

Merry XXXmas, Professor Snape

by Ms_Figg

Father Christmas is challenged to provide a meaningful gift for Professor Snape.

The Wonder of Christmas

Chapter 1 of 3

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Chapter One ~ The Wonder of Christmas

"Albus, I refuse!"

"Now, Severus, it's just in the spirit of the season," the Headmaster said to the scowling Potions master.

"Come now, Severus . . . don't be a Scrooze," Minerva said, smiling at him.

"That's Scrooge, Madame, and a hearty 'bah humbug' to you all!" Snape said, turning to beat a rather hasty retreat from the Great Hall.

The Potions master was utterly disgusted. It was only one in the afternoon, and he had already been hit in the back of the head by a snowball on the way to Hagrid's (the little bastard who threw it got away), slipped on the ice while walking up the stairs to enter the Entrance Hall, was almost crushed by a huge Christmas tree that Hagrid hadn't set correctly in its stand, and was nearly trapped by Sybill Trelawney under the blasted mistletoe.

Now Albus wanted him to 'talk' to Father Christmas (who looked suspiciously like Hagrid in a Santa suit) and tell him what he wanted for Christmas, simply because all the other staff had done so.

As he turned to go, he heard Albus call him, that dratted note of authority in his voice.

"Severus, I had hoped that this year you would at least attempt to get into the spirit of the season. Once again, you have failed to get the gist of it. So, I'm afraid I must insist you speak to Father Christmas and tell him what you want for Christmas. And nothing nasty, either."

The Potions master scowled.

"Albus, I protest this. You have no right..." he began.

Albus frowned at the professor over his half-moon glasses.

"I have every right. It is the job of every member of the staff to promote school spirit and participate in events. You are not above that, Severus. Now get up there and talk to the man!" Albus said rather loudly.

Snape cursed under his breath, mounted the dais, and walked the bright festive carpeting to the huge throne where Father Christmas sat smiling down at him, his blue eyes twinkling.

"Ho there, little man. And what can Father Christmas get you for Christmas?" the huge man said to the professor.

Snape glared up at him.

"You call me 'little man' again, and I guarantee I'll put so many boils on your ass you won't be able to sit on any throne for weeks," Snape said in a low voice he hoped didn't carry to the Headmaster, who was watching him intently, smiling.

Father Christmas' smile faded.

"You don't have much Christmas spirit, do you?" the man asked.

"What do you think?" snarled Snape. "I'm only here under duress. I have nothing I want for Christmas except to be left alone."

And a new position at another school, he thought to himself.

Father Christmas studied him.

"Surely you have something you want," the red-suited giant said.

Snape could think of at least one thing. To be free of Voldemort and end his spying career. But that wasn't something that could come in a box.

"There is nothing I want that can be boxed up and delivered to me," Snape snapped. "The things I want are beyond my reach and yours."

"Why don't you try me? Ask for something," Father Christmas said. "Anything."

Snape scowled at him. He'd had enough of this nonsense. There were so many things in the world that he wanted and would never have. To have this, this . . . idiot in a red suit dangle that fact in front of his nose was insulting if not downright hurtful.

"You're Father Christmas. You fucking figure it out!" Snape said, whirling and stalking down the dais, past Albus, Minerva and the other staff members, through the crush of annoying students, and out the double doors. He was headed for the peace and quiet of the dungeons. No one would bother him there.

Father Christmas watched him go, looking thoughtful.

On his way to the dungeons, Snape passed a smiling Hagrid.

"Hey thar, Perfesser!" the giant called.

Snape just blinked at him. Wasn't he just in the Great Hall impersonating . . . ah, never mind. He threw his hand up stiffly at Hagrid and continued down the dungeon corridor.

He was about to turn into his office when the second most annoying voice in the world rang through the corridor. The first being Potter's.

"Professor, can I have a word with you, please?"

"NO! It's Christmas Eve, and I am off-duty, Miss Granger," he snapped, opening his office door and not looking back, hoping she would just go away.

"But, Professor, it's just a question about the assignment you gave us to do over the holidays. Pleeeeeease."

Snape sighed. Why did he always give in to Miss Hermione Granger? She had been a thorn in his side for the past seven years. She was a brilliant student, dedicated, hard working, and annoying. But her hunger for knowledge was refreshing. That's why. She was the only non-dunderhead in his class.

"All right, Miss Granger, what is the question?" he asked her.

"I was just wondering how you wanted the essay on the properties of the Hugglethorn Berry and its uses written: As a narrative? Descriptive? Argumentative? Or maybe process analysis? Or possibly a division and classification?"

The professor stared at her a moment and then pinched his nose. He didn't care. He really didn't care how she wrote it. He looked at Hermione.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Granger. You decide how you want to write it, and I will accept it," he said, turning to walk into his office once more.

"But, Professor, surely you had a specific essay type in mind when you gave the assignment, didn't you?" she asked, pressing him.

A specific essay type? The professor was happy if the students could string a coherent sentence on the page. He was getting a headache.

"Miss Granger, write it as a narrative, then," he said, once again turning to enter his office.

"But, Professor, don't you think a narrative is too . . . well . . . loose for a scientifically based..." she began.

"Miss Granger, will you just go and write the damn essay and leave me be?" he snarled at her. "That essay isn't even due until after New Year's. Why aren't you gallivanting about with the other students, celebrating the season?"

The young witch just looked at him, hurt and wide-eyed, her amber eyes starting to fill with tears.

"I just wanted to do a good job on it, Professor," she said, tears beginning to run down her cheeks.

Snape sighed. He hated when women of any age cried.

"Miss Granger. You ALWAYS do a good job on anything you work on. Why do you feel the need to constantly second guess yourself? Or look to others to validate your work? You have the best grades in the school. You need to stop looking to others for an 'it's okay.' You have to discover what's 'okay' for yourself. The only way you'll do that is if you take risks. Do you understand me, Miss Granger?" he asked her. He hoped he was getting through to the girl.

Hermione looked at him.

"I think I do understand, Professor," she said softly.

The next thing the professor knew, his arms were full of a very curvaceous, very soft, and very wriggly young witch, who pressed her lips against his with a surprising amount of ardor, if not skill. Stunned, he stood there a moment, letting Miss Granger kiss him. Then he managed to push her away.

"Was that 'okay'?" Hermione asked him.

Gasping from shock and unaccustomed contact with nubile young witches, the professor couldn't answer her. He thought he might be having a heart attack.

Hermione smiled. She had taken the risk. She'd wanted to do that since the end of her sixth year.

"I turned eighteen this year, Professor. I'm past the Age of Consent now," she said, wagging her eyebrows at him.

What in the gods' names was the witch talking about? What did that mean to him? Why was she wagging her eyebrows at him? Unless . . . good Bubotubers!

Was Miss Granger making a pass at him? Him?

Snape fought to regain his composure.

"Miss . . . Miss Granger! That . . . was . . ." he began, hyperventilating a bit.

"Good?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Inappropriate," he finished.

"No," she argued, "two years ago it would have been inappropriate. Now it's 'legal.'"

Professor Snape was about to reply to the witch when she looked at her watch and an expression of abject horror washed over her face.

"I've got to go, Professor. Father Christmas is about to leave, and I haven't told him what I want for Christmas. I'll see you later," she said.

And just like that, she bounced down the corridor and was gone.

The professor blinked after her for a few moments. How could she just leave like that after what she'd done? What she insinuated? Scowling, Snape opened the door to his office and walked in. Peace at last. But he wasn't feeling very peaceful now.

Miss Granger had definitely made a pass at him. He couldn't remember the last time that happened, or if it ever had.

He wasn't a good looking man, being tall and pale with a rather large nose and lank, black, shoulder length hair. He'd had some work done on his teeth recently. They were straightened and whitened. But no one really noticed that. He never smiled. A smirk was the best effort he made. He did have rather intense black eyes and long black lashes and a full, sensuous mouth, but who noticed things like that when set in a face like his?

His body was decent. He worked out daily, mostly to battle stress, but no one knew that. He kept it hidden under his robes. His demeanor was rather cold, sarcastic and distant. He was also downright nasty most of the time, a result of too many applications of Cruciatus curses by the Dark Lord, not to mention the occasional whippings he received while hanging from his wrists a foot off the floor.

He didn't have much money, although he did have a nice little two-bedroom home in Little Hangleton. He was hardly ever there.

Why would the young witch be interested in someone like him? She was half his age. Perhaps it was hero worship. She knew he worked for the Order and was a double agent. But a James Bond he was not. He knew a little about her background. Maybe she had a thing for older men like her mother did. Her father was twenty years her mother's senior. He had eighteen years on Miss Granger.

The girl's directness shocked him. But of course she knew nothing about seduction or womanly wiles. In her logical mind she probably thought a direct approach was the best approach. But to kiss him, announce she was over the Age of Consent and waggle her eyebrows at him suggestively?

Merlin's plaited beard.

Snape pushed the torch on the far left of the office wall. A section of the wall slid up, and he walked through his study and over to his liquor cabinet. He removed a bottle of brandy and a snifter, poured himself a healthy drink, carried it over to one of two armchairs set in front of the fireplace, and took a seat.

The professor's mind idly wandered to the kiss itself and how Miss Granger had thrown herself on him. He had wrapped his arms around her reflexively. She certainly was a curvaceous young thing. Soft too. Definitely uninhibited, as the innocent usually are. He felt a little swell in his lower regions.

Not good, Professor, he thought to himself as he sipped his brandy.

His eyes shifted to the large pile of parchments on his study desk. He had to mark them. A fine way to spend Christmas Eve. Alone and using a full bottle of red ink on student papers. Well, at least he had managed to get out of attending Voldemort's holiday banquet/revel.

Contrary to popular belief, the Dark Lord did eat like everybody else, though he preferred medieval-type feasting where the bones were flung everywhere and everyone ate like pigs. After a rather revolting meal, the Muggle women were brought in. The professor shuddered. He hated the revels. Insane orgies of rape and murder. He drank an impotence potion every time he was summoned, to make sure he didn't have to participate in the Dark Lord's twisted ideas of entertainment. Not that anything about the revels aroused him.

Stripping unwilling women and parading them about in tears was not his cup of tea, no matter how delicious their attributes. Add to that the knowledge that they wouldn't survive the night, and you had the perfect combination conducive to a limp dick. At least in his case. He hadn't had sex in years. His was a life of self-enforced celibacy.

He used to sneak to the brothel in Knockturn Alley, but had a close call and was almost found out by another Death Eater. He explained that he was a voyeur and simply watched others perform. The lie worked. That was several years ago, and he hadn't returned to the brothel since.

His thoughts returned to the seventh-year. She had seemed sincere. Miss Granger didn't seem to have a cruel bone in her supple young body. Supple? Did he just refer to the witch as supple?

Circe's sweet pigs.

She wasn't cruel, but over the years she had done some pretty Slytherin-like acts. Punching Draco in the face. Trapping Rita Skeeter in a jar when she was a transformed beetle and holding her hostage. Covering a snitch's face in terrible boils. Leading Professor Umbridge to a herd of angry centaurs that carried her away. Yes, Miss Granger had a dark side all right. The professor smirked.

Still, he doubted she would be so cruel as to lead him on for a joke. She had always been a rather straightforward young woman. Young woman? Up to this point he had always thought of her as a girl. This did not bode well. He had been alone too long.

He decided to push Miss Granger out of his mind and tackle the stack of parchments he had to mark. He finished his drink and got right on it.

* * *

After spending several hours meticulously going over the rather tragic work of his students, the professor retired. He put on his white nightshirt and cap and crawled into bed, exhausted. He awoke several hours later when he thought he heard deep laughter coming from his study. He opened his eyes, and there was a bright glow shining into his bedroom. Cautiously, he arose from his bed and grabbed his wand. Who was in his study? He had made sure to securely ward his rooms before retiring. The professor walked to his bedroom door and peeked out, but the glow was so bright, he couldn't see anything. It seemed to radiate from something rather large in the center

of his study.

The professor continued to squint. The glow began to slowly fade to reveal a rather large and gaudily wrapped Christmas present. He looked about the study for any sign of who might have left it. He noticed his fire had long gone out. He approached the present slowly, his black eyes sharp for any sign of danger. The present was huge, with a great red bow. There was a tag on it. He read it.

To Professor Severus Snape. Happy Christmas! F.C.

F.C.? Who in the world was F.C.?

He looked the package over and cast a detection spell to see if it was dangerous. It didn't register as something potentially harmful. He tried a revealing spell, but couldn't see inside the present. Obviously it was charmed so the only way to see what was inside was to open it.

He started to pull the bow when behind him he heard a "foomp!" and a squeal. The professor spun around and gaped at his fireplace as a rather sooty Hermione Granger crawled out of it, coughing.

"Miss Granger?" he asked, stunned. "What are you doing in my Floo? What are you doing in my study, for that matter?"

Hermione brushed herself off.

"I don't know, Professor," she said, looking at him with wide, amber eyes. Then they swept over him.

"You look like Ebenezer Scrooge," she observed.

"Really?" the professor responded. "And what do you look like, Miss Granger? Other than a refugee from Father Christmas' workshop, that is."

Hermione looked down at herself and gasped.

She was dressed in a long green shirt that barely covered her bottom, cinched at the waist with a wide green belt with a wide red buckle. A white fluffy fringe encircled the bottom of it. On her head sat a green elf cap, flopping over to the side, also fringed and with a large white puffball on the tip of it. She even had green slippers with obscenely curled toes on. Her legs were bare from the top of her thighs on down, and the shirt was low cut, showing ample cleavage.

"I do look like an elf!" she said. "A very underdressed elf."

She looked up at the professor, who was in a kind of daze. Her amber eyes shifted to the present.

"What's that?" she asked, looking at the large box curiously.

"I don't know. A present for me," he said, his black eyes never leaving her. She was certainly dressed provocatively. Not much left to the imagination at all. She looked at him.

"I think I'm dreaming," she said. "I must be dreaming."

Snape hoped he was dreaming too. This was all too strange to be actually happening.

The professor watched as Miss Granger crossed his study to the present. Her back was to him. She bent over to read the tag attached to the bow, and the professor started.

She didn't have any knickers on.

He could clearly see the full, smooth globes of her buttocks and her vulva peeking between her cheeks. His cock hardened so quickly he couldn't suppress a groan. Hermione looked over her shoulder, her long chestnut hair falling to the side. She looked . . . gods . . . she looked . . .

"Did you say something, Professor?" she asked him.

"Stand up, Miss Granger," he said in a rather strangled voice.

"What?" Hermione asked, her brow furrowed, still presenting the tantalizing view to her professor.

"I said stand up, Miss Granger. Your suit is missing a vital garment," the professor said.

"Huh?" she said, looking very perplexed now, her soft, round ass putting thoughts in the Potions master's mind that he shouldn't be having.

"You don't have on any knickers, Miss Granger," he said hoarsely.

Hermione's hand came around and ran over the bare skin of her ass, causing the professor to have to turn from her so she wouldn't see his cock bouncing at the erotic sight.

"Oh!" she said, straightening, her face turning bright red. "I'm so sorry, Professor. I didn't know."

"It's all right, Miss Granger," he managed to choke out, willing his cock to calm down. He looked at the blushing witch.

"I think, Miss Granger, it would be best for you to go back to your room. You can use my Floo," he said. Hermione looked at him. He thought he saw a flash of something on her face. Could that have been disappointment?

The professor steeled himself. It was best to get the young witch out of his room, or he might be tempted to do something they'd both be sorry for later. He ignited the Floo with his wand, walked over to the hearth, and scooped a handful of Floo powder out of a box resting on the mantel. He threw it into the Floo, where it burst into flame, but the flame didn't turn green. The fire was still a regular flame. The professor scowled and retrieved another handful and threw it in. Again the powder burst into flame; again the flame remained red and scorching.

"It seems my Floo isn't working, Miss Granger. I will lend you a robe and you can walk back to Gryffindor Tower," he said, walking to the wall and pulling on the torch. The torch bent, but the wall did not slide up. He tried it again. It still wouldn't work. Then he tried to magically lift the heavy door. That didn't work either. He made several desperate attempts, but the wall never budged. He turned and looked at the witch.

"It seems, Miss Granger, you are here for the night at least," he said. He felt as if he were being set up. But by whom?

"That's fine with me, Professor," Hermione replied, smiling at him. Then she looked at the present again, burning up with curiosity.

"Who do you think left it, Professor?" she asked.

Snape was staring at the witch. What she said didn't register.

"Professor?" she said to him. He started.

"Yes, what did you ask me, Miss Granger?" he responded.

Hermione's eyes swept over him rather speculatively for a moment, and in that instance, she looked older than what she was.

"I asked you who do you think left you the present," she replied.

"Oh. I don't know. Someone with the initials F.C." he replied, looking at the huge present again.

"F.C.?" Hermione said, frowning. Then she brightened.

"F.C. stands for Father Christmas, Professor. Father Christmas left you a present!" she said, bending over the present again in her excitement, affording Snape another delicious view of her wares. He swallowed down a groan. This was torture.

"Miss Granger. The bending," he said, hoping she didn't hear the quaver in his voice. His cock was so hard it was beginning to hurt. He was going to have a bad case of blue balls later if she kept flashing him the way she was doing.

Hermione straightened. "Sorry, Professor," she said, blushing again.

"And there's no such person as Father Christmas," he added, scowling.

Hermione looked at him, her brow furrowed.

"I don't know about that, Professor. In the Muggle world, yes, it's unlikely there is a real Father Christmas . . . but in the wizarding world he might actually exist. He does perform Christmas magic after all," she said.

"Nonsense. There is no such being," the professor said stubbornly.

Hermione put her hands on her hips, causing her shirt to rise a bit. The professor studiously kept his black eyes focused on her face.

"Well, who sent you the gift then, Professor?" she asked him.

"I don't know. Maybe Albus. This looks like his work. He was very insistent that I talk to Father Christmas this afternoon. He is probably carrying it over for effect," the professor said, frowning as he looked at the present.

Hermione looked at him, her eyes shining.

"Let's open it, Professor. It's after twelve, so it's Christmas morning," she said.

"All right," the professor replied. After seeing what charms she had, he was compelled to do just about anything she asked of him, like most lust-stricken males.

He pulled at the bow, and it untied itself, falling to the floor in four neat lines. Hermione drew closer as he lifted the top and set it aside. They both looked in.

Professor Snape looked perplexed. Hermione, on the other hand, blushed furiously. She looked up at the Potions master.

"Um . . . the present may have had your name on it, Professor . . . but the gifts . . . I think they're mine.

The professor looked at her, utterly speechless.

"Y-y-yours?" he stammered.

"Yes," she said in a small voice, blushing furiously again as the professor stared into the box again, utter disbelief etched on his face.

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Miss Granger's Christmas Wish

Chapter 2 of 3

Professor Snape discovers what Hermione requested for her Christmas gift.

Chapter 2 ~ Miss Granger's Christmas Wish

Professor Snape looked in the box. Even though it was huge, there were only three small items inside. Two lengths of rope, a paddle, and what appeared to be a blindfold.

"You think these are yours, Miss Granger?" Snape asked, looking at the young witch, who was very, very red.

"Yes, sir," she replied, embarrassed.

Snape studied her, his brow furrowed. If these items were for Miss Granger, why had they been delivered to him in his name?

"Perhaps you'd better explain, Miss Granger, so I can understand why I would get your . . . gifts," he said, looking back inside the box again, then leveling his black eyes at her.

Hermione took a deep breath.

"I think it has to do with my visit to Father Christmas today," she said, "with what I asked him for Christmas--"

Here she paused. Snape got impatient.

"Go on, Miss Granger," he urged. He wanted to get to the bottom of this. "What did you ask for?"

She looked at him, her amber eyes shining.

"Basically, I asked to spend the night with my Potions professor," she said.

Snape thought he was going to pass out. He sort of wavered in place for a few seconds, then made his way over to one of the armchairs and fell into it heavily. Hermione followed him, concern on her young face. She sat in the armchair next to him.

The professor held his face in his hands for a few minutes. Then he lifted his head and peeked between his spread fingers to see if the young woman was still there. She was. Well, there was nothing to do but try to deal with this alarming development. She had made a Christmas wish to spend the night with him. He presumed she didn't mean a sleepover.

"Miss Granger, why in the world would you want to spend the night with me? I'm twice your age, not very handsome, and most of the time, not very nice. I haven't done anything to try and attract you. If anything, I should repel you like I repel everyone," he said to her.

Hermione looked at him and swallowed. He could tell she was gathering up her courage.

"Well, you don't repel me. I am very attracted to you, Professor. Very attracted. That's why I kissed you today and told you how old I was. I was hoping you'd be attracted to me too. I've wanted to kiss you since the end of my sixth year, actually more than kiss you--" she said, her voice faltering.

Snape blinked at her, unable to believe what he was hearing. Did Miss Granger just imply she wanted to fuck him? Thanatos' Black-ribbed Steed. This was insane.

"Miss Granger, I'm afraid I can't--" he began.

"Professor, just hear me out before you say 'No, I can't do it, it wouldn't be right.' Please?" the witch said, a pleading look in her eyes.

The professor sighed as he looked at his student.

"Go ahead, Miss Granger," he said.

"Professor, I think you are the most brilliant man I know. What you know about potions and ingredients would fill volumes. I admire intelligence, Professor. And it is next to impossible to even have an intelligent conversation with any of the wizards my own age. They don't care about the mind. All they care about is the body.

"Now they pursue me, but when I was in the lower grades and hadn't filled out, was buck-toothed and bushy-haired, none of them paid any attention to me. Most of the time they were mean to me. . . teased me about being a bookworm and studying all the time. Some even thought I'd be an easy mark because I was so unattractive and tried to put the moves on me because they figured I was desperate for attention. Now those same wizards want to court me. I may have changed outside, but I am still the same person inside. The way they treated me taught me that looks aren't important. It's character and what's on the inside that are important."

She looked at him consideringly for a moment, then continued.

"You aren't handsome, Professor. But you aren't ugly either. You have the most amazing eyes and lashes. Your nose is big, but you would look strange without it. It suits your face, gives it character. My father has a big nose too," she said, smiling at him.

The Potions master continued to look at her, expressionless.

"Your mouth is nice. It's soft too," she said softly.

The professor felt a tightening in his loin area.

Hermione reached out and hesitatingly took one of his large pale hands in hers, turning it palm up.

"You have the most beautiful hands I've ever seen on a man," she breathed, tracing his palm with her finger, running it over the calluses and small shiny burns on his fingertips. "When you use them to make potions, they are so precise, so assured and confident. I love to watch you prepare ingredients. It's like your hands would never make a mistake--"

Hermione had no idea what her touch was doing to the Potions master. He gently pulled his hand away.

"And your voice. It's so rich, soft and silky, but holds so much command." She sighed, sounding rather dreamy. "It has so much . . . promise."

She shifted in the armchair.

"Then, there is the way you carry yourself. You are so imposing, commanding . . . dominating, no matter where you are." She sighed, looking at him through half-lidded eyes, which sharpened a bit. "And you have a strong body. I felt it today when I kissed you. I hug Harry and Ron all the time, so I can tell you work out. You hide it under your robes."

Snape self-consciously smoothed the fabric of his nightshirt. The seventh-year continued.

"Professor, I am eighteen now, considered old enough to know what I want and make my own decisions. Wizards who don't hold any interest for me are pursuing me. The only thing we have in common is age. But I'm having sexual urges, dreams . . . even fantasies. So intense they wake me up at night . . . and I have to do things to try to relieve myself, and it doesn't work so well. I'm ready to have sex, Professor, but I don't want it to be with some young, fumbling, half-brained wizard whom I have nothing in common with other than age and who'll spread it all over Hogwarts no matter how bad it was. I want my first time to be with someone mature and experienced, who can teach me, show me what it's really about. Someone I respect and admire."

Now it was the professor's turn to shift in his chair. She was getting to the Knuts and Sickles of it now. Hermione went on.

"I know the work you do for the Order, Professor, and what you sacrifice to serve. You are helping the entire wizarding world without receiving a bit of thanks, or even appreciation. You are tortured, beaten, and then come crawling back here, sometimes held together by little more than your skin. I've seen it myself, Professor. I've been in the infirmary while you recovered from the Cruciatus curse. I couldn't understand at first why you'd go back when you knew how much you'd suffer. I could only come up with one answer. It's because you care about the welfare of everyone in the wizarding world. You want to try and save it from Voldemort's evil, and you are willing to give your life to do that. You are a courageous and noble man, Professor. If no one else sees that, I do."

The professor felt a tightening in his chest. No one had ever expressed appreciation for what he went through, except Albus. He felt exceedingly grateful toward the witch.

"I could do much worse than having my virginity taken by you, Professor. I admire you, I respect you, I am attracted to you on several different levels, and the idea of giving you pleasure in the process appeals to me. I don't think you have much pleasure in your life, and you deserve to have some. To be the source of that pleasure would be wonderful. And the best part about it is, if you were to agree to do this, I'd have no shame about it and no regrets, Professor. No guilt."

Snape looked at the witch's sincere expression. She was blushing furiously, but she managed to state her case clearly and compellingly. Although she would feel no guilt, what about him? She was so young, barely an adult. To take what she was offering would be taking unfair advantage of her youthful emotions and obvious infatuation with him.

Hermione looked back at him, exhibiting that inscrutable gift that all women seemed to possess in varying degrees, the power of reading men's minds.

"You wouldn't be taking advantage of me, Professor. If anything, I am trying to take advantage of you. I know you must get lonely for female companionship sometimes, and I have never seen you with a woman. So I must be very tempting to you, especially since I'm not wearing any knickers. I think Father Christmas did that on purpose to help me convince you to do this."

Snape swallowed reflexively at the reminder she had no knickers on. The witch continued speaking.

"I've thought about this for almost a year, Professor. It's really what I want, and you're the only one who can give it to me. I know love isn't involved in this, but it doesn't have to be. I won't even be looking for love until after I've accomplished my educational goal of becoming a Spells Mistress. That will be years from now. I'm not naïve enough to think I won't be sexually active, however. I'm not going to live like a candidate for sainthood. I just want my first time to be with someone who matters. You are that someone, Professor."

She certainly was compelling.

"What about those 'gifts'?" the professor asked her.

Hermione blushed.

"Well, the other part of my present was to have a fantasy fulfilled. It is a rather naughty, kind of twisted one. I don't know why it turns me on so much. It seems like it shouldn't, but it does. Maybe something's wrong with me. I don't know," she said softly, reddening again.

A fantasy?

"Tell me about it," the professor said, his voice dropping low.

He was very tempted to give Miss Granger her Christmas wish.

"Well, I know I've annoyed you a lot over the past few years," she began.

"Yes, you have," the professor agreed. "Go on."

"And I thought it would be, well not thought . . . it just came in a dream . . . You punished me for all those times I aggravated you . . . by tying me up and spanking me. And then, after you spanked me, you . . . you--".

"Took your virginity?" he asked softly.

"Yes," she replied, squirming in the armchair a little.

The professor realized that she was probably juicing up the seat cushion of his chair since she had no knickers on. The thought made his cock swell. His nightshirt began to tent, and Miss Granger was looking right at him.

The professor felt his balls tightening and stood up quickly.

"Excuse me, Miss Granger . . . I have to . . . er, go to the loo," he announced, leaving the study and a rather startled Hermione quickly behind.

He practically ran into the loo. The wizard closed the door, lifted his nightshirt, closed his eyes, and grasped the head of his cock hard, counting down, willing himself not to ejaculate. After a few minutes, his balls relaxed, though his cock remained at half-mast.

Dear Merlin.

The professor walked up to the mirror and stared at his reflection. He did look a little like a black-haired Scrooge with his nightcap. He pursed his lips. Miss Granger apparently had liked them pressed against her own. He looked at his eyes. Yes, they were rather intense. He tilted his head several different ways, looking at his nose. It was still very large at every angle. Yet she liked it. Her father had a big nose. He held up his hands and studied them, turning them this way and that. They just looked like ordinary hands to him. It must be a woman thing.

He continued to stare at himself, then realized he was hiding. He was a grown wizard. He shouldn't be hiding from an eighteen-year-old witch.

But he was.

The professor took a deep breath.

What an arousing fantasy she had in mind. There had been many times in class that he actually had wanted to take her over his knee and spank her, with no sexual overtones, however. She had just aggravated him to that point. But now, the idea of spanking that pert little bottom and then . . .

He'd be a fool to pass this up. What was the likelihood of this ever happening to him again? A beautiful and brilliant young witch practically begging him to spank then fuck her? Never. This would never happen again.

Snape began to wonder if there might be more to "Father Christmas" than he thought as he exited the bathroom.

* * *

Snape returned to the study and froze instantly at the sight that met him. The seventh-year witch had her back to him and was bent over the box again. But this time she was reaching for the items at the bottom of the huge container, so she was not slightly bent, but leaning completely over, her legs spread, ass in the air, and giving a very clear view of her tight little twat. Once again, the professor threatened to swoon. But if he fell forward, his cock would probably save him from hitting the floor face first.

Hermione continued to rummage through the box, her ass swinging about freely, unaware that her Potions professor might be heading for an early grave. He just wasn't used to the sight of fresh young pussy, especially swinging freely about in his study. Finally, Hermione managed to gather the items at the bottom of the box together and stood up. She turned around to see a stricken Potion master standing stiffly before his bedroom door, his black eyes glazed and staring.

"Professor! Are you all right?" Hermione cried, running over to him and peering into his face.

For a moment she was afraid he'd had a stroke or something. Then he drew in a ragged breath and started breathing again. Hermione almost slumped with relief. The paddle slipped out of her hand and fell to the floor, sliding a bit so it was behind the witch. She turned around to pick it up.

"DON'T PICK THAT UP!" the professor bellowed at her, an insane look in his eyes.

Hermione froze like a deer in headlights, her eyes wide and slightly afraid. Professor Snape looked at the frightened witch and felt horrible. He hadn't meant to scare her; he just couldn't take another flash of her delicious, delicate parts.

"Miss Granger, if you bend over like that again, my heart won't be able to take it," he said a bit more quietly.

"Drat! I keep forgetting," Hermione said.

There was something in her eyes that suggested that might not be completely true. But the professor was too busy recovering to notice. He walked over to the fallen paddle, picked it up, and turned it over in his hands. He looked at Hermione.

"And this is for what? A game?" he asked her.

Hermione gave him a small, tremulous smile.

"No. Actually, that's what you used to spank me with in my dream," she replied.

Snape almost dropped the paddle. It bounced around in his hands comically before he caught it and gingerly handed it back to her.

He cleared his throat.

"I see," he said hoarsely.

Hermione nodded toward the ropes in her hand.

"And these are the ropes you tied me up with. My wrists and ankles. I don't know what the blindfold is for. There wasn't a blindfold in my dream," she said, looking puzzled.

Snape thought it might be to give her the option of covering her eyes if he took her up on her offer. She had no idea how arousing she was in that obscenely short elf getup, no knickers, and holding items meant to put her at his mercy.

Hermione looked up at him hopefully.

"So, are you going to give me my Christmas wish, Professor?" she asked him, her innocent amber eyes meeting his. She was such a small witch. She couldn't be taller than five-three. A very well-proportioned five-three.

"Miss Granger, let's sit down again and discuss this a little further. I want you to understand exactly what it is you're asking of me," the professor said, gesturing toward the armchairs again.

Hermione walked before him toward the chairs. He tried to keep his eyes above waist level but failed miserably. He felt like a dirty old man. She took a seat; then he joined her.

"Miss Granger," he said, trying to be delicate. "I am a full grown wizard. There are distinct differences between myself and a wizard of your own age. Physical differences. Differences that might make your experience with me . . . more painful than you'd like."

Hermione blinked at him.

"I don't think you'd hurt me on purpose, Professor," she said.

"No. No I wouldn't, Miss Granger . . . but it would still hurt. Losing your virginity hurts," he said, unable to believe he was talking to the witch about this.

Hermione thought about this.

"Well, maybe that's why you spank me first," she said consideringly. "If my ass is sore, then maybe losing my cherry won't seem as painful."

Cherry? Good gods. But she had a point. It would still hurt, but would probably hurt less than a thorough spanking would. The professor frowned a moment.

"Miss Granger, exactly how hard did I spank you in your dream?" he asked.

"Pretty hard. Both my cheeks were bright red," she said.

Merlin.

The Potions master frowned at her.

"And you think you'd like that? Being spanked until your buttocks are bright red?" he asked her. That sounded very painful. Then to get fucked afterwards? Ouch.

Her eyes glowed a bit. The hunger in them was startling. It certainly wasn't a virginal look by any means.

"Yes. I think I would like it very much, Professor."

Well, she wanted him to spank her. His black eyes swept over her again, appraisingly this time. She was lovely. He wasn't sure that he would be able to perform if his reaction to just looking at her pussy was any indication. Premature ejaculation was a very real possibility. He steeled himself. He had to let her know this could be a problem. He cleared his throat a bit, then spoke.

"Miss Granger. It has been almost four years since I've had the pleasure of being with a woman. You are quite desirable. My reactions to you are . . . very strong--" he began.

"That's a good thing, right?" she said eagerly. Ah, the exuberance of youth.

"In most cases, yes. In this case, no. I fear, Miss Granger, I might finish before I start," he admitted. "You are simply too alluring, and I am simply too starved."

Hermione looked confused by this . . . then realization dawned on her face.

"Oh, you're afraid you might come before you get inside me," she said, her brow furrowed.

The professor winced. The blatant truth of her statement sort of stung his ego. Every male wants a woman to be impressed with his staying power. It had just been so long for him.

"Yes," he said shortly, scowling a bit.

Hermione didn't look the least bit disturbed about this possibility. She leaned forward in the armchair, her eyes bright. He knew that look. It was her "I know the solution" look.

"Well, that's easy enough to take care of, Professor. Just drink a stamina potion with a small drop of lust potion. You'll be fine," she said, smiling at him as if all were right with the world. As he thought about it, perhaps it was. That was the perfect solution. The witch was almost too smart for her own good. But there was one problem.

"My potions are in the storeroom in my classroom. I can't get out of here to get at them," the professor said. Hermione's face fell.

Suddenly, the wall leading out of the study slid up invitingly. Both Snape and Hermione rose in their chairs and turned around, looking over the backs of them at the open

wall. Then they looked at each other.

"This is strange," Hermione said, turning back to look at the open wall.

Snape, however, kept his eyes on the witch.

"Yes," he breathed, "quite strange indeed, Miss Granger."

Hermione turned to look at the professor, the poofball of her elf hat flopping into her face. She flipped it back and met his eyes. They seemed much blacker than usual, if that were possible.

"So, Professor, have you decided to be my Christmas gift? It seems like someone other than me thinks you should," she said.

Snape gave her a rather melancholy smirk.

"Miss Granger, with that wall open, you have an opportunity to leave here and forget about all this. You can return to Gryffindor Tower, safe and untouched by your snarky, old man of a Potions master," he said softly.

Hermione frowned indignantly.

"You are not old! You're only thirty-six. In wizarding years you've barely reached your prime! You won't even be middle-aged until you're eighty. You're not an old man, Professor. You're not even near it. You've just been through so much and seen so much you feel aged. And I don't want to return to Gryffindor Tower now. I want to be touched and more than touched before I leave here. The only way I'll go out that door is if you physically throw me out. And then I'll spend the rest of the year making you feel guilty about throwing me out in this getup without any knickers!" she spat, her amber eyes flashing at him angrily.

The Potions master actually grinned. Hermione was taken aback. It was the closest thing to a smile on the wizard that she had ever seen. He looked years younger. And more handsome too.

"Calm down, Miss Granger. I have no intentions of flinging you into the corridors of Hogwarts dressed like that. I just wanted to give you the opportunity to rethink your position. It is a great gift you're offering me, one that can't be taken back once given. I just want you to be sure that you truly want this. Want me," he said, his eyes sober.

"I do want you," she said softly, meeting his eyes.

He felt a powerful throb at the look in her eyes. He couldn't remember the last time a woman wanted him. It was a heady feeling. His cock throbbed in agreement.

The Potions master rose from the armchair.

"Very well, Miss Granger. If I am what you want for Christmas, then you shall have your gift," he said. The seventh-year grinned from ear to ear with excitement.

"Thank you, Professor!" she said, leaping off the armchair and sailing into his arms, planting another unskilled but definitely enthusiastic kiss on his lips.

This time he kissed her back, and she gave a little moan of surprise and then of pleasure as he captured her lips gently between his and suckled them before moving his mouth against hers sensually. His hands slipped down her back, unaware her shirt had ridden quite high and her ass and lower back were exposed. He gasped when his hands came into contact with the soft skin of her lower back. It felt like heated satin.

Hermione gasped too and moved against him encouragingly. The professor let his hands slide lower, slowly, reverently, appreciating the feel of a willing woman under his palms. He came to the swell of her buttocks and hesitated. Then he swept his hands over her full globes, gripping them lightly and pulling her against him. For the first time in her life, Hermione felt a man's erection throbbing against her. A pool of heat hit her lower belly, and she gasped, shuddering and pulling back from his kiss.

"Professor . . . something's happening. I feel . . . my belly feels--" she whispered, her eyes wide as she looked up at him.

"Warm? Tingly? Right here?" Snape asked her softly, sliding his hand just beneath her navel.

"Yes," she breathed. "It's warm and tingly, but it's also almost like feeling hungry, but in the wrong place."

"That's desire, Miss Granger. Believe me, it's in the right place," he replied, kissing her again.

* * *

The professor left a thoroughly kissed and rather hot-eyed Miss Granger in his study, feeling rather proud of his ability to make the young witch respond to him in such a physical manner. He would enjoy deflowering her, but felt a sense of disquiet over how she wanted him to do it. The Potions master wasn't a romantic by any means, but he felt the deflowerment of a lovely young woman such as Miss Granger shouldn't happen with her tied up and bent over a desk. There was something innately wrong with that picture.

As he walked into his Potions office, he decided to test the door leading into the corridor. As he suspected, it would not open. So he was being allowed to retrieve the potions he needed to provide the witch with a pleasurable experience, but neither of them was allowed to leave his rooms, presumably until the deflowerment was completed. He was fine with that. Now that he had moved past his reservations, with the help of Miss Granger's sincere declarations of desire and respect for him, he wanted to fuck the witch badly. His entire body was tense and aching for contact with her, although he realized just touching her intimately would probably make him explode. Of course, usually after the first ejaculation, a man's staying power increased, but he didn't want to make her wait while he recovered. He would take the potions and insure he would be able to give her what she needed when she needed it.

He walked into the Potions classroom and headed for his stores. He unwarded the door wandlessly and ignited the torches. He peered at the shelves, looking for the stamina potion. He found it and checked the expiration date. Yes, it was still at top potency. He opened the bottle and drank deeply. He immediately felt the strengthening power of the brew and smirked. He closed the bottle and set it back on the shelf. He then said an incantation, and a shelf appeared high on the right side of the storeroom. It held his more volatile potions. He pulled the stepladder from the corner and mounted it. His black eyes scanned the bottles and vials until he located a powerful lust potion made exclusively for males. This potion was very dangerous if taken wrongly. The user could injure either his partner or himself. There had been instances of men fisting the skin off their penises when unable to find a mate. Also, reports of sexual assaults abounded. He would have to be very careful. A drop was enough to make a man randy for hours.

The professor opened a small tin, took out a tiny sheet of blotter parchment and set it down on the shelf. He then opened the bottle of lust potion, being careful not to let the liquid touch his skin. It would have the same effect as if he had taken it by mouth. The potion had a dropper. He carefully squeezed out the contents, then merely dipped the dropper into the potion. He held it steady until all excess liquid dripped clear, then carefully smeared a tiny, tiny glistening line onto the blotter paper. He replaced the dropper, tightened the cap and put the potion back on the shelf. He said another incantation and the shelf disappeared.

The Potions master placed the blotter parchment on his tongue and let it rest there for a minute or so. He felt a very small tingle race up his cock. The lust potion had taken hold. He had only taken enough to keep from coming too soon, not to maintain his erection. He was going to have no problem with that. He removed the blotter paper from his mouth and ignited it to make sure the residue was disposed of properly.

The professor stepped down off the stepladder, folded it, and set it back in the corner. He extinguished the torches and rewarded the doors. He walked swiftly through the Potions classroom, his office, and back into the study to the waiting witch. The wall slid closed behind him. He turned to look at it, then shrugged. He already knew that whatever power was at work here was determined that the Potions master give his student what she craved. But no more determined than he was. When he entered the

room, Hermione had risen from the armchair and walked around to him. Her amber eyes were still hot, and she moved as if to embrace him again. The professor held her back. He had decided if she wanted her fantasy, he would do it right. And that required them to ease away from the kissing and caressing and into other more suitable roles.

"Miss Granger, if you would have me fulfill your fantasy of being spanked, then we have to refrain from the . . . foreplay we've been indulging in. We have to get into our roles. I think it best--" he began.

The wall suddenly slid open again. The professor looked at the open exit, then back at Hermione, his eyes glittering.

"I think it best," he continued, "to proceed to the Potions classroom. Since your dream has me punishing you for annoying me, it makes sense to be in the proper surroundings where your previous offenses have taken place so I can get into character."

Hermione felt a bit of wetness pulse out of her. Snape was close enough to see the slight reaction. What was more, he could detect the scent of arousal coming from the young witch. He breathed deeply. It had been a long time since he had smelled that sweet aroma. Even longer since he had tasted it. He walked to the small table and picked up the ropes and paddle. He left the blindfold. He returned to Hermione and offered her his arm.

"Come, Miss Granger," he said silkily.

The witch snaked her arm through his.

Together they exited the study, walked through his office and into the Potions classroom. Snape seated her at her usual place, then walked around his desk and placed the ropes and paddle in the top drawer. He then walked back around and leaned against his desk, his arms folded, looking down at Hermione, his dark eyes intense.

"Now, Miss Granger, here is the scenario. I will be attempting to give a lecture, and you will keep interrupting me until the point I become enraged and fulfill your fantasy. Now, I have heard in instances like these, when violence is employed as part of a sexual fantasy, a safe word is used to stop the fantasy if the pain becomes too intense. I think we need to employ the same approach. We will select a safe word to stop the fantasy. You say the safe word, and I will stop whatever it is I am doing to you. Understand?"

Hermione nodded.

"What word?" Hermione asked.

"Something you wouldn't usually say in a situation such as this. For example, 'stop' would not be a good word because you might want to use it during the fantasy to protest my spanking you, but really want me to continue," he said.

"Okay," said Hermione. "Heffalump. Heffalump will be the safe word."

"What on earth is a Heffalump?" Snape asked her, cocking his head.

"Well, it's something like an elephant . . . a fantasy creature from a children's book. I've always liked the word."

"An elephant?" the professor said.

"Never mind, Professor. That's the word though," she said.

"Heffalump," the professor repeated, cementing the odd word in his mind.

He looked at the witch in front of him. He could see the excitement in her eyes and felt a little jolt of it himself. Her enthusiasm was contagious. He had initially had his reservations about spanking her, but now it seemed it would be rather . . . dare he think it . . . fun. He hadn't had fun in a long time. Well, it was time now.

"Are you ready, Miss Granger?" he asked in a stern voice.

"Yes, sir," she responded, excitement making her voice quaver.

It was time to role-play.

* * *

A Wish Fulfilled

Chapter 3 of 3

The final chapter to the story. Hermione gets her Christmas wish, and Snape gets something more . . .

Chapter 3 ~ A Wish Fulfilled

Professor Snape began pacing in front of the classroom, as he always did when lecturing, and pretended to address a full class of students.

"Today's topic will cover the Amortentia Potion. This potion is..." he began.

Hermione began to wave her arm wildly. The Potions master paused, scowling at her.

"What is it, Miss Granger?" he asked.

Hermione put on her know-it-all face and said, "The Amortentia Potion is the most powerful love potion in the world. The exact ingredients have been hidden for the past fifty years because of abuses in the past."

Snape looked at her blackly.

"Miss Granger, would you like to give this lecture?" he asked her, a frown on his face.

"No, Professor," she replied, ducking her head.

The professor stalked toward her and gripped her desk, bringing his face close to hers.

"Then desist in flapping your arm around like it's boneless, and let me give the lecture!" he hissed. "Listening to a lecture requires you to open your ears and not your mouth, Miss Granger. Now be quiet!"

"Yes, Professor," Hermione said meekly.

The Potions master drew back and began to pace again.

"Now, as I was saying," he intoned, "the Amortentia Potion is the most powerful love potion in the world. It is recognizable by..."

Hermione once again began to wave her hand wildly. Snape pretended to ignore her, but she kept it up until he turned on her, his brows furrowed and his nose flared.

"Yes, Miss Granger?" he said with an edge to his voice.

"The Amortentia Potion is recognizable by its distinctive Mother-of-Pearl sheen," she offered, smiling at him.

The Potions master closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose in order to maintain his control. His eyes suddenly opened, and he glared at the witch.

"Fifty points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger," he declared. "Now stop interrupting me!"

"Yes, Professor," Hermione said, looking chastened.

The Potions master looked at her hard for a moment, sighed, and started giving the lecture again, this time standing right in front of her.

"Now, as I was saying before I was so idiotically interrupted, the Amortentia Potion is recognizable by its distinctive Mother-of-Pearl sheen, and also by the fact..."

Hermione had her hand up again. He ignored her as long as he could, but she was wriggling in her chair now and distracting the "other" students. He stopped.

"What is it now, Miss Granger?" he said tiredly.

"Spirals," she said softly.

The professor raised an irritated eyebrow at her.

"What?" he snapped.

"The steam of the Amortentia Potion always rises in spirals. That's a way to identify it," she informed him.

The Potions master slammed his hand hard on her desk, making the witch jump from the sheer violence of the impact. Again, he drew close to her, his eyes narrowed and his mouth turned down in a sneer.

"Miss Granger, what part of 'Do Not Interrupt Me' don't you understand?" he asked, his voice thick with anger. "Detention with Filch tomorrow night. Now shut up!"

"Yes, Professor," she replied in a small voice, sinking down in her chair a little.

Snape continued to scowl at her for several minutes before he remembered he was giving a lecture and started again.

"The Amortentia Potion is also recognizable by the fact that its steam rises in characteristic spirals," he began, when a voice piped out:

"And it smells differently to different people according to what attracts them."

It was Miss Granger again. And this time, she didn't even raise her hand, just rudely blurted out the information. The Potions master couldn't take any more. The young woman was unbearable. She didn't understand the meaning of the words 'shut up.' He had taken house points, given her detention, and she still didn't stop. Just like always. She accepted the point loss, served her detentions and didn't change one iota. She put him days behind schedule by disrupting his lectures. He did have a teaching plan to adhere to. He couldn't take it anymore.

"That's it! That's bloody it! Class is dismissed!" he bellowed. Then he looked down at Hermione, his face twisted with rage.

"All except for you, Miss Granger," he said in a soft but deadly voice. "You sit right there. We are going to settle this matter about you interrupting me in class once and for all."

"Yes, Professor," she said meekly.

Hermione felt soaked between her thighs. She was sure when she stood up there would be a puddle left behind on the wooden chair. The professor was acting toward her just like he would in class. He was quite a good role-player. She watched as he stormed past her and pretended to ward the classroom doors and then cast an actual Silencing Charm.

He stalked back past her, walking behind his desk and opening the top drawer.

"Come up here, Miss Granger, and turn around. Put your hands behind your back," he commanded, his voice harsh.

Hermione obediently rose from her chair. She glanced down.

She had left a wet spot.

Swallowing, she sidled between the rows, walked up to Snape's desk, and turned around, dutifully placing her hands behind her back. She heard the professor walk from around the desk and could feel him standing close behind her, breathing rather roughly. Suddenly, her hands were yanked together and bound tightly, but not too tightly. The Potions master made a big production of testing the ropes, making the witch feel rather helpless. He spun her around.

"Miss Granger, for the past seven years you have been a burrcockle in my ass when it comes to respecting me in my classroom. No other student dares to interrupt me during a lecture even once, but you . . . you do it several times and every single lecture, no matter how much I tell you to stop. If it weren't for your grades, Miss Granger, I would swear you were mentally challenged. As much as you ignore my constant reminders, I would think you deaf also.

"The fact is, Miss Granger, as brilliant as you are, you are thick. Despite detentions, despite losing house points, despite me verbally dressing you down, you continue to disrupt my class and ruin my lectures. So, Miss Granger . . ."

The professor sat on his desk and roughly pulled the witch over his lap.

"What are you doing, Professor?" Hermione cried, struggling a little. Her wriggling on his lap made the professor hiss a little.

"I can't seem to get through at one end, Miss Granger, so now I will attempt to make you understand via the other," he snarled.

Then he lifted the short shirt to reveal her buttocks.

The professor caught his breath as his black eyes fell on Hermione's smooth, plump ass. Her cheeks were full and well rounded, and she had two small dimples just above the swell. Snape wanted to press his lips to them. Her skin was fair, without any flaws. He picked up the paddle and bit his lip.

"Now, Miss Granger, you will not raise your hand while I am lecturing!"

THWACK!

He brought the paddle down on her right cheek.

"Merlin!" Hermione gasped, her head flying back.

Her right cheek turned a pretty shade of pale pink.

"You will not offer information while I am lecturing!"

THWACK!

The professor brought the paddle down on her left cheek, watching her soft flesh jiggle from the impact. It also turned pale pink.

"Oh gods, Professor!" she yelled.

"You will remain silent when I tell you to be quiet!" he breathed.

THWACK!

The professor brought the paddle down on her right cheek again, a little lower than the first time so he didn't hit the same area.

"Aaaah!" Hermione cried out, her hands straining against the ropes.

The professor could see her inner thighs starting to glisten with her juices. This really was turning her on, and as a result, turning him on as well. The scent of her lust was rising, and so was his throbbing cock.

"You will not correct me!" he snarled, bringing the paddle down on her left cheek again, alternating the location of the blow.

Hermione yelled again, her legs stretching out.

The Potions master began to spank her in earnest, alternating his blows from one side of her ass to the other, adjusting where each blow landed so as to spread the color evenly.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Hermione was screaming his title now, bouncing on his lap, gasping, writhing, and straining beneath his blows. The way she was arching and groaning was erotic and arousing. It was almost as if the witch was getting fucked. She really did like the pain. Her ass was turning bright pink all over. It looked as if her ass were blushing.

Finally, her eyes full of tears, she gasped the safe word, and Snape ceased spanking her. She shuddered on his lap, her thighs soaked. He brought his hand to her bruised skin and began to caress it gently as she sobbed.

"Are you all right, Miss Granger?" he asked softly as he caressed her buttocks.

"Yes. I feel so hot, Professor," she gasped through her tears. "There's an ache between my legs, and my belly feels as if it's on fire."

The Potions master hesitated, then slipped his hand down to stroke her pussy lips slightly. She gasped and wriggled a bit. Slowly, he brought his wet fingers to his mouth and tasted her. Gods, so sweet. He returned his fingers to her pussy and worked one between her labia. He flicked it over her clit, and Hermione cried out.

"Wha . . . what was that? What did you do to me, Professor . . . Oh, gods, that felt so good," she gasped.

"I flicked my finger over your clit. It's very sensitive," he said, flicking it again as she gasped once more. He used his other hand to hold her in place and began to rub between her legs in earnest, coating his fingers with her wetness, as she writhed and kicked her legs, crying out in pleasure. She was a responsive little witch, and passionate.

"I want more," she breathed.

Snape felt around her hymen, then leaned forward to examine her pussy. Her hymen was slightly torn, probably by some physical activity. Carefully, he pressed a finger inside her. Hermione was very, very tight, and she groaned and her ass bounced as he began to thrust his finger gently in and out of her. He didn't want to accidentally break her hymen completely. He wanted to do that with his cock.

"More," Hermione moaned.

Snape caressed her back gently as he cautiously slipped another finger inside her, wriggling it in her heat and softness, listening to her moan, and thinking how much he wished it was his cock inside her. He pulled his fingers out of the bucking witch and licked them clean slowly, savoring the taste of her. She continued to move, with more of a thrusting motion now. Professor Snape ran his hand over her reddened ass again, trying to soothe her.

"Professor," Hermione said, her voice throaty with desire. "I need you. I want you to do it now. I want you to fuck me, Professor. Please. I am burning up between my legs. I can't stop shaking,"

Professor Snape groaned.

"Miss Granger," he replied, hoarse with desire, "I don't want to deflower you like this. I know I do in your dream, and you love it, but I have more respect for you than that. Maybe afterwards, but not your first time. I want to take you to my bed. I want your first time to be memorable. I want you to remember me another way than in your dream. It will be good, I promise you. Better than what you think you want."

Hermione turned her head to look up at him as best she could. Her amber eyes were glazed with desire.

"At this point, Professor, you could take me on the Headmaster's desk with him present and I wouldn't care. As long as you can ease what I'm feeling."

Snape untied her hands and turned her over in his lap, pulling her to a sitting position. She gasped at the pain. Snape put her on the floor and stood up.

"I'm going to get you something for the pain, Miss Granger. Some healing potion. I don't want you suffering when I'm on top of you. Is that all right?" he asked her.

She nodded, lust gripping her body, wanting him so bad she wished he would just go ahead and bend her over something, anything, and slide inside her. That was the only thing that would satisfy her. He started walking toward the potions storeroom.

"Please hurry, Professor. I feel like I am going to explode," she called after him, a note of pleading in her voice.

The dark wizard did. He was in and out of the storeroom in a moment. He walked back to her with a bottle of healing potion.

"This is my own brew. Very powerful. It will heal you instantly," he said as he opened the bottle, poured some in his hand, and rubbed the potion over her buttocks gently.

"Your hands. They feel like they were dipped in lava and are leaving a burn on my skin," she groaned as he tenderly covered every inch of redness. Immediately, her flesh changed back to its smooth, fair color.

"Feel better?" he asked her, turning her around.

"My ass doesn't hurt anymore, but I have a kind of sweet ache all over me," she breathed. "I need you to do me, Professor. I need to feel you moving inside me."

"Let me give you your first adult kiss first," he said, lowering his mouth to hers.

He nibbled on her lips for a moment, then suckled them gently. Hermione wrapped her arms around his lean, strong body, feeling the definition through his nightshirt. He was so . . . male. The Potions master tapped against her lips with his tongue. She opened them slightly, and he slipped his tongue into her heat. Gods, she tasted like innocence. Hermione shuddered against him and entwined her tongue with his, welcoming his invasion enthusiastically. They dueled and devoured, Hermione being a fast learner, her body relaxing against his in abandon. The Potions master drew back.

"Come with me to my bedroom, Hermione," he said, using her given name. He was about to fuck her. That was enough intimacy to warrant the use of it.

"Yes, Professor," she said, arching into him.

"Right now, Hermione, you call me by my name. We will no longer be teacher and student. We will simply be man and woman. Call me Severus," he said gently.

Snape picked Hermione up and carried her through his office and back into his study, kissing her deeply all the while. The wall slid down behind them as they passed. He didn't hesitate. He headed straight for his bedroom.

It was time for Hermione to unwrap her present.

The professor carried the breathless, excited witch into his bedroom and gently set her down on the floor. She instantly latched onto the Potions master, her need and desire taking over. She reached up, locked her arms around his neck, and pulled his mouth down to hers, pushing her tongue between his lips, molding her curves to his body, and rubbing herself instinctively against his erection. Snape reveled in her fervor for a moment, glad he had taken the potions. The friction of her body rubbing against his cock was just too good. He would have come for sure. The young witch was so ready to be taken. She couldn't fight all the luscious feelings pulsing through her, so abandoned herself to them.

"Gods . . . is this what it's like to want a man to fuck you? How do you fight this?" she breathed up at him. Snape smirked as he rubbed her lower back through her shirt.

"You're not supposed to fight it in situations like this, Hermione. The more you surrender yourself to the feelings, the better the act is when it occurs . . . although there is something to be said for holding back until the breaking point," he said, pulling back from her. His black eyes met her amber ones.

"I'm going to undress you now," Snape said softly.

Since she was new at this, he decided he would guide her through this, let her know what he intended to do to her before actually doing it. She was very willing and probably would just accept whatever he did, but the teacher in him was coming to the fore. She said she wanted to be taught.

"All right, Professor," she said, stepping back and flushing a little.

"Call me Severus, Hermione," he breathed as he pulled the ridiculous elf hat off her head and threw it on the floor.

"Severus," she said, sending a chill through him.

The professor loosened the wide belt and removed it, catching the bottom of her shirt in both his hands.

"Raise your arms," he said, pulling the shirt up.

Hermione obliged, and he slipped the shirt off of her and dropped it to the floor. Then he kneeled and took off the curly-toed elf shoes. Hermione balanced herself by holding his shoulder, lifting one foot, then the other. He tossed the shoes behind him.

Snape stepped back to look at her body. Her breasts were large, with dark areolas, her nipples puckered with desire. Her belly was flat, the muscles well defined. Her hips flared out nicely from her waist, and a perfect chestnut bush graced the vee between her thighs, which were a little thick. Despite her short stature, her legs were long. Snape gazed at her through his lashes. He thought he had never seen a body more perfect.

"You are beautiful, so, so beautiful," he said hoarsely.

His black eyes reflected the hunger burning inside him as he looked at the witch.

"I want to see you," Hermione whispered, her amber eyes focused on his nightshirt as if she could see his body through it.

Snape removed his nightcap, caught the bottom of the shirt, and pulled it over his head. He stood before her naked, watching her reaction as her eyes swept over his chest, belly and cock. It was the first time she had ever seen a man's organ in the flesh.

The witch's eyes widened.

"Is it supposed to be that big?" she asked him, looking extremely nervous. "That's really big, Prof . . . Severus. I don't know if it will fit."

The professor looked down at his erection. His cock was swollen, pulsing veins lacing the wide shaft, the head mushroomed and dark with blood. He imagined it looked quite daunting to an eighteen-year-old virgin, especially of her stature. It would have looked daunting to an experienced woman. He looked up at the witch, whose eyes were locked on his cock in fascination. It bounced, and Hermione gasped.

"Why did it do that?" she asked him.

"Because you are exciting me by the way you are looking at it," he replied. He stroked his cock gently, and Hermione was hypnotized watching his hand slide over it.

"Can I touch it?" she asked him, her hand already stretching out.

Could she touch his cock? Gods, yes.

"Yes," he said, thrusting his hips forward a little.

Hermione slipped her hand beneath his shaft and hefted it experimentally in her palm. Snape bit back a groan as her hand came in contact with him. She then curled her fingers around his pulsing member.

"It's heavy," she commented, "and hot. Hard. It feels like an iron pole covered with warm silk."

Hermione held very still a moment.

"It has a pulse, too."

Snape watched as the witch knelt to look at his cock more closely. As she grasped his cock with one hand, her other hand rose and touched his scrotum. He hissed as she felt his balls gingerly, her thumb and fingers rolling them about and tracing the round outlines, caressing them in the process of her examination.

"These are delicate. I guess that's where you aim when you kick a man," she observed.

The professor winced a little at her comment.

"Hopefully you don't plan on kicking me, Hermione," he said tightly, leaning his head back and closing his eyes in pleasure. She was moving her fist back and forth over his cock slowly and looking up at him.

"No, I don't," she replied, studying the expression of bliss on his face as she ran her hand up and down his shaft. "This feels good to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes. The touch of a woman's hand on a man's cock is very pleasurable," he half-groaned at her. A quick study, Hermione began to move her hand faster, making the Potions master gasp repeatedly. She felt a jolt pass through her body as his head snapped back up, and he looked down at her, his black eyes so full of need it made her heart hurt. She stopped her motion, and he groaned, still looking down at her.

Keeping her eyes locked on his, Hermione leaned forward a little more and kissed the tip of the swollen head. A bit of pre-cum wet her lips, and she tasted it experimentally, her pink tongue flicking out and drawing it in.

She looked thoughtful, then smirked at him. The professor groaned when her soft lips connected with his cock and he saw the beautiful young witch taste his fluids and not be turned off by it.

"Gods, Hermione," he whispered as she opened her mouth wide and slid it over the head of his cock, tightening her lips around it, engulfing it in heat.

His mouth dropped open slackly as she sucked on him gently, not knowing she should move. He brought his hand to her head and caressed her hair for a moment before he slowly pushed her head forward, sliding his cock deeper into her mouth, then pulling back. The feel of her mouth sliding over him sent ripples of pleasure shooting up his shaft to his balls, and he shuddered, grunting. Hermione saw his reaction and understood what she needed to do.

She began to rock, moving her mouth back and forth over his cock, sucking gently, making Snape groan in delight. The heat in Hermione's belly intensified and sweetened as she realized how good she was making her Potions master feel. It made her feel she had some power, some control over him as well, even though she didn't know very much about sex. She looked up at him, her amber eyes heating up as he looked down at her, his face contorting as his eyes met hers. She was so beautiful, so innocent, and trying so hard to learn what pleased him. He thrust into her mouth gently. She was new to this, and he didn't want to gag her, though the gods knew he wanted to plunge deeper. But he'd soon get deep enough in her when he fucked her. She began to bob faster, her fist also moving up and down his shaft.

"Shit," he breathed, fighting to keep from fisting his hands in her hair and pulling her forward harder. Finally, he pulled away, gasping, his chest rising and falling.

"What? Did I do something wrong?" she asked him, her full lips glistening, as was the head of his cock.

"No, sweet. You did everything right," the professor said, pulling her upward and pressing her into him, running one hand through her hair and the other over her ass, grinding his cock against her until she moaned.

"Why did you stop me then? I was just learning what to do . . ." she complained as she moved against him..

"I stopped you, Hermione, because I don't think you're ready for that yet. Normally, when a woman performs fellatio on a man, she is expected to go the distance, to swallow his emissions when he comes. You're not ready for that yet," Snape said softly. "We need to go slow, my little virgin. One thing at a time."

Hermione started to protest, when he captured her mouth and kissed her, swirling his tongue inside her heat, ending her attempts at talking. He backed her toward the bed slowly as he explored her mouth and body. The edge of the bed hit the back of her legs. Hermione's eyes widened, and she pulled away from his mouth, panting.

"Now?" she breathed up at him, pressing her pelvis against him anxiously.

"No, not quite yet, Hermione. There is something else I want to show you first. Other ways of getting pleasure," the Potions master said, pushing her back onto the bed and following her down.

Hermione shifted herself so she was lying correctly on the bed, and the Potions master rolled on top of her. The feel of his hard body on hers made the heat in her belly break out into a roaring fire, and she arched her hips up against him wantonly. He began kissing her again, and Hermione's hands went to his back. She paused when she felt the many stripes and raised welts on his skin.

The professor felt her stiffen and stopped kissing her, looking down and seeing her eyes filled with tears.

"What's wrong, Hermione?" he asked her softly, afraid he had done something wrong somehow.

"Your back. Voldemort did that to you. It must have been so horrible," she said, her heart swelling with sympathy for the wizard on top of her. He had suffered so much.

"Shhh," Snape said. "I earned those stripes in my service, Hermione. I knew what I was facing. I know what to expect every time I return to him. Don't cry. With you I can forget my pain. You will help me forget everything for a time. Now, shhh. Don't cry."

He began kissing her again, moving his body against her sensually as he did so. Soon her sniffing ceased, and she responded, losing herself in his tender, hungry possession of her mouth. Was this the real man behind the dour, sarcastic bastard she had known all her years as a student? She would have never imagined him to be so gentle and so good.

The feel of her soft body under his had the professor going. It would be so easy to just let go and fuck her. But this was his gift too. He wanted to taste every inch of her. He stopped kissing her.

"I want you to relax and just feel, Hermione," he said. "You can touch me any way you like. Don't be afraid to do so. Your touch feels very good."

He lowered his mouth to her throat, and Hermione groaned as he ran his tongue over it, then bit her lightly.

"That feels so good," she whispered, her hands sliding over his lower back and buttocks, feeling his musculature beneath her palms.

The professor didn't respond as he caressed her sides, moving his mouth over her shoulders and collarbone, kissing, licking, and nibbling her. Hermione was one big burning body of desire. Every place his lips touched ignited. He moved over the swell of her breast and grasped one gently in his hand, massaging it, enjoying the fullness of her firm mound. Hermione groaned, arching up, wanting more. Then his mouth met her breast, and she whimpered as he swirled his tongue over her sensitive nipple and suckled her, letting his teeth scrape against the hard peak over and over. Sensation shot down Hermione's body to pool in the soft, aching flesh between her thighs, and she bucked up against him as he changed breasts and laved his attentions equally on the other.

"Severussssss," she hissed, his name sounding like a prayer on her lips.

The Potions master groaned and slid his mouth lower, over her belly, working his way down, both his hands locked on her breasts, squeezing, massaging, tweaking, driving the young witch wild with his mouth and his hands. Snape slid lower, blowing his warm breath on her pubic hair. Hermione lifted her head and looked at him, her eyes hot and confused.

"What are you doing?" she breathed, her breasts heaving with unspent need. The ache between her legs was driving her wild, and seeing him so close to her center made all her senses spin.

"I'm going to pleasure you with my mouth. I have to hold you down," he said, sliding lower. His black eyes rested on her sex. It was wet with her juices, pearls of liquid glistening in her pubic hairs.

"Why?" she gasped as he blew on her lower lips.

"You'll see," he growled, lowering his head between her legs and wrapping his arms around her thighs as he slid his tongue between her labia and licked her clit. Hermione squealed and thrust her hips upward.

"Oh shit!" she cried, twisting as the Potions master began to eat her out, lapping up her juices and nibbling on her tender pink flesh as if dining on the most succulent feast.

Hermione cried out, twisting wildly in his arms as his hot muscle laved her. It was too much sensation. He was at the center of her ache, his soft mouth increasing the heat rather than soothing it. Suddenly, Hermione shrieked as Snape thrust the tip of his tongue inside her, easing it through the slight opening of her torn maidenhead, feeling her tightness pulsing around him as she struggled to lift herself up and out of his reach.

"It's too much!" she cried out, tears in her eyes as the intense sensation washed over her. The Potions master had no mercy. He wanted to show her the ultimate ending of his ministrations. He continued to thrust the tip of his tongue into her, rubbing his nose against her clit, causing the witch to writhe and twist even more, her hands now tangled in his hair as she pushed at him. There was something happening inside her. Something uncontrollable, something unbearably sweet rising in her, and she arched her back, her toes curling under, her entire body pulling in on itself, centered below her navel, coiling inward to a single tight point of being. Her face contorted, sweat pouring off her brow as the professor licked and probed her, pulling her need downward, his whirling tongue the burning fuse igniting her. Suddenly Hermione arched, then exploded, shaking and screaming, as unbelievable bliss crashed over her, a huge wave of heat and pleasure rolling through her core, flinging her out of her body into someplace she never knew existed but had always, always wanted to arrive at.

The professor held Hermione tightly as she came, his tongue tip still inside her, sandwiched between her pulsating walls. He licked at the honey she released, groaning with pleasure at the taste of it. Withdrawing his tongue, Snape began gently sucking at her opening, drawing out her luscious fluids and swallowing them down, thirsty for every delicious drop of the first orgasm he gave her, her waning cries falling like a beautiful symphony on his ears.

Hermione felt herself drifting gently back to earth, the Potions master moving away from her center, kissing and licking her inner thighs tenderly before slowly pulling himself back up her body and kissing her softly, sharing her own taste with her as she quivered under his body.

He smoothed her damp hair away from her face and looked down into her amber eyes, which were full of wonder as she looked back at him. She was still panting. He felt a strong sense of accomplishment bringing her to her first true orgasm. But that wasn't all he felt. His cock throbbed, the blood vessels swollen to full capacity, wanting its turn. He wanted to be inside her now, riding her body to ecstasy. He whispered an incantation.

Hermione felt a tickling sensation inside her and writhed.

"What did you do, Severus?" she asked him softly, the sound of his given name sounding strange coming from her lips.

"A contraceptive spell," he replied, kissing her damp forehead and shifting slightly.

"Open your legs, Hermione," Snape said. He felt her trembling increase under him as she obeyed, and his body settled between her thighs. She looked a bit afraid.

"You're so big, Severus," she said softly, her eyes round.

For a moment, she looked like a frightened child. Snape smoothed her hair again, his black eyes full of desire, but kind as he looked down at her.

"Don't worry. You'll adjust to my size. I'll go slow," he said, trying to reassure her.

She bit her lip, uncertainty in her eyes. She looked so innocent, so delicious. Severus moved up, resting the length of his cock against her sex. He began to kiss her again, moving his body against hers, rubbing his shaft back and forth against her pussy, stimulating her clit, arousing her. Hermione moved her hips, pressing against him, his hardness feeling so good against her. She began to moan with pleasure. The Potions master was gasping into her mouth, her wetness making his cock slick as he humped against her, trying to make her so hot she'd break and ask him to enter her.

Hermione's hands clutched at the Potions master's back, and she could feel his muscles flexing beneath her palms as he slid against her body hungrily. He felt so strong, so powerful. A low groan issued from the back of his throat as he ground his cock against her. The witch knew he desperately wanted to be inside her. The ache returned full force this time, pulsing deep inside her, too deep to be eased by what they were doing now. She needed him. She didn't care how big he was. Her need was overpowering her fear.

"Now," she whispered. "Please. I ache inside."

The Potions master stopped moving, his entire body tightening up against her. He looked down at her.

"Are you sure you're ready?" he asked, knowing she was. Her pussy was soaking wet, and her body burning up and quivering with need.

"Yes. I need you, Severus," she said. "Please."

The Potions master shuddered at the need in her voice and the hunger in her eyes. He shifted and reached down between their bodies, positioning his large head against her entrance. He hesitated a moment as he looked at the size of his cock compared to her petite body, but only for a moment. She bucked against him, feeling his hardness against her, poised for entry.

"There's going to be some pressure, Hermione. I'm going to stretch you. I have to push," he said, "but you'll be able to accommodate me."

"I know. Please. Just do it," Hermione moaned, arching against him urgently.

Snape looked down at Hermione. This was the moment, then. What he was about to do was irreversible.

"Do you want me to distract you from the pain?" he asked her softly. "I could bite your ear lightly when I deflower you."

Hermione looked up at the wizard who was about to make her a woman. Concern had softened his features. She felt a pulse of intense desire deep inside of her. She wanted to experience him. All of him. Even the pain of receiving him.

"No. I want to feel it when I lose my virginity," she whispered up at him. She was a Gryffindor to the core. "I want to feel you."

The Potions master took a last look at the face of innocence; then he placed her legs on his shoulders and raised himself on his arms, her body folded under him, her thighs spread wide. He would be able to thrust into her quickly and deeply this way, breaking her hymen smoothly.

"You have to place me at your entrance, Hermione," he breathed.

Hermione reached down and grasped his cock, sliding his head against her and gasping until she felt him nestled in the depression that would allow him full access to her. He groaned at the heat around his head.

"Put your arms around my neck and hold me tightly," Snape said, his dark eyes fixed on her face.

Hermione obeyed him, locking her arms around his neck. Her eyes swept down his taut body to where his thick cock was poised against her. This was it. He was going to do what she had asked of him.

Snape took a deep breath, then plunged inside the witch, ripping through her hymen and burying his cock deep into her tight, wet sleeve with a hiss of pleasure.

Hermione screamed and arched upward as he broke the remainder of her maidenhead and came to rest deep inside her, his cock filling her completely. Tears filled her eyes and rolled down the sides of her face as she panted in response to the pain. The professor held very still.

"That hurt," she gasped.

"Yes," he agreed, "but now it will get better."

He gently pulled back, then thrust into her again, hitting bottom lightly. Hermione groaned. He drove right into the ache, and it was indescribable. The professor lifted his hips again and drove back inside her. She felt wonderful. Soft, tight, and wet around his pulsing shaft. Gods, it had been too long since he had this kind of pleasure. He watched her face carefully for any signs of pain as he began to fuck her, slowly at first, biting his lip as he rode her body gently, listening to the increasing volume of her cries of pleasure as he met her need.

Snape was in heaven as he slid in and out of the witch, drinking in her every cry, every gasp, every whispered curse and blessing that passed her lips as he slid his length and girth in and out of her delicious body. His black eyes took in and memorized every beautifully contorted expression of pleasure that flashed across her face. She was a beautiful, passionate young woman, and right now, she belonged totally to him. He was determined she would not regret choosing him to be her first, nor forget the gift they shared this Christmas morning.

Hermione looked up at the Potions master, a soft lust burning in her amber eyes, thinking he was the most beautiful, passionate man in the world as he buried himself between her thighs again and again, his face locked in a mixed expression of delight and concentration, her juices gushing around his cock, bathing him in warmth and wetness. He shifted his hips, entering her tenderly at differing angles and she cried out his name like a mantra, her hands pressing against his chest hard and rhythmically with every delicious penetration of her body. She was lost beneath his gaze, his stroke, his flexing body. Her instincts had been right. He was the man to do this for her, to make her first experience one to be remembered.

Severus slowed his stroke, and Hermione arched against him, trying to make him increase his speed.

The Potions master slipped her legs off his shoulders and lowered himself, kissing her deeply, stroking into her body slowly, giving the witch a deep double kiss. Hermione moaned into his mouth, wrapping her arms around his neck and lifting her hips to meet him. He took it slow and easy, tasting her and fucking her leisurely, savoring the beautiful witch. Then the Potions master stopped moving completely, releasing her mouth. Hermione gave a little cry of disappointment and thrust her hips forward, trying to impale herself on him. He looked down at her, a smirk on his face because of her need for him. Hermione was so, so good for his ego.

"Do you want to try another position?" he asked her.

"I'll try anything if you'll just keep going," she said, squirming beneath him.

The Potions master rolled off her and rose to his knees, easing down toward the bottom of bed. He looked down at his cock, his shaft and head streaked with the blood of her maidenhead, the undeniable proof of her total deflowerment. She was a woman now. His nostrils flared.

"Get on your hands and knees," the Potions master said, a slight growl in his voice.

His black eyes glittered at her hotly. This was his favorite position. Hermione's belly flipped at the command in his voice. She rolled over, rose to her hands and knees, and felt him widen her legs and move between them, his hands caressing her back soothingly.

"This time, Hermione, I will be a little more . . . intense," the Potions master said, smoothing his hand over her round buttocks gently. "This is my favorite position. If I begin to hurt you, tell me and I'll stop. Understand?"

"Yes," Hermione said, torn between desire and trepidation.

Snape positioned himself at her entrance and slid inside her, filling her in one smooth stroke, groaning as her tightness surrounded him. Hermione gasped at how deep he felt. Snape pulled back and drove into her with a bit of force that made her cry out when he hit bottom. It stung, but it felt right. The Potions master hesitated.

"Too hard?" he asked her, hoping it wasn't. She was able to take that spanking. He was hoping she could handle him fucking her harder.

"No," she said. "It stung, but it felt good."

She liked it. Good. The Potions master gripped her waist and drove into her deeply again. She cried out and humped back against him for more. The Potions master growled and started thrusting into her quickly, driving through her tightness, her hot wet walls gripping, caressing, and pulling on his shaft. He threw his head back, his eyes rolling up with pleasure as he banged against her cervix with force.

"Dear Gods, you are delicious, Hermione," he groaned as he started to pull her back to meet his thrusts, burying his cock even deeper into the young witch.

Hermione had given herself over to the professor's strength, loving the pounding ache at the end of every penetration as he jerked her roughly over him, fucking her with abandon now. His huge cock buried in her to the hilt, his pelvis slapping against her loudly. A growing sweetness followed his pain, blossoming like a flower of bliss in the depths of her belly, petals of pleasure spreading to every limb of her body. There was a nectar in the midst of this, bubbling, rising, ready to spill over.

The professor felt the witch beginning to tighten around him and lost all control, pounding into her now, unable to stop as his balls began to pull in upon themselves, announcing his impending release. Hermione was screaming something unintelligible, and somewhere behind his haze of lust the professor prayed it wasn't 'stop' because he was too far gone. He wrapped an arm around her waist and bent over her body, his chin resting on her shoulder, trapping her small body against him and driving into her sweetness for all he was worth. Every inch of his cock was buried inside her, plowing into her depths like a piston on overdrive.

Hermione was screaming, but it wasn't stop. It was something guttural, feral, and animal the wizard was driving out of her very soul, his physical possession transcending

her body, his flesh, his abandon, and his passion transforming what was utter pain to exquisite ecstasy, drawing her up and outside of herself. She was beyond screaming, she was speaking the language of met desire, voicing the age-old tongue of union and impending release, her pussy bearing down on his hardness, sucking him in, then exploding around him in a torrent of hot, flowing bliss, shuddering, her senses whirling so wildly it felt as if the world itself were thrown out of orbit, and all she had to hold onto was the wizard coming with her. For Snape had felt her clutch, and when the wash of heat poured over him, he let go with a howl, his release surging through him powerfully, wracking his body with tremors as he slammed his cock inside Hermione as deep as he could go. He clasped her tightly to him and poured his seed into her pulsing orifice, filling her with gush after gush of come as he, too, whirled away into shuddering bliss, clinging to her body as if he feared he would break loose and fly away.

Gasping, both witch and wizard collapsed together, Hermione dropping to the bed, Snape falling right on top of her back, his cock still embedded inside her warmth, softening in her pulsing sleeve. He fought to place his weight on his elbows, dizzy and spent, dimly aware of the soft body beneath him.

As his head cleared, he brushed Hermione's tangled hair aside and began pressing kisses to the witch's neck and shoulders, thanking her between them as she purred like a kitten, her eyes closed, a tired smile on her face, utterly exhausted but listening. After a few minutes, Snape slid out of her body gently and rolled off her, lying on his back, his face turned toward hers. Hermione half opened her eyes. She seemed even more beautiful with the glow of satisfaction radiating from her amber orbs.

"Happy Christmas, Hermione," he said softly.

"I don't think I'll ever know a happier one," she whispered back, closing her eyes.

Snape and Hermione dozed for an hour or so. Snape awoke first and looked at the time. It was almost dawn, and Hermione had to get back to Gryffindor tower before sun-up. She was curled against him, her hair flung over her face. He gently pulled her chestnut locks away and looked down at her sleeping profile. Hermione might believe what they had shared was her gift, but the Potions master was very much aware that she had gifted him with something very precious. Something he would remember for the rest of his days. It wasn't every day a brilliant, beautiful virgin made a wish that a snarky, sarcastic bastard of a Potions master twice her age would deflower her. He was more thankful than she could ever know.

He leaned over her, placing his mouth close to her ear.

"Hermione. Hermione, wake up. It is morning. You must get back to Gryffindor Tower," he said softly. The witch opened her eyes and turned toward him, smiling. Her smile faded when she saw the sober look on his face.

"You must return to your house, Hermione," he said.

The professor rolled out of the bed and Scourgified her, then himself. He then pulled on his nightshirt and transformed the elf shirt into a robe for her.

Hermione rose out of the bed. Snape's black eyes were locked on her body as he held the robe open for her to slip her arms into. He was trying to memorize every inch of her. Silently, Hermione slipped her arms into the sleeves, then buttoned up her robes.

Snape walked out into the study, followed by the silent witch. He knew he should say something, but he didn't know what to say. He walked to the Floo, and Hermione joined him there. The professor lit a fire, reached into the box on the mantle, grabbed a handful of Floo powder and threw it into the flames. They turned green just as he expected they would. Hermione had received her gift. She was free to go now.

"This will take you directly to your room," Snape said to her, his black eyes resting on her face.

"Thank you, Professor," she said, turning to enter the Floo. Her use of his title displeased him a bit, although they were not intimate now. It was probably best she return to it, but it still irked him.

"Thank you, Miss Granger," he said, using her formal name as well. He saw a flicker of something in her eyes when he said it, but it passed too quickly for him to identify.

Hermione started to enter the Floo, but stopped and turned to him.

"Did it mean anything to you at all, Professor?" she asked him, her amber eyes dark.

Did it mean anything? Of course it meant something.

"Yes, Miss Granger. What you gave me meant . . . means very much to me. In one night you gave me more pleasure, joy and happiness than I have experienced in many, many years. I am grateful to you," he said sincerely.

She looked at him.

"If . . . if . . . I were to come back to you . . . would you accept me? Could we do this again?" she asked him.

This was the reason the Potions master had been so sober. The question of continuing with the beautiful witch.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Granger. And it isn't because I wouldn't love to have you in my bed again. I would. You are a jewel and will probably haunt my dreams from now until I leave this earth. But as long as I serve the Dark Lord, I cannot risk you being discovered. Voldemort would kill us both. I do not participate in the Dark Revels because I am supposed to be impotent. As you know, I am not. Coupled with you having Muggle parents, that would be enough for him to murder us both. I am not afraid of death, Miss Granger, but I wouldn't have you taken from the wizarding world because of me. You have a brilliant life ahead of you. So you see, as long as I am serving Voldemort, I have to be alone," Snape said, truly sorry to have to tell her this.

Hermione looked at him. She could tell that he was telling her the truth of his situation. He was right too. She would be a danger to him. She knew he was a spy, and if Voldemort got hold of her, he would most likely be exposed.

"If you didn't have to serve Voldemort . . . would you accept me then?" she asked him.

He looked down at the beautiful, young witch who had just given him the sweetest gift he had ever received in his life and sighed deeply.

"I would most definitely accept you, Miss Granger. Into my bed, and if you were inclined, into my heart. When you leave here, my world will be much darker than before you came to me. But this is how my life is, Miss Granger. With Voldemort alive, I must live a life of loneliness. I'm sorry," he said. He wanted to embrace her, to feel her body pressed against his one more time, but denied himself. It was better to make a clean break.

"I'm sorry too, Professor. I would have been so inclined," Hermione said softly. She turned to the Floo and said, "My room in Gryffindor Tower," then stepped through the flames and disappeared.

Snape stared after her. She had practically said she would have accepted him as her lover if things were different. Maybe even more than a lover. But that was something that would never happen.

Snape stood before the Floo a moment, then slammed his fist violently against the wooden mantelpiece, almost upsetting the box of Floo powder. He drew several breaths to calm himself. Raging about what could have been would not help things.

He turned to walk back to his bedroom, planning on wrapping himself in the sheets. They would still smell of the witch. As he headed for his room, he saw a glint out of the

corner of his eye. He turned his head and saw what looked like a newspaper, wrapped with a large red bow, sitting on his writing desk.

A newspaper? What kind of lousy gift was that?

Curiously, he walked over to the desk. It was a newspaper all right. A folded copy of the *Daily Prophet*. There was a tag on it. He read it.

To Professor Severus Snape. Happy Christmas. F.C.

Snape scowled. If this was Father Christmas' idea of a decent gift, he needed to retire. He started to walk away, but felt compelled to look at the newspaper. He pulled the bow off and opened it to the front page. He looked at it, his eyebrows raised. Then his eyes went wide as saucers as he reread the headline:

LORD VOLDEMORT IS DEAD!

Dark Lord Chokes to Death on Pheasant Bone at Annual Christmas Feast

Snape read the article. It seemed the Dark Lord was talking with his mouth full, and a pheasant bone somehow got lodged in his throat. No one was able to save him.

Snape doubted if anyone had really tried.

For the first time in many, many, many years, Severus Snape smiled. A broad, heartfelt smile that felt as if it would never, ever leave his face. It was a miracle . . . it was an answered prayer . . . it was . . .

Snape paused.

He remembered yesterday afternoon when he was forced to face Father Christmas. The man had said to him, "Surely there is something you want." And his first thought was to be free of Voldemort. He hadn't said it out loud, but it was his deepest wish.

The Potions master read the headline again. His next thought was of Hermione, and the smile returned.

He found he didn't care who saw it.

"Thank you, Father Christmas," he said under his breath.

The wizard walked quickly to the Floo, still dressed in his nightshirt. The flickering flames had remained green. That was a bit odd. Usually they returned to regular flame after someone stepped through to their destination. He didn't notice the oddity.

He stood in front of the Floo.

"Hermione Granger's room," he said.

And stepped through.

THE END