, he should have thrown her out when she first kissed him . . . but he didn't, and she had really laid one on the wizard.

He was also accommodating. He gave her something more to drink and let her listen to music in his rooms. She was sure it wasn't the type of music he was used to listening to . . . but he let her listen anyway. The Snape she remembered didn't give up one lick of control. It was his way or detention, loss of points or both. But that was him as a teacher. He wasn't her teacher any longer. He was a man . . . most likely a very lonely man whether he admitted it or not. And Hermione was lonely too. She would like some male contact, as long as it wasn't cold and clinical. The professor did seem that way. She wanted to feel something.

Snape had stopped just outside the bathroom door when he saw Hermione standing in his bedroom. They stared across the room at each other in silence.

"Professor . . . I need to ask you something," Hermione said to him, "something rather personal."

"I'm listening, Miss Granger . . . though I can't promise you an answer if your question is too intrusive," the wizard replied, his dark eyes resting on her a bit curiously.

"Are you a cold lover?" she asked the wizard.

Snape arched an eyebrow at her. This was some question. He decided it needed clarification.

"When you say 'cold lover,' Miss Granger, what do you mean?" he asked her, crossing the room now and sitting on his bed.

Hermione took a few steps closer, but was still a small distance away from him.

"I mean . . . do you kiss, caress . . . that kind of thing?" she asked him.

"Do you mean do I do foreplay, Miss Granger?" he asked her back.

"I guess I do . . . but during too," she said.

Snape looked at her. The truth was he rarely engaged in such activities because the women he usually fucked didn't require it, nor were they worthy of it. They were paid, after all, and needed no other priming than Galleons. The cold caress of coins in their palms lubed them up just fine.

"Why do you ask, Miss Granger?" he replied, again answering a question with a question.

Hermione thought it should be obvious.

"Because . . . because I need that from a wizard," she said softly. "I need to feel wanted."

The professor thought he had shown her, very pointedly, that she was wanted. He couldn't have the huge erection he did if he didn't want her. From her questions, it seemed Miss Granger was trying to decide whether or not she wanted him. Snape wasn't in the mood for a Q and A session.

"Would it help your decision, Miss Granger, if I were to strip and strut my wares for you, displaying myself like some male animal in rut? Possibly bobble my head, or flap

my arms like a rooster? Or maybe bring you a small pile of shiny things, hoping to catch your eye? Or better yet, I could go to my labs, whip up some bright body paint and boldly color myself like a peacock," he said, unable to help himself. Hermione made him feel as if she were trying to put him through paces, and he balked at it . . . realizing at the same time more than likely he had insulted the witch and she would leave.

Hermione looked at him coolly.

"Just an answer will do, Professor," she replied, wondering why he would attempt to push her away when it was obvious she aroused him. Maybe he had performance anxiety. More than likely it was the natural bastard coming out of him. Well, she had a part two answer for him. Did she dare say it?

She looked at the wizard who had a self-satisfied smirk on his pale face, presumably because of his sarcastic, clever side-stepping of the issue.

Hermione's eyes narrowed slightly. Oh yes . . . she dared.

"Unless what I saw was false advertising . . . and you really aren't 'up' to fulfilling my needs at all . . . then I'd understand, Valentine," Hermione purred with a nasty little smile.

Snape's smirk quickly turned into a scowl, and a very black one. Was the cheeky witch questioning his virility?

"I assure you, witch . . . there is nothing false about me," he snarled. "I am more than 'up' for anything you have in mind."

Hermione found she liked him snarling.

"So do you, or don't you?" she asked him.

"What?" he snapped at her, his anger and growing desire to take the witch making him lose his train of thought.

"Do you kiss, caress . . . in other words know how to make love to a woman?" Hermione stated flatly.

Snape had enough of this. He stood up and began to walk toward Hermione slowly and menacingly, no longer holding his robe. His organ flashed her with every step he took. Hermione's heart began to pound, but she knew the wizard was purposely trying to frighten her and make her run away. He was doing a good job of it actually, but the witch was a Gryffindor. She wouldn't flee his room in that manner. If she did leave, it would be with some dignity.

He stopped about a foot from her, his dark eyes resting on her face.

"Do I know how to make love to a woman? I've never asked myself that, Miss Granger . . . but I definitely know how to fuck one," he breathed at her.

The wizard was so tense, Hermione felt as if he were ready to spring on her like some kind of animal. Her belly was in knots. The sexual tension between them was palpable.

"But do you know how to kiss one?" she replied.

The Potions master stared down at her, not saying anything, his black eyes glinting. Suddenly he stepped into her, pulling the witch hard against his body and covering her mouth with his own, possessing it, his lips moving against hers sensually before slipping his tongue into Hermione's mouth, tasting her heat and sharing his own.

Gods, his kiss was hungry, powerful and full of promise. How did a man so cold generate so much fire? Hermione felt herself helplessly melt against him, her body practically molding itself to his, the wizard's hardness long and firm against her belly as he deepened the kiss, bending Hermione slightly backwards and folding over her, beginning to work his cock against her until the witch started gasping.

Then he broke the kiss and released her, his pale hand sliding across her lower back caressing it gently, more gently than Hermione could have ever imagined before it fell away.

How could such a harsh man have such a tender touch? It must be because of his art. He had to stir gently at times and quickly at others to perfect his brews. What else had he perfected? She looked up at the wizard, feeling as if she couldn't speak a word.

Snape's nostrils were flared as he looked down at Hermione. He felt her body responding to him, molding itself to him . . . even now the witch was having trouble breathing, her breasts rising and falling quickly. He had no intentions on letting Hermione leave unscathed now. She had sealed her fate letting him kiss her. A kiss was not enough.

"No more verbal sparring, witch. We're beyond that now. Do you stay or do you go?" he asked Hermione, his voice washing over her like a caress.

Hermione felt as if she were being drawn up into the wizard's dark, captivating eyes. It was as if he were casting an Imperious curse on her without speaking a word. She felt herself move into him and his arms wrap around her, his lips, soft, demanding, close over her own, then she was lifted from the floor and floating, then sinking into softness, warm hands sliding up the calves of her legs, caressing her skin, pushing up fabric, a low, silken voice urging her to lift her hips, strong fingers gripping her shoulder and pulling her upward gently, the sensation of being freed from confinement and air prickling her skin. Then there were lips again, on her mouth, then her throat . . . and hands, this time sliding downward, around the curve of her breasts, over her waist and snagging on her hips, then again, the low voice purring at her to lift, and the slide of fabric, much less fabric this time, down her thighs, over her calves and ankles, then over her feet, followed by a feeling of total freedom and intense heat. Then she was alone.

Snape took off his housecoat, looking down at the naked witch shifting on his bed. Hermione seemed to be in a daze of desire, her amber eyes focused on him yet not seeing him. The wizard climbed into the bed and lay down on his side facing her, his dark eyes drifting over her body.

Hermione's breasts were perfect as far as he was concerned, large but not too large, tipped with brown, tight nipples. Her belly was a bit rounded, but soft, and her waist flared into ample hips, and she had thick, strong thighs. No doubt the witch thought herself too plump. But she wasn't. Not as far as the Potions master was concerned. To him, Hermione Granger was built like a woman was supposed to be built, soft, curvaceous, and full . . . with a body a man could hold on to, feel like a cushion beneath him and of course, bounce off of like a trampoline.

Snape ran his finger slowly down the witch's throat and between her breasts, Hermione's mouth parting, her back arching upward as she sighed.

"Do I know how to make love to a woman, Hermione Granger?" he purred at the witch, rolling over on top of her.

Hermione stared up at him, still unable to say anything because of all the desire she felt. Snape smirked.

"Let us find out, witch," he said, lowering his mouth to hers.

* * *

Call Him Mr. Foreplay

Chapter 3 of 4

Severus shows Hermione his "skills."

Chapter 3 ~ Call Him Mr. Foreplay

Snape's lips moved from Hermione's mouth to her jaw line, over her throat and slowly came to rest near the sighing witch's ear.

"I need to make you aware, Miss Granger . . . Hermione, that my attentions are not based in love, but in pleasure . . . my pleasure. I haven't been involved with a witch I could kiss or indulge myself with as intimately as I would like for a very long time, so you will reap the benefits of my long hiatus. In other words, I will be 'making love' to you by default."

Snape flicked his tongue over the shell of Hermione's ear, causing the witch to shudder deliciously before he continued.

"I know these are not the most romantic words to whisper to a woman in this situation, but I want to be sure you understand this is a tryst and nothing more, despite how I make you feel . . . and I will make you feel, Hermione," the wizard said, "because that will bring me pleasure."

The Potions master kissed his way back to her lips, then looked down at her.

"Valentine's Day . . . the day of 'Love,'" he chuckled, his eyes dark with delight. "I know that you have a love of gaining knowledge, Hermione, although at this . . ."

He licked her cheek, tasting his lips as if she were coated with sugar, then continued, ". . . particular moment it is not on the top of your 'to do' list. But I am a teacher, and what is more, I find it amusing that I have been blessed with this gift tonight because of a holiday that was once celebrated by slaughtering goats and using their blood-dipped strips of skin to whip the women of the village into fertility . . ." he crooned, then paused.

"Which reminds me . . ."

Snape slid off Hermione and reached over to his nightstand where his wand rested. He picked it up, placed the tip of it beneath Hermione's navel and whispered a contraceptive spell. He put his wand back and rolled back on top of the witch.

"Better safe than pregnant," he said to Hermione, kissing her again as he slid his hands down her sides.

"Do . . . do you always talk so much, Professor?" Hermione breathed at him.

Snape scowled. She finally speaks and this is what she says to him?

"Are you suggesting there are better things I could be doing with my mouth, witch?" he said darkly. "Things like this?"

Snape kissed her briefly, then slid his lips over her chin, sliding his lean body downward as he lightly nipped, licked and sucked at her throat, Hermione arching and gasping at the feel of his mouth on her skin. The wizard slid his hands up her arms slowly, grasping her wrists and holding them down, pinning the witch to the bed.

He looked up at her, his lank hair framing his face.

"As you probably knew from your years as a student of mine, I have serious control issues," Snape purred, nipping her chin, then continuing his downward journey, sliding his lips over the mound of her breasts, biting the firm flesh gently, then running his tongue over the areas as if to soothe them.

No one had ever used teeth on Hermione, and she found it both frightening and arousing, scared the wizard would break skin. But he seemed to know when to stop before causing true pain. It was as if Snape were trying to inhale her breasts at first, opening his mouth wide and taking in as much as he could of each one, sucking hard then running his tongue around the tight nipple, Hermione moaning as little electric jolts seemed to radiate from the puckered peak, making her body jerk in reaction.

The wizard took his time going over her torso, licking, sucking, kissing and nipping not only her breasts but her sides, not missing an inch of skin. Hermione felt as if she were something almost edible, Snape tasted her flesh so completely. Every place his lips touched seemed to burn. Was he using some type of sex magic on her to enhance her responses?

"You're . . . using . . . magic . . . on . . . me!" Hermione gasped, arching up as the wizard kissed her belly, his lank hair dragging over her skin. Snape looked up at her as Hermione lifted her head to look at him. He frowned slightly.

"You insult me, witch. I don't need to use magic on you. I am a master when it comes to sex as well," he said to her, lapping her navel with his tongue, his dark eyes flashing at her as her head dropped back down.

Snape began to kiss her lower belly, releasing her wrists now and caressing her body slowly, teasingly as he ran his tongue across her upper thighs, Hermione almost feeling as if she were a balloon being inflated by his touch, each caress of those pale hands filling her with heat and lifting her higher.

Gods, his mouth was so soft, his tongue so supple, slippery . . .

She wanted it at her core and wantonly spread her legs for the wizard, who was concentrating on kissing her right thigh. Snape stopped and looked at Hermione's pink core, his nostrils widening as he inhaled the scent of her, studying the little droplets of lubrication that clung like opaque pearls to her curling chestnut pubic hair. The witch's clitoris was peaked and rigid, full of blood. There was no doubt she was turned on by him.

Snape licked his lips, then rose to his knees, Hermione frowning at him. He was supposed to have dived right in. Her eyes fell on his thick, long cock. It was pale, the head fluted and dark with blood. Pulsing veins encircled the shaft. It bounced as Hermione licked her lips. He had the biggest cock she ever saw. Suddenly, she didn't care which head ended up between her thighs, as long as one of them got there soon.

Snape looked down on her soberly, placing his hands on his hips, seeming to pose. There was more to him than his cock after all.

"What are you doing?" she asked him.

"Giving you a good look at me, witch. I am more than one huge penis," he replied.

Hermione sniggered despite her delicious situation. Professor Severus Snape had been called a dick behind his back by students so often, he might as well have been one. The wizard scowled at her, having an inkling as to what she sniggered about.

Hermione's eyes drifted up his body. Snape was pale all over, lean but strong, with a well-defined musculature, his cock resting in a snarl of black hair that ran up his lower belly in a thick silky line ending just below his navel. The wizard had sparse black hair scattered on his arms and thighs. Several thin scars crossed his hairless torso, wrapping around his body. The witch's eyes were appreciative and Snape smirked, apparently satisfied. Suddenly he fell forward on his hands and knees, bending over

Hermione, his hair a curtain around his face as he looked down at her.

Hermione let out a frustrated groan. No . . . he was just down at the good end.

"What are you doing?" she asked him again, sounding a bit aggravated.

"Turn over on your stomach," Snape growled, "and get up on your hands and knees."

Hermione felt a pulse go through her. Was the wizard going directly for the gold now? She hoped so. She rolled over to her stomach under him and lay there, waiting for the wizard to move so she could push up on her hands and knees as he directed.

"What are you waiting for?" Snape asked her.

"You're over me," Hermione replied, looking over her shoulder at him.

"Yes, and intend to be for quite some time," he purred. "Now up, witch."

Hermione pushed up on her hands and knees, Snape's strong body covering hers, her back pressing against his chest. The wizard pulled her hair aside and kissed her throat, his hands reaching under her to fondle and caress her breasts as he moved his lips down the nape of her neck and over her shoulders, once again nipping, sucking, licking as Hermione groaned and purred like a kitten, pressing her buttocks back, coming into contact with his hard cock and shuddering as he rubbed it between her cheeks sensually.

Hermione let out a hiss as she felt lubrication roll out of her. She pressed against the wizard harder, rolling her hips and grinding against him. She was rewarded by his breathing becoming harsh and heavy. Then he broke contact as his mouth moved over her back, his hands moving over her belly and thighs, making no attempt to touch where she badly wanted touching. He moved further back, biting the soft flesh of her buttocks now, then pausing as he reached for his wand again and placed the tip against her rectum and murmured a spell. Hermione felt a foaming sensation in her bowels.

The witch stiffened immediately, then threw herself flat on the bed clenching her buttocks together tightly.

"No!" Hermione breathed. "I can't do that, Professor. You're too big. I won't."

Snape looked down at the witch's clenched ass and chuckled.

"Hermione, I wasn't going to penetrate you with my cock. I simply cleansed you to make your body pristine for my tongue. No need to fly out of the bed, witch. Now unclench your buttocks before they get stuck that way, and get back to your knees like a good little witch," he said silkily, drawing his hand down her spine, coaxing her back to her hands and knees.

"That's right," he purred at her, returning to his worship of her full cheeks and letting his tongue slip between them. Hermione squealed as he spread her buttocks, his limber tongue flicking over her tight little puckerhole as he caressed her thighs, then grasped the front of them firmly and penetrated Hermione with the tip of his tongue.

"Oh my gods," she cried, wriggling as the wizard held her firmly, tonguing and rimming her unmercifully, Hermione reaching around and catching a handful of his hair, tugging it as he delved inside her. No one had ever done this to her before, and it felt good, wild and incredibly, incredibly dirty.

Hermione loved it, her thighs getting more slippery every moment.

Snape stopped and released Hermione who was panting, her entire body ready for the real thing now. But the wizard moved back even further, then flipped to his back, his legs over the edge of the bed and feet on the floor. He pulled her back.

"Give it here, witch," he hissed, looking up at her glistening pussy.

Hermione lowered her pussy on his face, and Snape began eating her out, swirling his tongue over her sensitive flesh, sucking and pulling on her clit, plunging his tongue in and out of her until Hermione ground down on his face so hard he could barely breathe.

"Oh gods, Professor! Yes! Shit! Yes!" the witch cried out uninhibitedly as the wizard held her securely by her waist and took his fill, his eyes closed with pleasure, the scent of the witch filling his nostrils, his cock almost completely red with blood, swollen to full capacity. Hermione began to quake, her pussy throbbing. Snape clutched her close, thrusting his tongue as deep inside her as it would go.

Hermione let out a shriek and came, her hot flow pouring over his tongue, the wizard withdrawing it and drinking down her release, his own body shuddering as he devoured her sweetness. Damn, it had been so long since he had this pleasure. He swallowed every drop, licking her thighs and not missing a bit of her gift.

Snape stayed with her until her last moan, then worked his way upward, not allowing her to dismount, sliding his lean body upward until his cock was beneath her and his head rested on the pillows. He looked up at the witch, her hair damp and a riot of ringlets around her face. Hermione's amber eyes were hungry as she looked down at him.

"Fuck me now," she breathed.

Snape quirked his lips at her.

"I thought you wanted me to 'make love' to you," he replied, his eyes smoldering.

"Fuck, make love . . . I don't care what you call it, Professor. I want your cock in me," Hermione hissed, grinding down on his swollen organ and whirling her hips almost viciously.

Snape let out a deep, feral growl as her heat pressed down on him. He pushed her hips up, breaking the contact.

"You're a demanding little witch, aren't you?" he said, his face slightly contorted, reaching down and grasping his cock. "But if you want it, Hermione... it's yours."

* * *

Slow and Easy

Chapter 4 ~ Slow and Easy

Hermione looked down at the wizard as he adjusted himself to accommodate her, feeling as if she might explode as the pale wizard looked up at her expectantly. Snape's eyes were hot and hooded as he brought the thick head of his cock up against her core, one hand resting on her waist.

Hermione shifted herself and attempted to slide down on his rigid organ. She gasped as the girth of it pressed into her and slid a bit inside.

"Oh, my gods," she gasped, forcing herself down, feeling the tip part her... damn. Damn. He was so big.

"Not so fast. Go easy," Severus groaned at her. "You'll make yourself sore too early. Patience. Patience."

Hermione stared down at him, the tip of his cock teasing her. She needed more depth... now.

"Help me," she panted.

"Of course I'll help you, witch," he groaned, thrusting up gently, sliding his girth a bit deeper inside Hermione, hissing as her tightness slipped a bit farther over him.

Hermione let out the name of a Muggle deity, continuing to pant as she felt the wizard continue to thrust gently, slowly filling her, stretching her sleeve around his cock. She had never felt anything like it, anything as satisfying.

"Mmmm, yes, witch, yes," the wizard crooned as he slid deeper, making short, easy thrusts as the witch's body swallowed him bit by bit. He didn't rush it, Hermione's pussy clutching him like a dream come true, a dream he wanted to continue.

Again, Hermione let out a stream of Muggle commentary as the wizard filled her more than any man she'd ever experienced. His cock was thick, strong, and long, coming to rest deep inside her. Gods, he felt amazing. Hermione throbbed around him, her eyes glowing as she looked down at him. Snape's face was contorted with pleasure as he felt her living flesh wrapped around his stiff, pulsing member.

"If there was ever a time for you to move... it's now," he breathed, bringing his other hand to her waist, Hermione's hands clutching his shoulders.

She slid up, feeling his girth sliding inside her, moaning at the sensation as she rose, his cock slipping out of her to the point where just the head remained immersed in her heat. Then she eased back down, feeling his fullness invade her again, hot, stiff and throbbing, the friction making her shudder deliciously.

"Oh, gods," they both moaned together as she lowered herself again.

Snape silently blessed the day again as Hermione began to move faster, his cock delving into her softness, the caress sweet and nearly unbearable, her juices bathing him in heat and slickness. Her eyes were heated and her breasts bouncing as she began to ride him in earnest, his grip on her waist sure and gentle.

"Fuck me, Hermione," Snape breathed up at her.

He had never realized how beautiful the young witch was... but then again, he had the eyes of a teacher way back when, not the eyes of a lover as he did now.

Hermione let out passionate little shrieks and moans as she took the wizard, her body in complete control as she rode his cock, biting her lip from time to time before her mouth went slack. He was so good, so accepting of her ardor.

"Wind your pussy around me," Snape hissed. "Let me feel every part of you."

Hermione pressed hard against his loins, his cock fully submerged in her hot body. She shifted her hips and rolled her pelvis, the wizard groaning with pleasure as his shaft wound inside her.

"Damn... damn," Snape hissed, "your pussy is amazing, witch. Give me more. More."

Hermione's eyes were half closed as pleasure thrummed through her body at every penetration. She was in control of this, riding the wizard's cock greedily, her strokes becoming harder and more frenzied as his hardness filled her over and over, her thighs slapping against his loins as the wizard's head tilted back in the pillow, obviously loving what she was doing to him, his grip tightening on her waist as he groaned sexily.

Hermione wouldn't have believed the wizard so accepting, so willing to hand over control. Snape always seemed the kind of man who wouldn't give, wouldn't open himself up to another. But as she rode the Potions master, it was clear to see he was more than willing to be subjected to her ardor and passion, a passive recipient of her lust, of her possession. He was her Valentine after all. She had made the first move... he simply accepted what followed.

Well, maybe not so simply.

Snape began to add to her thrust, lifting his hips on her down stroke, burying himself deeper as the witch gasped, his cock hitting her cervix lightly, but with more power than she could have done alone.

"Oh shit," Hermione groaned as she felt herself drawing in. Snape felt her tightening and began to stroke in earnest, now wrapping his arms tightly around the witch, drawing her down across his body and locking his lips to hers, driving into the witch, trying to take her over the edge, jerking her body as he stroked her.

"Come for me," he hissed against her lips. "Let me feel you flow, Hermione... my sweet, sexy Valentine. Come."

He thrust his tongue into her mouth, doubling his penetration, growling as he felt the witch's body heating up beneath his hands, her pussy beginning to throb and clutch around him rhythmically, heralding her approaching release. But he held back, wanting to feel her melt over him. It didn't take long, Hermione letting out a shriek and stiffening, the pressure around his cock amazing before her flow hit him, hot and juicy, wetting his loins as her emissions washed over his member. The wizard stilled, his body quivering slightly as her torrent burst over him, groaning at the heat and tightness.

"Yes... yes," he moaned, his fingers digging into her waist now, pulling her down, shoving his cock deep within her as she pulsed. Gods, she was delicious... and there was still more to do. Much more. He had given Hermione her time, her freedom to possess. Now, it was his turn.

The Potions master twisted, rolling on top of the witch, Hermione falling to the bed beneath him, almost incoherent, still in the throes of her orgasm, the wizard still buried deep inside her. Her amber eyes opened, looking up at him as he raised his upper body up on his hands, his loins pressed tight against her, his cock still feeling her pulses.

"So, witch, is being my Valentine what you thought it would be?" he breathed down at her, holding steady, not moving yet as he stared down at the witch. He never imagined his night would not be spent alone, much less with him buried up to his balls in a desirable, delectable woman.

Hermione never imagined her night would be this way either, pinned to a bed by the snarky Potions master and loving it. By rights, she should either be asleep in the staff room or back in her own flat after stumbling across the school grounds, Apparating home and falling out in a lonely bed.

Lying here, with the dark wizard staring down at her with his amazing dark eyes, his hot, hard length buried deep inside her body was easily a thousand times better.

Tomorrow morning might bring another outlook, but for tonight... all was right with the world.

"I didn't plan this, Professor... but I'm not sorry," she breathed up at him. "You are amazing."

Severus looked down at her for a moment, then pulled back and stroked her, twisting his hips slightly, making Hermione gasp.

"Whether or not you planned this, Hermione... you are mine now," he said silkily, driving into her again with that delicious, twisting motion, Hermione keening softly.

"Oh, Professor," she moaned as he stroked into her again.

"My name is Severus, witch. Say my name," he hissed at her, thrusting into her with a bit of power, the witch buckling in reaction.

"Severus," Hermione repeated, her head twisting.

"Again!" the wizard insisted, hitting her hard again.

"Severus!" Hermione cried out, arching upward, lifting the wizard with her body.

"Strong... strong little witch," the Potions master breathed, falling into a rhythmic stroke, watching Hermione's body jerk beneath him as he slid in and out of her, pleasure evident in his eyes.

Hermione ran her hands up his back and felt the crossed pattern of scars that decorated it. It was startling at first... she hadn't seen them, but felt the raised welts beneath her fingertips, her touch gentling. The wizard felt the change in her caress as he partook of her sweetness and saw the sympathy in her eyes.

"A price paid for ultimate peace," he breathed down at her, "but now is not the time to think of past pains... only current pleasures."

Snape once again fell to Hermione's mouth, savoring the feel of her body against his own as he hitched against her, tasting her heat, stroking into her softness hungrily, shifting his pelvis and making the witch cry out into his mouth. Oh, she was good. Almost too good. He began to fuck her harder, her juices squishing around him.

"Shit!" the wizard gasped as he plowed into the witch, his thick cock reaming her tight walls over and over, his loins slapping against her purposefully. The wizard slipped his hands under her back and curled them over her shoulders, pulling Hermione down into his stroke. The volume of her cries grew louder as the wizard became more ardent.

"Can you take this?" he hissed, pulling away from their deep kiss.

"Yes. Yes. Oh gods... yes," Hermione gasped up at the wizard.

"Mmm, good," he growled, falling back to Hermione's pouring on the power until Hermione was shrieking into his mouth. Then he slowed, easing up, playing her body as if she were an instrument, drawing the thick bow between his legs back and forth with precision, controlling her voice, her music, as he lost himself in her song.

Wanting to see her, Snape rose to his knees, pulling Hermione's thighs around his waist, watching his penetration of her body, and her reaction to him. Hermione wailed her pleasure as the wizard stroked into her, his hands grasping her waist and guiding her into his flexing, pale body, his mouth slack and dark eyes glued to the witch intensely.

Snape brought Hermione to another orgasm, pulling out of her, shifting back and burying his face between her thighs, drinking at her fountain once again as she flowed, wrapping her legs around his head like a vise as he drank her dry, or almost dry.

He raised his head and looked up at the witch, his face twisted as if he were in pain. Then he straightened and pulled her downward, locking her legs over his arms and spreading her thighs wide. He fell forward on his hands and stared down at the panting witch. Snape thought he had never seen any woman who looked more desirable than Hermione did now. He wanted to drive right through her.

"How much can you take?" he breathed at the witch, shuddering slightly. "I need to get mine now. I'm not easy... but possibly I'll be quick."

Hermione knew in this position, the wizard had all the advantage. Her legs were locked over his strong, sinewy arms, and there was nothing she could do to check his stroke. And that knowledge made her hot all over. Her amber eyes fell on his monstrous tool, the tool that to this point had given her so much pleasure. Snape used it on her masterfully but not brutally. Hermione licked her lips and her eyes flicked up to his.

"I can take it all," she said softly.

"Always the Gryffindor," the professor replied with a pleased smirk. He liked that she was willing to accept him this way. Most witches turned quite apprehensive when he locked them down in this manner, paid or not.

They had good reason.

Snape eased his cock back into her warm body, his head tilting back, groaning as Hermione's tight moist sleeve wrapped around him once more. When he was fully inside the witch, he looked down at her.

"Delicious," he purred, hesitating a moment.

Snape began to stroke her, with long, deep, slow strokes, savoring every inch of her, hitting bottom lightly, Hermione mewling at the sensation as he whirled his hips, then continued his easy, slow possession.

"Good, witch?" he purred at her.

"Yessssss," Hermione sighed.

"It's about to get better," he growled, pulling back and ramming all of his thickness and girth into Hermione roughly, jerking her body, the witch crying out in shock, surprise and passion as his ache hit her.

Snape began fucking her hard, plunging into the witch like a madman, pummeling her pussy mercilessly, the witch's nails raking his sides in reaction as she shrieked beneath his bucking body, the wizard's hips undulating, rising and falling as he drilled Hermione hungrily, his dark eyes locked to her face as she surrendered to his power, screaming his title as he took all he could, feeling the pressure building inside him, trying to boil over as he fought it back, just for another minute, another second, another stuttered breath.

Hermione had never experienced any wizard like Professor Severus Snape... it was as if he were releasing every bit of lust and longing he contained as he rode toward release, Hermione the vehicle driving him towards freedom.

"Yes, witch... oh yes... yes," he panted down at her, "Take me... take me there... "

Suddenly the wizard slammed into Hermione, dropping on her heavily as he howled, ejaculating strongly, clutching her to him tightly, his hips jerking reflexively as he pulsed and filled her sweet, throbbing sheath with his seed, growling with pleasure and once again locking his mouth to hers, tasting the witch as his pulsing slowed, then stopped. He continued to kiss Hermione as he deflated inside her, very satisfied.

Snape lay on Hermione, feeling her heart beating against his chest, his mouth falling away from hers, his face now resting in her damp hair. The wizard relaxed against her, but made no move to roll off her soft body. The Potions master was comfortable. It wasn't often that he indulged himself in such a manner. He had no desire to leap off Hermione and Scourgify her scent off him. If he could, he would bottle it and wear it like cologne.

Sleep began to wash over him, and he was vaguely aware of Hermione shifting beneath him uncomfortably. Reluctantly, he rolled off the witch and on to his back. Hermione lay beside him, her hands pressed to her belly, still breathing rather heavily. That had been the best fuck of her life. It was a real pity Valentine's Day only came once a year.

Snape turned his head to look at the witch, his face sober now. Hermione turned to look at him as well. Her hair was an absolute mess and Snape smirked as he eyed it.

"It seems your hair has returned to its original state," he said softly, pushing it out of her face.

"Perspiration isn't particularly good for it," she responded.

"But is good for you," Snape said, his lip quirking slightly. "Thank you for tonight, Hermione. It is a rare pleasure for me to have a partner that doesn't require pay and a thick condom. This is the first Valentine's Day that I've not spent alone."

"In your life?" she asked him.

"Yes... in my life," he replied, then fell silent.

Hermione found that incredibly sad, especially since he was such a good lover.

"I think if witches knew how good you were in bed, you wouldn't have that kind of problem," Hermione said to him with a small smile.

"I don't have the time or the inclination to pursue witches. Most are air-headed, vain and silly game-playing creatures that want a wizard to jump through all kinds of hoops before they deign to spread their legs. I'd rather pay and get what I am after quickly and honestly," Snape said, frowning slightly as he brought his hands behind his head and looked up at the ceiling. "Besides, they get clingy and don't know when to leave."

Thinking this was her cue, Hermione sat up... then gasped. Snape had left her with quite an ache.

Snape looked at her sharply.

"What are you doing?" he snapped at her.

"I don't want to fall into the 'clingy and doesn't know when to leave' category, Professor," she said. "I can take a hint."

Snape scowled at her.

"I didn't mean you, you silly witch," he said, sounding more like the wizard she knew and up to this point, despised. "You pursued me. That puts you in a different category altogether. You are welcome to stay as long as you like."

The wizard looked up at the ceiling again.

"Besides, the hour is late. I couldn't in good conscience let you Apparate home at this time of night. It would be better for you to wait until morning when I will accompany you to make sure you get there safely," he muttered.

Hermione looked at him, surprised. He wanted to "walk her home?"

"Professor, I am perfectly capable of Apparating home myself in the morning. You don't have to escort me. I'm a big witch now, in case you haven't noticed," she said to him.

Snape's eyes flicked over her body.

"Oh, I noticed," he said, then fell silent.

It wasn't that Snape wanted to "walk her home." He wanted to find out where she lived.

Hermione lay back down and looked at the wizard. He had been so good... nothing like she imagined he would be. Beneath that cold exterior was a very passionate man who longed for contact with someone real. She had given him that and felt good about it. There was no residual guilt or shame, even though she had been lit when she arrived.

"Get some sleep, Hermione," the wizard breathed, feeling her eyes on him. "In the morning I will take you home."

Hermione sighed. It was as if he hadn't heard a word she said about that. Well, she knew what to do.

* * *

The next morning when Snape awoke, he found Hermione gone, the imprint of her head still in the pillow. He scowled blackly. The witch had slipped away from him.

Maybe it was just as well. What was he thinking... planning on finding out where she lived? For what purpose? To go chasing after her? Gods, she had just given him a little pussy. His world hadn't changed one iota because of that.

Scowling, the wizard got up, showered and dressed, heading down to breakfast. It would be a quiet one, with staff and students sleeping in, hung over or upstairs lined up outside the infirmary for sober-up potion.

Severus Snape entered the nearly empty Great Hall, sat down and ordered his breakfast. It was back to life as usual.

* * *

Several weeks later, on a Friday night, Hermione was sitting in her flat, reading a "Charms Today" magazine. Her hair was wrapped in a towel and she was in her bathrobe and bedroom slippers. She had nothing better to do.

She had thought about the Potions master over the weeks, but there was no good reason to go see him, and besides... she was "rational" Hermione again. The witch who didn't act based on her body's needs, even if the wizard totally broke the "eight week" rule already. It was a tryst. A very good tryst, but a tryst nonetheless.

Suddenly there was a tap on her window. She looked up to see a raven perched on the outside ledge, glaring at her balefully, a letter attached to its leg. A raven? Who would use a raven to deliver posts?

She opened the front door and the raven flew in, landing on the back of the armchair she had been sitting in, studying the witch for a moment before sticking out its leg. Hermione had an uncomfortable feeling that the bird seemed to be gloating about something.

Hermione took the letter off its leg and turned it over. It was sealed with green wax and the initials SS were pressed into it.

Now Hermione understood the raven. It belonged to Professor Snape. It figured he wouldn't own anything as ordinary as an owl.

Hermione opened the letter and took out a pink frilly card. On the front it read, "Happy Belated Valentine's Day."

Hermione smiled. He'd sent her a return card. That was... well... surprisingly sweet. She opened it up, expecting to see some sappy little message. But the only thing inside was small red foil covered heart. It looked like a chocolate heart.

The raven let out an encouraging squawk at this moment, looking very expectant. Hermione studied the bird, then looked at the card again, then pried off the heart from the parchment.

The moment she did, the heart glowed blue and she disappeared.

The raven toppled off the top of the armchair and down to the cushion, landing on its back, claws in the air, laughing a raucous birdie laugh.

That had been great... just great.

* * *

Severus Snape was waiting nervously on a corner for Hermione to appear. Raucous should have given her the card and Port Key by now. He hoped she liked the surprise.

Suddenly a screaming Hermione fell from the sky, Snape catching her before she hit the ground. He stood her up and stared at her attire.

"Whoops," he thought.

"Professor Snape! What in the world have you done?" Hermione demanded. People were walking by, looking at her curiously.

"Ah, I was trying to be... er... spontaneous," he said. "I wanted to take you to dinner."

"This is NOT the way to do it! I'm going back home!" the witch seethed.

Snape grabbed her arm just as she Disapparated. They both reappeared in her flat.

"Professor! What do you think you're doing?" she demanded, the towel on her head beginning to unravel.

"Pursuing you," he replied, "although not very well."

"That's an understatement," Hermione grouched as the wizard's dark eyes rested on her. Then she started. Did he say he was pursuing her?

"I thought you didn't pursue witches," Hermione said to the wizard, her belly beginning to feel a bit fluttery as she calmed down and realized the best lover she ever had was standing in her flat practically telling her he wanted her.

"I didn't. But people change," Snape replied. "I kept thinking about you. It was quite aggravating. Finally, I realized the best thing to do was see you again."

"Well, your pursuit skills need some work, let me tell you," Hermione said, but she didn't sound quite as angry. "As it stands, I'm really not in the mood to go out to dinner. I already ate."

The wizard looked at her.

"I suppose I should go then," he said shortly.

This hadn't worked out at all like Snape planned. He wouldn't do this again.

"No. No, you can stay and visit for a while since you went through all this trouble," Hermione said, her heart pounding in her chest because of her forwardness. Snape was here in her home. She'd be a fool to let him get away.

"Would you like some tea?" Hermione asked him.

The wizard untied his traveling cloak. The look he gave the witch made her feel as if she'd melt into a puddle of sticky, gooey lust.

"Yes. I think tea would be a nice start," he purred, "although tea isn't all that I'd like, Hermione."

Snape followed Hermione into the kitchen. He could see that she didn't have much on under that housecoat.

The wizard smirked to himself.

Maybe his approach had been the right one after all.

THE END

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A/N: And that's the end to Valentine. In a perfect world, they end up together in love or at least become shag buddies. Thanks for reading.