

# In Need

*by LiteraryBeauty*

A supposedly chance meeting between Hermione Granger and Severus Snape brings mutual needs to the fore. But how much of it really was chance?

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A supposedly chance meeting between Hermione Granger and Severus Snape brings mutual needs to the fore. But how much of it really was chance?

**Title:** In Need

**By:** literaryspell

**Beta:** Rainien and Krystle Lynne

**Word count:** ~1500

**Rated:** NC-17

**Summary:** A supposedly chance meeting between Hermione Granger and Severus Snape brings mutual needs to the fore. But how much of it was chance?

"Ms. Granger," said Snape, pitching his voice so low he knew it was little more than a vibration, shivering along her body and settling in the pit of her stomach.

Yes, he knew very well the effect of his voice. It was inextricably linked to punishment and derision, and she responded as predictably as Pavlov's favourite pet.

"Pr-Professor Snape?" The young woman cleared her throat, perhaps remembering he was no longer a professor, and she, no longer a student. "Mr. Snape. How are you?" Now, her voice was full of almost haughty certainty, but the shiver with which his voice had caressed her now made itself known in her eyes.

"As well as can be expected, given the state of things. He slowed to let her fall into step beside him, frowning at the eager willingness she portrayed in following him without even minute hesitation.

Truthfully, though, Hermione's trust was well placed. His had no devious intentions today.

Salacious ones, maybe. Lascivious, to be sure. But not acrimonious.

She tried to make small talk as they walked, insisting on waiting for him as he placed an order for a number of questionable ingredients at the apothecary. She seemed nervous, though why, he couldn't discern. She couldn't have guessed that he had been marking her routine, quite cleverly plotting this little run-in.

"Tell me, Hermione," he said lowly as he gestured for her to precede him through the shop's door. "What really caused the parting of you and Mr. Weasley? Was it as the *Prophet* said... you were unable to satisfy? Somehow, I doubt the claim, even though Weasley has done nothing to dispute it."

Hermione sighed, a sound too defeated for someone so resilient. He decided he didn't like that tone on her lips. Not in this context, anyway.

"We're still friends," she said quietly, gamely meeting his gaze.

She followed him, all too obediently, into a narrow alley. He surreptitiously cast concealment charms, but she didn't seem to notice that their location was anything but innocuous. Snape remained silent, hoping she would continue. And she did. He couldn't really understand why she thought him the ideal confidant, but he wasn't questioning it now. What he wanted, what he'd wanted for too long to admit, was right here, voice plain and strong, with eyes only betraying any sadness she felt.

"...And I told him that passion could only exist where love was the first foundation and friendship, the second. I loved him as a friend, but saw him as a family member. He didn't understand." She shrugged in a way that was supposed to say, 'Not that I care,' but really said, 'And it still hurts.'

"And what of your passion?" he asked, stepping closer. She wasn't damaged, far from it; he wasn't taking advantage of her.

She laughed; again, too bitterly for someone as lovely as she. "Wasted. Not wanted."

"I disagree," he murmured, finally (though it must have seemed sudden to her) leaning in to press a kiss against her lips.

Her gasp stole the breath from his very lungs, but he didn't begrudge her the theft.

"Pro... Mr. Snape... what are you...?"

Her denials were so sweet that he easily swallowed them, pressing her against the ancient wall behind her, her Muggle sweater catching on the snagging stone.

"Severus," he whispered against her lips, the word a kiss, a promise, an insistence. When she repeated it back to him, half uncertain, half... something promising... Snape was certain the word had never sounded as far from a curse as it did when it passed through her lips.

Snape's desperate need fuelled the fire raging between them, hot and bright, but for him, also deep, red embers. Her skirt was easily hiked up, her panties quickly yanked to one side. Snape hesitated only a moment, berating himself for the sentimental regret that the first time experiencing her would be in a deserted lane in Knockturn Alley. For all his best-laid plans, he had not expected to find himself so far gone as to not be able to bring her home with him.

"You...you planned this!" Hermione suddenly accused, though her hands didn't stop unbuttoning his frockcoat with determined precision.

"For months," he easily confessed. There was no need for stealth and cunning, now that she was in his arms.

"Me, too," she whispered, so quiet it was but an expulsion of breath with nuance enough to make his hands pause.

He looked at her blankly, too stunned to even articulate via eyebrow.

She smiled softly. It was easy and free and all too knowing. "After Ron, I just... I wanted something different. *Someone* different. You were always around, so chivalrous, so attentive. Different than how I knew you before, but still the same. And lonely. Aren't you?" she finished, looking suddenly uncertain.

Another time would have had him scoffing, not answering, and continuing in his seduction. He had what he wanted; he needn't explain or justify.

"Just so," he quietly admitted. "Lonely."

It seemed enough for her.

"Me, too," she said again. Her hand parted from his multitudes of buttons to press his hand, still between her thighs, more firmly against her centre. The resultant caress made her moan and twitch her hips against his hand. He watched, fascinated, as she ground into him, going so far as to guide his fingers inside her.

She shuddered and gasped, and his cock surged. She was wet and clenching, impossibly hot and everything he'd ever imagined, yet somehow, even better.

"Severus, I want you," she said, hands scrambling at his trouser placket. He watched, almost detached, as she drew him out of his confines. Her small hand on his throbbing prick made him thrust into her hand as though he could fuck it the way he wanted to fuck her.

"Want you inside me," she whispered, rucking up her own skirt, pulling her against him and wrapping her lithe thigh over his hip. He was too tall for the position to be comfortable, so he easily lifted her up, bracing her against the wall. His cock pressed against her, straining to be encompassed within. Her arms encircled his neck, her grip tight but not overwhelming.

"I need to..." he began, but abandoned that train of thought for honesty. "I need you."

"Yes," she hissed, bringing his head down for another kiss. Her lips were soft and full, moving almost expertly, but Snape was glad there were things she could still be taught. To showcase that, he lightly nipped her lower lip before laving it softly and drawing it into his own mouth.

In answer, she whimpered into his mouth, another noise he greedily consumed. Holding her slightly aloft, Snape placed his cock at her entrance. Heat immediately assailed him, and he hoped he could last long enough to deserve another chance.

As he sank into her, he watched her face. Her cheeks held high points of colour, her eyes were darker than he'd ever seen, almost rivalling his own. Her lips were swollen and nearly bruised. Her body bore his marks and it made him wild.

Once seated, he immediately withdrew, half thrusting, half pulling her body onto his. The position was almost as agonising as it was perfect, his back aching, his thighs straining. But none of that mattered as she drew her nails under his shirt and left her own marks, her mouth parting under his, her body quivering at his rough touch.

"Gods, Snape, so good, so perfect, so close..." Her litany was almost as surprising as her use of his surname, not that he wasn't thrilled to discover she enjoyed verbal effusion.

Her sounds extended into her climax; she screamed and trembled, her hands gripping painfully, welcomingly.

A mere moment later, he followed, coming like it was the last time he'd ever be able to; and nothing was certain...maybe it was. But he ~~he~~ally hoped not, not if it was always like this.

With her.

After, he lowered her. She made no attempt to straighten herself, allowing her skirt to fall back down naturally. She looked rumpled and well-fucked. He hoped she had been. He certainly thought so.

He hoped she wasn't the type to be immediately remorseful or suddenly shy. He wanted her again, already...not in the same way, but in every way.

"I'm having a potions lab installed in my flat," she said casually, looking at him from the side of her eye.

"Oh?" he said politely, watching her as she did, him. Only subtler.

"I could use some help, you know, if you're willing. There's lots to consider, things you would know. Protections, temperatures, safeguards..."

Snape barked a laugh. "You needn't play helpless for my attentions," he informed her softly. "I'd be happy for a chance to..." See you again. Court you. Fuck you. Be useful to you. "...Help you."

Hermione laughed and stood on her tiptoes before him, obviously angling for a kiss, which he graciously imparted.

"Me, too."

*Fin.*