

Passion's Promise

by luvsev

An evening encounter with Severus and Hermione. Unbeknownst to them, someone is watching.

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Chapter 1 of 3

An evening encounter with Severus and Hermione. Unbeknownst to them, someone is watching.

One lonely evening at the headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix found Hermione secluded in the expansive Black library. She sat in her favourite leather chair nearest the only window. The room remained dark not even a merrily crackling fire dared to throw light on the ancient tomes that lined the aged-walnut bookshelves. The small amount of moonlight that had managed to filter itself in through a crack in the heavy, forest-green velvet curtains shadowed her face, making the only pinpricks of light...her eyes...visible.

Hermione sat in the nearly pitch black room for what seemed like ages. She didn't move to run her fingers along the sometimes rough spines of forbidden knowledge, nor did she pace the room to ease her boredom. She merely sat with her bare legs hanging over the arm of the chair and waited at the comforting edge of night.

In another heavily shadowed room of the house, lay a man who was painted to be the epitome of darkness. Severus Snape tossed and turned in his bed, trying to find a comfortable position to sleep in. Giving up after an hour, he rose and donned his black dressing gown, then softly made his way to the library.

Upon entering the room, a chill like no other hit him square in the chest. There was no fire lit, and the wintry air was drifting in through the slightly open window. Before walking over to close the window, he lazily flicked his hand toward the fireplace where flames immediately sprang to life, illuminating the room. Severus scanned the room, and he gazed at the resting form of Hermione Granger. Her curvy body was in repose, and her soft, chestnut-coloured curls hung loosely about her shoulders. She looked so... sexy; there was no other word for it. Trying not to wake her, he moved to shut the window but soon realised that he would have to bend over her to close it, thereby being nearer to her than he had been in the six years he had been her professor. Since there was no other way around it, he would move quickly.

When she felt someone standing over her, Hermione's eyes flew open. Instead of being alarmed like anyone else would have been in her position, she inhaled a familiar masculine scent. Judging from the mix of herbs that emanated from him, she deduced that this was her former Potions master. As he moved away from her, she took in his form. He was clad in black silk pyjama bottoms and a matching dressing gown that was left open to reveal his lightly muscled, pale-as-moonlight chest. A fine dusting of hair nearly begged her to run her fingers over the smooth expanse of his skin. She bit her bottom lip as she let her eyes travel south to his slender hips and paused when she noticed a promising bulge. She let her eyes finish traversing his long, lean runner's legs before she looked up at his face.

Severus felt the subtle shift in her body and knew she was awake and looking at him. He felt her gaze linger on his face before her eyes burned into his. He held her fiery, passion-filled gaze and knew what she wanted from him. Instantly, he made up his mind and kneeled before her, tilting her chin for a kiss. He was but a breath away from her sensuous lips when he spoke.

'Hermione.' Her name sounded sweet on his lips.

'Yes. Tell me... Severus,' Hermione spoke barely above a whisper and trailed a finger to trace a pattern across his elegant hands.

'If...' Severus paused and closed his eyes for a moment to enjoy the sensations she was creating within him from her light, almost teasing touches. 'If we do this, Hermione, there is no going back. No more dancing around our obvious attraction to one another.'

'Yes, Severus, I agree.'

It was true; they had danced around each other for months, both trying to ignore the increasing sexual tension and sideways glances, pretending it was all in their imaginations...but this moment meant that it was real and they could both revel in that fact.

As soon as she spoke the words he wanted to hear, his mouth was on hers. Hermione leaned into his gentle, searching kiss and wrapped her hands around his waist, seeming to need to be closer to him. He nipped at her bottom lip and then ran his tongue over it to relieve the stinging bite, which elicited a soft moan from her. Taking advantage of her open mouth, he let his tongue caress hers and then explored every inch, making sure to drink in her taste: a mixture of fresh strawberries and mint.

Hermione let her hands caress his hips as he continued his passionate assault on her mouth. Within minutes, the thin scrap of lavender silk that masqueraded as a nightgown began to cling to her curves as her skin heated up. Never before had she been so aroused by a kiss. Just as she was about to remove the offending garment, he stopped her.

'No, Hermione. Not here,' Severus said, willing himself to calm down.

'Why? I want you, and I will take you where I can have you,' she said in a breathy voice.

Severus chuckled and shook his head. 'I do not want to make love on the floor, witch.'

He rose from his kneeling position so that he could gather her in his arms and move to his bedroom. As he lifted her in his strong arms, Hermione wrapped her legs about his waist and ground into his growing bulge.

'Behave, witch, or I might be forced to take you against the door.' He smirked at her and let his hand rest on her bottom.

'You wouldn't hear me complaining, Severus.'

'Such cheek.' He kissed her once more before they left the library. They were both so wrapped up in each other that they never saw Bill Weasley standing in the shadows.

Once in his bedroom, Severus laid her down gently and gazed at the beautiful witch before him. She was a sight to behold on his bed; she lay there silently with her pouty mouth half open and her legs, cold from the chill of the library, were parted so he caught a glimpse of her lavender lace knickers. He licked his lips, removed his dressing gown, and climbed in beside her.

She slung a leg around his hips to pull him closer and began ardently to kiss him. As he lost himself in her passion, he growled into her mouth and thrust against her. Hermione began to kiss her way down his neck and let her hands wander across his chest to his dusky nipples where she gave each a small tug, causing him to utter a most delicious groan. When she lowered her head to swipe her tongue over the tightened peak, he moaned louder still. Taking his moans as a cue, she let her hands play with the elastic band on his pyjamas.

Frustrated by her not touching him where he wanted, he took her hand in his, then placed it on his erection, which she began to massage. He felt impressive, and she was anxious to find out what he was hiding underneath the silken bottoms. Pulling his trousers off, she gasped aloud when she saw all of him. He was large and cleanly shaven with a tiny drop of pre-cum forming at the tip. Seeing that pearly drop of liquid made her want to lick it to discover its taste.

Feeling bold, she ran her tongue across the head, tasting the slightly salty-sweet of his skin. Deciding that she liked the taste and feel of him, she took him further into her mouth and sucked a little, making his hips buck.

'Fuck, Hermione. Oh Merlin, that feels... ah.'

'Like that, huh?' Hermione said as she ran her tongue along the underside of his penis.

'Gods, yes! But you have to stop if you don't want this to end too soon,' he said through clenched teeth.

Sitting up on the bed, Severus removed her gown and knickers and then placed tiny kisses on her full breasts before nipping and laving her dusky-rose nipples. As he tormented her with his mouth, his hands teased her lower half, making circles on her inner thighs. He kissed his way down her body and enjoyed the feel of her skin on his. Once he arrived at his goal, he inhaled the musky scent of her trimmed sex. He darted his tongue between her wet folds, tasting the ambrosia that he craved. He continued to pleasure her with his mouth until he could feel her trembling from the force of her orgasm.

When he slid his length into her, wonderful sensations raced through his body as Hermione drew his face down for a kiss. Her arms, which were wrapped around him, began to soothe down his back as he slowly thrust into her, building their passion.

Severus increased his pace and Hermione matched his every move. Neither was aware that Bill watched through a crack in the door. As their coupling came to an end with their mutual orgasm, he saw them cling to one another and heard them whisper in the dark.

'Promise me you will stay, Severus,' Hermione said, her voice ragged.

'I promise, as I have marked you as mine.'

Severus moved into a spooning position with Hermione and nuzzled her neck.

Bill watched through the crack in the doorway, thinking this had to be the most beautiful sight he had ever witnessed. He had known they had wanted each other...he had seen it in their eyes when they thought no one was looking, but he'd had no idea they loved each other. Only love could make this scene so sweet.

Before Bill walked away, he whispered to no one in particular, 'Yes, and you will both be mine.'

A/N: I'd like to thank my wonderful beta, kittylefish, for her work on my chapters continue to amaze and astound me. Also, this was written for my dear friend, LuciannaMalfoy.

Bill confronts Severus and Hermione.

Three weeks had passed since Bill had first seen Severus and Hermione make love, and the images from that unlikely night haunted him still. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw Severus thrusting powerfully into the gorgeous witch beneath him, his perfect porcelain arse flexing as he withdrew and plunged back into her. He couldn't forget the creamy contours of their bodies writhing and arching into each other, expressing what words could not. It wasn't the act of making love that made his body burn for them: it was their fiery passion.

Although he was not with them that night, their fire burned within him and had awakened a desire for the touch of two partners. Knowing he had to give them time alone together, he decided to wait until the proper moment to approach them.

As winter turned into spring, Bill continued to watch the awkward daily interactions between Severus and Hermione. He suspected that they were trying to hide what they felt for each other because they did not want anyone to know about their relationship. Hermione and Ron hadn't been apart for very long before she and Severus had begun. If Ron found out about them too soon, he would cause problems for them that they did not want to deal with. Despite their efforts to hide their relationship, of course, some people already knew.

The couple spent their days trying to avoid each other, but as he could attest, they spent their nights in passionate embrace. It was as though the cloak of night allowed them a freedom the day did not. Although their words were few, their actions were intense. They lived as though every sweet kiss and loving caress was their last before they would wake from this dream.

One stormy evening in late April, Hermione was standing at the kitchen sink in the all but empty house, looking out at the rain-soaked ground. Her arms were covered in soap suds from the dinner dishes, and she was finishing the last of the silverware when she felt a hot breath upon her neck. Warmth flooded her being as she felt strong hands stroke down her sides.

'Severus, anyone could see...' Hermione breathed deeply to settle herself.

'No one will,' Bill muttered in his husky baritone voice.

It had been so long since she had felt his sure hands upon her form, and it brought back the memory of their only time together, the night after the fall of Voldemort. Everyone who had suffered under the megalomaniac was celebrating by getting right pissed, but she and Bill had chosen not to partake of the alcohol; instead, they had indulged in a secret night of passion.

Snapping out of her reverie, she turned to face him—to see the lightning reflected in his deep-blue eyes. He bent his head to capture her lips, but she placed her damp hands on his hard, well-muscled chest and pushed him away.

'Bill, we can't. I'm with Severus, and I...' Hermione trailed off.

'Love him?' Bill offered, gazing steadily into her eyes.

'Yes.'

'Just one kiss, Hermione, is all I ask.'

Not waiting for her response, he wrapped one of his large hands in the loose tendrils of her hair and kissed her. His lips touched hers tentatively at first, and then, as he felt her body melt in acceptance, he poured more of himself into the kiss, letting his tongue caress hers in a slow dance. His other hand slipped to her waist and crushed her to him so she could feel his quickening pulse and rapidly rising erection.

Hermione was leaning into his chest, and she could feel the heat and swell of his slightly throbbing arousal pressing against her stomach. A part of her wanted to give into the moment, wanted to touch him, to hear him groan as she lightly traced the outline of his dark, denim-clad erection. Just as he ground his hips into her, she removed herself from his embrace.

'Bill...' Hermione muttered, somewhat out of breath.

'Don't you see how much I want this—how much I want you?' he whispered. Bill took her hand and placed it on his arousal.

'I can't, I'm sorry. I'm in love with Severus, so being with you again would be betraying him.'

Bill could see the conflicting emotions of desire and pain war across her pretty face as she spoke. It hurt him to know he caused such conflict within her, but it hurt him more that she had rejected him.

Severus stood near the partially open door and watched the scene unfold before him. His eyes had been focused intently on Hermione while Bill took charge of a kiss that his lover wanted no part of. Although he was outraged at the situation, he could not help but be riveted to the spot. Watching the arousal light Hermione's eyes as she pulled away from the man not only angered him but it also served as his undoing. Unable to continue watching them, he entered the room in a fury.

Hermione's eyes met his, and though she remained silent, she crossed the room and laced her arm through Severus' longer one as Bill looked on.

'Weasley, in the future, I'd suggest you not kiss Hermione unless you'd like to receive my wrath. Also, you'd do well to remember that "no" does not secretly mean yes,' Severus spat bitterly.

'Severus, I...' Bill's voice went quiet as he figured out how to word what he wanted to say.

'Need to explain,' Severus added, clasping Hermione's hand a little tighter than necessary.

Bill ran his fingers through his obscenely long red hair before he spoke. 'I suppose so. I... blimey, this is hard.' He paused for a moment to gather his thoughts. 'I'm not just interested in Hermione, Severus. I want you as well.'

Severus' mouth fell open as he tried to move past overwhelming shock in order to process those words. He opened and shut his mouth several times before he gasped, 'You what?'

Bill came close enough to smell Severus' spicy, masculine scent, and he slipped his fingers across the grey, cotton, button-down shirt as he spoke. 'I. Want. You. And. Hermione.'

Severus exchanged a meaningful look with Hermione as they exited the kitchen, leaving Bill standing in the now silent room. For a time, he listened to the rain beat steadily on the roof and the wind whip through the trees, and then he made his way upstairs and past the open door of Severus' room. He stopped when he heard a soft, feminine voice call out to him.

'Care to join us?'

A/N: Thanks go to the truly magnificent kittylefish for beta reading.

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The outcome of the confrontation.

'Care to join us?'

Bill stopped in his tracks, thinking he had misheard what was said. Standing there for a moment and not daring to hope, the soft voice came again, only this time a little louder. Turning towards the open door, he saw Hermione, who was a vision in white. A nearly naked and semi-hard Severus clad only in black boxer-briefs was standing at her side. His eyes drank in the sight of them, and he felt his desire rise to the surface.

Bill swallowed and then tugged at his collar, which suddenly felt too tight on his neck.

'Well, are you going to join us, or are you just going to stand there all night?' Severus said in a low, silky voice.

Without speaking, Bill followed them into the room, closed the door and scanned his surroundings. What seemed like a hundred tiny, cream-coloured candles threw shadows on the walls, illuminating the sapphire-blue silk bedecked bed where Hermione and Severus now lay kissing passionately. Not waiting a moment more, Bill made his way to the bed and joined the couple.

He watched them as he let his rough hand traverse Hermione's smooth calf and thigh. His silent movement broke Hermione and Severus' kiss, and she turned to look at him with approval in her gaze, almost daring him to continue the current path his hand was taking. He met her gaze as his hand travelled further to tease at the lacy edge of her knickers before sliding the material aside to touch her heated sex. He caressed her already damp folds lightly before pulling her into his embrace and lifting the white silk gown over her head.

Laying her back down amidst the dark silk sheets, he began to slowly unfasten each of the little buttons on his black shirt, then proceeded to his already unfastened jeans and slid them, along with his boxers, off his hips.

Hermione was captivated. She gazed lustily at Bill's toned body, taking in the sculpted muscles of his tanned abdomen and travelling decidedly southward to the closely trimmed, ginger curls which framed his proudly jutting, thick cock. He was not as long as Severus, but his girth more than made up for it.

Noting Hermione's heavily hooded eyes and slightly parted mouth, Severus leaned over and took one of her erect nipples between his teeth and then flicked his tongue across it, which made her hiss.

'Touch him, Hermione. Let me see you please him,' Severus said as he released her nipple from his mouth.

Obediently, Hermione lightly caressed the tanned expanse of Bill's chest and stomach until she reached his hardened shaft. She grasped him firmly and stroked up and down a few times, just enough to make him utter a throaty moan.

'Kiss it, Hermione. Suck his cock like you do mine,' Severus ground out as he stroked his throbbing erection through the fabric of his boxer-briefs. 'And Weasley, you stand, so I can watch her talented mouth work on you.'

Once Bill stood at the side of the bed with Hermione sitting in front of his cock, she languidly stroked the flat of her tongue along the sensitive head of his penis. Hermione swirled her tongue around his tip before taking him deep into her hot mouth and sucking in earnest.

Bill was moaning and lightly thrusting into her mouth, trying desperately not to hit the back of her throat...because if he did, he would lose himself too soon.

As Hermione continued pleasuring Bill, Severus crept up behind her and began kissing the tender spot just below her left ear. Hermione's eyes drifted shut as he wrapped his arm around her and toyed with her already rigid nipples.

Severus teased Hermione as she licked and suckled on the man in front of her. He had a reason for teasing her nipples: it was the surest way to cause Hermione to moan, thereby sending vibrations up Bill's cock.

'Shite... Hermione. Oh sweet Merlin!'

Before he lost himself to those delicious vibrations, he eased out of her mouth and pushed her back on the bed. With a cocked eyebrow from Severus, they both bent their heads to begin nipping, licking and sucking her breasts. After a few moments, Bill kissed his way down her body, taking time to softly bite the inside of her thighs before licking her wet pussy.

Hermione was moaning incoherently as Bill feasted on her and Severus tortured her nipples with his tongue and teeth.

'Bill... Sev. Someone please...!' Hermione could barely breathe from the sensations flooding her body.

'Please what, Hermione? What do you want us to do?' Bill breathed as he continued to mercilessly tease her clit with his tongue.

'Fu... I need to...!' Hermione whispered somewhat raggedly.

'What? Speak up, we can't hear you,' Severus chuckled.

'I need to come, damn it, and one of you needs to fuck me!'

Severus slowly stroked his cock and saw Bill look up at him and lick his lips.

'Very nice, Severus. Like what you see?' Bill watched as Severus roughly stroked his shaft a few times.

Severus smirked and said, 'I'm going to fuck her now, so I want you to move.'

Bill got up from his kneeling position to trade places with Severus and caught him off guard with an unexpected kiss. He let out a moan of surprise as Severus experimentally flicked his tongue into his mouth and traced the rough edges of his teeth.

Enjoying the sensation of kissing another man, Severus proceeded to deepen the kiss, teasingly sliding his tongue along Bill's to wring Hermione's taste from his slightly minty mouth.

Bill slid his hand down Severus' chest and onto his still clothed erection and tugged the boxer-briefs down to free him.

'Gods, you guys are so hot,' Hermione said as Bill dropped to his knees and took Severus' long, pale cock all the way into his mouth and gently sucked as he tongued him.

'Weasley, what are you... Fuck!' Severus growled when he felt Bill's hand cupping and gently rolling his bollocks.

Bill continued his oral assault until Severus pulled away from him.

'Stop... Stop, it's too much, Weasley; I can't take it.'

As soon as he was free from the sweet torture of Bill's mouth, he straddled Hermione and plunged into her deeply, wringing a moan from her throat. After several powerful thrusts, he could feel her walls trembling, clutching at him, and he knew she was close to coming.

'Weasley, make yourself useful and tease her clit,' Severus groaned through clenched teeth.

Bill circled her swollen clit with one long finger as Severus thrust in and out of her. Soon, her low cries were filling the room, and Bill knew she had come. From the look on Severus' face, he had not been far behind.

'Bill, I want you too,' Hermione said, almost pleading.

Severus moved to the side of her and then lay beside her, making room for Bill.

'Hermione, love, on your hands and knees,' Bill said as he ran his hand down her smooth body, taking time to kiss and cup her breasts. 'Mmm... so beautiful and responsive.'

'Yes, she is,' Severus murmured and proceeded to nip at her neck and suckle at her pulse point.

She moved into her favourite position and felt Bill caress her back and then rest his hand on her butt. After a moment, Bill thrust into her from behind, making her yelp.

He could not believe how tight she had remained since their last encounter. It was incredible; she still fit him like a velvet glove. With each thrust, he heard Hermione keen out her pleasure as she writhed against him, encouraging him to move faster and go deeper. Hearing her sweet little cries along with seeing Severus stroke his renewed erection to orgasm spurred him on and made him want to come. Sweet Nimue, he was close.

'Hermione, yes. You are so fucking good, love.' Bill thrust powerfully into Hermione's trembling walls as she came, and with a last few strokes, he emptied his seed inside of her and collapsed.

Many hours later, the sun's early morning rays seeped in through the curtained window and illuminated the trio on the bed. Hermione, who was still asleep, lay sandwiched between two very awake males. She wriggled against Bill's burgeoning erection before waking up and gazing at him sleepily.

'Mmm... morning,' Hermione said quietly as Severus smiled at her.

'So, when can we do this again?' Bill asked with a quirked eyebrow and a mischievous grin on his face.

'Anytime you'd like,' Severus and Hermione spoke in unison.

A/N: I'd like to thank my beta, kittylefish. She is amazingly talented and a great friend. You rock, kitty.