

To Claim The Maiden's Kiss

by neelix

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He walked up to her door slowly and cautiously. He couldn't tell at first glance if she was at home or not. The windows were fast shut, the blinds and curtains closed, and as he tentatively extended his magic, he sensed her wards.

She was not there. His heart dropped a little, but he gathered himself. Perhaps it would be better this way. To surprise her would put her off guard, and she would be wrong-footed. He would gain the upper hand this time, and they would talk properly. Once he had claimed her as his.

With a slight tap of his wand, he removed the Disillusionment Charm and shrank back into the shadows a little whilst he adjusted his robes. It was twilight, and the moon was starting to rise, casting a pale blue glow across the sky and skimming his long black hair with silvery fingers. His eyes glittered as he softly stepped towards the door with his wand outstretched. Murmuring softly, he heard a slight click and felt the frisson of her magic as it dissipated around him. With a smirk, Severus Snape opened the door and slipped inside.

The place was in darkness, and yet he moved around the space with ease. Crookshanks raised his head from the back of the couch and mewed slightly.

'You will have to wait,' Severus murmured, 'feeding Kneazles was never part of the job description.' He stopped and scratched the ginger fur ball between his ears, and he purred contentedly.

Severus glanced at the old clock on the mantle. No matter, he thought, I can wait a little longer.

Hermione stepped out onto the street and let the cold air wash around her for a moment while she pulled on her gloves and wrapped her scarf tighter around her neck. The nights were drawing in, and she shivered as she started to walk briskly down the street to her Apparition point.

Hermione adored her Ministry job. Muggle Liaison Officer was a post ideally suited to her skills, and she excelled at it. But her office was directly opposite the Auror Office, and this was causing her no end of trouble right now. She sighed to herself. There was a way to end it all, as she knew only too well. But it was not permitted. Not yet. And so for the majority of her day, she had endured countless, and pointless, visits from Harry and Ron. Having to fend them off had exhausted her. In the end she had hurt their feelings, but they had left her with no choice.

No. HE had left her with no choice. Hermione pursed her lips together a little. She didn't know how much longer she would be willing to maintain the charade, and she needed to tell him, and soon.

As Hermione reached the Apparition point, she glanced at her watch. She had ten minutes before he would call her by Floo. She closed her eyes, and then twisted on the

spot.

She walked quickly to the door and then stopped. Her wards were down. Her heart leapt into her mouth, and she pulled out her wand slowly. Frowning, she put her hand on the door handle and turned it. There was a slight click, and she put her wand through the crack in the doorway before she stepped inside. She had a hex on her lips, and her awareness was as sharp as it had been during the war. She took a deep breath, and then gasped as a familiar scent assailed her nostrils. Momentarily distracted, she was too slow for him, and her wand flew out of her hand before she had time to breathe again.

He grabbed her hand and dragged her inside, slamming the door loudly behind her. Hermione tried to scream, but it was hopeless. His hand was covering her mouth tightly, his mouth by her ear. His breathing was erratic, and she could feel him pushing his hard body up against hers from behind.

'Too slow, witch,' he hissed, 'too slow.'

Hermione grabbed at his hand and tried to loosen his hold. He let go for a brief second and spun her to face him, grabbing her by the shoulders and pushing her back against the door.

'You weren't expecting me?' He raised his eyebrow as he moved his face to hers.

Hermione stared at him, panting for breath, her dark eyes wide with shock.

'No, not today,' she whispered hoarsely.

'Surprise,' he growled, his breath skimming her face as he brushed her lips with his.

Hermione moaned and closed her eyes as he pushed himself against her. She could feel his erection through her clothes, and she licked her lips lightly.

He paused and looked at her, her lips slightly parted, her body still wrapped up tightly to protect against the elements. And then he kissed her. His lips covered her mouth softly, and he relaxed his grip on her shoulders to unfasten her scarf. He pulled it gently and let it fall to the floor as Hermione's eyelids fluttered softly. She peered out at him through her half-open gaze, and a smile danced across her mouth as she leant against the door.

'Missed me?' she asked him quietly.

He smiled at her and pushed his cock against her thigh.

'Can you tell?' he murmured.

'I've missed you,' she whispered, and cursed herself inwardly as tears fell from her eyes.

Severus brushed the tears away with his thumb, and then cupped her cheek with his long, pale fingers.

'I know,' he said softly, his eyes exploring hers and telling her things that only his look could convey. 'Come,' he said firmly, taking her hand.

He marched her through the dark house and pulled her firmly after him up the stairs. His robes billowed behind him, and Hermione felt herself go weak as moisture started to gather in her crotch. He paused at the bedroom door and turned to look at her sideways.

Hermione grinned at him. 'Hurry up, Severus, there's only so much "moody professor" I can handle,' she said, laughter bubbling up inside her.

He chuckled, pushed the door open and let Hermione step in front of him. She paused as she looked at the bed. She had been alone in this room for too long and she shivered with anticipation as she felt him step up to her. He bent his head and nuzzled her neck, kissing her softly and letting his tongue taste her skin.

'Severus,' she sighed, leaning against him. He wrapped his arms around her and held her close, inhaling her shampoo and the scent that was just she, a mix of lemon, vanilla and musk. It wasn't all he could smell, and as her arousal reached his sensitive nose, he groaned and spun her to face him. He looked at her tenderly and stepped back, gesturing slightly with his hands.

Hermione smirked a little and started to remove her clothes as he stood and watched. Her jacket dropped to the floor, followed by her grey work cardigan. Her fingers fell to unbuttoning her crisp, white shirt, and as she reached the last button and shrugged it off her shoulders, Severus stepped up to her and stared at her breasts. She didn't know why she had chosen to wear that particular bra on that morning, but she knew it was his favourite. The white lace only just covered her nipples, leaving her creamy mounds to spill seductively out of the top of her ample cups. He gazed at her in admiration, his hands hovering over her breasts as if he was scared to touch her.

'Gods, Hermione,' he breathed, and moved to cup her breasts, closing his eyes as he felt her weight in the palms of his hands. His thumbs automatically skimmed her nipples, and Hermione threw her head back and moaned deeply as a gush of liquid flooded her vagina.

His lips sought hers, and the fire he had started turned into a blazing furnace. Hermione grabbed at his cloak and pushed it off him roughly. Her hands had found his buttons before his cloak hit the floor, and they scrambled towards the bed as she fought to get his clothes off his sinewy, lean body.

Severus fumbled with his fly as he tried to keep his lips in contact with hers. Her tongue was snaking into his mouth, and his cock was jerking in rhythm to her thrusting. She tasted so sweet, and he gasped as he found his last button and pushed his trousers over his slim hips, exposing his cock to the cooler air. Hermione was pulling at his shirt and between them they ripped it as it was dragged over his head. His hair fell over his face in his haste to find her mouth again. Her hands were exploring his nakedness, and she started to whimper with wanton desire.

Severus grabbed her hands in his. He would be undone before he had chance to enjoy her fully, and he kissed her firmly before pushing her lightly down onto the bed.

'Patience,' he laughed as she glared at him.

'Fuck that, Severus. I need you, can't you tell?' she hissed at him.

Severus grinned at her frustration and slid his body on top of hers, bending his head to kiss her pursed lips.

'I need you too, but if you keep doing what you're doing, this will be over before it begins,' he whispered.

He smiled against her lips as he felt her relax and snake her arms around his neck, and he moved his mouth to her throat, kissing her softly and trailing his tongue slowly down her body. His mouth found her breasts and he kissed her flesh, letting his face sink into her cleavage as he inhaled her. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her body closer, feeling her nipples crush against his chest, and the soft lace rubbed against her caramel tips, making her squirm beneath him. With a practiced hand, he flicked open her bra catch, and taking the fabric between his teeth, he pulled it from her with a small growl.

Hermione laughed. It was a deep, throaty sound that reverberated within him. He had missed that sound so much, and he closed his eyes as a smile spread across his face. A memory of the first time she had laughed with him skittered through his mind, and his cock twitched as another memory hit him. It was from later that same night, and it had been their first time. But not their last.

'Severus,' Hermione interrupted his thoughts.

'Sorry,' he smiled at her and brushed her long, wavy hair from her face. 'I was thinking about the first time,' he whispered.

Hermione smiled at him and her eyes sparkled with delight. 'Do you remember it still?'

'Of course,' he murmured seriously, and their eyes met. No words were needed as Severus let his hand drift up Hermione's skirt. He stroked her thigh as he bent to kiss her, and his fingers found her knickers and slipped beneath her gusset. She was dripping wet, as he knew she would be, but it had been so long, far too long. It felt as if he were touching her for the first time all over again, and as he slipped his fingers through her folds, Hermione cried into his mouth and lifted her hips to his touch. He found her clitoris, and with deft fingers, he brushed over her lightly, maintaining a steady pace as his tongue sought her nipples. He licked at her, and Hermione started to quiver beneath his touch.

'Fuck, Severus,' she moaned, her head tipping back into the pillow as she bit her lip lightly.

He lifted his head and smiled as he saw how she reacted to his touch. No other witch had ever responded to him in this way. But then no other witch had ever loved him as Hermione did. He withdrew his hand and she gasped, her eyes flying open in frustration.

'Forgive me. But this is too sweet to waste,' he said silkily. He raised his wet fingers to his face and inhaled sharply, then closed his eyes to lick each finger clean.

'You are so wicked,' she whispered hoarsely, almost having an orgasm as she watched his tongue snake over her juices.

'That's why you love me,' he whispered. His eyes caught hers for a moment, and then his head disappeared beneath her skirt.

Hermione could feel his breath on her thigh, then his hands as they reached for her knickers and pulled them down over her pert buttocks. Severus moved one hand beneath her and cupped her bottom, while he used the other hand to spread her thighs wide and push her skirt up around her waist. Her sex was open and glistening, her pink lips beckoning him closer.

'Finally,' he hissed, and his mouth began its assault. He ran his tongue up her labia, and then gently played with her clitoris. Hermione moaned and grabbed at the bedclothes as she felt his moist lips on her pussy, and then hissed as he plunged his tongue inside her and started to drink her juices fervently. He inserted a finger and started to massage her G spot with expert movements, and his tongue found her clit again.

It was the end of Hermione. Her thighs started to tremble around his head, and she could no longer focus on anything but his mouth on her and the warm, exquisite sensation that was building between her legs. Severus moved his thumb to her clit and started to lick her labia up and down, lingering on her entrance as he waited for her orgasm to fill his waiting mouth. He didn't have to wait long. With a loud wail and a shuddering cry, Hermione lifted her pelvis off the bed, pushing her pussy towards his face, and orgasmed harder than she had in months. Her juices spurted from her, and Severus lapped them up like a man starved of water.

Hermione's head was lolling to one side, her mouth slack and her eyes glazed over. Her whole body was tingling from head to toe, and she wouldn't have been able to move even if she had wanted to. Severus moved his body up hers, sliding his hands along her abdomen and further upwards to clasp her breasts. He kissed her erect nipples and Hermione moaned slightly. Severus bent to kiss her slack mouth, and slid his cock inside her wet vagina slowly. Gods, but the witch was tight. Pushing himself onto his arms, he gazed down at her and waited as she regained consciousness. Her eyes focussed on him, and she smiled slowly. Severus ginned down at her and pushed himself hard inside her. Hermione gasped and her eyes shot open. She had forgotten how he filled her, and with a slight sigh, she wrapped her legs around his waist.

'Fuck me,' she murmured, and her eyes glazed over as he started to move inside her.

He had wanted to bring her with him, but as he felt her wetness envelop him, he knew it was not to be. His balls tightened, and with an involuntary groan he started to thrust himself purposefully into her. Her pussy was caressing his length, and he felt himself harden as his orgasm started to wash over him. Hermione moaned out his name, and he threw his head back and exploded inside her, feeling his sperm as it shot from him with force and coated her vagina, so slick he almost slipped out of her. His legs shook as he bucked himself into her, and unable to support his weight, he collapsed with a grunt and buried his head into her neck, gasping and murmuring her name over and over again.

Hermione smiled as she gently wrapped her arms around his shoulders, and kissed his cheek softly. She could feel his tears as they dripped down her neck, and she moved his face to hers, kissing his cheeks dry. He smiled at her, then started to laugh, his head thrown back as his eyes danced with joy.

'Happy Anniversary,' she said, a slight giggle leaving her throat.

'And to you, Mrs Snape,' he laughed again. 'I didn't think I would make it, you know.'

'I'm so happy that you did,' she sighed and ran her hands along his back, lingering as her fingers stroked his buttocks.

'I have a gift for you,' he said quietly, watching her through a curtain of black hair. He waved his hand and a copy of the *Daily Prophet* flew from the pocket of his cloak and into his hand. Reluctantly, he rolled off her, and then pulled her into a sitting position. He handed her the paper gravely, then put his arm around her and pulled her close as she looked at him quizzically.

'Page two,' he murmured.

Hermione flipped the paper open and her eyes scanned the columns. With a sharp intake of breath, she read the small announcement, and tears started to fall silently down her face.

'Oh, Severus,' she whispered, 'are you sure?'

'We don't need to hide any more, Hermione. The Dark Lord has been dead for four years. My tasks are complete, my good name has been restored, and I know we are safe. I won't be leaving you again from this day. It's time everyone knew, don't you think?' he smiled at her softly.

'You won't be leaving? You mean...?' Hermione's breath hitched in her throat.

'I mean, you have your husband back for good. If you still want me, that is,' he smiled slowly as a grin spread over her face.

Hermione didn't say anything, but the paper fell to the floor as her hand snaked its way between his legs, and they slowly slipped under the covers.

Hermione walked into work the next day with flushed cheeks and large sparkling eyes. Her mouth was swollen from a night of passionate kisses, and her vagina was throbbing mercilessly. She wouldn't forget her third wedding anniversary in a hurry; Severus had made sure of that.

She walked though the entrance of the Ministry in a slight daze. She had been tempted to take the day off, but she would be just putting off the inevitable. However, her mind was still with Severus and the slow grin he had given her as he slouched against the front door. He had kissed her goodbye in a way only he could, and her legs had been trembling as she walked away.

She attracted quite a few stares, but she didn't really notice them. Nor did she notice Harry, or Ron, until she almost walked straight into them. They were blocking the door of her office, and she smiled at them ruefully. Both of them were holding copies of the *Prophet*, and the looks on their faces told her they were expecting an answer.

'Excuse me, can I get into my office?' she said quietly.

They glared at her for a moment, and then stepped aside. Hermione opened the door and motioned for them to go inside.

The questions started almost immediately.

'You married Snape?' from Ron.

'You have known where he was all of the time?' from Harry.

'Three years?' they said together.

Hermione smiled and shook her head slightly as she closed the door.

I would love to know what you think. Please leave a review. Thanks!