

Nocturnal Emission

by KingPig

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was four a.m. when Hermione finally arrived at number twelve, Grimmauld Place, the predetermined location for the fifth annual celebration of Voldemort's demise. Minerva McGonagall had made it clear, four years previous, that under no uncertain terms were any of the surviving members of the Order permitted to abstain from this yearly anniversary, and Hermione shuddered to think of the possible consequences of defying the new Headmistress. Not that she'd want to, of course. Hermione looked forward to this week-long holiday every year, a moment in time where she could reunite with her wizarding equivalent of a family without the stresses of what she came to call "real life" impeding.

Harry and Ginny, the only two of her dear friends who she remained in constant contact with, were always there early, preparing the rooms of Harry's inherited house (though they chose not to live in it, due largely to the difficult memories of both Sirius and the intensity of the War) for the incoming guests.

Mere seconds away, Molly and Arthur Weasley would arrive, Molly bustling about the vintage home with a copious amount of chores for any other poor soul who didn't wait until the very last moment possible to turn up (Hermione, herself, made that mistake for three consecutive years).

Ron and his twin brothers usually showed up next, largely due to the harassing nature of their mother, followed by Bill and Fleur, Remus and Tonks, McGonagall, Luna and Neville, Charlie, the Minister of Magic (Kingsley), Moody, and so on and so forth.

For obvious reasons, Hagrid, his new wife, Olympe Maxime, and his half-brother, Grawp, were the only attending guests who did not stay at Grimmauld, but met up with the group on the day of the event, where the Headmistress would magically enhance the size of the first floor to accommodate the crowd.

The home would be filled to the rafters in no time with the lilting melodies of several conversations weaving in and out of the rooms, raucous laughter, and several shouts of reprimands, voiced, of course, by the matriarch Weasley, piercing through the thin walls and echoing through every corridor.

It was the perfect mixture of ingredients to produce the single most mind-numbing headache that Hermione had ever endured, but she would trade the experience for nothing.

And now, as she was creeping along the first floor of the antiquated house, treading so softly as to not alert any of the slumbering inhabitants, specifically the portrait of the late Mrs Black, to her arrival, she began to question her initial plan of stealing up the stairs and attempting to sneak into her room on the second floor, unnoticed.

The steps would still, undoubtedly, creak and groan spitefully, and would, as she began to think of it, be more of a hindrance than it was worth. She squeezed her eyes shut at the sudden vision of all aforementioned parties staring down at her from the floors above, sleepy and bleary-eyed, while the portrait shrieked obscene comments about her heritage to all and sundry.

No, she decided, it was better to find some place on the ground level to sleep for now; a grumpy Molly Weasley was no way to start her holiday.

She tiptoed, instead, in the direction of the library, remembering with sudden fondness the cushy, plush sofa it contained as well as the solitude she would enjoy, as no one ever meandered into this particular room. She secretly thought the majority of them, including Ron and Harry at the top of the list, were allergic to books.

Satisfied with her new course of action, she made her way silently toward the isolated corridor that housed the room, passing the kitchen with only a secondary glance. The aged hardwood floor was a co-conspirator, making not a single sound as her careful, determined steps carried her down the hall, placing her before the slightly ajar door of her destination.

Hermione cautiously peeked through the gap solely out of habit, having no expectation of meeting any of the others in her favoured location, but was soon grateful that she did. Through the slats of silver moonlight that penetrated the room through the sole window facing the western side of the house, she could clearly discern a figure lying on her favourite sofa, face up, knees drawn and sticking upward and outward at perpendicular angles in order to fit on the smaller settee.

Unmistakably male, with incredibly long legs covered in a pair of loose, dark navy denims, ending with feet adorned with Muggle trainers. He wore a thin, rumpled, black t-shirt that was untucked and slightly pushed upward, revealing a flat, almost concave abdomen with an enticing view of a trail of sparse black hair starting below his belly button and leading downward, disappearing under the waistband of his jeans.

Though he did not snore, Hermione determined by the steady rise and fall of his chest that he continued to sleep deeply, oblivious to her voyeuristic presence.

His face was obscured by his right arm, which bent at the elbow and shielded his eyes from the unnecessarily bright moonlight. His skin was like porcelain, almost iridescent in the silver light illuminating the room. She couldn't make out the exact colour of his hair, other than it was dark, because it melded so smoothly with the shadows that Hermione was unable to distinguish where one ended and the other began.

She continued to stare at him, enthralled, as she mentally ran through the list of possible male Order members that might fit this description, immediately discounting Hagrid, Ron, and several others. The Muggle clothing might once have been an obvious clue, but wizards and witches often wore such clothing underneath their robes, and in the current casual atmosphere (especially when entering a home in the midst of a Muggle neighbourhood), it seemed hardly out of place to be seen without that particular heavy outerwear that was the staple of wizarding culture.

She briefly considered Remus, but then dismissed the idea, as Lupin had a notably short stature. That left Harry, though Harry, too, seemed to be a bit shorter in memory than this current physical representation. Tilting her head to the side, she regarded the sofa itself. Perhaps the comfortable piece of furniture was not as wide as one might initially think, and anyone lying upon it would seem longer due to some sort of optical illusion.

Her train of thought ended abruptly as her attention was immediately drawn to the mysterious, slumbering man, who had let out a deep moan. A very intense, primal sound, and one that instantly had every nerve in Hermione's body tingling unexpectedly.

He shifted slightly, his left hand coming to a rest on his bare stomach, just as Hermione's mind was assaulted by two direct realisations.

Firstly, the man in question was Severus Snape. During his movement, the underside of his left forearm caught the light for just long enough for her to recognise the inky blackness of the Dark Mark, now just a harmless tattoo since Riddle's final death. Even the grotesque white scar on his neck, the only remnant of his very nearly fatal encounter with Nagini, glistened in the pale moonlight.

Secondly, and most importantly, there was an alluringly large bulge in the crotch area of his jeans. And she couldn't quit staring at it.

Snape, in Muggle clothing.

Snape, now very much the opposite of the asexual perception she always had of all her former professors.

Snape aroused.

Snape arousing *her*.

If she had allowed herself to listen to her overwhelmed mind, she would have bolted silently from the scene, ignoring his presence forever after in unspoken humiliation. But she deliberately and insistently cleared her thoughts while simultaneously casting a Disillusionment Charm on herself and a Notice-Me-Not spell on the corridor's entrance.

Silence enveloped the room once more, her muscles and nerves singing with tension and anxiousness, a strange thrill settling in her chest and stomach. At any moment, he could awaken and catch her, and though she had many excuses at the ready, it was doubtful that he would believe her, and much more likely he would hex her to oblivion but she couldn't tear her eyes away from him, couldn't pay attention to the warning sirens erupting within her own mind.

Hermione muffled the small gasp that escaped her lips when his left arm began to shift once again; those obscenely long fingers slowly sliding underneath the waistband of his denims, her breath catching as it became clear that Snape was unconsciously adjusting the erection that caused his jeans to tent so deliciously.

A rumbling growl sounded from deep within his throat, setting every cell within her body aflame. Her mind screamed at her to flee, but her body stood rigid, incapable of movement. She did not blink, so entranced, so *hypnotised* was she by this sight. His hips bucked slightly, his head sharply thrown back as his back arched and another quiet, feral sound escaped him.

She couldn't breathe. She didn't want to breathe. It were as though she were the one dreaming, and by taking a simple breath the spell would shatter, the fantasy would dissolve.

Snape's right arm left its shielding position from across his face and straightened along the length of his body, brushing up against the back of the sofa, his right hand now curling into a fist, latching on tightly to the denim fabric that covered his right leg. Hermione stared at the fingers clutching his jeans, the grip so fierce that his knuckles turned a blinding shade of white. His closed hand twisted, pulled and pushed at the rough material just as his other hand slipped out from underneath the waistband, coming to rest instead atop the straining protuberance that jutted upward under the constraint of his clothing.

Her breath could no longer be stilled; she gulped in air at a rapid, shallow pace that matched his own. She could feel a dampness spreading between her legs, her skin becoming as sensitive as it was electrified. Her fingers itched with the need to bury themselves within her underclothing, but she grasped firmly at her last vestige of self-restraint.

Hermione felt a dense pang of jealousy toward the object of his passionate dream. Undeniable envy for whatever he saw in his mind's eye that would drive her austere, painfully self-disciplined, former professor to such depths of uninhibited desire. To strip him of his prized self-control.

However, she contented herself with the realisation that she, alone, was able to witness this highly stimulating event. That she, alone, was observing, *no relishing* the sight of Severus Snape in a state of unbelievably arousing abandon.

She turned her attention again to his right hand, the hand that was currently engaged in rubbing against that intensely provocative, lengthy (which, really, was no surprise, her mind supplied; that article of his male anatomy was, in all actuality, quite proportional to his intimidating height), denim-clad erection.

Severus groaned in satisfaction as his fingers curled into a half-fist and began a steady stroking motion. Now, her own hands burned with the desire to assist, but her logic was not so far expelled from her mind that she could permit herself to follow through with the action. Certain death or, at the very least, torture would be the only assured reaction from him should he wake to find her hands...

Lusciously... pleasurably... deeply engaged in such a *selfless*, helpful fashion.

He never was one to accept, especially with any modicum of appreciation, the well-meaning aid of others. No, she must satisfy herself with mere (and here she cracked a wide smile) silent surveillance.

Surveillance that included seeing this through until the end, of course. Just to make sure that he really didn't require support to meet his (and her) desired goal of completion. Yes, she told herself, her presence was justified, if for this reason alone.

He growled again, as if in acquiesce to her reasoning, as his abdomen muscles became even more taut, as his lips parted to reveal clenched teeth, as he fought against the losing battle of self-restraint. Even in his sleep, he did not abandon lightly his merciless control.

Both hands stilled, abruptly, his right hand continuing to tightly clench the rumpled fabric of his jeans, but no longer twisting or pulling. His chest rose and fell sharply under his laboured breathing.

And then, with a noise she had never heard before, a sound caught somewhere between a roar of frustration, a moan of pleasure, a yelp of pain, his body visibly contracted before shuddering, nearly trembling, in quiet release, as his back arched violently before gently relaxing back into the cushions.

She gasped audibly as small spot of wetness appeared near the button of his jeans, just beside the top of his zipper. Her own body was quivering in excitement, and it did not falter in the slightest even as she watched his eyes snap open, still blissfully unaware of her presence.

She held her breath as he shot up in a sitting position, his attention focussed to where her own eyes were magnetically drawn: the darkened, damp evidence of his irrefutable maleness on the denim fabric, and the still prominent bulge that seemed to retain its size in a sort of mocking salute.

"*Fuck*," he hissed.

A single word uttered in anger and shame was all that was needed to break the spell that held Hermione so captive. She fled, though oddly with no feelings of guilt or disgrace, only a crackling exhilaration that thrummed throughout her body, a searing surge of voltage that sung in her veins.

His eyes snapped toward her direction just in time to see a blur of brown, frizzy hair. He continued to stare, unblinking, at that very spot, his eyes narrowed dangerously, even as he heard the *clack*-ing of her shoes slapping against the wooden floor, signalling her retreat.

The instant the shrill screeching of Mrs Black pierced through the library walls, he turned away, wandlessly and non-verbally slamming the door, his left eye twitching in rage.

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