

Phantasms and Orgasms

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They all belong to JKR. I'm just playing around.

"Bloody oblivious, unobservant, ignorant, unheeding, unaware man!" Having run out of synonyms to describe her master of six months, Hermione slammed the door of the abandoned dungeon classroom, opened it, and slammed it again for good measure.

Once again, Severus Snape's ability to ignore the obvious beggared belief. At first, she'd discounted the sparks flying between them at the slightest skin contact as static electricity, the sudden heat when his gaze met hers as simple embarrassment, and the perking of certain parts of her anatomy as a side effect of the chill in the Potions lab. When the erotic dreams had begun, all featuring a dark-haired, black-eyed man with a distinctive facial appendage, she'd taken into account the lack of nylon carpets in the wizarding world, her improved self-confidence, and the constant ambient temperature of the lab necessary for brewing and could only reach one conclusion. She fancied her cold-hearted taskmaster. Hermione Granger wanted to pin the man down and rearrange his priorities. Preferably while naked.

That knowledge did not cause her rage, however. Impatience and mind-blowing frustration perhaps, but not anger. The thing was, she *knew* he was interested; she'd felt his interest on several occasions lately, particularly after one of their more heated arguments when she'd pressed up against him while making her point. It was his unwillingness to act that was driving her crazy. He wouldn't even talk about it, changing the subject or turning on his heel and leaving the room at any hint of the conversation turning to more personal matters.

Coward.

Hermione stalked around the room, trying without success to curb her rampaging libido. Conjuring images of Filius Flitwick in the pink candlewick dressing gown Pomona had tattled about nearly worked until an image of her dark dream lover stripping out of said dressing gown had her groaning in lust. She had an itch that needed to be scratched, and if he wouldn't do the job, she would have to do it herself.

Too desperate for relief to wait until she reached her own room, Hermione threw her robes over a chair and began unbuttoning her blouse with trembling fingers. A deep, amused voice stilled her hands on the fourth button.

"Well, what have we here? A visitor? How delightful!"

Turning, she frowned at the apparently empty room. A sudden chill down her spine and a deep laugh had her spinning on the spot to find herself face to face with a tall, dashing ghost she had never seen before.

"W-who are you?"

“Salazar Slytherin at your service, my dear. And *very* pleased to be here.”

She'd never been ogled by a ghost before, and in her current state any attention should have been a bonus, but her hands automatically reached to close her gaping garment. “What do you want?”

“I rather suspect it is what you want that is more important Miss...?”

“Granger, Hermione Granger.” Innate politeness formed an automatic answer.

“Aha. The delectable Hermione. Do continue, Hermione. Don't let me inhibit you.”

“I beg your pardon? I don't know what you mean!” Not only did the Founder's ghost ogle, but he was apparently a pervert as well.

“You've just come from the Potions lab where a certain young man of my acquaintance has been acting his usual idiotic self; is that not true?” His eyebrow quirked, alarmingly like the idiot to whom he was referring.

“Idiot is an understatement,” she muttered.

“And, being the hot-blooded young witch you are, you have certain unmet needs.”

“Yes... well... but... I *don't* need a perverted old ghost as an audience! What's wrong with you, anyway? Wanting to watch...”

“Young lady, I've been dead for over a thousand years. Have you any idea how mind-numbingly *boring* that is? A ghost has to get his entertainment where he can. You don't think the Fat Friar lurks around the Hufflepuff dormitory purely to provide a benevolent protective presence, do you? I hear those Hufflepuff girls are salacious little vixens behind their bed curtains.” The ghost's lewd chuckle echoed around the stone walls of the dungeon.

“You're just a bunch of degenerates! I'm going to talk to the Headmistress about banning you all from the dormitories. That will put a stop to your kinky games.” Hermione turned for the door, but was stopped in her tracks by his next words.

“But if I wasn't a degenerate old pervert, I wouldn't be able to tell you how the wizard you desire cries out your name as he spills against his shower wall.”

A flash of heat rekindled Hermione's barely controlled desire as the image of a naked and orgasmic Severus Snape filled her mind. “He does what?”

“Undo a few more buttons, and I will tell you more.”

His voice was seductive, and Hermione could no more resist the smooth-talking ghost than she could the object of her desires himself. Relinquishing control of her libido, she slowly unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it off her shoulders. Running her hands over the flimsy lace covering her breasts, she murmured, “Tell me more... please.”

Salazar settled himself atop a desk as he watched the young witch stimulate herself before his eyes. “He has a photograph of you at his bedside, you know. Every morning, he glares at it, as if the increasing evidence of his desire is entirely the fault of the image itself. Every morning, he looks down at his erection with disgust and tries to ignore it.”

Hermione dropped her bra to the floor as the desire to feel direct touch on her nipples superseded her natural modesty.

“He enters the bathroom with the intention of showering away his lust, but the simple act of washing excites him further until he cannot control the hand which reaches down to grasp his traitorous arousal.” The ghost smiled when Hermione's hands pushed down her skirt and underwear to reveal her delightful curves.

“What does he do then?” she gasped as her fingers unerringly found slick, needy places. In her state of abandon, she neither heard the door open nor saw the dilated pupils and intense gaze of the Potions master as he watched his apprentice frig herself senseless to the voice of the Slytherin Founder's ghost.

“He imagines his hands are on an annoying, talkative, sexy young witch who is likewise occupied,” Snape whispered as he took Hermione's hand and wrapped it around his erection. As her eyes flew open, thin lips curled in a smile, and his mouth silenced the moan of ecstasy when long, skilled fingers took over her mission.

Floating through the door, the ghost of Salazar Slytherin winked at his young friend. Sometimes, being Head of Slytherin had certain advantages, and a sympathetic ghost with a thousand years experience was definitely one of them.

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from HermioneDiggory: Hermione just wants to be alone when she unexpectedly encounters the ghost of Salazar Slytherin.

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