

# Having Hermione

*by michmak*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This is the my very first lemon and I feel inordinately liberated in its writing. Please let me know what you all think of it!

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She was fire and he was ice, and never the twain should meet except, of course, for when they did. It was to be expected, really opposites were known to attract; had done so since time in memoriam and it really wasn't his fault that a meeting between fire and ice resulted in steam. Lots of steam.

It had started out quite innocently enough at least on his part. He had been secretly enjoying tormenting her. It had become a favorite pastime of his over the last couple of months since he had been forced to take her on as his apprentice. He would wait until she was engrossed in her task whether it be mixing potions or marking the tedious work of the first year idiots before gliding up silently behind her and growling, 'What are you doing, Miss Granger?' in his silkiest tones.

It never failed to make her jump and scowl at him ferociously. And it gave him an excuse to unobtrusively smell her hair; its lemon and ginger root scent wrapping him in an olfactory blanket of ....something akin to desire. It hadn't been anything of the sort at first, of course. He just enjoyed making her jump; had delighted in watching her eyes flash at him dangerously as she bit her lip in an effort to keep her temper. For it would never do for Miss Granger to let loose the torrent of verbal invective he was sure she wanted to let loose on him; especially as her future as a potions mistress rested so precariously in his hands.

He wasn't sure when he first noticed her scent. He knew it wasn't the first time he had startled her, or even the second. But notice it he had that delicious perfume that seemed to subtly permeate the very air around her. He could no longer work with either ginger or lemons without thinking of her.

He wondered if he noticed her perfume around the same time he realized that her angry flush was quite appealing, or that her bottom lip, once bitten in anger, looked lush and moist and immanently suckable. He wondered if he started noticing all this around the same time it occurred to him that she wasn't a little girl anymore hadn't been, for quite some time. He wondered if he started noticing all this around the same time he began dreaming of her.

It was perverse, really.

But no one had ever accused him of being anything less than perverse, and so he lived with it. Truth be told, he relished it. The forbidden had always held an illicit appeal

for him, and what could be worse than a man such as him imaging the things he imagined about her. She was a virtual babe in the woods, compared to him. No experience whatsoever. Her nutmeg eyes practically screamed 'innocence' at him every time he allowed himself to look too long. He craved that innocence as he craved the very air around him. It was something he had lost a long time ago, if he'd ever had it at all.

Some days, as she bent over the steaming cauldrons learning his secrets, he would watch in fascination as the fine tendrils of baby hair at the nape of her neck would curl in the steam. He wondered if they were as soft as they looked; if they would kiss his fingers gently if he reached out to caress them. On days like those, when her hair was piled on her head and her baby curls clung damply to the back of her neck, he would make sure to startle her by whispering in her ear sometimes, he would be so bold as to let the edge of his nose graze against her hair as he absorbed her aroma.

But today today had been different. When she had arrived in his private lab to begin her daily potions exercises, her hair had already been piled loosely on her head. Normally, it was down when she started, only to be twisted up absently as her work progressed. He loved watching the way her hands would twist that mass of curls into a long rope before pinning it effortlessly to her crown, exposing the pale column of her throat.

Not only that, but her black robes the one just a few inches too short and slightly faded and frayed around the edges was open. Usually, Hermione had it buttoned shut and he would wait for the heat to do its job and force her to loosen the top fastenings. He would often imagine it was his nimble fingers loosening the top few buttons and opening her robes for her, in the vain effort to see what she was wearing underneath. Today, though, there was no need for his imaginings. Her robe hung open all the way down, showing off a rather nicely fitted white cotton shirt and a short black skirt sans hose of any kind underneath.

He hadn't realized he was staring at her until she had cleared her throat several times. 'Sir....Professor Snape, sir. Where should I focus my attentions today?'

Her voice was honey sweet and sticky and the immediate thought of allowing himself to be the focus of her attentions made his heart pound almost as hard as it had that morning, when he had woken from a dream hot and hard and, much to his chagrin, aching for her.

'Continue where you left off yesterday, Miss Granger,' he had managed to reply even as he dragged his gaze from the paleness of her legs to the cuffs of his frock coat, which he adjusted uncomfortably. If he ever had any doubts at all as to whether or not Hermione Granger had grown up, they had just been answered.

He didn't know how long he had sat at his desk, staring blankly at the 6th year essays he was supposed to be marking. He could hear her potion bubbling merrily to his left, the gentle swishing of her spoon as it circled the cauldron providing an odd counter-rhythm to his beating heart. When he glanced up to see what she was doing, he was surprised to see she wasn't there and the potion was stirring itself.

'What are you doing, Professor Snape?' Her voice was a silky drawl almost in his ear, causing him to jump and spin in his chair. She hadn't been expecting his sudden movement and didn't manage to escape his knees as he swung around, sweeping her feet out from underneath her and sending her backwards, landing in a rather uncomfortable heap at his feet.

They stared at each other in shock for a few moments, before he gathered the wherewithal to grit out, 'What, exactly, do you think you were doing, Miss Granger?'

Hermione glared at him, 'I wanted to show you what it felt like to have someone sneak up on you for a change. Not pleasant, is it?'

Snape sniffed, 'I don't know what you are talking about. I don't sneak.'

'You are the very epitome of the word,' Hermione retorted hotly, shifting a bit as she tried to regain her equilibrium before attempting to untangle her robe. 'And if you were any type of gentleman, you'd give me a hand.'

'Whoever said I was a gentleman?' Snape drawled, leaning forward slightly and propping his elbows on his knees as he did so, smirking. She had shifted up to her knees as he did this, bringing them almost face to face. When she snorted at him, he felt the brief exhalation of moist breath across his face and tried not to close his eyes at the sensation.

She was staring at him intently, nibbling that lush lip of hers, several long tendrils of hair loosened from her fall and drifting around her. One cinnamon strand had fallen forward, resting against his knee, curling brightly against the black linen of his pants, its subtle weight a brand against his skin. Almost against his will, he reached out and lifted the strands, wrapping his fingers around them and tugging gently. 'I believe you need to fix your hair, Miss Granger,' he murmured, 'as it is currently doing its best impression of Medusa.'

She leaned her head forward slightly at his tug, her eyes darting to the pale fingers holding the curl, before sliding back to his face. He noticed that her breathing had quickened, the slight hitch in her breath noticeable, and he found he couldn't look away from her. Her eyes were endless brown, with little golden flecks shimmering brightly in their depths. He slowly wound her hair around his fingers and tugged again, caught in some strange thrall he would never be able to explain. He sucked in a deep breath when she licked her lips nervously and allowed herself to be reeled in by his fingers.

'You have beautiful eyes,' she whispered softly, as if to herself, 'black as the depths of the ocean.'

Her face was inches from his, her breath bathing him in heat. He felt he was going up in flames but couldn't find the strength to push away from her and snap himself out of this strange reverie they currently shared. His free hand the one currently not entangled in her silken hair slid from his side to her shoulder, his fingers pressing against the bird-like fluttering at the base of her throat, before running nimbly up her neck and stopping to cup her cheek. Her skin was like silk and a small sigh of pleasure escaped his lips before he could bite it back. She smiled when she heard it and leaned her face into his palm, her lips lightly brushing his thumb as she did so, sending a small frisson of electricity throughout his nerve endings.

'I always imagined your palms would be callused,' she murmured, 'but they aren't. Your skin is so warm.....' She shifted closer to him, on her knees at his feet, and he could feel the heat emanating from her. Her hands had lifted to his knees, drawing his legs against her sides, lodging her firmly into the crux of his thighs. He felt as if he was being incinerated by her fire, burning from the inside out and the outside in and all the areas in between. Every nerve was firing on all synapses, drugging him with a pleasure so intense he didn't think he would survive.

'Miss Granger,' he somehow managed to grit out, 'what are you doing?'

'Something I've been wanting to do for months now,' she whispered back. Her face was so close to his own he could feel the displacement of the air around her lips as she spoke; could practically taste her words as they escaped her mouth. 'You've a voice that could melt chocolate at 50 paces and you've been driving me crazy with it.'

'Have I now?' He almost didn't recognize the redolent purr escaping his throat.

'You have,' she reiterated softly. 'I've wondered if you taste as rich and delicious as you sound.'

As she said this, her tongue slipped out to moisten her lips again and Snape felt it brush against his own lips, mere millimeters from her own. The wet spark was electric, jolting him into awareness. The hand on her cheek slid back through her hair, anchoring itself firmly against her nape. He allowed his head to drift to the side, his nose grazing the soft flesh of her cheek before burying itself in the hair above her ear and breathing deeply, 'And I have often wondered if you taste as zesty and sweet as you smell, Miss Granger.'

The skin of his cheek rasped against her own as he spoke, his stubble gently abrading it. Her hands were drifting languorously from his knees up his legs, her thumbs moving in small circles against each leg as her fingers gently pressed against the inside of his thighs. 'Hermione,' she corrected as she arched into him. 'I'm not your student anymore, although I'm sure there are many things you could teach me.'

He was not thinking clearly, that much was obvious, or he wouldn't have allowed this whatever it was to get as far as it already had, as far as it could potentially go. 'Hermione,' he agreed silkily, 'are you sure you know what you are doing?'

His lips were against her throat now, nibbling down the smooth column as he spoke, his tongue flickering to the hollow of her neck to taste her rapidly beating pulse.

She laughed shakily against him, her fingers gripping his thighs convulsively. 'I'm barely sure of my own name,' she admitted weakly, 'but I know I want this. Tell me you want it too.'

Her admission struck him to the core of his being and he wrapped his lips tightly around her clavicle to keep from groaning aloud. His hands released her head and moved quickly to her shoulders, pushing her frayed work robe back to pool on the floor behind her, gasping when she removed her hands from his legs to free them of the sleeves, before returning to grip his forearms. Her tiny fingers quickly moved to his back, curling against the nape of his neck, before running through his hair and gripping, pulling his face from her throat. Her skin was deliciously flushed and dewy where his mouth had been. Looking into his eyes, she allowed him to see her need and regard, the passion kindling in her eyes almost enough to undo him. 'Tell me you want me too!' she demanded.

'I want you too,' he allowed, 'Gods, how I've wanted you.'

His admission was like the breaking of a dam, releasing a torrent of longing and desire and wanting and lust so intense it left them both reeling. Her hands were at the buttons of his coat, frantically working to undo them. His hands were equally busy at her shirt, wrestling against the cotton, struggling to open it. He finished first, but barely took the time to enjoy the fruits of his labor, instead letting his hands join hers in quickly divesting himself of his frock coat before returning to his shirt to fumble with his own buttons.

She was fire. She was heat. He was melting around her, his icy persona shattering under her touch. His blood was turning to steam in his veins.

Her mouth was against his chest now, her tongue laving his sternum, flicking hotly over one of his nipples. His hands were against her breasts, cupping them firmly in his hands, feeling the warm weight of them branding his palms. His thumbs stroked her through the rough lace of her bra, tweaking her nipples as they stiffened against his ministrations. She was purring, 'Feels so good, so good...I love your hands....'

Her hands were inside the waist of his pants, caressing the skin on his sides, fingers trailing down the small of his back and nails scratching against the skin of his buttocks. She was pressed into him, lithe bare legs straddling one of his legs as she rubbed herself against him. Her short skirt had ridden up, revealing plain black cotton panties he found indescribably sexy for their very lack of vanity. Hers was a body that didn't need adornments. He allowed one hand to drift slowly down the soft skin of her stomach before drifting around her back and deftly unzipping the back of her skirt. His fingers drifted inside the waistband of her panties, his index finger deftly sliding between the cleft between her cheeks. She was gasping his name.

'Not here,' he muttered softly, 'not on the floor.'

'I don't care,' she moaned, 'I don't care.'

Her passion almost broke him. His other hand had dropped to her ass as well and both were firmly kneading her cheeks, pulling her tighter into his body. He shifted backwards slightly, angling the leg she was straddling so that it bent at the knee, using his hands to help her slide against his thigh, loving the feel of her hip bone brushing his hardness with every upward motion. She had somehow gotten the waist of his pants unbuttoned, and her fingers were weaving greedily through the curly hairs of his pubic region, her fingers brushing his hot flesh but never quite circling it.

'Hermione,' he groaned, 'I will not take you on the stained flagstone of my potions lab.'

'I don't care where you take me, just as long as take me soon,' she gritted back. 'I can't stand much more of this.'

'Do you even know what you are saying,' he whispered harshly, but his gentle hands belied his tone, as did the burning need in his eyes. 'This cannot be what you want!'

She dragged her hands reluctantly from his pants as he spoke, running them up his chest until they were gripping his shoulders painfully. 'This is exactly what I want. You are what I want have been, since my last year at Hogwarts, since before the final battle. You.'

He couldn't help but lift her as she spoke, removing his thigh from between her legs and cradling his hips within hers. His pants fell to the floor as he straightened out and he stepped out of them quickly, his hands tight across her bottom as he strode towards the door she knew led to his private chambers. His mouth was avidly tasting her throat; his tongue tracing the fine line of her jaw and the perfect shell of her ear, before he gasped, 'You've been hexed.'

'I haven't,' she retorted softly, mimicking the actions of his tongue, tracing his ear as she spoke, before letting it rasp over the stubble along his cheek. 'A hex would have worn off by now it's been two years....'

He was in his chambers now, stumbling towards his bedroom, stopping only long enough to push her against the wall and lean his weight into her, dropping his head to her breasts and nibbling first one then the other through her bra. Her legs slid down his hips until she was standing on her tip toes, her hands pushing her skirt free of her waist, fingers sliding into her panties and pushing them down as well.

'I only realized I wanted you this morning,' he gasped as she wrapped one leg around his hip, drawing his turgid length against her bare core. He could feel her readiness through the cotton of his boxers, her moist heat making the ache of his body even more urgent.

'Liar,' she laughed softly, 'you've wanted me far longer than that, you just won't admit it. I know what your little games were all about trying to startle me just so you could smell my hair...'

'Not at first,' he replied softly.

'Maybe not consciously,' she agreed. He freed himself from the wrap of her leg and stepped away from her slightly, taking in her wild eyes and her hair which was now loose and flowing in disarray around her body; her wet lips and the shaded patch of cinnamon curls between her legs. His hands slid her bra straps from her shoulders, clumsily undoing the clasp between her breasts as she worked his underwear around his throbbing erection and down his legs.

'Hermione, if we don't stop right now...'

She silenced him with a look; one hand wrapping around him, encompassing him in her tight grip, the other sliding back up his chest to caresses his mouth with the very tips of her fingers.

'I don't ever want to stop.'

It was enough. Truth be told, nobility didn't suit him not in the least. She wanted him, for some reason only she was aware of. Gods knew, he wanted her. He couldn't remember the last time a woman had come to him of her own accord, offering him not only her body but her gentleness as well. All his previous couplings of the past two decades had been just that couplings; a way to release stress or frustration, fear and anger. There was no sweet aching involved, no hot longing of the flesh to bury itself in softness. He had never before felt the need to reverse the body of the one he was with, had never realized that sex could be so much more than the sliding of flesh against flesh and the brief orgasmic relief that really only left him feeling empty in the past. He knew before he even felt her hot core around him that this time would be different. As long as she wanted him, he would never feel empty again.

His reached up and grabbed her hand, kissing her knuckles before grasping her fingers firmly in his own and leading her into his bedroom, walking her backwards until her knees hit the back of the mattress and she sank into his duvet. 'Illumina,' he murmured as he joined her, smiling as her eyes widened slightly as the sconces along his wall came to life, the warm flame bathing them both in flickering light. 'I want to see you.'

The urgency he had felt only moments before was tempered somewhat by the fact that she was actually here, with him. Naked. In his bed. There was no need to rush. He let his gaze travel the length of her body, admiring the flare of her waist and the gentle swell of her breasts. Her nipples, freed of the lace bra, stood proudly erect, pink as

berries. His fingers slid down her ribcage to the apex of her thighs, sliding into her moist folds as his mouth dropped to her breasts.

She was molten honey, wet and hot. Her nub was already stiff with arousal and he flicked it gently, enjoying the feel of her arching against him. 'Gods,' she moaned, 'sweet Merlin.' Her voice was sexual ambrosia. 'Please,' she was murmuring now, hips undulating in tiny circles against his hand as his fingers teased the entrance of her core, 'please.'

'Please what?' he rumbled against her chest, dipping lower to lave her belly button with his wet tongue, 'please what, Hermione?'

'I need you,' she moaned in reply, as he rubbed across her clit with the pad of his thumb again. He could smell her musk, mingling with her normal lemon and ginger scent, could feel the evidence of her desire against his fingers. He dipped lower still, burying his nose in her slick folds and breathing deeply, before allowing his tongue to follow the path his thumb had taken moments before. Her legs had fallen open on either side of him now, her hands making fists in his hair as she alternately tried to pull him up her body and push his face into her heat. She was quivering uncontrollably, gasping in short breaths, as he licked her again. 'You taste like honey,' he growled against her thigh, enjoying the keening sound she made as a minor orgasm rippled through her.

'Severus, please!' she groaned.

It was her sweet voice saying his name that pushed him over the edge. Before he could think, he had slid up her body, his hands gripping her hips as he slid into her, burying himself in liquid flesh. He was already seeing stars behind his eyes and the urgency he felt to pound into her was almost overwhelming. She was so tight so right he thought he may expire right now and die happy.

Her legs were up and wrapping around his hips, her heels digging into his calves, as she clenched around him. 'Severus....'

The next 10 minutes was a blur of feeling and emotion. The suction of her body as she pulled him into her depths, her hot walls gripping him in the sweet clench and release of mutual desire, her mouth on his face, his neck, his chest as they rode out the storm together. He was burning up in her arms, turning to ash as her fingers gripped his buttocks, pulling him more fully into her. Her hips were rising and falling in conjunction with his, until he didn't know where he ended and she began, and through it all her soft voice was whispering his name.

His release, when it finally came, was explosive. She was flowing around him, her very essence leeching into his flesh as if she was part of it. His body was driving him onwards, registering her quakes and trembles, the rhythmic clenching of her inner walls suddenly spasming around him as she came, crying his name against his chest. She was the universe around him and he was a shooting star, his body bright and brittle, dancing across her skies until he exploded in a hot shower of asteroids. He felt like he was dying, but so gloriously the thought wasn't terrifying. Finally, after long minutes of drifting, he came to rest against her body, her arms and legs wrapped tight around him, cocooning him in warmth and acceptance as her fingers stroked gently against his back.

'I'm crushing you,' he finally managed to murmur, shifting slightly as if to move and being slightly surprised when her grip tightened.

'I like it.'

He could feel the sweat of their bodies drying, the cool air of the dungeons finally registering against his naked back. Lifting his head, he reached out a hand and gripped the edge of his duvet, throwing it around them as he shifted slightly in her embrace, rolling easily to his back and taking her with him. His other hand grasped the opposite side of the duvet and pulled it over them, his hands finally resting on the small of her back. Her hair was draped across his shoulders and her pointy elbows dug into his chest slightly as she lifted her head and looked at him.

He returned her intense regard, wondering what was going to come of this if it was a moment of sheer insanity, as he somewhat suspected, or if it was something that would continue in future. Now that he knew what having Hermione was all about, he wasn't sure he could live without her. One of her hands freed itself from the confines of his arms and reached up to trace his face, her forefinger running across the bridge of his nose, the blade of his cheek, the bone of his jaw, before coming to rest lightly against his mouth.

He snorted, before quickly mouthing her fingers, asking, 'What was that, Hermione?'

'Something too long in the making,' she replied thoughtfully. 'Don't tell me you regret it already?' He knew her well enough to detect the slight trace of fear in her voice. He sensed the subtle tensing of her body above him as she spoke and decided against all odds and his very nature - to tell her the truth.

'How can I regret loving you?'

'Love?' she whispered back, 'as in making love to me or loving me?'

'Must you always be so analytical?' he snarked gently, admiring the flush in her cheeks. 'Can't it be both?'

Hermione smiled softly at his teasing rebuke and allowed herself to settle onto him once again. The hand that had been tracing his face slid back under the duvet, fingers twirling absently on his chest as her heart beat against his.

'It can,' she agreed. 'I've loved you for a long time, Severus. It seems I've wanted this you forever. I didn't think I'd ever have you, though.'

Her admission was a balm to his soul and he tightened his arms around her. 'I've never loved anyone before in my life, so forgive me for not recognizing this feeling sooner. I don't deserve you, Hermione, but I'm happy to have you as long as you'll have me.'

'Forever then,' she murmured drowsily against his chest, as her hand stilled.

'One can only hope,' he agreed quietly, as she drifted off to sleep.