

# Bounce, Bobble, and Boink

*by PersephoneVerte*

Severus Snape has found himself a woman.

## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus Snape has found himself a woman.

Disclaimer: I own nothing in the Harry Potter franchise and am making no money from this.

AN: I didn't really write this as strictly for the smut. I wrote it as an experimental thing on writing from Severus's POV, which I have never done, and to see how descriptive I could get him to be right now without being a dirty, dirty man (though I'm going to work on that last part in a later fic ;D).

Dear Nimue, this is Heaven.

Her skin, normally pale from the dreadful lack of sunshine in this area, is now completely flushed from the crown of her head to the tip of her toes. Her lips are a dark, rosy color from biting back her moans. Her breasts are bobbing up and down, left and right, swaying with the hard thrusts of my hips. Her fingernails are digging deeper into my arms, back, thighs, buttocks, any part of me that she can reach. Her eyelids are fluttering rapidly and her head is thrashing from side to side, though she has not been granted that blissful ecstasy of release.

My hands grasp her waist even more firmly; I think she might snap in half if I hold onto her with any more strength. She brings one leg up and throws it over my shoulder. The other leg is dangling in mid-air, splayed out as far as it can go.

She whimpers. She's very close now, I can feel it. I can feel the little spasms that jolt through her cunt. I can feel her throw more force into the rising of her hips. Deeper, deeper, deeper I fall. Tight, hot, wonderful...

I hook my arms under each knee and—

Oh, sweet, sweet Merlin—

Breathe, Snape. Breathe.

No. I can't.

I'm going to die. I'm going to die and it'll all be Hermione fucking Granger's fault.

With one flick of my fingers over her pulsating little nub, she finally lets out the moan she's held back this entire time. I'm glad she kept it in until now; it's loud, very loud, and deep, too. Sensual. Sexy. Utterly primal. Just what a man wants his woman to sound like right now.

She grasps onto the headboard, knuckles turning white, and raises nearly her entire body off of the mattress, her eyes clenched shut, her mouth forming a perfect 'O' as she lets out a girlish sound somewhere between a squeal and a scream. Her inner walls contract rapidly. In, out, in, out, in, out.

My hips are driving home with incredible force. Pound, pound, pound. Away they go. Away I go.

Slick, her skin is so slick, and wet, too. She's stroking my hair. How odd. I shift up onto one elbow to get a look at her face. It's content. Good. Can't have the little chit spreading rumors that her professor is a bad lay. When she sees that I'm awake, she wraps a leg around me, shifts her weight, and pivots us so that she's now sitting on my hips. She flashes a wicked grin, running her nails down my chest. She slides backward more and impales herself on my shaft wantonly.

Heaven. Heaven, Heaven, Heaven.

Oh, yes. I'll take Hermione fucking Granger over Lily bloody Potter any day.