

Caught

by michmak

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Title: Caught

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Disclaimers: not mine, don't sue

Author's Note:

Finally have some time (knock on wood) to post my stories here, now that the kids are back in school. It will be fun, trying to get them all caught up. Anyway....

Just a little smutlette for Kim aka Goblynn, who recently said she'd like a story where there was smut and the danger of being caught and no Dumbledore looking on in approval or even tacit acknowledgement that Snape schtupping Hermione while she was still a student *was a good thing*. LOL. So, I tried to fulfill her request but I find that I can't write too much smut and take myself seriously because there I some words I just can't bring myself to use and florid, purple prose has never been my forte I hope. ;-)
Also, I must admit I seem to have a hard time writing smut just for the sake of it hence the fact that it always comes down to this: he loves her.

Anyway, for what it's worth, here it is and for those of you counting on fingers, Hermione is 16 in this story, which is the legal age of consent in England. Also, yes Hermione is perhaps a bit more aggressive in this short-short then she would be in real fictional life but I can actually see her deciding to be sexually aggressive in the name of higher education. * smirk * Concrit always welcome let me know what you all think.

She was looking at him with those big eyes of her and she was going to get them both caught. Glaring at her over the rim of his tea cup, he silently sent her a look that all but shouted at her "*Stop looking at me!*"

He smirked when he noticed her flush slightly and drop her gaze from his, but not before she licked her lower lip in a way that was all too provocative and familiar. Merlin's balls, the chit was going to kill him. He felt as if his pants were suddenly two sizes too small, and the lack of circulation to his brain was making him feel slightly woozy.

Grunting in silent agony, he tried to think of things other than her luscious thighs parted to hold him or the way her nipples pebbled when he blew on them. Who would have thought that a girl not even half his age and a student to boot could affect him in ways that practiced courtesans could not? Even the way she bit her lip when she was thinking made him hard, damnit.

At first, when this had all began, he had thought it was her innocence that had attracted him. He had been almost positive that once he had tarnished that innocence, the attraction would disappear and things could return to normal. At least, as normal as things ever got for him.

He hadn't felt this way for her at first not in the beginning. For Merlin's sake, she had only been a child when he had first seen her, and he may be many things but fucker-of-children wasn't one of them. At least, not fucker-of-little children. Fucker-of-children on the verge of womanhood there was another matter.

He didn't know how it had started, exactly. He didn't think he'd approached her, but he couldn't be certain he had been well into his cups the night he first took her. What she was doing roaming the forbidden section of the library in the pre-dawn hours was totally beside the point the fact that he had caught her, reading a book on Sex Magic and it's myriad uses was what had been the match to the flame.

He could still remember the look in her eyes when he had found her huddled under Potter's ridiculous invisibility cloak, which had slipped halfway off her leg as she flipped through the pages of the book on her lap.

She hadn't stammered or tried to make excuses, she had merely stared at him when he pulled the cloak off her. He had been shocked to note the book she was reading, his nose catching a whiff of her musky arousal as he folded the robe over his arms and glared at her.

"Professor Snape," she finally acknowledged, "I wasn't expecting to see you here tonight."

"I believe that's my line, you silly girl," he had replied coldly. "May I ask what you are doing in the forbidden section of the library at 2:00 am?"

She smiled at him, a rather feline smile, and tapped the book still open in front of her. "Reading, sir."

"May I ask why you are reading that particular book, Miss Granger, when you know you are expressly forbidden access to it?" had been his silky response.

"I was interested in learning more about Sex Magic, sir. I overheard some of the sixth years discussing it, but the things they were saying seemed too farfetched to be true. I thought I should research for myself." Her tone was perfectly casual, displaying no nervousness whatsoever, something Snape found incredibly erotic.

"And might I enquire as to what you have learned?"

She stood as he spoke, until she was standing inches away from him. "I've learned," she whispered, "that reading about it is probably useless without any practical experience." She finished this last bit by licking her lower lip. "I find that in order to further my understanding of what I have read tonight I'll need to more fully explore all aspects of my own sexuality, and I'll need to find someone who knows what they are doing to help me along."

"Where had this little minx come from?" his mind questioned hazily as his eyes pierced hers. "You do realize you've just propositioned one of your professors, do you not, Miss Granger?" He almost didn't recognize his own voice it was so sibilant and smoky. He watched as her eyes widened a fraction at his words and smirked with satisfaction as he caught another, stronger, whiff of her arousal. The smell went right to his groin, making his body pulse with need and a searing heat.

"I do, Professor Snape, the question is what are you going to do about it?" This last question was asked as she leaned into him, tilting her head up and tracing her lips along the ridge of his jawbone. "You're the best teacher I've ever had; why not teach me this too?"

He had been holding himself in check until that moment in time, but the feel of her wet tongue against his skin and the soft demand in her words made him reach for her. "I'll teach you whatever you want to learn, Miss Granger," he hissed, grabbing her by the hips and pulling her into him. "Where should we start?"

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He had somewhat anticipated that one night of debauchery would be it, as far as illicit affairs with students went; or rather, not illicit affairs with students but an illicit affair *with Hermione*.

Unfortunately or fortunately depending on the mood he was in and how he was looking at it, that was not the case. He had fucked her in the library that night, against a stack of books, her short skirt riding up above her waist as he gripped her slim hips and guided her tight body onto and against him. He hadn't been overly gentle with her, but he hadn't been excessively rough either. When they had finished, he had silently used his starched hanky to wipe the virgin blood from between her thighs and she had smiled at him, gently touched his face and thanked him before removing herself to her room.

That morning at breakfast, his body reacted as it almost always did the moment he looked down the rows of tables and spotted her buttering her toast. How she managed to look so innocent when he knew perfectly well what it felt like to be inside her tight little body - well, needless to say, the attraction hadn't dissipated at all. He had spent the rest of that day growly and impossibly nasty and had only felt slightly better after he had come up with a reasonable reason to give her detention that evening.

He had been pacing the classroom when she arrived, promptly at 8:00 pm, book bag in tow. As it was a Friday night, she had changed out of her school clothes and was wearing a non-regulation short skirt and a rather tight little t-shirt that exposed her midriff. They didn't even verbally acknowledge one another as they hastily stripped. This time, he managed to get her skirt off her before he impaled himself within her wetness. The flagstone was cold against his back, but he barely noticed he was too enthralled with the way she removed her own shirt as she rode him, before her tiny hands immediately went to work on the buttons holding his shirt closed.

He had been so rabid for the feel of her around him that he hadn't even thought to ward the door or the room against unwanted guests. He barely remembered to do it as they moved from the floor to his desk, but Hermione had gasped at him to put a silencing charm on the room, and her words had prompted him to display more caution.

About two hours after her arrival they were both reclining spent in his large office chair when she had smiled shyly at him. "I can't believe I finally got you naked," she offered. "It only took three attempts on my part. You have too many damned buttons, if you ask me."

Snape had smirked at her, "Miss Granger, I can assure you I will do away with buttons all together if you promise to fuck me like that every detention I give you."

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They had been carrying on this way for over three months now sometimes, he would give her detention for some minor infraction. Other times, she would show up in his chambers hidden under Potter's cloak, wearing nothing or next to it, and they would spend the night together. They were very careful of maintaining the illusion of mutual dislike in their day to day dealings with each other, but when they managed to get time together alone all the pretences quickly dropped.

He knew what they were doing was wrong, on too many levels to count. He blamed their affair on his obvious depravity and her apparent Gryffindor brashness. They both knew if they got caught it would be his career and her reputation that would suffer for it. Yet the knowledge that their relationship was taboo was what seemed to drive them on he had always known he was depraved, but to find that Hermione shared his tastes for the illicit was a bigger turn on than he could have anticipated.

They had almost been caught once, at the top of the astronomy tower, by Sybill Trelawney of all people. Snape had told Hermione to meet him there a little after midnight, and she had been giving him the best oral sex of his life when the Divinations professor had emerged from the stone doorway and wandered within twenty feet of them.

Luckily, they had been well hidden by the shadows and he had been able to grab Potters cloak and pull it over top of them, but she would have seen them if she hadn't been such a myopic cow.

Hermione had barely hesitated in her rhythm, her talented tongue circling his engorged flesh, her teeth running up the thick vein on the underside with almost painful pressure as she sucked him into submission. He had exploded so violently in her mouth he was surprised Trelawney hadn't heard it, but when the foolish sot hadn't even so much as glanced in their direction, he had happily traded places with Hermione, kneeling in front of her and tonguing her clit until she had thread her fingers through his hair so tightly he was surprised she hadn't snatched him bald when she came.

Trelawney left somewhere between Hermione's first and second orgasms, and it had been with great relief that Snape had shed the stifling cloak and pulled Hermione to her knees, before sliding into her from behind and making her come that way too.

Things were getting out of hand he thought of her almost incessantly. Responding to a summons from Voldemort became even worse then before because he knew he could be back at Hogwarts fucking his Hermione if it wasn't for the Dark Lord. Every thought had to be guarded, every expression on his face trained to display less than nothing for if Voldemort found out about his liaison with the girl, it would mean their lives.

In Potions class, her very presence was a distraction almost impossible to deal with in the Great Hall for meals he was hard pressed not to look at her, and often caught her glancing at him from beneath her lashes, lips slightly parted and skin flushed as she remembered the pleasures of their last liaison. He was addicted to the touch and feel and taste of a sixteen year old girl.

And he knew in the deepest recesses of the muscle he had always denied was a heart that he loved her beyond belief and that wonder of wonders, she appeared to love him too.

He had realized just the other day that it was love that kept him coming back for more love that made him risk everything just to be with her. He could not live without her refused to do so. Only two more years and then he could legally claim her and no one would be able to do anything about it - two more years before she graduated from Hogwarts and could be his for the rest of their lives.

Only two more years if they didn't get caught.

So now, here he sat in the Great Hall, at breakfast. His pants were cutting off the circulation to his brain and he was remembering the feel of her wrapped around him and thinking about how much he loved her all the while glaring at her over the rim of his tea cup: *'Stop looking at me!'*

He didn't mind the fact that she had caught him he just didn't want anyone else to.

~Fin~