

# Flutter

*by KellyH*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione had given in, much against her better judgment.

She had received his letter earlier that day, calling her to him as he craved to see her once more. She was hesitant to go but frightened not to.

Hermione was fighting an inner battle with herself of right and wrong. The desire of his mind weighed heavily against the payment she would make with her body. The heavy price burdened her conscience, and she collapsed on the step just before she reached his door.

She had asked Severus to teach her the potions that were never on Hogwarts' curriculum. Oddly, he agreed, but within a few short weeks into their weekly sessions he suddenly proclaimed that he had to stop. He never gave her a reason, which forced her to write letter after letter in an attempt to get an answer from him. Finally, just before she was ready to bang on his door and confront him in person, she received a letter from him. His writing was sloppy, and she suspected that he had been drinking when he had sent it, especially after reading what he wrote to her. He had written that he could not be near her and not want to touch her. He had written that it was impossible to teach her anymore because she would never look at him that way.

A part of her had come to seek out a compromise while another part of her had been flattered by his admission of how he felt, but then a bigger part of her had felt that if she were to give in, she would feel like she was selling her body to gain knowledge that only he knew.

She was sitting there with her hands wrapped around her knees, lost in thought, when she heard the door open abruptly, and he came out of the room.

He looked *wild*, and she thought she could see the desperation imprinted on his face before his eyes locked onto hers.

As soon as the door had opened, she had risen to her feet, but he had come out so quickly that he caught her obvious reluctance.

She closed her eyes as he approached, and in her mind she begged herself to remain calm. She couldn't, and her body trembled as she felt his hand connect with her own.

He pulled at her, directed her toward the door, and she knew where they were going. How could she not?

His grip was gentle as he pulled her into the room, but his pace showed his desperation.

The door was quickly shut behind them, and Hermione found herself pressed against it.

She expected him to attack her like she had envisioned, but instead he simply stared at her.

Hermione bowed her head to the side as he reached out to touch her face. His fingers halted in mid-air just before her, but then he moved them down to place them over

her heart.

"It flutters so quickly," he declared softly.

She said nothing as she closed her eyes.

He slowly moved his head to her neck, kissing her neck ever so slowly and gently. It caused her breath to come out short and erratic. The gooseflesh prickled on the opposite side of her body as his kisses sent shivers down her spine.

She relaxed slightly as he trailed kisses from her neck, to her cheek, to her lips. The questions and compromises she had come here to seek were now long gone as she found herself trapped in the moment.

He moved away from her suddenly, and she turned her head to look back at him with an expression of shock. She actually wanted this; she wanted him to touch her, and she didn't feel any guilt from it.

He led her away from the door, moving her to the desk to lift her onto it. She did not hesitate as she was no longer protesting within herself, especially when he took to stroking her body through her clothes.

She had figured he was the quick fuck kind, a selfish lover type, but when he took his time to pleasure her through her clothing she disagreed with that prior presumption. She was never so glad to be wrong in all her life.

His hands roamed her body, felt the concavity of her stomach while she tensed from the pleasure of it. His mouth swept across her body as he peeled the clothing away from her, kissing her in places she had thought he would never kiss.

With the pad of his thumb, he stroked her clitoris, and she fought a battle within herself to keep her legs open, wanting his touch to remain, but as she neared her climax her thighs clamped around his hand.

Hermione was not a virgin in any sense, but tonight *with him* she certainly felt like one. Everything felt so sensual and pleasurable, she would have thought she had never been touched before.

It hit her strongly, and she cried out her pleasure as he continued to stroke her through it.

When it finally subsided, she looked up at him from her lying position on the desk. She locked her eyes with him to wordlessly tell him that she was ready for more.

"Come here, Hermione." Severus grabbed hold of her back, lifting her up so that he could bring her closer to him. He kissed her, long and hard, while she moved her hand down and removed his cock from his pants. She didn't care that he was still dressed in his teaching robes, perhaps it did make the mood more taboo for her, but at that moment all she could think about was having his shaft inside her. The urge was too great to deal with his clothing in her state.

Hermione adjusted herself once he was free, moving his penis directly into her as they continued to kiss.

He began with slow thrusts, rocking gently in and out as he pushed deeply within her. His moans sounded like appreciation to her while her body filled with sensations that caused her to throw herself back down to the desk again.

Wrapping her legs around him, she pulled him forward and urged him to move faster. She was nearing her climax again, feeling it build, stronger and stronger, when he leaned down to kiss her. She could feel his teeth clamped together, and suddenly she knew he was fighting with himself to keep from climaxing. That he was having trouble keeping himself going.

She felt pity for his position and afraid that he might be embarrassed since it only been a few minutes since they began, so she did what was necessary to prevent that.

Hermione faked her orgasm.

It did the trick, and Severus soon followed her with a strangled cry.

In the aftermath of their sex, Hermione felt the prickling of awkwardness coming over her. She wasn't sure how he would act or how she should act herself. For now, he just slumped on top of her, regulating his breathing while she tried to think of something clever to say.

Lifting his head, he looked at her and gave her a small smile. Finding relief with his reaction, she mirrored it. Bringing her hand up to his face, she trailed it along his jaw until he moved his face to kiss her fingertips.

She smiled again at him, smiled because, as he kissed her fingertips, she realized that it didn't have to be about selling her body to him for the knowledge of his mind. It didn't have to be about a transaction. There could be a chance between them for more if she allowed it, and it was definitely a chance she was willing to take.

AN: My attempt at Karelia's prompt: Hermione discovers Severus' sensual side. Thanks so much to Sunny33 for looking over this!