

Distraction

by luvsev

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Her seventh year was almost completed and N.E.W.T.s had finished the day before, so now all that was left for Hermione to do was study for her final exams and then she would be done. There was only one problem with that: for the first time in her life, Hermione Granger was too mentally exhausted to do anything that involved studying. She had spent the entire year studying and preparing for a life outside of Hogwarts, and now she was ready for it to be over with. Well, all but one thing: her relationship with the snarly Potions master. He had kept her sane through everything with words of comfort, and a friendship that had transformed into something completely unexpected. She had fallen for the man, and he her, and now that the year was almost through, she could look forward to a future when they would not have to lie about what they really were to each other. It was a glimmer of hope in her hectic world.

She stretched out on her bed and contemplated what to do with her free afternoon. She could study, but what was the use at this point? If she did not know the material by now, then she would never know it. She could not pack because it was already done; in fact, all of her boxes were sitting off to the corner in the private room that had been granted to her along with the honour of being appointed Head Girl. With everything being as it was, it left her little choice of activities for the day. She could always go see Severus after lunch, but he had a class to teach. Wait, now that merited thinking about... at that moment a deviously naughty thought entered her mind. She could sneak into his classroom after lunch, pen him a short note, then hide under his desk and wait for him. She could find a cure for her boredom and give him pleasure at the same time. What a brilliant idea; this could be a nice distraction for the both of them! She wickedly wondered if he would be able to keep from moaning and contorting his face in ecstasy whilst she went down on him. One thing was for sure, it would be fun finding out. Now all she needed was the invisibility cloak that Severus had so wisely bought her for Christmas.

After she had retrieved the cloak, she shrank it and stuffed it into the pocket of her robes, then headed to the Great Hall for lunch. When she entered and took a seat with her classmates, she glanced up at the High Table and saw her delicious Potions master, who was in the middle of what seemed to be an interesting conversation. She caught his eye and smirked at him, which he returned with a quick quirk of the corner of his mouth. It was so subtle that she almost missed it.

Once his conversation was over, Severus looked for Hermione at her table and discovered that she was no longer there. Now where did the girl go? She hadn't stayed for more than 10 minutes. And what was with the smirk that she gave him? He knew that look; it was the look that she wore when they were about to be intimate. It was heated and mischievous. She was up to something, that much was certain. But what was she going to do? He had a feeling that he would soon find out. He could only hope that whatever the little minx was up to she was not going to get herself, or anyone else for that matter, into trouble this late in the year.

Hermione had successfully snuck away from her lunch without Severus noticing her, which was the goal. Now she just had to get to a dark niche and throw on the cloak. Once she had slipped on the cloak, she silently made her way down to the dungeons and into the warded classroom. She noticed that he already had things pretty well set up for the next class of sixth years. She would have to make this quick, otherwise, she would risk getting caught, and her plan to cure her boredom would be over, and she just could not have that. Making her way over to his imposingly large desk, she sat in his comfortable leather chair just long enough to pen him a small note, when she had

to scramble under the desk as she heard him enter the room. He walked the length of the room then wrote instructions on the board for the class that would be starting in a few minutes. His sullen students made their way in quietly with no one daring to look at their surly Potions master. Sure the war was over, but he had changed little. He was still a demanding and sarcastic git that no one wanted to incur the wrath of.

"As you may have noticed, I have not put an assignment on the board for you today. Instead, I would like you to work on your end of term essays, and those that have finished the project may hand them in and receive two additional house points apiece and go. The rest of you, get to work!" There was a small flurry of papers and four students placed their work on his desk at which he was currently sitting.

He had just settled in to grading one of the dismal essays when he noticed a tiny note written in familiar writing lying next to his favourite quill. It simply said, "I'm bored. Indulge me." Once he had the message read, he felt a hand tracing up and down his leg. Ah, so this is what the little chit had planned. She wanted to turn him on; well, it was working. Her hands slowly trailed further up and massaged tiny circles on his inner thigh, but she was staying away from where he wanted it most. She continued massaging him, then her hand had finally made it to his massive erection. He felt her nimble fingers one by one work the buttons on his trousers, then she at last pulled him out of his black silk boxers. The cold dungeon air hit his hot skin and he shivered slightly from the chill. Thank Merlin none of his students saw that; he could only imagine the rumours that would fly if they had.

Suddenly, he felt Hermione's warm breath on him, then her tongue sliding over the head of his dick, gently licking the tiny drop of liquid that had formed on the tip. He set his jaw and just managed to bite back a groan as she fully engulfed his long, thick, pale shaft into her hot mouth. Good Lord, she was talented at this. Not only did she excel at it, but she loved doing it as well, as she had proved to him on many occasions. She rolled her tongue up and down his shaft whilst sucking him. He knew that if she kept this up much longer, he would start convulsing. Just when he thought that it could not feel any better, she swirled her tongue in the tip and cupped his balls. He very nearly lost all semblance of his control when she did that. She took him all the way back into her mouth, relaxed her throat, then sucked him in earnest, going fast and clearly bobbing her head. He could not believe that she had finally managed to deep throat him, and after a few minutes he spilled his seed down into her waiting throat. Gods, how he would have loved to see her do this, but alas, he was not so lucky.

"Class dismissed! Well, what are you all waiting for? Pack up and leave!" Severus barked. He tried not to sound furious, but he was turned on and wanted to teach Hermione a lesson... don't toy with the Potions master in class when he damn well can't do anything about it. Oh, she was in for it once they all left.

Once the students made their way out of his classroom, Severus pulled her out from under the desk and placed her in his lap. She looked at him and smiled sweetly as if to say, "Did I do something wrong?" He would surely wipe that smile off her face and replace it with something else entirely. Hermione leaned in close to him and placed a light kiss on his lips, but he deepened it, making her want him even more. Their tongues were doing battle, touching and tasting each other. She was grinding her hips into him as they continued their heated kiss. Every time she ground into him, he thrust up into her, increasing their desire. When he had enough of foreplay, he whispered a spell that removed their clothes, and with one swift, fluid movement he bent her over his desk. She expected him to thrust into her, but was taken aback when his hand hit her bottom with a heavy "thwack." It did not exactly hurt, but it did sting. He spanked her bottom again, and a low rumbling laugh escaped him.

"Think that's funny, do you?"

"I do indeed, dear. You did deserve it, for you were being such a deliciously naughty girl."

He plunged two fingers into her wet pussy and made her moan with desire. "You are so lovely and wet for me. How should I reward you, puss?"

"Mmmm... fuck... fuck me."

Severus was teasing her slit by sliding his dick along it, which made her moan and thrust herself against him, trying to get him to impale her. "Oh such language coming from the Head Girl, however, your command is my desire."

He left her bent over his desk and slid all the way into her hot, wet folds. Gods, every time he sheathed himself within her, he thought he would die and go to hell, for she was his heaven. He stayed still for a minute, just to continue torturing her, but she was not having it, so she thrust herself back into him, eliciting a moan from deep within him. Taking her not so subtle hint, he began to thrust into her with such force that her moans were strangled. Each time he went deeper and deeper, and he felt her start to come undone around him, her walls quivering and starting to milk him.

"That's right, come with me, darling."

"Mmm... yesss."

She didn't need to be told twice; she came apart around him with such force, moaning and nearly crying, as he spilled himself within her depths. As they were coming down, Severus lifted Hermione off the desk and gathered her back into his lap where he held her close and softly kissed her temple.

"I am so glad that next week this is all over and you will be able to stay with me. No more lies, no more hiding. Just us."

A/N: I would like to thank my beta, Snapes_mistress, for her wonderful skills.