

# Vivid Imagination

*by wingless*

Severus gets an insight into Hermione's vivid imagination, and he's far from appalled.

## Chapter One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Severus gets an insight into Hermione's vivid imagination, and he's far from appalled.

Many thanks to my beta, moonrevel.

---

Oh, how lovely: another little Weasley. Bill and Fleur seemed to follow family traditions and steadily produced red-headed offspring.

Hermione found the newest addition quite cute, and she even agreed to baby-sit for an hour, when the couple wanted to have a nice time with the rest of the family and their older child.

She walked up the stairs to Ron's old bedroom, which hadn't changed at all since he had moved out of his parents' house.

She put her charge into a transfigured bassinet and stared down at the baby with the red fuzz on his head.

How could anyone forget how this little human came to be? She didn't know how anyone could not fantasize constantly about the act that had created it.

Visions of Bill and Fleur during carnal acts filled her mind. She could picture the muscled back of the Weasley man bobbing up and down over his wife's supine form.

Or maybe it had been something more exciting than the missionary position in which little Oliver had been conceived.

Immediately a picture of the beautiful Fleur riding her husband was in her head. She could imagine the moans that went with such an activity.

She could picture Bill's reddened face as he laboured behind her, and Fleur would be mewling into the pillows...

Gods, so many possibilities.

Hermione shook her head. Sometimes she cursed her vivid imagination.

She cooed at the little boy, trying hard not to think about his parents doing the deed to produce their offspring.

Later, when she handed the child back to his mother, Hermione looked at the other woman's perfect body.

She had got back in shape after giving birth to two kids. She remembered Fleur's huge belly and enlarged breasts during the pregnancy.

The birth process wanted to make an appearance in Hermione's mind, and she couldn't stop the pictures of a wailing woman with sweaty hair as she pushed her child from her body.

She had witnessed the birth of the couple's first child. It had been born at the Burrow, arriving two weeks early and scaring the entire Weasley clan with its premature arrival.

Hermione had been asked to help Molly, and she had to suffer through a total of seven hours of screaming, wailing and cursing, culminating in the messy delivery of William Junior. Oh, joy. It had pushed Hermione's own wish for children into the far future.

She watched Fleur cradling her newborn and saw Bill's hand on her thigh...

Hermione left the room before her imagination could come up with more sexual exploits of the gorgeous couple.

She went into the kitchen and found more members of the Weasley clan and other Order members: Arthur and Molly, Ron and Lavender, Ginny and Harry, as well as Remus, who was chatting with Sirius.

Hermione's imagination ran wild with possible scenarios between the many couples in the room. She didn't do it on purpose, but for some reason she could not stop doing it.

Ginny and Lavender were both pregnant and due in a few weeks. With a grimace, Hermione tried to stop the pictures from forming in her mind, but it did no good.

She had a mental image of Ron's freckled hide as he thrust into his witch. She knew the sounds he made during the act from the two nightmarish times she herself had slept with him during their seventh year, and it made her imaginations even more real.

She tried hard to chase those pictures away and concentrate on Ginny and Harry, who still smiled sweetly at each other at random moments. They were so cute together, but even they must have had sex.

No, no, no. She really didn't want to imagine Harry's nude... anything. He was like a brother to her, and just thinking about him in a sexual light felt like incest.

With a piteous whine, she rubbed her eyes in a futile attempt to rid herself of those pictures.

"Everything okay, 'Mione?" Harry asked.

"Yes," she answered and smiled at him, only managing to sound and look rather strained.

Harry gave her a pointed stare but refrained from further inquiry.

She had to get out of there; maybe watching the gnomes would bring her some relief. With a snarl, she noticed her atrocious phrasing but still went outside.

The gnomes were running away as soon as they saw her. With a smile, she sat down on the bench in the small front garden and waited for a few brave gnomes to poke their heads out to scurry through the garden.

Being away from other humans proved to be just what she needed. It made it easier not to visualise anyone during their sexual exploits. When a rather rotund little gnome grasped what could have been a female to sniff heartily between its legs, Hermione's face was a picture of misery and slight disgust. She really had no wish to learn more about the mating habits of gnomes.

She had almost forgotten about the dinner party Molly had arranged for the Order and was startled immensely when two pops signalled the arrival of new visitors.

It was Kingsley Shacklebolt and Nymphadora Tonks; the latter managed to fall on her arse as she landed.

Kingsley helped her up with one efficient tug that looked like he had to use it many times during the years, which was probably true, seeing how clumsy the female Auror was.

They greeted her warmly and proceeded into the house. Hermione wanted to follow them, only to remember that Remus and Tonks were a couple, and would perform a, no doubt, heady show of their reunion, despite the fact that they seen each other only the day before.

Before she could stop it, she unwillingly fabricated a rather frenzied coupling between the werewolf and his lover.

Hermione had seen his physique after surprising him accidentally in the bathroom, and the image brought forth a vision of a snarling, half-feral man that drove mercilessly into the Metamorphmagus with his animalistic stamina and strength.

'Calm down, girl,' she scolded herself and wondered if she was going crazy, or if it was only the current lack of sex that was getting to her.

Her imagination had been driving her mad since her own introduction to carnal delights. Well, Ron hadn't been much of a revelation, but the men that followed had awakened a sexual awareness she couldn't suppress.

After learning the incomparable feelings sex could evoke and knowing the sounds and sights the act had taught her, her imagination had been fuelled with what she remembered and with what she wanted.

Another two pops brought her out of her reverie. She immediately made out the voluminous beard of Albus Dumbledore and recognised Minerva McGonagall on his arm. Next to them stood the owner of the greasiest hair she had ever seen: Severus Snape.

The older wizard greeted her just as warmly and sincerely as the previous arrivals, while his companion merely deigned to nod at her, the black eyes resting on her for less than a second.

These three were the last people to arrive, and Hermione walked with them back into the house.

She couldn't help but notice how her old Transfiguration professor had an arm slung around the Headmaster's waist. The appendage hung dangerously low; McGonagall's fingers were caressing Dumbledore's... lower back.

Yes, just his lower back, she tried to convince herself. Hermione squeezed her eyes shut again, to let the stars that exploded behind her closed lids override any visuals about sex between those two wrinkly and surely saggy people.

That didn't mean that she wished that others had no sex life; she only wished she could pretend they didn't.

With her eyes closed, she drifted to the side, and after a few steps she rammed into her former Potions master.

"Sorry," she said automatically, feeling his hand on her upper arm to steady her. Or to keep her away from him was a more likely reason.

"Too much for your sensibilities?" he asked sardonically, having noticed where her eyes had strayed.

"No," she began indignantly, "but there are more arousing scenarios I could imagine," she told him bluntly.

"Is that so?" His voice was a shockingly sensual drawl, his eyes boring into her.

"Absolutely," she replied in her most sultry voice. She hoped it sounded sultry and not as if she were coming down with something.

He smirked at her with speculative eyes and motioned her to precede him into the house.

Under normal circumstances, he would have rudely pushed her out of the way, but she hadn't been his student for a good four years now, and he hadn't been overly hateful to her since her graduation.

He had mellowed after the end of Voldemort's reign, which in his case meant a reduction in degrading comments and stinging insults to a mere thirty times a week and he only had one or two fits of apoplectic rage in a month. He was rather tame now.

Tame, tame... oh, dear. That word alone created very interesting pictures in her mind. The taming of Severus Snape.... It would include some interesting instruments to be used on his naked, prone form bound to the bed, and...

Oh, good gods. She was getting rather moist between her thighs, and she feared that Remus could smell her with that ridiculously sensitive nose of his.

But then, they were in a house full of couples and raging pheromones; one more scent shouldn't be too easy to pick out.

She sashayed through the front door, hoping for Snape's eyes on her butt. She looked over her shoulder and saw his eyes slowly dart up to meet her gaze. He had a mild leer on his face, as he didn't even pretend not to have looked at her arse.

She stopped in the kitchen, which was rather packed by now, and crossed her arms; her eyes were now on Snape's backside as he greeted a select few with a short nod and finally took a seat at the far corner of the table.

He looked at her from across the room, raising an eyebrow at her intrigued expression. She cocked her head innocently with an, 'Anything wrong?' expression.

He snorted, drawing the others' attention. He broke eye contact and concentrated on the cup of tea Molly handed him.

The noise was almost deafening as the reunited Order members reminisced over old times, while the Weasley twins showed off some of their newest inventions.

Hermione walked over to Snape, who was sitting by himself, talking to no one and being ignored in turn. It rankled her.

"Why do you even come here?" she asked as she sat down next to him.

He looked at her balefully, obviously insulted.

"I didn't mean it like that. I'm just surprised you put yourself through this every time, knowing you won't enjoy it," she explained.

"Albus drags me along every year and threatens me with something or other to ensure my..."

"Obedience?" she offered without malice. He only harrumphed in answer, well aware of the Headmaster's continued manipulations.

"How despicable of him," she said, not knowing whether to be amused by the absurdity or annoyed on his behalf.

He looked at her from the corner of his eye, while she looked at him full-face.

"Does he also tell you when it's time to leave?"

His annoyed grimace was answer enough.

"Well, do you want to take matters in your own hands and escape with me, or will that have severe consequences?" she asked him.

Now he looked fully at her, his eyes wide and speculative.

"We'd better stay for another half-an-hour before we stage our escape," he mumbled.

Hermione grinned mischievously.

It was soon time for food, and both ate slowly, talking little. Hermione used the time to study the other people in the room.

The noise had dimmed somewhat, but people kept talking, despite their full mouths. To her surprise, she didn't have that mad urge to picture everyone in frantic sex scenes.

It was due to the man next to her. She let her eyes stray to him every so often. She found herself imagining how it felt for him to chew the tender Beef Wellington and asked herself if the mash tasted the same to him as it did to her.

She imagined his molars crushing his food and watched, fascinated, as his tongue darted out to lick some gravy off his upper lip.

Oh, Merlin. There we go again.

Visions of what else this tongue might be able to do filled her head. She thought about his head hovering above a non-descript partner as he licked and suckled various body parts.

She imagined his nude form and smacked her lips loudly and blushed slightly as he turned to look at her.

She wasn't embarrassed by her fantasies, but she was turned on. It probably showed in her face, but she didn't care. She had encounters and fantasies about many men, but she had trouble coming up with a version of his lovemaking that seemed plausible.

What would he be like? Frantic, relaxed, dominant, eager to please or intent on his own pleasure? She didn't know, and every scenario seemed as unlikely as the last.

Did he like it tame, or was he adventurous? Did he like toys? No, that was taking things too far.

She desperately wanted to find out, wanted to discover this man by touch, sound, feel and smell.

She wondered about his own personal fragrance, and she didn't mean the one of his neck or his armpit. She thought about herself kneeling in front of him, his thick cock resting on her head as she buried her nose in his sac, before tilting her face up to lick the underside of his prick...

The man next to her choked heavily and managed to scowl at her even while he fought for breath. Hardly anyone watched his struggle for long.

"It wasn't my fault you choked," she scolded softly as she patted his back, finding his baleful glare on her.

"It bloody well was. Could you tone down your... fantasies?" he croaked quietly as soon as he had oxygen in his lungs again.

"Were you using Legilimency?" she hissed, her anger only faked as she felt her underwear get soggy by the second.

"You were practically advertising them with great big flashing signs and a Sonorus charm," he defended himself, shifting in his chair.

She noticed the subtle movement, as well as the obvious bulge in his trousers.

Brazenly she patted his leg consolingly, her fingertips grazing the beautiful tent in his groin. "Are you sure you want me to tone them down?"

"While we're still here? Certainly. And definitely while I'm eating!" Despite his words, Hermione could feel him shift in his seat, effectively grinding himself against her hand.

With a smile she went back to her meal, trying hard not to stare into his eyes again.

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence, both acutely aware of each other.

Albus and Minerva were the first to finish.

"If you will excuse us, we will be in the sitting room," the old wizard exclaimed. "Severus, are you coming?" he added pointedly, as if he were speaking to an errant child that didn't want to adhere to the time-table.

"Not yet, Albus," the black-haired man said, holding up his half-full wineglass in explanation.

Hermione harrumphed at the Headmaster's behaviour, but held her tongue. She looked at the couple: Dumbledore, the most powerful wizard alive, and his partner, Minerva, a very formidable and usually stern-looking witch.

They exuded power and a regal aura without even trying. But all Hermione could picture was an old, gnarled man with a withered cock as he tried to lay wand to his prune partner. Age spots, wrinkles in unmentionable places, breasts that looked wrung out and saggy, and dried-up testicles...

Hermione shuddered at that mental image and turned to Severus to give her eyes something else to concentrate on.

He suddenly grimaced and made a sound close to gagging.

"What did I tell you about toning it down?" he said pleadingly and squeezed his eyes shut.

"Sorry," she said contritely. She really didn't wish to torture anyone with those images.

He sipped his wine, and Hermione noticed with fascination how his cheeks turned a soft red the more he drank. Was it the alcohol, the high temperature in the room or excitement that brought such a colour to his normally sallow face?

The man looked graceful in whatever he did. Not only drinking his beverage, but everything, and she almost drooled at the sensual way his fingers cradled the fine wine glass.

He would undoubtedly still look regal while drinking straight from a beer bottle, as Hermione was doing right now. She knew that her own way of drinking left much to be desired.

Her cheeks ballooned with each huge swig she took, and she gulped noisily every time she swallowed. She did not even want to think about the number of barely smothered burps her Muggle drink elicited. She must truly be a picture...

She mentally shrugged and emptied her bottle with a few deep swigs and burped with closed lips as she put the bottle down. She heard his soft snort.

"What?" she asked. "Not erotic enough?" My, she was being brazen tonight.

"Quite the opposite. Seeing you... swallow, is rather enticing," he murmured back. Then he frowned and sniffed his wine before putting it down and striding from the room without a look back.

He seemed as puzzled by his own forward behaviour as Hermione. She grinned and made to follow. After only a few steps, her bladder made itself known. Beer always had that effect.

She walked toward the stairs only to spot long, lean legs at the top of them, striding around a corner. Hastily, with slightly uncooperative legs, she sprinted after the black-clad legs, knowing whom they belonged to.

She made it just in time to see Snape push open the door to the loo. He paused and looked at her.

"Are you in need of...?" he asked and gestured towards the bathroom, too embarrassed to end his sentence.

"No, no, you go ahead. Unless you need to do more than take a leak?" she asked.

He blinked and cleared his throat, obviously uncomfortable with the topic of full bladders and bowel movements. He strode in and shut the door without answering.

Hermione tip-toed after him, trying to keep silent even though he knew she was there. She leaned against the doorframe, hoping to hear what was going on inside. It was silent, and she knew that he had most likely cast a Silencing Charm. That did not stop her vivid imagination from making another appearance.

Would he stand when he relieved himself or pull down his trousers to reveal his dangling bits and creamy white butt cheeks? She opted for the first and imagined his long fingers fishing out his cock to hold it over the porcelain bowl, letting a strong stream of warm liquid splatter into it noisily.

Or was he actually having a poo? She knew even that man would need to let out a stinky every now and then, but her mind almost balked at the thought alone. Would he still look regal with his arse over the toilet rim? Would he get all huffy and red in the face as he squeezed out his... waste matter?

She could not imagine Snape using the word poo under any circumstances. Stool, perhaps. Or he would never deign to name it in the first place.

Would he grimace in annoyance and disgust when a fart escaped? Hermione snorted loudly at that thought and suddenly stumbled backwards when the door opened.

Well, that had been short. "Only a wee, then," she summarised her thoughts, more for her own benefit than his.

His eyes goggled and he pushed past her. She had no time to watch his retreat as her bladder propelled her into the bathroom. With hasty moves, she pushed her jeans down and flopped onto the toilet seat with a sigh.

Afterwards she wiped, flushed and washed her hands before leaving the room. She stopped when she saw Snape standing only a few feet away from her, casually leaning against the wall.

Instead of talking, they studied each other with hungry eyes. Hermione's brain provided her with plenty of scenarios that came to mind involving her black-haired ex-professor in possible sexual encounters.

He delved into her mind without even needing to say or think the spell. She was practically inviting him to see, and he obliged willingly.

It wasn't one concrete fantasy he was met with, but many snippets that flashed through their connected minds in rapid succession. A questing tongue; an invading finger;

nipping teeth; course pubic hair; a handprint on a round arse cheek; a licked toe...

He groaned haggardly and fought to break the connection as he felt himself thrust into thin air.

"I think it is time for that escape we spoke of earlier," Hermione said, feeling him slip from her mind. She had sensed his own excitement, and then it was gone as he withdrew from her mind.

He nodded once and turned on his heels, fairly flying down the stairs. There, he grabbed his cloak and hastily slipped it on.

"Which is yours?" he asked with an urgent whisper, hearing her audible breaths behind him.

She pointed at hers and he yanked it down, throwing it haphazardly over her shoulders.

"Shouldn't you say something to your employer?" she suggested, not wanting to get him into trouble.

He grimaced in annoyance but went to the sitting room, stopping in the doorway.

"Where do you think you are going?" Albus asked in an authoritative voice, having spotted the younger wizard before the others did.

Severus felt distinctly uncomfortable under the combined scrutiny of everyone in the room. He felt like a wayward child, and he was sick of it.

"As far as I know, I am neither your enslaved son nor your untrained pet, and as such do not require constant supervision, Albus. I also have no need to declare my whereabouts to you."

Albus looked taken aback, as did Minerva, but Severus didn't care.

"Thank you for the invitation, Molly," he added, too angry with Dumbledore to make the statement sound sincere. "I will be leaving now. Miss Granger is accompanying me," he added and fled the sudden uproar with a smirk.

He dashed through the corridor and pulled a grinning Hermione with him. Together, they left the Burrow and sprinted through the front garden, behind which the Apparition border lay.

They heard the door open behind them, followed by some undistinguishable shouts.

Hermione turned with a huge grin on her face and waved towards the men and women who were clearly out to rescue her.

"It was a lovely evening, but it's about to get better," she called loudly and laughed delightedly. Only the pop of Apparition cut off the tinkling sound.

Molly was the first to find her voice. "Fred, George, did you put anything in their drinks?" she thundered.

The twins declared their denial quite loudly and with, for once, missing grins, which was reason enough to convince the others of their innocence. Those two would have proudly declared the success of a new product if they had anything to do with it.

"Well, aren't we going after them?" Ron asked heatedly.

Remus was the only one to grin. "Why should we? She's not in any danger," he said and was met with incredulous stares. "Didn't you hear what she said?"

Apparently, no one had, so he relayed her words.

"What did she mean with that?" Ron squeaked, not wanting to believe what he had already deduced from Remus' words.

Remus shook his head, quite annoyed with the uproar everyone was making.

"Sexual pleasures await," he said in a slightly leering voice before striding back into the house with a laugh. He heard several groans of disgust, which only made him laugh harder.

XXXXX

They landed on a cobbled road which Hermione didn't recognise.

"My home," Severus explained upon seeing her questioning expression.

"Spinner's End?" she asked, quite sure that this was the only house he owned.

"Yes, nothing grand," he admitted. "But I don't fancy going to Hogwarts, which is clearly Albus' turf."

Hermione chortled. "I sense a detention coming on, or a caning if Dumbledore leaves you in Filch's capable hands."

He smirked and led her to his house, her wrist still in his hand. After opening the door, he pushed her inside, only to have his earlier excitement replaced by nervousness and dread.

What the hell was he doing, going round kidnapping former students with the intent of carnal pursuits?

"Second thoughts?" Hermione enquired as she noticed his frown and stand-offish stance.

He looked at her, watching her take off her travelling cloak. He said nothing, not quite willing to throw away the first chance of sex he had in a long while just yet.

"That would be a shame," she continued and pulled her jumper over her bushy head.

Severus shifted on his feet. "You were my student," he said, not even sure if that was what was holding him back.

"As a Hogwarts teacher, you will have problems finding a woman in the magical society who hasn't been taught by you, unless you fancy older women," she reasoned while unbuttoning her blouse.

"I am quite aware," he rumbled, finding himself walking towards her. Both knew he was speaking from experience.

She walked faster and fisted the heavy material of his cloak between her fingers. She pulled him down and stood on her toes as she offered her mouth to him.

Severus inhaled shakily before he gave into temptation and descended on her with a deep moan.

He hadn't kissed often in his life, mostly wives of his former Death Eater brothers during drunken revels. Those had been brief, harsh and unromantic.

He tried to find a different style with Hermione, but she didn't let him. He was surprised, nay shocked, to find her kissing him with a force he never would have expected

from her. Yet, it was not comparable with the almost brutal biting and gnashing he had experienced before her.

She was so small and dainty, and Severus had always assumed she would be a careful and tender sexual being. Not that he had often speculated on that in any form...

No.

Hardly ever.

Maybe once or twice...

Stop deluding yourself, he thought and pushed her away for a second to look at her, reassuring himself that it was indeed Miss Goody-Two-Shoes he was currently kissing.

She looked at him, dazed, before her expression cleared, and she grinned mischievously. Severus cocked his head in confusion, not quite able to combine his fantasies about her with the reality.

"Can you light a fire? I just need to freshen up," she said and dashed up the stairs after hearing his directions.

He lit the fire, trying not to think what exactly she was freshening up in his bathroom.

Hermione didn't take a shower, but performed some internal and external cleaning charms, giddy to return to her companion.

She walked back downstairs and saw him standing by the fire. He turned when he heard her land on a creaking step.

He looked uncharacteristically hesitant, and she felt her desire to get to know this man intimately soar. With deft hands, she had opened his cloak clasp and motioned him to take it off. He did so, feeling slightly vulnerable under her intense gaze.

His frock coat went next, and he had the urge to cover himself. Gods, he had slept with sadistic Death Eater women, and he was floored by this short woman he had taught for years and witnessed in the unflattering stages of puberty.

She kissed him again, nipping his lower lip forcefully and sending a shiver down his spine with the growl she issued.

"Sit on the..." She stopped to look at her surroundings. "The sofa, sit on the sofa," she ordered, and Severus scampered over to his tatty couch, bewildered but also intrigued by her behaviour. A cloud of dust surrounded the wizard as his weight descended onto the old piece of furniture.

"Missed a spring cleaning?" Hermione asked cheekily, quite amused by the state of things in this bachelor pad.

His lips thinned, and his eyes narrowed in displeasure. "Have you come here to clean, or did you have something else in mind?" he hissed.

"Why not combine both?" she countered, not scared off by his behaviour. "Do you like to play?" she asked, feeling a little hesitant herself now.

He looked bewildered, and Hermione swallowed nervously.

"Do you like woman in uniform?" she tried again. At his questioning face, she elaborated. "Nurses, police officers... maids?"

His mouth opened, but the sudden dryness forced him to close it again. He swallowed but didn't trust his voice not to come out in a haggard groan, so he simply nodded. Playing out fantasies on their first... whatever it was certainly made his cock swell rapidly.

Hermione smiled sweetly before tapping herself with her wand.

This time, Severus couldn't hold back a noise of arousal. He shifted in his seat as he took in her 'uniform.'

She was undoubtedly a maid, but a very modern one. She wore a frilly little blouse that barely covered her shoulders and breasts, and a short, black skirt that hardly reached over her buttocks. The outfit was completed by a tiny apron and a duster she held in her hand.

"Are you certain you have to wear this... ensemble?" He hadn't meant to speak, but her choice of clothing was just too intriguing to ignore.

She looked at him with the most serious and courteous face she could manage.

"I know that you are a man that values everything... proper. I believe this uniform is the proper outfit for cleaning purposes," she said primly, but her eyes were alight with humour. Then she turned serious.

"When was the last time you cleaned in here, sir?" she asked, suddenly in her role.

Her ex-professor felt compelled to answer her stern tone. "Six months ago," he said honestly and was hit with a jolt of arousal by her chastening pout.

She walked away from him to the only window in the room that faced the street. She could feel his eyes watch her every move and she stretched onto her toes to clean the top of the window, making her arse swing with every swish of her duster.

His gulp was so loud that she heard it clearly, and with a satisfied grin, she bent by the waist to mock-clean the bottom of the window, effectively making her arse jut out.

This time she heard him shift in his seat, and she lazily swung her buttocks, bending one knee to emphasize one arse-cheek.

When she looked over her shoulder, she saw him avert his eyes, trying to look innocent. She stifled a laugh when she saw him frown at his own idiotic behaviour.

She found it rather endearing and turned a little sideways to continue with her cleaning. She continued for a while until she straightened and walked over to the coffee table in front of the couch, placing herself between the low table and Snape.

Again, she bent lower than needed for such a task, but Severus had no reason to complain, quite enamoured with the hypnotising sway of her curvy bum.

He bit his knuckles to stop the groan that built in his throat, yet a shuddery breath escaped his lungs as he marvelled at the supple globes. He could have reached out for a sampling touch, but he wasn't sure if he was allowed. Role-play had never made it onto his radar; straight, no-nonsense sex was all he knew.

When her hand came up through her legs to stroke the back of her thighs, he exhaled in a rush, shifting restlessly in his seat. He was leaning forward without noticing, his sensitive nose hoping to pick up the scent of female arousal.

Hermione had been watching him for a few seconds and smiled as she saw him leaning closer. With a subtle move she backed up a little, bringing her arse closer to his flaring nostrils.

She heard him sniff delicately, and she moaned in reaction. The sniffing stopped. She didn't have to look at him to know he had retreated once more. Time for the next step.

Hermione climbed onto the sofa and got into a kneeling position facing away from him. She made a good show of wiping the leather and moved backwards until she had to place her legs into his lap. She continued with her cleaning.

He was aroused beyond reason and stared, fascinated, at the high-heeled stilettos that now rested over his groin and was surprised he hadn't noticed them earlier. Her feet wriggled a little, and he was sure she could feel his hardness.

He caved in and reached out to touch those shiny shoes, stroking them reverently. A soft and breathy, "Huuuhhh," was all he could utter, and he let a single finger dart out to stroke her calf.

Her feet left his lap abruptly, and Severus tried to look innocent, quite a feat with ragged breath, an excited flush on his sallow cheeks and a prominent bulge in his trousers.

He almost began to apologize when she moved to straddle him. He still wasn't sure how to behave, as he'd never ever played any games with his previous conquests, and he silently watched her smiling face as she cleaned the sofa on either side of his head.

Her barely covered breasts were so close he could have stuck his tongue out to lick them. Instead, he took a chance and gently rested his hands on her thighs. He could always say he only wanted to steady her, should she be offended.

Were there any rules for such an encounter? He wished he knew.

Only when she began grinding herself against his aroused flesh did he dare to close his eyes and dig his fingers into her fleshy thighs.

"I think I'm finished, sir. Or is there anything else you want me to clean?"

Her voice brought him back, and he opened his heavy lids. A reply would be good, his mind scolded. His throat closed, and he could merely lift his shoulders in a quite suave shrug.

She grinned at him and threw her duster away before meeting him with an open-mouthed kiss.

Now he was certain what she had in mind, and his hands moved to her arse, encouraging her to keep rocking on his inflated cock. She obliged happily, sliding up a little higher to press his surprised face into her cleavage.

He could hardly breathe, so hard was she pressing him against her, but it only heightened his arousal. He turned his head to kiss the cloth-covered baubles and gently bit her nipples, which were rubbing his cheek through the fabric.

With a harsh breath, he tilted his head back a bit to urgently pull the fabric aside. He groaned loudly then as his tongue flickered over her pert buds.

Ah, what a delicious mixture: a hard, ribbed little nub surrounded by satiny skin. It was like... like finding a chunky piece of hazelnut in his favourite, creamy nut-chocolate.

Well, maybe not the best way to describe it. He would think on it later. Right now, he had other things to concentrate on.

He groped a firm breast and squeezed heartily, amazed when his rough treatment elicited a groan from her. She looked stunning with her desire and enjoyment written on her face, and he pulled her head down to capture her lips.

French kissing was not something he liked, as the few women whom he'd been intimate with had only been nipped and bitten. Many men before him had used their mouth for their pleasure, and the thought alone made him forego such an intimate act more often than not.

Now, he felt nothing but joy in duelling with her slippery muscle. For him, she was innocence and purity, no matter how experienced and brazen she behaved.

He could still taste the beer she drank earlier, even some of the rich sauce they had, and a taste that was uniquely hers. Delicious.

He wanted to devour her mouth and reached as far as he could with his tongue, only to feel her move away from him.

He looked at her, trying to hide the dread and embarrassment he felt. He should have known better than to pretend to know what he was doing, he lamented mentally.

When she got off his lap and stepped away, he was on the verge of apologizing again and to promise to improve his technique. Only then did he notice her smile, and it was neither mocking nor malicious. He relaxed a little.

She was behind him now, and he made to turn, but she stopped him with a gentle, "Ah, ah, ah."

He turned away from her reluctantly, staring at the window as he hoped to see a reflection of her.

A finger trailed his cheek tenderly, and he tilted his head back, letting it rest on the back of the sofa. The position forced him to part his lips, and his eyes moved as far upwards as they could.

It wasn't the most comfortable position, but he was glad to be able to see her. He made a choked sound when she lifted her tiny scrap of a skirt to reveal her bare skin. No panties in sight.

His hand shot down to caress his bulging groin, his arousal almost painful.

What she did next almost made him come in his trousers. She stepped backwards and climbed onto his face, smothering him with her arse. He didn't care and frantically licked her nether lips, holding her in place with one strong hand.

She hissed in pleasure and rubbed herself over his face, his big nose very stimulating for her sensitive parts.

Severus couldn't stand it anymore and reached down to free himself. It wasn't easy with only one trembling hand, but he managed, and he immediately began to stroke himself.

Hermione moved a little to let him draw breath, which he did with a desperate wheeze. He gulped in air noisily but wanted her back on his face and pulled her down with his other hand, breathing noisily through his nose, which was pressed against her short curls.

Suddenly, she changed positions slightly and brought her little puckerhole over his mouth. She felt him hesitate for a second before licking it with fervour.

The new position made breathing even harder, as his nose rested more or less in her pussy. She tilted her arse a little to free his beaky proboscis, looking into his dark eyes staring up at her.

"Oh, yes. Lick my dirty little hole," she murmured breathlessly.

Even though her thighs were pressing against his ears, he still heard her. Or he thought he did. She couldn't possibly have said what he thought she did.

"Pardon?" he said, or tried to. His mouth was flush against her skin and it came out as an undistinguishable rumble.

"Yes, keep going," she keened. The sound he had produced felt glorious.

Severus was getting slightly worried that he was in over his head. Twenty-three-year-old Gryffindor swots should not have such a dirty repertoire, or be so... blunt.

In his overwhelmed state, he momentarily forgot that he had insulted many generations of Gryffindors for being too blunt.

It did nothing to dim his arousal though, quite the opposite, and he jerked under her.

Hermione looked over her shoulder and was mesmerised by his masturbation. Three fingers glided effortlessly over his very erect cock. She laughed softly. That man could even make the act of wanking look utterly entrancing.

She got off him then, only to turn and lean over him completely, until her face was in his crotch and her glistening pussy in front of his face again. She was almost doing a handstand.

He had a very talented tongue, and she was loath to stop the oral pleasure so soon. With an appreciative sigh she began licking the thick treasure that pointed happily at her face.

His penis was stunningly beautiful, something she couldn't say for all of them. It was absolutely straight and not heavily veined. He wasn't unnaturally thick, but longer than anything she had ever seen.

Right then she couldn't measure it with her hands, as she needed them to support her weight.

Her hair rested on his thighs as she descended onto his cock. Her lips parted to accommodate him, and she took him as deeply as he could.

Which wasn't all that deep, she noticed. She had never learned to suppress her gag reflex, no matter how often she tried. She had tried often on living things and inanimate objects of the vegetable and fruit variety.

He seemed happy enough with her efforts, though, and thrust lightly as he continued to suckle between her thighs.

He had his hands free now and used them to spread her arse cheeks. He gazed at her plump, pink vagina and her little arsehole that clenched and unclenched rhythmically.

He had never had much contact with a woman's arse; he never wanted to explore that part, pretty much for the same reasons he never French-kissed.

That didn't mean he wasn't interested in anal sex. On the contrary, he was obscenely turned on by the sight of a tight sphincter.

With a happy groan, he gave the puckered hole another lick before sticking his tongue deeply inside. He was eager, yet a little hesitant, to explore the other place after years of denying himself.

She tasted good, exquisite even, and he thrust his dick into her hot little mouth as his tongue delved deeper into her arse.

Hermione stopped sucking him as she threw her head back with a rumbling groan. She felt her arms and legs quiver with extreme arousal and she almost slid off the sofa.

Before that happened, she slid off of him reluctantly, coming to lie next to him on her back with her legs spread.

She had never seen such an expression on the face of her former professor. Excited and gleeful didn't even begin to cover it.

He slid off the couch to kneel in front of her. With strong hands, he gripped her waist and pulled her to the edge of the sofa and dove back between her legs.

After so many years without giving in to his desires, he could finally do so, and with a willing woman, no less. He could have cried in exultation as he sipped her sweet pussy nectar.

"Spread your arse for me," he ordered in a gravelly voice.

Hermione was overjoyed to find someone equally interested in anal pleasures and did as she was told, the grin on her face never leaving.

His tongue pressed into the tight orifice, before swirling around the edge. He hummed and groaned as he did so, his eyes closed in bliss.

He didn't know what to do first and kept switching from pussy to arsehole in rapid succession, his tongue laving both orifices with equal fervour.

"Your turn." He heard her breathless murmur, and he looked up, puzzled.

She patted the free space next to her and got up.

"Trousers off," she said huskily before he could sit down.

Was she going to do what he thought? He didn't worry about it. He would probably love whatever she planned to do with him.

He had never taken off his trousers with such speed, he thought as he sat down. He absentmindedly fumbled with his socks and boots as he watched her undress.

Hermione pulled her top over her head, letting her breasts swing free. She wasn't wearing a bra; her breasts were not so large to require one all the time.

Severus leaned forward to touch the globes, but she turned and presented him with her arse.

"Unzip," she said, and he pulled the zipper down slowly, his fingers trailing the skin he exposed. He pushed it down to her feet, even though it would have fallen down without his help. This way, though, he could lean forward to bite the supple flesh of her rounded rump.

With a throaty laugh, she stepped out of it and turned around to kneel in front of him. She reached up to undo the buttons of his shirt, and Severus felt a little stupid not to have thought of taking it off.

But when he tried to aid her, she pushed his hands away, making it clear that she wanted to undress him and crashed her lips to his as her fingers pushed button after button through their holes. She kissed her way down his throat, which he greeted with a deep groan.

She was fascinated with men's nipples and eagerly suckled on Severus' pert and pink little disks. He loved that and pressed her harder against his skin. When she nipped him there, he bucked helplessly.

She continued further south, kissing his now uncovered belly button, which made him snort with suppressed laughter. He was ticklish, bless him.

"Do your cuffs," she said as she kissed her way down his treasure trail. He complied.

Once the garment was open, she urged him to shrug it off. Now he was naked, and Hermione took a moment to admire her man.

"What a treasure," she breathed and grinned at him before kissing him once more.

Severus could hardly believe that she really liked what she saw. He was lean, if not to say skinny, and not overly muscled. What he hated the most were the scars he sported. There weren't that many, mind, but the worst two still looked red and raw and would never change.



She just stroked them both without any apparent disgust. He exhaled in a rush, trying not to get emotional over her easy acceptance. He frowned in worry when she picked up her wand and pointed it between his legs. He needn't have worried; she merely cast a few cleansing spells.

Then she kissed the tip of his penis, and he forgot all thoughts, simply concentrated on the physical pleasure.

He watched avidly as she pulled his foreskin back to reveal the entire mushroom head. She gently blew air on the hot flesh, making him shiver.

Then she wet her lips and brought them over his cock. She didn't just let them slide over his weepy appendage but clamped them tightly around it, and sucked strongly as she slowly enveloped the thick, spongy head. Her hot mouth was almost like a vacuum, then; his cock had no choice but to slide into it while feeling intense suction around his penis.

"Fuuuuuuck," he breathed in a strained voice and threw his head back, not able to keep his eyes open under such intense pleasure.

Hermione removed her lips only to descend onto him once more, her lips feeling like a vice around his sensitive flesh. The strong suction was almost too much, and Severus jerked against her.

He emitted the strangest noise then, something between a delighted laugh and a tortured wail, as he felt pleasure unlike anything he had ever felt before.

If she didn't stop, he would come right there and then.

"Stop," he gasped, and had hardly enough strength left to lift his head. Before he knew what was happening, Hermione placed his legs onto the couch, effectively spreading him open.

Despite his wish to feel her tongue down there, he also felt extremely vulnerable.

It must have shown on his face, because she softly told him to close his eyes as she kissed his inner thighs and stroked his abdomen.

He breathed deeply, trying to calm himself. He felt as nervous as he had done on his first day at Hogwarts.

His own breathing was ragged, and he made a hissing sound as he sucked in air through his teeth. It was the only sound in the room, but he wasn't aware of it.

All he felt were her lips as they ghosted over his thighs, closing in on the space where he desperately wanted them.

His whole body tensed as she suckled tenderly on his balls, taking first one then the other into her hot mouth to roll them about with her tongue. Severus kept his hands firmly by his side, and he felt them ache from balling them into fists for too long.

Her hands cradled his buttocks before spreading them, revealing his lightly haired anus. She ran her nose between his cleft, and he made a guttural sound that in turn made Hermione hum against Severus' perineum.

He squealed and was writhing in her hands, unable to stop. He felt her spread him some more, and he needed to look, needed to see her face as she was about to invade his fundament.

She looked up at him and smiled before sticking out her tongue, wriggling it for show before she darted forward and licked his wrinkly rosette with one broad swipe.

His thighs spasmed uncontrollably, and he made the cutest chirruping sound she had ever heard. She didn't know that man was even capable of reaching such a pitch, but it made her insides quiver as she looked into his rapturous face.

Severus didn't notice the sounds he made; he was lost in his own little world of pleasure.

She kept licking him, enjoying his seizure-like twitching after every single sweep of her tongue. It felt glorious to see the muscles in his abdomen ripple every time she lapped at him.

At first, she kept a steady rhythm, one upward lick every second. When she sped up her caresses and let her tongue dance across his rectum without any pattern, he lost control.

His entire body was one twitching mass, his head thrown back, and his tendons stood out starkly. His chest heaved with every wheezing gasp. His thighs jerked under her hands. He looked stunning.

"I... comin... ming," he got out, and Hermione was mean enough to close her hand around the base of his cock to stop the impending orgasm.

He keened as he understood what she was doing, and his legs thumped onto the floor on either side of her body as he lost all strength.

She kept the pressure up until she was sure he wasn't going to come, then began to kiss and stroke his upper body with a gentleness that was meant to soothe and not arouse.

"You looked so beautiful," she told him, gazing fondly at his face. His eyes were still closed, and he huffed like a marathon runner. "I love the fact that a look of intense pleasure is indistinguishable from one of pain. Did you know that? Only I know that yours was look of pleasure."

"My expression was one of extreme torture, woman," he rasped, but there wasn't much rancour in it. "Why didn't you let me come?"

"We've got time," she replied cheekily and pulled on a nipple with her teeth.

He hissed and opened his eyes to look at her flushed face. He suddenly thought about how flushed and dishevelled he must look. But she gazed at him with such honest pleasure that he didn't care about his appearance. Besides, he would look much worse if they were to continue.

"Lie down with me," she urged as she climbed onto the couch with him, and he spooned her from behind, seeing that this was the only way to fit two people on this sofa.

His cock hadn't deflated one bit, and he positioned it so that it was cradled between her bum cheeks. His sac was still drawn up and hard, and if he weren't so exhausted, his sex drive would have him pounding into her already. He'd never known such a state of physical weakness before spilling his seed. That slip of a woman must be the most sensational lover he'd ever had... or he was simply not as experienced as he thought.

Apparently, Hermione didn't want to wait much longer and threw one leg backwards over his, opening herself with that action.

Very well, exhaustion can be dealt with later, he thought, and moved down a little. He hooked one arm under her thigh to spread her further. Hermione reached down to grasp his cock, and aligned him with her dripping pussy.

With a single thrust, he was inside, and both stilled to relish the connection they felt.

Severus felt a momentary panic. He had fucked women before, but usually with a speed that ensured he was done before they had a chance to utter a single moan. He did not want to disappoint her; he'd probably end up with a duster in one of his orifices.

Steeling himself, he thrust lightly, still out of breath from his almost-orgasm. After a long moment, he felt his breathing return to a normal rate, and he pushed her leg up

further until her knee almost touched her shoulder.

Now it was Hermione's turn to keen like an animal; the position was heavenly. With every slide of his cock into her depths, he stroked her g-spot, and she couldn't keep quiet.

Severus grinned into her neck with pure male satisfaction. To make a woman feel good with your most prized tool was a boost to your ego. Before long, his grin faltered as he felt another orgasm approach.

"Oh, shit," he breathed, not wanting to come without ensuring her satisfaction first. He let go of her leg, which she held up herself then, to bring his hand to her clitoris.

"How do you like it?" he asked, not caring about sounding uncouth or unwitting. He reasoned it would be the easiest way to bring her relief and subsequently allow him the same.

She took his hand without a word and showed him which rhythm she preferred. Severus was a fast learner and had her whimpering in no time.

She was making the loveliest sounds, and Severus strained to see her face.

"Look at me," he ordered harshly, too close to orgasm to maintain his normally smooth voice.

Obediently, she turned her head until they both breathed each other's air, their sweaty faces touching.

"Beautiful," he breathed and increased the pressure of his fingers on her clit without meaning to. It was simply a fiery reaction to seeing her in such a state due to his doing.

In answer, her hand came up to twine in his hair, pulling on it rather strongly. He quite liked it, liked knowing that he was the reason for her abandon.

He loved feeling her jerk against him with every hard stroke into her body, loved looking at the way his rhythm made her tits jiggle.

His fluttering fingers soon seemed to do the trick, and her moans reached a crescendo. Her leg came down to press her limbs together, pinning his still rubbing hand between her quivering thighs.

He kept up stroking her little nub until he could feel her insides ripple. She was coming with an ear-splitting shriek that made him proud, and he drove into her relentlessly, making her squeal.

"Too much, too much," she whined, tears streaming out of her closed eyes, her lower extremities twitching uncontrollably. He could not stop and was breathing like a bull in heat as he pistoned in and out of her tight channel.

To his immense surprise, he felt her tremble yet again, in a manner he identified as another orgasm threatening to wash over her.

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes..." He kept chanting those two words, his body on overload with pleasure.

Her voice broke on the shrill scream that burst from her, and Severus choked on a shout of ecstasy as his orgasm raced through him with frightening intensity.

It felt as if his balls had actually drawn inward, so great was the force with which he shot his semen into her. He gasped weakly with every spurt of ejaculate, squeezing the witch in his arms to his chest with an iron grip.

It felt imperative to not let a single drop of cum escape, and he pressed their bodies together to prevent any from leaking out.

"Not so tight," she pleaded, and he realised he was squashing her chest, but he couldn't let go of her and merely repositioned his arms around her bum, gluing her to his groin.

"That was brilliant," she rasped, her voice clearly not used to such an event.

Severus was too busy getting his breathing under control and planted an open-mouthed kiss to her temple, his erratic exhalations stirring her damp hair.

He had never felt anything like that. Not only because of the intensity of his release but because he had never felt so connected with anyone. Separating from her would bring emotional pain, he felt certain of that.

Hermione stretched to reach the blanket she had spotted on the floor. She stopped when he made a noise of distress and almost crushed her hip bones with his arm.

"I'm not going anywhere. Just getting the blanket," she soothed and felt him follow her movement, careful not to slip out of her.

"Is this some male act to ensure the safe travelling of your sperm?" she asked seriously, too concerned to joke about his odd behaviour.

"I..." was all he said and she stroked the arm he had flung across her.

"I can't get pregnant. I'm taking the potion," she whispered and shook her head in bemusement.

He inhaled gustily. "That is not why I... I don't actually know why..." He paused and thrust his softening shaft against her. "I just need to," he said simply.

"You are squeezing rather hard," she remarked gently.

"I'm sorry," he said after an awkward pause, and he lessened the pressure a tiny bit.

Well, it didn't hurt, so Hermione carefully threw the blanket over them and closed her eyes.

Both fell asleep soon after, and only then did his arm loosen its strong hold. Inevitably, he slipped from her body, and he woke instantly from his nap with a mew of unhappiness.

He lamented the loss of intimacy and stroked her warm body with the intent to re-awaken her passion. He wanted to be inside her again.

She stirred, as did his cock, and he kissed her neck while his hand closed over a breast.

"Mhhh... nuffle... pop," she muttered contentedly as she snuggled against him, and Severus stopped his ministrations as he stifled his laughter. That had been utterly adorable. The short exclamation calmed him for some reason and took his urgency away.

Suddenly, he did not want to wake her and gently pulled her against him, his body still shaking with silent laughter. He would be all too happy to hear more of those nonsensical mutterings after another bout of astounding sex.

He pressed his slightly inflated cock between her legs, feeling her hot centre against it. It would do for now, he thought. No need to crush her again.

He still felt a tender bond with this woman who slept so trustingly against him. With his face pressed into her halo of curls, he sighed and closed his eyes, visions of future couplings filling his mind, each one infused with his intent to drive her beyond rational thought and action.

Maybe he would share some of his ideas with her in the morning and compare them to her own vivid imagination.

The End