

Good Luck, Mr Snape

by Moreteadk

Severus tries to make Hermione's first time as memorable as he can. Unfortunately he will never be able to forget it.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Too many people have misunderstood this, so I'm going to offer an explanation and see if that helps. This story is not in any way meant to be taken seriously. How many times have you been annoyed by Doormat!Hermione in a story? Suddenly this woman we know to be a strong character turns all meek and shy. This story is nothing more than an experiment, an attempt to take that to the other extreme and see what would happen then. That's all it is. Think 'satire' people.

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When Severus had first started going out with Hermione, he had been rather surprised when her ex-boyfriend, the youngest of the Weasley brothers, had not only laughed at him with something that sounded disturbingly close to malice, but actually wished him 'good bloody luck'. A few months into his relationship with her, he still wasn't certain what all that had been about, and he had more or less forgotten all about it. Obviously, Weasley had had some bad experiences with Hermione, but that didn't mean that Severus would have them too. At least he hadn't come across any difficulties with her yet. She was smart, she could easily hold her own in an argument, she was industrious, and she could discuss more or less any subject intelligently. Of course she was rather bossy at times, but Severus didn't mind that. She was, in short, the perfect woman for him.

"You know, Severus," Hermione said one evening, not even looking up from her study of the menu. "I think we should just go ahead to the next level."

Severus glanced up at her and then looked back down at his own menu. She wanted to go straight to the main course? That was perfectly fine with him. Then he could hopefully get some real food instead of these hoity-toity starters. Unfortunately the selection of main courses seemed to be equally as fancy. They were probably nothing more than a tiny piece of meat with a single potato and a few drops of sauce dribbled over it. Nothing for a grown man to eat. Especially not for a grown man who was hungry. He hoped Hermione was making sure to get the most out of this, because he was never taking her here again. If only he had taken her to the Leaky Cauldron instead. It might not be the most romantic place in the world, but since when had Severus been a romantic sort of person? At least there he could get proper food in decent sized helpings, and that more than made up for what the place lacked in romance.

"Severus?" Hermione prompted. "What do you think?"

"I think," Severus replied, frowning at the menu, "I should have had a sandwich before we left. We'd better have a starter anyway. I don't think there'll be much food in any of the main courses either, so it wouldn't hurt to get those extra three bites."

Hermione lowered her menu and looked up at him.

"What on earth are you talking about?" she asked.

"Didn't you just say you wanted to go straight to the main course?"

"No, I was talking about sex," Hermione answered slowly, as if she thought he was suddenly having trouble understanding plain English.

"Oh! Oh..." Actually, that made a lot more sense. It also meant that there was a very good probability of getting laid tonight. He was, however, a bit taken aback by how she could sit there and announce it to him so calmly, when so far she had only barely let him touch her in any intimate places. It made him wonder if it was a sign that it would be safe to reveal some of his more specialised sexual desires rather than waiting a few more months like he had originally planned.

"Well?"

Severus tore himself out of the world of his own thoughts and realised that he hadn't actually answered her yet.

"Yes, yes, of course, Hermione."

He grimaced at how weak he sounded, like she had him well and truly whipped. Well, if he were to be completely honest with himself, she did, but disturbingly enough, he rather liked it. It was nice to know that after all those years of spying and not daring to trust anybody, not even himself, he could finally sit back and let someone else make the decisions and take the responsibility.

"Good. That's settled then," Hermione said, still looking at her menu. In the same breath she added, "I think I'll have the veal and a salad."

Severus' expectation of the meal he was served proved to be accurate, and by the time they had finished eating and returned to his home, he was as hungry as he had been when they had left. Setting a course directly for the kitchen, Severus' only thought was on what he was going to put in his sandwich. Behind him, Hermione pointedly cleared her throat. Severus turned around to look at her.

"Are you coming?" she said.

Severus wondered where he was supposed to be going and wracked his brain to remember if she might have made some sort of request earlier in the evening. Something that wouldn't even allow him time to eat first.

"I thought we agreed that it was time we had sex," Hermione continued.

Oh, that.

Severus was rooted to the spot, two primal urges warring within him. Food or sex? Sex or food? Could he get away with both at the same time? Probably not yet.

"Hurry up," she told him impatiently, already on her way into the bedroom and making the decision for him. Not that there had ever been much of a decision. As hungry as he was, it seemed his cock was still able to overrule his stomach, and Severus followed her into the bedroom, casting only one longing glance towards the kitchen as he went.

"Take your clothes off, Severus," Hermione said when he joined her in the bedroom.

She was already half undressed herself, wearing only her underwear. Judging from the kind of lingerie she was wearing, Severus thought that she had probably planned it in advance. He liked that. The thought of her sitting there at the restaurant, wearing that just for him, made him wish he had known about it sooner, just so that he could have had the opportunity to fantasize about it. Had she done that? Had she sat there at the restaurant wondering what it would be like to have him shag her? Wondering what he would look like when he came, or how it would feel to have him inside her? Merlin's balls, he hoped so!

Since he hadn't got to undress her, and it didn't look like she was about to help him, Severus made a short process of his clothes and joined her on the bed. He was lying on his side next to her, looking at her breasts and sliding his hand across her stomach.

"I'm not entirely certain how to proceed with this," he admitted.

"What, you haven't done it before?" Hermione asked in surprise. "I hadn't expected you to be new at it."

"What? No," Severus defended himself. He might not have had the most active sexlife in the world before meeting Hermione, but he was by no means a virgin. At his age! How dare she! He felt almost as if she had struck against the foundation of his masculinity, pulled the carpet out from under his manliness and turned him into a eunuch with a mere question. "Of course I've done it before!"

"What's the problem then?" she asked, sounding like she honestly didn't understand why he was making such a fuss.

"I was merely wondering," Severus said after having taken a deep breath and deciding that it wouldn't be worth it to jeopardize his chances of getting laid for such a trivial thing, "whether or not you had tried it before. Whether or not there was anything I should be especially careful of."

"Ah. I see," Hermione said with a nod. "I haven't, actually, but I'm sure it can't be that difficult. Proceed, Severus."

She lay back again, clearly expecting him to take the next step. Gently, Severus started caressing her body, slowly running his hands over her skin. He was trying to get her used to his touch in a more intimate way than she had been previously, but instead of noises of pleasure, all he got was a large sigh. It may have been a while ago that he had had a woman last, but he did consider himself fairly proficient in the art of lovemaking, so he decided that perhaps that was merely her way of expressing pleasure and kept on with what he was doing. Soon, though, there was another big sigh that didn't particularly sound like she was enjoying herself, and Severus glanced up at her. She was lying still on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

"Is something wrong?" Severus asked, annoyed at her response to his touch. She looked like she was bored to tears, and it didn't sit well with him.

"This is all good and well, Severus," she replied, "but I could have got this from Ron. Could you get on with it?"

"If you want anything at all to happen tonight, then I recommend you refrain from mentioning Weasley while in bed with me," Severus said sourly.

He didn't like being compared to Ronald Weasley, not even when it was to his own advantage, and he especially didn't want any mentions of the younger wizard when he was trying to maintain an erection under Hermione's obvious displeasure with his advances. He did still want to get laid, though, and the mention of Weasley only strengthened his resolve and boosted his stubbornness. He was going to get Hermione to sigh in pleasure and to scream his name in ecstasy from the top of her lungs even if it was the last thing he did.

He still wasn't sure it wouldn't be best to take it more slowly, so instead he took his time removing her underwear, kissing and licking at her breasts and belly as he did so. Letting her keep her stockings on, he had just got her completely naked and had a mouthful nipple when she sighed again, louder this time. Severus released the nipple with an audible pop and glared at her.

"Get *on* with it!" Hermione hissed, before he could ask what was wrong now.

"Right..." Severus mumbled, his cock once more threatening to soften.

If he was to be able to fuck anything at all, Severus realised that he would have to just forget about slow and gentle. Obviously that wasn't what she wanted either, and he just hoped that he would be able to get her through the first penetration without hurting her. Squirming a little on the bed, he pushed her legs into a spread position, placing

himself between them. Hermione wriggled her arse a bit, making him smile slightly. Finally he was getting a response from her, he thought, and pressed his lips to her clit.

"What are you doing down there?" Hermione asked.

Severus froze for a moment, lips to clit, before forcing himself not to sigh with impatience.

"Now what's wrong?" he ground out.

She could demand all she wanted at this point. Without any sort of foreplay nothing at all was going to happen, that much was for certain. He was beginning to suspect what Weasley had meant when he had wished Severus good luck with Hermione.

"I thought we were going to have sex," she said.

"We are having sex," Severus replied with exaggerated patience. "Or at least we're trying to. We would be, if you would just stop interrupting me."

"Fine, be grumpy if you think that's fun," Hermione said, lying back again.

Severus waited for a moment, wondering if she still wanted to have sex or not, but she didn't move and she didn't push him away, so he decided she probably did. At least he thought he had got her to try and relax, so since she was still making herself available to him Severus turned his attention back to her folds.

The next sigh he heard was thankfully one of an entirely different nature. It was smaller and softer, and it was accompanied by another wriggle of her arse. With a smirk, Severus held on to her hips, keeping her in place and doubled his efforts. His erection returned with a vengeance at each little sigh and moan as he brought her closer to orgasm, and when she shuddered with climax, he was as hard as ever.

"Okay, I'll admit that was nice," Hermione said, after a moment to catch her breath, to Severus' disappointment, "but could we do it properly now?"

He stopped himself before he could inform her that *they were* doing it properly, and that oral sex wasn't supposed to be something one could dismiss so easily, just because it didn't involve actual penetration.

"Hermione, I'm merely trying to avoid hurting you," he said, keeping the memory of the sounds she had made just now fresh in his mind. He wasn't taking any chances with his erection this time.

She looked like she was going to make another comment but then changed her mind. Deciding to reward her for keeping her criticism to herself for once, he tested her wetness by pushing a finger inside her. She was definitely ready for him now, and her eyes widened for a moment. It looked like that was a new experience for her. Evidently Weasley had never got this far. Of course, if Hermione had behaved with him like she had just now with Severus, he couldn't really fault the lad for giving up. His loss, Severus' gain, though. Eventually. He hoped.

"Is this better?" he asked, smirking at her.

"Yes, that's more like it," Hermione replied, her breath catching a little as Severus slowly moved his finger in and out of her.

He added a second finger, feeling how tight she was. Just the thought of it made any remaining problems with keeping his erection up go away, and watching her stocking-clad, creamy thighs spread for him and his fingers moving inside her was merely fuel on the fire. He reminded himself that it was her first time regardless of how much she was trying to boss him around, and that it wouldn't be a good idea to simply throw caution to the wind and take her hard and fast.

Increasing the speed a little, Severus flicked his thumb over her clit and shifted so that he was lying next to her again. She seemed to be rather enjoying herself now, and Severus nearly forgot about the rocky start as he watched her. She was glorious like this, lying naked and wanting in his bed with her hair fanned out over his pillow, eyes closed in pleasure, mouth open in a silent moan. Who was he to deny such a goddess her servant slave, he thought, leaning in for a kiss.

But then she opened her eyes.

"You're not kissing me with that mouth, Severus."

His fingers stilled as he stared at her. All the flowery phrases of goddesses and pleasure and willing slaves evaporated from his mind.

"We both know where it's been," she continued, wriggling a little against his fingers. "And don't stop doing that."

Of course he knew where it had been, and he had been quite enjoying it too. That was rather the point of kissing her now, sharing the pleasure with her. This constant interfering was getting rather tiresome, and Severus had had quite enough of it. He pressed his thumb harder against her sensitive clit, making her moan loudly, and took advantage of her open mouth to kiss her deeply. It only took her a second to forget about her objections and return the kiss eagerly. Sliding his fingers in and out of her again, Severus added a third finger. She was soaking by now, and Severus longed to replace his fingers with his cock inside her, but he was determined to make her beg for it now. Or at the very least, ask nicely.

"This still good enough for you?" he prompted, slowly rubbing the pad of his thumb in a circle of her clit. "Or would you like something else?"

He could see her dilemma in her face. She didn't want him to stop doing what he was doing, but she also wanted more. That was what she had been after from the beginning after all. Severus withdrew his fingers from her and brought his hand up to cup a breast instead.

"Fingers or cock. It's your choice," he mumbled, taking the nipple of her other breast in his mouth. This time her sigh was of an entirely different sort of impatience. "You can't have both. At least, not at the same time," he added, batting her hand away when she tried to use her own fingers at the lack of his.

"Cock," she finally said after a long moment of indecision.

Severus bit back a sigh of relief. He hadn't yet been touched at all tonight, and his cock was screaming for attention. He settled between her legs again, this time supporting his weight on one elbow next to her head, while he used the other hand to guide his cock to her entrance.

Looking at her face, he was just about to ask her if she was ready for it, when he saw the impatience in her eyes. She was just on the verge of telling him to hurry up again. Severus didn't quite think he could handle more of that sort of commentary, so he decided to nip it in the bud. After having rubbed his cock against her, smearing it with her own juices, he thrust hard inside her.

Hermione gasped as her hymen broke, and he could see how she suddenly forgot all about any further comments she might have had about his technique. He resisted the urge to smirk, to smugly remind her about how all good things come to those who wait and patience being a virtue. Instead he kissed her gently, holding himself still within her as she got used to the sensation. In spite of how annoying her pushing had been, and how he had come very close to being unable to get this far at all, she was still the loveliest woman he had known in more years than he could be bothered to count, and he wanted to give her the best possible experience of her first time that he could.

He waited until he could tell that she was about to ask more questions, taking it as a sign that she was ready for more, before he started thrusting. Slowly at first, getting her used to the feeling, but she was so warm and tight that it was impossible to keep it slow for very long.

"This is all very nice," Hermione said after a while, dragging Severus viciously out of his pursuit of pleasure, "but is this it? Is this all there is to it? Some bumping about and some groaning?"

Severus stilled completely in shock. He was gobsmacked.

"What?" he asked in bewilderment. He had been enjoying himself quite a lot, and the fact that Hermione obviously hadn't was almost too much for him to contain.

"What's the next step?"

"Am I boring you?" Severus asked tartly, his erection rapidly waning again.

"No, no, not at all," she said quickly. "It's just... um..."

"You're bored." Severus sighed and rolled off of her, settling on his side with his back turned to her. His cock was completely soft now, and he couldn't even be bothered to salvage anything anymore. "Yes," he said tiredly, "that was it. Although you were supposed to be enjoying yourself more."

"I'm sorry," she said, sounding genuinely contrite. "I guess my expectations were too high. I've only got romance novels to go by, and in them it's always something with ecstasy and fireworks and stuff. Maybe next time it'll go better?"

"Maybe," he grumbled, too disappointed to want to talk at the moment. He wished she would leave him alone for a while, so he could try to process the thoughts of his lack of ability to bring about fireworks and ecstasy.

"Are you very mad at me?"

"No."

Hermione was silent for another moment. "Well... goodnight, then," she said, sounding uncharacteristically uncertain. It was the tone of voice that would normally have made him irrationally guilty just in case it was his fault, but right now it only gave him some form of annoyed satisfaction. There was, after all, a very real possibility that she might have ruined his cock, rendering it useless for all purposes and for all eternity with exception of urinating. It would serve her right to feel a little guilty.

As much as he enjoyed the feeling of her naked body pressed against his back, his main focus was the future of his sex life. Was this how it was going to be? A few hurried thrusts and a hope that he could manage to reach climax before she got bored? If this had been so much of a disappointment to her, then how was she going to be able to enjoy it the next time? If she still didn't like it, then was he ever going to have sex again? He loved Hermione deeply, but celibacy for the rest of his life seemed a dear price to pay. On the other hand he might never be able to get another erection again, which would make celibacy a moot point.

He snuck his hand down to touch his cock, stroking it a few times, but there was no reaction. It remained as soft as ever, and he quickly gave up. With a sigh he went to sleep, his head filled with thoughts of impotence, and the last thing he remembered thinking before sleeping was a note to himself to do some research on potency potions. Alternatively, to find a discreet way of obtaining these Muggle pills he had heard about.

Fin