

Searching For a Book

by chivalric

A very tired professor, a sleeping potion, a welcoming chair, and a warm fire: in what else could this result but a very nice dream?

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Endless thanks to my betas, pipedreamer and blueartermis, whom I simply can't discourage to correct even the most silly things I write. Final polish and corrections by Amor Eternal and Dreamy_Dragon.

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Professor Severus Snape, Potions master at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, feared he wouldn't make it down to his rooms in the dungeons, as he was so awfully, dreadfully tired. Each step he took ate up a bit more of the strength that he didn't have anymore, and although he saw one student running down the corridor and another two snogging in a dark corner, he simply couldn't make the effort to as much as think about giving them detention. He didn't even bother to scowl at them. He just staggered on, step by step, and put a supporting hand to the stone walls now and then in order to keep his balance. Slowly, he made his way through the corridors and downstairs, always downstairs to the darkness of the dungeons, where his bed was awaiting him.

The last days had been hard, and tiresome. Two long days and three even longer nights. Two days in which he hadn't found the time to eat, to wash, or to sleep. Three very busy nights that had required all his skills as Potions master. He had needed all his concentration, his strength, his energy to fulfil the given task Albus had set for him. He had made it, but everything had been taken, nothing was left, and now all Snape could think about in his slightly hazy mind was the peace of his rooms, a hot shower for his frozen bones, and his bed.

Slamming the door to his rooms shut was not an option the door was too heavy tonight, and Snape barely managed to push it closed with his hand. Then he just swayed in the direction of the bathroom, dropping his robes on the way. His boots, jacket, scarf and shirt followed and lay abandoned on the floor, leaving a trail of clothes from door to door right across the room. Stumbling into the shower was hard enough; finding the tab was harder than he had thought. But in the end he made it, and waited, goose bumps on his pale skin, for the first hot drops.

He had already switched on the water when he realised that he was still wearing his socks; with half-closed eyes he peeled them off his ankles and just hoped they wouldn't block the drain.

Heat shot through him when the water hit his skin, deliciously hot and ideal for relaxing his aching shoulders. His burning muscles eased up, his frozen body warmed, but the constant patter of water on his head was lulling him to sleep as well. His legs turned to jelly, the soap clattered to the tub from his numb fingers, his chin dropped to his chest...

... and with a jerk he ripped his head up, finding himself down on his knees and leaning against the cool tiles, shampoo dripping from hair and nose. ~~Bed~~, he thought and barely managed to rinse his hair clean and wash off the rest of the soap from his skin. Shivering with fatigue, he finally managed to crawl out of the shower and, surprisingly

enough, mastered the task of drying himself instead of dropping to the wet floor, hugging the towel, mistaking it for his pillow.

Sleep! his mind urged.

"Just one more moment," he mumbled, honestly believing that his tongue had already found its way into dreamland. But there was something he had to do before going to bed, and that was to find a potion that would actually allow him to *stay* asleep as well. Fishing for his dressing gown, he pulled it over his naked, bony frame, grateful for its fluffy warmth. It was one of the few luxuries he allowed himself: warmth, as he was sensitive to the cold.

A fire was crackling when he found his way back into his living room; a long time ago, Snape had performed a permanent spell that lit it automatically whenever he came in, knowing back then, already, that there might well come the time when he wouldn't be capable of casting the fire-spell anymore. Tonight would have been such a night.

In the dim light and with outstretched arms like a sleepwalker, he moved carefully around his furniture, then leaned against the stone wall next to the fireplace and snatched up a small phial from the mantelpiece. He kept this specific potion at hand, as he needed it every other week. He was a restless sleeper at best and a catastrophic one under more dire circumstances. The potion would allow him to find some peace; tonight, he was far too exhausted to go to sleep easily.

Snape downed the liquid with a weary sigh. His eyes were only half open when he sank into his armchair in front of the deliciously warm flames, and he stretched out his long legs, allowing the heat to caress the few bare parts of his body: feet, calves, hands, and face. The rest was covered by the dark purple velvet of his dressing gown.

Ridiculous, actually, that he needed a sleeping potion whilst being absolutely knackered, but he knew from experience that, if he didn't take it, his eyes would pop open again in an hour or so. He would wake up in the darkness of his bedroom, wide awake and dumbfounded with fatigue at the same time. He then would toss and turn, unable to go back to sleep, until the early morning hours. His mood under such conditions would be unbearable, and although he usually didn't care a Knut about his students, even he wasn't cruel enough to inflict his presence on them after three nights without sleep.

Sighing contently, he leaned back into the cushions of his chair and allowed his eyes to finally drop closed. In another moment, he would go to bed, he promised himself. Just a few more minutes to rest his feet; just a little longer to be grateful for the fact of being in the safety of his home and not out there any longer in that cold and cruel world.

Surprisingly enough, given the circumstances and his weary condition, the warmth heated him in more than one way. Drowsily, he recalled the slight pulling between his legs as a demand that shouldn't be ignored if he cared for having a peaceful night, sleeping potion or not. Sometimes, his body did what it wanted, and at the moment it his cock, to be precise wanted attention despite the fact that its master was too tired to move so much as an eyelid.

But well, better get done with it and anyway, it shouldn't take him long. Snape allowed his hand to creep beneath the folds of his garment, wrapped his fingers round his length and started to stroke himself lazily. The whole situation was so very comfortable, and as his brain had already shut off most activities, his libido took over, guided his hand and ordered a slow, entrancing rhythm. *Did I lock..* was Snape's last coherent thought before he fell asleep, dressing gown slightly cast open, his half-stiff cock in his hand.

Dreaming, he was dreaming. That happened often, but usually, his dreams were as dark as his clothes.

This one wasn't, though. Possibly the snogging couple had infiltrated his mind. The Potions master was aware that he was asleep, and he was aware of his hand round his cock. He started stroking again when, as it happens in dreams, the hand was replaced by lips. Soft lips, warm lips, lips that kissed his shaft into full hardness. Moist lips that parted and took him inside the dark cave of the mouth; a teasing tongue that danced at the end of his penis whilst a smaller hand than his own cupped his balls and squeezed them gently. A soft moan found its way out of Snape's lips. Dreaming of getting a blow-job was definitely a very nice way to pass the night.

The hand now moved up and down his length, squeezing, releasing, whilst that cheeky tongue painted circles around his cock's head, wetting it, sucking it and nibbling at it carefully with pearly white teeth. *More*, Snape hoped dreamily, *more before I wake up*.

Obviously, as it happens so very often when one wishes the dream to continue, the hand melted into nothingness and left a chill, the lips blown away into the dark behind his eyes.

Damn.

Frowning in his sleep, Snape shifted his hips and reached out to finish the job when a weight settled on his lap, a feather-light weight that radiated heat *Mmmmmmm*, thought Snape. *Apparently, this dream isn't over yet.*

His dream girl as it was a girl who so naughtily blessed him with her non-existent attention spread her legs and settled them on either side of his narrow hips. Then she reached down, wrapped her hand firmly around his shaft, brought her hot centre close enough for a touch and began to lasciviously stroke herself with his hard cock, dipped its head only so slightly into her wetness, allowed just the briefest contact with her outer lips and her clit. The mixed feeling of her soft pubic hair and her glistening heat in combination with her stroking fingers was more than enough to drive him crazy. His heartbeat sped up; his pelvis bucked; his hands grabbed the armrests, and his eyelids fluttered.

With a swift move she stopped playing and lowered herself onto him, took his length inside instead, sat on his lap with his cock sheathed and surrounded by her heat. He gasped with pleasure, but she didn't move yet. She only held his cock in this unbelievably hot grip, clenching the muscles inside her wonderfully tight tunnel, and thus giving him a very special massage that made him wish he would never ever wake up again.

She just sat on his lap, and because she still didn't move, his heartbeat slowed ever so slightly. His hands relaxed and went limp and his eyes stayed shut.

She who was she, anyway, this dream girl of his? In his dreams, people seldom had a face, they were shadows at best, and so was she. But he believed he could feel her hair on his bare chest, crazy hair, wild hair, untamed hair, and he knew only one who owned...

A student! He was dreaming of having sex with a student! Damn it, that was impossible, it was forbidden, it was beyond him, it was...

... a dream. Only a dream. No one could blame him for having a dream, not even himself. After all, he usually only ever dreamed of pain and death, of missed chances and ruined lives. He had earned a pleasant dream Merlin knew, it was the first one in many a year.

Slowly, hesitantly, Snape gave in to this marvellous dream of his, mainly because by now she had started to move, circled her hips and allowed him to slip out only to take him in once more. She rode him now, this girl, who was so very aroused herself that her juices were all over him. And as he thought she could do with a bit of guidance, he dreamed of putting his hands on her slender waist, dictating her rhythm and enjoying the feeling of her fair skin under his palms.

But somewhere in his sleeping mind, he was well aware that it was only his own hand that held his cock.

She sped up slowly, and he nearly wished he could open his eyes to see himself thrusting into her or better, her taking him in so deeply, so urgently but opening his eyes would mean to wake up and waking up would mean to swap the girl for an empty room and a soiled hand. So Snape just sighed deeply once more and allowed her to place her hands on his shoulders so she could ride him even better. Her robes scraped his nipples when she bent lower to adjust the angle between herself and him; her hair tickled his cheek when she looked down at their joined bodies, and he wondered why he hadn't dreamed her naked, but in her school outfit. *Pervert*, he thought and smiled, believing he could even hear her ragged breathing through the walls of his dream.

Slowly she sped up, oh so slowly; so gently she fucked him that he could do nothing but sit there in his armchair, his hands loosely placed on her waist, his head leaned

back comfortably to the headrest. In all his life he had never had such a wonderful dream, and even when he had been awake, he had never been so hard and so aroused. A light, warm kiss was placed on his lips, and he smiled again; he loved to be kissed, only that nobody had ever loved him enough to kiss him back.

Her fingers dug in his shoulders; her bum lightly slapped against his thighs; her forehead rested against his, and her breath smelled of summer and cherry blossoms. The minutes became an eternity until he spilled inside her, simultaneously feeling her orgasm wash over him, holding her close whilst she rested against his chest in the aftermath of her own climax.

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Snape woke because the fire had burned low, because the chill bothered him, because his dressing gown wasn't at all comfortably wrapped round his lean figure any more but instead pushed wide open, hanging to the left and right over his armchair. Momentarily confused about his whereabouts, he managed to get to his feet. "Where am I?" he murmured and hit his knee on the bench that dared to stand between him and his bedroom. Swearing, he stumbled on and finally, being near the bed already, he felt the stickiness between his legs and on his thighs.

"Gods," he groaned and cast a cleansing spell with one unsteady hand. "Sleep wanking how disgusting." Then he checked the front door, strangely relieved to find it as warded as it should be. He found his bed, dropped his dressing gown, didn't bother to put on a night shirt and slipped between the cool sheets naked instead. He was asleep again less than half a minute after he had woken up, cold and lonely, in the armchair in front of his fireplace.

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"Homework is to be handed in by Friday, 6 p.m. If you think you can't make that deadline, be aware that I will take points off for every minute your essay is late." Casting a fierce look at his students, Professor Snape dismissed them with a short nod, satisfied that in each single face he could see either fear or despair.

He turned and swept to his desk, sat, and started to mark the homework from last week. He hadn't found the time...

"Professor Snape?"

Hermione Granger stood in front of his desk, having lingered whilst her classmates had been elbowing each other out of the way in order to get out of the dungeons quickly.

"Yes?" he snapped, withholding his impatient quill from marking an essay with a 'troll'.

"I wondered you promised me a book, Professor. You said to come and pick it up in case I couldn't find it in the library, and as I searched for it all day yesterday I thought..."

"Yes, Miss Granger. I remember my words without you repeating every single moment of your sad little life." Reaching behind him, he picked up the book in question and handed it over.

When he looked up to scowl at her, a memory tickled some place in the back of his head. An instant later, the dream from the previous night jumped at him, bright, vivid, embarrassing it had been her, he remembered with a pang of guilt, it had been this specific student his overly tired brain had placed into a particularly wet dream of his!

A slight flush crept into the pale cheeks of the Potions master, and he very quickly dropped his head again. "Dismissed," he hissed through gritted teeth. "Get out. Don't bother me any longer."

Taking the book, Hermione Granger walked towards the door. There she turned round and said, "You know, Professor Snape, you really should lock your door when you plan to have a nap in front of the fireplace. Otherwise, someone might take advantage of you next time whilst being in such a... vulnerable state."

Silently, the door closed behind her. And for some strange reason, Snape refused to teach seventh-year potions for a whole week.

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A/N: There is a counterpart to this story; it's called "Sleeping Beauty" (sorry, I couldn't resist the title :-)).