

Fore! Play And A Hole In One

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Severus. Hermione. Golf. Sex. Need I say more? (My response to the SASS "Learning to Drive" challenge.)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I will kill Albus for this!"

Hermione smirked at Snape. "Why, professor," she cooed. "I didn't realize they made black-and-green-plaid golf caps."

Snape flashed her a look that clearly implied: 'one more comment and you'll be hexed.' Hermione managed to smother her grin as she took her place in the golf cart next to him.

"It isn't *my* fault you chose double or nothing in the bet," Hermione said. "Who'd have thought you were a gambling man anyway?"

"I did not think I could possibly lose," he sighed, adjusting his robes.

It had all seemed so simple. Until he lost the bet. Blasted World Cup! Who'd have thought England would lose?! *He* certainly hadn't! Albus had wasted no time in informing him of what the loss would entail. What had possessed him to give that old devil a blank check for the stakes, so to speak? He sighed again, remembering their conversation with abysmal clarity:

"Golf, Severus."

"Golf?" Severus had echoed in dismay. "Albus, surely you'd rather..."

"No, my boy, I'd not," Albus had interrupted cheerfully. "Golf it is! We'll get you a fetching golf cap and all. And, of course, you can drive us around in one of those little carts! They look to be such fun!"

"I have no experience with driving anything, Albus, let alone 'little carts,' " Severus had snarled.

"No worries there, Severus. I know just the young witch that can help you!"

He'd groaned. "Let me guess. Miss Granger, by chance?"

Dumbledore's eyes had twinkled madly. "Why, yes! However did you know?"

"Because my fate is to be tormented by Gryffindors til the end of my days," Severus had snapped. "I have resigned myself to that fate, Albus: but *must* we play this... golf? It sounds ridiculous!"

"Oh, it is," Albus had smiled happily. "That's all the fun!"

And that had been that.

Now here he was. Severus Snape, feared and dreaded Potions Master of Hogwarts, ex-Death Eater, and all-around snark, sitting in a (shudder) *golf cart* with (bigger shudder) *resident Know-It-All Hermione Granger*. But whereas he looked ill at ease, she seemed perfectly calm and happy. Damn her, he raged silently.

He decided to have some fun with her. "Tell me, Miss Granger..."

"Hermione," she corrected. "I'm no longer a student, and I refuse to let you make me feel like one. Especially since *I'm* the one doing the teaching here." Her smirk boiled his blood.

"Impudent wench!" he hissed, hackles rising reflexively at the reminder that he wasn't in control of this situation.

She shrugged, moving to get out of the golf cart. "Goodbye, professor."

"Wait!" he'd grabbed her arm before he'd fully realized what he was doing. If he didn't follow through with the bet, he'd get an even worse fate than this golf rubbish.

She was scowling. Hard. Oh, dear. Time to pour on the charm: what of it he possessed.

"Miss Granger... Hermione... I lost my temper. Do overlook it: I'm not very pleased with this bet."

She grinned. "As close to an apology as you can get, professor? All right, I'll accept: on one condition."

"Which is?" he asked dryly.

"I get to call you Severus," she said simply.

He honestly looked puzzled. "Why would you want to?"

Hermione was surprised by his lack of snark. "It's your name," she said gently, as though talking to a child.

"Not many people would care to use it," he said, a small amount of bitterness tingeing his voice.

She looked into his eyes, and he was startled by what he saw in hers. "I'm not most people, Severus."

Why the bloody blazes was his heart beating faster! This was Hermione Granger, for goodness sake. A twenty-year-old bushy-haired annoying child. Except that it was obvious she wasn't a child any longer. His eyes traveled down her clothing. She wore no robes: only a dark green jumper and jeans. Her hips and breasts were as lush as a rainforest. No, definitely no longer a child. Why the hell was she even here?

"As you like," he said gruffly. She nodded. Then he asked her the question.

"Hermione... how did Albus get you to agree to this? He must be paying you a fortune."

She smiled. "I'll tell you after the lesson. Let's get started."

As she rummaged for the key, he spoke again. "Hermione..."

"Oh, what in Merlin's name is it now?" she growled.

He almost smiled. "Annoying, isn't it: having someone constantly asking you questions?"

Now it was Hermione's turn to be contrite. "Sorry. My nerves are a bit frazzled today. I've a big transfiguration exam Monday and I've only been able to study for it for twenty-seven hours this month."

Severus burst into laughter. He simply could not stop himself.

"It's not funny," she mumbled, blushing, still digging for the key in her muggle purse.

"Oh, but it is," he said. "As if you need that much studying. Honestly: who are you trying to prove something to, Hermione? Surely not to yourself. You know what you're capable of."

She found the key just as he finished speaking, and gave him a sideways glance. "Was that a compliment?" she asked.

"I don't give compliments," he replied. "I convey facts."

"Riiiiight," she answered, quirking an eyebrow at him. She cleared her throat. "Okay. I found the key, so we're ready to begin."

Ten minutes into his "instruction" found Severus clutching the frame with white-knuckled hands, fleetingly wondering if Albus wasn't trying to do him in. Hermione was zipping (well, as fast as a golf cart could zip) around, chatting incessantly as to how to steer, brake and so on, and didn't seem to be paying a whit of attention to where she was going- if the sudden halt when the hippogriffs flew by was any indication.

"Hermione," he said, voice a mixture of alarm and irritation: "I have made a will, and I regret to inform you that you are ~~not~~ in it. So kindly stop attempting to kill me, if you would?"

She laughed. "You've never been in a muggle vehicle of any kind, have you?"

"No," he snarled.

"I'm really not going very fast," she told him. "You should try a car ride!"

"I think I'd rather ask for Potter's autograph," Severus groaned, clinging for what felt like dear life to his seat.

"I can arrange that," she giggled.

Severus looked upwards with a heavy sigh. "Why have you forsaken me?"

"Come on, it's not that bad," Hermione admonished. "You need to pay attention for when it's your turn to drive."

"To borrow a quote from the younger generation, Hermione: No, way."

"Yes, way," she countered, smiling at him. "You know what you have to do."

"Live to see my next birthday comes to mind. Honestly: where did you learn to drive, Miss Granger, from a correspondence course?!" he asked as she made a sharp turn.

"Ha, ha. I'm telling you, it's easy."

"Perhaps for you," he grumbled. "I'm sure your family has a fleet of these blasted things."

"No, we don't," she answered. "Dad and mum do play golf, which is how I learned to drive one. But these are normally rented at the course. Anyway, you don't have to own one to know how to use it."

"Is that so?" he murmured, and Hermione blushed, realizing her double entendre. Blast this man to Jupiter and back! She had no business getting aroused around Snape, by Snape, beside Snape, or any other preposition attached to his name! Not right now, at least!

"Yes, that's so," she huffed, determined not to let him rattle her.

"If you insist," he said almost sweetly. He couldn't deny that she was attractive. That full ripe mouth... for a few seconds thoughts on what he'd like to do to that mouth ran rampant through his mind. And there was no doubt of the effect he'd had on her, surprising though it was. Seeing her flustered was almost worth this purgatory.

That feeling was short lived, however, as she came to another abrupt stop by slamming on the brake. He was flung forward, and he grabbed at the edge again, biting back a curse word as he went. He glared at her once he'd gotten his breath back.

"Oops," she said, equally almost sweetly.

"Stop this infernal contraption for good and let me out," he demanded.

"No can do, Professor Snape sir," she said as they started moving again, her voice falsely apologetic. "You have to stay in here with me until we're done. Albus' orders."

"Then consider us done," he snapped.

"You haven't tried to drive yet."

"I'll pay you. Tell Albus I was a dismal failure and I'll double whatever money you're earning from this." He knew his voice was close to pleading, but soon he'd have to try controlling this hell spawn called a golf cart and he was desperate.

Hermione grinned. "Bribery, Severus? How Slytherin of you."

"It *is* my house, Hermione," he retorted dryly.

"No doubts here," she answered.

"I'm serious. What's he paying you? I'll triple it. Just get me out of this," Severus said, voice husky and coaxing.

Hermione shivered. By all Nimue's kisses! Did he understand what he was doing, using his voice like that? He had to: the man never did anything that wasn't calculated. But why now? Why her? Surely the stupid bet wasn't *that* much of an issue! Was it?

"You can be an awfully sweet talker when you want to," she told him.

"You're avoiding my question," he breathed, leaning close, until his lips were inches from her ear.

Hermione stopped the cart: putting it in park but not shutting it off. She sighed. "He's not paying me with money."

Severus raised an eyebrow. "No?"

"No," she muttered, looking away from him.

He stared at her, but she didn't elucidate. Finally he sighed in exasperation. "Then how is he paying you?"

"I don't want to discuss it," she said shortly.

"But I do," he purred.

"Tough luck, that," she retorted.

"Tell me," he whispered. "I'll find a way to top it." His hands moved beside her, and she jerked, looking at him with fear and... yes, desire. He was sure of it.

"Tell me," he insisted.

She glared. "You want to know? Really? Fine. I asked Albus for advice."

"You? Needing advice? I find that surprising," he replied. "Whatever for?"

"It doesn't matter," she answered angrily. "All that matters is that you can't help with it."

"Are you so certain?"

Hermione sighed. *He'll find out eventually, she thought. He usually does. Now's as good a time as any to see how he reacts.*

She raised her chin and stared him straight in the eye. "I asked him for advice on... how to get you to agree to go on a date with me."

Snape blinked.

"There, I told you. Are you pleased?" Hermione asked, blushing slightly.

"You're serious," he said; voice a mixture of amazement and sarcasm: no mean feat.

"Yes."

He laughed briefly. "Why?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Humor me, Hermione," Severus replied with a smirk.

She glanced away for a moment, then met his gaze again. She hadn't been sorted into Gryffindor for nothing, even if she was embarrassed.

"I realized a long while back that, although Ron is great, he and I don't belong together," she said quietly. "I want to be with someone who's interested in having long, intellectual discussions. Someone who has read poetry for reasons other than a class assignment. Someone who doesn't think arithmancy is 'bloody stupid wizard's math' and a waste of valuable Quidditch practice time." She drew a deep breath. "Someone who'd enjoy spending an evening brewing potions together and shagging each other senseless afterwards."

Severus looked thunderstruck.

"So," she said after a few minutes of him staring at her speechless. "How about it, Severus? And please don't go through a litany of reasons as to why we shouldn't. Our age difference is negligible, you're not my teacher anymore, Voldemort is dead, and I know what you did as a Death Eater and that's in your past. I know you can be rude, hateful and generally snarky to the Nth degree. But I also know you can be kind and witty. Not to mention that any man who can feel so passionately about something, like you do potions, is bound to have other... passions," she finished, voice soft and full of innuendo.

She could see that her words had achieved the desired effect on him. A faint tinge of red suffused his cheeks, giving some color to his normally pallid features. He was breathing a bit faster, too. And most importantly, he hadn't told her off yet.

"I think, Hermione," he said after a moment, "that perhaps we should put these lessons on hold for a bit... and engage in a different form of learning."

Hermione switched the cart off and grinned. "Why, Severus. I thought you'd never ask. What do you have in mind?"

He pulled her to him, brushing a curl away before wrapping both arms gently around her waist. She stared into his eyes, those large mesmerizing dark eyes. She felt her breath quicken, felt her body tremble in response to his nearness, his touch. He smiled at her, a slow lazy smile that seemed to take a week to appear.

"Something along the lines of this," he whispered. And he kissed her.

The world stopped.

Actually, more than the world. The entire universe just up and decided to take a holiday. Her awareness had narrowed until all she knew, all that existed for her, was the taste of his mouth. That sweet, metallic taste she'd experienced for the first time...had it really been just a few seconds ago? It felt like hours now. She yanked the cap off his head and plunged her hands into his hair. Soft, and yes, slightly oily. But still sexy.

"Let's move this to the grass," she murmured. "I want you, but not in a golf cart."

He chuckled. "An excellent suggestion."

Hermione transfigured a handkerchief into a thick blanket, and they stretched out together on it. Severus cast some charms to keep them from being seen or heard, as well as an anti-Apparation spell. When finished, he drew Hermione into his arms.

She kissed him again, then began undoing all the tiny buttons of his frock coat. The more she unbuttoned, the more anxious he got. Was this really a good idea? This was a textbook example of "rushing into something." He didn't want her to have any regrets.

"Hermione," he gasped, sitting up as she moved to his shirt and began undoing those buttons.

"Hush," she replied.

"No, listen to me. Are you sure?"

Her answer was to undo the final button and peel the shirt away from his chest. She smoothed aside the layers of material, her autumn eyes drinking in the sight of his exposed skin. She ran the palms of her hands down his muscles to the flat plane of his stomach and back up again, watching the expressions that crossed his face. It was obvious that he wasn't used to being touched: every inch her fingers slid along his flesh caused him to twitch. She smiled. "Does that answer your question?" she asked.

"Quite," he gasped.

She gently pressed him down on the blanket until he was stretched out on his back with her straddling him. She continued to caress his bare chest with her fingertips a bit longer before she leaned over him and licked his left nipple. His eyes closed and a low sigh escaped him. She flicked her tongue over the sensitive nub again, then took it into her mouth and very gently sucked on it. He jerked slightly and moaned.

She continued her assault on the other side, then brushed each thumb over a nipple as she trailed her mouth in damp circles from his collarbone to the waistband of his trousers. He was twisting beneath her, breath coming out in small pants. She grinned.

He opened his eyes as he felt her unfastening his trousers, raised his head slightly to watch and discovered that she was staring at him intently. Her eyes never leaving his, she slid them down and off his body. He laid back and shut his eyes again, enjoying the feeling of her touch. She gazed at him from head to toe... and abruptly giggled.

He shot up with an indignant expression. "DO YOU MIND!"

She pushed him back down with a laugh. "Black! All black!"

He tilted his head, puzzled. "What?"

"All black! Your shirt, your shoes, your pants... even your underwear is black! When did you decide to become the Gothic Potions Master poster child?"

He smirked. "Black happens to be my favorite color."

"Absence of color, you mean," she teased.

"It is dignified and serious," he replied.

"Yes, well, let's see if we can't get you to feel the urge to wear something a bit more cheery sometime, eh?" she smiled at him as she slowly snaked her fingers under the elastic waistband of his boxers.

"There is nothing wrong with...Merlin's Beard! What ARE you doing!" he gasped, feeling as if a fire had suddenly been started in his groin.

Hermione grinned at him, her fingers still curving around his member. "Oh, did you like that?" she asked innocently. Outside, she was cool as a cucumber. Inside, she was having fits.

"Like that, indeed!" he exclaimed. He was about to say more, but she stroked him again, a smooth quick slide of her hand. The words caught in his throat and were replaced by a moan. She bent over him, capturing his mouth with hers at the exact same moment that she caressed him once more. Her tongue slid past his parted lips, explored the inside of his mouth as her hands explored the length of his shaft. He wasn't fully aroused yet, but he had definitely bought a ticket!

She chuckled. "I think you do."

If he voiced a reply, it was muffled by her kisses. She traveled down his body and back up again, caressing him, getting to know the textures and tastes and sight of him, from sweet and spiced to where he had a tiny patch of freckles on his left shoulder blade. Her hands and lips and teeth and tongue explored the angles of his arms, the clean lines of his legs, the dark curls of hair on his lower stomach. She stroked his elbows, his eyebrows, his feet. Gently, she wound him into a state of relaxed desire, not stopping her attentions until he was trembling beneath her. Only then did she remove the last barrier, her eyes soft and full of longing as he raised his hips to help her strip the piece of clothing away.

Now naked, Severus decided it was his turn to torment the temptress. With a swift catlike movement he neatly flipped them over so that she was on her back beneath him. "What the devil are you playing at?" she laughed.

"It just occurred to me that this arrangement is rather unbalanced," he informed her.

"Oh? How's that?"

He licked his lips. "One of us has entirely too many clothes on."

"I guess that would be me, then," she snickered.

"Well you ARE the only other person here, and seeing as how I'm in the altogether, I believe that's a very good deduction on your part," Severus smiled.

She watched as he slid his hands up her body, slowly pulling her jumper away to reveal a pale pink bra with lace trim. He added her jumper to the pile of clothing on the ground before turning back to consider her. Her breasts were round, firm: he could see the outline of her nipples pressing against the silky cloth.

He smiled again before returning his attention to her breasts, gently kissing and licking them until she thought she would go mad. Just as she thought she could stand no more, he reached under her and she felt his hands at the clasp of her bra. A few seconds later the bra unclasped and he slowly slid it off her, baring her from the waist up.

He slowly stroked, nuzzled, kneaded and kissed, not worried as to whether he was doing a good job, simply letting her responses guide him.

"Severus..." the word was a caress.

The more she sighed, whispered, and moved against him, the bolder he became. He moved from her breasts to her arms, then her hands and fingers, kissing them, taking the digits into his mouth one by one to suck on them. She turned her head and pressed his face to her neck. He planted kisses and gentle bites along the soft skin there and was rewarded by her soft cry of pleasure. His lips and hands teased and trailed their way down to her stomach.

Hermione felt his fingers hesitate on the waistband of her jeans. Wordlessly she rose up slightly, and he unfastened them and drew both the jeans and her underwear off. She lay back, hands at her sides, watching him looking at her naked form.

Severus took his time, wanting to savor this, his first moment of seeing her entire body bared before him. She had a pleasing curve to her hips, a tiny mole near her navel, and a tangled triangle of dark curls between her legs. He wanted to know all of her, every nook and curve, wanted to etch it into his brain so deeply it would leave no room for him to think about anything else.

She suddenly sat up and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him down on top of her as she kissed him. He responded eagerly, holding her to him as though he was drowning and she was his life raft. His hands tangled in her hair, his mouth hard on hers, and she met its demands with a ferocity that equaled his own.

After a few minutes, he was no longer aware of their bodies being separate things: he felt so much a part of her that he no longer knew where he ended and she began. To him they were one body. The ache he had now blazed with a purity of rightness and receded, changed into a blinding halo of surety that had every nerve in him screaming for consummation, to be part of her completely and utterly.

Severus needed no further assurances or assertions. He released her hands and moved his to her thighs; gently parting her legs even as she opened them wider of her own accord. He kissed her, twining his tongue with hers, gasping as he felt her hand snake down to encircle him and caress his organ, making him hard and aching again in seconds. Hermione wrapped her legs loosely around his waist, using her hand to guide him to her secret center, wet and eager for him.

Their eyes met and locked as he gently eased into her.

He moaned. She felt so good, warm and soft against him. She tightened the grip of her legs a bit, holding him to her as she took his face in her hands. He pushed himself fully into her, making sure he wasn't hurting her, and felt another surge of desire as she cried out in pleasure. She tilted her hips upward and the added friction made him gasp.

All the voices, all the normal chattering his mind did within itself was stilled. There was only one thought, one desire: Hermione.

Hermione couldn't believe how good he felt. She hadn't enjoyed sex very much the few times she'd had it before. Now she knew it was because she hadn't felt for those men the way she felt for Severus. This was the most amazing thing she'd ever known. She didn't think of them as being two separate people. They were two halves of a whole, too long kept apart and now together again.

He began to move against her, a slow, easy rhythm. She rocked in time with him, caressing his back, his shoulders, running her fingers through his sleek hair. All the time she watched him. It seemed more important than anything in the universe at that moment to know how he felt, to see that he was feeling the same pleasure that she was. And he gazed steadily into her face, as though he was doing the same thing. That, too, was new to her. She'd always kept her eyes closed during sex before. But he made her want to look at him, to bore her way into his very essence, to join with him on every possible level.

He whispered something so low she couldn't make it out, his body moving faster against hers. She drew a quick breath, feeling a tingling start in her sex, a flush spread into her skin. She whimpered, and then gasped. She knew this feeling. "Severus," she said, her voice breathless, "I'm..."

"Close," he replied, leaning down to kiss her. "So am I..." the last word ended in a moan as he felt her tremble against him. "Hermione..."

Hermione felt something gather speed inside her, something powerful and all consuming. Her fingers clenched the smoothness of his back, her hips moved harder, her back arched as the pleasure came crashing down upon her in waves, radiating outward. She was spilling over, exploding into infinity, a release too strong to be restrained. She clutched him as she came, brushing her face in his neck, then flung her head back and cried out his name.

When Severus felt his, felt her explode against him, he thrust into her with a hard, fast movement, once, twice... and that was all that was needed to send him over his own edge. Everything that he'd kept back and denied for so long demanded he yield, and he obeyed gladly, holding her close as he moaned, feeling his body ignite in an endless stream of ecstasy that washed over him so strongly he drowned in the rapture only to resurface and go under again and again, until finally his flesh quieted and he became aware of them trembling against each other. He carefully slipped out of her and gathered her to him, pressing dozens of tiny kisses all over her face. She laughed, a breathless, exhilarated sound, grabbed his chin, and planted a kiss of her own on his mouth, pressing on until he had trouble breathing and had to wiggle back from her. She embraced him, and for an endless moment they simply held each other, saying nothing because nothing needed to be said. He fit her into the curve of his body and tucked her head onto his chest. She yawned and slid a hand down to his heart.

"If you tried to tire me out, you succeeded," she murmured.

"So much so that we must stop the lesson?" Severus asked hopefully.

Hermione laughed. "Fraid not. But I will make sure you have the hang of it before I condemn you to golf purgatory."

"How kind of you," he retorted, twining her hair between his fingers.

"I'll be glad to come by your room later tonight, if you think you'll need help recuperating," she whispered, kissing the corners of his mouth.

"I think that would only be fair," he answered, closing his eyes.

"Good. Now, the next part of your lesson will involve the stick shift," Hermione said, and slid down his body.

Severus opened his eyes wide as he felt her hot wet mouth on him. "Hermione, THAT is not the stick shift!" he moaned.

"Oops."