

Resolve

by kizzy7

Professor Snape and a tempting offer...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: First, thank you to lady_karelia for beta'ing!! I wrote this one-shot for pterpr0nprmts on livejournal. The theme was 'first time,' and I did win first place for the month of March! Finally, thanks as always to the admins at TPP.

No, I'm not going to do it he thought vehemently. *Because Severus Snape is a professional wizard, and fucking a student, no matter how willing, is not professional.*

It was settled, really. Her offer, however, was tempting, truly tempting. So tempting, it had very nearly crumbled his stony resolve.

Just sex, she had said. No emotional complications, mistaking lust for love. Whiny tears and forced cuddling would quite simply not be part of the equation. Just earth-shattering, Olympiad feats of fucking.

Yes. He was intrigued.

"But no matter," he mumbled to himself as students poured into the dungeons in a flurry of robes. Unconsciously, he sought her out, clenching fists as he found her bushy hair, her shortened skirt. She locked eyes with his, and he did not need Legilimancy to read the sheer want flickering over her face.

He tried to scowl. How dare she look at him like that!

"Begin with the potion on the board," he droned mindlessly. "Ensure you use precisely two drops of dragon's blood, you morons; otherwise, the potion will implode."

He glided steadily amongst the students, overly cautious of their stupidity. Past her desk, he paused momentarily to whisper, "Very good, Miss Granger," his darkest, deepest timbres lingering over her name. Though she didn't look at him, he could feel forceful waves of longing wash across her, recognizable by the tightening of her eyes and the sudden, sloppy shake of her fingers.

Leisurely, she reached for a quill, trailing the feather daringly across his hand. The light, wispy caress of the plume made his heart race, and unbidden he imagined her blindfolded and bound to his bed, teasing her soft breasts and curved stomach with that very same feather.

She turned to him as if she could read his thoughts, and she slowly licked her bottom lip, her pupils dilated into tiny pricks of light.

"Professor," she whispered, "is something wrong?"

He sharpened his gaze, leaned forward, and growled in her ear. "After class, Miss Granger. After class."

Bugger propriety. Sod professionalism, he thought viciously. Tonight, I'm going to get laid.

The remainder of class was pure torture by design, and even as he *Evanesco'd* Longbottom's ridiculous attempt at the potion, he thought of her legs wrapped around his waist. As he loomed over Potter, who was shakily bottling a sample, her legs were splayed invitingly as he fucked her on his desk, papers and ingredients clattering noisily to the ground. When Malfoy proffered his flask with a smirk, he took her forcefully from behind, fiercely pinching her nipples as she moaned her pleasure beneath him.

Severus.

Yes. Fuck propriety indeed. Fuck it good and hard.

He watched, eyes menacingly narrowed, as she whispered explanations to Potter and Weasley before approaching his desk. She placed her book bag on the floor, smoothing her hair in one fluid gesture.

Again, her eyes met his, and she was so bloody confident, he wanted to take his hardened cock in hand and shove it hard against her lips. Let her suck him off with that confident little mouth.

"Well, Miss Granger," he purred.

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"I've thought about your little... ah, suggestion."

"Yes?" She inhaled loudly, greedily.

His traitorous body trembled...actually trembled...and he continued. "First, some ground rules. Just sex, as you said. I will not deal with a teary, doe-eyed, sniveling little virgin, is that clear?"

She nodded, gleaming.

"Next, always remember that this is just what it is. Fucking. I like fucking. I do not, however, like you. Remember that. Do not expect favours from me. Do not expect flowers, or cards, or kisses." He tapped his elegant fingers on his desk, leaning forward, his features darkening. "What you can expect, Miss Granger, is my cock in your mouth, your arse, or wherever else I bloody want to put it. Understood?"

Again, a nod, accompanied by a quiet, breathy moan.

"Finally, this ends when I lose interest. Whatever may happen, this will definitely not extend past the school year. So do not imagine a happily ever after for us. And if you are imagining future potential for blackmail or any other foolish trickery, then..." He paused, curling the ends of his thin lips into a facsimile of a smile. "Well, let's just say you will regret it."

Slowly, teasingly, she rubbed her hands alongside her breasts, tugging at her uniform shirt. "With all due respect, sir, I understand. I'm not going to ask you to make love to me underneath the stars, or anything else similarly inane. I'm on the potion. What say we cover the rest of the rules later?"

With a sharp tug, she lifted her blouse above her head, letting the scrap of fabric flutter to the floor. Just as quickly, she slid her skirt down her legs, until she was standing before him in a sheer, black lace bra and matching thong. She grinned, turning gradually in a small circle; the long, graceful lines of her back and the delicious curve of her shapely bum proved to be his undoing.

The last vestiges of control slipped from Snape, and he tore off his robes as he purposefully strode towards her, his hand unconsciously groping his groin. She flew at him, her nimble fingers unbuttoning his simple, white shirt, clawing at the cloth until it lay side by side on the stone floor, next to her own.

Hungrily, she scraped her fingernails across his chest, leaving crisscrossed trails of red marks on his pale skin.

"Oh, Professor. Fuck me."

Batting aside her hands, he wordlessly spelled off his trousers, taking his cock in hand. He pumped fiercely...up, down, up, down...and cupped his balls, leering lasciviously.

"Off with the lace, Granger. I want you naked."

Self-assuredly...again with the bloody confidence, so *fucking* sexy...she stripped in front of him, capturing and holding his gaze as she flung the lacy things away.

Mmmm. He allowed himself to look at her, shoulders held back and head high, before lustily growling more instructions.

"Now, onto the desk."

She laid spread before him on his desk, trembling, leaf-like, almost frail but for the fierceness of her gaze. He allowed himself to look...just look at her, at her full, round breasts, her tiny waist, her shapely hips.

"Spread your legs, Granger. Yes. Like that."

Experimentally, he walked around the desk, considering her. "Hmmm," he said thoughtfully. "What first? Should I fuck you? Taste you? Let you suck my cock? Hmmm, I can't make up my mind."

Desperately, she twisted on the desk. "Professor, please. Please!"

Chuckling, he trailed his fingers across her thighs, delighted with the shiver of pleasure that ran like a current through her body. Gripping her firmly, he pulled until her bum sat at the edge of his desk. She sat up, moaning, grasping at his cock, frantically kneading the tender underside of his balls. The light, almost tender flutterings made his knees buckle, and he unceremoniously plunged forward, burying himself deep within her.

They both groaned at the joining, and Granger, wanton thing that she was, wrapped her legs firmly around his arse, using her legs to urge him faster, deeper.

"Fucking little slut," he growled. "Fucking your professor."

"Yes!" she cried. "Don't stop!"

He tangled his fingers in her hair, fixing his eyes upon her face...eyes closed in ecstasy, quivering red lips, cheeks flushed pink. Her breasts...soft, weighty in his hands, furled nipples...bounced with each thrust, and he knew he would wank over this memory for a very long time.

"Fuck me, sir. Fuck me, professor," she chanted, wrapping her hands around his bum. Surprisingly, she pressed a finger against his arsehole, swirling gently as her litany of 'fuck me' continued.

"Granger!" he cried. He could feel his balls tightening, his orgasm coming on the swell of his consciousness.

Reaching a clever finger downwards, he found her clit, flicking and rubbing steadily until she shrieked, her face uplifted towards his own.

"Fuck," he groaned as he climaxed, pumping erratically as the waves of pleasure subsided, leaving him throbbing and sated.

He pressed his forehead against her own, resting momentarily. An urge to kiss her surged through him, but he ignored it. Too personal.

She donned her uniform, grabbed her book bag, and left the dungeons, a hurried whisper of thanks thrown carelessly over her shoulder. No cuddling, no kisses, no real intimacy.

Just fucking. He grinned as he pulled his robes over his shoulders.

It was going to be a *very* good year.
