

Passion and Potions

by savine_snape

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Prudence and Passion

Chapter 1 of 1

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With one final deep thrust, Severus felt his climax thrum through his body as Hermione's slick walls pulsed rhythmically against his erection, milking his seed from him.

Replete, Severus rolled off her and lay on his side; his eyes took in her whole body, drinking in her nakedness like a man deprived of water.

"Well, that was certainly a most invigorating wake-up, petal. I think it deserves an Acceptable grade."

"I'm glad you think so, *sir*," Hermione replied as she smirked, "I thought I'd take the lead this morning, for a change."

"You, my little minx, *always* manage to keep me on my toes. I won't complain about it though, it helps me believe I'm still alive."

"Of course you're still alive, you *silly* man," Hermione admonished as she playfully punched his arm.

"You are so beautiful, Hermione," he whispered as he gently swept a finger down the side of her face, before twirling a curl of hair around it. "Do you need to go anywhere today, or are we free to have a lazy day?"

Hermione blushed as she took his hand and placed a kiss on his knuckles. "I have to go in to London later; I have a couple of meetings that can't be put off. It shouldn't take long, love."

"You seem to be in demand lately."

"I have arranged to meet Lavender and Ginny for lunch; Ginny is desperate to tell me something which she refuses to divulge during a Floo call. I shouldn't be too long. Shouldn't this month's edition of *Potions Today* arrive this morning?"

Severus sighed. "I suppose so; I'm considering cancelling my subscription. The articles within it are about as credible as *The Quibbler's* latest announcement that the Longbottoms have found a lesser spotted Snorksnout in Outer Mongolia."

Hermione stifled a giggle at Severus' comments about Neville and Luna's latest expedition to find rare and endangered Magical creatures.

"I know you miss brewing and researching, love, but I'm sure you will get the go ahead soon. You've made substantial progress recently with your Magiotherapy."

"Hmph, I sometimes doubt if I will ever make a return to brewing." Severus rolled onto his back and stared wistfully at the ceiling. "Nagini may have failed to kill me, but her bite has certainly left its mark in more than one way."

Hermione placed small butterfly kisses on Severus's exposed chest.

She snuggled up close to his warm body and placed delicate kisses on his chin, while Severus murmured something into her mane of hair as he pulled her closer.

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Severus stalked about the lounge like a caged animal; his mind was running through all sorts of scenarios as he paced. He faltered as he stumbled across a carelessly discarded book. Growling in frustration, he ran his long fingers through his hair, which he wore longer now, and picked up the book.

"That damn woman, why can't she put her books on the table or back on the shelf when she's finished reading them?"

If there was one thing that annoyed him more than a careless regard for books - no matter what the topic - it was the thought that people were keeping information from him. He had endured enough half-truths during the war to last him a lifetime. If it wasn't one Master telling him a manipulative lie, it was the other; each tried and succeeded in keeping him on edge: never completely sure of whom he could trust and never able to sleep with both eyes closed.

He would never have expected to feel that Hermione was keeping something from him. Her secrecy had increased recently, and with each passing week his nerves had frayed. Although it was only three in the afternoon, he made his way across the room to where the decanter of Firewhisky and the tumblers sat. Pouring himself two fingers depth of the amber liquor, he knocked the drink straight back, shuddering as the first drops of alcohol burned the back of his throat.

He grasped the decanter and slumped himself down on the battered leather sofa by the fireplace and waited for Hermione to return from her latest escapade away from the house and from him. To help ease the passage of time, he retrieved the book he had stumbled over earlier from the coffee table and began to read.

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It was another two hours before Hermione returned, by which time Severus was somewhere between tipsy and seriously annoyed with her.

"Severus, I didn't expect to find you waiting for me."

"Nurgh!"

"What on earth is the matter?"

"What are you hiding from me, woman?"

"Hiding?"

"Yes, what are you hiding from me? Or should I be asking who is he?"

"How much have you had to drink, Severus?"

"I believe that I posed a question."

Hermione groaned inwardly. She wasn't intentionally hiding anything from him. With his birthday approaching, she had hoped to have everything in place, but she should have remembered that old habits died hard. She had thought that she had covered her tracks adequately, but she realised how wrong she had been.

Slowly, she made her way around the sofa and began to massage his neck and shoulders.

"I'm not hiding anything," she whispered as her fingers skilfully eased the tight knot of muscle in his right shoulder. Her fingers ghosted across the skin of his neck, dancing lightly across the scars left by Nagini's almost fatal bite as she bent to place a kiss on his exposed shoulder.

"Do you trust me?" she asked quietly.

"What?"

"Severus, do you trust me?"

"I used to," he bit out.

Hermione's heart sank.

"Would you trust me, if I were to ask you to close your eyes and permit me to lead you somewhere within our home?"

"Hermione, what is this all about?"

"Severus Snape, do you trust me, Hermione Granger, enough to allow me to lead you to someplace within these four walls?"

Severus battled with his drink-addled mind. Not once, in the last five years, had Hermione done anything to damage the trust that they had built between one another. So why was he having such a hard time relinquishing control to her right now? Why did his inner voice seem to be screaming loudly that he should continue with caution?

Taking a deep breath, Severus sighed, "Fine, but one slight moment of doubt, woman, and I will open my eyes."

Hermione's racing heart slowed slightly. She made her way around the sofa to stand in front of Severus once more. She held out her hands and smiled as he took them and rose to his feet in a slightly unsteady manner.

"Close your eyes, love, and let me lead the way."

Severus did as she bid, listening all the time to the noise of their feet as they walked, noting the change in the sound as they made their way from the lounge through to the kitchen. His inner voice began to scream again, "Take a peek, Severus, she won't know, she has her back to you." He ignored the voice. Hermione wouldn't know, but he would, and their relationship was built on a mutual understanding that trust in one another was what made a sure foundation.

Hermione came to a halt and turned to face Severus.

"I need to know that you trust me, Severus. We are about to descend a flight of stairs: there will be fourteen steps. You'll find a handrail on your right. Do you trust me enough to believe that what I am telling you is the truth?" Severus noted that her voice was a little shaky.

"If you would kindly place my hand on the rail before we begin our descent, then, yes I believe I can trust you and your instruction."

"*Alohomora*!" Hermione pointed her wand at a disguised opening in the wall.

Severus heard the creaking of hinges as a door opened. Gently, Hermione encouraged him to ease forward until his outstretched hand found the wooden banister. He heard the steps creak softly as she made her way down. Silently he followed: mentally counting off each step as he went.

Once he reached the bottom, Severus felt Hermione place her hand on his elbow and lead him away from the base of the stairs.

Hermione took a deep breath. "You can open your eyes now, love."

Severus blinked slightly as he adjusted to the light from the evenly spaced sconces on the wall. He took a moment to register what he was seeing.

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The room was similar in size to the lounge from which they had come. On either side of the room, there was a multitude of shelves, groaning under the weight of numerous cauldrons and specimen jars. Bisecting the room was a long wooden bench; at the end nearest to them sat his old chopping board beside which lay the leather wrap which he used to house the tools of his trade.

"Explore, Severus. We can alter the layout if it's not right for you..."

"It's perfect, Hermione," Severus whispered.

Eagerly he stepped forward, trailing his fingertips along the bench as he walked around the room. A bubble of excitement grew within his belly. This was what she had been hiding from him; *this* was what his wonderful, exquisite Hermione had been keeping secret.

He caressed the wooden chopping board that his Potions Master had gifted to him when he had begun his apprenticeship. A small smile teased the corners of his mouth; he picked up his wrap and opened it, excitement threatened to bubble over as his fingers moved from one knife to the next, a stainless steel knife for chopping dense roots, a silver blade for softer more inert materials and finally his treasured titanium blade for the more delicate or explosive ingredients.

He looked around at the shelves groaning under the weight of numerous potion supplies; his eyes fell upon his first ever cauldron and then upon the one he had received from Hogwarts for getting the highest recorded Potions score and finally he saw the cauldron his master had given him once he had achieved his master's in Potions. Tears prickled at his eyes. Hermione had done all this for *him*; his heart felt fit to explode.

"Hermione, I... I'm speechless; I'm struggling to find the words to thank you."

She smiled sweetly, relieved that he was happy with what she had done. "I think you just did thank me, love." She moved to join him; reaching up on tiptoes, she placed a chaste kiss on his cheek.

"I assume this means I have been cleared to return to brewing once more?"

"I've just got back from speaking with Healer Griffiths. She is certain that, so long as you are prepared to allow someone to assist you, you are ready to begin a slow return to brewing, if you wish."

If he wished! Severus was growing tired of reading journal articles written by imbeciles who had no true understanding of the delicate process of brewing or manipulation of current techniques. Only earlier that morning he had thrown the latest edition of *Potions Today* across the room in disgust.

He turned to face Hermione, his dark eyes sparkling at the thought of once more holding his knives to slice, chop, and mince. His hands found their way into the mass of Hermione's curls that looked increasingly like a lion's mane rather than hair.

He pulled her towards him, desperate to show her how much this all meant to him, how much he loved and desired her. His lips met hers in a clumsy kiss; noses crashing as he urgently possessed her mouth.

Hermione whimpered as Severus pulled her closer against his body, smiling as she felt his erection against her inner thigh.

With a strength that surprised both of them, he lifted her until she sat upon the bench. His fingers made short work of releasing the buttons of her blouse, and he tore the material from the waistband of her skirt and leaned forward to kiss a breast as his fingers fought to release the clasp of her bra.

Hermione reached around and batted his fingers away, making short work of releasing the clasp.

Severus stood up and slowly trailed the straps down her arms, his eyes darkening with desire as he slowly revealed the milky flesh of her breasts. Her nipples hardened in the cool air of the laboratory. Silently the bra joined her discarded blouse, and Severus took a taut nipple into his mouth, biting it gently before swirling his tongue around extracting yet another moan from Hermione.

His mouth deserted her nipple and Hermione whimpered at the loss, her fingers twined in his hair as he trailed soft kisses down towards the waistband of her skirt. His eyes found hers, and he grinned wickedly before trailing his tongue over her exposed skin.

"More, Severus... I want more!"

"All in good time, petal."

"Damn it, man, enough teasing," she whimpered as one of his hands moved up her thigh, sending shivers down her spine straight to her core.

Slowly Severus stepped away from her, appraising her appearance as she lay, legs spread, showing just a glimpse of her white cotton knickers. Gods, how he loved her in white cotton knickers: he also loved her in the green, silk French knickers he had bought her for Valentine's Day last year with a matching balconet brassiere, but lying there she was more beautiful than any woman he had seen before.

Severus attempted to adjust himself. Deciding that his trousers were far too constricting and that he was in fact over-dressed in comparison to his lover, he made short work of toeing off his boots and quickly removed his trousers. Hermione raised herself on her elbows and smiled at him as he stood before her in only his white cotton shirt.

Severus fixed Hermione's eyes as he placed a hand around his erection; muttering a lubrication spell, he began to slowly stroke up and down his length.

"As much as I would love to take you here and now, woman, I would be grateful if you would Apparate us to the bedroom." He smirked as she shuffled to the edge of the bench and gracefully got down.

"It would be my pleasure, Severus."

"Oh, I'm sure it will be. I have every intention of making you scream my name as you come," he murmured as he raised a lone eyebrow.

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The sconces on the wall burst to light as they entered the bedroom; Hermione was relieved when the warm air of the bedroom caressed her exposed skin. Severus smiled wickedly as he manoeuvred her backwards towards the bed, fighting to remove her skirt as they went.

When Hermione felt the bed against the back of her knees, she pulled Severus closer and nibbled at his exposed neck.

"Hurry up and finish what you started, love."

With that, Severus unceremoniously dropped Hermione onto the bed. Wandlessly he cast a spell, and Hermione yelped as she realised her wrists were bound to the headboard.

Severus smiled as he slowly removed Hermione's high-heeled shoes and kissed the arch of each foot before placing it down on the green quilt. His hands made their way from ankles to knees to thighs before finally arriving at the waist of her cotton knickers; slowly they made their way back down, this time taking the knickers with them.

"Have I told you lately, just how breathtaking you are?" he purred.

Hermione blushed at his compliment. Severus moved forward to place a kiss on Hermione's lips; she groaned her approval as she tested the strength of the bindings Severus had placed on her wrists.

"Do I really need to be bound like this, Severus?"

"Yes, witch, you do need to be bound. Now stop complaining before I do the same with your ankles."

Hermione whimpered as once more his mouth found a taut nipple and began to suck, bite and lick the exposed flesh. She lifted her hips in a vain attempt to acquire more contact with him which only caused Severus to chuckle as his hands caressed her breasts.

Hermione worried her bottom lip as a single finger slipped inside her whilst his thumb began to strum her clit. Her head fell backwards, revelling in the building sensation between her thighs. Arching her back, she pushed her body down on his finger, desperately needing more. All thought left her as her quim tightened around his finger.

She opened her eyes, unaware of exactly when they had closed. He was once more level with her, licking the delicate skin of her neck. Moaning, he nibbled the juncture of her neck and shoulder. He pressed against her entrance, lightly nibbling her ear lobe, before pushing himself within her slick quim. She groaned as she was lost to the sensation of him sheathed within her. Desperate for him to begin moving, she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist.

"Patience is a virtue or so they tell me," he chuckled, refusing to move.

"And you, Severus, are a damn tease. Enough, I *need* you to move *now*!" she growled.

Only too willing to satisfy his lover, Severus began to move slowly. Then with one swift thrust of his hips, he sank deeper.

"Merlin, woman, you feel so good."

"Severus," Hermione moaned.

He stilled for a moment as he gazed into Hermione's amber eyes.

"You never fail to surprise me with your capacity to love, Hermione."

"Shut up and fuck me, Severus," Hermione smirked as she raised her hips.

"Your wish as always, my dear, is my command."

Seeing only desire in her eyes, he withdrew slowly and then pushed against her just as slowly. His tongue flicked at her nipple as he continued to move within her.

With a moan he buried himself completely within her tight quim and, after releasing the binding, rolled them over, so she straddled his hips. Placing his hands upon her, he lifted her; she pushed back, rocking against him.

"Merlin, Severus, as much as I love a slow, leisurely fuck, I need to move."

Severus smirked as he loosened the grip on her hips.

Her breathing became laboured as she rocked against him, moaning as his erection stroked the sweet spot deep within her. Her head fell backwards, her mind focused on nothing but the feel of him sheathed deeply inside her. She was aware of nothing but the sensations that built between her thighs and threaded throughout her whole body.

Severus tightened his hold on her hips as he started to thrust in and out of her with a feral need.

She cried out as her orgasm exploded, waves rippled through her as she melted. Every muscle in her body seemed to give in to the sensations that swept through her.

Her cries of completion drove him to quicken the pace once more as his own need built. With a final thrust, he lost himself to the sensations coursing through his body as he dissolved with his own completion and the heavenly feeling of his lover's quim pulsing around his cock.

As their breathing eased, the pair gazed at one another in their shared bliss. His dark penetrating eyes fixed her amber ones.

"You have bewitched me body and soul, Hermione, and I wish never to be parted from you, ever."

Hermione grinned as she snuggled tightly against Severus sweat covered chest. She placed a kiss on his lips before raising her hips and rolling off to his right.

"Mmmm," Hermione murmured sleepily, "that has to be the most enjoyable thank you ever."

"You are nothing more than a succubus, sent by the fates to drive me insane with desire and need."

"Here I was thinking that you enjoyed pleasuring me," Hermione teased.

"I do, but you will either drive me insane or succeed where that thrice-damned snake failed."

Hermione lazily trailed her fingers along his chest. "I was thinking, rather than searching for someone to help you brew; you could always teach me the fine art of Potions."

"Merlin, woman, does that brain of yours ever cease to ponder your next move?"

"I'm sure, given enough time to recoup, you could provide another focus for my mind and body." She smiled at her lover.

"Witch, you will definitely be the death of me," he sleepily replied.

He manoeuvred their bodies, spooning against her, as they fell into a sated slumber.

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Disclaimer: I don't own Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention. No money is made from this amateur work.

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