

# Payback

*by luvsev*

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## Payback: A Sequel to Distraction

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The days immediately following Hermione's N.E.W.T's were some of the busiest of her life. She had finished studying for her finals; all that remained was for to take them. She had managed to line up a few interviews for the day after graduation in her spare time. Severus had told her that if she would like, she could take the summer off, and he would support her. As tempting as that was, she needed a job. She loved him, but she did not feel right letting him support her when they were not married. She could not live off of him simply because she wanted a little time off.

Finals week had passed with celerity, and before she knew it, it was time for her very last test, Potions. She walked into the darkened classroom and took one last look around. This room had seen some of her best and worst of times at Hogwarts, and she wanted to commit every single detail of it to her memories, from the cold dusty floors, to the meticulously kept cabinet where the potions ingredients were contained.

Whilst it was true that she would undoubtedly come back to this classroom in the future, this would be the last time that she would see it through the eyes of a wary student, and for that single fact, she was grateful. She was the first to enter the now mildly lit classroom; she could not help but to run her hands along the time-roughened wood of each worktable until she reached her favourite in the second row. This table held the most memories for her, and thus she sat at it when she could. She sighed and remembered that this was where she and Severus had shared their first kiss and, soon thereafter, their first intimate encounter.

She had been sitting at this desk when she had first discovered that Severus felt something more for her than just friendship. It was here where he had bent over to correct her wand movement and met her lips instead. They were both taken aback by the sudden sparks that flew when their mouths opened to taste each other for the first time. It was a soul-searing kiss, which left them breathless and her potion ruined. Once they started kissing, the rest of the world ceased to exist. Hermione was so engrossed in the memory of their first kiss that she did not even notice when Severus entered the room.

As he made his way to his desk, he paused to watch the blush grace her face prettily and her eyes glaze over in passion. He knew by the way that she caressed the wood of the table that she was remembering their first encounter and the subsequent experiences that would follow in the coming weeks. It was certain that if he chose to relive those memories now, there would be no exam for his seventh years; he would have no choice but to lay her over that desk and take her right then and there.

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It was already bad enough that the little chit had developed a knack for teasing him mercilessly by leaving her legs open during class so he could see directly up her skirt, but now she had the audacity to wear his house colours as knickers! He would never forget the time that she had worn a pearl thong to class. The moment that she had opened her legs, he could see the pearls sliding through her trimmed chestnut curls, and between her already slick folds. God and Merlin almighty, that was a powerful image! It was enough to give him a raging erection that he would not be able to take care of until the end of the class. When he heard his students enter, he swept his robes close to his body and made his way to his desk so no one would see him tenting his trousers. As he was sitting at his desk, he recalled the last time that he sat here with her. She had decided to indulge him in oral sex in the middle of a class full of sixth-years; that act had sorely tested his resolve to not fuck her mouth. He'd had to school his expressions into the scowl that he normally wore. What a test that was! All he'd wanted to do was moan and take her to his rooms; instead he'd had to sit and

tolerate her delicious torture and pretend to grade the dunderheads' essays. There was a part of him that was a little angry for not being able to respond in the way that he would have liked, and that part wanted payback. He wanted to teach her not to toy with the Potions master when he could not retaliate.

Hermione took her seat when all of the anti-cheating quills had been passed around as well as the written part of the exam. She set up her cauldron off to the side and gathered the ingredients that she would need and began her test. She uncrossed and opened her legs to give Severus a view of her uncovered pussy. She had chosen to go commando today in order to tease and distract him more than usual, but she was not aware of his plans for payback. She proceeded to tease him with her luscious display when he looked pointedly at her and arched an eyebrow. He subtly waved his hand, and she quirked an eyebrow at him and wondered what he was doing greeting her; it was not like him to wave at her, especially in a classroom full of students. She chose to ignore it and focus on filling in the first essay on the exam. She was in deep thought when she first felt a small vibration. The gentle movement disappeared as quickly as it had come and made her think that it was just her nerves grating at her.

A few more minutes had passed and there the vibration was again, ghosting over her clit and making her shake lightly. This time she knew that it was more than her nerves doing it to her, it had to be the fantasy from earlier coming back to haunt her. She should have known better than to think about them having sex on her favourite desk; it made her want him and that was not possible right now. She had to finish her written and practical exam and he had to grade, so there would be no relief in sight. She tried to ignore it and move on, but the feeling kept coming back with more pressure. She looked up at his desk, and he had a smirk on his face. She should have known that he was doing this. Damn it to hell! She had this coming and she should have expected it, but she did not think that he would do this whilst she was taking an exam. That damn Slytherin bastard!

The vibrating pressure on her clit increased, and there was an additional feeling present. It felt like his oh-so-talented tongue was probing her slick pussy and nibbling at her folds. This was driving her crazy! Just when she thought that he would not do anything more to her, she felt two of his fingers slide deep into her, but that was not possible; he was sitting at his desk with his head bent over someone's assignment. The ghost fingers began thrusting in and out of her, and she let out a low moan and tried to focus, but it was a losing battle. The pace quickened, and she squeezed her thighs together to keep from coming. She tried to quell the urge because she knew that she would not be able to keep quiet if her release found her. She was aware that she was squirming and shifting in her seat, but she could not keep still, for the moment that she did, she knew she would come undone.

Severus glanced over at her and smirked; his plan was working magnificently. She was flushed from head to toe, her eyes were glazed over, and she was squirming in her seat. He wanted to see her come right here in front of him and see if she could control the moans that were no doubt threatening to surface. This was sweet torture for her and sweet revenge for him. He was enjoying the show immensely. He knew that she was going to feel nailed to the seat, so he thought he would drive that nail in a little further.

"Problem, Miss Granger?" He said with an evil timbre to his voice. He was looking forward to seeing if she was capable of coherent speech at this point or if she was too far gone.

"N... no sir." Hermione's reply came out a little more than a breathy moan, and it turned him on. Her statement let him know that she was close, which is exactly where he wanted her.

"No? Then get back to work." He let his voice turn to liquid silk and wash over her. He removed the spell that mimicked the thrusting of his fingers and replaced it with one to feel like his cock. The hand movement for that was one that he could not let her see, so he placed his hand under his desk and thought of his intended target, then released the spell.

Hermione felt the loss of the thrusting ghost fingers, but she did not have to mourn for long. The loss was replaced by something much more pleasant; it felt like his dick was ramming into her. Each thrust caught her off guard and she felt like she was taking a pounding as she continued squirming in her seat. She felt her orgasm build and she was very close; one more powerful thrust would do it. When it happened, she could have sworn that she saw stars. She nearly came with a shout; instead of screaming, she had to bite down hard to stifle it as she tried to control the convulsions that were rocking her lower body. Once it was over, she peered around the room, and thankfully her classmates' eyes were trained on their essays. She looked up at Severus, who smiled evilly at her.

"Bastard!" Hermione muttered under her breath, nearly praying that he did not hear her. However, the look on his face suggested that he had.

"Detention, Miss Granger!" He had her just where he wanted her: she was all worked up and she could do nothing about it. Ah, well you know what they say about payback, it is a bitch.

A/N: I want to thank my wonderfully talented beta, Snape's\_mistress, for working on this story with me.