

Sleeping Beauty

by chivalric

Counterpart to "Searching For a Book." Same story - from Hermione's POV.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is the counterpart to "Searching for a Book". I recommend reading both stories to get the whole picture. Please keep in mind that Snape, as shown in the first part, really, really enjoys what's happening.

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Special thanks to nss - also, as always ;-)

Hermione Granger had been searching for that specific book all afternoon, but still she couldn't find it. Madam Pince had been at her heel half of the time, being most suspicious that a seventh-year student would be searching for that particular volume, but then Hermione had shown her the parchment with Professor Snape's signature, granting her access to the Restricted Section in order to find the book and to borrow it afterwards.

Only it hadn't been there. In the end, after hours and hours of looking everywhere, even the librarian had picked up the search. Finally, though, both Madam Pince and Hermione Granger had had to admit that the book wasn't there.

Bugger. She needed that book. She was supposed to read it and to know its content. She should have read it a week ago, and she couldn't wait until tomorrow to ask the Potions master if she could borrow his copy. He had told her sternly to come to him if she couldn't find the book in the library. If she waited any longer, if she didn't get it tonight, he would sneer at her tomorrow.

Well, he looked sexy when he sneered, she had to admit. She actually adored him for sneering at others and admired him for his snappy, sarcastic remarks. But she didn't like to be the focus of his wrath, and if she admitted tomorrow that she still hadn't read the book... No. Impossible. *He shall sneer at Harry and Ron*, she thought, *but not at me*.

She would go and get the book.

But then, when she had seen him coming back to Hogwarts half an hour earlier, he had looked absolutely exhausted. Now and then, on his way down to the dungeons and his private rooms, he had even put out a supporting hand to the walls so as not to stumble and fall. He had ignored Neville running down the corridor; he had ignored Ginny and Harry snogging in the corner next to the Great Hall. He had, in short, seemed oblivious to his surroundings.

He might be asleep. If she knocked and woke him... But then, if Snape had gone to bed already, he would have cast a Silencing spell, and a knock on his door wouldn't bother him. And if he was still awake, he could give her the requested book...

Right. She would go and get what she needed. Right now, actually, so she couldn't change her mind. Maybe he wouldn't even mind her disturbing him, despite the fact that

he had looked as if he would drop off to sleep on the staircase. Maybe he would be mollified by fatigue, maybe he would be friendly for a change...

"The possibility of a friendly Snape is as likely as the possibility of Snape dragging me into his bed and shagging me senseless," Hermione muttered on her way to the dungeons. "As likely, come to think of it, as Ron shagging me at all."

Oh, dear, she thought and passed the Potions classroom, *I certainly need to think about something else but shagging.*

But that wasn't easy. The shy looks she had exchanged with Ron, the occasional stroll through the garden down by the lake, the sighing and the longing didn't do anything to still her burning desire to move on to the next step. Every now and then, Ron looked as if he thought about kissing her, but until now, he hadn't done anything in this direction. They hadn't even held hands yet. How on earth would she survive the rest of the year with the throbbing between her legs that couldn't be stilled for too long, not even after she had spent a nice evening in bed with certain books and a willing hand?

Hermione finally reached the private rooms of her Potions professor and was just about to knock when she realised that the door stood open a crack.

Ah... no. Impossible. Snape would never, ever, under any circumstances leave the door open. He always warded it; he...

But he had looked so very, very tired. Maybe... maybe he'd fallen ill? Maybe he was in there, lying on the floor, helpless?

Determined, Hermione raised her chin and pushed the door open. "Professor? Professor Snape?" she called hesitantly and not at all loudly. It was more like a whisper, really, and in the meantime she had stepped inside, had closed the door behind her, and had warded it automatically. No one else would come in now.

She looked around and couldn't see Snape. He was neither on the floor nor anywhere else. A fire crackled and cast warmth through the half-dark room; a few candles were lit. On the desk were piles of books and parchments, the walls were filled with bookshelves, and on a small table stood an empty mug that might have contained hot chocolate. It was a cosy room, clearly well liked by its inhabitant. It was a room that kept the world outside and comfort and safety in. It was a room that surprised Hermione a great deal but then, it was Snape's home. Obviously, he would like to live in a place where he felt comfortable.

Hermione took a step and nearly fell over a heavy coat that blocked her way. *Hmmmm*, she thought. *Snape dropping his cloak to the floor just like that? Highly unlikely.*

Then she saw the boots, discarded in different directions, a shirt that covered a mask, a pair of black trousers, and a few steps further on, an undershirt, underpants...

Aha. Snape had come in and dropped his clothes bit by bit on the way to the... was that the bedroom? Hermione was curious now and felt strangely encouraged by the warmth and the quiet and by the vague feeling of safety the room radiated. Snape was most definitely asleep, felled by exhaustion after having been summoned by Voldemort. The mask proved that he had been with his fellow Death Eaters, presumably for the last few days. No surprise he was knackered. He would be in bed, and she could check if... well, just check.

Without a second thought, Hermione cast aside all morals and followed the trail of clothes to the door that stood slightly ajar and opened it. Yes, bedroom. But Snape wasn't in there nor was he in his bed.

I only want to know if he is all right she sternly told herself, crossed the bedroom, and found the bathroom. A towel lay crumpled in a heap on the wet floor, the shower was still dripping softly, and in the drain she saw something black.

A soaked sock. The second one was curled up in the corner of the shower, looking innocent. Both socks proved that Snape had managed to get mostly undressed before stepping under the water, but not completely. "Goodness, he must have been tired," Hermione murmured, a big smile on her face. The thought of finding Snape curled up on the bathroom floor, embracing the towel and snoring slightly was highly amusing.

On the other hand, the thought of finding Snape curled up on the bathroom floor being completely naked was pretty... arousing.

Time to leave, Hermione decided. Reluctantly, she left the bathroom, crossed the bedroom with only a short glance at Snape's bed, and stepped into the living room again. And because she now had a different view of the room than before, she finally saw Snape, sitting in a big wingchair in front of the fireplace, wrapped up in a big, fluffy dressing gown, fast asleep.

Hermione grinned. Now that would have been a pity, had she missed *that* sight. There were rumours amongst the students that Snape never slept, that he actually was unable to sleep, that he was awake day and night, thinking about new ways to torment his pupils.

He didn't snore. His breathing was deep and even, slow and peaceful, and he looked very relaxed. His head was leaning against the chair's side, and Hermione could see the slow pulse beating in his throat.

She should go. Really, she should. It was... rude to watch someone sleep, at least if this someone was someone who hadn't invited the watcher to watch in the first place. Maybe a lover was allowed to watch her beloved sleeping, but certainly no student would ever be allowed to watch the fearful Potions master dream of... well, whatever fearful Potions masters dreamt of.

Hermione wanted to leave, honestly, but her legs decided that it was not yet time to leave, not at all. Her legs wanted to get closer, wanted to have a better look, so to speak. And so her legs walked over to Snape and placed her right in front of him so her eyes could wander from his shoulders to his face, then over his chest, and back to his face.

Gods, he looked so *young*!

How could he look so young, she wondered, when during classes he looked so... so... not young?

During classes he looked cold and bitter. He was scary, and he definitely terrified her and everyone else. He was old, horrible, ugly... And then, here and now, completely unexpectedly, he dared to look barely older than a teenager!

Now, hang on. She was a teenager. Snape could be her father, being nearly twenty years older than she was. It was impossible that he looked young.

But he did. And he looked innocent. Vulnerable even.

Maybe it was because his eyes were closed. Maybe he was less terrifying because his black eyes were covered by heavy lids. Maybe he looked so un-Snape-ish because he didn't scowl, but snored only so slightly that she hadn't even heard it before.

She hadn't considered the possibility that Snape could snore. Or that he needed some sleep, now and then. Actually, she had secretly harboured the thought that he was not human enough to doze off in his armchair.

And then that dressing gown! It seemed so soft, so very, very fluffy, and it was not even black, but a dark, decadent purple.

Involuntarily, Hermione smiled at the sight in front of her and reached out to touch the sleeve of her Potions master's garment.

Velvet. Who would have thought that Snape would have such a nice thing to wear?

Who would have thought that this sight could actually make her heartbeat speed up? He was still bony, his nose was still crooked, he was as pale as ever, and that his hair was brushed out of his face, still damp from the shower, shouldn't change anything.

Carefully, Hermione bent lower. He smelled of the sandalwood soap she had found in the shower, and in his hair still lingered the fragrance of honey-and-vanilla shampoo.

Oops. Hermione realised that, if she weren't careful, she'd move even closer to examine if his skin felt as soft as it looked. It was time to go, honestly!

Then Snape moved and moaned quietly in his sleep, and Hermione jumped, took a step back, and bumped her back against a small table that stood next to the chair in which her professor was napping. It nearly fell over, and the small, empty phial atop it would have shattered on the floor had Hermione not caught it at the last second. She snatched it up and examined it closely.

"Now what have you taken, Professor Snape," she murmured, eyeing the phial, only to find the answer with her nose. The smell was unmistakable. Bitter, salty, laced with peppermint. A sleeping potion. Not Dreamless Sleep, but a strong one nevertheless.

A big, wide grin crossed her face. There was no need to fear that Snape would wake up anytime soon with this potion in his system. She could linger and watch him a little bit longer. She could watch him sleep, and maybe she would dare to touch one of his delicate collarbones, now visible because he had shifted in his chair.

Another low moan; this time he moved his bottom enough to cause the velvet folds to fall open. Naturally, Hermione's eyes followed the movement, and she observed the garment slipping over his hip, leaving half his body uncovered. She possibly the first person in decades saw Snape's naked right knee, his thigh, his belly, and the right half of his chest.

Then he moved his right arm and the other half of his dressing gown opened as well.

Naked! Hermione's mind screamed. *He's naked; this is Snape, and he's asleep, and nothing you do will wake him up, and he's as naked as a man can possibly be.*

Well, his arms and shoulders were still covered by the fabric, but his hands weren't, and neither was his groin.

One hand was wrapped round his length. Although asleep, he was stroking himself lazily.

Hermione's mouth dropped open, and she couldn't do anything about it. She gasped and tried to bring her jaw back up, well aware of the fact that she must look like a suffocating carp, but she couldn't close her mouth.

Snape. Had. A. Cock!

And a damn good one, as well. What a surprise. Wasn't it forbidden for teachers to have private parts? Didn't they become sort of neuter, an asexual being, when they picked up teaching?

For some reason unknown to herself, Hermione took a step closer again, her eyes glued to her Potions master's groin. His pale, long fingers gently squeezed his... his...

"Cock" is the word you are looking for, Hermione," she whispered to herself. And yes, Snape squeezed and stroked, caressed and aroused himself.

Unfortunately, he seemed to be too fast asleep to be really successful with his task, as his cock was only half stiff, and his movements subsided with every deep breath he took. Soon, his hand would fall asleep as well. Too soon, his length would shrink to its normal, limp size, and Hermione would never find out if a hard, fully erect penis was really such a fabulous sight as the girls in her dormitory always babbled about.

Alright, she was a virgin. So what? It was not a crime to be eighteen and still a virgin, was it? And no, she had never seen a man naked so far. She had danced with Viktor, she had eyed Ron now and then, and she might have read a few naughty books under her duvet. Books with pictures, of course, but somehow, pictures didn't seem to count in face of the real thing.

So this picture in front of her was... intriguing. Fascinating. It was a sight she wanted to have a closer look at because, if one looked at it from the right angle, she could only learn from this situation. And learning was the one thing she could never get enough of. She needed to learn. And wasn't Professor Snape a man who encouraged curiosity?

Determined, Hermione took another step, and it brought her not only closer to the sleeping man in the armchair, but sort of between his slightly parted legs as well.

Swiftly, Hermione went down to her knees to have a closer look at the object of her interest. After all, she wasn't doing Snape any harm, was she? She was just looking, observing what he was doing, and damn it, why had he stopped stroking himself?

Tentatively, her hand touched his leg just above the knee.

His skin was warm. And yes, it was as soft as it looked.

"Wonder how he tastes, so freshly out of the shower," Hermione murmured, and her brain decided to give over to her animalistic instincts. From one second to the next, her body was ruled not by her head but by the gently pulsating place between her legs, which had received far too little attention in the past few years. Actually, ever since she was old enough to actually have a spot between her legs, so to speak. This place, this cave, this tunnel seemed wet, longing, hot. It seemed to have a will of its own, and now it told her to bend her head and do some really close-up examination.

With a soft, slightly surprised sigh at her own courage, Hermione moistened her lips with her tongue. She ran her hand along her professor's leg up to his balls, cupped them as if she had done it a dozen times before, and squeezed gently.

Her lips parted. She wet them again. Then she kissed the tip of his cock.

Hmmm. Not bad. Velvety texture, the scent of soap and maleness, and when she ran her thumb along the base of it, he sighed.

She smirked. Who had ever heard Snape sighing in such a yes, cute was the word she was looking for in such a cute way?

A moment later, she took him into her mouth, with a disbelieving smile and feeling as if she were about to lick ice cream.

The same soft moan escaped him, just a little louder this time. His hand dropped to his side, leaving her the field to play. And she was glad for it, as now she had the space to explore without his fingers being in the way. This was new, and when Hermione found something new, she needed to give it her full attention, without anything to distract her. His hand had been a distraction; therefore, good riddance to it.

Her nipples hardened. Her teeth, covered by her lips, began to nibble this strange male attribute in front of her nose. Her hand, all on its own, had picked up a rhythmic kneading, quite enjoying the weight of the two furry balls. The clean, only very faintly musky smell tickled her nose, and wow, he became bigger! And harder!

Unceremoniously, she pushed his legs wider apart for better access. Her long hair must be tickling his thighs, and he might have some small bruises on his skin in the morning, but what the hell! This was great!

Hermione's head bobbed up and down whilst she gave Snape not his, but her first blowjob, and she was extremely surprised how much she liked it. He felt good in her mouth, he tasted even better, and damn it, her knickers were soaked, and she didn't have a clue what to do about it.

The longing between her legs turned into a strange, pulling pain, bad enough to catch her attention. That was more than need, more than she could take care of with her own fingers. It was more than she could stand, actually, a lot more. Waiting until she was back in her room, under the duvet, was not an option.

Her tongue circled his cockhead, teased him, and she could feel him moving only a little bit towards her, deeper inside her mouth *Deeper?* she thought. *Yes, deeper would be good.*

An idea jumped into her mind, and she was so shocked at it that she nicked her professor's cock with her teeth. Terrified that she might have hurt him, she let him slip out of her mouth, expecting his cold, black eyes upon her, expecting to see a drop of blood running down his length. And damn the gods, she needed to quench the fire!

With big brown eyes she stared up into his face, but the professor only let out a deep, longing moan, his eyes remaining closed. As she had not only stopped kissing and licking his length, but had jerked her hand away from his balls as well, he seemed to find it necessary to go on with the job himself. His hand crept back to his cock. Dreamily and sort of unfocussed, his fingers, rather unsuccessfully, given his deep state of sleep, tried to wrap round his length.

Hermione became aware of the fact that his hips were too narrow to fill out the huge armchair in which he sat. To the left and right was enough space for her legs.

She wriggled out of her skirt and her knickers in a matter of seconds. Spreading her legs and kneeling on top of him sent shockwaves right into her lust centre. And he hadn't even had time to manipulate himself again there she was. Carefully, she pushed his hand aside. She didn't put her full weight on him. Like butterfly wings, her skin touched his and she smiled grinned even wide and delighted at the sight that lay before her.

His cock, hard and big, jumped out at her, the velvet head revealed, his balls just visible in the nest of dark hair. His face was soft and peaceful, resting against the leather of his chair. His hair, ink black and clean for a change, caressed his cheek.

And between her legs beat the need for action. Well, she was here to learn, and really, he certainly wouldn't mind if he were awake, would he? Wasn't this just some very special sort of... research? She still wasn't hurting him she wouldn't think about the bite! and he certainly would enjoy it were he awake, which he wasn't. But he looked as if he was having a very nice dream, and he was hard, after all. His cock wanted attention, he was too fast asleep to do anything about it, she was here, and wasn't it an act of... kindness to look after him?

Closing her eyes for a moment, Hermione lifted her bum a bit and brought her hand down between her and him, lifted his cock off his belly, and began massaging him.

Gods, but the need between her legs was spreading higher inside her, and she felt her juices making her entrance slick and welcoming. Maybe if she touched herself with the tip of his cock, the pain would subside?

No. It didn't. Actually, it became worse.

Bugger. Damn. Hell, she wanted him, wanted his cock all the way and as deep inside her as possible, and good Merlin, she was a virgin! How could she think about using Professor Snape as a sex toy?

Her instincts, though, were in perfect condition. They had ordered her hand to stroke herself with his cock, to dip its head into her wetness, to let him feel how ready she was for him, how hot, how waiting, and...

He moved. And not only moved his head and his hands on the armrests he moved his pelvis as well. He... bucked! His back arched only so slightly, and his cock was driven harder into her hand and closer to her entrance; there, this time he nearly would have slipped an inch inside her. He was waking up she could even see his pulse speeding up, and his lips parted as if he were about to say something.

Impossible! He couldn't wake up, not now, not here in his chair, not with her on top of him, about to ride him, about to experience what all the fuss concerning sex was about!

Hermione, most intelligently, thought faster than she ever had before and stopped rubbing his length against her swollen outer lips. He needed to go back to dreamland, and she couldn't stop what she had begun anyway.

She lowered her hips until his tip touched her entrance. Then she held him there and lowered her hips still further, took him inside her, and ignored the sharp, short pain she felt when he breached her hymen.

He gasped. She did as well and involuntarily clenched her muscles around him, felt him inside her, so deep she thought she would break with lust and desire. That he, of all men possible and available, would be the one to rid her of her virginity was unbelievable. That he, the great bat of the dungeons, the terror of the classrooms, and her personal nightmare during lessons, could fill her so perfectly was nothing short of a miracle. And was he enjoying it, this... massage she gave him, caressing him without hands and without moving?

Oh, yes, he is, she decided. He was asleep, she was certain of it, as he seemed more relaxed than a moment ago, but he was dreaming of this, of her or someone riding him. And when she bent her head to have a look at their joined bodies, when her hair touched his naked chest, his lips twitched.

Hermione couldn't remain unmoving any longer. There was no more pain, just the need to go on, the need to find out if she could increase this wonderful feeling of being filled in such a delicate, intimate way, the necessity to learn about how a man could pleasure a woman until the longing was filled.

Slowly, she began to move and whimpered with desire when she managed to drive his cock even deeper inside her. The circling of her hips allowed him to slip out and in again so effortlessly she thought she never wanted to stop doing it. Then his length touched a spot somewhere inside her tight tunnel she nearly cried out and brought her hands to his shoulders, grabbing him, circling her hips so he would find and brush against that spot again. And again.

"Must be that ominous G-spot," she rasped. "Gods, had I known it feels like this I would have... would... Gods!"

His hands had woken up and were placed on her hips, guiding her ever so slightly, and the feeling of his warm palms on her sweaty skin drove her crazy. She sped up, rode him mercilessly now, seeking a high she didn't know anything about yet but knew she needed to reach so as not to go mad with desire. It felt so extraordinarily wonderful to fuck him, to fuck her Potions professor whilst he was asleep and for once in his life unable to stop her with nothing more than a hissed word.

And actually, she truly believed he wouldn't want to stop her even if he were to wake up now. There was a smile on his lips, and Hermione felt her heart skip a beat at this smile. Without thinking, she leaned forward, brushed her robes against his chest, and kissed him lightly. And as this was a most comfortable position, she rested her forehead against his, dug her fingers into his shoulders and *hoped* he would wake now, hoped he would see himself thrusting inside her, wished so much he were awake to feel with all his senses his orgasm and hers, and Merlin's grave, she had to bite her lips hard to keep the scream inside that wanted to erupt when she came. Reaching this peak, the climax of her efforts felt like bleeding out emotions too big to be kept inside, and Hermione refused to do anything but sink against her professor's marble-white chest, feeling his heartbeat and his hands still resting around her waist. His cock softened, and she felt his semen seeping out of her, and she loved it, every bit of it, whilst she tried to catch her breath and control the tears that threatened to run down her cheeks. Who would have thought an orgasm could make one cry?

"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 deduct points for every minute your essay is late." Snape cast a fierce look at his students and dismissed them with a short nod.

Or he tried to, as Hermione had no intention of being dismissed that fast. After all, he was the reason that she hadn't slept at all last night. He was the reason that she had wobbled out of his rooms, nearly too shaky to walk properly. Because of him she had lain in bed, eyes wide open, the pain between her legs quenched for the moment, but she feared it would light up again when she saw him during Potions the next day.

And then Double Potions with Slytherin, and he had driven her mad not with desire but fury. He had dared to criticise her Veritasum, he had snarled and snapped, and the homework he had just given was an unbelievable amount of work. His mood was foul, his long hair was greasy as ever, and how the hell had he managed to get her

onto his lap last night?

The only solution was to glare at him silently from behind her bushy hair. And to stay behind and... and... well, here she had no idea what to do. But she wanted to face him. She wanted to look into his eyes and... and... Argh! Same problem again! She didn't know what she would do when she was alone with him, and therefore, she went for the easy solution, stepped to his desk, and waited until he realised she wanted a word.

Except that he didn't. He marked essays in an impatient, angry sort of way. Finally, she was forced to address him directly.

"Professor Snape?"

His head whipped up. Merlin , his eyes were black! How could she have missed the depths of those wonderful black eyes for so long?

Well, his nose was... prominent. And his hair, when falling and hiding half his face, covered his cheekbones as well, which gave his features a totally different appearance. Or it would have, if he had his hair brushed back.

Realising that she was staring, Hermione said as briskly as possible, "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..."

Babbling, she was babbling nonsense, and her professor was fully aware of it. With his cold, emotionless voice he hissed, "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. She took it with slightly trembling hands.

And now he looked up at her, obviously to scowl at her. She expected a sharp remark, a nasty comment, but instead, she saw his eyes widen in recognition, saw with awe that a slight flush crept into the pale cheeks of her Potions master. Very quickly, he dropped his head again. "Dismissed," he hissed through gritted teeth. "Get out. Don't bother me any longer."

Suddenly, heat washed through Hermione's body, beginning at her neck, flushing her face, seeping into her breasts, and then dropped lower, into her abdomen, into the centre between her legs, then down to her knees and toes. *He remembers!* she thought and fought an equally sudden rush of panic. *Hopefully, he thinks it was just a dream, that I saw him sitting naked in his chair; otherwise, he'll kill me!*

However he looked cute when he blushed. 'Let me straddle you again tonight,' she wanted to say, ignoring the panic. 'Let me tie you to your bed, allow me to ride you until we both come,' she longed to add.

Instead, she took the book and silently stepped to the door, where she turned and gently purred, "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."

Right before she closed the door behind her, she saw him go crimson and knew he wouldn't dare to accuse her of entering his rooms without invitation or anything else, in order to avoid further embarrassing memories. He would certainly prefer to believe he just had had a nice dream and she had done nothing more than seeing him half-naked and asleep.

Outside, a wide grin spread over her face. And she was the only one who knew exactly why Professor Snape refused to teach Double Potions to Gryffindors and Slytherins for a whole week.