

Recuperation

by il_grifone

Severus needs to recuperate.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's note:

All characters belong to their creators. I have merely purloined them, and a few ideas, for a short trip.

Many thanks to my beta and TPP for all their help bashing this into shape.

It was hot, humid and close. Snape was exhausted. Balancing the need to educate a mixed bag of hormonally challenged teenagers who would all prefer being down the Three Broomsticks practicing their chat-up lines, when all excursions had been put on hold until Voldemort and the Death Eaters no longer proved a constant danger, with his extra-curricular spying activities, had left him totally knackered.

But the term was about to end and there was no immediate threat from Voldemort.

Snape daydreamed of spending the vacation safe in his basement rooms listening to some of his newly acquired collection of vinyl albums recently purchased in the Brick Lane market. His visit with Arthur Weasley had proved an eye-opener on Muggle culture. He looked forward to six weeks lying back on his black leather and chrome Le Corbusier chaise longue with his newly acquired Stax electrostatic headphones listening to Muggle music while reviewing the latest papers on chirality in mental stimulant potions. But the two albums, so far, had proved to be a mixed bag. First up, he'd listened to an album of west coast funk rock and found this quite stimulating. Next, however, was Frank Zappa's 'Just Another Band From LA'. This was truly challenging, and by the end of *Billy was a Mountain*, with a resounding headache, he'd concluded a mild preference for the Cruciatus curse at the hands of Voldemort.

Snape leafed through the stack to check there was no more Frank Zappa. Halfway down were sections of a Muggle newspaper. Snape's instinct was to chuck the paper straight on the fire, but when he found he was holding the travel supplement, something made him flip through the pages. The centre spread was about a train journey from Paris to Istanbul, the like of which he had never seen before. Old-fashioned luxury abounded, with dark wood panelling, dark green cut crystal glass and plumped up upholstery with exotic-looking fabrics making the carriages appear more like a Middle Eastern palace than a train. Seven days from Paris to Istanbul. In luxury. The train was called the Orient Express – a name that conjured up pure Muggle-magic. An adventure which he doubted had ever been experienced by any other wizard.

Hmm, definitely safe from the Death Eaters. No one would look for me travelling by such a slow form of locomotion. With Weasley's help, he could get Muggle clothes, tickets and the necessary papers.

As luck would have it, the next scheduled departure was three days hence, giving him just forty-eight hours to mark all the remaining Potions exam parchments. A tough task, when he felt so tired. But while his body was exhausted, his mind was still working overtime on the adrenalin generated from the activities of the last few days.

The Portkey took him to a small alleyway around the corner from the Gare de Lyon and he was able to make his way to platform ten in good time for the departure. Having come across Dr Livingstone in Weasley's travel book collection, he modelled himself accordingly – dressed in cream linen travel clothes, a panama hat and a large leather

suitcase with brass corners and a huge brass lock. A glamour completed the image, providing him with a tanned and travel-worn complexion.

The guard, who was dressed like an immaculate Parisian policeman in a piped jacket and a kepi hat, showed him to his compartment in the carriage, helped him stow his suitcase, and showed him how to convert the large plump bench seats into a comfortable bed. He also showed him the shared bathroom that separated his compartment from the other in his carriage before going off to bring Snape a drink.

He settled in. It was cosy, comfortable and cool but not cold. The table and chairs by the window was made of the same dark mahogany as the wood panelling which gave off the faint scent of linseed oil. On the table was a small vase of roses, which Snape's potions expertise allowed him to identify as the damask rose 'Omar Khayyám', and he smirked at how fitting a choice they were for the Orient Express. The bench seats, covered in dense plush, were comfortable. And there really was room to swing a cat. It had the ambience of a Victorian saloon.

Snape had been allotted the berth facing forwards, and he noticed that no linen had been laid out for the berth opposite and gratefully concluded that he would be travelling alone. This suited him. The past few days had been fuelled by a combination of numerous espressos and a few cans of Red Bull that Dumbledore had acquired for him to help with his spying duties, and now he needed calm.

He sank gently into the plump upholstery, leaning his head against the wood panelling by the window, and sipped a double gin and tonic from a fine green lead crystal tumbler engraved '*Orient Express 1906-2006 Paris, Budapest, Vienna, Rome, Trieste, Athens, Constantinople*'.

The train moved off almost imperceptibly and gathered pace without any sense of effort, soon out of the station and rolling towards the southern suburbs of Paris. The sun streamed in the window, and where it touched the wood, it drew out the aroma of linseed oil.

The regular dar-dum dar-dum dar-dum of the wheels on the tracks. Seven days. Seven whole days. No responsibilities. No lives to protect. No students demanding attention or attempting to kill each other. No Dumbledore. No Death Eaters and no Voldemort. He could relax in his own luxury cocoon. He could relax. He relaxed.

Life for the next seven days would be conducted at the pace of the restaurant car. No cares and no responsibilities. With several hours until dinner would be served, Snape took out a paper on the recently observed effects of a chiral variant of a sedative on epilepsy. A truly astounding set of observations which had the potential to bring relief to both Muggles and wizards with this affliction. He tipped his panama to shield his face from the sun streaming through the window.

Dar-dum, dar-dum... dar-dum, dar-dum. The warmth of the sun, the smell of the wood, the gentle soporific effect of the gin, combined with the exhaustion of weeks of too little sleep, conspired against his reading. Shortly, when he had read the same sentence for the fourth time, Snape allowed sleep to envelop him.

It was a deep sleep, but he emerged gently. His subconscious was aware of barely perceptible, gentle music. There had been no music when he drifted off. This must be part of his dream. Several strands and melodies, first one taking the lead and then another, gently weaving their way one on another. The music was familiar to him. He had been overjoyed to discover Bach's Inventions just after his graduation from Hogwarts. The Inventions were so familiar to him that it required no mental effort to follow these along in his dream. The Bach wove itself through his subconscious, enhancing his relaxation while teasing his intellect. His unconscious self was pleased when one invention finished that another took its place, rather than leaving a void.

He slowly became aware that the smells around him had changed. No longer the smell of linseed oil overlaid with a hint of city grime and the smell of hot machine from the train, but the smells of cut hay and roses overlying the linseed oil.

The smell of roses. It tickled his subconscious. Miss Granger smelt of roses. She had grown into a beautiful woman in the past year. He could smell the scent of roses on her when he peered over her shoulder into her cauldron. He enjoyed the smell and secretly admired that beautiful witch.

He sensed a slight tightness in his trousers.

She was bright, vivacious, generous and beautiful. She smelt wonderful. Could he imagine what she was like unclothed? No, he shouldn't even undress her in his mind. But she was no longer a student, and this was but a dream. He teased his subconscious to allow him to undo the buttons of her blouse. Too many buttons, the steady hands of the Potions master made clumsy by anticipation. Then he slid it gently off her shoulders and a waft of roses came with it. Her skin was luminous and pale, stippled with freckles that complemented her pale skin.

His thoughts of the unattainable, his prized, intelligent, beautiful student, increased the swelling in his trousers.

A white lace bra. No, that would not do! A peach sports bra like the one he had seen on the billboard in the Gare de Lyon. All elastic and no fastenings. His subconscious was sure that his daydream could not survive a battle with complex bra fastenings. He asked her to lift her arms and he gently pulled the bra over her breasts and up over her arms. The inside of his left forearm brushed against her right nipple in passing. She gasped and it stiffened, awakened by his unintentional touch.

The tightness increased in his trousers. He longed to touch her, stroke her, feel her, breathe her scent. But Snape's subconscious took him elsewhere.

Hermione, laid back on a sea of mown grass with the roses in bloom all about, her head resting on her hands. Her hair, illuminated by glancing sunshine, formed a luminous halo around her face. Her breasts were pale, firm and plump and settled slightly to her sides. Both nipples caressed by the cool breeze, stood proud, small, but hard. As he wondered at her gorgeous appearance, first the skin on her arms and then on her torso came out in goose bumps. He gazed at her like a voyeur and drank in the smoothness of her curves.

Gods, she was beautiful. Not only was she intellectually desirable, she looked eminently fuckable. Snape absent-mindedly adjusted his penis in his undergarments.

What would she look like completely naked? What colour would her pubic hair be? Perhaps her armpits would give him a clue. His eyes roamed to take a look. With her hands behind her head, her armpits were framed by clear strong tendons but were hairless and smooth. Snape did not approve of the Muggle habit of the shaving of all possible non-head hair. He hoped she didn't shave her pubic hair, or he might never find out.

Excited by these thoughts, he moved on the seat and slouched down a bit further such that his groin came in contact with the table leg. He could now feel the train's dar-dum, dar-dum, dar-dum through his balls and groin. He could feel his blood pressure rising.

Was it his imagination, or did she smell aroused? He bent over her and gently stroked her hair, her shoulders, her torso, carefully circling her breasts without touching them. He gently stroked her lower lip and then her upper lip. He ran his fingers along her eyebrows and around her eye sockets. Hermione's pupils were dilated and her lips were swollen. Her breathing was short.

Snape found her shortened breath and her swollen lips immensely exciting and could resist no longer. He bent down over her, supporting his weight on his forearms, and gently brushed his lips against hers. Her breath was sweet and hot. She reached out and pulled him closer, crushing his lips against hers, and then explored his mouth with her tongue. The sensation of her tongue sliding across his gums sent his level of excitement still higher.

Dar-dum, dar-dum, dar-dum. The table leg. His balls. His blood pressure. Oh Merlin!

Snape, without a partner for the past three years, realised that he could not last long with this level of stimulation, and not wanting to end his daydream prematurely, pulled his lips from Hermione's. He reached down for the buttons on the waistband of her skirt and was able to undo them both with a quick flip of his fingers. No Muggle zip, thank Merlin, but rather the cross lacing of traditional wizard garments. Hermione obliged by lifting her hips, so that he was able to slide her skirt first down her thighs and then over her legs and shoes. She still had her shoes on.

She kicked them off. Wonderful feet! Long slender toes! And they too smelt of roses. Snape could not resist sucking each toe in turn, accompanied by small whimpers from Hermione. Wonderful toes, beautiful legs. Long legs! Snape reflected on how such an unprepossessing child could blossom into such a beautiful woman, with wonderful toes. Yes, she really was beautiful. Yes, despite her having been his student until two days previously, he really wanted to fuck her, and she appeared to be enjoying the

attention and reciprocating his desire.

He started to stroke her legs, making his way from her ankles via her knees to her inner thighs. Her breaths were now extremely short and jerky and she was arching her legs to ensure that his touch was firm. He touched her damp pants and gently stroked around her labia through the cotton, being careful not to progress too far, too fast. Hermione grasped his wrist and pulled him closer to increase the pressure. She pulled at him so that he would touch her clitoris, but he resisted and kept the pace slow and steady.

Dar-dum, dar-dum, dar-dum. Snape's subconscious was torn between being a gentleman, respectfully and gently warming up Hermione and pacing his attentions, and being close to the boil. He thought he had better increase the pace.

Snape stood up, discarded his shoes and socks, and scrambled out of his linen suit, discarding them on the hay. He penis tip showed over the top of his black silk briefs, swollen red and standing to attention. His breathing matched Hermione's. His need was great and immediate. He pulled her pants off and she did the same for him. Oh yes, she had a fine bush of auburn hair.

She kneeled in front of him and fondled his balls, his sack immediately responded by shrinking tight to her touch. He loved the sensation, but feared that he might not last much longer. She played some more, stroking his balls and watching as they rearranged themselves involuntarily. She kissed his penis and then slid her hand down it from tip to the base sending electric shocks through his system.

Still dar-dum, dar-dum, dardum through the table leg and onto his balls and penis. His mind was overloaded with sensation.

He gently stroked her labia and inserted a finger in her vagina while using the tip of his thumb to rub her clitoris. She arched her back in unison with his hand and mewed and moaned. She was very wet and very hot. Suddenly Hermione grasped his hand and pulled it away and forcefully said, "Fuck me now!"

Snape did not need to be told twice and positioned himself over her, taking his weight on his arms and gently eased his penis into her vagina. As his penis was sheathed in her vagina the sensation overwhelmed him. Though he wanted to last longer, he could not.

Dar-dum, dar-dum, dardum. Instant sensory overload! It was as though his heart was in his head the pounding of his pulse was overwhelming. He felt an amazing sense of release followed by the almost instant realisation that his stomach was wet and sticky and that the feeling was spreading as his come flowed downhill. He surfaced from the daydream faster than was reasonable feeling somewhat cheated. Damn wet dreams! Over too fast! He realised his clothes were wet.

As he opened his eyes and peered out from under his panama, he saw that the real Hermione Granger, looking beautiful and fully clothed in a t-shirt and jeans, was sitting on the opposite berth, deeply engrossed in a book, and listening to Bach inventions on a Muggle device with a pair of small loudspeakers that were just loud enough to overcome the sound of the train. Was it Hermione that smelt deliciously of rosewater or was it the roses on the table? What was she doing here? What the HELL was she doing here?

Deeply embarrassed, Snape dipped the rim of his panama to ensure she could not see him. He hoped he had been silent throughout his dream. He could not bear the embarrassment of his erotic dream being shared with a student. Perhaps the Bach would have masked any noise he made. He hoped so. He surreptitiously sauntered out of the compartment and made his way to the bathroom, where he Tergio'd his clothes, washed his tummy and threw copious cold water over his face to reduce his blood pressure. Ten minutes later, when he felt he had regained his equilibrium, he gathered his courage to face Hermione in the flesh and returned to the compartment.

He stepped in, tipped his panama and raised his voice.

'Miss Granger look what the train dragged in! What an unexpected surprise!'

She looked up from her book, with a look of shock and fright. 'Uh... oh..., I didn't realise that this was your carriage. I, er, mean, I didn't realise that this was your train, or that you weren't at Hogwarts at all.'

'Miss Granger, what are you doing here?'

She appeared to be regaining her composure. 'Professor Snape, I could well ask you the same.'

Well, thought Snape, *age before beauty*. 'In that case I shall explain first. Over the last few months I have found Hogwarts' students increasingly tiresome and so I thought to get away from Hogwarts, its students, and for that matter the whole wizarding world. And what excuse do you have?'

Hermione pouted, as one wrongly accused. 'I am sharing the next compartment with my parents. Roger that's my father retired from his dental practice last Friday and decided to treat my mother and me to a trip to the Orient. We're on our way to Trebizond, via Istanbul, where we plan to spend a couple of weeks exploring the ancient empire. Roger has always wanted to visit Trebizond and my mother has always wanted a journey on the Orient Express.'

'But then I presume that you have a compartment of your own, Miss Granger. So why are you here?'

Hermione thought that the truth was probably the best tack. She had found that Snape could see through half-truths and lies. She blushed as she remembered seeing a fragment of foil marked 'Viagra' in the bathroom bin and said, 'Well, I thought my parents might need some quiet time on their own and so I retreated to an unoccupied berth. Do you object?'

Snape considered this seriously for a split-second and concluded that perhaps seven days might be long enough to find out what colour her pubic hair really was. A grin spread across his face. 'No, Miss Granger, you are welcome to spend as much time here as you like provided, of course, that you don't disturb my reading.'