

Elementum

by Fervesco

My reply to the Most Believable Porn Challenge :)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The Most Believable Porn: Write a PWP that you think is the most believable, most in character, and the most real.

uh, oh! LOL, just had to take this one up! I'm afraid, though, that it is not all fluffy bunnies and smiley sunshines none the less, it is smut, so enjoy! And please, please, please review! I worked my butt off on this one! Big giant thankies to Aphrodeia for betaing "sloppy kiss"

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She is perfect. No, she is sufficient. Miss Granger is sulking in the opposite corner of the Great Hall, pouting because of her idiotic date, that ridiculous Dunderhead, whom I detest second only to the boy-who-lived-simply-to-make-my-life-a-misery, Ronald Weasley. Said imbecile abandoned her several dances ago in an attempt to win over the masquerading troll in an obscenely cut dress that is Padma Patil. Miss Granger, on the other hand, has chosen herself a demure yet delightfully fitting ensemble that only proves to heighten my awareness that this girl is very quickly becoming a woman, even if she is pouting in the corner like a juvenile. This all hastens my plan into the realm of infinite plausibility.

All material preparations are in place. My quarters have been methodically elutriated such that I believe there is nothing visible nor easily accessible to naïve yet overly inquisitive little Gryffindor know-it-alls that would send them screaming to Dumbledore far too prematurely. Moreover, with all this effort, I intend to compensate myself with the obligatory pleasure.

Furthermore, the glamour charms are initiated. My teeth are no longer yellowed. Indeed, I stopped short of a Lockhart-like tawdry white, for I have no intention of permanently blinding the girl. My skin has lost its sallow look it is still pale but not sickly. I have altered my body marginally; no longer am I emaciated and I possess more defined muscles, nominal scaring (though one must retain several, for I do believe silly teenage twats see them as badges of honour how utterly ludicrous!). My hair has been cleansed and now smells like some god-awful rendition of cinnamon (or at least that is what the spell makers would have me believe). My nose is another matter I have left it alone entirely. Contrary to what the female population of Hogwarts would wish to presume, I do indeed hear those hushed, speculative comments in the hallways concerning the size of my nose and the relation between said monstrosity and other members of my anatomy.

Of course, just to be on the safe side, there is that diluted lust potion slipped into Miss Granger's drink. Though I would have preferred a stronger infusion, it would be entirely inappropriate, not to mention treasonous to my cause, to have her pounce on me in the middle of the Great Hall for all in sundry to attest to. Besides, this is more of a challenge and, Merlin knows, my mind is hardly being provoked in this profession!

Ah, there we go. Miss Granger has started taking demure glances in my direction, quickly averting her eyes when she realises that I am observing her. I make no attempt to mask my obvious scrutiny; I want my intentions to be made quite clear from the start - and I do not plan to spend the entire evening pulling goo-goo eyes across the room at her. I allow this disgusting display to continue for several minutes, agonising over what is the appropriate amount of time to allow her to contemplate this before

approaching her. Indeed, Miss Granger is an astute girl, but I can only hope she is not adept enough.

Finally, unable to continue this nonsense any longer, I bide my time until she averts her eyes again, then stalk off through the main entry. With determination, and the added bonus of removing house-points from Potter and She-Weasley for their indiscretions behind a rusty suit of armour in the hallway, I make my way around, cringing in the bitter cold that I must endure outside in order to gain entry via the other door located on the transverse side of the Great Hall. Precisely to plan, I manage to slip around behind where she is seated and murmur with growl in her ear, "Something amiss, Miss Granger?"

Twat all but moans and practically leaps from her chair in surprise before quickly composing herself. Excellent, this is precisely what I was anticipating.

"Uh, no," she replies, daring to look me in the eye. The way she is eyeing me so hungrily is somewhat unnerving. Quickly, as I bestow her with a miniature scowl, she tacks on, albeit belatedly, "Sir."

"Are you certain? It would appear from your pout and your scowls at Mr Weasley that you are not being entirely truthful." The effort taken to control myself from calling him by any other name is draining, but worth it- one more point on Miss Granger's 'Snape is not a surly bastard' scoreboard.

"Yes, well," she mutters at her hands. She then seems to contrive some of that ghastly Gryffindor courage before adding, "I think I'm done with silly little boys."

Blimey, this is moving along as well as I could have presupposed and then some.

"It would appear that your education has not been an unmitigated loss then," I remark, but I manage a courteous smirk to diffuse the belittlement.

Miss Granger replies with a diminutive smile.

Up close, she is every bit as attractive as she was from across the Hall, her skin is silky smooth, her hair is soft and curly, framing her innocent face, and that dress reveals just enough to make one speculate as to what glorious pleasures lie beneath. Miss Granger smells divine, the unknown scent teasing my overly perceptive nasal senses and then diverting straight to my groin.

Enough small talk; it never was nor will it ever be one of my fortes. It is pointless, meaningless ego-stroking babble, especially when there, as always, are more important things to be had.

"Perhaps, Miss Granger, you would care to find out why boys are the lesser creatures of the male species."

She actually shudders at my words and a slight flush creeps over her face. Then, smart girl that she is, she embarrasses herself just a little in order to avert utter humiliation. "Sorry, Sir, but just to avoid confusion, what precisely do you mean?"

"I mean, Miss Granger," I reply, leaning down close to her ear so that I am certain she can feel my warm breath tickling her fragile skin, "that I would be greatly honoured if you would allow me to escort you to my chambers."

Her eyes slip closed for a moment before flickering across the dance floor to view her promiscuous date gyrating with that tramp.

"Yes," she whispers in reply, her accompanying smile is torn between embarrassment and desire - perfect, utterly perfect.

Thankfully, we manage to make our way to my dungeon chambers without coming across more than two students, the pair of which were so far ensconced as to be totally oblivious to their dreaded Potions master stalking passed them. The self-control necessary to stop myself from removing yet more precious house-points was ridiculous though obviously manageable. Keep your mind on the task at hand, Severus.

I remove the wards from my door in full earshot of Miss Granger. Granted, I changed them this evening and shall restore them to their original state once my task is complete, but this little show of trust certainly cannot go amiss. Being the gentleman that I am not, I hold the door open for her and allow her first entry. Miss Granger openly admires my rooms, her eyes flicking over all the books I have lining my living quarters walls and I can practically hear her considering how she could possibly persuade me to allow her to read these - not a chance in hell, Miss Granger.

"A drink, perhaps, Miss Granger?" I suggest, as I notice the novelty of my quarters waning and nervousness beginning to rear its ugly head.

She considers the offer for a moment before accepting. The silly twat is still contemplating school rules! It's a wonder how Weasley and Boy Wonder can enter into so many mishaps with Miss Straight-Laced hovering over them. Never mind; that is beside the point. The glass of red wine I conjure up and hand to Miss Granger should solve that conundrum somewhat. Granted, it will not make her drunk, nor do I intend for it to. Just as with the lust potion, it will not coerce into something she does not desire just perhaps give her a persuading kick up the proverbial behind. Besides, I cannot take her against her own free will. If that had been the case this would have been a far simpler, yet greatly less profitable evening and potentially detrimental to, well, breathing should Dumbledore have become aware of what had transpired.

Of course, it does strike me that Miss Granger must obviously find me at least somewhat attractive, even without the glamour, given that I have managed to coerce her this far. Then again, I am not unacquainted with silly schoolgirl crushes, all be them few and far between and generally lacerated with a sharp tongue. Ever so occasionally, though, they do emerge and perform in my favour. I would, however, have somewhat expected Miss Granger to realise her attraction to me was nothing more. If I go back to the first rule of teaching, assume all students are Dunderheads and proceed from there, I must realise that making assumptions on pubescent teenage girls' thoughts is indeed an infinitely idiotic thing to do.

I take the time whilst she is sipping at her glass to light several of the more extraneous candles in my living quarters and to extinguish those overhead. With the harshness of the light removed, I observe Miss Granger relaxing further. Granted, I could have taken the time to do this before I went down to the ball, but I did not want Miss Granger to perceive this as being premeditated. I proceed to my bedroom under the same pretence, instead taking a moment to calm myself. There is a pitiful piece of me that is panicking for one simple reason; this is all being executed too easily. I expected much more of a battle with Miss Granger, which was part of the reason I chose her - for the challenge. I begin to wonder if perhaps I have not been mistaken in my choice of subject.

Well then, time to hasten this along. I move back into my living quarters and advance straight to Miss Granger. I lift her chin with two of my fingers and give her a long, appraising look.

"Perfect," I growl, and she is; at least for my purposes.

I dip my head down to hers and tentatively press my lips to her own. Yes, this is quite satisfactory. Her lips are soft under mine and, more importantly, willing. Slowly I slide my tongue over her bottom lip and she returns the gesture by allowing me to explore the realms of her mouth. She is fevered and needy beneath my ministrations and I take this opportunity to remove the wineglass from her hands, proceeding with a clothed exploration of her body. My hands slide down her sides, around her spine to tease the tops of her thighs and reverse up to her lower back. There, I pull her towards me and crush her against my willing body (thank Merlin for that!) allowing her to ascertain precisely what she is doing to me. Miss Granger moans into my mouth and much restraint is necessary on my part to deter myself from taking her right then and there. I am elated by the thought that this arrangement is going to be perfectly agreeable.

With deft fingers, I begin the arduous task of unlacing the back of her dress, whilst Miss Granger appears to be finding her confidence once more, as she is now returning my kiss with abandon and digging her nails provocatively into my back. Dangerous game, Miss Granger, to taunt my tumultuous sexual desires, especially when I am exhibiting the utmost restraint. I slide my fingers under the loosened ribbon of her dress, stroking her back, pressing her tighter against me.

My lips depart hers and divert to her neck where I proceed to nip and soothe her innocent skin. She moans agreeably to this effort and her hands slide under the front of my robes and ungraciously push them from my shoulders, allowing them to fall to the floor. Humorously, she then attempts to unbutton that multitude of clasps up the front of my coat. I never have time for this, let alone now.

Scooping her from her feet, and inwardly cursing my resentful back, I relocate her to the comforts of my bedroom. She attempts to reinstate her undressing of me, but I shake my head slightly at her in amusement and retrieve my wand from my pocket in order to save her the irritation. Though she tries to hide it, I note Miss Granger's slight quiver at seeing me wielding my wand and pacify her by placing it on the table neighbouring my bed.

As I slide her dress from her shoulders, I admire the sweet, pure and oh so oblivious girl standing before me in nothing but her scant undergarments. She is the picture of innocence. It is a pity, in the consequential scheme of things, that she was silly enough to step into the serpent's lair, but of no concern to myself. She slips her hands under my coat and runs them tentatively over my chest, gasping at the feel of my coarse hair against her palms and the tight skin beneath her fingers. Indulgently, I unclasp her bra and stroke the soft contours of her breasts before capturing one tight nipple in each set of fingers and gently yet firmly tormenting them. Miss Granger moans as she involuntarily thrusts her chest towards me in a bid for more. I concede to her wants by inclining my head and capturing one taut bud with my lips, taking a cautious nip before soothing it with my tongue. Her hips grind forcibly into mine as she whimpers incessantly.

It is becoming grievously hot and restricting in this attire and long since time to remedy the situation. Given that my wand is across the room, I am going to have to resort to Muggle simplicity. Without out breaking my attention to her breasts, I kick my shoes off, slide my coat from my shoulders and manage to unfasten and slip from my pants while, I hope, not straying from my refined mannerisms. Hermione's hands press once more against the bare skin of my chest, but now that I can feel her emanating need, I am becoming submissive to my desire.

Returning to her lips, I once more pull her against me and delight at her gasp as she acknowledges my willingness pressed hard against her stomach. Sliding my hands beneath her rear, I sweep her up. Thankfully, she wraps her legs around my waist, somewhat relieving my back while teasing my desire with her heat. Gently I place her on my bed, cautiously placing one knee beside her milky thigh, holding my weight to one side of her body and, in the process, allowing me infinite access to that impeccable physique. I caress her breasts momentarily; then, concluding that I have spent enough time obsessed here already, I glide my hand down her taut belly, initiating a gasp of anticipation from Miss Granger.

"Please," she murmurs, her eyes falling shut. Her delicate hands are not quiescent, though. Her fingers are trailing down my stomach, sliding onto the silk of my shorts, creeping closer and closer to where my body defiantly wants her. Losing a little more control, I slide my fingers past the waistband of her panties, through that short crop of hair, and just before I reach my goal, Miss Granger attains her own. Her eyes flick open in surprise; the look on her face is almost identical to that which she bears when she actually learns something in class granted, this is an extremely rare occasion. Her fingers first stroke down either side of me, then return agonisingly slowly to the apex as she assimilates all she is discovering. It is all I can do to stop from moaning - bloody traitorous body! Finally, I re-establish why I am reclining here, with Gryffindor's Mudblood know-it-all nonetheless, and once more regain control over the status quo. I delve just a little further and am rewarded with a vindicating gasp as I graze over her sensitive crux. Appeased by the result, I continue to torment her as she writhes beside me, imploring for more.

"Please!" she echoes her prior appeal. I have no qualms about complying; after all, this is my objective. I slide her panties from her hips, down her almost elegant legs and discard them. Miss Granger now lies utterly naked before me and I must admit it is not an unpleasant sight: her, breathing heavily on my bed in complete gratuitous desire. Alas, I am expending extraneous time admiring her when I have more crucial matters to attend. I dispose of the last of my garments in the same manner, then proceed to position myself above her. So close now, Severus, so infinitely close. I peruse her face, completely expecting her to deter me, but she simply nods in return. This is all too painless in a disconcerting way. Now, though, is not the time to abort my plans; I have come so far that I may as well press ahead - the detrimental ramifications are going to be the same either way.

Reluctantly, I push forwards, sliding through those slick folds that are so heated I am literally quivering, endeavouring to retain charge. Just as I believe I have conquered my body, I begin to slide within her and the constraint is near unbearable. The only thing that keeps my body from betraying me is the confirmation that my efforts have not been wasted. Taking the consideration to stroke her breasts in a bereft attempt to distract her, I plunge forward. I break through the flimsy barrier with little protest from Miss Granger, thankfully. As I rehearsed, I slide from her, retrieve my wand and mutter the practised charm. Miss Granger gives me a perspicuous look, and I reply with my prepared defence, "I prefer not to have any regrettable, yet unavoidable distractions." She smiles again in reply. Merlin, I do not believe I have ever witnessed Miss Granger so quiet for so long; pity I can not make it permanent.

And from here, it is utterly superfluous, however as I stated earlier, I have every intention of satisfying myself. Abandoning all control, I slip back inside her tight confines, revelling in the sensations of having a willing woman beneath me once more. Her discomfort appears to have passed, for she sighs agreeably as I fill her. Having spent so long thinking about this night, planning it meticulously and dissecting every minute detail, I am now more than ready for my deliverance. I do, uncharacteristically, prefer to have a woman join me in ecstasy. Granted, it is under the selfish pretence that I delight in the luxurious feeling of them convulsing around me, but Miss Granger is not going to leave unsatisfied, so I perceive no injustice.

My lips impeach the sensitive spot on her neck that had her so needy earlier and I slip one hand down between our bodies to reclaim its prior position. With deft movements, it is not long before Miss Granger is writhing beneath me once more, whimpering and muttering obscenities that I must admit shock me, though only because they are departing Miss Goody-two-shoes' mouth. Her already tight hold on me becomes more so as she approaches the euphoric edge and I begin to feel the inevitable also closing in around me.

"Oh, wow..." Hermione sighs, her eyes suddenly flying open as the full force of her orgasm hits her. Her nails gouge into my upper arms hard enough to leave marks there tomorrow, her body convulses beneath me and I can delay no longer. With one violent thrust I spill myself within her and lose all sense of reality.

Some time later, after checking and double-checking that she had performed a contraceptive spell, suspicious when she refused to accept my potion, I dispatched Miss Granger back to her room with little protest from herself. Presently, I headed to my study to admire my gains. Ah, there it is, just as expected; the vial of blood resides preciously in its holder on my desk. There are some things Madam Pomfrey cannot alleviate and I prefer to trust my life only to my own hands.

Hermione Granger sidled back to her dormitory with a smug grin on her face. Not only had she just had what she presumed was some of the best sex available to wizardkind, she had executed her plan precisely. Granted, it had meant abandoning her virginity for the cause, but sure enough, there in her dresser drawer was the vial of his seed she required. Thank Merlin, she thought, that he was wearing that glamour!