

# Destination

*by pyjamapants*

Hermione encounters some trouble with Apparition.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: J.K.R. owns the characters. With the exception of giggles, I received no payment.

A/N: A very late entry to the No Commas challenge. Thanks to Annie Talbot for a quick beta. No commas were harmed in the making of this fic.

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Hermione clenched around his cock like the crushing sensation of Apparition. He glanced around the bedroom of her dingy flat to verify that she'd not actually transported them. She'd only Side-Along Apparated them by accident a handful of times during the few months they'd been together. The gnawing paranoia that plagued Severus each time she orgasmed had grown tiresome quickly.

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The first time had been pleasant enough. He'd closed his eyes mid-thrust and was drenched by a waterfall in the middle of Costa Rica. Coitus had been interrupted for several minutes as he coughed and spluttered. He had eventually looked up to glare at his partner.

'Care to explain what's going on?' he had asked.

Hermione's embarrassment glowed like the fiery inferno of a Longbottom cauldron accident. 'Um. I was fantasising about having sex under a waterfall and then I sort of Apparated us here when I came.'

'You have fantasies about waterfall sex?' he had asked incredulously before he started to laugh. 'Have you been reading romance novels again?'

Severus had been rewarded for his cheek with a wave of water up his beleaguered nose.

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The fourth time had been even more ridiculous and far more disturbing. He'd just been on the edge of orgasm himself and had opened his eyes to find himself suddenly face-to-face with a centaur while Hermione moaned her release and begged him to continue thrusting. His hips had refused to budge.

'Headmaster Snape.' The centaur had nodded as his eyes flickered across the lovers' entwined forms.

'Firenze.' His curt response was met neither with censure nor conversation. It had been a conscious effort to keep his eyes trained on the centaur's face and not parts closer to eye level.

Severus had summoned as much dignity as possible – the centaur would *not* stop staring at them – and helped a horrified Hermione to her feet. It had been impossible not to laugh as they had walked bare-arsed out of the Forbidden Forest to the Apparition point. It was either laugh or bellow in rage; the Apparition-less sex was too good to

risk with a temper tantrum.

'I can think of any number of more appropriate places you might have Apparated us.' His laughter had choked out half his words. 'Please tell me you don't have a kink for inter-species voyeurism.'

'Just a penchant for sex out of doors.' She had paused in a gale of muffled laughter. 'I think.'

Severus had ardently hoped that her boundless imagination would return to more academic subjects.

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Severus's thoughts returned to his present occupation. His hips had continued moving of their own volition during his mental wanderings. He willed them to continue as a series of horrified thoughts occurred to him. *What if I accidentally fantasised about something? What if I accidentally Apparated us?* He choked back nausea. *What if we came at the same time? The splinching involved would be horrendous.*

Severus calmed himself. He had never accidentally Apparated before and was unlikely to begin doing so simply because Hermione did. His Doomsday scenarios were highly unlikely to transpire. He took several deep breaths.

He forced himself to concentrate and focus on the sensations his generous lover caused. He moved with deliberation. He moved with determination. He willed himself to be content no matter what the destination.

Severus's mental forbearance reaped its rewards. He panted as he recovered from the high of his orgasm. His eyes were shut. His head was burrowed in Hermione's neck. His hands clawed at the comforter. A comforter which had not been underneath them earlier. *Shit. Not Malfoy Manor. Please. Anything but Malfoy Manor.*

Severus opened his eyes with not a small amount of reluctance. 'My bed?' His astonishment echoed through the room. 'You Apparated us to my bed.'

Hermione nodded underneath him.

He propped himself on his arms and looked at her. 'You Apparated us through the castle wards to my room.'

'I did.'

'This is not out of doors.'

Hermione shimmied underneath the covers. 'It's decidedly not out of doors. I've been mentally conditioning myself for Apparition-friendly fantasies.'

'And what prompted this endeavor?' He rolled onto his back and wondered why the universe couldn't have gifted him with a normal sex life.

Hermione rolled over and shoved her head into the pillow. 'I had a highly inappropriate fantasy last Tuesday.'

Severus snorted into the duvet. 'Do tell.'

His eyes widened as he heard the muffled words "detention" and "Head Girl's uniform". 'I suppose that particular fantasy wouldn't be entirely remiss.' Interested portions of his body twitched in silent agreement. 'I'm not so sure I'm convinced it's inappropriate.'

'It was rather the timing more than anything else.' She groaned into the pillow. 'I had it at about two in the afternoon on Tuesday.'

'And?' Severus prompted as he wondered if the orgasm had addled Hermione's brain. He still didn't see the issue with that most intriguing vision.

'I was alone at two in the afternoon on Tuesday; you were teaching sixth-years.'

'Okay.' He was going to lose his patience if she didn't get to the point sooner rather than later.

Hermione huffed in frustration and flipped over. 'I was about to orgasm when I had the idea.'

Comprehension dawned and Severus's jaw dropped. 'I would have had to Obliviate my entire class!' Severus yelled as he bolted upright.

'Thus my fantasy replanning sessions!' Hermione retorted with a growl.

'I suppose that's an adequate reason.' Severus reclined on the bed as his heart rate returned to normal. 'Sessions?' he inquired.

'Sessions.' She yawned. 'Hours of vigorous mental retraining.'

'I'd have been quite happy to assist with that.'

'I'm sure you would have.' Hermione smiled and pulled back the sheet to welcome him.

He nestled against the curve of her hip. 'I might suggest an alternate means of coping with this bizarre habit you've developed.'

'How is that?' she asked as her voice trailed off sleepily.

His hand danced across her breasts before resting on her stomach. 'I think we should make an exhaustive effort to indulge all of your fantasies.'

Hermione's laughter tickled the strands of hair that draped over his neck. 'Exhausted is certainly what you'll be afterwards.'