

# Dearest Diary

*by Fervesco*

Snape gets his hands on something Hermione would rather he didn't, however this leads to Snape getting his hands on something Hermione rather he did! Total rewrite of my fic 'Dear Diary'

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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AN: Time for a just a tad of editing (meaning that Ferv has decided that fics she has written in the past are in need of some serious upgrading!) This was my first ever SS/HG fanfic and quite possibly my first ever fanfic, hence it was full of rubbish! Here is the new, revised and sparkly version, full of grammatical rightness (I hope!) and slightly less atrocious word usage!

Big sloppy kisses to my wonderful and efficient beta, Jes! Thanks, hun :) However, any and all mistakes are my fault I am absolutely hopeless at making last minute changes before submitting ;)

Please review other than for the simple enjoyment of writing fanfic, I do this to better my writing, and feedback, whether good or bad, but particularly the helpful sort, is most welcome.

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AU I was a little torn over this, but as Snape is Potions Master in this, I suppose so \*shrugs\*

Dearest Diary

SS/Hr NC-17 PWP

COMPLETE!

Disclaimer Not mine need I say any more? Probably...okay...it all belongs to JKR, I just want a little playtime!

Hermione was finding Potions particularly distasteful that wintry afternoon. Normally, the somewhat difficult healing potion they had been assigned to concoct would have been only a slight challenge to her genius; however, she had been paired with Neville Longbottom. This inevitably made things infinitely more difficult, not to mention what it did to Hermione's failing temper, brought on by his complete ineptness. It wasn't that she really minded helping Neville to avoid his usual catastrophes, but she preferred to do so when he was ultimately responsible for the outcome. She hated the idea that the klutz had an influence on her own grades.

That was not the entirety of the dilemmas marring her performance that afternoon, though: Professor Snape, in his entire robe-billowing, blood-freezing glory, was acting even more vile towards her than usual. Though she wished she could use his attitude to detest him, as the rest of her classmates did, she found herself reacting in a way that was even more devastating. She was utterly and completely horny. The wriggling in her seat, unable to concentrate on anything but him sort of horny. She found the

whole situation utterly abhorrent.

She really couldn't grasp why it was that she had suddenly found the surly Potions Master so alluring. It made even less sense than her crush on Ron the year before. Professor Snape paid no attention to her whatsoever unless he could find a reason – any reason, no matter how lame – to humiliate her and consequently remove points from Gryffindor. Today he seemed particularly bent on making her face turn the perfect shade of embarrassment-red and vanquishing as many of those precious rubies from Gryffindor's house points glass as was practicably possible.

For a moment Hermione tore her eyes away from her preoccupation with Snape to glance sideways at Neville. He was busy preparing the potion; lifting a dish of chopped wormwood up to the cauldron. Good, he was working. Her eyes fluttered back to the Potions Master who was still sitting at his desk, utterly absorbed in marking assignments, and the vision diverted blood from her brain, instead pumping it into her face. However, this time the red in her cheeks was not the result of embarrassment. Slowly something registered within her brain and, as its consequences dawned on her, she spun around in her chair towards Neville and gasped.

"Neville!" she yelled, grabbing his arm as he was about to pour a dish full of sliced wormwood into the bubbling cauldron before them. "Grated, not sliced!"

"Sorry," he said quietly, looking down right depressed.

Hermione sighed. Poor Neville, she thought. She knew Potions was a real strain on his fragile ego. Hermione's heart slowed to a respectable rate now that disaster had been averted and she went back to watching Professor Snape. The way his hand held his quill, each stroke on the paper made with great flourish, had her eyes riveted to the front of the room.

Suddenly there was an almighty explosion to her left. The draft from the blast caught her up and spun her through the air before dumping her in a sprawling, rather unladylike manner against the wall. Whipping her head in the direction of their desk, now four feet away, she saw Longbottom standing there. His eyebrows had once again been singed away, his hair stood on end and he appeared to be holding the remains of the dish of wormwood.

"Miss Granger!" Snape bellowed, his face contorted in fury as he marched across the room towards the pair "What is the meaning of this wretchedness?!"

"But sir, it wasn't-"

"It was me." Neville spoke in a whisper, shaking in his boots as he cut Hermione's words off. "I accidentally dropped a piece of wormwood in before it was grated..."

"Be that as it may, Longbottom, we are all painfully aware of what an imbecile you are, Miss Granger included!" Snape growled. Neville literally shrunk at these words, looking as if he would quite happily disappear into nothingness. Snape turned his attention back to Hermione. "Taking Longbottom's ineptness into consideration, placing him in your care should have spared my classroom from such atrocities! Obviously my expectations were far too high. I should have known better, given ..." Snape drifted off for a moment, his face formed in a sneer, leaving Hermione wondering whether he was about to insult her for being a Gryffindor, a know-it-all, or a Mudblood, but she suspected the last disrespect would never be spoken aloud, at least not in the company of so many of her fellow students. She really didn't know which she would find more infuriating. However, Snape had a more spiteful answer than any of those; "...what you are."

Hermione rose as gracefully as she could to her feet and set her jaw in a firm line. "I told him to grate-"

"Enough!" Snape seethed, turning away in a dismissive manner. "You will both remain here until this display of your utter stupidity is eliminated. And I mean all of it!" Stalking back towards his desk, Snape's foot met with a wayward book lying on the floor. Glaring at it for a moment, Snape stepped disgustedly over the tome, his hand wavering over his wand pocket for a moment, before he added, "Miss Granger, I suggest you start by retrieving your belongings before they meet with a fiery end. Fifty points each from Gryffindor for your utter idiocy and another ten for not taking better care of your books, Miss Granger."

Hermione scowled at his back as the rest of Gryffindor groaned. It was then that she comprehended what he had said about her things. Indeed, it seemed all her books and papers, which she had piled neatly on the desk, were now haphazardly strewn around the room.

Merlin! My diary! Hermione's heart, which had been thumping ten-fold at the injustice of Snape's punishment, started pounding anew. What on earth had possessed her to even bring it to class? It would only have taken a second to have returned it to the safety of her room. Hastily, she began gathering her belongings, desperately seeking out the location of her life, secrets and innermost desires.

"Harry!" she hissed at him from where she knelt next to his desk, retrieving her Magical Creatures text. "Can you see a black notebook?"

"Silence, Miss Granger, or I shall have the pleasure of deducting another ten points!" Snape instructed from the front of the class. "I am certain that would improve your considerably lacklustre popularity among your housemates to no end."

In her desperation to find her diary, Hermione didn't even spare a moment to glare at him. After a fairly thorough check of the classroom, her heart began to settle a little as she began to doubt whether she had actually placed the offending book in her bag at all that morning. Perhaps she had left it lying inside the drawer of her bedside table after all.

It was as these thoughts crossed her mind, crouched beside the Slytherin desks as they all snickered at her, that she heard the ominous sound of fabric swishing over the flagstone floor. Without even having to look up she knew what had just happened, and her stomach knotted sickeningly.

"What have we here?" Snape sounded more amused than ever. "Care to explain to the class about this extracurricular reading, Miss Granger?"

Slowly Hermione looked up, taking her time in the desperate hope that perhaps it was anything but her diary. Alas, the black notebook was firmly clutched in Snape's hand, being waved through the air in front of her in a most torturous way.

"Sir..." Hermione began, finally finding her voice. She had to stop this, she just didn't know how.

"No, no, Miss Granger. I do believe this is something that should be shared with the class. After all, you obviously brought it into my classroom for a reason."

Hermione squeezed her eyes tightly shut, hoping beyond hope that she would wake up and this would all be one terrible nightmare.

"Ah...yesterday. We shall begin there. Considering the disarray you have placed my class in, I see it only fit to share with the class the insignificant events that have you so distracted from your work. 'It is driving me crazy. I can't stand sitting in that class, watching him...the way he moves, with such practised grace, yet completely in control. I want to know what he can do with those movements in ...'" An evil sneer crossed Snape's face as he looked back at Hermione. "I believe, Miss Granger, that this is possibly somewhat inappropriate for our current audience. We wouldn't want to corrupt any imbecilic innocents, correct, Mr. Longbottom?"

Neville's face turned beat red and he suddenly became overly interested in his hands as he squirmed in his up-righted seat. Hermione, on the other hand, felt a flood of relief at the thought that Snape had stopped. She dearly wished she could remember precisely what she had written, but it would appear that so far she had left any names from her outlandish descriptions.

Snape seemed to register her relief though and, with a sordid smirk of accomplishment, he returned to his reading. "I can barely stand this any more. If circumstances were different, I would have done something about this long ago, but they aren't. I wish..."

I wish Severus wasn't my teacher, Hermione finished off in her head as Snape fell silent. Biting the inside of her lip, she dared to look at the Potions Master, but his eyes still lay fixed on the book in his hand. Slowly, he turned the page and continued, as Hermione stood there for what seemed like an eternity, awaiting a response, any sort of response. The nothingness was unbearable.

Finally, Snape looked up at her, but Hermione was no more satisfied. She could not read the look on his face at all.

"Detention!" he suddenly spat out. "Miss Granger, this is utterly inappropriate for any Hogwarts student, let alone the Head Girl!"

Well, thought Hermione, at least he's going to save me the humiliation in public, though she suspected that he would be far worse in private.

"So, Hermione, who was it that you wrote about?" Ron teased when they reached the Gryffindor common room.

"Never you mind," Hermione said quietly, trying to push passed him to the sanctuary of her room.

"Was it me?" Harry teased, with a grin.

"Or how about me?" Ron said, a little too seriously.

"Not bloody likely." Hermione finally escaped their interrogation and bolted up the stairs to the girls' rooms, where the pair of them couldn't follow her.

Hermione made absolutely sure that she arrived at Snape's office for her detention right on time; not a minute too late, not a minute too early. She most certainly didn't need to arm him with anything else to punish her for; after all, he had never given her diary back.

"Ah, Miss Granger. Do come in," he snarled when she tapped hesitantly on his open office door.

She perched herself on the edge of the chair opposite his, not daring to look him in the face. Her heart thumped deafeningly in her ears as she waited for him to react. Finally, he flicked his wand at the door behind her and it slammed shut with such force that she thought the castle might collapse around them. Wishful thinking, Hermione thought.

"Well, well, what am I to make of this?" Hermione jumped involuntarily as Snape dropped the offending diary onto his desk with a bang. "I hardly find these to be appropriate thoughts for one of my students!"

"I'm sorry, Sir," Hermione said in little more than a whisper as she nervously fidgeted her hands.

"How dare you portray me in such a manner!"

Hermione, still wriggling in her seat, murmured, "Sorry, Sir."

A nasty smirk contorted his features as he spoke his next words. "You dare to believe that I would be that considerate? I hardly think so, Miss Granger. Especially not with hormonal, know-it-all, Gryffindor twits."

Surprised by his words, Hermione broke her intrigue with her hands and flicked her eyes up to his face. "Sorry, Sir?"

"Merlin, what was that nonsense you dribbled onto these pages?" Snape flicked through the pages of the offending book. "'He paused and asked if I was alright before slowly entering me'. I seriously doubt, making the assumption that you would ever be bestowed with such an opportunity, that I would conduct myself in such a way that could be considered quite so charitable."

Hermione was stunned. Certainly, she had expected to be reprimanded for what she had done, but she had hardly thought it would be over her description of Snape. A tiny thought flickered through her mind and she mulled it over for a moment as he sat waiting for her to reply. Finally, deciding that she really had nothing to lose, she drew in a deep breath before suggesting, "Perhaps, Sir, you could show me precisely how you would perform so that in the future I wouldn't make such a horrendous mistake."

Snape sat silently for a while, staring at the diary before him on the desk. Agitation began to seep through Hermione. She had gone out on a limb, put her final piece of self-respect on the line, and now he wasn't answering her.

"Forget I mentioned it, Sir. So, what am I to do? Clean cauldrons?" she asked with a sigh. The dim hope she had felt had now fluttered away.

"I believe, Miss Granger, that perhaps your initial suggestion for suitable disciplinary action is more appropriate given the circumstances. However, I wish for you to quash a few misgivings I have first."

Hermione's eyes locked with Snape's as what he had just said registered in her mind. He was perfectly willing to give her what she so desired, what she had spent so many months sitting in his class dreaming about, what she thought about every night before she went to sleep, trying so desperately to satisfy herself with her own fingers. Answering a few questions was hardly a sacrifice to obtain such a desired and desirable goal.

"Certainly, Sir."

Snape leaned back in his chair, scrutinising her. "You are of age?"

"I turned eighteen four months ago," Hermione replied, slightly surprised at the question, before realising what detrimental consequences this scenario could have had if had she not been of age.

"And am I to presume that you have..." Snape's speech drifted off for a moment as he searched for the appropriate words. "...experience in such matters."

"Yes, Sir," Hermione replied, then felt rather insulted by the way he arched his eyebrow at her response. Did he not think that she was desirable enough for anyone else to want her?

"Weasley, I presume?"

"No."

"No, Sir!" Snape snapped at her.

"Sorry. No, Sir," Hermione reiterated, feeling a little silly but not wanting to turn Snape away.

"Bloody Merlin, not Potter?" Snape spoke with a hiss, his lips curling into a sneer.

"No, Sir."

"I am not in the mood to play guessing games, Miss Granger," Snape informed her, and though his words were as icy as usual, there did appear to be a slight tone of relief at her previous reply. "Perhaps you would be polite enough to simply bestow me with a name, or names, as the case may be," he added, raising one suspicious eyebrow at her, "before I grow tired of this nonsense and retire to my quarters instead."

"Neville, Sir."

"Longbottom? That imbecile? Merlin, I can not, nor do I wish to, even begin to envision how truly grotesque and pathetic that little escapade must have been."

"Actually, Sir," Hermione said rather quietly, but not wanting to leave him with anything further to embarrass Neville with, "I quite enjoyed it." Certainly, it was a lie. The whole performance had been over and done with before Hermione had really even registered what was happening, but none the less, despite the fact that Neville and herself were now only friends, she did feel a certain amount of protectiveness towards him.

"If you believe so, Miss Granger. However, when you have nothing to compare that to, and I presume that you do not, it is a rather rash judgement on you part."

Thrilled that the conversation had returned to the current agenda, Hermione hoisted his train of thought along. "Yes, I suppose you are correct. Sir."

Snape cocked his head slightly at the belatedness of her tacked on title for him, but allowed the matter to slide. "Then, Miss Granger, we have only one final matter to consider. I want you to be perfectly clear that you have the option of taking up your second suggestion for detention in my classroom. There are plenty of cauldrons that are in need of scrubbing. This entire conversation can be obliterated and neither one of us, nor anyone else, need know it ever occurred."

"If I might be so presumptuous," Hermione replied, smiling ever so slightly, "I believe I would find your first offer far more...educational."

"Believe?" Snape scoffed. Rising from his seat, Snape's eyes narrowed at her as he arched one eyebrow. "Well? What in Merlin are you waiting for, girl? Another bloody invitation? My patience is deteriorating, Miss Granger!"

Hermione all but leapt from her seat and found herself standing before the Potions Master. Suddenly the notion that she had no idea what she was doing crossed her mind and she simply stared at him, oblivious as to where to start. This fact crossed her as ridiculous she had spent months dreaming of this moment, many of her scenarios set in his office, and more than a few of those in almost identical circumstances, yet now she was completely blank.

"Honestly, Miss Granger," Snape growled, his fingers wrapping around one of her wrists and drawing her towards himself, "for such a supposedly intelligent witch, you certainly appear to be lacking certain skills."

With his fingers touching the skin on her arm, and the utter closeness of his body, Hermione's senses betrayed her. His scent was incredible, enough alone to drive her insane, yet totally indescribable; his eyes, in their black depths, burnt with lust for her, nonetheless; his hair yes, it was greasy, but at this proximity even that held some appeal. More than anything, though, it was his simple presence. He dwarfed her, not something she was completely immune to outside of this situation it seemed that since about their fifth year, Hermione had stopped growing height wise at least and now all of the boys, and most of the girls, were far taller than her. This was different though. This wasn't some gangly boy gawking down at her and wetting his lips disturbingly while Hermione could see him mentally masturbating. No, this was Severus Snape, far from gangly, perfectly in control and her ultimate fantasy, standing so close that she could feel the heat radiating from him.

Snape dipped his head and Hermione fully expected to find his lips on hers, but he kept moving, his hair barely brushing against her cheek, and delved straight for the porcelain skin of her neck.

"The art of seduction, Miss Granger," Snape murmured, his breath teasing at her skin, "is not something to be rushed."

Hermione moaned at his words, her legs quivering beneath her as his voice reverberated through her body, pooling deep within her in a puddle of desire.

"Patience," Snape continued, his lips brushing her neck as he spoke, "is a virtue."

"Uh huh," Hermione murmured, completely lost in the moment.

"Miss Granger, it does not do to forget your manners at a moment like this," Snape chided, his tongue drawing one hot line from below her ear to almost her collarbone. "Distraction, could lead to dire consequences." His words were punctuated with a definitive nip at her skin, quickly soothed by his tongue.

"Sorry, Sir," Hermione replied, happy to call him anything he so desired as long as he never stopped.

Snape glanced up at her face, only to find her staring back at him, utterly captivated in watching his movements. With his fingers still twined around her wrist, Snape enticed her around, his free arm pressing across her belly, guiding her until she was pressed tightly back against him. Snape almost regretted his decision as Hermione's backside met with his arousal, straining at his pants for release. His eyes dropped shut for a moment as he regained control, a low groan escaping from his lips.

"Miss Granger," Snape continued his lesson, his mouth teasing once more at her neck, "allow your mind to take a respite. Let your senses rather than your intelligence to take control do not sanction that overly-active brain to distract your body from the pleasure."

Hermione quivered as the word 'pleasure' departed Snape's lips, danced through her ears and slid straight to her nether regions. It was a potent aphrodisiac contained within two syllables.

Snape growled as Hermione's movement caused the smooth fabric of his shorts to graze over his arousal, his hips bucking involuntarily in response. In a desperate attempt to keep his calm demeanour, Snape released her wrist and slid his free hand up her side, brushing at her skin through her thin shirt, teasing at the outer edge of her breast before gliding up and over her collar to graze the bare skin of her neck. The meagre amount of concentration involved in this restrained movement brought his mind back in control, and for that he was utterly thankful. It allowed him to relish in Hermione's soft moan at the barest of touches to her breast, the arching of her back in desperation for more duly noted.

With one dextrous hand, Snape began to unbutton her shirt. He moved agonisingly slowly, each button popping open with a soft, yet audible, click, driving Hermione to the brink of insanity. Desperately she wanted to hurry him along, her body aching for him, yet she also longed to draw this out, to enjoy every delicious moment. She settled for moaning softly and pressing herself more tightly back against his body. Despite Snape's usual icy demeanour, through the layers of fabric Hermione could feel the heat radiating from the man, not to mention his hard length digging delightfully into her backside and lower back. She shivered a little as her mind took in his exact size, suddenly torn between utter lust and slight fear.

Snape felt her stiffen in his arms and immediately expected her to flee. Just moments before she had been so pliable in his arms, melting into him; melting him. Now she stood rigidly in his arms, but when Hermione didn't hex him or take flight he opted to distract her. Burying his nose in her hair, he inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of her shampoo and the soft feel of her hair against his skin. Snape shifted slightly, nuzzling at her neck and trailing it with a dusting of soft kisses until Hermione became fluid against him again.

"Utilise all your senses, Miss Granger," he whispered in her ear, his voice dropping a decibel or two.

In response, Hermione raised one shaky arm up, stretched over her shoulder and tangled her fingers in his lank, dark hair. Her movement afforded her the excuse of pressing her breasts more tightly against his preoccupied hand, still releasing the buttons on her shirt, the soft material of her bra pulling taut over her nipples and bringing them to hard peaks, only to be further teased by the warmth of his skin permeating through the fabric and the movement of his arm as he continued to discard her shirt.

This briefest of touches ignited Snape's desire to a new level human contact, at least that voluntary in nature, was scarce at best. When it came right down to it, despite being revered by many of the Death Eater women, and Snape used that term loosely, he was not idiotic enough to believe they entertained him for anything other than their own gain. For years he had been quite satisfied with this the total non-commitment, the women on call whenever he should so desire, but now...now after half a lifetime spent spying for the enemy or the light, depending on your persuasion -, with the ultimate gratitude received in retaining his life, it wasn't enough. To spend each and every day betraying everyone, all for one idiotic mistake made in his younger years, no longer satisfied him. He was wanted for what he could give, not for himself, and most made that perfectly clear.

Yet here...here was probably the most talented witch in a generation, someone to rival his own intelligence; a witch that had most certainly bloomed into an attractive young woman over the past years, touching him because she desired to do so, with nothing to gain and everything to lose. Her fingernails grazed lightly over his scalp, and the fact that Hermione had her fingers in his hair that black, greasy mop that everyone snickered about struck him with such force that he momentarily allowed his eyes to slip shut and revel in the instant. Overwhelmed by her gesture, Snape ran one finger down her jaw line before persuading her head around to look over her shoulder at him.

Hermione was instantly struck with just how full of lust those dark eyes were, but it was not totally unbridled. She could see the thinly veiled control he exercised rippling beneath his surface, keeping him in check yet threatening to burst at any moment.

Snape tilted his head and touched his lips to Hermione's in the briefest of kisses. His lips softly grazed her own for a few seconds, electricity zapping through Hermione's nerve endings at the barest touch. His tongue slid over her lower lip, warm and gentle, pleading for entry. Her lips parted, allowing him in. As he explored her mouth, Hermione had the overwhelming feeling of being devoured, his every movement savoury.

Distracted by his mouth on her own, a surprised yet pleased moan left Hermione's throat as Snape's fingers found her nipple through her bra, pinching the tight bud with precisely judged pressure to bring her to the point of pain but not press her over the edge into discomfort. Greedily Snape swallowed the delightful sound, overcome by the notion that it was he who was eliciting these sounds from her, causing her to moan and quiver. And for him, not for his position.

Hermione noted, over the sounds of her own laboured breathing, the hitch in Snape's breath at her response to his actions, her own desire mounting at his reaction.

Hermione's shirt was slowly slipped from her shoulders, down her arms, and it fluttered to the floor, Snape's fingers trailing along her skin as he aided the garment on its way. His lips left hers, returning to her neck as his finger slid from her wrists, over her palms and finally to her hips. There Snape paused, drawing tiny circles on her skin just above the hem of her skirt, setting her skin alight. Regrettably, he pulled himself away from her body, his groin aching silently at the loss, whilst Hermione's whimpered protest was perfectly audible and pulled at his fragile control. In an attempt not to simply bend her over his desk and take her right then, Snape made quick work of unfastening her skirt and pushing it over her hips, letting it slide its own way down to puddle at her feet. His thumbs then trailed up her spine until the feel of his skin beneath his digits was disturbed by the clasp of her bra. Releasing the barrier, he continued on his journey, over her shoulder blades, finally back to her arms to remove the garment completely. Snape's arm returned to hold her possessively against him as his other hand began a tantalisingly torturous journey over her torso.

Normally, even the thought of standing naked before anyone would make Hermione squirmy, but pulled tightly against Snape she felt anything but. This man who could cause terror in his victims with one look had her writhing against him, practically begging for more. The vague thought that if he were to do this with more of his students he would probably not only have their undivided attention in class but also have more preferable rumours and names mentioned behind his back occurred to Hermione, but it was quickly quashed by the thought that given a choice she would share him with no one.

Snape continued to explore her body, his fingers teasing at her sides only to slide up and brush the bare edges of her breasts. Finally, after much wriggling on Hermione's part, he grasped one nipple, rolling the bud between thumb and forefinger. Hermione bucked against him with a sated sigh, but Snape had no intention of ceasing there. Dipping his head down over her shoulder he gently pulled her breast up and caught it with his lips, sucking gently on her nipple as he teased it with his tongue. His now free hand slid across her chest and gave her other breast some much needed attention.

Hermione's head lolled back against his shoulder as she whimpered at his ministrations. Her knickers began to dampen over his movements, her folds begging for attention until she could take it no more.

"Please!" she begged with a whimper.

Her request tore at Snape's fragile control. Spinning her around, he wrapped his arms around her back and bent her backwards over his desk. He hooked his fingers over the waistband of her knickers and without a pause, whisked the flimsy white material down her legs, over her feet and tossed them across the room, the discarded garment finally resting before one of his numerous bookshelves. Hermione's hands came up to his still fully clothed chest and began the time consuming job of unfastening all of those buttons. With a slightly amused look, Snape took up his wand and vanquished the garments before she had even made it to the second button.

Hermione eyed Snape greedily as he stood over her. His chest, though scar smattered, was trim and finely muscled, covered in a sparse smattering of dark hair juxtaposed against his pale skin. His upper arms held her attention for a moment, the curve of his muscles sending a thrill through her. Finally, she following the ever thickening trail of hair down from his naval. If there had been any doubt in Hermione's mind as to how aroused Snape was, they were immediately erased. Granted, she only had Neville to compare him to, but in her opinion he was certainly well endowed.

Placing a hand either side of her body, Snape leant forward, the very tip of his cock teasing at her entrance. Hermione moaned, her eyes slipping closed.

"Tell me what you want, Miss Granger," Snape growled, his eyes glued to her face, revelling in her reaction.

"Please," she whimpered.

"Please what?"

"Please...please fuck me, Sir."

The 'Sir' knocked Snape back for a moment. For a while he had forgotten precisely who she was, and doubts swept over him. Then the reality that she wanted this, that she wanted him hit him again and his doubts subsided.

Gently he pushed forward, wanting to both savour the first entry and not to hurt Hermione. Hermione's whimpers and soft moans did nothing to help his resolve to move slowly, and it was with some relief that Snape found himself buried to the hilt within her.

"So tight," he muttered, unaware that he had spoken aloud.

Hermione simply whimpered in agreement, the ability to form anything coherent having left her the moment he began to move within her.

Snape, having gathered his thoughts, initiated a slow pace, both for Hermione's and his own benefit. Granted, it had been some time since he had last been with a woman, but even so he was finding what this witch was doing to him completely insane. He felt like a foolish schoolboy, barely controlling himself.

Slowly Snape increased his movements until Hermione was writhing beneath him, the silence of the room filled with her laboured breathing and punctuated by pleased moans.

"Merlin," she suddenly murmured, her eyes flicking open with start.

Snape could feel it within her tight confines the telltale ripples signalling that her orgasm was eminent, just the barest of coaxing and she would be pulsating round him, because of him.

Leaning over her, Snape nuzzled once at her neck before pausing outside her ear.

"So tight, so hot...Miss Granger, you are driving me to insanity." Hermione shivered at his words, but before she finished comprehending them, his hand slid between them, down her belly and flicked at her clitoris.

"Severus!"

His given name from her lips initiated an odd combination of responses in Snape. No one, short of Dumbledore and the odd brave staff or Order member, dared to call him by that name. Certainly no woman he could remember being with had ever referred to him as such. Initially Snape could feel his hackles rise in protest, but as the sound continued to ring through his ears, his reaction went straight from his stiffened shoulders to his groin. Snape realised he was reading far too much into those husky sweet syllables slipping from her throat, but his mind started deluding him into believing that it was a sign that Hermione saw him as a real person, not just the bat that resided in the dungeons; that there was more to him than the callous attitude and greasy gittiness.

Snape's orgasm caught him off guard. The pulsing of Hermione's walls around him in her orgasmic state suddenly increased his desire tenfold, his swelling shaft felt infinitely tighter within her convulsing confines. Try as he might to wrestle himself back under control, it was no avail as his name from her lips continued to ring inside his head. Dropping his hands to the desk for support, he thrust deeply forward once, twice more, hitting something deep within Hermione with each stroke. On the third and final move he let himself go, spilling himself within her.

"Hermione!"

Hermione shuddered beneath him as a second orgasm washed over her; not as violent as the first, this one sucked her down in gentle waves, drawn out by Snape's final movements.

Snape lay gently over her for a few moments, relishing in the feel of her damp skin against his own and at their lingering connection. A minute or so passed before Hermione opened her eyes to find the Potions Master watching her intently.

"Thank you," she whispered, pushing a few loose strands of his hair from his face.

At those words Snape's expression did a complete U-turn. Not that he had ever been smiling, but when Hermione had first seen his post-coitus expression it was by far the most relaxed look she had ever witnessed on his face, yet now his eyes had turned back to black ice, the corners of his mouth were set more firmly and his nose wrinkled slightly in disdain.

Snape watched the girl beneath him and waves of self-doubt and distrust washed over him. He should never have done this. She was his student, he was her teacher. She had a whole life ahead of her that shouldn't have been soiled by one idiotic liaison with him: she deserved so much more, he deserved nothing. He was the enemy. He may well have changed from the Dark Lord's side to the Order's, but the information he had spilled to Voldemort in his more idiotic years had placed her whole world at risk.

It was this disgust at himself that forced his reaction, the only one Snape could possibly justify.

Bodily removing himself from her, he whisked up his wand and had himself fully clothed in moments, leaving her lying prone and naked on his desk.

"I believe, Miss Granger, that is sufficient material for your diary," he sneered at her, turning his back to her and walking around his desk.

"Yes, Sir," Hermione replied, a smile on her lips.

Yet, as he went to sit down he realised she had made no move to depart. Anger and disgust surged through Snape's mind, topped off with the desperate need to remove her from his presence. "Well, what are you waiting for, you silly girl? A proposal? Get dressed and get out!"

Hermione roused sleepily the next morning, stretching luxuriously against her crisp sheets. It was this movement which brought on the telltale dull aches reminiscent of the previous evening's occupation. An accomplished grin spread happily across her face. Rolling over, she glanced at her clock; nine. Contentedly she closed her eyes again to relive her detention.

Suddenly, her eyes flicked back open and stared at the clock. Nine o'clock! She was late!

Hurriedly she dressed, grabbed up her books and raced from Gryffindor tower, pulling her hair into a messy ponytail as she went. She clomped down the stairs, streaked through the castle and burst into her first class of the day.

"Good afternoon, Miss Granger," Snape intoned from the front of the classroom, not even looking up.

"Sorry, Sir. I..."

"I do not care for your pathetic rendition as to why you feel so compelled to make my day an irritation."

For a moment, Hermione's heart sunk. Apparently last night really hadn't meant a thing to Snape.

"Obviously last night's detention served no purpose. We shall repeat the same exercise this evening until you have learnt some respect!" Snape glanced up at her for just a moment, raising an eyebrow at her, before quickly looking back at his desk.

Trying fairly unsuccessfully to hide her grin, Hermione replied, "Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir."