

Last Detention

by luvsev

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The rest of the final week had passed with a sort of moribund celerity, and the last night of Hermione's time at Hogwarts had come to a close. The Leaving Feast had just ended, and now it was time for the unofficial parties to commence, though Hermione did not wish to participate. For one, she would have to complete her detention with Professor Snape...a fact that many felt unfair, but she had no complaints. He was the only one that she wanted to spend her last evening with anyway.

Looking up at the High Table, Hermione noticed that Severus was already gone so she took that as her cue to make her way down to the dungeons for detention. During her long trek to the sub-level of the castle, she took time to think about what she and Severus were going to do since she would be pursuing a career outside the world of academia and thus be away from him. Knowing that they could talk about their future plans in the following days, she set aside those thoughts for another time.

Hermione had barely rapped once on his office door when he bellowed his favourite greeting: 'Enter.' She walked through the door and followed him into the classroom.

"Miss Granger, this evening you will be scrubbing mouldering armadillo bile from their crystal decanters, and when you have finished, you will meet me in my office...we have much to discuss." With that last statement, he disappeared and left her to do the disgusting chore.

She could not believe that he had actually meant for her to serve a detention. She thought that he was just making a way for them to spend her last evening together, but she should have expected this. If he was capable of torturing her during an exam, he was not beneath doing this. As she worked her way through the stacks of the vomit-filled containers, she got angrier than ever. If she had known that he would have this in store for her, she would have been much less compliant.

Severus was sitting in his office grinning at the evil plan that he had concocted. Sure, he knew that he would pay for it later, but this would be worth it. She had dared to play games with him during class and had even given him a memory that would continue to make him hard every time that he sat at his desk, but he wanted to show her who she had been toying with. Yes, he had already gotten payback on her last test, but making her serve a detention on her final night at the school would be a priceless memory for them to share in the future.

He figured that she would be fuming by now, so he exited his office and went into the Potions classroom where she was working. Sure enough, there she was bent over the revolting assignment. He took a moment to look her over: she was wearing a skirt and tank top with robes thrown over it. This was not the standard school attire, but it really didn't matter. Her face was flushed in anger and her eyes were alight and flashing. He had never seen her look like this outside of the final battle, and it turned him on just thinking about what she would do to him with all of that pulsing passion. Sneaking up behind her, he dropped his voice to a silky timbre before murmuring a nearly silent cleansing spell over her.

"Miss Granger, I do believe this is not your school uniform. Did you forget the fact that you are required to wear it to detention?" Severus' voice was as soft as a caress and enveloped her whole being.

"I-I... No."

"Ah, short on words for a change? I never thought that I would see the day." He edged closer to her and ran his hands down her sides to cup her full bottom beneath the clinging fabric of her short skirt. As he traced the outline of her he discovered that she had purchased a new set of lingerie knickers and was practically dripping for him.

"I suppose you have no logical explanation as to why you are wearing these, when it is against school regulations; oh, and is this for me?" He dipped his strong, elegant fingers between her slick folds, slid them back out, and offered her the first taste of her juices, which she took. As she lapped at his fingers, he let out a throaty moan, knowing just how talented she was at this.

She took his fingers out of her mouth long enough to answer in a breathy voice. "I was expecting something along the lines of this." She drew him into a deep kiss that ignited more of the passion that she had been feeling earlier. "Of course this is for you. You know how wet you make me."

He pulled her closer to him so that she could feel the tight bulge that was starting to painfully tent his trousers. Hermione took her hands that were wrapped in his thin raven locks and ran them down his chest and stomach until she was brushing the top button of his trousers.

"Touch me, Hermione... please."

She toyed with the button for a moment, then removed her hand and placed it on his clothed erection. He was so hot that she could feel him pulsing through the layers of fabric. She massaged the growing bulge and his breath quickened; he had taught her how to please him well. The only thing was that she had gotten so good at touching him that it took more restraint than he thought that he had. Hermione proceeded unbuttoning his wool trousers as slowly as possible, trying to arouse him more. He had managed to rankle her, so she would get him back in her own way.

Dropping to her knees, she unbuttoned the last two tiny fastenings with her teeth, which nearly sent Severus through the roof. She pulled down his trousers and noticed that he had forgone his pants. It was apparent that he wanted to spend her last night there in passion as well.

As soon as Severus felt her hot breath on his raging erection, he clenched his fists in preparation for the torture and pleasure to come. Hermione grasped him tightly and dragged her tongue lightly up his length and made him moan loudly. She proceeded to tease at him by licking his tip, slowly sucking him down her throat and rolling his testicles in her palm. She brought him to the edge several times and would then stop. He was near coming a final time when she lightly pressed a spot behind his balls causing a dry orgasm to rack through his body. She lightly nibbled his shaft and caressed his buttocks as he thrust into her talented mouth. He should have known that he would not get away with his evil little plan without her torturing him. He was just about to send his seed down her throat when she pulled away and stood up, thereby ceasing his orgasm.

"Strip for me, Hermione. I want to see a show," said Severus in a ragged voice.

"Why should I?"

"Because I want you to, and since this is your last detention, you have to do as I say."

"I suppose that is reason enough, Professor."

"Cheeky little chit. Now strip."

"Whatever you say, Professor. If you want the strip show, I am going to need you to sit down for me, preferably at your desk."

That damn girl had something about his desk. Whether it was them snogging on it (her favourite activity), or her torturing him beneath it...which was something that she seemed determined to do, and now this. If she had her way, he would have enough memories of them together at his desk that he would never be able to sit at it the same way again. He could have sworn that she was training him like one of Pavlov's dogs: see desk, get erection.

Hermione smiled wickedly at Severus when he sat naked in his leather chair with his erection jutting proudly in front of him. The sight of all that pale skin and dark raven hair displayed for her turned her on. Licking her soft, rosy lips, she began to move toward him and took off her robe, leaving her in just the tank top, skirt, and high-heeled shoes. Once she was in front of him, she took off her top and removed her skirt with a shimmy of her hips. She lifted her left leg and propped it on the arm of his chair so that he could see through the green and silver lace knickers. Severus reached out a hand to skim the flimsy fabric, but Hermione slapped his hand away.

"Oh no you don't, you can look but not touch."

"But..." Severus gave Hermione a petulant look.

"This may be your game, but these are my rules. Now be a good boy and enjoy the show."

Severus sat back with an almost pouty look to his face, but Hermione did not care. He was being given a pleasurable torture, so he would have to stop sulking and pay attention. She kept her leg on his chair and ran her fingers down her creamy, taut stomach, all the while keeping eye-contact with him. She trailed the hand lower until she reached the edge of the lacy knickers and pulled the material aside. She dipped her fingers between her slick folds and slid two fingers in as deep as she could. She thrust them in and out for a few moments and moaned his name. Once she was done, she withdrew her fingers and painted them across his lips. Severus flicked his tongue out and lightly grazed her fingertips. She had said no touching, but it was not his fault that she had lingered a moment too long on his lips. She left her hand where it was so she could feel his silky tongue caress her. He moved it in a way that mimicked an intimate kiss.

Hermione removed her fingers from his luscious lips and talented tongue and then straddled his lap. She was going to trail his cock the length of her covered slit when he stopped her.

"I don't think so, my pet. No more torture for me; it is your turn to obey." Severus slowly ran his finger across his lips...a habit of his whenever he was deep in thought. "What would be good?"

"Well, you could..." Hermione spoke lightly.

"No suggestions from you, kitten. I know... be a good little puss and get on your hands and knees for me and spread your legs."

Hermione dismounted him and did as she was told. Once she was in the requested position, he kept her waiting just long enough to make her wonder what he was planning to do. She expected him to plunge his dick directly into her, but she got a surprise when she felt his tongue and lips trailing kisses down her back. His hands were roaming in a forbidden direction, but all she could do was wait to see where he was going with this. She felt his hands on her arse, and his finger was toying with her tiny, puckered entrance.

"Severus, I need you. Please?"

"I'm not done with you yet." Severus murmured and lifted her slightly so that he could slide beneath her and lick that which he craved: her wet pussy.

As soon as his mouth found her little bundle of nerves, Hermione started moaning and grinding against his face. Severus licked, nipped, used slow, broad strokes, as well as fast ones. Every time that she came close to getting off, he would stop and wait for her to calm down.

"I can't take it anymore. Stop the teasing and just fuck me already. I need to feel you moving within me, Severus."

"You have been tormented enough... at least for now. I want you to switch positions, love, so that I can see you when you come."

"Yes."

Once Hermione had changed her position, Severus slid swiftly into her tight, sensitive depths, making her call out to him. He kept the pace slow at first, but when she wrapped her long, lean legs about his waist, he had to increase his speed. Their voices rose as magic swirled around them, taking them even higher on passion's plane. They were lost in each other's eyes and did not see the brilliant display of colours flowing around them. With one final thrust, they came together, letting each other know how much they enjoyed the experience.

After what would later be referred to as their best experience ever, they sat snuggled beneath a wool blanket in his favourite chair.

"I feel different, Severus. Do you?"

"Yes, but I can't quite place it. It is more than the feeling of being sated, it is a total change of being, don't you think?"

"I know what you mean."

"Where do we go from here, Hermione? I know that your train leaves tomorrow morning and that you will be going home to your family, but I don't want you to go. I know that it is a little selfish of me to want to keep you here, but I don't think I could bear to see you leave and not know when I will see you again."

"That is sweet, Sev, and not a bit selfish. To be honest, I did not want to return home. I haven't wanted to be anywhere but at your side since we started this."

"Then don't go, stay with me here at the castle."

"Yes, I will stay."

A/N: I want to thank my beta, LuciannaMalfoy, for her wonderfully quick work.